

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS



Heat of the Moment

Tesni Morgan

Contents

Cover

Also by Tesni Morgan

Title Page

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Chapter 9

Chapter 10

Chapter 11

Chapter 12

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Jason vanished through a door that linked with the kitchen, returning almost at once with a silver salver on which stood white china ramekins filled with dark chocolate pudding. He served these with warm mocha sauce and extra-thick pouring cream, finished with a generous helping of vanilla ice cream.

‘This is melt-in-the-mouth stuff!’ exclaimed Amber, her taste buds pleasantly titillated. ‘Where did you learn to cook like that?’

He reached across and wiped a smear of chocolate from her lips with his little finger, then licked it, and the sight of his tongue, and the way he used it, transformed this simple action into something lascivious. Amber eased her bottom down against the brocaded upholstery of the Chippendale chair.

‘I took a course,’ he said. ‘The experts like to shroud it in mystery, but it’s all a matter of common sense really. I like to do everything I undertake to the best of my ability. And this applies to sex. I always make sure that my lover is satisfied. You won’t have to fake it with me.’

Author's other Black Lace titles:

Earthy Delights
All the Trimmings

HEAT OF THE MOMENT

Tesni Morgan



1

'Good God, what a night! It's lagging it down,' Sue exclaimed, squinting through the rain lashing the windscreen, the wipers squeaking like agitated bats as they thrashed backwards and forwards.

'Are we nearly there?' Diane asked anxiously, seated in the rear, her face appearing in the driving mirror.

'We're not sure, are we, Sue?' Amber replied, trying to read the road map in the greenish glow of the dashboard. 'I don't think I've ever been to Elberry.'

'I have,' said Sue. 'Had a fussy old bag of a made-to-measure customer once who lived there. Wouldn't it be weird if she turned up tonight? A right bossy cow.'

'I hope we don't get stuck anywhere,' Diane ventured.

'Don't worry,' Amber said, with a reassurance she was far from feeling. 'We've got our mobiles.' She was beginning to question the wisdom of their expedition. There had been flooding in the area, roads swamped and cars getting into real difficulties. She made light of it, joking. 'Don't tell me you'd mind a night away from Ray? We might have to be rescued by the police and the fire service. Think of that.'

'I *am* thinking of it,' Diane murmured. 'I wish I'd brought my wellies.'

'Nothing's going to happen,' Sue said firmly. She had elected to drive so that the others could have a drink or two. Now she halted at a barely legible signpost, and added triumphantly, 'There you are, oh ye of little faith. "Elberry Two Miles". Forward troops!'

On occasions like these, Sue always reminded Amber of a Scout mistress. All she needed was a tan linen uniform, a woggle and a whistle, and she'd be fully equipped to deal with any emergency. She always took charge, slipping easily into the role of leader of the pack. Amber imagined that if, by a fluke, they *did* end up stranded, Sue wouldn't let it get her down. Oh, no. She'd have a fire alight in a jiffy, produce something nourishing and have them singing jolly Girl Guide songs to keep their bodies warm and their spirits up till help arrived.

The dark road and storm-wracked branches gave way to the yellowish uncertainty of street lights and a scattering of houses. Then, right beside the high steepled church, there was an open gate, a notice that said 'The Village Hall' and an unexpected congestion of traffic and a shortage of parking space.

'I told you so,' Sue declared, and angled her car into a gap between a muddy green Land Rover and a red Massey Ferguson tractor.

'*A tractor?* They didn't drive here in that, did they?' Amber was sure her worst fears were about to be realised. The evening was going to be a total disaster and a colossal waste of time and effort. She got out, straight rods of rain belting down, ruining her hair as she made a quick dash to the promise of shelter offered by the village hall.

There was a table set up in the vestibule, and a balding, youngish man in a dog collar (clerical not bondage) seated behind it. Two of his acolytes, who looked as if they were in charge of flower arranging for the church services, hovered around dutifully, wearing tweed skirts and cardigans, and

with no-nonsense old ladies' perms. Among the flyers drawing-pinned to the notice-board detailing a jumble sale, bingo and the playgroup for under fives, Amber clocked a torrid poster depicting dancers in frilled skirts and mantillas. *El Fuego* was announced in vivid letters that twisted like flames, along with the blurb, 'A warm, intimate show of live flamenco dance, song and guitar.'

Anybody can make that kind of claim, she sneered inwardly, and resolved to wait and see before she bought one, or spent a tenner on a CD. She could always get one in the interval if the group proved to be worth remembering, which she very much doubted.

