



AN EROTIC SERIES SO STEAMY IT SPARKLES...

DIAMONDS FOREVER

JUSTINE ELYOT

Contents

Cover

About the Book

About the Author

Also by Justine Elyot

Praise for Justine Elyot

Title Page

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Chapter Three

Chapter Four

Chapter Five

Chapter Six

Chapter Seven

Chapter Eight

Chapter Nine

Chapter Ten

Chapter Eleven

Chapter Twelve

Chapter Thirteen

Chapter Fourteen

Chapter Fifteen

Chapter Sixteen

Chapter Seventeen

Read on for an excerpt from Justine Elyot's *Fallen*

Copyright

About the Book

The bad boy or the rock star?

Jenna Diamond and her bad-boy lover Jason are enjoying an exciting and sensual fling. But he has skeletons from his past which prove challenging to overcome.

And when Jenna's rock-star husband returns, desperate to make amends, she is faced with a difficult decision: she must choose between her new life and her old, between her heart and her head...

The conclusion to the thrillingly erotic Diamond trilogy, from the author of *On Demand*

About the Author

Justine Elyot's kinky take on erotica has been widely anthologised in *Black Lace's* themed collections and in the most popular online sites.

She lives by the sea.

Also by Justine Elyot:

On Demand
Seven Scarlet Tales
Fallen
Diamond
Hearts and Diamonds

Praise for Justine Elyot

'If you are looking for strings-free erotica, and not for deep romance, *On Demand* is just the book ... Indulgent and titillating, *On Demand* is like a tonic for your imagination. The writing is witty, the personal and sexual quirks of the characters entertaining'

Lara Kairos

'Did I mention that every chapter is highly charged with eroticism, BDSM, D/s, and almost every fantasy you can imagine? If you don't get turned on by at least one of these fantasies, there is no hope for you'

Manic Readers

'... a rip-roaring, rollercoaster ride of sexual indulgence; eloquently written, at times shocking, and always entertaining'

Ms Love's Books

DIAMONDS FOREVER

JUSTINE ELYOT

BLACK
LACE

Chapter One

JENNA, WITH HER back to the door, and her arms splayed either side of her, palms flat on the wall, tried to focus on her breathing.

One in, one out. Again. And again.

Outside the bedroom, downstairs in the hall, was stuff she really needed not to think about. So she didn't think about it. She just breathed.

One in. One out.

Slowly, steadily, the chaos in her head began to break up and recede.

Three things had happened. She could list them, put them in order. It would calm her. The first thing: Lawrence Harville had trespassed his way into her garden to tell her, with malicious delight, that the charges against him had been dropped. This was dismaying for several reasons. One: he was guilty as sin of masterminding Bledburn's thriving drug trade, then setting up various poor souls as fall guys. One of those poor souls being, of course, her lover, Jason Watson. Two: he knew who had grassed him up - Jenna's personal assistant, Kayley. Three: he would be hell-bent on revenge against the whole lot of them.

Then there was the second thing: Jason's mother's confession that she had known all along who Jason's father was. And, of all the likely candidates in the whole wide world, it had to have been a Harville. The most hated family in Bledburn. *Jason's* own most hated family. The fallout from this was likely to be severe.

And the third thing ... She shut her eyes tight, trying to beat back her fury. How *dared* he? How dared Deano

Diamond, her estranged ex-husband, turn up at her door, unannounced, tonight of all nights? But that was the easiest of all to deal with. She would just have to send him away. That much, at least, would not give her too much of a headache.

By the time a hesitant knock and a whisper of, 'Are you OK?' intervened, she had managed to fight off the enormous urge to scream, 'Enough!', that had sent her into flight.

She was calm. It would be OK.

'Come in,' she said, stepping away from the door and turning the handle.

She admitted a slender, vivacious young woman in a deep purple taffeta sheath dress.

'I can't believe what just happened,' said Kayley, stepping in and putting a steadying hand on Jenna's arm. 'You'll want a sit down, won't you?'

Jenna nodded, grateful to have somebody around who seemed to know what to do. God knew, all her own self-care instincts had temporarily dissolved.

