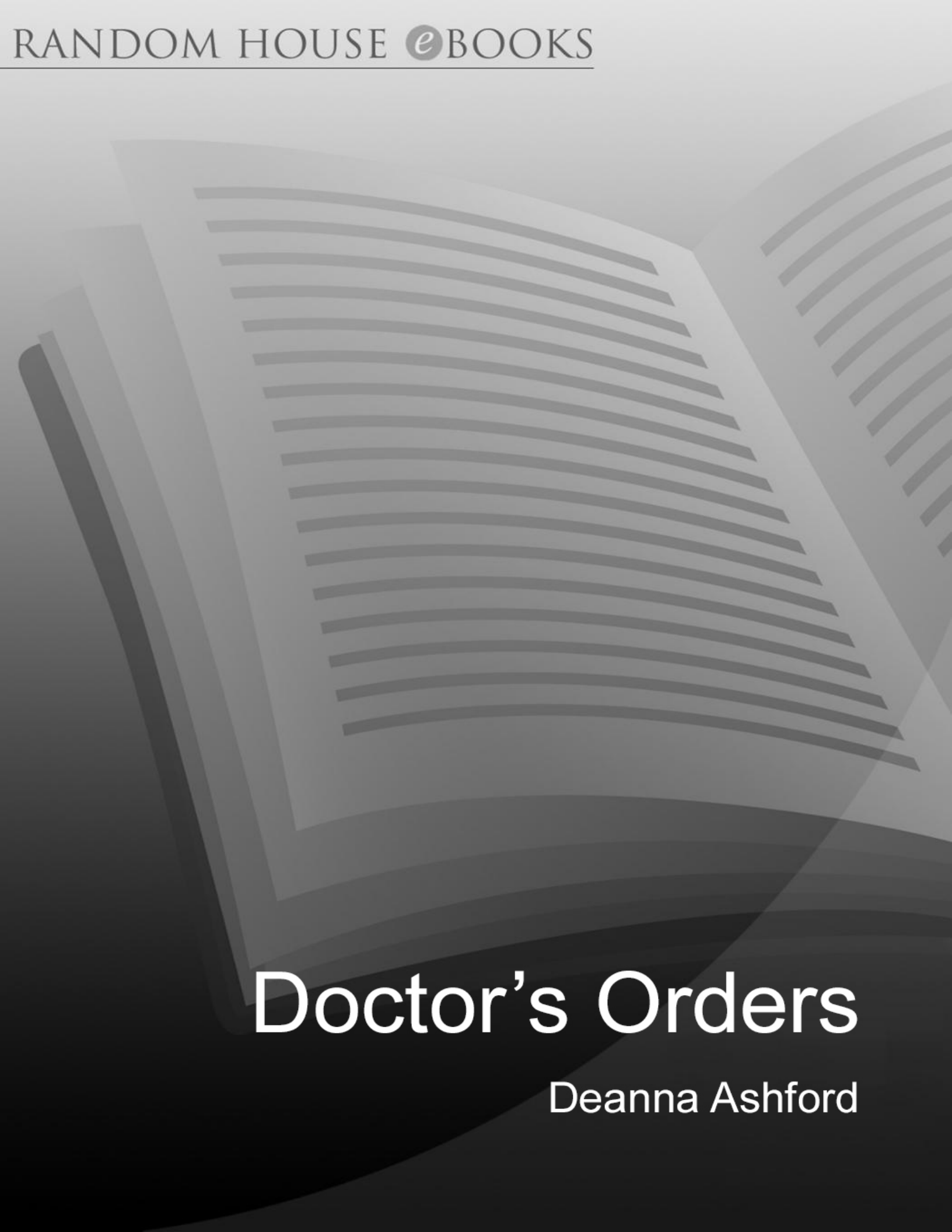


RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS

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# Doctor's Orders

Deanna Ashford

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## About the Book

Helen Dawson is a dedicated doctor who has taken a short-term assignment at an exclusive private hospital that caters for every need of its rich and famous clients. The matron, Sandra Pope, ensures this includes their most curious sexual fantasies. When Helen forms a risky affair with a famous actor, she is drawn deeper into the hedonistic lifestyle of the clinic. But will she risk her won privileges when she uncovers the dubious activities of Sandra and her team?

This story of naughty nurses getting busy behind the screens will set temperatures soaring!

## About the Author

Deanna Ashford is the pseudonym of an author of historical, romantic and erotic fiction.

She is the author of *Barbarian Prize*, *Doctor's Orders*, *Templar Prize* and *Wild Kingdom*, all available from *Black Lace*.

**By the same author:**

Savage Surrender  
Wild Kingdom

# Doctor's Orders

Deanna Ashford

**BLACK  
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'I've always had a thing about lady doctors,' said Duncan.