Sue and Diane arrived, dripping, just as Amber was buying the tickets. 'My treat,' she insisted. 'Whose birthday is it, anyway? It's a good deal . . . six quid a shot and that includes a Spanish supper, no less.'

But she still regretted listening to Sue who had suggested this expedition into the wilds of Somerset. Sue had picked up a brochure in the library, and had enthused about the flamenco event, describing it in her caustic way 'as bringing culture to the peasants'.

'Sounds awful,' Amber had said dubiously. 'It's probably a bunch of amateurs who've never travelled further than Bournemouth.' She thrilled to Spanish music, had been there, done that and had the T-shirt to prove it. She'd seen and heard the best of dancers, singers and guitarists.

'Why don't we give it a whirl?' Sue had insisted.

'Spend the evening watching a bunch of sad wannabes stamping about thinking they're Carmen? Give me a break!' Amber had groaned.

‘Oh, come on. I’m sure Di will be into it. It’s either that or we get rat-arsed.’

‘Or I stay in and put my feet up in front of the telly.’

‘Saturday night is crap on the box and you know it. Nothing but game shows and pathetic *Blind Date* fools seeking their fifteen minutes of fame. Let’s do it. It’ll be a crack.’

It had been the wettest winter on record and Amber smiled wryly now that she was actually there. Sunny Spain? Hot-blooded gypsy passion? It took a long stretch of imagination. It was only the English who could have dreamed up such a show, organised by local council members under the auspices of the Mendip Arts and Leisure Foundation.

Damp people were flocking in behind them and when Amber led the way through the double doors into the hall proper, she was surprised to see that it was already crowded. Some bright spark had transformed it, setting up little round tables covered by check cloths and adding candles stuck in wine bottles and dishes of olives, sundried tomatoes and sliced onions in virgin oil, like a regular tapas bar. It was obvious that he or she had once been on vacation to the Costa Brava.

Not only the body of the hall was buzzing with anticipation; members of the audience were also seated on the stage. A space had been kept clear near an exit on one side, and chairs were positioned there and paraphernalia that suggested that this was where the action would take place. Mouth-wateringly delicious smells tinged with exotic spices

wafted from mysterious, out-of-bounds quarters at the rear where W.I. stalwarts held sway over the cooking pots.

Amber and Diane found a vacant table edging the dance floor, and Sue queued up at the bar to buy a bottle of red wine. 'It's not exactly Chateauneuf du Pape,' she said, after returning with it and filling three glasses, 'but here's to you, Amber. Happy birthday tomorrow, and many of them.'

'Thank you,' she replied, smiling and raising her glass. 'I should have asked Alastair to come along but he's in lust. He's absolutely useless as an assistant at the moment.'

'What's he like!' Sue exclaimed, eyes lifted to the ceiling.

'At least he's getting some,' Amber answered, popping a green olive into her mouth, the succulent flesh crunching beneath her teeth. It was stuffed with garlic. I shan't be able to kiss anyone tonight, unless they have been eating vampire deterrent, too, she thought. Fat chance, any way. Looks like all the men are spoken for.

'Too right, but then, so could I be if I'd gone along with Gareth, instead of giving him the elbow.'

'Oh? I thought you were planning to do the deed last night.'

'I was and I did,' Sue replied, her tone of voice indicating that it hadn't been love's young dream.

'And?' both Amber and Diane chorused.

Amber was curious. Unlike herself and Diane, Sue had never married or had children, being career-oriented and well known in the rag trade as Sue Tucker, designer. What she didn't know about haute couture wasn't worth knowing. She loved fabrics and used them to satisfy her own artistic

flair, but earned a living by making exquisite garments for women with more money than sense.

‘I played it cool,’ Sue said, pushing her fingers through her deliberately tousled burgundy bob, and grimacing at the No-Smoking notices on the walls. ‘Gareth and me got on well, or so it seemed. He didn’t try to rush me into the sack like men usually do, their brains in their crotch. We’d been meeting for a month, dinner dates, a few tongue kisses, and a feel or two outside the clothes, but he’d made no attempt to get off with me. I began to wonder about him. Was he gay? Or was it me? Was I losing the old pizzazz? Then I thought, what the hell, let’s go for it, and seduced him when we got back to my place.’

‘Was he any good?’

‘He knows where the girly spot is, but treated it as if he was trying to rub verdigris off brass. I got stuck and couldn’t come. I told him to get lost.’