Kayley helped Jenna over to the bed, on which she collapsed, head in hands, and let out a low moan. She felt an arm slide around her shoulders and leant heavily into the other woman's side.

'Why is he here?' Jenna said, and it was a plea for mercy.

'He said he thought you'd be pleased. He was trying to get maximum exposure for Jason's show.'

'The hell he was!' Jenna raised bloodshot eyes to Kayley. 'Do you believe that?'

'I don't know.' She shrugged. 'You know him better than I do.'

'He'll have his own selfish reasons for it, trust me. Oh God. Tomorrow's papers. Jesus.'

Kayley tried a little grin. 'It'll turbo-charge Jason's profile, though, won't it?'

But Jenna wouldn't be mollified.

'Are you kidding? Jason'll be lucky to get two lines at the bottom of the column. It'll be all DIAMOND RECONCILIATION ON THE CARDS.' She waved her hand in the air as if to call the headline into being. 'I could kill him. Where is he now? Is he still down there?'

'Tabitha took him into one of the little drawing rooms. Jason tried to chuck him out.'

'Oh God, did he?'

'Yeah. After you turned tail and ran up here, he looked Deano right in the eye and said, "Your name's not down, mate."' "

Jenna gasped. 'He didn't!'

'Yes, he did.' Kayley sounded amused underneath her concern. 'And when Tabitha tried to talk him down, he just said it again, louder. That's when she took Deano away from all the action and left us to it.'

Jenna nodded slowly.

'I should go down and talk to him.' She clutched her brow again. 'God, poor Jason. His big night, co-opted by non-stop attention-seeking arseholes. I'm going to see that Deano makes this up to him.'

She stood up straight, smoothed herself down, had a brief hair and make-up check, and marched back out, Kayley at her heels.

Luckily no press contingent had spilled in with Deano, so she wasn't photographed on the stairs, but the atmosphere - which had been excitable to start with - was now positively carnivalesque.

If the world could be powered on pure gossip, she just needed to connect this place to the National Grid.

At the foot of the stairs, it became clear that some kind of palaver was taking place in the main exhibition area - her living room.

She peeked in to be confronted by the dismaying sight of Jason, taking all his paintings down and roaring at the guests to leave.

'Go on, get lost,' he shouted hoarsely, turning another canvas to the wall. 'Show's over. You've got what you came for. Now fuck off.'

'Jason!'

Muttering people in black tie and glamorous gowns passed, giving her looks that were sympathetic or curious or just plain greedy.

'Go and sort your husband out,' he said to her, letting go of the painting to stand, arms folded, staring her down. 'Go on. Don't mind me. I'm just the bloody artist.'

'Jason, please ...'

'Get him out, or I'm off.'

She wavered, judging the wisdom of making another appeal to him, but his eyes were dark with anger and pain. She turned on her heel and followed Kayley to a small room beyond the scope of the art exhibition.

When she opened the door, she saw Tabitha, her friend, gallery owner and co-ordinator of the whole show, sitting in deep conversation with the errant rock star ex-husband and another woman in a tight black dress and matching little pillbox hat.

'Jen, at last,' cried Deano, standing up, his face wreathed in smiles as if this were some kind of joyous reunion.

He came over to her, arms extended, but she sidestepped his embrace and went to sit down beside Tabitha on the brand new cream leather sofa.

'You could have called,' she said, keeping her voice as flat and unemotional as she could.

'Well, yeah, I could. But where would be the fun in that? I wanted to surprise you, babe.'

He slunk back over to the sofa and picked up his champagne glass.

'I don't like surprises. I would have thought you'd have worked that one out, after nearly twenty years together.'

'Mm, I forgot. Been too long, hasn't it? When I saw the news about your exhibition, I couldn't resist. Booked a flight

right away, didn't I, Parker?'

He appealed to the pillbox-hatted woman who, Jenna thought, on giving her a proper look, bore a strong resemblance to Lucy Liu.

'That's right,' she said, leaning ingratiatingly towards Jenna. 'He's so spontaneous.'

'And you would be ...?'

