

Sometimes, being a bloke is a job in itself

Susanna arrived home from work feeling exhausted and stressed. Her day at the office had not been one of the best.

She had been living alone for six months now. All she ever did in her free time at the weekends was visit old friends. She had separated from her boyfriend, and financially it had cost her dearly. But above all, the real cost had been psychological. She seemed to have lost all her self-confidence.

During the last few weeks, she had been troubled regularly by a voice inside her head. She felt persecuted by this inner voice, and at times she thought she was going insane.

Her womb, and her entire womanhood, had started to cause inner turmoil. Her mind was no longer able to make any sense of the signals coming up from her nether regions.

Today, during a meeting, surrounded by several men, a visitor had talked to her with considerable charm, whilst looking directly into her eyes. To her surprise, she felt her vulva contract slightly. She found the man's candour difficult to bear, and broke into a cold sweat. Her light perspiration quickly turned into a hot flush, colouring her face.

Oh no! That's all I need right now...! I can feel myself blushing: Yes, that will deepen the shade of red nicely. Why oh why?

The inner voice had spoken once again.

By the end of the meeting she was exhausted. As she was leaving, the guy flashed her a curious look. She could find nothing attractive about his appearance at all.

You have to do something Susanna, you are no longer in control of your senses.

She bought the local paper in the foyer of her apartment-block, and went upstairs. She turned on the radio as soon as she got into her apartment. There was a romantic English ballad playing on the hit-parade:

When Susanna cries; she cries for love... Just tell her that I love her...

Tears welled up in her eyes, and she threw herself wearily on the sofa. It was a beautiful melody. If only the song wasn't about Susanna.

Surely you're not going to get depressed now, just because your vulva, your vagina, your ovaries and your stomach are all crying out for a dick-massage! Take that newspaper and read the small ads.

She opened the paper, flipping through the pages full of cars and furniture for sale, then stopped at the heading 'Massage'. She had never paid much attention to this particular section before, but glancing through it now, she realised that there were numerous 'man seeks woman' ad-

verts. Indeed, there was a whole page full of these ‘massage’ advertisements.

She loved massaging herself, and had tried several different techniques. Seeing these adverts under the heading ‘Massage’ made her smile. There were several women offering ‘Sensual massage with films’, followed by quite a few short ads, such as; ‘Georges massages you gently’, ‘Men-only massage’, ‘Massage service for men or women’, ‘Massage for couples’... They were usually followed by a mobile number.

Her eyes were drawn to one particular ad, which had a genuine phone number: ‘Ben offers you a massage’. There were no details of any sexual preferences.

Phone him. You are afraid to commit yourself to a new relationship. Your wounds are deep, and you doubt whether you would be able to make love to someone without any emotional ties. It’s a good test, go ahead!

She obeyed her inner voice, and approached the telephone. She wondered whether she would find the courage to dial the number. But by now she knew that she was in a real state of crisis. This in itself would enable her to find the energy she needed for this new experience.

Hello?

— Am I speaking to Ben?

— Yes

— I would like to find out more about the massage.

— A half-hour massage, or one hour?