

EROTIC SEDUCTION

Moll Molone

Sensual short stories from the Siren series.

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EROTIC SEDUCTION

Chapter One

When restless and neglected Imogen is invited to an idyllic Tuscan resort owned by the enigmatic Jason, she dares to imagine a life of excitement outside her stagnant marriage. But alone with Jason for the first time, she finds herself fighting both her deepest fears, and her darkest cravings.

Imogen mounted her horse in one swift movement and watched in amusement as Jason scrambled on to his, eliciting a furtive leg up from the round-bellied owner. They had arrived late at the dilapidated stables and she sat tall and dignified on her steed, clad in the riding boots she had borrowed from Gina - Jason's new assistant - and haloed by the fierce sun.

"This way, pardner," she instructed, swinging round to face a narrow, dusty track that led deep into the trees.

"Would this be a good time for you to let me into the secret of how to do this?"

"Practice, Jason, lots of practice," she said, trotting a few paces ahead and directing her words to the sky.

"Any other useful advice?" he shouted as she pulled further away.

"Wear a helmet!"

She laughed at his feigned shock as he patted his bare head and made to follow her. On his six feet-two frame he cut a confident and commanding figure, but now he looked ungainly in the saddle, his straight back and square shoulders suggesting a tension in his body. His horse insisted on stopping every few steps to peruse the grass, snaffling at the longest and most tender stalks with unconcealed indifference for her rider. He kicked at her sides, then tried again with more force, but she was immovable.

"What's going on here then? Do I need to shout giddy up or something?" He arranged his face in grotesque puzzlement, so confident in his attractiveness that it mattered to neither of them.

"The problem isn't the horse, Jason," she joked, looking back as she cantered ahead of him. "A mare requires a firm hand, everyone knows that."

The passing years had been kind to Imogen. Willowy and graceful with long auburn hair, she rode as if at one with the horse, their forms merging and separating in an elegant dance that was at once savage and refined, animalistic and spiritual.

They followed the trail for about an hour, meandering through abandoned olive groves — the trees gnarled and twisted from age and freedom, no longer bearing fruit — and shady woodland paths, where lizards spread themselves in the blotches of sun and hoverflies bobbed up and down on invisible strings. Imogen stayed tantalisingly ahead of Jason, pausing to tease him only to pull ahead again, half in play and half in fear. It seemed to her that he enjoyed her coquettish games; he in turn clowned around on his patient horse, clinging to its neck as if for dear life and pretending to be falling out of his saddle.

“For someone who’s only ever been on a horse on a beach in Thailand, you seem to be doing pretty well,” she told him with a smile, finally allowing him to draw level with her. They were approaching a stream and the ground rose steeply on the other side.

“I don’t think my newly discovered talents are up to that though.” He gestured to the bank and Imogen nodded in amused agreement. “Maybe we can take a break for five minutes?” he continued. “I’m feeling a bit saddle sore.”

They dismounted and tethered their horses beside the stream. A large tree on the cusp of the water provided an ideal seat. Its long, fingered branches spread out over the water like a canopy and it had a strangely concave trunk like a natural arbour.

Jason turned to her as they nestled into the shady alcove. “I can’t remember the last time I had so much fun, Imogen.”

“Me neither,” she admitted in return, gazing out across the water, which seemed a thousand colours in the afternoon sun. They looked at the stream for a long time without speaking; Imogen dared not look at him and the air seemed heavy with soundless words. He leant across and kissed her, parting the air with his lips and holding them to hers as her face quivered beneath his. She pulled away and looked through him expressionless, not knowing which emotion to show.

“Did you like that, me kissing you?” His voice was low and anxious but wonderfully unafraid.

“Yes, you know I did.” She looked into his eyes but his face blurred and swirled into pieces as tears distorted her vision.

He put his hand slowly to her neck, gently pushing her head upwards so that the tears ran symmetrically down her cheeks, dividing her face into three.

“Are you ok?”

“I’m sorry. I don’t know whether I can go through with this.” She couldn’t look at him.

“Through with what, Imogen?” He pulled her face to look at his. “It’s just a kiss.”