'Sorry, babe. This is my new agent. Parker van Steenburgen.'

Jenna nodded stiffly. 'Jenna Myatt,' she said. 'You're an LA agent? I haven't heard of you.'

'New kid on the block,' she said. 'Hoping to follow in your incredible footsteps. I mean, seriously, you're like my idol.'

Jenna acknowledged the flattery with a cold inclination of her head, then she turned to Tabitha.

'Could you go and talk to Jason?' she said. 'He's not happy and he could do with some support.'

'Of course.'

'And perhaps you could leave me and my husband to talk in private,' she suggested to Parker, who looked momentarily affronted before rising with a polite echo of Tabitha's, 'Of course.'

Jenna took a glass of champagne for herself. She'd earned it, she thought. All she'd done all night was crisis management, and now she was tired of it.

'So, why are you really here?' she said. 'Sabotage? Self-promotion? Idle curiosity?'

'Babe, I thought we were being amicable.'

'Stop calling me babe.'

'Jen, come on ...'

'I'm serious, Deano. You didn't tell me you were coming - I suppose because you didn't want me to put you off. If you knew that was likely, why are you here? Why have you come to trash Jason's all-important opening night?'

He paused before answering, raising his eyebrows and smirking in a way that made Jenna want to slap him. That

face she had loved, that expression that had made her heart flip. Now all it did was give her fantasies of violence.

'You're getting your Bleddy accent back, girl,' he said. 'You sounded just like your mum then.'

'Shut up. Why?'

'Oh, Jen, I miss you.' His face crumpled into sorrow. 'My life's going to shit without you. I've been a fool. I didn't treat you the way I should.'

'Put it in a song,' she said.

'Don't. Don't twenty years mean anything to you?'

She stood up, almost spilling champagne all over the luxurious cream leather.

'How ...' She stood, her mouth open but speech failing her for a moment before she was able to continue. 'How *dare* you?' she finally managed, almost hyperventilating. 'As if it was me who flaunted my bits on the side all over town? As if it was me who disappeared into a blizzard of cocaine? As if I was the one who started believing my own hype and behaving like a prize twat because "it's what people want from a rock star". Your words, wanker, not mine.'

Her air-quoting fingers turned into furious flapping hands.

'OK.' Deano got up, holding his palms towards her in surrender. 'I know. I've got a lot to make up. But, Jen, I'm serious. I want you back. I'm going to do what I have to do to prove myself to you. Watch me.'

With that, he glided from the room in that particular feline, slinking way that had once made the pit of her stomach turn watery. Did it even now, just a little?

No.

She turned her face away and slammed her hand down on the leather seat cushion.

Just who the *hell* did he think he was?

Once everyone was out of the house, and Tabitha had given Kayley and Linda a lift home on the way to Bledburn's only half-decent hotel, Jenna realised that Jason was missing.

She looked around the ground floor of the house for a few moments before the mewing of Bowyer, his cat, gave her the clue she was looking for.

She followed the plaintive sound upwards until she found the animal standing by the shut attic door, crying for his master's attention.

'Is he in there, Bo?' she whispered, crouching to ruffle the cat's neck fur.

She opened the door quietly. The cat streaked ahead of her. By the time she found Jason, lying on his stomach on the wooden boards, slashing them with paint, Bowyer was sitting in the crook of Jason's neck and shoulder, nuzzling him.

'Don't try and stop me,' said Jason, without looking over at her. 'I need to let it out. Leave me be, yeah? I'll be down when I'm done.'

'Right.'

As she turned to leave, her eye caught a flash of the portrait he'd been sketching earlier in the day. The portrait of her. He'd scribbled a crown across her head and added a necklace made of pound signs. Across the top was scrawled in black paint, 'Her Royal Fucking Highness'.

She knew he was just working out his feelings at the way the whole celebrity culture thing had hijacked his night, but all the same, she felt so hurt that tears came to her eyes, blurring her passage back to their bedroom.

