

Woman who wanted a baby 2309.

By Terry Miles

Venus was as attractive as any woman wanted to be.

She went to the local pool to swim. She liked to go on mixed bathing nights. She had been told that the swimming coach had been Mr.

Universe in America three years earlier. His physique was perfect in her eyes and he had just the right amount of body hair to make him the ideal father for her child. He worked as a swimming instructor at the local swimming baths. He worked 5 shifts a week and had a swim at the end of each of them.

On her part she had the most fetching tan a woman could wish for. Her skin always tanned to a perfect hue without burning. She was careful, of course, not to do it too early and for too long in the sun until her skin had become accustomed to the sun's rays. She turned men's heads and she knew it. Sometimes she would put on her Marilyn Monroe walk just for the hell of it. She hadn't done it in her bathing costume at the swimming baths because there had to be a little flare of a dress and her hair had to be free. And she wanted to keep that in reserve if everything else failed. Mind you, she only wanted a baby, not a husband or a father for her child.

Once, whilst walking into the dressing room complex, she noticed him in the mid-distance. There were other men between her and Erasmus. She decided to do her Marilyn walk. Yes, the men turned their heads and she toned down her walk as she walked closer to him. Because the other men were looking at her body, Erasmus, looked, too. It was, after all, a natural thing to do. Erasmus thought she was almost perfect because

being perfect had its drawbacks. She was the most beautiful woman in or around the pool at that time. Well, that was the drawback. She would attract men who wanted to conquer her at all costs for the next twenty years or more. What with the facelifts available then she would be a magnet for all the masculine hunks around. And she wouldn't wilt easily or willingly.

A few days later, whilst she was taking her time to dress, she dabbed some perfume behind her ears and hung around. She wanted to catch him after he had taken his swim. She was almost the last to leave and almost forgot her scarf. The coolness of the night was descending like a mist. Most people had already got into their cars and driven away. Others had gone to catch a bus and were still waiting at the bus stop. Public transport wasn't what it was and the government didn't want to tax their supporters, who didn't use public transport. Paying for others to use amenities was a no no to them. She spotted Erasmus as he was exiting his work place and casually bumped into him. Or so it seemed to Erasmus. Venus Fluttered her eyelids. Her eyelashes already mascaraed drew his attention.

"Can you light my cigarette for me, please," Venus asked as she held out her lighter.

Erasmus lit her cigarette, gave her back the lighter and thought, what a bad habit you have.

Still he hadn't had it off for a while so he asked, "Do you want a lift home?"

"How about your place, Erasmus?"

"So you know my name?"

"You're the swimming trainer. People have said how good a trainer, you are. By the way, my name is Venus."

“Please to meet you, Venus. However, my mother is staying over from America.”

“Oh! That’s a pity.”

“Oh! I just have to speak to Paul. He’s one of the managers here.”

Venus thought it might be a good idea if she spoke to him, too. After all, she didn’t really know Erasmus, so to speak.

“Paul, can I have a word?”

Paul approached the couple and Erasmus introduced Venus to Paul.

“We’re getting short on Chlorine.” Erasmus said.

“I’ll check it out tomorrow. Thanks for informing me.”

Erasmus had been on the technical side of things before he took his training course.

Venus blew out a mouthful of smoke, not quite in the direction of Paul but close enough that he couldn’t help inhale some of it.

Paul took that as an indication that he was intruding so he bade his farewell.

“What do you want to do?” Erasmus asked.

“That’s entirely up to you.”

“That gives me quite a free range, doesn’t it?”

“My place is out, too! I have guests, as well.”

“I have a camper van.”

“Are you in the mood,” she asked as she felt him up.

“That’s my white, camper van over there. Do you want to come for a ride in it?”

“It doesn’t look very comfortable, Erasmus.”

“It’s padded in there and there’s a double mattress inside. A duvet to snuggle under, too. More mod-cons than you’d think.”

“What, do something, here?”

“We can go somewhere more secluded. I often find somewhere rural, just out of town in which to park and sleep.”

“I wasn’t thinking of sleeping just at the moment.”

“Do you want to hop in and I’ll take you for a ride.”

“Why not.”

“Hop in then,” Erasmus instructed as he opened the door.

Venus stepped into the passenger side and sat down. Erasmus went around, opened the door and took his seat. He started the engine and they were away.

“Your van is quite smooth on the road.”

“Yes, the suspension is good. I’m a bit of a mechanic and did a lot of the work myself.”

The couple chatted for a while until Erasmus brought the van to a halt somewhere out of town and around a clump of trees.

“Shall we go to the back of the van, then? We can pull the back of the seats forward and squeeze into the back.”

The couple went to the back and Erasmus turned a battery light on. He pulled a clean sheet and pillowcase out of a trunk and spread the sheet over the one already on the bed. He changed the pillow case, throwing the discarded one in the corner of the camper van.

“Do you want me to undress first?”

“I like watching a guy undress,” Venus whispered.