So, dismissing the inept Gareth, Sue threw back her mock-leopard jacket and displayed a mulberry satin boned bodice laced down the front over her pert breasts, her long legs encased in skin-tight velvet jeans. She was as chic as a catwalk model. ‘What about you, Di?’ she said. ‘How does Ray rate these days in the Y-front stakes?’

Diane shrugged, and her cheeks went pink. ‘Not Mr Sexy,’ she said. ‘But we did do it in the shower when I was getting ready to meet you guys.’

‘Oooh, get you! And did you reach your moment of ultimate pleasure?’ teased Sue, but Amber shuddered inwardly. As far as she could see, Ray had absolutely

nothing going for him, whereas Diane was a natural blonde, blue-eyed and buxom, with a warm, bubbly personality.

'Yes, I did,' Diane confessed. 'Can't explain why. He really doesn't turn me on, but this adds to the excitement when I'm in the mood. Debasing myself and doing something I really shouldn't makes me randy as hell. It's so impersonal, and this makes me feel even dirtier and more excited.'

Diane had that half-ashamed, half-defiant look on her face. Amber had gathered that she was in constant conflict with herself about her husband. She fidgeted, crossed one solid leg over the other and tugged her skirt down, covering her knees. She never could achieve Sue's sleek sophistication or Amber's individualistic, ethnic styling. Diane tried, enlisting their aid, but lacked that certain knack for making the most of herself. Some people are blessed with an eye for blending colours or putting this with that to make a harmonious whole. Not so Diane.

'Forget Ray. Let's view the talent and see what's on offer,' Sue suggested, assessing the throng without being too obvious.

The hall was rapidly reaching the state of standing room only, and still people were coming in. Amber noticed that there was a plethora of attractive men, though they all seemed to be attached. Certainly, this show had not attracted the lower orders. If these gentlemen and their ladies had anything to do with the land, then they didn't work it themselves; they were owners who employed labourers. The men were thirty plus, wearing check shirts, no ties, possibly canary-coloured waistcoats, corduroy or drill trousers and brogues. They were handsome in a

wellbred way, and their hair in the main was short and styled. They talked a lot and laughed loudly, and liked to think themselves patrons of such cultural events as this.

They would have looked ravishing dressed in hunting pink and hard hats, flourishing riding crops. The thought made Amber feel horny. She had never been whipped or caned, but had sometimes wondered about it, especially when playing with herself.

The women were of that fine-boned, straight-haired, peaches-and-cream complexion found only among the county set. They were casually dressed. Some wore tiny babies hanging in slings round their necks as if they were ornaments; others coped with wilful toddlers who should have been in bed long since. They had disobedient little boys called Freddy or Charlie and precocious little girls who answered to Emma or Vicky and looked as if they should be grooming their ponies.

Amber stared and ruminated and wondered why on earth they had turned out on such a night. Supporting village functions, she dared say. Liking to think they were a part of rural life, which they were, without a doubt. She felt a twinge of envy, wanting to be married to one of these well-heeled, well-connected gents, with several equally blue-blooded children and a beautiful old manor house and a paddock and horses.

You'd be bored out of your tiny mind, she told herself. No flat over your shop, no auction sales and bargains and deals. No phone calls from my sons enjoying a sabbatical in America. I've very nearly forgiven them for wanting to stay with their father, the selfish little ratbags! I'm a fraud when I

try to present myself as a hard-bitten trader. Underneath I'm a big splodge of marshmallow - no, even worse - a pink blancmange. I go all gooey over romantic music and babies' starfish fingers and wriggly little toes. If one of the boys were to call me up this minute, I'd probably cry - to myself, of course. I wouldn't let on.

Now the atmosphere was becoming tense. The hour was approaching when, if the posters were to be believed, the fire of Spain was due to burst forth upon the phlegmatic British scene. A ruddy-faced man who might have had 'I'm a Young Farmer' written large across his perspiring brow, grabbed a microphone and boomed into it as loudly as if he was addressing horse trials.

'Ladies and gentlemen. Give a big hand and a warm welcome to *El Fuego*.'

The door behind him opened and every misgiving Amber had harboured melted away as they came in, led by a man with a mane of flowing gypsy ringlets, a white shirt and black form-hugging trousers.

'Gosh, look at that. He's small but beautifully marked,' hissed Sue in Amber's ear. 'Talk about "give that boy a wash and send him to my terit".'