Exhaustion washed over her as she brushed her teeth and undressed for bed. She remembered, as if it were distant history, their original plans for this night. She had been going to give him her anal virginity. She remembered the conversations they had had about it and how she had overcome her initial reluctance in the stronger desire to give him something of herself that nobody else could lay claim to. The intensity, the secrecy, the thrill of it had been on her mind whenever she took a break from the show preparations. Giving him permission to do this to her was

the ultimate gesture of trust, and a token of how seriously she now took their relationship. But Lawrence Harville, his mother's bizarre revelations, and the return of Deano Diamond had all interposed themselves between that.

Anal virginity would have to stay on for a while.

She was dozing off, despite her highly wrought feelings, by the time Jason came to her. Was it three, four in the morning? She couldn't tell, but it was ridiculously late.

He sat silently on the bed, removing his shoes and socks, then he stood to divest himself of the expensive suit she'd bought for him in London.

It was covered in paint.

'Jason,' she said, sitting up, suddenly wide awake. 'I'm so sorry.'

'Why?' He threw the clothes into the laundry basket. 'Not your fault, is it?'

He disappeared into the bathroom for a while. She sat with her hands clasped around her knees, trying to imagine a life without this man. What if he decided it was too much and he wanted out? What if ...?

She rested her forehead on her knees. It was too painful to contemplate.

He climbed into bed beside her and put his arm around her shoulders. She almost melted with gratitude and relief at his touch.

'I love you,' she whispered.

'I love you too,' he said. 'But why does it have to be so fucking complicated? I was happy for a moment there. I thought everything was sound at last.'

'Everything *is* sound. It will be. It has to be. I won't let it be any other way.'

'But Deano?'

'Deano can get straight back on the next plane to LA.'

'Are you sure about that?'

She squeezed his fingers.

'Don't ever worry about that. It's you I want. You've changed my life. I don't want the old one back.'

They kissed, a kiss of understanding and reconnection.

'I think he's going to stick around,' said Jason. 'That's the impression I got.'

'Well, he won't be coming here. He can stay in Bledburn if he wants, but Harville Hall is invitation-only. He'll soon get fed up with this place, when he realises I'm not going back to him.'

'He seems to really want you back,' said Jason.

'Probably just as his agent,' said Jenna with a brief, bitter laugh. 'That new one didn't seem up to much.'

Jason kissed her forehead. 'Professional jealousy, eh?'

She sighed.

'I'll be honest, it does sting to see the twenty years of bloody hard work I put into Deano's career just cast aside like that. More than the twenty years of relationship stress, even. I can cope with being dumped as his wife, but as his agent ...' Again the bitter laugh, but it warmed into something self-deprecating and apologetic. 'Sorry. I must sound absolutely mad.'

'No, not really. Your work's important to you. It's more than work. I guess it's the same way I feel about my painting.'

'Yes, and because it changes people's lives. How do you put a value on that? How can the person who made you suddenly be so disposable? Ah, never mind. I'm just rambling on. It's been a long night.'

'You're not kidding.' He was quiet for a moment. 'My head's done in. Too much to think about.'

'Are you thinking about what your mum said?'

'I can't stop thinking about it,' he admitted. 'It can't be right. She's just saying it to ... to ...'

'Why would she lie, Jason?' asked Jenna gently.

'Cos she does,' he snapped. 'She lies all the time. *No, I haven't had a drink today - yes, I did remember to sign on -*

no, I didn't shag your mate's dad. She's bloody pathological. Why should I believe her on this?'

'She seemed quite positive about it. She told me some of the circumstances around it. I believed her.'

'Oh, and what were they, then?' Jason's tone was defiant, as if he didn't want to ask but had to.

'The old Lord Harville seduced her as a sixteen year old. She was performing up here at the gala with her majorette troupe.'

'She's always on about how she used to be a majorette,' said Jason, smiling now, a little sadly. 'Used to be her party piece - getting her baton out and giving it a twirl.'

'They had a short affair and she got pregnant.'

'Yeah, but she was always having short affairs, usually half a dozen at a time.'

'Not this time,' said Jenna. 'Or so she says. But she told Harville that, so he wouldn't have the baby - you - taken off her. He threatened her, you see.'

'Fucking bastard,' growled Jason.

