

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS



A Private View

Crystalle Valentino

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Jemma could see that Dominic was really angry now; she'd gone too far, too fast. His arousal was still obvious but fury had the upper hand now and not passion.

'Jemma, you're here to work, not to seduce me,' he pointed out.

I hadn't realised that one would exclude the other,' Jemma replied defensively.

'Well, realise it now,' he said.

Jemma was going to have to use a different strategy if she was going to break down his defences. She knew he wanted her, but something was stopping him.

A PRIVATE VIEW

Crystalle Valentino



Chapter One

‘You think it’s beneath you?’ Phyllida said archly, her blue eyes glittering with catlike challenge.

‘Of course I don’t.’ Jemma’s own eyes, golden and starred with brown flecks, and thickly edged with dense black lashes, as black as her tumbling mane of gleaming hair, answered with a flat, obstinate glance. The tall, blonde woman was always taunting her, calling her too cautious, too reserved.

‘Then do it. You might even enjoy it,’ purred Phyllida.

Despite her dislike of the woman, Jemma considered the offer. Like Phyllida, she was a catwalk model, well paid and happy in her work which took her all over the world.

She was not a supermodel – her curvy white-skinned body held too much lushness, too great a promise of ripening pleasures to suit the current vogue for emaciated waifs, and it was the skinny waifs who usually made it to the top of the tree. However, Jemma was not one to waste time and effort in pointless envy. She was content with her progress. She was a modest success. So why bother to try something totally different, as Phyllida was suggesting?

The two very different-looking women were changing back into their own clothes after the London showing of the spring collection by a world-famous and flagrantly gay designer. Jemma endeavoured to consider Phyllida’s words more carefully. It was hard to think in the sweaty bustle of the overcrowded changing room, packed as it was with seminude models and chattering dressers.

Behind-the-scenes was so different from front-of-house. Front-of-house was opulent chandeliers, huge ruched pink curtains, the gleaming white runway edged with now-empty

spindly gold chairs on which fashion editors had sat throughout the last two hours of the show, jotting furiously on their notepads about this dress or that jacket.

Back here, there was only sweaty, noisy chaos.

Jemma knew only too well that a model's life was not particularly glamorous. Sometimes it could be downright tedious. And because of that knowledge, she felt a pang of interest in Phyllida's challenge; she had a hunger for new experience. She was sorely tempted to pick up the gauntlet that Phyllida had flung at her feet.

She was, after all, accustomed to displaying her body. And what was so different between displaying it only lightly and tantalisingly clad, as she often did, and revealing it nearly or even totally naked? She had a good body – not as tall as Phyllida's but firm, well-fleshed, and provocatively female. So why not?

Jemma found the idea a little daunting, but also erotic enough to start moisture dewing the warm, plump cleft between her legs. Embarrassingly, even though she was seated, clothed only in her unbuttoned sheer white silk blouse and about to pull on her knickers, her little pink bud was hardening in response to her thoughts and she found herself wriggling on her chair. Her nipples also stiffened and showed through the material of her blouse.

Phyllida giggled, her eyes shining with excitement as they beheld this stimulating sight. 'You see? You like the idea. Modelling that way for a photographer excites you. Particularly one of Dominic Vane's calibre. And he's so handsome too.'

Jemma put a protective hand over her mound in case anyone could see her getting wet. Some of the other girls and even a couple of remaining press photographers had started to look. Sometimes she wished her body were not so swift to rouse, even if her current live-in lover Steven found this a bonus. Even when she was tired or angry, or annoyed with him for some reason, her wetness enabled him to enter

her easily. Even now, thinking about Steven's hard blond-furred body and straining upright cock had this effect, flooding her with welcoming lubrication, causing her pale-pink and perfect nipples to strain against the thin concealing fabric of her blouse, the soft touch of which only aroused them more. She shivered deliciously.

And, if she were honest, it was not only Steven's body that stirred her. In fact she was beginning to get a little bored with Steven, who was an accountant and who had an accountant's penny-pinching mentality. No, what so perturbed her was the thought of that other body – Dominic Vane's.

