

THE  
TOYBOY  
DIARIES

*Sexploits of an Older Woman*

Wendy Salisbury



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For the men in my life.  
You know who you are...  
even if sometimes I didn't.

Names have been changed  
throughout to protect the  
guilty.



## FOREPLAY

This exposé is a sixtieth birthday present to myself, written with my tongue firmly planted in my cheek or, whenever possible, somebody else's. It's an *homage* (or possibly *fromage*) to my past life, a memoir for my future. When I'm slumped drooling in some Senior Sundown comfy chair, someone can read it to me and I can marvel with my last remaining marble that I did *all that*.

Some may find my voice crowing, arrogant and egotistical. They may wish me to fall flat on my face, and in the privacy of my bedroom, I often have. Some may find my adventures hard to swallow, but they are retold exactly as they happened. A woman whose clock is ticking would be a fool not to use her looks, cleavage and well-turned ankle to her full advantage.

When I say I'm sixty, you might get a picture of a little old lady with a tight grey perm queuing up for her pension in the local Post Office. Delete that image immediately!

Think Helen Mirren, Susan Sarandon, Catherine Deneuve, Goldie Hawn, Diane Keaton, Judi Dench, Joanna Lumley – sexy sirens one and all.

I grew up in London in the Swinging Sixties. My father was a physical man who wanted a son but, undeterred by my gender, he taught me to play football, do DIY, read a balance sheet and deal with life like a man. To offset this, my mother sewed relentless little dresses of taffeta and tulle. Confusion reigned and to an extent still does.

At eighteen, I journeyed south to Andalucía to work as an interpreter on the biography of El Cordobès, the world-famous bullfighter. He helped himself to my virginity one hot and sultry Cordovan night – a heady springboard into adulthood.

Twenty years on – two weddings, two divorces and two daughters later – ‘Life begins at forty’ became my reality and I embraced my single status with a backstage pass that read: Excess All Areas.

My d.o.b. is inescapable, but I laugh in its face and treat it as an aberration on my birth certificate. Like many older people, I still feel like a twenty-year-old. Not every night... but once a week would do nicely. Time is a thief but I’ve fought it tooth and manicured nail with a dedicated beauty routine and the blessing of good genes from my Russian–Jewish ancestors. My grandmother died at ninety-four, generously legating me her smooth skin and peachy cheekbones. My mother at eighty-six is determined and acerbic still, frustrated even now if a day passes without achievement. The female work ethic rates highly in my family. Aforementioned grandma, widowed at twenty-nine with nothing to eat but two toddlers, taught herself millinery. She became the quintessential matriarch, pushing everyone in her path on to greater accomplishments than

her own. When I was fourteen, my Dad got me a job in a restaurant so I could pay for my summer holiday and I have worked almost continuously ever since (though never again as a waitress!). Today, my business is antiques; but although I deal in antiques, I never sleep with them!

My figure is maintained by carb control and yoga, and I'm one of the lucky breed of 21<sup>st</sup> century *femmes d'un certain âge* who've been there, done that and still look good in the t-shirt.

Like many vital, vibrant women of my generation, I may have another thirty years of love life left. The chances are the best is *not* yet to come and one has to ask oneself: is the pursuit of happiness dependent upon the pursuit of a penis? Is it still possible to flirt, flourish and fornicate into your fifties and beyond? Can you remove your grandchildren's nappies one minute and your lover's Calvins the next? Computer says YES! If, as theorised, men reach their sexual peak at nineteen and women at thirty-five, it follows that at twenty-nine and forty-five they are equally compatible.

So...if fifty-five is the new forty-five...you do the maths.