'You believe that bit, then?'

'Anything about Harvilles behaving like bastards, yeah, totally believable. But ... this is why, you see. This is why I can't believe it. I can't be one of them.'

There was a plea in his voice.

'Well, you know it can be proved,' said Jenna.

'How? The fucker's dead. I ain't digging him up so I can have my worst nightmare proved true.'

'No. Lawrence. They can test whether you share paternity.'

Jason laughed, long and loud.

'Yeah, I can see him agreeing to that, can't you? "Hold on, bro, while I just take a lock of your hair and a swab of your spit. What larks!" As if. And how the ever-living *fuck* did he get away with the drug charges? I want to go and find the CPS and give it a good kicking.'

'I suppose everyone except Kayley was scared to stand against him,' said Jenna. 'You did say he had some very frightening friends.'

'Yeah. Thank God for you, or they'd be on to me right now. Got to be a worry for Kayley, though. They'll want to take revenge.'

'Shit, do you think so?' Jenna sat up, looking around for her phone.

'Might be an idea to let her stay here for a bit,' suggested Jason.

'I will. I'll call her tomorrow morning, tell her to pack a bag.'

'What did he say to you?' Jason's tone was intense now. 'Did he touch you?'

'He said he'd just come to tell me that the CPS had dropped the case. He was pretty menacing though. And insulting. He mentioned you, and Kayley. I think he was threatening you both.'

'He can threaten me all he likes,' said Jason.

'Probably best not to mention the thing about him being your brother,' said Jenna. 'On reflection.'

'He's no brother of mine.' Jason was obstinate.

'Perhaps he's not a Harville at all,' said Jenna, trying to cheer him.

'What, did he say something?'

'No, I mean, not really. But he really doesn't know the truth about our skeleton in the cellar. If it's Harville business, they've kept it very quiet indeed.'

'So he still thinks it's the first wife or whatever?'

'Apparently. Unless he's deliberately lying,' said Jenna.

'And, let's face it, that's not exactly unknown.'

'Perhaps he never went into the cellar. Perhaps his father didn't. But there are boxes and boxes of family records, so somebody did ...'

Jason yawned. 'Maybe take a look at them when the dust settles. See if they say anything about Harville tracking that

runaway wife of his, Frances, down, or getting the baby back.'

'That's a good point. All the birth, death and marriage certificates'll be in there, probably. I'll do that.' She shuddered. 'Much as I'd prefer never to go back down there.'

'I'll come with you. Hey, maybe we could take some friends down. Lawrence, Deano ...'

Jenna gave his arm a light smack.

'I'm pissed off with both of them but I think I'd draw the line at murder. God, I'm exhausted. Let's try and sleep, eh? Everything might be easier to look at in the morning.'

Jason sighed. 'Not what I had planned for tonight, is it?'

'No. But we've got all the time in the world.'

Chapter Two

JENNA AWOKE TO the sounds of hammering and creaking from downstairs. Above it all, the stentorian tones of Tabitha, directing the operation, were clearly audible.

She pushed her face into the pillow. They were dismantling the exhibition. She was happy to leave them to it, given the enormous raft of other problems that had crept into her sleep and infected her dreams.

Jason still slept sweetly, one arm hanging over the side of the bed, long eyelashes fluttering on his cheeks.

The thought of what the morning papers would bring, in terms of reportage of the event, caused a sinking sensation in the pit of Jenna's stomach. She hoped beyond hope that some column space would be given to the subject of Jason himself, his great talent, his enormous potential.

If it was all about Deano, she would throw up.

She sat up in bed, suddenly needing to know the worst. She retrieved her tablet from the bedside and went to the local news site. It had a video online, of a press conference with Deano.

She watched it with the sound as low as she could get it without disappearing altogether.

'Yeah,' Deano was saying, blinking into the flashbulbs but not allowing them to wipe the wicked smile from his face. 'An, if you will, rockumentary.'

There was laughter. It turned out that he was quoting *Spinal Tap* with very good reason. He explained that he had returned to Bledburn in order to make a documentary about his early years and inspirations.