He walked with lithe grace, followed by a taller, blond man carrying a guitar, a statuesque woman in the traditional red and white polka-dot flounced dress, a rose tucked among her sepia curls, and a shapely girl with fair hair pulled back into a bun and kept in place with a comb and mantilla. She, too, wore a flamenco dress, tight to the hips, then flaring out in a series of frills. They took their places on the chairs,

poised and still as ballerinas, and the dark man spoke through the mike.

‘Good evening. My name is Camilo, and before we start, I’m going to explain a little about flamenco. Let me introduce Juan on guitar, Angelita who performs *Canto Jondo*, the “Deep Song” of the gypsies, and Carmencita who dances,’ he said, in the slightly lisping accent of Southern Spain.

Amber could not keep her eyes off him, listening enraptured as he talked about the meaning and history of the dance, then when the guitarist strummed and the rhythm set feet tapping. Angelita clapped her hands and started to sing in that odd, grating, spine-tingling manner of *canto*, pouring out songs of unrequited love, of death and sorrow and being imprisoned. It was all very dramatic.

Carmencita rose, took up a pose, bending as gracefully as a sapling in the breeze, yet with her feet planted firmly in the earth and her tits raised to Jesus. Camilo joined her. Castanets clicked and they stamped and gyrated, passed and repassed, bodies held in a haughty stance. Arms alternatively raised and descending in spirals, they wove intricate patterns in the air, seductive and fiercely passionate.

When they had finished, Amber said to Sue, under the cover of applause, ‘He’s fit. I’d give him breakfast in the morning.’

‘He’s OK, but I think he’s in love with the guitarist. I’ve been watching the way he looks at him.’

Amber was not convinced and continued to lech over Camilo. She loved this expression of emotion through dance,

song and music. It was unique. Nowhere else in the world was human desire portrayed in such a pure form. Of course, it was all about sex, jealousy and unappeasable longing. She sat there and watched and drank the raw red wine and wanted Camilo with a hunger beyond all reason.

She imagined the smell of him - his hair scented with the verbena oil so much favoured by Mediterranean men; his wiry, muscular body, olive-skinned and smooth as velvet; his tapering hands and soulful black eyes under those incredibly curly lashes; his small feet in the heeled flamenco boots. Then there was his hawk nose and arrogant mouth, and that interesting package that she glimpsed under the restraint of his form-hugging trousers.

In love with the guitarist? No way.

She went hot all over when he looked across at her, caught her eye and smiled faintly. All she could do was clap her hands to the beat - *palma claro* or *palma sombra* - and shout *olé* and send out signals to him through the ether. Why am I bothering? she thought. He's probably a devout Catholic with a wife back home and half a dozen kids. What chance do I stand? Or do I really want one? But a quick shag with him, no ties or commitment, would be ace.

By the time they reached the interval the audience had been won over completely. The troupe made for the exit, still singing, still strumming and swaying and hand-clapping. The door closed behind them and Amber lined up for the supper that was now being served. Diane stayed to help her, but Sue went outside to have a cigarette, falling by the wayside in her attempt to kick the habit. After buying a poster and a CD, Amber returned to their table where she

examined her purchases. Sue was now on the coffee, while Amber and Diane polished off the wine. The meal consisted of tortilla and paella.

‘Someone has been boning up on their Spanish recipes,’ Amber observed. ‘This isn’t half bad.’

‘Know about Spanish food, do you?’ Sue asked, with a lift of one finely arched eyebrow.

‘Well, no . . . not much,’ Amber admitted. ‘I’ve only visited once, and that was years ago when Mum had the boys for a fortnight and I booked a package holiday. The plane landed at Malaga and it was all pretty grim really, a crappy hotel and dreadful yobs and slappers all getting drunk and singing “Viva Espania”. I felt ashamed to be English and took a train to Granada . . . a very smelly train, I might add, but infinitely preferable. I had a wonderful time, went native and. drifted up to Cordoba and then down to Seville.’

‘I’ll bet there was a man involved,’ commented Diane, digging into the slice of omelette that Sue couldn’t finish.

‘There was. Matthew had decamped by then, and divorce was in the offing. I hadn’t had sex for months. I met this Canadian called Bob. He knew the area like the back of his hand, studying guitar with a professional in Granada. I didn’t keep in touch and haven’t thought of him for ages, though I am eternally grateful. He taught me a smattering of the language and took me to the gypsy quarters in Triana, and bought seats on the *sombra* side of that magnificent cathedral of bullfighting . . . La Maestranza, in Seville.’