Not very long ago, you didn't get many firsts after fifty except perhaps fittings for false teeth or a hot flush in the Fuller Figure department. But now, with such variety in society, single sirens are free to celebrate their sexual freedom in whichever way they choose. My personal leaning has always been towards fit young men. Sometimes I've leaned so far, I've actually lost my balance and fallen over. According to current statistics, I'm not alone in my *penchant*. The Noughties man of choice *is* a younger man... the tempting tang of testosterone barely suggested above the lingering scent of mother's milk. And for those playful puppies, the allures of an older woman are manifold: lusty bodies, carnal experience, worldly wisdom, financial security, maternal nurturing and abandoned sensuality.

*Wendy Salisbury*

And a toyboy relationship will never grow old... it's unlikely to last that long.

My age-inappropriate adventures have enriched my life and flattered the very soul of me, even if some of the little buggers failed to turn up when they said they would. Sometimes, in the dark of night, as I lie single in my double bed, I release the catch on my memory bank and tot up my investments. My sex count shows a healthy credit.

My toyboy 'diet' is a recipe for delight or disaster, a Russian roulette of a repast for the sexually carnivorous. But ladies, if you plan to follow my regime, heed this warning:

**By all means have your legs in the air, but for God's sake keep your feet on the ground and do not fall in love...for that way madness lies...**



## *RICKY ROTTER*

### *AND THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH*

Not long after my second divorce, I set off with my sixteen-year-old daughter, Poppy, on a ski trip to the Alps. We flew to Geneva, connected with expedient efficiency to the Swiss railway system and arrived in the village of Villars just as the sun was beginning to set. We checked into our chalet apartment halfway up the slopes, dumped our bags, and stepped out onto the balcony. The *piste* sparkled crispy-white beneath us, like crushed ice spilt from a giant Margarita. Poppy sniffed, shivered and went back inside to unpack. I stayed outside breathing deeply, filling my lungs with cleansing mountain air.

After a few moments, my ears picked up the sound of English voices from the apartment next door. Craning my neck around the frosted-glass divider, I saw two young men lying on their beds and a girl sitting at the dressing-

table drying her hair. One of the guys got up, walked over to the terrace door, slid it open and stepped out onto his balcony. I jumped back not wishing to appear 'the nosy neighbour', but he'd spotted me.

'Hi!' he said, looking round from his side of the screen. 'You English? Just got here?'

'Yes,' I replied. 'You?'

'Arrived on Tuesday. You alone?'

'No. I'm with my...' He was extremely fit. Tall, dark, tanned and well-built. What was I going to say? Sister?

'...daughter.' I continued: 'Er...we were wondering where to go for dinner? Anywhere nearby you could recommend?'

'We usually go for a pizza. You're welcome – if you want to join us? I'm Ricky, by the way,' and he reached his hand across to shake mine.

'Hi!' I smiled, wincing slightly at the firmness of his grip, though there's nothing worse than a soggy handshake.

'We'll knock on your door around seven,' he went on, and before I could object, he disappeared back inside.

'I've pulled!' I said to Poppy as I stepped back into the studio room.

'You've *WHAT?*' she demanded, like I'd just told her I'd given her Cabbage Patch Kid to the rag 'n bone man.

'For you, silly!' I explained. 'Gorgeous English guy in the flat next door!'

'M-u-u-um!!' she groaned, throwing her eyes skywards. Then she turned away and continued shoving underwear into the bedside drawer.

At 7.05 p.m., showered and changed into warmer clothing, we opened our door to three fresh faces, made our slightly faltering introductions and crunched down the path to a brightly-lit Italian Bistro. Poppy was quiet and withdrawn at first, but she soon thawed out after a

*vin chaud*. The handsome Ricky, whom I thought to be in his mid-twenties, and the girl, Lara, were brother and sister. The other boy, Jason, was their cousin. It was a fun-filled evening full of ski stories, energy and laughter... just what I needed after the traumas of the previous few months.

We all skied together the following day, our new friends leading the way. The first morning in an unfamiliar resort is often daunting: the maps aren't that easy to read, and there's always the danger of ending up on a black run with no way home but down. That night, we dined together again then went on to Le Roc Club in the village. Poppy was now in her element, *tête à tête* with Lara, checking out the local talent.