‘Nothing to do with the fact that Jenna Diamond has moved back here?’ The question, from a front-row hack, was inevitable, but Jenna still sucked in an angry breath.

Of course it’s to do with that, you muppet, she replied in her head, only to hear the thought spoken aloud in Jason’s sleepy, sardonic tones.

‘Oh, Jason,’ she said, flustered, looking for the pause button.

‘Don’t turn it off,’ he said. ‘Know your enemy, eh? That line about the documentary is pure bullshit. He’s come here after you.’

Jenna nodded tensely, listening to the remainder of the conference.

‘It’ll be great to catch up with Jenna,’ was Deano’s reply. ‘But that’s not what I’m here for.’

Liar.

‘I’ve spent too long in a privileged bubble,’ he continued. ‘Of wealth and celebrity. I’ve forgotten where I came from, and I need the reminder.’ He grinned again. ‘A good kick in the ass. That’s what I’m here for.’

‘Did you hear that?’ said Jason excitedly. ‘Sounds like an invitation to me.’

‘Oh God, Jason, don’t.’ Jenna watched as the video ended and the ‘Play it again’ arrow filled the box.

‘Why not?’ he demanded. ‘It’d make a fucking boss birthday present.’

Jenna was confused. ‘It’s not Deano’s birthday.’

‘No, but it’s mine.’

‘What? When? Not today, surely?’

‘Yep. Today.’

Jenna slapped her palms down on the duvet.

‘Why didn’t you say anything, for God’s sake?’

Jason shrugged.

‘Dunno. Too much other stuff going on. Didn’t seem relevant.’

‘Relevant? Oh, Jay. Of course it is.’

He leant back against the headboard, his face troubled.

'I've never bothered much with birthdays,' he said, and there was a note of defiance in his voice.

Jenna, reading between the lines, deduced that he'd got used to nobody else bothering with them.

'But I have,' she said gently. 'I love you and I want you to have a special day.'

He softened, taking her hand and unburdening.

'Nobody's felt that way about it before,' he said. 'I've never had a special day, like the other kids all did. Although, I tell a lie. I did have one - my twelfth. Mum was in hospital and I was in temporary foster care. They took me to Alton Towers. Fucking brilliant. Yeah, that was a good one, thinking back.'

Jenna laid her head on his shoulder.

'How am I going to beat Alton Towers?' she wondered, looking up at him.

He grinned back at her.

'Tough gig, but I reckon you could do it,' he said.

'I reckon I could too. Give me till tonight. You're going to have the best present ever.'

'I've got it already,' he said, flipping her without warning on to her back.

She squealed with delighted exhilaration, then remembered they weren't alone in the house and tried to keep quiet. It wasn't easy, though, with Jason all over her, laying hands and lips on every accessible inch of her body.

She threw her arms up above her head and surrendered to him, offering everything he wanted for the taking. Her breasts became his feast while her legs wrapped around him. He ground against her, pushing his erection down into her mound. She was ready for him, whenever he wanted. Jason never had to work hard to get her juices flowing. She was a whore for him, a needy slut who couldn't get enough of him. The thoughts flashed deliriously in her mind, turning her on all the more.

She was wetter than the rainforest before he'd even got her nipples into his mouth, feeling the steam rise from her sensitised skin. He only had to put a hand on her hip or breathe into her ear - hell, he only had to *look* at her in a certain way - and she was slippery-slick and begging.

'Hot for it, eh?' he murmured, splaying her lower lips with practised fingers, checking to see how welcome he was. Very welcome.

'Mm,' she said, mindlessly horny, pushing her pelvis up so that his fingers would slide into her wet heat.

'D'you think you deserve it?' He stroked her clitoris, too lightly for relief. It was maddening.

She gasped with frustration.

'Yes ... please ...'

He shifted, leaving her breasts so his face was directly above hers.

'Look at me. Tell me.'

She twisted her neck left and right, trying to summon the courage to do this unthinkable thing. Meanwhile, he continued his infuriating, frustrating motions below.

Unable to bear it any more, she opened her eyes wide, stared into his dark brown gaze and hissed, 'Yes. Do it. Do it now.'