'Have you?' said Helen, with a wry smile on her face. 'So you like to see women in positions of authority?'

'They fascinate me,' he confessed.

'And would you like to be dominated, Duncan?' As his expression told her all she needed to know, Helen realised she was playing with fire. He was her patient, and he was supposed to be recovering.

## *Chapter One*

DR HELEN DAWSON was the friendliest and most even-tempered senior registrar at St Matthew's Hospital - a crumbling NHS edifice situated in a run down area of London, close to the Docklands development. It was most unusual to see her in a bad mood, and the two nurses, gossiping outside the entrance to Laburnum ward, looked up in amazement as Dr Dawson strode past them, her full lips set in a tight angry line.

Helen Dawson was far too involved in her own problems to even notice the surprised glances from the various members of staff she passed as she marched determinedly up the stairs to the second floor. One of Helen's decisions regarding a patient's treatment had been overruled by Professor Max Fenton, the senior consultant in charge of her department. It wasn't the first time Max Fenton had done this to her, and she intended to get this matter sorted out once and for all.

Max Fenton's office was in the west wing, located in the Byron Suite, the private part of the hospital. Soon the scuffed linoleum floors and peeling cream paint disappeared, to be replaced by thick grey carpet, pink wallpaper and soft lighting. Helen usually noticed the difference, frustrated by the constant lack of adequate funding in the NHS, but today she wasn't conscious of the change in her surroundings as she strode past the office of Professor Fenton's secretary, Ella Carter.

'You can't go in, Dr Dawson,' Ella said agitatedly. 'He left orders not to be disturbed.'

'Damn his orders,' Helen muttered under her breath as she ignored Ella and strode into her boss's office.

Max was seated behind his large mahogany desk, sifting through a pile of papers. The morning sunlight streamed through the window just behind him, and his steel grey hair looked almost white in the bright light. Max had only recently returned from a medical conference in Southern California and the deep tan he'd acquired made his eyes appear even more startlingly blue.

'Dr Dawson?' Max Fenton said coldly. 'Just what do you think you are doing, barging in here like this?'

'I'm sorry to disturb you,' Helen replied, trying to contain her fury. She knew that Max wouldn't appreciate an unseemly outburst. Sometimes, Helen thought, Max was just too damn controlled. 'I have to speak to you right now.'

'What's so important that it can't wait a few hours?' Max enquired, removing his steel-rimmed spectacles. 'I told Ella that I wasn't to be disturbed under any circumstances. I've a lot of work to do and I'm due at the TV studios by one at the latest.'

As well as carrying out all his medical duties, Max Fenton was a regular presenter on a high-profile medical programme that dealt with all aspects of women's health. His good looks and charm, coupled with his medical expertise, had gained him a legion of female fans. Because of this his private practice had increased to almost unmanageable proportions. Nevertheless, Helen didn't begrudge Max his success; he still remained true to his origins, often working long hours to see as many NHS patients as possible.

'You overruled my decision and refused treatment to Laura Marchant,' Helen challenged.

'I did,' Max Fenton confirmed. 'I happen to think that cosmetic surgery won't solve Laura Marchant's problems. She'd be better off if we referred her to the psychiatric department. We can only treat the most needy on the NHS

and you know how limited we are by this year's budget. If she is really desperate to have the surgery she can find the money to pay for private treatment.'

'That's a pretty hard-nosed attitude,' Helen retorted. 'Frankly, I don't agree with your diagnosis. She's my patient and Laura doesn't need a psychiatrist, she just needs the surgery. Her financial circumstances would never allow her to find enough to go private. I want you to reconsider, Max.' Laura had aroused a sympathy in Helen that totally outweighed logical medical considerations.

'Helen, you're a brilliant doctor, but you've still a lot to learn. You should never allow emotion to take precedence over your medical judgement,' Max said, leaning back in his chair and subjecting her to a penetrating stare.

Helen's skin prickled under his gaze. Max was just too attractive for her peace of mind and she fancied him like crazy, but she wouldn't let that get to her. She was determined not to let him sidetrack her in any way. She would keep her mind focused on the matter in hand. 'In our line of work I think that sometimes we have to do just that,' she countered defiantly.

'You're too self-opinionated at times.' Max looked her up and down with a slow sensual precision that, despite all Helen's outward control, made her heart beat faster.

Someone had once told her that in order to retain command of a situation like this, one should try to imagine the other person clad only in his underwear. However, the thought of Max dressed only in a brief white pair of Calvin Klein's served to have the opposite effect and unsettled her even more. He was tall and slim with the muscular physique of a swimmer or long distance runner. Visions of his long limbs, tanned a deep golden brown, with only a sliver of white cotton covering his bulging crotch, crowded into her mind. Helen swallowed, her mouth going suddenly dry as she was overcome by a multitude of obscene thoughts.

