

# **The Cock Teaser**

By

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I'm so GLAAD to meet you, again

**Notes on a Scandal**—Cate Blanchett (Actor), Judi Dench (Actor), Richard Eyre (Director)

When Sheba Hart joins St. George's as the new art teacher, Barbara Covett senses a kindred spirit. But Barbara is not the only one drawn to her. Sheba begins an illicit affair and Barbara becomes the keeper of her secret.

Gold stars to all for this taut psychological thriller based on Zoe Heller's novel that gets more insidiously twisted as it unfolds. Oscar-nominated for her chilling performance, Dame Judi Dench gives a master class as schoolteacher Barbara Covett, a frumpy, friendless, and flinty spinster who lives with her cat. A formidable presence, Barbara is standoffish with colleagues and not one for students to trifle with (not that they'd dare). Cate Blanchett, also an Oscar nominee and winner of several critics society awards for her impassioned performance, costars as Sheba Hart, the new, overwhelmed art teacher who first becomes enthralled to Barbara after she steps in to help Sheba discipline unruly students. Barbara cultivates a friendship, and insinuates herself into Sheba's chaotic life, which includes her older husband (Bill Nighy), teenage daughter, and a son with Down's syndrome. Then, Barbara catches the reckless Sheba in a compromising position with a 15-year-old student (Andrew Simpson). Seizing her opportunity, the calculating Barbara does not turn her in. Rather, she wants to "help" her. "She's the one I've been waiting for," she writes in the journals she meticulously keeps, and which provide, in voiceover, her corrosive commentary. This all sounds very *Fatal Attraction*, but no boiling rabbits, please; we're British. Philip Glass's Oscar-nominated score accentuates the growing menace. Though there is little in these characters to admire, (one would think GLAAD would have something to say about the predatory turn Barbara's character takes), *Notes on a Scandal* is a compelling tour-de-force for its Grade-A cast.—*Donald Liebenson (Amazon.com movie review)*

It is afterhours. Very late at night.

Lucille Elizabeth Hart is interviewing for the position of assistant librarian at St. George's, a private library which specializes in military history. She sits stiff-backed in a hard wooden chair in the office of Ms. Barbara "Babs" Covett, the head librarian.

What isn't public knowledge is that Babs, a former educator, is also the owner of the library.

Babs is a sixty-something dowdy spinster and a doppelganger for actress Dame Judi Dench. The thirty-year-old Lucy is a buxom leggy sexpot blonde. Both women are double-Ds, which is the only thing, beside their gender, that they have in common.

The two women couldn't be more different, yet they are dressed identically. Same make-up. Same hairdo. In word, the same get-up.

Creepy and obsessive-compulsive, Headmistress Covett is neither attractive nor is she very feminine-looking.

In appearance, the bulldyke represents the anti-feminine: heavy and squat, with thick legs and very strong calves for a woman. Her tight obscene bun and strictured skirt suit, complemented by drab khaki stockings and black flats, contribute to create an overall impression of a grotesquely deviant femininity.

Heavy, unbecoming make-up. Coke-bottle eyeglasses—plain glass lenses, not prescription lenses. A frumpy outfit. An equally dowdy hairdo—her grey hair, liberally streaked with white, is parted down the center and yanked back and down into a bun which rests on the nape of her neck. A plain white pussy-bow blouse that has been pressed and starched within an inch of its life. Grey tweed skirt suit—the skirt is knee-length. A plain white cotton underwire bra which compresses her breasts giving her the illusion of a smaller rack. A plain white cotton panty brief.

Substitute yellow-blond hair for geriatric hair in the above description, and you have just described Lucy, also. The way Lucy looks now, no straight man would give her a second look and no straight woman would be upstaged by her.

In her normal guise, Lucy is an absolute cock tease and cunt tickler—straight men and bent women crave her upon first laying eyes on her. With that hard, pretty face of hers—a “come hither, and worship me” face. A face with a large ugly mouth that looks like it could deep throat a massive cock and balls with ease. A mouth that bespeaks of loathing and disdain even when that’s not the wearer’s intent—a Bass eating bait mouth. Those deep, clear, blue eyes. Long, straight blonde hair that’s the color of raw wheat. Long perfect legs. A flawless, lily-white complexion. The titillating way she normally dresses that ripe body of hers. She’s a legit traffic stopper. She’s also charming and smart. Beauty and brains, always a deadly combination for a woman. Ravishing beauty in the Rachel Zoe, June Wilkinson tradition.

