

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS



Wicked Words 10

Various

Contents

Cover

About the Book

Also in the Series

Title Page

Introduction

Mad Girl Mini Lee

Marilyn's Frock Julie Savage

Crutch Astrid Fox

Don't Spoil Me Mathilde Madden

Eaches Anna Clare

None of the Boys Robyn Russell

Laying With Fire Kimberly Dean

Size, and Other Matters Stella Black

Saving Julie Catharine McCabe

Public Washrooms, Private Pleasures Verena Yexley

The Bad Gal LaToya Thomas

Wheels on Fire Mathilde Madden

The Last Deduction Alison Tyler

Outmanoeuvred Juliet Lloyd Williams

The Jewel Carrera Devonshire

Strawberry Sunday Maria Eppie

Vytchfinder Lois Phoenix

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About the Book

Outrageously erotic and indulgent, Wicked Words short stories are the best in modern sexy fiction.

Wicked Words 10 is an editor's choice of the best stories published over the past five years of this immensely popular series. Fun, irreverent and deliciously decadent, this arousing anthology of erotica is a showcase of the diversity of modern women's erotic desires.

Lively and entertaining, seductive and daring, Wicked Words 10 combines humour and attitude with wildly imaginative writing. This is the most entertaining erotic fiction for women to be found anywhere in the world.

Other Black Lace short story collections:

Wicked Words

More Wicked Words

Wicked Words 3

Wicked Words 4

Wicked Words 5

Wicked Words 6

Wicked Words 7

Wicked Words 8

Wicked Words 9

Wicked Words 10

The Best of Wicked Words

Edited by Kerri Sharp

**BLACK
LACE**

Introduction

I always knew that compiling *The Best of Wicked Words* was going to be tricky, but I didn't realise how tricky until I was faced with the daunting task of choosing 17 stories from almost 200. We think the series has got better with each anthology - but we didn't want to limit the selection to stories from the past couple of books. Instead, we went for the imperative of there being something intrinsically, naughtily wicked about each of the stories, or that we were unable to exclude them because they were just so darned well-written. Either way, there sure is a whole bunch of bad girls in this book! They're either seducing their doctors, brewing their own booze and attracting the attention of the law - as in *The Bad Girl*, or they're disarming their tax auditor with expenses claims for sex toys - as in *The Last Deduction* - and using them to best effect.

There's some very horny behaviour going on down in the woods during army exercises in *Outmanoeuvred*, and some sizzling-hot repressed passions in Bible-belt America in *Saving Julie*. One very respectable lady plays games of exhibitionism and voyeurism in the shopping mall toilets in *Public Washrooms, Private Pleasures*, while a young witch sticks to her pagan roots in *Wytchfinder*. This eclectic compilation includes the inner-city feistiness of LaToya Thomas's *Bad Gal* but gives equal space to Astrid Fox's *Scratch* - which transports us back to the days of the Vikings, and the seduction of a young monk by a Scandinavian heathen priestess.

Special mention goes to Mathilde Madden, whose stunning stories *You Spoil Me* and *Wheels on Fire* go bravely into the darker areas of the erotic imagination than most people are comfortable with but, with a writing style that is this eloquent, understated and mature, we are privileged to include two of this author's stories. Her first full-length Black Lace novel - *Peep Show* - was published in January 2005.

* * *

In this genre, style matters. Erotic characters should walk the talk, grab your attention from the first line of the story, and draw you in to their personality and their world. I'm proud to say that not one of these stories begins with a description of the weather or of someone waking up - a certain kiss of death for short stories as far this editor is concerned.

Erotica is the perfect genre in which to play with ideas about the dominant popular culture, overturning the expected behaviour with a sense of the sexy and unexpected. In this way, we are always looking for stories which are about more than just 'characters having sex'. The subtext of an erotic story should cleverly make comment about the modern power dynamics between men and women, as in Anna Clare's *Peaches* or the sexual tension between colleagues... as in *Sex in the Office* - which was our first themed collection of Wicked Words stories.

* * *

That's all for now. There is never space to mention all the stories but I'd like to say a big thanks to everyone whose story is included in this collection, and thanks to everyone who has contributed to all our volumes.

Salute!
Kerri Sharp

Bad Girl Mini Lee

HE WAS MIDDLE-AGED and had a crew-cut. I noticed him as he was passing through the neighbour's yard. Suspicious. He could be undercover. I watched him and saw him looking for a reason to be there and finally he walked towards the front street. He gazed intently at me, saying hello as he passed. He got into a white car. Had I seen him before?