She tried to concentrate on her patient's problem. But it became even more difficult to focus her attentions when Max smiled at her and said in a soft, mesmerising tone, 'I think we should continue this discussion undisturbed, don't you, Helen?'

Max walked over to the door, and turned the key in the lock, while Helen watched him in silence, feeling aroused, yet also apprehensive. Max generated a multitude of conflicting emotions inside her whenever they were together. She was attracted to powerful men. They acted like an aphrodisiac on her senses, and she found a perverse pleasure in being controlled by them. Max had somehow sensed that when she had come to work for him, and he often took advantage of that fact.

Today was clearly no exception, she thought, as he moved to stand in front of her. The thin white cotton of his shirt clung to the firm contours of his chest and slim waist. She glanced downwards, seeing the proud shape of his cock half-concealed by the soft pleats of his grey trousers. She suppressed a shiver of desire, wanting to fling herself into his arms and beg him to fuck her. Max was the dominant partner in all aspects of their private and professional relationships, but for once she was determined to fight the hold he had over her, and insist on having her own way. 'My decision to treat Laura Marchant should stand. You gave me full control over the clinic, didn't you, Max? What gives you the right to countermand my decisions when it suits you?'

'You're so arousing when you're feisty, Helen.' Max chuckled. 'Perhaps I should countermand your decisions more often.'

He leaned towards her and his warm masculine odour, a heady mixture of pheromones and expensive cologne, filled her nostrils. Helen's nipples grew taut against the thin cotton of her dress, and the heat between her thighs increased, her panties dampening, the moist gusset stretching tightly against her swollen pussy lips. 'This is

serious, Max,' she said curtly, anger and arousal sending a rush of colour to her pale cheeks.

'Even if I did agree to operate on Laura Marchant the results we could achieve would be minimal. She's not going to turn into a raving beauty overnight,' he said, with a trace of cynicism. 'Reading your reports, I'm certain that her problems run far deeper than just her physical appearance. In the circumstances, don't you think our limited resources would be more efficiently employed elsewhere?'

'I don't think we should always consider cost,' Helen argued. 'If we did that, most medical advances would never be made.'

'In some instances you may be right, Helen. However, on the subject of Laura Marchant, I've yet to be convinced.' Max glanced at his watch. 'I'll give you ten minutes. Go ahead, find a way to persuade me to change my mind.' He sat back against his desk, looking at her expectantly, his gaze focusing pointedly on the upper swell of her breasts, which were revealed by the low scoop neckline of her brief cotton dress.

The room was deathly quiet, a cocoon of luxury protecting them from the noise of the busy hospital. For a moment Helen faltered - Max was playing games - and she knew exactly what he expected her to do next. Fighting her need for him, she shook her head. 'No, Max, not this time . . .' she murmured.

'I'm not making you do anything you don't want to do, Helen, you know that,' he purred. 'Go ahead, offer me any number of credible reasons why we should operate on Laura Marchant.' He paused. 'However, to quote an old adage, don't actions always speak louder than words?'

Helen looked at his hands resting on the desk. They were slim, with long graceful fingers. Beautiful hands that were capable of carrying out the most intricate miracles of surgery, yet also able to take her to the very peak of pleasure. She couldn't deny that she wanted him touching

her right now. Her knees felt weak as she let her imagination run riot. 'You're a bastard, Max.'

'You wouldn't have me any other way.' Ice-blue eyes challenged hers.

'Damn you,' she muttered, not giving herself time to think of the consequences as she shrugged off her white coat. She pulled impatiently at the buttons running down the front of her short cotton dress. Her fingers, usually so agile and precise in their movements, fumbled awkwardly with the tiny fastenings. The front of her dress parted to reveal full breasts, slightly over-generous for her slim frame, then her narrow waist and the faintly rounded curve of her belly. Underneath Helen wore only a pair of brief, white lace panties that barely covered the tangle of pale blonde curls at her groin. 'Is that convincing enough?' she challenged.

Max remained silent, his cool gaze seeming to caress every inch of her exposed flesh, and she shivered, feeling goosepimples form on her skin. Helen hated herself, hated the pleasure she found in such submissive behaviour, but at this moment in time all she wanted was Max. Her body ached with longing as Max stepped forwards and gently cupped her left breast in his hand.

