

An Intimidating Man Invites Himself In

Taken from [My Granny Writes Erotica – Threesome](#)

“I think you’ve got the wrong house,” stuttered Betty Berry.

The tall stranger stormed past her. He was solid-framed but his manner conveyed a certain emptiness, like a walking coffin. Even without the black suit, there would have been something deeply funereal about him. Perhaps it was his dark, greasy hair or those hollow eyes set deep in his angular head.

“Did you hear me? I’m awfully sorry, but I think you’ve got the wrong house. Possibly even the wrong... neighbourhood.” Betty was typical of the housewives in the area – well spoken, aside from a tendency to Gallicise long English words under the delusion that it sounded posh.

The man-coffin strode past the grandfather clock and into the living room, where he found a floral Laura Ashley sofa on which to perch his bricklike behind. Betty gasped when she realised he still had his outdoor shoes on; the black leather uppers were beautifully polished, but she didn’t want to think where those soles had been. At least, thanks to the August heat, the ground was dry.

“Would you like a cup of tea?” Betty offered. The man might be in the wrong house, but she made a point of offering tea to anybody who came through the door – invited or otherwise. *Manners are a virtue*. She looked ruefully at her brown slacks and loose, beige shirt. If she’d known she’d be entertaining, she’d have given them an iron.

Betty had wavy, grey-brown hair that was dyed a shade known as ‘suburban chestnut’. She considered herself the perfect balance between plump and fat – enough extra pounds to suggest irresistible culinary skills but not so many that she appeared lazy.

“Is he in?” asked the man. His speech was deep and slow-paced – somewhere between a voice and a thud.

“Who?”

“Rodney.”

Betty stiffened. So the man *was* in the right house. But what would a big, boxy, young man wearing a gold chain necklace want with her husband? “No, he’s at work.”

“Work?” asked the man, evidently surprised.

“Yes, he works nine ’til five. He’s an estate agent,” she explained, proudly. “How do you know him?”

“Let’s just say, we have some business together.”

“Business?” Betty knew business wasn’t her area. Light refreshments were more her thing. “Can I get you a biscuit? We have chocolate digestives.”

“Nice place you have here,” remarked the man, ignoring the generous offer of biscuits *with chocolate*. His eyes scanned the furniture, as if taking mental notes. “*Very* nice,” he drawled.

“Thank you,” said Betty, glowing with pride. “Do you like the curtains? They’re new.”

“*New?*” he asked, with great interest.

“Yes. House of Fraser’s finest. I hemmed them myself though. They were six inches too long. My mother-in-law said to leave it, but when you’re an estate agent’s spouse you want everything to be just so, don’t you? What do you think?”

“I think ... this is no time to be spending money on your home.”

Betty was taken aback. That was him downgraded to plain biscuits.

“Neither is it a good time to be buying a television,” remarked the man, looking at the forty-two-inch plasma screen TV that Betty had picked from John Lewis.

“I’m always telling her that,” sneered a high-pitched whining voice from the doorway. Betty found herself grinding her teeth. The mother-in-law was awake. The blissful silence of afternoon naptime had passed and wouldn’t happen again for another twenty-two hours.

“Muriel,” sounded Betty, through frozen jaws.

“I prefer radio,” added Muriel, tottering in. Her skeletal body was dressed in a pressed peach dress and thick cream tights, neither of which she had been wearing when she went up to nap. Her silver permed hair looked bouncier than usual.

“Muriel, this is ...” began Betty.

Muriel ignored her and addressed the coffin. “She watches far too much daytime television, but you wouldn’t know from the state of her cooking.” Then she threw her head back and cackled. You could hear the vertebrae in her neck clicking, one by one.

Betty scowled. Why did Muriel have to show off whenever they had visitors?

“He had a chance to marry a ballet dancer you know ...” began Muriel.

“That was over thirty years ago,” Betty reminded her.

“But he jacked in a life in Paris to marry a failed novelist.”

Betty’s fists clenched. “If he had gone to Paris with Cheryl, who would be here to look after you?”

“Somebody who might actually *warm* my cheese toasties before giving them to me,” Muriel snarled back. Then she turned to the man and gave him a warm smile.

“It was a BLT *sandwich*.” This time, it was Betty’s turn to give their guest a warm smile. *Must let him think it’s harmless banter. Don’t let him know I fantasise about smothering her in the night.*

“You don’t toast lettuce!” frowned the man, forgetting himself for a moment.

“My point exactly,” smirked Betty.

“You *can* toast lettuce,” contested Muriel. “Of course you can toast lettuce.”

“You can’t, it goes all limp and disgusting. Trust me, you would not want to eat toasted lettuce.”

“Evidence!”

“What?”

“Get me evidence. Go and toast me a lettuce sandwich. I wager it will be delicious.”

“I’m not getting up and making you a sandwich! I have enough of being at your beck and call at mealtimes. Besides, you’re bound to say it’s delicious.”

“I’ll be impartial.”

“You’re the least impartial person on the planet.”

“Fine, then we’ll get our guest to judge it.”

The coffin looked up. He was supposed to be there in a purely intimidatory capacity, but he *was* feeling rather peckish. “I wouldn’t say no to a snack – if you’re offering.”

Betty took a sharp breath. She had no idea who this hostile-looking man with alleged business to settle might be, yet she felt compelled to toast him a sandwich, not least because she might finally get confirmation that her mother-in-law was wrong.

“All right. I shall make a lettuce toastie. But I warn you, it will not be up to my usual culinary standards.”

Muriel snorted.

Betty glared.

Once Betty was in the kitchen, Muriel adjusted her teeth and then embarked on trying to make polite conversation with the coffin. “So, how do you know my son?”

“Let’s just say, he owes me.”

Muriel frowned. “Owes you?”

The man thought carefully. He really wanted that sandwich, but sensed that he was losing some of the domineering aura that was essential to his visit. “We have some business to sort out,” he said in a low-pitched drone.

“What sort of business?”

“Private business,” he replied, then cleared his throat.

Muriel churned this over. The suit, the gold chain, the evasive remarks ... This man was bad news, even if he were finally going to provide validation that her daughter-in-law was wrong. She decided a change in tack was necessary. “So, are you married yet?”

The man raised an eyebrow.

“Are you courting?”

He raised the other.

“Casual sex then?” she asked.

The man choked on his own saliva.

Muriel adjusted her horn-rimmed glasses and looked at him with intensity. Her pale blue eyes twinkled. “You live in a very sexy generation.”

“Erm ... right.”

“When I was your age I was already married. But your generation, you can practise shagging for years before you have to settle down.”

“Um ...”

“You can have threesomes, orgies ... You can even do it up the bum.”

The look of horror on the man’s face was a picture. No matter how intimidating a man might be, he can always be derailed by an elderly woman talking about anal sex.

When finally Betty came back into the room carrying a round of toasted BLT, she was surprised to find the man standing up and edging towards the doorway.

“Tell Robert ... um ... I mean Rodney, that I dropped in. And tell him I’m ... um ... not happy.”

“But don’t you want your sandwich?” asked Betty, hurt.

“Another time,” stammered the man. Then he looked at Muriel, who was examining her upper set of teeth in the palm of her hand. He added, “Maybe.” Then he hurried into the hall and once again passed through the front door without the niceties to which the Berry household were accustomed.

Betty turned to Muriel and demanded, “What did you say to him?”

“Nothing,” sang Muriel, with a twinkle in her eye. “Does this mean *I* can have that sandwich?”