“An illicit affair with a student that cost you everything—your husband, your stepchildren, your career. You were a military history teacher at an elite school, and a very good one from what I hear. And. You have a Ph.D., got it just after you turned twenty-five. You are a very clever girl, and, a very beautiful one, I might add.”

Babs sits on the edge of her desk in front of Lucy. Looking covetously at Lucy the same way that men usually do.

Lucy bites her tongue. It takes all her self-restraint to keep from lashing out at the old hag. She desperately needs this job.

“I was exonerated of all charges. The teenager recanted.”

“Yes. Yes. In a suicide note. But. By, then the damage was done. You had been convicted of statutory rape and had served six months of a two year sentence. A lot of people still believe you’re guilty, that somehow you found a way to manipulate the boy from your jail cell and convinced him to commit suicide after recanting his accusations against you in a suicide note.”

Finally, Lucy loses control.

“I’m innocent! I never touched him! I’ve never acted improper or inappropriate with any student!

Angry. Sobbing. Lucy starts to get out of her chair.

“Your reputation is in ruins. No decent educational institution will have you. Now sit back down or get out. You’re wasting my time.”

Babs’ voice is hard and stern. Deep for a woman. Raspy. Her manner and mannerisms are masculine.

Lucy swallows hard, sucks in her pride, and sits back down. She slumps in the chair, finally defeated.

“Please forgive me for my outburst. I was being ungrateful for the kind opportunity you are offering me.”

Lucy nearly chokes on her own words.

“Aren’t you forgetting something?”

Lucy is out of options. She and her older husband separated after her six-month stint in prison for statutory rape. The student she was convicted of having an affair with was only fifteen at the time of their torrid tryst, a tryst that never happened. She’s broke. Bills are mounting. She’s two months in the rears for the rent on her apartment, and she can only charm her landlord for so long. She spent the last of her money on this get-up, a get-up per Babs’ dictate.

“Please forgive me for my outburst, headmistress. I was being ungrateful for the kind opportunity you are offering me.”

“Excellent. Now sit up straight.”

Lucy adjusts her posture and now again sits stiff-backed in the chair.

“Good. Very good. Now ... When does your divorce become final?”

“Next month, headmistress.”

“And will you get custody of the kids?”

“No, headmistress. Nor will I get visitation.”

“Alimony?”

“None, headmistress.”

“Excellent. And don’t look so surprised. I know quite a bit about you. I’ve kept tabs on you since we first met, you cock tease.”

“What?!”

Babs slaps her hard across the face. Bringing more tears to her eyes. But. What Lucy doesn’t do is to defend herself, which is totally out of character. Lucy should be fighting back. This is more than just her with her back to the wall and needing to eat crow. The butch hit her.

Lucy’s totally inappropriate response—the girl’s lack of response, brings a broad smile to Babs’ face. *The drug must be taking hold*, Babs thinks to herself.

“Beg pardon, on your knees!”

Lucy does as she is told.

“Forgive me, headmistress.”

“Hands behind your back!”

Again. Lucy does as she is told. Babs gets off the desk and rips open the girl’s blouse. The butch lesbian squeezes the girl’s bulging bra cups. Lucy’s stomach turns. Babs’ large powerful hands look like they belong to a man.

“Please, headmistress. Not this.”

And again. Babs slaps her hard across the face.

“You don’t even remember me, from when we first met at a teacher’s convention, years ago. You and your stuck up, prick tease friends making fun of the dowdy butch spinster. That spinster was me. Oh how I have craved you so much over all these five years. Now, the tables are turned.”

The mickey-finn takes full effect. Lucy swoons. Passing out on the floor. Mouth open slackly, drooling. Babs didn’t dose Lucy with chloral hydrate. The butch used something much more insidious than that on the girl.

For good measure, to reduce the girl a complete catatonic, Babs jabs Lucy in the neck with a hypo filled with a Thorazine/Lithium/Prozac cocktail. She empties the syringe’s mix of mind-scrambling drugs into the girl’s jugular vein. When she was much younger, Babs was a nurse in an insane asylum.

Babs feels the girl up, letting her hands roam freely over the drugged girl’s ripe body. And. Then. The moment she has waited so long for. She yanks Lucy’s skirt and panty briefs down, and sodomizes the girl. Afterwards, she completely loses control, repeatedly striking the girl in the face and kicking the girl in the ribs and abdomen—in her twisted mind such vengeance is necessary, the girl must be disciplined, humiliated, and degraded. In a word, break the girl down completely and then rebuild the girl from the ground up in her exact image.