‘How could you? It’s a horrible sport!’ Diane said with a shudder.

'It's not a sport. It's a ritual. Taken very seriously by the aficionados,' Amber tried to explain. 'Just wait till you've seen matadors with rock-star status wearing ball-crushingly tight satin pants, flaunting their fighting capes and providing afternoons of great emotion.'

'It's cruel. The poor bulls!' Diane continued, stubbornly refusing to relent.

'The world would be a dull place if we all liked the same things,' put in Sue the peace-maker.

Amber brooded into her wineglass, quite accustomed to meeting this reaction if she so much as mentioned the ancient art of tauromarchy. Football, which she found deadly boring, was praised, even venerated, so was wrestling and boxing, all so-called sports in which men were injured and huge amounts of money exchanged at the betting shops. Yet, if she tried to explain the art of the bullfight to her friends, she was condemned as barbaric.

'I wonder if I could go backstage and meet Camilo when the show's over. I'd like him to sign the CD,' she murmured.

Sue shot her a glance. 'You can't be serious, can you? You *can*! You mucky tart! And what are we supposed to do while you're tripping the light fandango with lover-boy?'

'Have another coffee and, when the tidying-up brigade finally turn you out, then you can wait in the car. Please, Sue. It shouldn't take long. He'll probably be so overloaded with adrenaline that he'll go off like a rocket,' Amber said and, as she moved her legs under her softly flowing jersey skirt, she could feel the seam of her lace panties digging between her pussy lips, and was aware that the crotch was

damp. She examined the cover of the CD, admiring the photographs of *El Fuego* in general and Camilo in particular.

'You can't really be going to do it,' Diane said nervously. She was the least adventurous of the three and, after a quick glance at Amber's face, added, 'You are, *aren't* you?'

No more time for speculation. People were taking back their empty plates. The intermission was over and the second set about to begin. Several couples had left with their grizzling, overtired young. Those that remained were the hard core, and others who'd never seen flamenco until that night, but had found their epiphany and were likely to be fans for life. Maybe it really spoke to their souls, or maybe it was simply Carmencita's cleavage or Camilo's wide shoulders and tight-muscled arse. Whatever the reason, the posters and CDs were selling out fast.

El Fuego returned, all smiles and confidence, warmed by the wave of applause that met them. Carmencita had changed into a low-necked black dress that fitted her curves closely to her knees where it exploded into Valenciennes lace, not by the metre but by the mile. A storm of frills swept into a train at the back and had to be held away from her patent leather court shoes. At one point, she caught hold of the hem and stretched a fan-shaped length high above her head.

The crowd roared their appreciation of this proud, sullen-mouthed beauty, but Amber gave her hardly a glance. All she was interested in was Camilo. His hair was brushed back and tied in a ponytail. This threw his features into prominence, the typical high cheekbones and aquiline nose of a Romany. Amber swallowed hard and clenched her

hands in her lap. It was hard to sit there when every instinct was urging her to leap on to the dance floor and seduce him, then and there, with everyone looking on, including the ever-so-hip vicar and Mrs vicar and two or three little vicars, spawn of their loins.

Camilo now wore a dove-grey suit, with a short jacket, a white shirt and a thin red tie. His trousers shouldn't have been allowed, Amber decided. They were just too provocative. Extremely tight and high waisted, they were kept in place by braces worn under his closely buttoned waistcoat. Yanked up, one might say, drawing attention to his lean hips, tight buttocks and the deep hollows in his flanks.

'Gosh,' muttered Sue, goggling at his crotch. 'Talk about lift and separate! He's obviously not wearing a jockstrap, and I can't see a knicker line, can you?'

'No,' Amber managed to reply, his bulge drawing her eye like steel to a magnet. It was all there: the twin hillocks of his balls, the long baton of his cock pressed against the inside of his left thigh. No underwear, not even his shirt tucked down decently to conceal this flagrant display of masculinity.

'My word,' breathed Diane. 'It's a wonder his trousers don't cut him in two.'

Amber couldn't answer. It was worse when he danced, his brilliant, flashing footwork making his equipment jiggle. He was good, oh so good, and so was Carmencita, and the hour was soon gone, with that bucolic audience completely losing their reserve and joining in, clapping and shouting *olé* and demanding encores.