'Very,' he murmured, pinching her nipple. Helen gave a soft moan as he pulled at both her teats until they grew into fat pink cones. 'What would your male patients think,' Max added in a throaty tone, 'if they knew how little you were wearing under that white coat.' Hooking his fingers under the lacy sides of her panties, he pulled Helen close. 'Perhaps you should be assigned to the male impotence clinic?'

'That's not a very professional comment,' Helen countered, all too conscious of the blatant boldness of Max's erection which pressed enticingly into her stomach.

'I dropped all pretence of professionalism the moment you chose to invade my office, Dr Dawson,' Max said. 'Now all I want to do is fuck you until you beg for mercy.'

He spun Helen round, forcing her back against the desk, caging her with his arms. The rolled wooden edge of the desk dug into her thighs, just below the curves of her buttocks. Max picked up a small silver paper knife and sawed through the lacy strip that held her panties together. As the lace fell away to reveal the full beauty of the pale-gold curls guarding her sex, Max gave a ragged groan. Jerking Helen close, he held her, grinding his engorged penis sensuously against her stomach.

‘Why do I always end up giving in to you,’ Helen said breathlessly as Max bit hungrily at her full breasts, flicking his tongue over the hard points of her nipples. A delicious coil of lust uncurled in the pit of her belly, and her quim grew even wetter as Max pushed his tongue into her mouth, voraciously exploring the moist interior.

‘Because you enjoy it.’ Max caressed her back, his fingers tracing the line of her spine and the gentle curve of her buttocks. He stroked the sensitive skin of her inner thigh, just brushing her pubic curls and she trembled in anticipation, desperate for him to invade her sex. As Max’s teasing fingers slid between her pussy lips, thrusting deep inside her, Helen gave a soft, pleasure-filled sigh.

Taking hold of her wrist, Max pressed her palm against his groin. Helen could feel the hardness of his prick, straining eagerly at the confining fabric of his trousers.

‘Fuck me,’ she begged, pulling down the zipper tab. ‘Fuck me now, Max,’ she added pleadingly as his stiff, naked cock reared from the opening.

‘Greedy bitch,’ he grunted as he pushed her down on to the desk, impatiently shoving the piles of books and papers on to the floor. The polished wood felt cold and slippery against her buttocks as Max pulled her thighs wider apart and thrust his fingers further into her, his knuckles roughly grazing her sensitive G-spot, arousing her senses to a fever pitch. Leaning forwards he cruelly squeezed her left nipple until Helen squirmed with excited, painful pleasure.

Max looked down at her quim. Moisture glinted on the pale curls of her pubic hair which delicately framed the rosy slit of her sex. 'So pretty,' he grunted, replacing his fingers with the hot hardness of his prick. He thrust into her with one smooth stroke that seemed to penetrate the very depths of her vitals as the root of his shaft rammed against the sensitive tip of her clitoris. Immediately, Helen wanted to lift her legs, twine them around his narrow hips, but as always Max retained control. Digging his fingers into the soft skin of her thighs, he held her body motionless as he continued to pound into her.

Helen surrendered to Max's passion as his thrusts became faster, deeper, forcing her upwards, towards the brink. His thick root nudged repeatedly against her clit until the intense sensations overwhelmed her. Helen felt her interior muscles tense around him, spasming out of control as she came in a sudden rush of ecstasy.

After, she lay there, wide-eyed and silent, the strength drained from her body, while Max, breathing heavily, his brow dotted with perspiration, pulled away from her and wiped the scent of her from his cock with a handful of tissues. He pushed his semi-erect organ back inside his trousers and looked down at her. She still lay limply, spread-eagled across his desk, her tangled blonde hair fanning out across the dark polished mahogany.

'You've convinced me,' Max said, smoothing his ruffled grey hair. 'If you wish it, Laura Marchant can have her operation.'

'Sometimes I almost hate you,' she said breathlessly, refusing his extended hand as she sat up.

'I know you don't mean that.' Max smiled teasingly as he watched her climb from his desk, totally naked, her hair falling in tangled strands around her shoulders. 'If only your patients could see you now. Their prim Dr Dawson, a sexy seductress.'

'I look a mess,' she said, her voice trembling as Max bent to retrieve her dress.

'Unfortunately, your panties are beyond repair.' Max picked up the ragged scraps of lace, stuffed them in a manila envelope and threw it in the waste paper bin.

'You're costing me a fortune in underwear,' Helen complained half-jokingly.

'Then allow me to buy you some new undies. I know a delightful little shop in Mayfair that has the most erotic garments I've ever seen. Consider it, if you like, an early Christmas present.'

'In June?' She gave a soft, uneasy laugh. 'You know that I don't feel comfortable letting you pay, Max.' It was bad enough that she let him hold sway over practically every other aspect of her existence.