I left them at the bar and wandered over to the pinball machine. I hadn't played for years and even then only had a vague idea what to do. I put a coin in the slot and the little ball ricocheted forth. Ricky sauntered over and leaned languidly up against the machine.

'Don't embarrass me,' I laughed. 'I'm rubbish.'

Without a word, he stepped behind me, put his arms around my waist and guided my hands with his. Jointly, we flipped the flippers as the little ball pinged frantically to and fro. He stood hard up against me, legs spread, jerking my body from side to side as he concentrated on the game. I could feel his hot breath on the back of my neck and couldn't work out if he was making advances or just showing off his pinball skills with me as the conduit.

Just after midnight, we all left the bar and set off back to the apartment. Ricky fell into step beside me. I looked up at him and raised one eyebrow, but he just smiled enigmatically and kept on walking.



The next day was the last of the old year. I was frankly glad to see the back of it.

‘Who fancies the New Year’s Eve bash at the hotel tonight?’ I suggested as we were finishing lunch. ‘And as a thank-you for being such great company, the night’s on me!’

Poppy and Lara clasped hands excitedly and started discussing what they were going to wear. Ricky and Jason shared a high five. We decided on an early supper, back to the apartments to get ready and then off to the party.

At 10.30 p.m., dressed in our finest, we crossed the road to join the other revellers at Le Grand Hotel des Neiges. For no apparent reason, Ricky seemed moody. He started drinking quite heavily and mumbled something about hating New Year’s Eve. Me too, I agreed as I downed my second kir royale, remembering some truly miserable married ones. The others tried to drag him onto the dance floor but he shook his head and wandered off.

Just before midnight, as the pace was really hotting up, he suddenly re-appeared at my side.

‘I’m leaving,’ he stated. ‘You coming?’

I frowned uncomprehendingly. ‘Why?’ I protested. ‘It’s nearly...’

‘Precisely!’

And he walked off towards the exit.

I looked around for Poppy and spotted her with Lara cavorting wildly on the dance floor. I turned back and saw Ricky standing impatiently in the doorway staring back at me. The seductive scent of danger inflamed my nostrils, and some corny one-liner popped into my mind: *The only things you regret are those you didn’t do*. I felt guilty at leaving my daughter who’d abandoned me anyway, but I really

didn't want to spend the chimes of midnight being dragged into a conga line with a load of pissed-up strangers. The ballroom was now a heaving mass of gyrating bodies, flying balloons, deafening music and exploding crackers. I made a rash decision, grabbed my bag and fought my way to Ricky's side.

He grasped my elbow and guided me through the noisy hotel lobby and into the street, walking me briskly back towards the apartments. It was snowing hard. I looked at my watch. It was the dot of midnight.

'Happy New Year to you too!' I said acerbically.

'Yeah...' Ricky muttered and carried on walking.

We hurried in out of the impending blizzard and straight up in the lift to our floor.

'It seems a shame...' I began, but he proceeded resolutely down the corridor. I trotted after him drawn by I knew not what. He stopped outside his apartment, ran his hand along the architrave, found the key, and unlocked the door. He pushed it open and stood aside to let me in. I hesitated for a heartbeat, shot him a quizzical look then moved past him into the untidy room. I felt unnerved, unsure what we were doing here, and mindful that one or all of the others could come back at any moment. The door swung shut and Ricky locked it, took off his leather bomber jacket and slung it over a chair. He turned to face me, reached for my arm and pulled me towards him. I stumbled slightly and fell against him as he grabbed my shoulders to steady me. We looked into each other's eyes for a moment. Then he leaned forward and ran his tongue suggestively along my bottom lip. I melted back against the wall, my knees buckling at the erotic sensation. Ricky took a step forward and pinioned me where I stood. He placed his mouth over mine, and as I opened it to gasp, his hot tongue snaked between my parted lips. Dismay dissolved into desire and I

could not help but respond. He pressed up against me, the message obvious through his thick, black jeans.

