

Oh, Mister Postman

By Dante Harker

‘Come on love, haven’t you finished yet, I’m trying to watch the footy.’

‘Won’t be long love, I want to try to make it to twenty minutes tonight.’ Jeana’s exercise bike had only just beeped past the five minute mark, and already she had to gasp out her reply. This was week eight of her exercise program and today was the first day Jeana had used her upright exercise bike. For the last eight weeks she had been using a floor bike. This was a machine which allowed the participant to lie with their back on the floor and pedal, it was the perfect starting point for anyone who’s thighs too big for the conventional bike.

‘Can’t you just give it a break tonight; I can’t hear what’s going on with all that squeaking?’ Jim didn’t look away from the TV; he barely took his eyes away when he took a swig of his beer, or forced a handful of Pringles into his mouth.

‘Would it kill you to be a bit more encouraging?’ Jeana gasped, she was finding being sat upright and peddling much harder than lying on the floor.

'Is going out to work and paying all the bills not encouraging anymore?'

Oh great, the usual war cry, Jeana thought, though she didn't say it as she didn't want to get into the same tired argument, at least not when she was barely able to breathe.

Jeana's silence prompted Jim to add 'I don't know why you're bothering love, you're fifty in a couple of month, it's a bit late to start getting fit now.' Jim spat Pringles as he spoke, he appeared to have lost the ability to chew, instead just relying on a constant supply and shoving from his hand to get the crisps down to his stomach.

Jeana tried to ignore him, she looked at the bike's computer display, it told her she had five minutes left to go, and so far had burned 200 calories. Jeana could feel her heart banging against her chest, but even though her thighs were starting to chafe against the now sweat covered metal of the bike, she peddled on, determined to make it to the twenty minute mark.

'It all just seems like a waste of time to me'. Jim said, resting is fresh can of beer on his ripening belly. 'I love you no matter what you look like, so you're just getting sweat all over the carpet for nothing'.

You might love me, thought Jeana, but you haven't touched me in years. Or at least you haven't but it's been after a drunken night out with the lads and a couple of Viagra. And even then Jeana couldn't be sure they'd even had sex given Jim's knob was only average but sadly his belly wasn't.

At the twenty minute beep, Jeana almost fell from the bike, and dumped her newly attained size sixteen frame onto the settee.

'Love you're getting sweat everywhere!' Jim said, covering the carpet with the contents of his mouth in the process. Jeana took a gulp of from a glass of water from the side table, took a deep breath, another, another gulp and then said:

'The settee's leather and it'll wipe off, much easier than those crisps you've just spat on the floor.'

'I haven't spat anything anywhere.' Jim snapped, this time adding beer to the carpet.

From the hall the phone ringing halted Jeana's retort and instead allowed Jim to jibe.

'Oh, is it a day ending in 'y' that'll be your sister then.'

Oh fuck off! Jeana wanted to yell, she never, her pleasant, but strict upbringing stop her voicing foul language. For her, foul language was something only meant for the TV, and only then after 9am.

Jim used to swear when they had first met, and worse he had sworn in front of Jeana's mother. This was one reason, one of many reasons her mother had always hated him. Now though, after many years of nagging 'not in front of the kids' Jim now kept his swearwords for the pub.

'I've just managed twenty minutes Bev?' It was Jeana's sister, it was always Jeana's sister, and these days her only friend, well her and the Prozac.

'That's great Jean, you'll be in your size 12 party frock before you know it. Your 50th's going to be fab, shame you have to bring mardy arse along.'

'Bev don't say that, he's not that bad.' Jeana knew he was a mardy arse, and that was on his good days, but she felt some antiquated duty to defend him.

Jeana moved the phone to the stairs. This was as far as it reached, Jim had not wanted a cordless phone, he had said that he 'didn't see the point as nothing in their relationship was a secret.' What he should have said of course was, 'we

have a perfectly good phone and he didn't see the point in spending his money just because you want to talk about me to your sister'.

As Jeana took her seat on the stairs she could hear Jim adjusting the TV volume. Bev must have heard it to, prompting:

'Not that bad, he's just turned the TV down hasn't he? That mans a swine to you; I don't know why you don't just leave him?'