'How can you be so stubborn about some things, and so acquiescent on other occasions,' Max murmured. 'You're a contradiction, Helen.'

'That's what you like about me, Max,' she remarked, struggling to do up the buttons of her dress.

'Helen.' Max pushed her hands aside and fastened the buttons as though she were a helpless child. 'You're too bloody independent,' he said, tenderly kissing her. 'You're also intelligent and very beautiful. You could be successful in anything you tried to do. Why, when I've offered you the occasional spot on the programme to help supplement your income, do you always find some reason to refuse?'

'I don't think I could handle all the attention that goes with the notoriety.' Often during their dates they'd had their private moments interrupted by overzealous fans. Max had a natural ability to take such moments in his stride, but Helen hated the regular unwanted intrusions on their privacy.

'It's not so bad.' Max removed a few stray pins from her hair and ran his fingers through her tangled locks. 'I suggest you use my bathroom and do something about your hair

before Ella sees you, Helen. You know how much of a gossip my secretary is.'

'Ella often confides in me. She's certain that you're having a secret affair with someone in the hospital,' Helen replied with a smile. 'She just hasn't cottoned on that it's me,' she added as she pulled on her white coat and picked up a felt-tip pen which had fallen from the pocket and rolled half under a chair.

Max piled the scattered books and papers back on to his desk, then straightened and looked at his watch. 'I'll have to leave soon,' he said.

'Can you make dinner tonight?' she asked.

'Sure. We'll eat at my place. I'll order in,' Max replied, then added in a more serious tone. 'We have a lot to discuss.'

She tensed. 'Have you heard? Has the final decision on the hospital's future been made?'

'Yes,' Max replied. 'I got a call this morning, just before you barged into my office.'

'Judging by your expression, the news isn't good?'

'You're right,' he confirmed.

'Damn,' Helen exclaimed in angry frustration. 'Then St Matthew's will definitely close?'

'It's not the end of the world, Helen.' Max shrugged his shoulders. 'We'll talk about the future tonight.'

'Sure,' she agreed, trying to contain her disappointment. The staff had worked hard lately in a last ditch attempt to save the hospital from closure. 'As you say, Max, we can talk tonight.'

*Inamoratia* - an elegant, very expensive restaurant close to the Tower of London, was crowded as usual. There were a number of major celebrities among the regular clientele, and the owners prided themselves on the fact that their diners could enjoy themselves in peace. The restaurant had a strict rule; fans, or admirers of any kind, who troubled the

personalities, were always asked swiftly and politely to leave.

It had been three days since Helen had discovered that St Matthew's was closing, and a lot had happened in that short length of time. She and Max had some final matters to discuss and in the restaurant she knew that they would be able to enjoy each other's company undisturbed.

Helen had chosen to wear a scrap of designer black satin that she knew had cost Max an obscene amount of money. The short, bias-cut dress had a low neckline and was held up by thin shoestring straps. It had been Max's birthday present to her. The dress was cut so low at the back it was impossible to wear a bra, but Helen was lucky; despite the fact that her breasts were large and full, they were still as firm and uptilted as they had been in her teens. Also, at Max's behest, she'd left off her panties.

When she walked into the restaurant, Helen felt bold and blatantly sexual. The soft satin caressed her erect nipples, brushing sensuously against her belly and sex as she moved. The skimpy garment was short - a good eight inches above her knees - and it flared out at the hem. She felt even more excited and apprehensive knowing that one indiscreet movement would bare the blonde curls of her pubis to public gaze.

Max was already seated at their usual table, and Helen moved to join him, oblivious of the admiring glances from a number of the other male diners. Helen was twenty-nine years old, and not only was she extremely clever, she was also beautiful: tall and elegant, with delicate features, grey-blue eyes and hair the colour of spun gold.

'I've already ordered,' Max said, as she sat down beside him at the small round table.

'I'm not very hungry,' she replied, picking up her glass of red wine.

'Still upset about the hospital closing, and me moving to the States?'

Max had told her all his plans the evening she had discovered the hospital was closing. He, along with a small group of financial backers, was planning to open up a string of plastic surgery clinics all across America.

'Everything's happened so quickly,' she said. She still couldn't help resenting the fact that he'd not confided in her as fully as he could. As far as she had known the US business venture was still only in the early planning stages. Now she'd discovered it was almost complete.

'I understand how you feel.' Max smiled reassuringly as he put his hand on her knee under the cover of the tablecloth. He slid it slowly upwards past the lacy tops of her hold-up stockings. His blue eyes darkened with desire as, from then on, he encountered nothing but bare flesh. 'You did as I asked,' he whispered huskily.

'Does that turn you on?' she smiled seductively, feeling empowered by the expression on Max's face, 'Knowing that I'm naked under this dress.'