“But it’s a beginning.” She touched his hand, needing him to know how she felt, to reassure her that he felt the same.

“If we don’t do anything more, it will still have been a great day.” His eyes grew in intensity, one not shared by his voice.

“But one with a disappointing end,” she conceded, her self-loathing clear through her pallid skin.

“What’s holding you back?” He took his hand from hers and stroked her arm.

“I’m sure you can guess.” A sudden sadness filled her eyes. “A rush of guilt. And fear too. When you’ve been with only one person in twenty years it feels like the first time all over again. And I don’t want to hurt Peter, or put my marriage at risk.” Her body sank into itself as he watched her. “How’s that for a stack of good reasons to get up, get on that horse, and go back?”

“Imogen, if you get back on that horse now I won’t think any more or any less of you.” He stroked her back and pulled her closer. “You will still be a wonderful woman to me. It’s because you’re the person you are that you have

those fears.” She stirred as if to get up and Jason pressed his hand on hers, holding her to earth.

“The thing is,” he continued, his voice soft and reassuring, “fear and doubt are perfectly normal feelings. And some people lead a miserable life because they’re ruled by fear; always looking back on what they might’ve done, or wished they’d done, but let fear stop them. If you’re too scared, if the risk is too high then we can go back now, as friends instead of lovers. But if it helps, anything that happens today is our secret. No one but us need ever know.” Imogen felt herself falling forwards as she gravitated towards his words, which spoke such sense and comfort to her heart. He squeezed her hand in his, and she felt again the security of his protective embrace, the way she remembered it the day they met; how he had taken control and the feeling it instilled in her, the feeling that she must obey him. “But you have to want to.”

“I do want to.” It was said and she could never go back.

His hand travelled to her blouse and she was powerless to stop it. He kissed her passionately, melting her last defences, which slipped from her as her bra fell to the leaf-strewn floor. His voice sounded mellow and soothing, low and beguiling, his words rising and falling, the pace of his speech slowing further as her breathing became more measured, as he coaxed her to “just let go.” She heard his words without hearing them, her limbs growing heavy against the earth, until it seemed she could not lift them. He put his fingers to her eyebrows and dragged them downwards, her eyelids closing in unison. His fingers glanced both breasts as his hand slid to her tummy and rested awhile. He waited, motionless, until her breathing slowed further. She let out the faintest of murmurs, and his hand inched onwards, brushing her belly button. He exerted a slight downward pressure as he eased his way under her waistband. She gulped, wanting and fearing for his hand to move lower. And it did so; into the velvety softness of her French knickers, his fingers gliding over the thick black triangle within. For an instant she wanted to open her eyes, to clasp his hand in hers and hold it fast. But she could not; if she did then she would have to tell him to stop. And she did not want him to stop, not yet. It was so much easier to lie there, to let her mind follow his enticing words, to let him slip off her riding breeches, to pretend that she was not aware of his tongue, of the sensations travelling up her legs, so much stronger and more intense than they’d ever been before. She knew now that she was not going to stop. She knew that she was going to let Jason do anything he wanted to do to her. Instinctively she pulled his body towards her own, foraging for his zipper, in the heated urgency of all-consuming lust.

She felt a rush of pleasure at his hardness to her touch and whatever fears or misgivings she took into the wood that day were no longer with her. It was she who now took charge, pulling at his belt feverishly and pushing her hands inside his jeans.

He pressed his mouth to her ear, his hotness on her skin pushing her to breaking point. “Easy Imogen, there’s no rush, let’s take this slow, ok?”

She could not bear it and pushed her mouth to his until he tasted her breath, until he knew how much her body cried for his. “Fuck me, Jason. Please. I just need you to fuck me.”

Chapter Two

The pure whiteness of Jason's bathroom, with its gleaming tiles and snowy, fluffy towels, made Imogen's head ache. She had shut herself in, seeking solace from his tormenting presence, wanting to lose the aching desire to have him again. She had believed so ardently that once would be enough and yet here she was waiting for him to claim her. The purity of the white hurt her eyes. She had not washed since their lovemaking in the wood and now closed her eyes as she remembered how she groaned in frustration at his last second withdrawal, how she tried to pull him back into her even as his seed spurted onto her thrilling skin. She could still smell his musty odour, the way she smelt him when she wiped her fingers across her belly and furtively brought them to her nostrils. She had wanted to taste him, but was afraid he would notice even as he lay beside her, his eyes closed and body spent.