In the empty lot behind the house was a police cruiser car. I noticed this when I went to my back yard. It gave me sudden shakes. I wouldn't be in touch with John today. Was it because of John, who regularly bought huge quantities of my home-made wine? The heat was on.

Before I reached the back door, I heard a car start up and drive off. I didn't dare look over. After a moment, when I did, the cruiser wasn't there any more.

I had two reasons for being nervous. I sold wine, which was against the law. Another concern was my penchant for masturbating in my private yard. Paranoid now, I went into my house and felt the place a testimony to my vices. I roamed nervously through the rooms, which seemed liked cages as my anxiety grew. Two rooms in particular possessed the all-too-hot fire of guilt, inhabited by liquor shelves and the sheer curtains where I've stood before, nude, at night. Touching myself.

Was it the fuzzola? Who was that man? My neighbour's boyfriend? I was unsettled all around. In my pit, I was already naked facing authority.

Who was that man today? He was ugly, in a way. Real crew-cut cop. White-haired, with a middle-aged paunch. He

wasn't shy about his presence in the yard. The way he looked at me made me feel like he had something on me. I felt he knew everything about me. That I was a bad girl. That he would be back. Was he there right now, outside the house?

Poor naughty girl, had I no purer thoughts to contemplate? What was I to do? I had to do the deal with John, for bloody sakes. I was heavy in wine stock, I wanted to get it out of the house and I was waiting for him to pick it up and lighten his pocketbook.

Yes, I was a bad girl, and I knew it.

Nervous and titillated, I started to fantasise about showing my bare pussy to this man I'd seen, who'd so unsettled me and already possessed me; my cunt was his, the crew-cut man may have it. Just as my doctor did - he who knew all about my bad ways and habits.

Oh, I was a bad girl. Oh, what I've let my doctor do to me, what I'd like to let this bad man do to me. He could walk through the neighbour's yard and right into my garage, where he'd pinch my tits and finger me underneath my wet underwear. And it would hurt; it would feel marvellous. It would not be seen by anyone, but it would happen again and again, wetter and wetter, for I would feel him doing it to me when he wasn't even there. I wanted him to expose my bare breasts, squeeze my nipples, touch the bad girl.

My doctor touched my bare breasts every month. I liked a regular examination. He wanted to bring in a specialist sometime. I would co-operate. Just as I always did for him when we were alone. I remember my last appointment...

The doctor told me to undress and left the room. I put on the gown. I tried to tie the back, but it remained open like the curtains of the proscenium of my bare cheeks. Poor soft ass. I didn't want to think about my own nakedness right there. I couldn't let the doctor think I liked it, but... What if I was wet for the examination? Oh God. I didn't want him to

look at me. Because I fantasised about him, I felt dirty even though I washed and sprayed perfume earlier and everything.

He entered the room. He didn't look at me but told me to sit on the edge of the examination table. He wanted my feet up and tapped the heel rests on his examination table with his finger. As I got into position he pulled up my gown and reached under to guide my bare ass into place at the edge of the table. All the while, he stared relentlessly at my open pussy, not in the way a doctor properly should. He pushed my legs slowly apart and I felt my moist lips part, open, naked and waiting.

'Spread your legs apart as far as you can.'

I spread my thighs timidly and felt myself getting a little wet as I showed him more. He next lifted my gown all the way up my abdomen past my tits. I was fully naked up to my neck. He looked back down at my well-trimmed mound, my clit protruding. Then he eyed my breasts. He felt around the nipples. 'Any cysts?'

'No,' I said.

'How do you know?' he asked sternly.

'I don't, I guess.' There were butterflies in my stomach as he pinched my nipples.

'They can occur anywhere,' he said, squeezing hard. My nipples were erect and hard. 'Let's check under your arms.' He proceeded to do so, cupping both my breasts in his hands and fingering my armpits. He pressed down with his palms and moved his doctor's hands knowingly in a circle. He looked briefly for my reaction. I looked away and over again only to see his eyes travel down my torso to my opened legs.

'How's the wine-making?'

My pussy lips betrayed me as they swelled guiltily, and he moved away from my breasts, now intent on my lower nakedness. His eyes were fixed on my clit and I tried not to look at him. 'Spread more.' I could hardly part my legs any

wider, but I tried, and my juices visibly oozed out of me. I caught a brief smile on his face.