'More than you know,' he growled, ceasing his exploration and letting his hand rest on the upper part of her bare thigh. 'I'm going to miss you like crazy.'

'Me too.' She would miss the great sex if nothing else, although Max could be a selfish bastard and was sometimes more concerned with his own pleasure than hers.

'You could join me sooner if you wouldn't insist on being so independent.'

'I won't let you keep me, Max, even for a few months. I'll come as soon as I can get a green card, and authority to practise medicine in the States.'

In the meantime, Max had offered Helen a senior registrar's job at the Princess Beatrice Clinic - an exclusive private hospital that was owned by him and his American financial partners. Helen would have preferred to follow her NHS patients who were transferring to the King's Cross Hospital, but the plastic surgery clinic there was already fully staffed. In the normal course of events Helen would

never have accepted a job at a private hospital, but they had offered almost double her current salary. At present her outgoings substantially exceeded her incomings, a fact that had more or less forced her to agree to the very generous short-term contract.

‘How will I ever manage without this?’ he purred, his hand moving higher again, his fingers pulling teasingly at her blonde pubic curls.

‘Perhaps you’ll find someone else?’ she said lightly, opening her slim thighs, wanting his searching fingers to slide between her pussy lips. There was something highly titillating about knowing that Max intended to frig her in front of all these people.

‘No one else pleases me like you do, Helen.’ Max leaned closer and whispered in her ear, ‘This hot little pussy is all mine, never forget that.’

Helen gave a soft sigh, her eyes glazing over, the sounds of the other diners receding, as Max’s tantalising fingers began their slow sensual exploration. However, her pleasure was interrupted by the unexpected sound of a male voice.

‘Max - I never thought I’d see you here!’ The deep voice, with its strong mid-Atlantic undertones, made the hairs on the back of Helen’s neck prickle.

‘Duncan!’ Max smiled warmly at the man. ‘What brings you back to England?’ he asked, ceasing the subtle movements of his fingers, but letting his left hand remain where it was, lightly cupping her sex. He seemed casual in his greeting, making no attempt to stand, or shake hands, as he normally would when coming across an old acquaintance.

Helen couldn’t fail to recognise the famous movie star, Duncan Paul. During her teenage years, Helen had been mad about Duncan, having a crush to end all crushes on him. He hadn’t been quite so well known then; it was at the beginning of his career, when he had been starring in an action-adventure TV series. Tall and muscular, with black

hair and dark brown eyes, Duncan was even more devastatingly handsome in the flesh.

‘Mind if I join you for a moment?’ Duncan did not wait for a reply. He pulled up an extra chair and sat down at their table. ‘I’m filming here during the coming months. I’m executive producer on this one, so I’m heavily into pre-production work.’ Duncan’s deep voice caressed Helen’s senses. Goosepimples formed on her skin and her stomach tightened, just as Max’s fingers closed possessively over her naked pubis.

There was barely room for an extra person at the small table, and Duncan’s presence proved quite overwhelming for an already highly aroused Helen. Duncan was undeniably sexy, and the close proximity of the two men, coupled with the feel of Max’s hand on her crotch, made her feel incredibly horny. Her breasts swelled and her nipples stiffened even more, until the aching peaks lewdly distended the thin satin of her dress.

‘Helen.’ Max glanced over at her. Fully aware, by the way her juices were steadily dampening the palm of his hand, that she was now even more highly aroused. ‘This is my cousin, Duncan Paul. Duncan, may I introduce Dr Helen Dawson.’

Helen smiled, surprised that Max had never bothered to tell her he was related to such a famous movie star.

‘You’ve been keeping this one very quiet, Max.’ Duncan looked admiringly at Helen as he lifted her hand to his lips. ‘It’s a pleasure to meet you, fair lady.’

Lust crawled slowly over her skin, and she shivered slightly. ‘I’m an admirer of your work, Duncan,’ Helen managed to say in a husky voice, although it was difficult to sound composed. Max’s fingers were sliding inside her now, teasing and tantalising her senses, while she was so close to Duncan she could smell the musky maleness emanating from his body.

Helen's senses were so inflamed, so on edge, she felt as if she were floating and about to climax at any moment. Taking hold of her wine glass, she gripped the stem tightly, fighting to retain control of herself. It wasn't easy. Max's searching fingers ventured deeper, until she thought she would scream aloud with pleasure. Agitatedly she glanced over at Max, who had a calm unconcerned expression on his face, which belied what he was doing to her under the cover of the tablecloth.

