

HONG KONG October 25, 2013

“Any more sexual allurements, sir ??? No, that’s enough, thanks.”

I frankly don’t accept easily those who criticize young people kissing each other in public places. I am largely over fifty (going quickly towards my 60 years of age) and I have always thought that it was wrong to limit the freedom of the younger generations, on the basis of religious issues or on the basis of excess of considerations over morality. That’s why I am feeling a bit embarrassed in telling you this short story. There is an awkward sense of uneasiness inside my mind, which makes me feeling uncomfortable. I am confident you will be able to decide, much better than I do, whether this disconcert of mine is reasonable or not.

Could my frustration with this issue come from my Italian cultural background ??? In Italy, young people kiss each other all the time, everywhere and those who complain about it are few Catholic bigots, who frequently and secretly are also real “pigs” (in terms of their own sexuality) if you understand what I mean. So, what’s the point ???

Here is my story and I leave any other considerations up to you, my dear reader. It is a true story. It is a non-fiction story. I am sorry about it. And no, I do not approve the truth and the matter in it.

I was walking alone, inside an elegant and refined Commercial Centre, in Hong Kong. It was still quite a hot day, almost at sunset and I was approaching the escalator, in order to go downstairs and out of the building. Around me there were a lot of people, as always happens, particularly after 06:00 pm in those areas. The escalator, a really long one indeed, was pretty slow and had two concrete white walls delimiting its sides. Somehow, I believe that those two concrete walls created a sense of protection – a false sense of privacy, I should say – in the heart of the people moving there and I was one of them.

In front of me (two steps forward) I had a young boy. In front of him (next step) there was a young lady. I couldn't see her very well, even though the boy was not as tall as she was. As soon as we started going down she blocked his legs with her arms. She locked his legs using her arms around them and without turning. He tried to free himself at first, but not convincingly enough. She started moving like a belly dancer, with such pathos, with such passion that I thought she was joking. My impression was something like "this is a joke she is performing at his expenses and it will last few seconds". But it wasn't.

She was actually doing her best to sexually excite him and quite successfully. There was a moment in which the boy resisted. But with his legs blocked and with her body all over his private parts he was aroused already. His head movements gave me the unmistakable feeling that he was enjoying the "game". His resistance was over and we were not even at the middle of our ride. Truly her ass was a bit too low, in relationship to her "target". Just a bit too low. But she was really full of talent and her back was "working" on the private parts of the boy in such a way that he didn't stand any chance to resist. When he turned back his head to look at me, I realized he was probably 14 or 15 years old, maybe younger than that. His eyes were rolling around – I am not sure he was really looking at me, at all – his ears were on fire and his entire body was now, in one way or another, involved and reacting to what she was doing. She continued "working" on him for the whole ride and, honestly, I didn't pay attention to all the interactions related to her effort. It was not a big deal for me.

We were finally downstairs. The boy was now trying hard to hide his erection. So he took seat on a bench not far from the exit of that building, right in front of the bench were I was. I am sure he didn't worry too much about me. I have been young myself, you know ??? I ignored them, to avoid increasing their embarrassment and that was exactly when she decided to seat just near him. She turned her face towards me and I couldn't suppress my surprise. Now I had the opportunity to see them both, one next to the other. She was young, yes. But not as young as I thought. A fashionable lady, with this sexy and short silk one-piece dress, with her expensive make-up and accessories and definitely with her pleasant body. I don't know (and I don't want to know) the details of their relationship. But, I am absolutely certain of one thing. No doubts about it. She was not his girlfriend. She was his mother.