She had seen his face in the gossip columns time and again; he was justifiably famous for his deeply erotic portraits of the women he so clearly adored. That cavalier's smile, the glinting green eyes, the hair that was thick, straight, nearly as dark as her own and even longer, and usually tied back in a tail. He was tall, she knew that. He was lightly muscled and lean.

Of course she had only ever seen him clothed, which was a pity. Jemma felt certain that Dominic Vane could rival Michaelangelo's *David* for beauty of body. She had already found him attractive, devastatingly so. But she had never supposed for one moment that she would have the opportunity to meet him, or work with him. The idea did excite her. Even more exciting was Phyllida's claim that he had specifically asked for her through the model agency because he so badly wanted to photograph her. She looked up at Phyllida, her hand falling away from between her legs.

A camera clicked and a flash fired, recording her readiness to face the challenge presented to her. Half annoyed and half amused, Jemma thought that there was no way a shot like that could get into the tabloids; it would be too sexy, even for them. The loitering male photographer, red-haired and clad in tight denim jeans that did nothing to hide a hard

bulge of arousal, grinned at her. She smiled back. Clearly the shot would be for his own private viewing.

‘Well?’ demanded Phyllida, wiggling her naked bottom into the tight confines of her plush, burgundy lycra body. Her breasts, which were surprisingly heavy, swayed luxuriously as she pulled up the straps, and her pale-pink nipples vanished beneath the clinging material.

Jemma lazily stretched her arms above her head. She had observed Phyllida’s jiggling breasts and wriggling buttocks with quiet appreciation, but now her eyes wandered back to the photographer. Poor man. He too had witnessed Phyllida’s dressing and was soon, from the look of the hard outline rearing inside his jeans, going to have to find relief, or burst.

And so was she.

‘I’ll do it,’ she said, and sighed a little because she had such urgent needs and, although she was growing dissatisfied with Steven, Steven would, for the moment, have to do.

Hurrying now in eager anticipation, Jemma demurely closed the sides of her blouse, sending a regretful glance to the handsome young photographer. She pulled her panties up over the provocative black triangle between her legs, and rose to slip into her tight, black lycra skirt. It was too hot for tights or stockings and, with her slender legs naked, she squirmed her feet into high-heeled pumps.

Half-hoping he was still watching her, since she found his observation of her so stimulating, she raised her eyes, but he was gone. Ah well, she would go home now to Steven, and perhaps he too would be in the mood for pleasure.

Phyllida was smirking at her as she, too, dressed ready to depart for her chic London flat. It was across the teeming city from Jemma’s own snug basement apartment.

‘You see? You’re a born exhibitionist, Jemma,’ she said in an almost congratulatory tone. ‘You love showing your body, so why not do it and get paid at the same time?’

'I do enjoy it,' Jemma had to wistfully agree, her mind and the frantic pulse of her sex still focused on the photographer. She imagined him developing the shots he had taken of her, and of how wanton she must appear in them, completely without shame: her legs open, everything exposed to him, her nipples as hard and tempting as ripe cherries.

Considering how he might react to such a sight was a delicious titillation for her. She pictured him in the red-stained light of the darkroom, his wide shoulders tense, his eyes gleaming with concentration as they beheld her voluptuous display. He would of course be intensely aroused. He might even have to unzip those ferociously tight jeans, for how could that huge rearing cock bear to be so cruelly stifled?

Lasciviously Jemma wondered about his penis, which would feel like silk-clad iron to the touch. Would the pubic hair that cushioned his impressive cock be the same vivid red as the hair on his head? He would have to free his balls, too, for they would be terribly hard and uncomfortable in clinging jeans, and his thighs would be rock-hard and covered with downy hair.

Jemma came back to herself to find that Phyllida was sniggering unkindly; she had been watching her vacantly staring face, rendered soft and flushed by lust.

'He went through there,' said Phyllida. She pointed to a door at the back of the room. 'I heard the dresser talking to him earlier. He's using a small room there as a temporary darkroom. He's shooting in black and white, he said, for atmosphere.' She gave a smile and shook her head. 'I can't blame you. He is rather gorgeous. Good hunting then, Jemma. See you.'