'Are you drinking much of it?' he asked accusingly.

'Umm...'. He slowly forced my legs further apart, so far that it hurt, and I groaned unwillingly.

'How much are you drinking?'

'Well, more than I should,' I answered, knowing his game, trying not to sound disturbed by what he was doing.

'You're selling most of it, aren't you?' His fingers rudely circled the wet lips of my pussy. I felt dirty and aroused. Suddenly he thrust a finger deep inside me. It hurt, his jabbing, but I deserved it and I loved it. I closed my legs on his hand and moaned in spite of myself.

'It's against the law, you know.'

I gasped and spread my legs again; he knew how to make me uneasy. I had once confided in him that I made a little extra money from homebrew. Since then, this irrationally made me feel sexually aroused, this confession of lawbreaking. Though I wished I'd never told him, he used it mercilessly against me. He pulled his finger out of my wet hole.

'It's all right.' He patted my clit. 'Did that hurt? I need you to relax now. Just tell the doctor everything.'

I remained silent and aroused as he slowly patted my sticky clit. The movement became a little more rapid. He looked at me, but I couldn't look back. He smiled and began to spank my pussy. Hard. It stung red hot. I tried to close my legs. He allowed me to at first but then pushed my knees to one side, exposing my bare ass, which he proceeded to spank several times, harder and harder. I turned to get away but was soon flat on my stomach.

'You are a dirty, bad girl. I could report you to the police.'

'I've stopped.'

'I don't believe you! You're going to make yourself sick with worry about getting caught. I'll take your

temperature. Put your knees under you and raise your bum up for me, you bad, bad girl.'

I obeyed, shivering, my eyes wide with fear. He used my undammed pussy juices to moisten his thick thermometer. It was cold and smooth inside me.

'You're all wet.'

'I'm sorry.'

'No, you're not. Look at this.' He pulled on my cunt lips, separating them, elongating them. He fingered the wetness between the folds, moving the juices up to my asshole. Slowly, in and out, he worked the thermometer into my hole. I pulled away in shock, falling on to my belly whereupon I received many more sharp slaps to my naked ass. Following that indignity he made me tell him about how I was a bad girl, and what I did around my house. All the while he did many more shameful things to me, and he made me do things to him.

Perhaps my doctor had told the police all about me and they were watching my house now. Hence the crew-topped man. Was he a friend of the doctor's? All I knew was I'd best call off the deal with John tonight.

What kind of life was I leading? I was married, respectable... I needed to lie down. I was feeling shaky. I got into bed and lay still, feeling warmer, safer. Peter would be home shortly. I could rest for a moment and not think about anything.

But I did think. I fantasised about the man I saw in the neighbour's yard. I thought about him confronting me because he knew of my underground business affairs. Or perhaps he'd seen me touching myself in the yard. In my bed, I felt my heart beat fast and my clit fill so that it was fat with arousal.

I envisioned the scene from under my covers. I moved my hand down and inside my panties. I was already slick wet thinking of him coming through the back gate of my

yard, looking for me wearing my short skirt on a hot summer's day. In my private yard, I have never minded that, when I leaned over, anyone could see I had no panties on. Perhaps the crew-cut man had already seen my pussy. I pushed off my bedcovers and felt my clit, erect as a small penis.

What if this man came back to punish the bad girl? What if he found me in my yard, when I had a short skirt on and no panties? I started to tell myself a bedtime story.

I could see myself bending over, exposing my naked pussy to the sun. But I heard the gate open and close around the corner. I nervously straightened up. I cast my eyes in the direction of the gate, but no one appeared. I continued my garden work, bending over again. My naked bush was in full view, out in the sunshine; I had an open, warm, wet pussy. With my ass, I reached up to the sun, moaning as loudly as a bad girl should. Like an echo, I heard the moan again. But it wasn't me.

The man with the crew-cut was standing a few feet away. He had seen what I was now attempting to hide, my naked pussy. I rose, embarrassed. He was looking at me without expression.

He said, 'Excuse me, miss.' He approached, looking me over.

'Can I help you?' I asked tersely.

'I have a search warrant,' he announced as he drew nearer.

'For what?'