His mouth descended on hers in savage passion, tongue pushing hard to gain access. His fingers worked her clitoris with a sure, firm stroke.

She began to rotate her hips, encouraging him further, trying to direct him towards her depths. He took the hint, plunging two fingers inside her while his thumb continued to rub at her clit.

'Is that what you want?' he said, releasing her lips for a moment. 'Yeah?'

She pushed herself down on his fingers, but they weren't what she wanted. They were just the foretaste.

'More,' she muttered. 'Please.'

'More fingers?'

'No.' He knew he was teasing her. His smile was wide, in between snatched kisses all over her neck and face.

'I want you inside me,' she whispered.

He curled his fingers and twisted them this way and that.

'I think I am inside you, babe.'

'Not like that.'

'Like what then?'

'Damn you!' she cried, and he took his fingers away and knelt up, frowning down at her with mock displeasure.

'Are you sure about that?' he said. 'Not a very nice way to talk to the man who's trying to get you off, is it?'

'Oh.' She moaned and writhed, digging her heels into the mattress. He had her well and truly pinned down, straddling her so that she couldn't move her legs.

But she could see that he wasn't going to be teasing her for long. Not judging by the thick, straight shaft pointing upwards from its nest of curls. She could use this to her advantage.

She reached out and wrapped a hand around it.

'Oh.' Jason quirked an eyebrow, smiling crookedly down. 'Nice. I'll accept that as an apology.'

She caressed and stroked, looking directly into his eyes, for only a few seconds.

That was all it took for him to grunt, throw her off, turn her on to her front and push himself into her.

She rested on her elbows, pushing her bottom up to accept him more easily. How deep he plunged, stretching her, setting off the pleasurable friction she craved.

He held her hips for the first few strokes, to make sure he got as far up her channel as he possibly could, then he let go with one hand and reached over for the bedside table.

She tried to watch out of the corner of her eye, wondering what he was after.

She soon worked it out, when she heard the uncapping of a lid.

'Oh,' she whimpered, tightening her rear muscles in a flutter of fear.

'Don't you remember, babe?' he said quietly, spreading her cheeks. 'We were going to do something last night?'

'I know,' she whispered. 'But ...'

'But it's my birthday. I won't go the whole way now, but tonight ... tonight's the night.'

He ran his lubed finger up and down her parted furrow, moving closer, pushing ever so slightly harder with each sweep.

Jenna rocked slightly on her knees with each thrust, trying to keep her muscles relaxed. Perhaps if she paid attention only to what was in her pussy, she would be able to accept the invasion of her rear more easily.

She focused hard on the building of her pleasure, the full feeling, the friction. Jason's slippery finger found its target and rotated slowly and shallowly, getting her used to its presence before taking more decisive action.

He was so considerate and thorough in this that, after a while, she was surprised to find that she wanted him to push down a bit harder.

She lifted her bottom in invitation.

He exhaled long and lustfully, then made his move.

She bit her lip and held in a squeak. There was still enough banging and crashing around downstairs to remind her that too much noise might be overheard.

Jason's finger made a short, sharp push forwards, breaking through her defences. She felt herself close around it. God, it felt completely invasive; in a different league to any kind of intrusion into her pussy. Surely she could never get used to this feeling. It took her mind away from everything else and kept it focused right on her behind.

'How's that, babe?' he asked, wiggling his finger a little bit inside her.

'Oh God, it's weird,' she panted.

'I'm going to keep it right here,' he said. 'Get used to it.'

He was as good as his word, keeping the finger still for another half a minute or so of solid thrusting into her pussy, then moving it in rhythm.

The double penetration was ... well, she couldn't describe it. There were too many words for it, and many of them conflicted. It was uncomfortable, exciting, degrading, mortifying - and it unlocked a part of her she had been craving to let out. The part of her that wanted to submit to Jason in every possible way.

This was how it could be done. By giving him this one part of her, by taking the shame and the soreness and the richness of surrender, she gave all of herself to him. Once that was done, there would be no going back. She would be his, and forever.