As she stood in the white, alone with her thoughts, the fear that had gripped her in the woods subsided and a shiver went down her spine; want trembled within her like a bird, hitting her with its feathers until she burnt for his touch. She let her clothes fall to the floor and stood naked of all but her wedding ring. She tugged it off and looked again at her reflection, she expected satisfaction but it was now too bare, too exposed and she crammed the ring back on, her knuckle aflame with red as she hid deep in a towel.

Three gentle taps at the door pulled her from herself and she braced her body against the sink's edge; she stood frozen while the door inched open. Jason paused for the briefest moment, then entered with a swaggering confidence. He was naked, and fully erect. Imogen cowered in anticipation. He strode towards her, reached out, and grasped the towel. He pulled her to him as she clutched it, then tore it from her. His mouth was on hers and he kissed her hungrily. She felt his heat against her belly. She pressed the hardness of her nipples into his chest, needing him to feel her pleasure and to know that she was unquestioningly his. He was stiff with passion against her and pulled his mouth away to look into her eyes. It seemed to Imogen that at that moment he saw everything and she craved his reciprocation and gazed up at him, hungry for his feeling.

"You didn't come this afternoon, did you?" he murmured in her ear.

She nodded into his flesh like a child. "Are you disappointed?"

"Was it my fault?" he asked in return, his eyes penetrating hers, strong and inquisitive.

Imogen looked back into them, scared of his strength and his confidence.

"I was nervous," she whispered, hoping to satisfy him as she yearned for him to satisfy her. His hand went between her thighs and he shuddered at her heat and her wetness.

"Do you usually come?"

"Please Jason," she protested, terrified of the growing numbness of recent years, at her blind and docile acceptance of mundanity. She pressed her hands onto his, pushing his fingers inside her.

He lifted up her chin and spoke into her neck, etching each word into her skin with his lips. "Just promise that you won't ever fake it for me."

"I promise."

He kissed her with satisfaction, his hands drifting up to her shoulders as she fell into him, giving herself entirely.

She felt the pressure of his strong hands encouraging her downwards, urging her downwards, forcing her downwards, and she dropped to her knees in obedience before him, trailing her tongue down his torso as she descended, knowing what he wanted, and knowing that she was powerless to deny him.

She rubbed his member against her cheeks, seeking him out with her tongue, before taking him into her mouth. In all her years of marriage, and before it, her husband had not asked her to pleasure him with her mouth, nor had she offered it. Now she delighted in the thrill of it, as Jason's hand, a tangle of hair entwined in his fingers, guided her movement.

He pulled her to her feet and kissed her, tasting them both, and his hands went to the back of her trembling thighs. He pressed her hard against the wall, pushing her up the shining whiteness of the tiles and lowering her onto him. She locked her ankles behind his back as she tensed around him, the coldness of the wall and the electricity of his skin convulsing her body with pleasure.

He carried her to the bed and laid her down upon it and stood at her feet. She quivered as he feasted his eyes on her nakedness, seeming to sense the aching between her legs from the imploring, pleading look in her eyes. She felt a craven, wanton desire to have him take her; and pulled her knees upwards towards her body, letting them fall wide apart, exposing her full sex to his gaze.

He approached her from the foot of the bed, inching forward on his knees. She felt the brush of his evening stubble first on one thigh, then the other. She closed her eyes and lay back, waiting for him to find her. He ran his tongue up her thighs, but his mouth passed the burning centre of her desire, until she felt it on her midriff, licking slow circles around her belly button, before continuing to mark its trail upwards towards her nipples. She could bear it no longer and now her hands went to his shoulders. She forced the heels of her hands into him, feeling his resistance, then feeling it ebb as he moved lower. She quivered as he rubbed into her with the hard part of his nose, seeking out her most sensitive spot, before his tongue found her wetness. She pulled his head into her, wrapping her legs over his shoulders, wanting his mouth to devour her. As she felt the shudder of orgasm she was oblivious to the low cries of ecstasy crossing her lips, but he heard them and he knew her, he knew all her weaknesses.