With Phyllida gone and the place emptying fast, Jemma wondered what she could be getting herself into. Packing up her bag, the thought struck her that Steve was not going to be pleased about her agreeing to model nude for Dominic

Vane. Although they had a fairly open relationship, Jemma being exposed to a world-famous and quite notoriously womanising man was sure to annoy him.

She thought about the tedious journey home by taxi, the greetings, the inevitable argument and, far better, the endless lovemaking that would follow as they made up. Jemma went and tapped on the door Phyllida had indicated.

‘Just a minute!’ He had a deep voice, slightly gruff. She liked it; it was sexy.

When the door opened, the photographer stood there looking at her in wonder, as if her appearance had been a wish that had, against the wildest odds, come true. Behind him she glimpsed a bench topped by trays awash with chemicals, a small portable enlarger, a timer, a stool – all lit by a red globe that he had hung on to the wall. He had made the room into a cosy little lab all of his own. The handsome red-haired young man stepped to one side as their eyes met in silent communication, and Jemma stepped into the hot scarlet half-light with him.

‘You were taking shots of me,’ she managed rather breathlessly, turning to face him.

‘I hope you didn’t mind,’ he said, his eyes prowling hungrily over her thinly clad body.

‘No.’ Jemma put her bag on the floor. His eyes were making her feel hopelessly, recklessly wet all over again. Her panties were moist and felt too tight, too restrictive. ‘In fact I enjoyed it. And you helped me make up my mind about something.’

‘Oh?’ He looked surprised. ‘What?’

‘Modelling nude for a photographer who specialises in the erotic. I didn’t think I could do it, pose naked in front of a man, but I really liked posing for you. And I want to reward you, for making me see that I was just being silly, that it would work out fine.’

‘Reward me? How?’ He was still, his hands at his sides. He was spare and muscular, just the type of man she admired,

although her sexual tastes were varied. Looking down, Jemma could see that he too had become aroused again.

‘By giving you a private, an *exclusive* view,’ said Jemma archly. ‘Right here and now.’

Her hands went to the front of her blouse, unbuttoning it slowly for his delectation. His tongue licked briefly at his lips, but otherwise he remained still, watching, waiting in the red dark of the little room which stained her pale skin to a warm and vibrant pink.

Jemma’s nipples, when she uncovered them, were the colour of dark wine, and he gasped anew at their beauty as she dropped the silk blouse to the floor. Her breasts were round, high and gloriously full. She slid her hands up over her waist, over her ribcage, to cup them and lift them proudly. Each index finger stroked the rapidly hardening nipples with languorous delight, and his stifled groan of desire made her smile in satisfaction.

Then her hands released the big dark-tipped globes and meandered down. Sliding beneath her tight, short black skirt, they pulled down her panties while she bent at the waist. Her breasts swayed gently, arousingly, as she did so. Slowly she stepped out of the flimsy lace panties, wet now from her juices, then she straightened, hooked her fingers into the waistband of the skirt, and pushed that down too.

Jemma stepped free, wearing nothing now except her high heels. She was consumed by a ferment of joyous lust so intense that she just had to touch herself. As he looked on, she parted her long legs a little, took the first two fingers of her right hand and, pushing the thick, black hair of her pubes aside, she parted her labia, so that her clitoris, her inner sex, everything, was exposed to his eager eyes. Jemma held herself open for him, letting him see and share her joy.

‘Do you like what you see?’ Jemma asked him teasingly.

In fact there was no need to ask. His cock was a hard line beneath his jeans, his breathing coming fast. But it was all

part of the game she was so enjoying, a delicious, delirious game, and her play aroused them both and enhanced their mutual pleasure.

‘Oh yes,’ he said throatily.

‘Because if you don’t,’ she went on, her hand trailing lightly from her crotch up to her burgeoning nipples, stroking first one and then the other, moistening them with her own sweet juices, ‘I shall simply dress and go away, instead of . . .’ She deliberately let her voice trail away.

‘Instead of what?’ he asked in a strangled voice, his eyes glued to her lightly questing hand.

‘Instead of letting you have me.’

He swallowed. ‘You’re beautiful,’ he said, and reached out and doused the darkroom safe-light, replacing it with the dimly muted overhead one. Jemma blinked and glanced in concern at the trays of fluid on the bench beside the stool.

‘Your prints,’ she warned.