Jeana wanted to say 'I don't know why I don't leave him either, he's a fat, abusive lush, who doesn't nothing but feed his face and pick his arse.' But she thought better of it given the fat abusive lush had just turned the TV down to find out what she was saying.

'We've been together a long time Bev, you have to work at these things, you can't just walk out on a relationship, it's not that easy.'

'You mean you won't leave him with the kids, just in case he misplaces them. Well that argument might have worked five years ago, but you don't' see them kids anymore expect on holidays, when they come back from Uni, needing their ironing done, and some money.' Jeana wondered why Bev

bothered ringing her, like Jim had said, she did ring every night, and it was mostly just to tell her how crap her life was.

‘Did you want anything Bev, I’ve just got off the bike, and I could do with a shower?’

Bev went on to babble for another twenty minutes more before finally getting off the phone and letting her sister go for a shower.

Jeana let the shower wash over her, the warmth of the water calming her senses. Emptying her new Avon cleansing scrub into her hands Jeana became to give herself a gentle wash down.

She had now been dieting for nearly six months and exercising for the last two. Jeana hadn’t wanted to start an exercise program until she had started to lose some weight, which wasn’t easy when her husband only wanted to eat chips.

‘I’m not eating any of that rabbit food crap, I work long hours and need more than a lettuce leaf to keep me going!’ Jeana would never have even considered offering Jim a salad for his tea, but he had felt the need to point out his feelings on

the subject any way.

Because of the salads, and more recently the exercise Jeana had lost over four stone. Now when she ran her hands over her body, she could no longer feel the two extra rows of fat that give everyone the impression she had three rows of tits.

Jeana took the showerhead from the rack and began to warm her nipples, the focus on her breasts fetched back Jim's thoughts on the subject.

'Jees love, if you lose anymore weight I'll have nothing to hold on too'. This kind of remark had long since stopped causing Jeana any pain. These days she let the comments go, it was easier. In this case, the remark made her smile as she knew the only time he ever touched her tits was when he was so drunk he needed something sizable to help him maintain his balance.

But as Jeana moved the showerhead downwards she smiled at what only she knew. All this dieting, the nightly exercise, it had nothing to do with turning fifty, nothing to do with Jim, or to do with giving her an escape route out of her sad monotone life. No, it was about none of these things – it was all about Sam the postman.

Jeana clicked the showerhead setting to pulsing and began her nightly thoughts about Sam. He was perfect. He came, without fail, every morning - though this was mostly because of Jeana now posting letters to herself.

‘Are you a bit dirty down there love, or has that bike chafed you?’ Jeana lost her balance in her fight to return the showerhead to its holder – which wasn’t a graceful sight and left Jim staring at her in confusion. ‘Are you alright in their love?’ Jim asked.

‘I’m fine’ Jeana snapped adding ‘now pay attention sweetheart you’re weeing all over the floor.’

As she regained her composure, Jeana watched her husband empty six pints of beer from his bladder. It wasn’t a pretty site. Thirty years ago, she had found it embarrassing, though somewhat horny the first time she had watched him pee. Back then they had been camping, it was cold, so he Jim hadn’t gone far from the tent. Jeana was sure Jim had noticed her watching through the crack in the tent. He never tried to turn away, was semi-erect, and at one point she was sure he had waved it at her – the sex had been good in those days.

Now, under an extra six stone of fat, Jeana could barely make out his willy. And if thirty years of shrinkage wasn’t enough, what remained, Jim’s short stubby fingers

obscured.

Jim left the room and went into the bedroom. 'Bugger' Jeana said talking to the showerhead, adding, 'looks like we're not having any fun tonight.'

'Turn the light out love.' Jim said when Jeana got in bed beside him.

'I was going to read for a while.' Jeana said not knowing why she had bothered, given that she knew the reply, which duly came.

'Oh give it a rest love, you know I have to be up at six, and I can't get to sleep if you have the light on.'