Chapter Three

Imogen's thoughts went back to the previous day, how she and Jason ran through the great broad streets and winding alleys of Siena, skipping over the cobblestones like the wind itself, squealing and laughing, going so fast it seemed as if they would never fall, would never stop. They had arrived for dinner panting and wheezing, prim couples in floating wraps and stiff shirts staring from the tables as they fell against the vine-clad wall in happy emptiness, rapidly breathing in each other with the air. Her stomach squirmed with pleasure at the memory, at Jason's wonderful abandon, at his free-spiritedness that contrasted so terribly with Peter's slow and upright life, so bound by rules and convention.

She looked at her watch for the thousandth time. Impatience ate away at Imogen like a monster, as she lay luxuriating in the middle of the sumptuous white bed. Jason should have finished at six but was still at the office, he had been there since nine and she could not understand, nor bear, the length of his absence, which seemed so unnecessary if the resort was the smooth running engine he assured her it was.

She pushed her naked limbs into the folds of the sheets, feeling clean and new in their freshness. She flipped over in restlessness and pressed her face in the pillow and imagined herself blindfolded, his hands running up her smooth lean thighs. She cast her eyes to the ceiling, quivering in excitement at the thought alone, and buried her face deeper into the fabric, brilliantly and awfully aware of an aching within her, a deep physical yearning, as she imagined Jason's hands, and not her own, exploring her.

Imogen leapt from the bed. She wouldn't wait for him a second longer, and the urges that coursed through her veins were suddenly stronger than the need for discretion. She resolved to go to his office, ignoring all their plans and ruses of secrecy, she threw away safety for pleasure. It was all she could do to stop her hands from shaking as she slid open the lowest drawer of the dresser, revealing a kaleidoscope selection of lingerie, one almost entirely purchased in the last month; mesh, lace and silk piled like glimmering fish scales in the darkness of the mahogany. She held a pair of sheer white stockings to the light and they hung like icicles in its glow. Ten long years had ticked by since she last wore suspenders, an ill-fated fancy dress choice that had brought a gently disappointed reprimand from Peter, and months of teasing. She pulled them on now with pleasure, imagining Jason's thumbs dragging them to her ankles, his teeth pulling at her, his body crushing her to the wall. A matching pair of skimpy briefs and transparent bra completed her ensemble. She could have been a bride in all her snowiness, and, as she pulled on a short white mackintosh that barely covered the top of her thighs, she imagined them married, Peter banished forever as a ghost of the insignificant past.

Even in Imogen's fantasies the outfit was not suitable for the street. She dropped the coat to the floor and pulled on a pencil skirt, throwing off the bra and pulling on a pale silky blouse in its place. She turned and admired her own derriere, running her hands over it as Jason so often did, firm and full and round, and she smiled as she thought about how it fascinated him, how he liked to touch it and compliment her on it. More than satisfied, she donned the Mac once more and headed for the courtyard, her head going lower as she

reached open air, in sudden realisation of her foolishness. She darted behind a wooden barrel as Gina passed with a trio of guests, her heart beating against her chest in terrified excitement at the very idea of being seen. She almost sprinted up the stone stairs to Jason's office as adrenaline propelled her forwards, each step revealing a strip of silk-clad flesh beneath her coat. The air electrified her skin and she threw open his door without knocking, streaming in like some palely voluptuous demon.

A few seconds of silence followed as the two stood within touching distance in front of Jason's desk. "I couldn't wait," Imogen said, by way of brazen invitation.

"And I'm almost done," said Jason, picking up his pen as if to continue.

"You're done," she said, with a tone that dared him to dispute it. She took the pen from his fingers and put it to her lips, circling the tip of her tongue around it.

She shut the door with her heel and pushed him to the wall on his swivel chair, her eyes full of the hunger she felt for him. He watched in excited fascination as she rested her palms on the desk and spread her legs, leaning back to show him everything. To her frustration, Jason hesitated, though she knew his loins must ache with excitement. She had invaded his office, his sanctuary as he called it, and the hamlet was by no means deserted. The last of Jason's sales staff were still around somewhere.