But he was taking up his camera. ‘They don’t matter. I’d rather shoot you like this,’ he said huskily, raising the lens to his eye. ‘Totally naked and ready for a man to take you. Look, your inner thighs are wet. And your sex looks moist and puffy, just like it did for me out there.’

He focused, and fired. The flash dazzled her. Jemma blinked, but soon recovered happily. It was warm in the room, comforting as a womb. She sighed, content, as he snapped again and again, directing her to lean back on the stool, open her legs wider, lift her breasts, lick her lips. It was all very enjoyable, but suddenly he groaned in distress and put a hand to his penis.

‘I’ll have to . . .’ he said apologetically, trailing off his words to avoid saying something crude.

‘What?’ Jemma’s dark eyes gleamed in anticipation of a treat. ‘Take it out?’

‘Yes.’

One hand still holding the small camera, he unbuckled his woven, tan leather belt and unbuttoned his fly. Now it was

the man's turn to tease. His blue Chambray shirt was long enough to completely cover his upright cock. In disappointment Jemma watched as he hooked his fingers into the jeans and pushed them down so that they were crumpled around mid-thigh. The side-slit tails of the shirt allowed her to see that he wore no pants to restrain his obviously splendid organ, revealing a patch of paler skin on each side of his hips, where he modestly wore trunks while sunbathing. She gave a little pout of displeasure as his cock remained concealed, although it pushed energetically at the shirt like a pole holding up a tent. Even his balls were hidden from her.

The photographer chuckled at her momentarily frosty expression, and took a photograph of her like that.

'Let me see it,' she pleaded.

'What? My arse?' He put the camera aside, grinning rakishly, and turned around, flipping up the tails of the shirt. He had a glorious arse – taut and small and full of muscle, the skin on each globe fine and white in contrast to his lightly tanned thighs.

'It is lovely,' sighed Jemma, her emotions beginning to freetail into a veritable ferment of desire. Soon she would need him inside her; very soon. 'But I meant your cock.'

'My cock?' He looked at her jauntily over his broad shoulder. He dropped the backflap on his shirt and fiddled with the front of it. She fervently hoped he was unbuttoning it.

Presently, and much to her delight, he pulled the shirt off and it drifted to the floor amid her own clothes. 'There, you can see my back now. Women love backs. Broad backs, well-muscled. I work out, you know. And they love male buttocks.' He clenched his buttocks teasingly, and laughed at her groan of pure wanting. He turned, but again she was thwarted. His right arm and hand now concealed the glory of his penis from her. His chest was lightly furred and he had the obligatory 'six-pack' of abdominal muscles on show. His

navel dipped sweetly, and his stomach was tightly toned. A bundle of ginger curls escaped the grip of his hand between his legs. But his balls were still hidden.

‘Ask me,’ he challenged, his eyes upon her freely displayed sex. Still perched upon the stool, Jemma leant back louchely against the bench, propping her still-shod feet upon the steel footrest, her knees spread invitingly wide. If Steven could see her now, she thought in faint amusement. He wouldn’t be jealous though – or at least not much. Steven would be entertained by this little scene and, if he were here, he would certainly want to join in, watching the photographer have her and then having her himself; or perhaps even taking the photographer from behind while the photographer pleased himself inside her. Steven could, when the mood took him, be remarkably inventive.

This arousing thought made her press herself urgently upon the sticky plastic cover of the stool. ‘Show me,’ she moaned.

He removed his arm and Jemma’s dearest wish was at last granted. His fine full penis lunged from hiding to seek fulfilment; the shaft was lined with veins, the head meaty and full and sporting a dewy droplet of pre-come in its eagerness to proceed. His balls, furred with thick ginger curls, were taut with readiness.

‘Oh, lovely,’ murmured Jemma appreciatively. ‘And now come here.’

He came obediently and stood with suggestive closeness between her parted legs. Slowly, savouring the moment, his hands rose and each one claimed a breast, kneading it, caressing the aching nipples. Whispering his pleasure in them, his ginger head dipped and, as his hands lifted the soft flesh of her, his tongue took first one hard bud and then the other into his mouth to be kissed and sucked.