When at last they let them retire, Camilo deliberately looked towards Amber and flashed her a smile. She could feel herself going bright red, touched a hand to her hair, clutched her CD and stood up. She was about to walk up to him boldly, when she saw that he was surrounded by several women who had been seated at the side of the floor near the door. They were expensively dressed and from the upper echelon, and jealousy stabbed through her as she saw how he was smiling and nodding and gesturing with his expressive hands. A wicked waste when he should have been using them on her.

‘Of course, I helped to organise this,’ a horse-faced woman was drawling. ‘So wonderful . . . and your dancing was sublime.’

‘Thank you. That is so kind,’ he responded politely.

‘Would you care to come back to my house for supper?’ Horseface continued, and she could hardly control herself. Amber wondered if she too shared her own desire to palm his crotch.

‘Thank you, but no. We have to leave almost at once,’ he said. ‘Our next performance is in Taunton tomorrow.’

Damn and blast! Amber fumed. But it seemed that he had escaped Horseface, bowing and then disappearing through the door leading to the dressing rooms. Amber moved like greased lightning, elbowing Horseface aside and diving after him. She caught up with him in the deserted corridor. He turned, his dark eyes sparkling and his smile embracing her.

‘I thought I’d never get away from that lady,’ he said, and his husky voice turned her legs to jelly. ‘I’ve been watching you, and you have great sympathy for the dance. *Si?*’

'Oh, yes. I mean si,' Amber mumbled, clutching the CD like a shield and feeling extremely foolish. 'Will you sign this?' She opened the plastic case and thrust it forwards, along with a ballpoint.

'My pleasure,' he said, taking it with courtly, old-world grace and scrawling his signature across the bottom. He handed it back, then hooked a finger into the band restraining his hair, shaking it free.

She knew she should go, but . . .

He stood, still as a snake, staring at her, and then he reached out and clasped her breasts in his hands, one on each, those hands that had clapped their way through the evening's entertainment, and now wanted to go on performing, it seemed. She gasped but didn't draw back. It was he who moved, stepping closer and bringing his mouth down to hers, then leaving her breasts and pulling her body close to his. He smelled as she had imagined, of perfumed oil and body spray and male sweat, his hair falling over her like a dusky cloud.

His kiss shocked through her, womb clenching, clit thrumming, nipples peaking. He was very thorough, delving and exploring, licking her tongue, her teeth, the inside of her cheeks, leaving a tiny trace of the garlic and wine that spiced his breath. After this he withdrew, and used his lips on hers, first the outer corners, then the cushiony centre, bringing her to limp, lubricious surrender. She would have gone mad if he had stopped.

Stopping was far from his mind.

He was holding her, this fantastic man, holding and caressing, touching her breasts and running a hand down to

lift the hem of her skirt. His fingers encountered the tops of her mink stockings and traced round one suspender, the back of his hand brushing against the silky triangle covering her mound.

His face darkened; his mouth hardened, then he exclaimed harshly, '*Guapa! Guapa!*'

And she knew what this meant. It was the expression murmured by men as a pretty woman passed down the streets in Andalusia. A term of praise, endearment and admiration. It thrilled her. To have this compliment handed to her on the eve of her birthday made her feel ten feet tall. She wasn't over the hill, not by a long chalk. Had masses of living yet to do. She almost fell in love with Camilo then and there, but put the brakes on just in time, sensible enough to realise that this was it - this quick meeting in a dingy passage, the memory of which would warm her during any barren times ahead. It appealed to every romantic bone in her body.

She gasped as his fingers found the edge of her panties, very gently stroking over the taut fabric, then dipping in, parting her swollen sex-lips and cruising along the wet cleft. She tried to pull back, but his other hand clamped across her lower back, pressing her against his iron-hard cock. Her blood pounded and she came out in goose pimples and couldn't help bearing down on those artful fingers that rotated on her clit, then dipped into her centre, going deeper, her inner muscles clenching round them.

'Where can we go?' she moaned. 'Your dressing room?'

'The others will be there. They want to get away. If we leave soon we shall reach our hotel by two in the morning.'

'Are you married to either of the girls?' How much she hoped it wasn't so, an irrational hope for this was going nowhere.

He chuckled and his busy fingers were almost her undoing. She didn't want to come - not quite yet. She needed to feel a hard, hot, fully primed cock attached to a man, pumping in and out of her vigorously - not any man - it had to be Camilo.

'Angelita is married to Juan, and Carmencita is married to our manager. I'm not married. I am free . . . free to dance and to make love to gorgeous women, like you,' he replied, so disarmingly that she couldn't condemn him. He was not being unbearably conceited. He was simply stating a fact.