'For bootlegging and for what I just saw you do, dirty, bad girl. Shall we go inside?' He roughly took my wrist and drew me close to him. 'Get in the house.' He held me with his hungry eyes. He looked at my breasts inside my flimsy shirt. My nipples were erect and I had no bra on to conceal them. He started to gently caress my ass under my skirt, feeling its shape. The doctor must have sent him. The

policeman knew I might be in for trouble, in trouble with him, with the law.

'I have nothing to hide,' I said with a nervous voice.

'Where are your panties then?' He lifted my skirt slightly and poked my bare pussy with his finger. The bad girl was all wet. I pulled away, but he still held me by the wrist. 'Let's go inside and see.'

As he led me towards the house I was shaking like a leaf. What if he found my stash? The wind lifted my skirt to expose my naked ass cheeks, or was it him?

A long bursting orgasm moved me in my bed. Just then the door sounded below and Peter arrived home. I dried my soaking wet cunt with a tissue. After I washed my hands, I'd make dinner, I thought. I'd got him out of my system and I hoped I would never see or think about the white-haired, crew-cut man again.

Later that night, needing more release yet from my day, I had little sleep. I wondered if the crew-cut man was going to spank me sometime. My husband snored beside me.

I was tired the next morning. All when I had so much to do. I had put off tending the garden this spring and seedlings wanted to be planted. The sun was going to be hot on the south side of the house; I would wear shorts, or a short, wide skirt, perhaps with no underwear. I could feel the breeze already. It would be great. The prospect roused my energy for the chore when I was so weary. I dressed and I chose a shorter skirt than planned and went out into the garden. I lit a cigarette and let the feeling of my daring and vulnerability creep over me. My energy rose quickly. The bedding plants were over on the garden table and ready. Without hesitation, I set to the task. I was aroused by the way the breeze played with my skirt; it excited me. I remember how I had told the doctor what I sometimes did; it made me feel like I was a bad girl. I was faced with a feeling of concern for what I'd told the doctor and a yearning for redemption for being a bad girl. Like the

things he'd done to me on the examination table. I was feeling wet. I was feeling the breeze up my skirt. How much could be seen of my naked pussy?

Bending over in the garden was easy, my wide skirt provided ample movement. I wondered if I should go in and put on some underwear, but when I felt the warm sun touch my pussy lips, I enjoyed it too much to stop. It felt so good, healing, intense, deeply penetrating. I could have picked the gauze skirt, which was somewhat safer. It went lower, but still provided ample exposure and it was practically like ether. But since my yard was relatively private, I felt I could freely enjoy this pleasant sensation of my fully naked sex exposed to the sun. I briefly wondered what the doctor would say if I had a tanned cunny. I felt myself getting wet at the thought of his discovering it - the spankings I would get. I liked being a bad girl. I heard the gate open and I straightened up. Then there was no noise at all. I rose and listened carefully for a while. Finally, I went around the corner to look and see. There was nothing and the gate was closed. My heart was beating hard. I thought of the crew-cut man and neared the fence to look over and see if there was a police cruiser car parked there again. Nothing. I hid by the fence momentarily, feeling completely culpable with bootleg wine in my house and the wind playing games with my skirt. Enough paranoia. I was simply leading my life. I had nothing to regret, I was smart, resourceful. I crept back over to where I was working, wanting to get back to the job. I leaned over; there were so many trees, no one could see, I thought, and the sun was so warm and so sensual. I spread my full cunt to the sun. Mmm.

I sighed.

Then I heard a sigh. I straightened up immediately. Someone was close by. I felt my sex release fluids, wetting me mercilessly. I looked around. The man with the crew-cut was standing over by the elm tree. He looked at me without expression. I knew he'd seen me with my skirt up, seen my

naked pussy. I was a bad girl caught. As he started towards me, he smiled and said, 'Good day, miss. I have a search warrant for these premises. Do you own this property?'

'For what do you search?' I asked innocently.

'For bootleg products,' he replied as he pulled out his official documents from his chest pocket. I reached for them and with one hand he took me by the wrist. 'Take a look.' He held them out for me with the other hand. As I tried to look, I felt his eyes looking at the hem of my skirt, which was blowing up a little in the wind. He slid the papers down into my shirt, pulling it downwards, exposing my hard, dark nipples and he said, 'It looks like you're in trouble, little girl.' He cooed, 'You can't go around dressed like that.' I felt his dry hand brush under my skirt, touching the skin of my sun-warmed ass. I tried to pull away, but he held my wrist tighter.

'I have nothing to hide.'