Jemma arched her back in response, relishing his attention, her hands finding enjoyable work to do with his cock. Satiny to touch, it thrummed with energy as she

gently stroked it. Then, becoming bolder, she slipped her index finger over the wet opening of his glans and rubbed it. His murmurs of delight fell upon her ears, soaking into her consciousness like the sweetest, rarest honey. Encouraged by her passion, his mouth took her nipple more firmly, his teeth grazing lightly then his lips sucking urgently. Jemma's small inarticulate cries at this extremity of pleasure made his hands go to the hot, wet cave between her legs. Clasp ing her engorged clitoris between thumb and forefinger, he parted her labia and, with his long middle finger, sought her centre of pleasure.

Easily his finger entered her to the hilt. He massaged her tender clitoris, and then eased another finger inside her, then a third, pushing and retreating, pushing and retreating, in a teasing parody of copulation. Although his fingers were long, and his hands pleasingly big, Jemma felt a desperate need now for even deeper fulfilment, and was glad when he withdrew his fingers, drying them roughly on her pubic hair, then clasped his penis and brought the trembling head to her wet sex.

'Oh yes,' muttered Jemma, as his glans shouldered its way inside her, followed by the whole width and deeply satisfying length of his full, young cock.

Moaning, he thrust hard into her after that first tentative entry, so that his balls slapped against her. Then he withdrew almost totally; then he was in again, entering her now each time with a harshness and need that would almost have been painful, had she not been so completely aroused. The sensations he engendered were exquisite; her orgasm was hovering deliciously close. Out again, almost; then in - in so hard, so brutal. Then out and gone from her, so that she gasped, bereft and amazed - and then the door came open suddenly, and a man's tall outline filled the frame.

Jemma almost yelped with shock, but the young photographer's glance over his shoulder was far from embarrassed at the state they were in, naked and hungrily

seeking satisfaction like wild young animals. His look was cursory and accompanied by an easy smile.

‘She’s perfect for you, Dom,’ he said, and Jemma saw that, far from being deflated by this intrusion, his penis, gleaming slickly from her own juices, was waving lustily between her legs like a divining-rod over water, so keen was he to continue.

The man – ‘Dom’ – stepped into the room and closed the door behind him, sauntering closer to the busy couple. Torn between feeling half-mad with unsated desire and at the same time desperately embarrassed, Jemma automatically covered her breasts, attempting uselessly to conceal them, creating an unconscious picture of such guilty excitement that her eager young lover groaned at the sight. She tried to close her legs, but could not, and succeeded only in clamping her thighs more firmly about her lover’s hips.

‘Put it back in her,’ instructed the intruder with obvious amusement. ‘Or you’ll come all over her belly instead of taking full measure. She’s nearly there, too. I’ll watch.’

To Jemma’s amazement the man stationed himself slightly to the side of them so that he could view the proceedings more clearly. Jemma looked at him in amazement as he stood there with his arms folded across his chest, as detached as if watching two animals mating in a wildlife programme.

Distracted though she was, Jemma noted that he was in his mid-thirties, and was lean and sparely muscled, like a hunting cat. He looked somehow familiar. His face was sculpted, strong and with stupendous cheekbones, and his hair was as thick and straight and black as her own, but even longer and worn loose. His brows almost met in the middle, an indicator of a stormy temper, and his eyes were chillingly, piercingly green, like pale jade, as they stared at her nakedness.

‘Ahhhh!’ squealed Jemma as the quivering, heated cock once again drove deep into her. She hadn’t been expecting

it; she had been too busy looking at Dom; but as her eyes met his it was suddenly as if *he* was between her legs, fucking her. Dazedly her gaze dropped to his open-necked black silk shirt and down the front of the soft black cord trousers he wore. The material bulged hugely at his crotch. His eyes might be cool, but he definitely found the sight of their lovemaking a turn-on.

‘Uncover your tits,’ Dom ordered, and Jemma found her hands dropping to clutch the stool and steady herself against the photographer’s heavy thrusts. She was hotly aware of her breasts bouncing enticingly as the young man so thoroughly fucked her; and of Dom’s eyes on her nipples, hard as peachpits. She was panting now with each thrust, and so was the photographer. Dom’s eyes drifted down to her sex, where she and the red-haired young man were joined in a medley of black and gold, and suddenly the sweet sensations of climax gripped her, arching her back like a bow, making her clasp wildly at the young man and, by so doing, sending him too hurtling over the precipice of desire into a long, throbbing orgasm.