Erasmus faces Venus and undresses, slowly exposing himself as he did so.

“I heard you became the Mr. Universe a couple of years ago.”

Three years ago to be precise.”

You have a fine body.,” Venus observed.

“What do you want me to do, Venus?”

“Undress me.”

Erasmus gently undressed Venus until they were both naked.

“You have a lovely body and that tan really suits you. Where did you get it?” Erasmus asked as he kissed her on the lips.

“On a Greek Island. Shall we get under the duvet.?”

Erasmus pulled the duvet over them and the two embraced. Soon the two were united and perspiring under the duvet. Their bodies were in a union of rhythm for some time. Sometimes slower, sometimes, faster. Their lips met and Erasmus felt Venus’s fingernails scratch, not too severely into his back. That did it for Erasmus. Venus reached the heights of passion too and the two of them lay within each other’s embrace.

Eventually Venus said, “Are you able to take me to the end of my street?”

“I can take you to your door if you wish.”

“To the end of the street is fine otherwise my guests will start asking questions about who drove me home.”

“I can do that for sure.”

The couple dressed and they were on their way to where Venus wanted to be let off.

There was no goodbye kiss. Venus had accomplished what she had intended. She got out of the van and walked to her house. Erasmus got out of the van to make sure that Venus got home safely but didn’t quite see her open the gate and walk down the path that led to her abode. Erasmus got back into his van and drove back to his secluded retreat; he squeezed between the side of the van and the back of the seat which he didn’t lower. He slipped into his bed which still smelled of the couple’s body scent and Venus’s perfume. He thought back to the journey that Venus and himself had made and became aroused but fell asleep soon

afterwards.

Eight months later she was in the delivery room.

The doctors were all around her, nurses, too.

Her bulge was huge.

And how she strained to make it happen.

The final push.

What a sound she made.

How quick it all happened!

How the top of the head appeared. Just as all the onlookers had expected.

How quickly it entered the world.

And just how quickly did it take off! Spinning around as it did so. The medical team were in a state of shock. Two nurses had fainted and two doctors were trying to revive them if only to take their minds off what had just happened.

Venus had given birth to a baby planet, which was spinning around the theatre.

And the afterbirth, how it curled up, crescent like, like a new moon before filling out, full and round. Smooth as the proverbial baby's bottom.

How quickly, did it join its mother. Mother earth. How beautiful you are, the full moon thought. Life is like that. The blue planet was indeed as beautiful as could be. As for the moon, there were no craters, puncturing its pristine surface right then. Asteroids will come somewhat later to mark their impacts. It has to, like us all, grow up fearful of encounters.

Thus, the baby planet's moon became its companion, shielding it to some degree.

The top astronomers were called in. They decided that the baby planet and its moon needed to be placed into a magnetic field to keep them aloft and spinning. Such a place was in use at the time but the astronomers were reluctant to end the program they had been working on. The government decided to overrule the team at Space Launch Pad No. 1. The baby planet and its moon were installed in the magnetic field unit and its progress monitored.

The government and its astronomers decided they needed to examine it through the most powerful telescope in the country. They focused in and focused in again until they could see their ministerial cars outside the observatory. They recognized their chauffeurs and had to confer. They needed to know that if they destroyed the baby planet and its moon, would they also destroy themselves. Was it the parallel universe they had been searching for?

Further calculations were made on its progress and it was discovered that the baby planet and moon were growing in size. Hardly discernible but there became an urgency in deciding what to do with them. It was calculated that it would swallow up the Earth as they knew it within ten thousand years and the moon's orbit would increase, too.

What would the tabloids make of the baby planet and its moon? That question was on everyone's mind! Would they have to be interviewed? Everyone fell silent and stopped having contact with their former colleagues. One by one, they withdrew and disappeared from public life. The press were searching for the medics and the astronomers without success. The doctors and the nurses, changed their names, changed the way they looked, even in some cases resorting to plastic surgery. They didn't want to be the news.

The politicians, in great secrecy, engaged with some astronomers. They decided to construct a revolving discus that would have a CORD device, or Capture of Radiation Device, that would do what its name suggested. To capture radiation to enable the temperature and the magnetic field to be sustained. The magnetic field capsule with the baby planet and its moon would be lowered into the hub at the centre of the revolving discus and open up. It would then disappear behind a sliding partition. That would give the baby planet and moon that extra space and time to develop without the hazard of flying debris. The Revolving Disc had all the A I. required to locate a suitable star to start life around it, as Earthlings knew it.

The day came. There was a countdown. Ignition! Take off. The rocket's powerful engines were taking its cargo to the revolving disc. After the baby planet and its moon had been transferred to it, the revolving disc moved slowly away from the rocket and its RPM increased as it went further and further into outer space.

The A I. aboard the Revolving Disc was analyzing data it had been collecting to locate a solar system where it could insert the Baby Planet and moon into a perfect orbit, where it would never be seen again. At least by Earthlings.

The End