Sue might rate him as cheesy, but Amber didn't think there was anything false or insincere about him. What you saw was what you got. Nonetheless, she laughed and said, 'Bullshit!' though she was willing to suspend disbelief. Nothing must spoil this interlude. It seemed that nothing would.

She was suddenly aware of a doorknob boring a hole in her back. 'It must be a storeroom,' she said.

'That's good? A storeroom, *si?*'

'Very good. Very private,' she answered, trying not to fall into the habit of speaking pidgin English. 'You have a good command of our language,' she added, trying the knob.

'I was a waiter in Malta,' he explained and, as the door opened, he steered her inside.

She found the switch and a bare, forty-watt bulb lit the crowded interior. It was as she had suspected, filled with plastic stacking chairs and gear associated with the

playgroup: easels and slates, Lego, a rocking horse, a doll's house, a bin filled with stuffed toys, a farm and small animals, a Noah's Ark.

'This OK,' Camilo said, and seized Amber under the haunches and sat her on a narrow, Formica-covered table, sending a box of bricks flying. They fell to the floor, scattering like shrapnel.

He pushed her back and pressed against her between her wide-opened thighs. She heaved her pelvis up and he found her panties, pulling them down and off. She could feel her juices, wet and sticky, anointing her crack. He played with her slick folds, tickling her clit until she could no longer hang on, her climax building and building, ripping through her belly and soaring to her brain until she exploded, coming in a welter of bliss that made her head spin.

Camilo growled his satisfaction in making her surrender, then felt for his fly, unbuttoned it and pulled his penis from the gap. Sue had been right. He wasn't wearing boxer shorts or even a thong. His was an impressive organ, long and thick and swarthy, with a flushed, shiny helm. She reached between their bodies and touched it, fondled it, ran her fingers up and down its length. She wormed her hand beneath it, encountering his tense balls and tugged gently at his wiry thatch.

'No, wait,' she commanded as he lunged at her. She felt suddenly very much in charge. In common with most men, Camilo was putty in her hands while he was obsessed with shooting his load.

She reached for her shoulder bag and fumbled in one of the compartments. Though she had not had a sexual

encounter with a man for over a year, she had got into the habit of carrying a pack of three, just in case she should get lucky. She fished one out and broke the packet open, then took the condom and rolled it over his bulging cock and up the heavily veined shaft. Then she lay back, hooked her ankles on his shoulders and he paused with his dick at her moist niche.

‘I’m going to fuck ycu, hard,’ he grated, and pushed himself into her all the way in one rapid stroke.

He withdrew, then slammed in again, his hips meeting her raised inner thighs with a sharp slap. My God, I must look lewd! she thought, with my suspenders stretched and my white flesh showing above those mink stocking tops, my bare bottom lifted to heaven, and his mighty, foreign, sexy prick plunging in and out with a squishy sound. She groaned with pleasure and he snarled and pounded into her again and again, as hard as possible, using all his strength, subduing her when she wanted to be subdued, showing her who was boss when she wasn’t even arguing the case. So macho, her Camilo – her dark comet, her star dancer.

As he continued to shaft her, she knotted her fingers in his hair and clamped her mouth against his, revelling in every stab of his tongue and every ravaging thrust of his cock. This was not love or affection; just sex, pure and simple. He hadn’t even asked her name. He built up speed, pumping into her savagely, bruising her tender skin and hurting her inside. She thought he had reached his limit and couldn’t possibly go any faster, but he was like something possessed, chasing his climax with the ferocity of a madman. He worked his solid penis brutally with such fierce

thrusts that pleasure and pain merged into one and it was impossible for her to orgasm again.

Like an animal driven by a primitive urge, he threw back his head and bared his teeth as his body shook with the intensity of his crisis. His cock throbbed once, twice, thrice, and she felt the heat of his spunk shooting into the rubber, wanting to remember this amoral, relentless, bestial lust. She lowered her legs and Camilo pulled away from her, the condom teat filled with milky white semen. He unrolled it, knotted it and wrapped it in a tissue, presumably ready to be disposed of down the nearest loo.

He had recovered remarkably quickly. Due to long practice? she wondered, smoothing down her skirt and retrieving her knickers from where they were draped over the ears of a one-eyed, push-along dog.

'I must go,' he said, and handed her a business card. 'My mobile number. You can reach me anywhere.'