'Helen's a great fan it seems,' Max said. 'Judging by the effect you're having on her, Duncan. I've never seen her so overwhelmed.' As he spoke he pressed his thumb down hard on her clit, and it took all the self control Helen had to remain still and stop herself from gasping aloud. Her thighs shook slightly, and beads of sweat formed on her brow, as Max doubled the assault on her senses.

'It's great to meet someone who likes my work. Max never tells his friends that we're related,' Duncan said to Helen. 'Too embarrassed I reckon. He thinks most of the movies I make are rubbish.'

'Not all of them,' Max amended. 'Just the ones where you save the world single-handed,' he added jokingly.

As Helen's orgasm exploded, the stem of her glass snapped under the pressure of her grasping fingers, spilling blood-red wine over the white tablecloth. 'Oh, God!' she gasped.

Grabbing a napkin, Duncan blotted up the wine and looked worriedly at Helen. 'You didn't cut yourself, did you?'

'No. I feel so silly, it just snapped,' Helen said, pulling down her dress and standing up in one agitated movement. 'Excuse me, I have to go to the ladies,' she added shakily. Picking up her bag, she moved swiftly away from the table.

'Duncan really turned you on, didn't he?' Max said, managing to sound remarkably cool and untroubled.

Duncan had gone back to join the people he was dining with, before Helen returned from the ladies'. Max had never resented his cousin's movie star looks and fame before, but he did now. Judging by her response, Helen really fancied Duncan, and that knowledge annoyed him and made him feel extraordinarily jealous.

During dinner Max had managed to deftly brush aside Helen's curious questions about Duncan. Instead they had talked about her new job, and Max's impending move to the States. They were now about to leave, and Max could contain his curiosity no longer. He had to find out exactly what Helen thought about his world famous cousin.

'I have to admit he is gorgeous looking. I had rather a crush on him when I was a teenager,' Helen owned up, laughing in an embarrassed kind of way. 'I never expected to meet the guy, certainly not here of all places. Then to discover you and Duncan Paul were related . . .'

'Perhaps you're not quite over your youthful crush,' Max remarked as they entered the lift. They were followed by an elderly couple. The woman was wearing a genuine mink coat. As the lift started to move she stared thoughtfully at Max, who pointedly ignored her and leaned closer to Helen.

'Do you know that every time I lifted my fork to my mouth during dinner I could smell your come on my hands,' he whispered in Helen's ear. 'It made me feel so bloody horny. I wanted to bury my face in your quim and suck you dry.'

'If you had, I'd probably have destroyed the rest of the glass and crockery on the table. The head waiter was upset enough about one glass,' she whispered back, colouring slightly. She cast a wary glance in the direction of the elderly couple, before adding, 'I want you right now, Max.'

Max gave a husky chuckle. 'I'd be only too happy to oblige, but those two old fogies would probably have a heart attack. I'm in no mood to give CPR,' he replied, just as they reached the basement car park.

Max and Helen followed the elderly couple into the small concrete passage, eager to reach the privacy of Max's Mercedes. However, the old woman turned and smiled hesitantly at Max, her overweight bulk half-blocking their way. 'Aren't you that wonderful TV doctor? The one who does the programme on women's health?'

'I am indeed.' Max pulled Helen closer to him and slid an impatient hand under the back of her dress to cup her bare buttocks. He fondled her soft tempting flesh, so hungry for her now it was unbelievable. Max was in no mood for an extended encounter with an adoring fan tonight.

'I do love your programme,' the woman continued in a tremulous voice. 'The last two have been so informative. You are wonderful and I -'

'I'm so glad,' Max interrupted, his fragile patience running out. 'Horny' didn't even describe the way he was feeling. 'I can understand your interest in the segments on plastic surgery, but at your age I fail to understand how you could find female fertility problems so fascinating,' he continued curtly. 'If you'll excuse us.'

Max pulled Helen past the couple, out into the underground car park. The lights were dimmer here, the cavernous depths filled with the odour of musky dampness and spent exhaust fumes.

'That was unnecessarily cruel,' Helen pointed out. 'You could have been more diplomatic. You probably upset the old dear.'

'Who cares!' Max snapped, feeling tense yet aroused. The heady mixture of lust tinged with jealousy was steadily gaining strength. 'I just said what I thought for once.'

'That's so unlike you, Max. You never lose your cool when confronted by adoring fans.'

'Perhaps I should more often,' he growled, pulling her impatiently towards the spot where he'd parked his car.

'Slow down - you're hurting my arm,' Helen complained.

'Too bad.'

'I'm not sure I like this new side of you, Max.'

His mouth set in a grim line and Max ignored her. Helen's response to Duncan's arrival was the one thing now consuming his thoughts. Max was suddenly feeling insecure, an uncomfortable emotion for a man usually so certain of his own sexual attraction.