But Imogen's head was now back, her hair hanging clear of her shoulders. The aching for his touch grew stronger. The tight skirt pinstriped, almost business-like, stretched against her thighs, the blouse hung from her hard nipples like cascading water. Sensing his uncertainty, Imogen brought her knee up, her skirt riding north with it, revealing the decidedly un-businesslike delights beneath. She closed her eyes, and moved her hand across her chest, undoing the top button of her blouse as she did so and continuing, in one uninterrupted movement, until her hand was lost inside the silk. She held her left breast, her fingers tensing and easing again and again until finding her nipple and pinching it hard; she let out a muffled sound as pleasure and pain ran through her, before she brought her head forward and opened her eyes to look fully into Jason's.

He skated forward, still on his swivel chair, his hands reaching to the hem of her skirt, and he inched his palms up the back of her thighs, the movement alone sending bolts of sensation through her body. He pushed her skirt up onto her hips, his wrists trapped in its tightness as he breathed into the silk of her panties, his hot breath against her wetness making her murmur with delight and anticipation.

She pushed him away, loving the thrill of denying herself. "You better make sure we can't be disturbed," she said coolly, stepping back from the desk to watch him. He moved to the door and turned the key, then went to the venetian blinds, which shuttered closed, blocking them from the outside world.

"Ok if I leave the light on?" he asked without seeming to care for any answer; she did not reply, as it was of no consequence to her.

By the time Jason turned from the window she had left the desk, discarded the blouse, and had slouched her half naked body across the dark leather sofa, one knee flung across the heavy studded armrest. "Will this go on my appraisal, sir?" she asked.

Jason advanced stealthily as a hungry lion across the office, loosening

his tie as he went. "Give me your wrists, Miss Roberts," he commanded, now stretching the tie wound around his fists.

She offered her wrists. "You won't hurt me, will you, sir?"

"No promises Miss Roberts, no promises," he replied as he bound her hands together, her flesh fluttering like an injured sparrow under his touch.

Chapter Four

Imogen's emotions were tangled in impenetrable knots as she left the beauty salon. She knew she should be celebrating her new-found happiness, but since she had returned from Tuscany to London, to familiar surroundings and to the comfort of her empty home life, the hands of doubt had clasped her in a deathly grip. She had wrestled with many such doubts over the period of her infatuation with Jason; she had questioned her values, her self-esteem, her morality, her emotional worth, everything. She fought to focus on what she had to be grateful for in life, not least a caring, if workaholic, husband. But she knew deep in her heart that she only wanted to be with Jason, to please Jason. To coil her body around him under the Tuscan sun. She had shamelessly betrayed her husband and at times when she was away from her lover the very thought of it made her feel sick. As she walked past St. James Palace and along the expansive pavements of Pall Mall, past imposing buildings that were home to several of the exclusive London business clubs that Peter patronized, she tried to justify herself, saying over and over that he didn't really care what she did or who she saw, just so long as she left him to his precious work.

But her unfaithfulness stabbed at her heart like a dagger as she reflected on the woman she had thought she was. Did she really have the principles and the strength of character that she supposed? Or was she in reality no different from all the thousands of other women in London, who met their lovers in seedy, pay by the hour motels? Yes, she could at least console herself that she would be doing it in the comfort of a luxury hotel, but that was a bitter consolation that poisoned her integrity like arsenic. She was unable to hide from herself the knowledge of her own wanton urges; that every day she was apart from him she craved his touch, burnt for the feeling of him exploding within her.

Jason sat waiting for her in the foyer when she arrived, reading a newspaper. The antique grandfather clock in the corner struck eleven thirty, and every step towards him seemed too long, like a waste of their precious time. She wanted to go straight to the room, to run upstairs like light itself and make him hers again and again. But she restrained herself; lunch first would make her feel more civilised and, perhaps, somehow less debauched.

He stood, glanced around, then embraced her warmly and kissed her on the lips, gently and politely. They walked hand in hand to the bar like the lovers they were, and secreted themselves at a corner table.