'Where are your panties then?' He guided me to the back door of the house. The wind picked up, lifting my skirt, exposing my bare ass to the crew-cut man. Perhaps it was he who pulled up my skirt. I heard him groan as I opened the back door.

Once inside, the crew-cut man pushed me up the stairs. I fell forward along the steps, whereupon my skirt went up. I tried to scramble up, my thighs and ass nude and trembling. Then I felt several sharp slaps on my bare bum. 'Get up. Show me where you stand all naked at night.' I turned to him angrily.

'I wasn't expecting company; let me get dressed.'

'Just get up the stairs.' Then he pinched the inside of my leg, close to my wetness. I sprang up with a frightened gasp. He lost his grip on my arm and so pulled me down by the ankle. Angry now, he pushed my skirt fully up and spanked my bare ass again, harder and several times. I moaned and squirmed, but this only made his spanking harder. Finally I lay still and he stopped slapping me. My

ass was hot and red and he felt it with his huge hand. 'You're all hot and red,' he laughed. I was wet and, when he slid his hand between my legs, I felt his fingers slippery along my twat. He groaned. So did I, helplessly. 'Get up,' he ordered. I climbed the steps while he kept hold of my arm. I stood in the middle of the kitchen, trembling. 'Is it in front of this window?' He pinched my nipple; it was erect and jutting through my shirt. I tried to back away. 'I've seen you, bad girl.' He pinched my other nipple and I turned away. I was breathing hard and so was he. I knew he would be able to do whatever he wanted, incarcerate me perhaps.

'What I do in my own home is my business,' I pleaded.

'I know everything that you do, I know where everything is,' he said, lifting my skirt, looking at my naked display. 'The doctor told me; he told me many things.'

'Are you a friend of Dr Nuds?' I felt my face go red as I pulled away.

'Oh, you're in a great deal of trouble, you know. Do you like trouble?' he asked.

'You're my trouble right now, sir.'

'Don't you know it.'

'Please? Please don't report me.'

'The bad girl will tell me the whole indecent story. Would she like to take me down the basement to her wine cellars? Bootlegging bad girl!' His hand slowly brushed over my breasts, lingering, dragging the tip of his finger across my right nipple.

'There's nothing in the basement.'

'The basement is where I will see everything,' he said menacingly. He reached from behind and turned me, holding me by my tits, directing me back to the stairs. He slid one hand between my legs as we went down the stairs, his finger poking into my pussy and my asshole.

As we reached the bottom of the steps, the boxes of wine were lined up along the wall. 'What's that? How much

do you sell?' He pushed me towards them. I regained my footing and turned to face him.

'None,' I said. I slowly lifted my skirt to show him my nakedness, neatly trimmed by the doctor. All my folds were showing and wet.

'Bad girl!'

I parted my lips for him and I pulled up my shirt to show him my erect nipples. I made my nipples wet with my juices.

'You dirty girl.' He unzipped his pants and slowly pulled out his large erect cock. 'Here, suck it with your dirty mouth.' He neared me, massaging his hard cock with his hand. 'Kneel down.' His penis was hot and sweaty as he pressed my face into it. I took him into my mouth. 'You going to break the law?' he asked, thrusting himself deep inside my mouth. 'Hmm? You bad girl. I could put you in jail, you know.' He pumped his cock in and out of my mouth a few times. Then he withdrew it quickly. 'Take off your top.'

I looked up at him. 'Will you keep my secrets?'

'I can do whatever I want to, can't I?'

I drew in a quick breath, feeling myself involuntarily releasing juices. I wanted to pee and my clit was burning. I began to pull off my top.

'I have to pee.'

'That's good. Hold it, little tits.'

He was right: I had small firm breasts, but I knew my nipples were beautiful - small, dark and true to the touch. He pinched them. 'Show me the rest of your basement,' he urged, his cock wet against my upper thigh. I felt I was dripping, such a bad girl that I was. I led the way into the nether regions of the basement. The light was crude and bright around the washer and dryer. He pushed me up against my dryer, from behind. 'What do I do with you? You deserve more than a spanking.' I leaned forward against the dryer and my nipples got harder against the cold metal.

He spanked me several times. Then he felt me from behind, sliding his fingers into me. It made such a noise, my wetness... He transferred his attention to my asshole. Then he poked with insistent moist fingers. I moaned, feeling his cock near the hole, pressing to get in. Wet enough, he squeezed his hard cock into my asshole, his fingers reaching to pinch my clit at the same time. He pushed himself deep into me and then guided it into my pussy. I peed a little into his hand.