When at last they were spent, and the photographer withdrew from her, Dom said: ‘You’re right, Neil, she’s perfect.’ To her, he added: ‘I’m Dominic Vane. How do you do?’

Chapter Two

‘**A**nd did he proposition you?’ asked Steven when she tentatively broached the subject of Dominic Vane at home that evening.

‘No.’ Well, he hadn’t. The truth was, she rather wished he had. Dominic Vane exuded a powerful allure, as did all famous men. Even now, a little tired though she was after the day’s exertions, the thought of his eyes feasting coolly upon her body while the red-haired photographer fucked her, was enough to bring a hectic flush back to her cheeks.

Steven looked at her shrewdly. Not for nothing was he a top-flight accountant; he rarely took things on face value, and was always prepared to delve deeper; to explore every avenue until he had all the facts.

‘But you wanted him to,’ he breathed, emptying the last dregs of chilled Sauvignon Blanc into his glass and placing the empty bottle on the floor beside the sofa. They had enjoyed a leisurely dinner, and were both feeling relaxed. After her experience in the darkroom, Jemma was feeling particularly mellow, sipping her wine, inclined to confide.

‘He’s very attractive,’ she said in massive understatement.

‘I thought I read in one of the arts reviews that he hadn’t even had an exhibition in over a year. The critics were saying he’d lost it.’

‘Lost it?’

‘His talent. His muse, if you like, had apparently deserted him.’ Steven smiled wryly. ‘Perhaps he wants you to fulfil that function.’ His mouth twisted. ‘And a few others, I don’t doubt.’

Jemma considered this. Having introduced himself to her in such strange and stimulating circumstances, Dominic had then pressed a card bearing the address of his London studio into her hand, saying curtly: 'Tuesday at eight, then.'

After which, he had departed with disappointing speed, even before the two young lovers had time to dress. Thinking of fulfilling the function Steven had so clearly alluded to was by no means distasteful to her. It was even enough to make her feel inclined to make love again, right there and then. And Steven was good-looking, too, she reminded herself. She had always admired his rather austere looks, even if he did sometimes break their unwritten first rule as a free-loving couple by displaying a boringly possessive streak.

'So, who have you been fucking then?' asked Steven crudely, his hazel eyes glittering with lust, his own rough talk arousing him. 'If not Dominic Vane? I can smell sex on you.'

Jemma shrugged lightly, holding the chilly glass against the hot skin of her throat. Her eyes grew dreamy. 'It was another photographer,' she admitted with a rueful smile. 'In fact, it was a set-up - almost a conspiracy.'

'What was? You mean someone tricked you into spreading your legs for this other guy?'

'Not exactly.' The whole thing had been masterminded by Dominic, she didn't doubt that. But what he had hoped to prove or achieve by it, she as yet had no idea. A frown furrowed her pale brow briefly. 'Phyllida was keen I should take the job with Dominic, and he'd already checked I was free with the agency. Then Phyllida pointed me in the direction of this other photographer, who had been taking an interest in me all day.'

'Watching you strip off backstage,' guessed Steven.

'Yes.' Jemma's eyes lowered thoughtfully. As she had suspected, Steven was quite turned on. He shifted a little on the sofa, his hand going to the crotch of his light-tan

coloured trousers to ease the obvious discomfort there. 'And then,' she went on, 'when we were, well -'

'Conjoined? In the act of copulation?' suggested Steven a bit breathlessly.

'Yes.'

'Naked?'

'Yes, we were both naked. Then Dominic came in unexpectedly, and the photographer told Dominic that I'd be perfect for him.'

'What, the guy had his cock stuck inside you, and he's making conversation with this other guy who's just charged in unannounced?'

'Yes.'

'And you're perfect why? Because you enjoy getting laid?'

'Because I like to pose, I think. I didn't realise it until today, but I do.' She put her empty glass aside and gazed into the flames that leapt hypnotically in the fireplace. 'I liked the photographer looking at me, taking shots of me. And I liked Dominic seeing me that way, too. It was exciting.'