Jeana did as he said, and within minutes of the room falling into darkness, Jim was snoring and gasping his way into a deep sleep. As she lie there, staring at the ceiling, Jeana missed the days when even if they weren't having sex, they would at last kiss for a few minutes before sleep. But then that had stopped when Jim got so fat she had to get onto her knees to kiss him, and she had gotten so fat, she couldn't be bothered.

She looked at the clock – twelve hours to go. Twelve hours would make it 10am and Sam's usual delivery time. At ten to

ten, Jeana was always outside; tending the garden, putting something in the car, sweeping the path - anything that gave her an excuse to see her postman. Over these last six months, since Jeana had first answer the door to the blond haired beauty, she had become more flirtatious. At their first meeting Jeana had opened the door in her five-year-old nighty, covered in coffee stains and Pringles and cramming a peanut butter sandwich down tripled-chinned neck. At the time, the only word she'd managed to spray his way was 'thanks.'

Now, Jeana spent nearly an hour getting ready. She had new clothes, which had to come from the catalogue. Jim wasn't keen on her working, and the housekeeping money he gave her wasn't enough to buy anything nice. And she had moved far beyond one word conversations, now they would talk for ten minutes or more, their conversation becoming more flirtatious by the day.

'One more stone to go, and you're mine.' She said to the image of Sam she had conjured up in her head. Jeana didn't worry that Jim might hear, she knew that the six pints, an easy night for her husband, would render him unconscious till the alarm screamed for his attention at six.

‘I’m going out with the lads straight from work tonight, it’s Dave’s birthday.’ Jim said has he chucked down his fourth Weetabix.

‘Are you not coming home first?’ Jeana wasn’t sure why she had asked, knowing that it would just get a snapped reply. Maybe it was because she now faced eighteen hours in the house by herself. Jim didn’t like her going out during the day, or at least over the years, he had been aggressive towards her friends, or constantly questioning her actions that now, she spent the days alone. Well not alone, she had her soaps, her Prozac and her daily meetings with Sam.

‘God love, I only get two nights out a week, and it’s Dave’s birthday, I can’t believe you mind.’

Two nights out from week my slimmed down arse, Jeana thought. That was two nights out a week, where he got so drunk he couldn’t get the key in the door. He had plenty of other nights out too, the snooker club, his poker night. But because he was usually in by eleven, he didn’t count that as time away. Well when the postman is delivering more than his letters, I’ll have the last laugh.

‘Sorry darling, of course you should go straight from work – give Dave my best wishes.’

By 7am Jim was out of the house, sent on his way with a packed lunch and a peck on his chubby, vein encrusted cheek.

By 8am Jeana had cleaned through the house. This wasn't a hardship because sadly she had married for looks. Like her mother had said 'he won't amount to anything.' And she had been right. Because even though Jim harped on about being a supervisor now at the local sandwich factory, this only accounted for an extra 10p an hour.

Jeana checked the clock; she had an hour now to watch one of her soaps she had recorded last night, while Jim was watching the football. She could then take one of her pills which would relax her while she was showering and getting ready for Sam's arrival around ten.

'You're late this morning,' Jeana said as she rested her sweeping brush against the fence. She had been sweeping the path for the last thirty minutes and had started to get looks from the neighbours.

'Tell me about it. I had to call and get some travel money, and the queue in there was shocking.' Sam took his postbag off his shoulder and placed it on the floor. Jeana took this as

a good sign that he was going to talk for a while, though she was a little disconcerted about why he needed travel money.

‘Are you going away?’

‘Yeah, the girlfriend found a cheap deal on the internet and wants to get away for a week. So we’re off next week.’

Bitch, Jeana thought, she hated it when he mentioned his girlfriend, though she thinks they not suited. From what she had managed to find out, she was an up coming solicitor, and she got the impression that Sam’s girlfriend wasn’t too keen on him staying a postman forever.

‘Are you going anywhere nice?’ Jeana did her best to smile, she didn’t want to seem inappropriate, or crazy, but she did want to beam. She knew her smile lit up her face, and at nearly 30 years his senior, Jeana knew she had to appear as youthful as possible.