'Don't pee. Does the doctor do this to you? He told me all about it; he's my brother, you know.' He pulled out suddenly and flipped me over, lifting me by the pussy on to the dryer, whereupon he had me spread my legs wide. He licked my wet opening and then his tongue circled my clit in slow, wet strokes. 'Do you need to pee? Go pee.' His lips sucked on my clit. I peed in spurts all over his face, laughing. When I was finished, he looked up at me. 'A urine test, eh? You should see the doctor soon. We'd like to meet with you together, you know. And a bad girl like you, you'd better come to see us. Discuss your illegal and dangerous lifestyle.' He leaned on my naked sex with his hard cock, his mouth pressed against mine. He rammed it into me and leaned back again so he could squeeze my nipples. He drove his large hot cock in and out of my wet, wet, orgasming cunt. He watched me rub my exploding, convulsing clit with my finger.

'I'm a bad girl,' I whispered.

Marilyn's Frock Julie Savage

YOU KNOW THE Marilyn Monroe frock - *that* one, the *Seven-Year Itch* white one with the cross-over bodice that outlined her breasts and the pleated skirt that blew up and showed her pants? Well...

Once upon a time, I... er... in it.

Once upon a time, before you and I knew each other, I was a curator in a movie museum. One particular year, we were doing an exhibition of key clothes from the movies, particularly Hollywood classics. We had Bogart's cool white jacket from *Casablanca*, Celia Johnson's I'm-just-an-ordinary-housewife coat from *Brief Encounter*, a Busby Berkeley feathery headdress two foot high: you know the score. The exhibition was a big-budget number, as you can imagine: megabucks to borrow the costumes from the film studios, US costume and private collectors; big dosh to courier it all across the Atlantic; a fortune and a half for the insurance and additional security.

The pièce de résistance, the thing that would draw all the crowds and Sunday supplement photographers, was Marilyn's White Frock. And it was my baby. I'd wanted it. I'd fought for it. I'd got it.

The day it was due to arrive, off an American Airlines jet from LA, with a courier from the Hollywood Museum of Historic Costume, I could hardly breathe. I dressed up to meet the plane at Terminal One as reverently as if I'd been going to meet Marilyn herself. It felt like an honour much greater than being blessed by the Pope or touched up by the President or knighted by the Queen. I wore my best

toffee-coloured leather jeans, a golden brown chenille cut-off sweater and Versace tortoiseshell shades, even though it was only April. It worked well with my sleek blonde hair, sweet complexion and fuck-you walk.

And I stood at Heathrow arrivals waiting for the courier to come through, feeling as if I should be surrounded by a posse of guards with machine-guns, maybe even armoured cars, in case anyone hijacked The Dress. I'd barely given the courier a thought: just scrawled

Tim Morgenstern
Hollywood MHC

on a placard for him. Art couriers are usually anal fussy spots or nonentities. As this guy was in dress history, he was bound to be gay. My job would just be to allay his anxieties, take possession of It and get him on the next plane back, pronto. Out of my hair.

I couldn't wait to get the frock in my clutches, to handle it, put it on the model, pose it. You'd be the same, wouldn't you? The loaners had of course issued the strictest of instructions about where it should be displayed: air temperature, humidity, distance from the public, proximity to light. But I wanted just an hour - well, six - alone with this wonderful frock.

But then this tall, lean, more-saturnine-than-James-Dean-type comes pacing in from Customs. He's sexy, he's all in black, he's got more style than most movie stars, he's distinctly masculine and he's heading towards me. With a big flat box being wheeled on the trolley next to him, all straps and buckles and reinforced corners.

'Dr Crammond?' You know what Californian accents do to my belly.

'*Alexia* Crammond... Tim.' I find myself smiling so widely that the grin pushes my shades up a little. 'I hope you had a... non-tedious flight?'

'I would have done if you'd been sat next to me.'

His smile goes straight to between my legs, just nipping over my nipples on the way down. With such a sock-it-to-me start, how audacious is the end of our contact going to be? I can't wait - as usual.

'Perhaps some post-flight compensation, then?' I murmur. 'Let me...' I'm going to say, 'buy you a drink before you go back', and am wondering if I am being precipitate in trying to work out if we could possibly shag in my Frontera in the grey concrete gloom of the car-park, bay J8, when he announces, 'I'm staying for a few days actually... I have a couple of buddies in Holland Park.'