"Everything go ok today? Peter still lost in his work?"

"Yes," Imogen replied with a weak smile, almost wanting him to judge her.

"And you're sure he won't suspect anything, with you visiting Tuscany all the time?"

"Yes, I'm sure. And as long as it means we can see each other, then I'm very happy. I don't think Peter will have much interest in coming out to Italy; he'll just be relieved I've found somewhere I like to keep me busy." She sounded almost cynical, although her smile was saccharine.

He looked at her hard, as if trying to place the wistful distance in her manner.

“So no regrets? You are sure this is the right thing for you. You and me I mean?”

“Yes, I’m sure,” she said with decisiveness, as much for herself as for him. “As long as you don’t hurt me.”

She affected a self-effacing humour in her tone, but her expression was serious, as Jason searched her face.

“Why should I want to hurt you?”

Imogen lowered her gaze, afraid of what he could see. “I don’t know. I don’t plan to give you any reason to hurt me. But my best friend Maria thinks you might be the kind of man that... you know, has their fun and then moves on.”

He laughed at the suggestion. “And you think I’m like that?”

She summoned her strength and held his eyes with some force.

“I think you’ve probably done that sometimes in the past.” She spoke slowly and earnestly, beseeching him with every fibre of her being not to hate her. “I just hope you don’t do it to me, because I don’t want to hold back with you. And if I give everything, then, well” — she lowered her head — “then I’ll be very vulnerable.”

He gave her knee a reassuring squeeze. “Maybe you should spend less time with Maria,” he said with an agreeable smile. “I think she might be a girl that has attracted the wrong kind of guy. And I think you’re very different from the Maria’s of this world with all their cynicism. You are much softer, much gentler.”

Imogen looked at him, her head cocked in amusement as he stroked her arm with the backs of his fingers. “You’re my dream woman, you know that.”

Imogen laughed, filled once more with the heady desire that he always awoke in her, that banished all doubt and guilt until he left again and the shadows crept back in.

Jason put his palm to his breast in mock sincerity. “It would take a very stony hearted man to hurt you. And I don’t think I’m that kind of man. At least I hope not. And anyway, I can feel it beating, so it can’t be all stone.” She dropped her head onto his shoulder, and they stayed silent for a while, breathing in each other. Eventually he checked his watch. “Are you hungry?”

“Maybe a little.”

“I’ve booked us a table here in the Savoy Grill, if that’s ok? Maybe we can just order a glass of champagne and some oysters. I’m told they’re very good here.”

Imogen simply smiled and allowed herself to be led away, her fingers safe in his.

The maître d’ welcomed Jason with friendly familiarity and he responded in kind, immediately likable and instantly charming. Imogen watched him in admiration, the fluidity of his speech and movement, the utter absence of airs and graces, endearing him to her even more.

“Your usual table is waiting for you Mr. Brooke,” said the maître d’, walking ahead and beckoning them to follow.

“Looks like you’re a regular here, not everyone has their own table in the Savoy Grill,” she said.

“Don’t be fooled. I tipped the maître d’ to say that. Normally he sticks me by the door to the kitchen with the tourists.” Imogen laughed again, feeling lighter and freer with each burst of mirth.

When they were seated she plucked a rose from the centre glass and sniffed its freshness, looking furtively around for anyone she might know. Peter did not lunch in the Savoy and Imogen was confident she would not be recognised, but she scanned the room nonetheless, determined not to become complacent. As her eyes lingered on the tables she noticed that each had a single white flower in its centre. Only Jason’s table had the five red roses. Her fingers went back to the vase and she again inhaled its perfume, somehow sweeter now. She felt a rush of warmth in her veins that he had made such a gesture. “Are you always this romantic?”

“Of course. It comes with the stony heart.”

She felt an urge to kiss him, refraining momentarily for fear that he might think her heart could be bought for a single rose. But she leaned across anyway, knowing it to be already lost.

When the champagne stood empty and the oyster shells were piled up, beautiful and forlorn in their iridescence, Imogen and Jason made their way back to the foyer, discussing what to do next.