‘The girlfriend thinks it’s nice.’ As he spoke, he moved to lean against the wall. Resting both elbows behind him pulled his shirt tight against his chest, and allowed Jeana to get a better look at her prize.

‘Are you not so sure?’ Jeana asked, doing what she could to lay the groundwork for more flirtatious comments.

‘Well, her idea of a good holiday is looking round museums and visiting galleries.’

‘And you’d rather be stripped off on a beach?’ Jeana was glad that she had chosen to wear a jacket this morning as the thought of Sam in a pair of Speedo’s had made her nipples erect.

Sam smiled, which filled his face with a mischievous look, which seemed suitable as he replied:

‘Well, you know, I do a lot of exercise in my job, it keeps me pretty fit, and it’s nice to show that off once in a while.’

‘I bet, and I bet you look great in a pair of Speedo’s?’ A month ago, comments like this would have mortified Jeana. But the goal was set, she wanted Sam and if that meant being a little risqué with her comments than so be it.

Sam laughed, his tanned skin and natural blond hair shone in the early summer sunshine.

‘Well, what can I say, if you have what it takes to fill out a pair of Speedo’s it’s only right that you wear them.’

Both of them were laughing now, then without thinking Jeana said ‘now that’s a sight I wouldn’t mind seeing.’

Damn she thought, I’ve gone too far, he’s surely offended. He wasn’t. His reply was quick, and gave the impression he had been waiting for an opportunity like this.

‘Well, given how fit you’re looking today, may be I’ll give you a private viewing when I get back. It’ll be nice to get the opinion of an experienced woman – you can tell me if I have what it takes to pull them off.’

Sam’s words made her moist. She wanted to drag him inside and pull his pants off her and now. His words had left her blank, her mind too full of lustful thoughts.

Sensing her embarrassment Sam said ‘don’t you worry I’ll be gentle with you.’ Before Jeana could regain her composure and reply, one of her neighbours arrived back home and called over to Sam to see if there was any mail for them.

Before he left, he winked at Jeana, and said a simple ‘see you in two weeks.’

That night as Jim thumbed to find his shrivelled penis, Jeana thought about Sam. As Jim bashed against her, his fat

surrounding her like a jelly coated coffin, she dreamed about what it was going to feel like to have Sam's young hard flesh pressed against her. And as Jim gave neared having a heart attack as he came, Jeana dreamed of a life far from this place, somewhere with a beach, so she could admire Sam in his Speedo's all-day long.

The two weeks soon past. Jeana made it to thirty minutes on the bike. At last managed to squeeze into a size twelve, and by some minor miracle, well mostly just not eating, she dropped another stone.

She had even maxed out her credit at the catalogue, buying new underwear, and a stunning little black dress.

At ten to ten, Jeana stood at the front door looking out the window. The dress didn't lead itself to any excuse that would allow her to venture outside. But she didn't need too. Yesterday, she had posted a parcel that needed a signature, so Sam had to knock on the door making there no way she could miss him.

'NO!' Jeana said as she noticed a postwoman walking towards her door.

Before the postwoman had reached to door, Jeana opened it and demanded.

‘Where’s Sam, he’s due back today?’

Jeana’s stark words stopped the young postwoman in her tracks. It was clear she didn’t know how to answer. Jeana wasn’t impressed, the dress had cost over £300 and she needed Sam to see it.

‘Well?’ Jeana said, her tone causing the postwoman to take a step back.

‘Err, well, he did arrive back.’ The woman paused, as if a piece from a puzzle had fallen into place.

‘And?’ Jeana demanded.

‘Err. Well.’

‘Come on, spit it out.’ Jeana said. Again the woman took a step back, this time it looked like she was preparing to run.

‘Well, I’m not sure why, but Sam asked for a transfer to another route.’

Jeana couldn't reply, she had no words; instead she stepped back into the house and slammed the door. The postwoman left, deciding the parcel could wait for another day.

Jeana cried. She said on her stairs and let her heart wale.

An hour later, she stood up, phone the doctors surgery, and ordered a repeat prescription of Prozac.