'Are they meeting you?' I try not to show my disappointment and anxiety. Surely he won't be snatched out of my hands so soon.

'Actually not.'

'Then may I drive you to...?'

'Your place.'

I swallow. The nerve of him. Never before has someone who attracts me been so keen on me in return. They usually take months of fishing for, don't they? Yet here is a man who I fancy more than anyone in years - and he is going for me. I know I look good, despite pre-exhibition panic. But I wonder what I have done to deserve what is surely going to be nine inches of the most stunning cock to cross the Atlantic that day.

'Unless you're anxious to get the dress settled in?' he taunts.

'What dress?' All I can think of is 'but I'm not wearing a dress, and how quickly could I get a dress off if I was...' and what's this 'settled'?... Then... 'Oh, *that* dress, well...'

I gulp. He's used the excuse of crowds of new arrivals pressing through to edge closer to me. Somehow his hand is at the small of my back, pressing those tiny indentations in the sacrum that vibrate like piano keys, sending different pitches of reverberation through my entire body. Jeez - this

is surely going to be a winner. The kind of guy you want to spend at least a week in bed with.

'Your car?' he prompts me, smilingly aware that my brain, as well as my legs, have just turned to jelly.

'Er, over here,' I motion.

You can imagine how crap my driving is, on that journey back home to Islington. It isn't just his presence, and the thought of what might be. It isn't just that Marilyn Monroe, by proxy, is in the back of my motor. It is his hand on my thigh. And worse, it is the teasing bastard's determination to not let those adept fingers go any higher than halfway up, no matter how much I hopefully slide my leg around to edge his hand higher, nearer to my cunt.

'I'm gonna make you beg, baby,' he says maliciously, bending to take a bite of my left nipple as we stop at a Shepherd's Bush roundabout jam. I pull his hair, hard, and want to get violent-ish with him, now. Instead we both seethe, lasciviously. It's delightful.

Throughout the journey home, which takes an infuriating two hours, I only occasionally give a thought to 'Is the bed linen clean-ish, when did I last Hoover, have the cats pooped anywhere horrible?'

Everything is focused on the effect on my whole body that his practised fingers are having. That, and the growing bulge in his black jeans that I can see out of the corner of my eye, as we head through central London.

By the time I let him in the flat door my whole body is screaming so much with lust that I think I'll have to yell or else go insane. He goes ahead of me, shrugs off his shoulder bag and puts the frock box down in the hall.

Marilyn's frock in my hall! For a minute the thought overwhelms me, then I turn back to look at him. I expect an embrace, our first kiss, to involve me being yanked towards him forcefully. No, there he is, Mr Cool-as-a-Cucumber man, looking round the flat. Looking at books, my bloody

books, for God's sake! You can imagine how irrelevant that seems at this point.

'Tim...?'

'Dr Crammond?' he smiles.

'Come and fuck me rotten.'

'Mmm... could do.'

'Hey!' I walk up to him and begin easing off his jacket. Should I play lady hostess and be concerned about his jet lag, offer him facilities for a nap, a hot drink? Nah, I want his dick, and fast.

He pulls me down on the couch and starts kissing me. His hair smells of a shampoo brand I don't know and his tongue is long and practised. It matches his fingers, which by now have got the measure of my bralessness, the buckle on my trousers, and the towering state of my nipples.

'Oh, let's fuck,' I groan.

'All in good time, lady.'

He stands up and starts to undress. First the soft slightly Angora black sweater. His chest is lean and the dark hair runs down it in a central line, waving out into two thin horizontals under his breasts. It looks like he works out a bit, and his golden skin is certainly a tribute to the California sun. He shimmies his crotch at me and I lean forward to breathe on it, grabbing his buttocks to pull him closer to my face. Then I ease up on the sofa arm, legs apart, and jam one of his legs between mine, up against my fanny.

'Bloody couriers. They should do as they're told,' I growl.

'Damned customers. They should be grateful for small mercies... Except, I've only got a big mercy to give you.' He cradles his bump at me. I can't wait to find out the exact truth of this, but he breaks away.

'Oh no, what are you doing?' I gasp.

'I've got... a little... idea.'

'I thought we'd both got a big one,' I complain.

'The frock.' He walks over to the box with Marilyn's frock in it.

'You want her to watch us?' I ask, as he props the brown official-looking box upright on one of my yellow, much kissed-upon, armchairs.