“It’s a beautiful afternoon, we could take a stroll along the Strand, or we could go out the back and walk along the Thames, stretch our legs a while,” Jason suggested, always in charge of the decision-making.

“We could.”

“Maybe go as far as the Ritz and have afternoon tea?”

“We could.”

Imogen smiled at him coyly, inching her body closer to his until they touched, becoming one unified shadow in the light of the revolving doors.

“Maybe later then,” he said, pulling her to him.

He took her by the hand and led her to the lifts as she almost skipped alongside him in perfect happiness.

When she entered the suite her ecstasy intensified yet further: all London stood before them in its majesty. Imogen resisted the urge to throw herself on the bed and inspected the suite, revelling in every aspect of it.

“A walk-in shower, very nice. Do you mind if I take five minutes to freshen up?”

“Be my guest, as long as you don’t mind me catching up on a few emails while you do it?” Imogen laughed, wondering if maybe there were some similarities between the two men who shared her bed after all.

She took her case into the bathroom and re-emerged shyly in a short black silk top, buttoned at the front that revealed her midriff, and matching French knickers. Black stockings clung to her lean, shapely legs and high heels exaggerated her lithe body to supermodel proportions. She twirled herself around for Jason’s inspection as he sat on the bed, his eyes hungry and triumphant.

“Is this ok for you? I bought them especially for the occasion.” She twirled herself again, knowing it was but wanting so much to hear him say it.

“You look sensational,” he said, rising from the bed to hold her.

Imogen backed away tantalisingly. “I thought maybe if you really liked it, you might stay for the night?”

“If I only could, but I must be out of here by six.” He smiled briefly and apologetically before striding purposefully across the floor to take what was his.

He pulled her towards him as she melted into his arms and he held her tightly, his hands pressing into her buttocks.

“This is going to be good, Imogen, this is going to be so very good,” he whispered into her ear.

Imogen stretched up and kissed him, delighted at the ease of it with her heels on. She clasped her hands on his as they held her buttocks and pressed them there firmly, not wanting him to explore her as he normally did. They kissed, absorbed in one another for a long time before Imogen pulled away.

“I want to undress you, Jason,” she whispered, her fingers already at his collar. “But you have to stand still. You mustn’t move; that’s an order.”

He stood there as she undressed him slowly from the top downwards, until he was naked of all but his socks.

“No moving now, not till I tell you,” she murmured, running her fingers through his chest hair and then dropping slowly to her knees, because she knew it pleased him more than anything. He was not ready and she stayed on her knees before him until he was engorged inside her, as he ran his fingers through her hair and murmured with pleasure, powerful and guiding above her.

“Now your turn,” she said, rising to her feet and trying to appear commanding. “I want you to undress me the same way, but very slowly.”

Jason meticulously undid each button of her silk camisole, working down from the top as she arched backwards and let him put his mouth to each breast and nibble her nipples. He pushed the top from her form and it fell to the floor, unveiling her like a statue. He dropped to his knees and kissed her stomach. Imogen could feel the wetness between her legs and hoped it had soaked into the blue silk because she wanted him to see her excitement.

She felt him kiss her around her belly button, his lips gentle as a butterfly on her skin, and he put his hands on her hips and slid them down to the top of the panties. She shivered with pleasure as he rolled the silk downwards inch by slow inch, closing her eyes in delight as the light tan of her own skin gave way to snowy white as Jason slipped her panties lower. And as he did so he revealed a little more smooth white skin, and more white skin, and more white skin, until Imogen was fully exposed.

Jason admired what was in front of him, as he sat back on his heels. He stroked her smooth nakedness, where last time a thick triangle of blackness had protected her. She looked down at him, pleased at his pleasure. “I did it for you, Jason. I hope you’re not disappointed.”

He kissed her and rubbed his chin against her smoothness and pushed his nose into her, teasing and arousing her with its hardness. He touched her smooth mound lightly with his fingers and traced patterns over it before his tongue explored her in the way she craved, that he knew she craved. He continued to kneel before her until she felt her knees buckle with pleasure and then he rose to his feet and pressed his hardness into her belly. When he stepped back from her she looked down and saw the fluid he had left on her, twisted like a symbol on her stomach. She scooped it off herself as if it were honey and put her finger to her lips. He stood and watched her glide it across

the redness; she looked into his eyes and he ran the tip of his tongue back and forth along her lips.