'Fuck you.' Helen stumbled slightly on her high heels as Max dragged her between his black Mercedes and the white Rolls Royce parked next to it. 'What the hell is wrong with you?'

'Nothing!' He would soon make her forget Duncan, show this randy little bitch who was her master. Max had never experienced such overwhelming jealousy. Helen was his, his alone, and he intended to prove that to her in no uncertain terms.

'Why are you being so unreasonable?' Helen sounded angry as he pushed her against the bonnet of the Mercedes. 'You're drunk, aren't you?'

'On a couple of bottles of burgundy?' he growled. 'On the contrary, Helen, I'm frighteningly sober,' he continued. 'I just didn't like your behaviour this evening. I suppose you think it normal to act like a bitch in heat when another guy sits next to you!'

Blood pounded through Max's veins, his cock growing harder until it pressed urgently against the zip of his trousers.

'You're jealous.' She feigned surprise. 'That's irrational. I was aroused because you were finger-fucking me in the middle of a crowded restaurant.'

'Do you think I'm stupid? You were barely damp when I touched you. Duncan appeared and your quim was dripping wet. The difference was unbelievable,' he growled, letting his fury erupt.

'I want you, not him.'

Max knew Helen was lying, but it didn't matter. Grabbing hold of the straps of her dress, he yanked them down her

arms, feeling the fragile satin tear at the seams. His lust magnified as the black bodice slid downwards, exposing her bare breasts, the full globes glowing palely in the dim light.

‘Helen,’ he groaned, bending his head, pulling one pert nipple into his mouth and sucking on it like a hungry child.

Helen whimpered softly, the sound echoing eerily around them, and Max knew that he still held full sway over her senses. He felt the tenseness leave her limbs as she lifted her hands, threading her fingers through his hair, clutching his face even closer to her bosom. Max sucked harder, squeezing and kneading her breasts, grazing her nipple with his teeth until she gave a sobbing gasp of surrender.

‘Fuck me,’ she begged. ‘Right here, right now!’ Her eager hands pulled at his trousers, jerking down the zip, freeing his aching prick.

Max covered her lips with his, kissing her passionately, his tongue plunging deep inside her mouth, while Helen ran teasing fingers up and down the shaft of his penis. It jerked excitedly, and Max’s desire magnified, his cock feeling as if it was ready to explode.

‘Seeing you so out of control like this turns me on.’ Helen dipped her hand into the opening of his trousers, her fingers cupping the soft sac of his balls.

‘Then I’ll lose control more often,’ he growled, his hands reaching for her pussy.

His searching fingers invaded her hot damp slit, while she continued to stroke and tease his throbbing testicles. By now he was so aroused that he was forced to grit his teeth, barely able to keep control of his senses. He swung Helen around, pushing her against the bonnet of the car, and lifted up her skirt. She made no attempt to resist as she leaned obediently forwards, belly pressed to the cool, gleaming metal.

Helen was naked apart from her hold-up stockings, the black satin dress lying a crumpled band around her waist. She reminded Max of the whores he’d frequented in

Amsterdam. From one in particular he'd learned the delicate art of dominating a woman.

Her body looked even paler, her skin luminous in contrast to the polished black metal. Max fastened his gaze on her bottom, which had never looked more appealing. Shoving a foot between her legs he forced them wide apart, and pulled open the cheeks of her buttocks. Her rosy arsehole was so tempting, hungry to be filled by his hard dick. Helen had shied away from anal penetration, so Max had never made any attempt to persuade her to try it. Now, he would have given anything to slide his dick into that sweet, tight virginal opening, but he knew this was neither the time nor the place. Soon, he thought, as he dug his fingers into her buttocks and positioned his cock-head against the moist channel of her sex. As he entered her with one swift thrust, she gave a sharp scream of ecstasy.

'You're mine, all mine, baby,' he whispered in her ear.

Placing an arm either side of her, he splayed his fingers across the car bonnet. He ground his belly against her buttocks, then drew back and thrust deeper into the all-embracing flesh. As he began to move his hips in the age-old rhythm, he was barely conscious of the car bouncing slightly on its wheels, rocking in time to his powerful thrusts.

In the distance Max heard the sound of an engine, followed by the slamming of car doors and voices. The new arrivals would move towards the lift, perhaps pass this bay and glance casually into the dark depth, just in time to see him fucking Helen in the smelly warmth of this car park. He found the idea of being watched stimulating, and the blood began to pound savagely through his veins.

As their wild dance of lust continued, Max's movements became stronger, more violent, and the car rocked even harder. Just as the sweet pleasure began to overwhelm him, the raucous sound of his car alarm filled his ears and the headlights began to flash. The intrusive noise seemed to