'Why should I want to do that?' she asked, and wondered at herself for being so blunt.

He looked hurt and pulled his mouth into a wry grimace, shoulders lifted, hands outspread. 'You might. Look me up if you're in Andeluz. I'll teach you to dance. I'd like to see you again. What's your name?'

'Amber Challonor,' she said, relenting a little, knowing she was only trying to protect herself from hurt, and she handed him her card in exchange.

They slipped out of the storeroom undetected, and he bent to kiss her full on the lips. 'Please ring me. You're very beautiful,' he whispered.

'So are you,' she answered, and watched him disappear along the passage, his tumbling hair covering his shoulder blades,

Amber headed towards the near-deserted hall, and looked in vain for Sue and Diane. She stepped out into the night and the carpark. It had stopped raining. Her thighs and sex ached and she felt very thoroughly used, her entire body quivering with echoes of the pleasure Camilo had given her. She felt inspired and excited and thrilled by what she had done, and not in the least ashamed.

Sue lit up a cigarette and sighed impatiently as she gazed out of the car window and said, 'How much longer is she going to be?' Then she spotted her walking quickly from the hall. She flung open the passenger door and shouted, 'Come on, Amber, for God's sake!'

'Sorry,' Amber said breathlessly, as she climbed in. 'Didn't mean to keep you waiting.'

'It's over and above the call of duty, but well let you off this time,' Sue replied. 'I only hope it was worth it.'

'It certainly was,' Amber said, her eyes sparkling in the interior light.

'Well, get on with it. Tell all,' demanded Diane, bouncing on the back seat. 'Is he big? Did he satisfy you? When are you seeing him again?'

'Give me a chance!' Amber exclaimed indignantly. 'I can say yes to the first two questions, but as for the other . . . I don't know if we'll ever meet up.'

'Oh, that's tight,' Diane complained. 'All this fuss for one screw?'

'It's quality not quantity that counts,' Sue put in. Knowing Amber, she didn't question her motives, but was curious. She had never found her to be promiscuous, and wondered why she was acting out of character.

Amber's not like me, she thought, not hurrying to drive off now that they were all present and correct. I've always been one for experimentation, right from the time I entered my teens. Boarding school did it for me - a college for genteel young ladies that was a breeding ground for heated amorous adventures. I lost my virginity to the head gardener's son, and that was only the beginning. Some of the other girls had brothers; there were end of term dances and visits to best friends' homes and ample opportunity for fornication. I sailed through it emotionally unscathed and physically alert to most aspects of human sexuality. It was there that I bonded with my first love, a girl called Trudy who introduced me to the passion and ecstasy that could exist between persons of the same gender. It was a lesson I never forgot and one that has stood me in good stead ever since.

University and a degree in design and clothing technology had kept her so occupied that she had never seriously considered marriage. Finishing a three-year course and then branching out on her own had been exhilarating, taxing and expensive. An older man had backed her financially, asking no more in return but that she become his dominatrix. This role had come easily to her. She never sentimentalised about men and had no illusions.

'Shall we go?' Amber asked, obviously reluctant to supply details about Camilo.

'Spoilsport,' Diane accused. 'You might have let us enjoy it by proxy. All I've got waiting for me at home is Ray.'

'Camilo's a nice guy. He was sweet to me. I can phone him any time I like. Does that answer your questions?'

'You know damn fine it doesn't,' Diane grumbled. 'I want to know how long it is . . . eight inches? Nine? More?'

'Shut up, Di,' Sue said, and pressed the starter button. 'Let's go. I could do with a strong cup of coffee. What they served there was weak as gnats' piss.'

'It's been a great evening. I can't believe *El Fuego*. So genuine, and to find them in a dump like this,' Amber said, and Sue could see that she was still high from the music, and Camilo.

'The Mendip Arts seem to be an enterprising lot,' Sue said as she drove out on to the road. 'I've been thumbing through their leaflet and there's all sorts going on, all year round,' and she thrust the brochure under Amber's nose although it was too dark to read. 'They're holding drumming workshops, and having visiting theatre companies and folk concerts . . . even encouraging badminton and t'ai chi at the sports centre, We should go. Try something different. I feel the need for vigorous exercise and a bit of mind stretching. We're getting to be real old stick-in-the-muds. What d'you say, Amber? Shall we go for it? Or are you sold on Spain?'

Amber, sitting there with soggy knickers, a tingle in her groin and a silly grin on her face, rather thought that she was.