'Better than that.'

'What then?' I'm mystified.

'You'll see. Get it out.'

'I can't. Not in my grubby little flat. It's Marilyn's, it's God's, it's sacrosanct,' I burble.

'Undo that box.'

'Christ!' But I get up - stiffly, because my sex is so sensitive, and go over to the box.

My clit is pressing so hard against all constraint that I have to take off my trousers. I do it so functionally that I forget that it might turn Tim on. And as I turn to address the box I sense him come up behind me. The heat of his hands is near to my thighs and on each side of my slender hips. As I bend over the box to undo the first of the many leather straps, he slides his hands up my jumper and presses his naked chest against my back as his fingers reach round to cup my breasts.

'Oh, those titties,' he sighs. They feel wonderful in his hands, like golden syrup puddings made of compressed hot buttercup petals, each one pulsating with life. I lean back against his chest and arch my spine, the better to stick out my breasts for him. The frock is forgotten even though the impress of the heavy steel buckles is still on my fingers.

'Ooh, baby!' He takes the weight of my breasts fully in his palms. And immediately I come. I come. Not with a shudder but just a gush. It's as sharp as if I've weed myself. And I feel wonderful.

'Oh baby,' he says again, moving a hand down to my wet fanny, cupping my mound through my saturated moss-green lace knickers.

I am helpless for a minute, and shocked at what has just happened. It has never, ever been like this before. I take in the smell of him, the remnants of a horse chestnutty kind of shower gel, some deodorant like the sea, aftershave a bit lemony.

He's tender, in the sunshine that comes in through the sitting-room window and lights us up. He understands that for a minute I am defenceless girl, not capable woman. He hums to me and rocks me a little, my back still to his front, as we gaze at the big brown still-trussed box.

'Think what it's going to be like later,' he murmurs, 'if we're like this together now.'

'How long can you stay?'

'As long as it takes, Alexia.'

'That could be a very long time.'

'So be it.'

I need to sit down, I am still so shaken by that unexpected coming. I totter to the sofa and he says, 'Shall I open the frock box?'

'Actually, I'd rather have a cup of tea,' I confess, 'before I cope with anything else.'

He smiles. 'The English. Well, it is tea-time I guess -' he looks at his watch - 'somewhere in the world.'

'Will you make it for me... us?'

'Sure.' He goes into the kitchen and finds his way around competently, as I knew he would, while I just tremble on the sofa in my wet pants and rumpled sweater, gazing at the frock box.

'Ms Monroe, darlin', what have you brought me?' I breathe. If this is what it's like for starters what state am I going to end up in?

The container full of white folds that once encased her sits silently, of course.

I sprawl there, huge gusty sighs coming from me. God, this is likely to be a marathon - it could mean days off work. And I can't wait for it to re-start.

The mobile rings. Stuff it, it will be Evalinda, my secretary, wondering if I'd had any problems with Customs. Well, I am no more prepared to speak to anyone about duty than I am to take a slow boat to Alaska. What I have on hand - or rather, what I am going to have in my hands and between my legs - is far too important. Let them wait.

Tim, bouncy with pre-jet lag adrenalin, comes back in with a tray and turns my cup handle towards me.

'Ready for a bit more?' He grins.

'Getting there. Slowly...' and then he puts his hand on my right breast. Immediately it surges into his palm. 'Well, maybe faster than I thought,' I groan. 'Clear off, for a minute. I need my tea or I'm going to die.'

Smiling he takes his tea over to the window seat and begins crooning, 'The way she... sips her tea... can't take... away from me.'

'It's a great frock, you know.'

'I know.' I sip my tea and think that 'gratefully' is actually a good way to describe the way I am drinking it. If sex with him is like this already then surely I am going to need gallons of brandy to help me recover from all Tim is going to do to me later.

'I guess we could say it's probably the greatest dress of all time,' he muses.

'I don't know. Maybe it wouldn't have been without the air blowing it up, and her holding it down. It was her in it, and the gush from the air vent, as well. The three factors make it great.'

'You know, it was her idea to stand over the air vent. She posed it herself. The photographer had been shooting for a while and not getting it quite right, when she started larking about and tried that pose.'

'Brilliant.'

'Did you fancy her in it?' he asks.

I hadn't thought. Maybe I'd wanted to *be* her, in that frock. But to *fuck* her... no, it is more that I want to just join