The butch has plans for the girl. Lucy will move in with her. In a year they will marry. No longer will Babs live alone with her cats, scribbling in her diary.

In spite of being such a tightwad, and living a spare and Spartan life, Babs is quite wealthy—filthy rich. She has the financial means of getting what she wants. The fact that she is rich, is not commonly known.

Rohypnol. The date rape drug of choice for sexual predators. Babs slipped a 9-milligram dose in the girl’s tea at the start of the interview. A much smaller 2-milligram dose can put a person into an excited, agitated, and disinhibited state, leaving only amnesia. When its effects begin to become manifest, the victim becomes highly suggestable, and, unlike with hypnosis, they will do things they normally wouldn’t do. This is why Lucy became a total submissive and did as she was told by Babs. This is why Lucy didn’t hit Babs back when Babs struck her.

More doses of the date drug and some judicious use of electroshock, and the girl won’t remember what really happened to her this evening including Babs brutally and violently assaulting her. Babs will reset the girl’s memories of the evening, and rewrite them. Lucy will remember an uneventful interview, getting the job, and being mugged by a man on her way back home to her apartment.

But. There’s more. On the off chance that the girl should start to remember and experience flashbacks of the true events of the evening, she will suffer debilitating migraines which will sweep those real memories back into her subconscious. That’ll also be due to what Babs will do to the girl chemically. It’s called a chemical lobotomy, also known as an ice pick lobotomy, or simply ice pick. Additionally, the ice pick will have an “interesting” effect on the girl’s libido—a side effect most desired by Babs.

And so begins this deadly game of cat and mouse. The question is. Who is the cat and who is the mouse?

I'm so GLAAD to see you, again

**Notes on a Scandal 2**—Cate Blanchett (Actor), Judi Dench (Actor), David Lynch (Director)

In the sequel, which, unlike the first movie, is more of a softcore porn flick than a seat-of-the-pants thriller. Cate Blanchett and Judi Dench reprise their roles as Sheba Hart and Barbara Covett. The movie starts at a full gallop and never slows down. It delivers what the first movie only teased—plenty of deviant sex between two women.

It is six years after the first movie. Babs is in-between obsessions. Late one evening, Sheba appears at her front door, sobbing and disheveled.

Babs takes the girl in and listens to her story. Six months ago, while touring the wine country in Nice France, Sheba's husband Richard suffered a fatal heart attack. He was driving, at the time. Sheba's was thrown from the crash and survived unscathed without a scratch. Her family was killed—the car caught on fire and while Sheba watched helplessly her children, who were trapped in the car, burned to death. Sheba crawled into a bottle and took up the needle, drowning her sorrows in liquor and heroin, and she has only recently crawled out of her intoxication and her courtship with dope.

Needy Barbara, always the opportunist, takes full advantage of the girl's plight. She takes Sheba in. They become fast-friends, again. And, as the film progresses, they become more than friends. They become lovers—friends with fringe benefits. Their sex scenes are torrid, borderline explicit. The film's R-rating is generous, to say the least. By the close of the movie, they marry.—*Kim Sill (IMDB.com movie review)*

“So, what do you think of the movie?”

“I liked the first one, better.”

“Why?”

“Because the second one was just porn, plain and simple. With some nonsensical David Lynch abstraction thrown in for good measure so that the critics could call it an ‘art film.’”

They're in the sitting room. Just the two of them. Babs is dressed the dowdy way she always dresses. Lucy is dressed in a too-large sweatshirt, thong panties, sports bar, and crew socks. The girl only has to dress dyke on the job.

But. Increasingly, Lucy is dressing dyke off-duty, also. For reasons the girl doesn't know herself.

Of late, Lucy has taken to sitting in chairs with her long legs double crossed tightly. For reasons the girl doesn't know herself. It's severe and uncomfortable, and yet she's come to crave sitting that way.

They live together, employer and employee. Lucy, who doubles as the housekeeper, stays in the guest bedroom. They've had this arrangement for the last six months, and it seems to be working fine, but it shouldn't. Because. After all, Babs is an obsessive-compulsive bulldyke. And Lucy is straight.

Lucy, of course, has no memory, whatsoever of what happened that night a year ago. The night when Babs sexually assaulted her during a job interview. Whenever she does start to remember what really happened, blinding migraines put a stop to her remembering.