'What are we doing?' I whispered breathlessly when we came up for air. My insides were curdling with lust.

'What we both want,' he whispered back, a fact of which I had only just become aware.

Alcohol, altitude and the arrogance of youth are a dangerous combination and I succumbed to all three that night. My initial fear of the others coming back was dismissed by the power of a long-unfulfilled sexual craving. Resistance was futile. We undressed hurriedly, reaching out for each other as our excitement mounted. Ricky dragged my panties down and dropped to his knees, plunging his face between my legs, inhaling the woman scent of me. His probing tongue parted my private lips and his moisture mingled with mine. Weakened by longing, I thrust my hips wantonly towards him, submitting to the joy of his lingual lapping. He came up to standing and walked me backwards towards the bed. He tipped me onto it and as I fell, his hands cupped my breasts, his thumbs rubbing the nipples each in turn. Panting now, all efforts at propriety abandoned, my hand shot downwards to grasp the firmness of his long, hard cock. He went down on me again, opening my thighs with a thrust of his head, devouring me with passion and gusto. I bucked urgently against his face and exploded all too quickly as his hungry mouth consumed the flow of pent-up juices pouring forth from me.

Ricky raised himself up and thrust his erection into my welcoming wetness. I cried out at the force of him and hugged my legs around his torso. We ground in rhythm until his body stiffened, froze and then he came, pumping deeply into me as we groaned at the pleasure of his release. He relaxed for a moment, then scooped me up and swung me round on top of him. As my breathing steadied and my

hormone rush receded, the full realisation of what we'd just done hit me. The effrontery of it...the gall! He'd played me like a castanet! I propped myself up on one elbow and demanded:

'What on earth made you think...?' then stopped mid-sentence. It was irrelevant now. I'd been a willing participant, but the way he'd assumed I would somehow offended me. My next question shot out unannounced:

'How *old* are you?' I demanded.

'Nineteen,' he replied with no trace of discomfort. My eyes grew wider and I bit down hard on my bottom lip. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. The last time I looked, I was forty-two.



The next day he completely ignored me. He skied like a demon and sunbathed at lunchtime with his back to me. I couldn't see his eyes through his dark glasses and he kept them on all day. Little shit, I thought, how *dare* you?...and I marvelled at how quickly a woman can get hurt. I hadn't sought this and yet here he was dissing me already! Bastard!

The following day was our last. I was desperate to talk to him but had no idea what to say. My maturity and reason had abandoned me and all I could think to do was play him at his own game, ignoring him even more than he was ignoring me. He'd made me feel vulnerable again, and I'd had enough of that. And I daren't admit I was infatuated. The sex had been electric and I wanted more.

That night we all went out for a farewell fondue. I put on a brave face, but my heart wasn't in it. *No fool like an old fool* kept coming to mind. We were drinking cocktails, Ricky downing two to my one. After dinner Lara and Jason

suggested we all go clubbing. I shook my head.

'I've got to pack,' I said, sounding way too mumsy. 'Early start tomorrow...'

'Can I go Mum?' Poppy begged and before I could answer, Ricky looked at me and slurred: 'I'll walk you back.'

I shrugged with indifference but my heart leapt, then landed badly. I wasn't going there again.

We walked in silence, a frosty distance between us. He tripped once and my arm went out automatically to save him.

When we got to the apartments, there was another couple waiting for the lift. We all stepped inside and stood like silent strangers watching the floor numbers light up. Ricky was swaying slightly. I prayed he'd fall and break his fucking neck. Save me the trouble.

I exited the lift ahead of him, strode purposefully to my room, entered, and closed the door firmly behind me. I then leaned against it waiting for a knock which never came.