She grunted with the effort of trying to understand what was happening to her. Jason kept a steady hold on her shoulder with his free hand, slamming into her now, moving his finger faster and deeper.

Oh God, what kind of orgasm was this? It came from nowhere and shot out of her, lighting up parts of her she was sure had never been affected before. Her toes curled, her hair stood on end and the pleasure came from all over her, not just that one central point. It was a whole-body orgasm and it took possession of her like no other ever had.

She floated down from it like a feather dropped from a height, landing just as Jason reached his own throaty climax.

He lay down on top of her, pinning her to the bed.

'I think tonight's going to be a lot of fun,' he said into her ear. 'Don't you?'

'Oh God,' was all she could say to that.

She was still seeing stars in the shower. It wasn't until she was dressed, in a halter top and capris for the return of the sunshine, that she was able to claim her head fully back into her own possession.

Jason sat on the bed in jeans and white T-shirt, grinning.

'I liked that suit you got me,' he said. 'But it's nice to get back down to basics. I reckon I might sort out a bit more of that garden today. I could do with a good bit of slashing and burning. What about you?'

Jenna took a breath, considering. The exhibition had been exhausting on every level. Really, she could do with a day of rest, or some kind of mindless activity, like helping Jason with his manual work.

But there was too much going on. She would have to keep tabs on Deano, for one thing. And what about Jason's mother, with her crazy revelations about his parentage? She ought to call her - maybe ask her if she wanted to come over for a celebration birthday meal. Then there was Kayley, possibly in danger from the newly freed Lawrence Harville.

Kayley first, she decided.

'Calls to make,' she said to Jason.

'Makes a change,' he replied, rolling his eyes. 'I think they've finished clearing up down there. Shall we sort out some breakfast?'

At the kitchen table, having said goodbye to Tabitha, who assured them that early notices of the show were very good, they talked about offering Kayley a safe place for the time being. Jenna, if she was honest with herself, regretted the necessity of sharing her love nest with another person. What a difference it would make to her and Jason's free-wheeling sex life. But their friend's safety had to come first.

The two of them could always come later.

Jenna chewed up her last forkful of egg white omelette and picked up her phone.

'Kayley, hi.'

'Oh, hello, how are you? Wasn't expecting to hear from you today. Thought you'd be taking a bit of time out.'

'Well, perhaps just a day. But in the meantime, you ought to come and stay here for a while. I'm very worried that Lawrence might try to get to you.'

'Oh, no, it's OK. I'm not at home. I'm staying at my dad's for a few days, till the coast's clear.'

'Ah, good. Where does he live then?'

'Other side of town, the new estate. Nobody knows me round here. I reckon I'm OK, as long as I keep my head down for a bit.'

'Well, if you're sure ...'

'Honestly, I'm safer here than there. After all, Lawrence got into your garden. I'd look into that, if I were you.'

'Yes, that's a good point. I will. Thanks, Kayley. Take the week off, eh? We're going to mooch about for a bit, before getting stuck into planning the gala for the end of the month. I'll need you for that, of course.'

'Of course! Looking forward to it! Bye then.'

Jenna hung up, thinking about Lawrence Harville and his unexpected appearance in the garden wilderness.

'We need to sort out the walls and fences,' she said to Jason. 'Urgent priority for today. Stop Harville waltzing in whenever he feels like spreading a bit of menace.'

'How about machine gun emplacements?' said Jason dryly. 'I'm happy to man them myself.'

Jenna rubbed her foot against his calf under the table.

'Much as I'd love to see him go down in a hail of bullets, I'm quite keen to keep you out of prison these days. So perhaps something a little more legal.'

'I'll get on to it.'

He picked up the last piece of toast from the rack and swaggered out of the patio doors, chewing on it as he went.

Jenna sat back, thinking about what she could give him for his birthday. What had she given Deano? Oh God, the list of senselessly extravagant gifts was longer than the Bledburn dole queue. A Hennessey Venom GT that he'd probably never driven. Pretty much everything stocked by Asprey for men. A cabin in the Colorado mountains. A place on the waiting list for a future NASA space mission.