Steven smiled. 'I like seeing you that way myself,' he said, and took her hand, placing it upon the urgent bulge between his legs and squeezing her flesh to his cock through the thin material of his trousers.

Jemma smiled too, eager to please. She rubbed his sex gently so that it jerked and strained beneath her hand. She hadn't even had time to bathe yet; she had time only to strip off her dayclothes and slip into her Janet Reger peach silk teddy to relax in, when Steven had called out that the dinner was ready. No wonder he could smell sex on her; she must reek of it - of another man's penis and skin and caresses - but, luckily, Steven was finding all this arousing rather than an annoyance. Or so she thought, until he spoke again.

'I suppose I really should punish you for your infidelity,' he considered, eyeing her beadily.

‘Oh?’ Jemma’s mouth opened and her tongue slowly travelled over her lower lip. ‘Punishment’ was a favourite game of Steven’s – one she always joined in with relish.

‘Yes.’ He leant back upon the sofa. ‘Come here.’

Jemma moved closer so that she was kneeling on the sofa beside him. She leant over and placed her glass upon the floor and, as she straightened, Steven slid one spaghetti-thin strap of the teddy down her arm, sending the silken cup of the shimmering garment slithering away to uncover one breast.

‘Like an Amazon,’ murmured Steven, his palm now lubriciously rubbing her hardening nipple. ‘One breast naked, the other covered.’ He slid the other strap down, too, and the insubstantial material descended further, settling about her hips. Steven lounged back and beheld with a connoisseur’s delight the splendour of the two fully exposed globes, their skin so milky-pale, their nipples so dark and so enticingly erect.

‘Unzip me,’ he breathed, and Jemma, her breath coming in gasps of impending excitement, gladly complied, her fingers swiftly delving into his fly to push down his boxer shorts and release his eager penis. It sprang out like a jack-in-the-box from its hiding place, long and slim like Steven himself, and Jemma stroked it lovingly with her cool fingers until it twitched with desire, seeking greater pleasures.

Jemma leant over his lap, kissing the hot, wavering head of his cock. When Steven groaned his acquiescence to her attentions, she poked her tongue into his cock’s little slit, salty with love-juice, and flicked at its most sensitive core. Then, with butterfly-like movements of her tongue, she worked her way down the long stem of his penis, before returning with a promising suck to its tip, before slipping it fully into her mouth.

‘No, not yet,’ muttered Steven through gritted teeth, grasping a handful of her hair to bring her head up and away from his already wild state of arousal. Desperately he

clasped the base of his cock, holding off the orgasm that threatened to shower her breasts with his come. 'Lie down across my lap,' he ordered, his voice harsh with the effort of such restraint.

Accepting her punishment, Jemma positioned herself across him as he asked, so that she was face down on the sofa. Her crotch was separated from his mighty stem only by the thin material of her underwear.

'That's it. Now spread your thighs a little,' Steven prompted. 'Like you did for that photographer, remember?'

Jemma willingly did so, bringing her rigid and aching clitoris into even closer proximity to his cock. She moaned her need of him, and he laughed. His hand, which had rested upon the plump curve of one scarcely concealed buttock, moved between her legs and pulled at the skimpy material covering her secret place, so that the two little poppers sprang apart and the fabric fell loose. With deliberate slowness Steven rolled the teddy up, uncovering her flaring hips and pale buttocks and the deep valley between them, until the garment was nothing but a broad belt of silk about her small waist.

'I love your arse,' mused Steven, stroking the fleshy mounds lightly. 'You naughty girl.'

The first smack across her backside tore a small shriek of surprise and consternation from Jemma, but Steven continued anyway. He was spanking her bare-arsed, like a licentious headmaster taking liberties with a naughty schoolgirl. Jerking up on to her elbows, her breasts swinging free and naked, she shot him a look of protest over her shoulder. Another blow fell, and another, stinging and sensitising her soft flesh until she felt her backside must be glowing pink. It felt like a radiator giving off heat.

Unfortunately not only her buttocks were getting hot. When Steven stopped administering her punishment, he eagerly pushed the twin hillocks of her arse wide apart, admiring the tight magenta rosebud of her anus, her wet