Anger rose swiftly in me until I was bubbling with fury. Who the hell did he think he was? If he thought he could just pick me up, shag me and dump me, he had another think coming. I paced the floor for a few moments then yanked open the balcony door and stepped outside. The curtains next door were tightly drawn and it was freezing, so I stomped back inside. I tore off my coat and boots then grabbed my suitcase off the floor, hoicked it up onto the bed and started stuffing my clothes in. This did nothing to quell my anger and was totally out of character. I'm a very careful packer. I marched into the bathroom, leaned against the sink and stared at myself in the mirror.

'OK!' I said, as if addressing Ricky. 'You wanna play games? I'll show you games.'

I held my hands under the cold tap and dragged them

dry on a towel. I took a deep breath, then exhaled fully, dropping my shoulders in an effort to calm myself. Then I crossed to the door and eased it quietly open.

I peered left and right along the empty corridor and tiptoed the few steps to the next apartment. I ran my fingers along the architrave until I found the key, unlocked the door as quietly as I could and stepped stealthily inside. The bathroom light was on, casting a single beam across the messy studio room. Ricky was passed out on his bed, his breathing deep and regular. His clothes were in a heap on the floor and the duvet was crumpled up around his waist. I inched forward like a thief, watching him intently for any movement. My heart was pounding, my throat dry. In the half light, he looked like a Renaissance painting: *Adonis Reclining* – a beautiful, young deity, all tousled and muscled. I felt a pang for what we'd shared, but dismissed such tender thoughts as I reached the side of the bed.

With the utmost care, I raised the duvet off him and pulled it aside. He was naked, his meaty penis limp against his well-toned thigh. A whiff of pheromones assailed my nostrils and aroused me despite my cold resolve. Slowly, carefully, I climbed across his legs and straddled him. I held my breath, immobile, but he did not stir. With the gentlest touch, I lifted his flaccid manhood in my right hand, bent my head low and sunk my mouth over it. I teased it lightly with the tip of my tongue, licking and flicking as I cupped his balls softly with the other hand. He sighed and raised his hips, his buttocks clenching as his rapidly rising hard-on swelled to fill my mouth. His eyes were closed, his lips parted, and he began to pant quietly as his head rolled from side to side. Did he think he was dreaming? I bent to the task in hand, sucking rhythmically at first, then harder and faster as I sensed him reaching the point of no return. He was pumping hard into my mouth now, his balls

like rocks in the palm of my hand. Just as he was about to climax, I stopped what I was doing and withdrew. His livid prick bobbed frantically about in the air searching for friction, an orifice in which to deliver the goods. I flipped it dismissively with the back of my hand, then climbed off the bed and walked.

‘Don’t mess with the big girls...’ I muttered as I left the room, triumphant in my bitter satisfaction.

Poppy and I flew home early next morning.



I didn’t see Ricky again for several years. He went off to university – I went back to my life. Poppy and Lara kept in touch and some time later we all met up again on another ski trip. Ricky had matured considerably and had brought along a pretty, though vacuous, young girlfriend. He seemed slightly embarrassed by her and I picked up the vibe that she irritated him. Occasionally I caught him giving me long, meaningful looks.

One afternoon when I wasn’t skiing, having opted instead to sit by the roaring log fire with my feet up reading a book, Ricky returned from the slopes early. As I turned the page, a shadow fell across it and I glanced up to see him standing there, nervously chewing on his bottom lip. It only took one raised eyebrow (mine) and one sideways smile (his) and what happened next was as unpremeditated as it was pleasurable. I can’t bear unfinished business, and the afternoon delight under the big Swiss duvet certainly dealt with that.



When time and geography allow, Ricky and I still meet up 'for old times' sake'. We've never really spoken about that first night and I wonder if he may have been too drunk to remember...

Ricky set the benchmark for my toyboy adventures and, although without that heady experience I may have chosen a more conventional route with a lot less aggravation, I would have missed out on some of the best adventures, and sex, of my life...

***Ricky:** you ain't no toyboy anymore but thanks for the memory and for providing me with that first intoxicating drink from the fountain of youth...*