Lucy was always attracted to older men. At twenty she had an affair with her then forty-five year old college professor Richard, the same Richard who she married within a year of their illicit affair. Now, of late, she finds herself attracted to Babs, although she's still in complete denial about this. She's never in her life been attracted to women. Lucy is confused about where these lesbian tendencies came out of nowhere from, so, she's decided to just not deal with the problem and pretend it doesn't exist.

She and Barbara can accidentally brush up against each other, and Lucy will get a tingly feeling in her crotch. She catches herself looking longingly at the sexually-repressed Barbara, like she did several times during the two movies. When Babs bends down to turn the television off, Lucy entertains the thought of grabbing the butch's ass. The girl can feel herself get moist in the nethers, spotting her panties.

Lucy abruptly gets out of her chair and heads for her room. Two months ago, she stopped dating men, altogether. She's taken up going out with Babs instead—the cinema, the theater, restaurants, and a private club that caters to older monied dykes and their paramours. Yet their relationship remains purely platonic.

The girl slams her door shut and climbs into bed. She masturbates, fantasizing about going at it with Babs. Then she just stops and pretends that she didn't just finger fuck herself into mind-numbing oblivion while thinking about doing her butch boss.

Her make-up got tossed, also. She either wears Babs' flavor of heavy, unbecoming makeup or she wears no makeup at all like she's doing now. These days, Lucy is looking harder and rougher, decreasingly pretty and increasingly sexually repressed à la a bitter forty-year-old divorcee who's been road hard and put up wet one time too many.

Most of the girl's things are now stored in the basement, in boxes. She doesn't wear them anymore. What's mostly in her closet and dresser, are the things that Babs has picked out and purchased for her. The same severe frumpy unattractive things that severe frumpy unattractive Barbara wears. And, when Lucy wears them, she's just as severe, frumpy, and unattractive as Babs is—things that make her look just as sexually repressed as Babs always does, things and makeup that make her unrecognizable to even close friends and family.

Barbara watches her covetously through a peephole in the wall. There are many in the girl's room—walls, ceilings, and floors—especially the bedroom's adjoining bathroom.

Babs especially likes to watch the girl shower, while entertaining a mental replay of that lethal shower scene in Alfred Hitchcock's 1960 masterpiece *Psycho*. Substituting her Lucy for Hitch's Marion Crane (Janet Leigh). And substituting herself for the homicidal Norman Bates (Anthony Perkins) in drag dressed as his mother. Babs orgasms thinking about hacking Lucy to death in the infamous shower scene, each and every time she entertains that mental replay.

The butch is rushing nothing, though. She's invested way too much in this and she's too close to the prize to let impatience fuck things up. This will not be a repeat of her fiasco with Sheba Hart.

Babs believes that it is destiny that these two unrelated obsessions of hers, share the same last name. By her convoluted way of thinking, it means that she's fated to possess both women. Currently, she's only in possession of one of them.

Hopefully, Babs thinks, Lucy won't react the same way Sheba did when she revealed her true self. If Lucy does, she will have to find another to share the rest of her life with. And Lucy will join Sheba in the locked soundproofed room in the basement that only Babs has a key for. A room that is well hidden behind a false wall.

## Luc vs. Luce vs. Loose

“Little Lucy is due July 15<sup>th</sup>. As we use her name more, we’ve found ourselves using the nicknames ‘Loose’ and ‘Lucy Goosey.’ However, we’re not sure how to spell it. We’re afraid Loose may lead to bad connotations. Suggestions?”

“I would stick with Luce.”

“This reminds me of the song Crafty by the Beastie Boys. I think Luce works but she probably won’t like it come middle school. Lucy Goosey is cute and after she is born other little nicknames will appear.”

“Start over with your naming process.”

“I definitely would not spell it Loose ... I think if you were putting it in casual writing, like ‘Hey, Luc, make sure to do the dishes before we get home!’ ‘Luc’ would make the most sense even though phonetically, Luce or Loose would be correct.”

“Definitely Luce!!!!”

“Why should she start over the naming process? Goodness gracious, I vote Luc or Luce!”

“Luce.”

“Luc makes me want to pronounce it Luck or Luke. You will probably not write it down very often, but Luce is best.”

“Use Luce!”

“Have you thought of naming her Lucia instead of Lucy or Luce? Lucia (*Loo-cee-ah*).”

“I agree with comment three.”

“I adore the name Lucy. Shortening it to ‘Loose’ probably comes naturally, but I wouldn’t use it as the kind of nickname you actually write down, so I wouldn’t worry how to spell it. You could also shorten it to Lu, which is cute and casual and easy to spell.”

**The End**