As they stood, locked together, he swept her up, her stockings and panties still at her ankles. He put her on the bed and took them from her, throwing them aside and standing over her nakedness, as if deciding how best to take her. Imogen gazed up at him, holding his eyes and daring him to do anything. He grabbed her by the ankles and lifted her legs to his shoulders; she saw the fire in his eyes and knew he would be forceful but she did not care. She wanted him to take her with the same abandon that she gave herself, but he did not. He pressed the weight of his body down on her legs until she felt him deep within her, but he did not lose himself in the excitement as she did; he watched her as he took her in a steady, controlled rhythm until she could not bear his gaze. He continued with no rush to fulfil himself and stayed inside her, shuddering from the sensation of her pleasure, as she reached her climax. When she was still he asked her if he could finish on her breasts, so that she could watch it, and she nodded assent as he rose and straddled her and she clasped him between her breasts. This time she watched him and they held each other's gaze as he built to his own peak, his hands gripped to the headboard. But she sensed from the flame in his look that he did not want to come between her breasts, so when his breathing told her that he was near the end she released her hands from her breasts and closed her eyes, feeling him rise up from her and put himself lightly to her lips. She parted them for him so he could let his flood into her, and when he was spent she gently pulled him from her, and held his gaze as she swallowed because she wanted him to see her take him completely. Then he lay beside her and pulled her close into his body and, safe and contented, they drifted into sleep.

As they awoke some hours later, Imogen turned to him, made unsure and vulnerable by sleep.

"If anything happened, you'd look after me, wouldn't you, Jason?"

He pulled her tighter and kissed her brow.

"Nothing's going to happen," he said, brushing her cheek, "it's our secret, remember."

She reached for his hand and intertwined her fingers in his, staring resolutely at the wall as she continued.

"Apart from your wife, there isn't anyone else, is there?"

"Why do you ask?" he said in a matter of fact tone.

"Well, the way you said things were at home, you know, I'd understand if you had needed someone..."

"Let's not spoil things by talking about home," he said, playing with the creases of her ear, "we've got each other, and that's what matters."

But Imogen persisted, desperate for his reassurance. "But now we're together, it's just you and me isn't it? Because I couldn't bear you touching someone else — like you touch me."

He pulled her closer still, in silent answer, as she sank back into his calmness and warmth.

Eventually, Imogen pulled herself from the safety of his embrace and went into the bathroom, returning with a towel and a bottle of coconut oil.

“I want to give you a massage,” she told him, laying the towel down and cajoling him onto his front. She took the oil as he watched her and rubbed it into her hands and into her smoothness, and she straddled him and rubbed herself up and down his backside, feeling excitement rising within her. Then she put more oil on her hands and let her fingers dance along the inside of his thighs as he quivered in pleasure. As he pushed himself towards her in want, craving her touch, she tapped his side, encouraging him to turn over; she put more oil on her hands, massaging him tenderly and kissing him as she felt his blood rising within her palms.

“Now me,” she said, pushing her mouth into his ear as she spoke. Jason rose, shining and rippling beneath the oil. She lay on her stomach and he straddled her legs, oiling the inside of her thighs, his fingers inching upwards as she trembled beneath him. He poured the oil directly onto her and eased her legs wider apart, his fingers gliding around her most intimate of places as she murmured with pleasure to encourage him. He dropped his head to the pillow to look at her while he drew circles around it, gazing into her eyes and asking her silently, as his finger continued to draw circles, but more slowly.

She held the gaze wantonly, saying nothing but saying everything, and turned her face from him so he knew all of her body was his. And she lay quiet and still as he took her because she did not want any pleasure from it, only needing him to know that she was his in a way she had been no other man's.

They lay silent for a long time before he spoke. “Was that ok with you?”

She said nothing for a moment, not knowing if it was.

“It was different,” she said.

But her answer did not seem to satisfy him, so he pressed her. “Does that mean you'd do it again?”

“Not every time.”

“But sometimes?”

“If that's what you wanted.”

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