

Earthy Delights

TESNI MORGAN



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About the Book

'You're in my house now,' said Anthony. 'And I call the tune.'

'Is that so?' Rosemary answered. Her body jerked as he slapped her on the arse, then thrust his finger into her wet panties.

'You're defiant. All the better,' he purred, then abruptly let her go, raising his fingers to his nostrils and sniffing her scent. 'Ambrosia. Nectar for the gods.'

Rosemary pulled down her skirt and rearranged herself. 'Mr Selby,' she announced in icy tones, loathing him, 'you have a strange way of treating a guest.'

About the Author

Tesni Morgan is the author of *All The Trimmings*, *Always The Bridegroom*, *Country Matters*, *Earthy Delights*, *Heat Of The Moment*, *Masque Of Passion* and *The Ties That Bind*, all available from *Black Lace*.

Other books by the author

COUNTRY MATTERS
MASQUE OF PASSION
THE TIES THAT BIND

EARTHY DELIGHTS

Tesni Morgan

**BLACK
LACE**

Chapter One

SHE HAD NEVER considered herself a sexy woman, not even in the early days with Terry.

Not, that is, until she walked into the greenhouse and spotted the bare torso and neat, denim-clad bottom of the new assistant. A spasm of lust, such as she had not experienced for years, shot straight to her pussy and gave it a squeeze.

Wow, she breathed to herself.

Wow, he certainly was.

He grinned across at her, a boyish, open grin and said, 'Hello. I'm Scott.'

'Ah, yes. I've read your CV,' she said, resisting the urge to fluff up the sides of her hair. In body speak this was a dead giveaway. She lowered her hand and took his outstretched one, adding, 'Pleased to meet you.'

His handshake was firm, his palm warm and dry. Electric shocks shivered through her.

'You're Rosemary Maddox, aren't you? I've seen you on TV,' he said, and she could feel herself blushing under his frank regard.

'That's right. My partner, Terry Veney, interviewed you for the job.' It was silly to let this young man get to her. Gone were the days when she was shy and retiring.

'I think you'll find I'm qualified,' Scott said. 'Did my time at horticultural college and have worked on several projects since.'

'I know,' she answered briskly, withdrawing her hand, which he was still holding. She could feel the heat of him, and the barely concealed sensuality of his touch. 'Terry told

me. We're well staffed, but need someone to stand in for me when I'm away filming.'

'It'll be a pleasure,' he said, smiling widely. His teeth were American movie-star white and even, contrasting with his sun-browned skin, but the rest of him was rough trade. Cropped dark hair, the hint of stubble, a thin, angular face, and deep-set blue eyes hedged with unfairly long, curling black lashes.

'Has Terry shown you round? I've only just got back from Kent. That's where the programme's filmed, mostly. Though we do the occasional outside slot, if the venue's interesting.'

'I know. I'm a fan,' he said and the look in his eyes made her clit throb. A moment later, her panties were damp. This boy shouldn't be let loose on the streets, she thought. He's dangerous and far too full of himself.

No, it's me, she decided, pulling back. I'm knackered. It's been a long week. Michael's so pernickety. Oh, I know he's a fine director, but Jesus, we're only making a poxy gardening series, not the prequel to *Star Wars*.

'I'm glad you enjoy it,' she said, sheer nerves making her speak louder than necessary.

'*In Your Own Backyard* is great TV. Who thought of it? Was it you?' he enthused, and she couldn't stop glancing at his large, capable hands; she wanted them on her breasts and then drifting down past her navel to her sex.

'Michael Pendelton came to see us after we'd won a medal at the Chelsea Flower Show,' she said, words tumbling out, glad to talk. Anything to avoid the draw of that muscular bronzed body stripped to the waist in the humidity of the hot-house. 'He brought the head of Ace Productions with him, said Ace wanted to make a programme for the amateur gardener, and asked if we might be interested. Terry wasn't, but I was. A year on and the ratings are still soaring.'

'Most men watch it because of you,' Scott said, leaving the trays of seedlings he had been tending and inching closer to her. 'It's that dark, exotic, gypsy look that gets

them going. Makes them think of hay fields, and country frolics, the open road and freedom.'

'I hope not,' she said sternly. 'It's an educational thing. We have lots of letters from women.'

'Dykes, I expect, I'll bet most of the mail addressed to you is from men,' he teased. 'Retired blokes and suchlike, who want to see that gap at the tops of your thighs and how your jeans cut into your crotch as you work.'

'That's not true. I think you're very rude,' she snapped, turning away from him, fully conscious that she was wearing exactly that - a pair of faded denims so tight that the seam pressed between her lips.

Her T-shirt was white and had the programme's logo printed on it; her lacy bra glimpsed through. This was normal working gear for her, but Michael had been quick to spot its potential, and that of her clear complexion, positive attitude, sepia-coloured curls and green eyes.

Scott shrugged his wide shoulders and she found herself yearning to lip the little hollow by his collarbone and tug at the fine dark hair that sprinkled his chest. He smelled of the fresh young sweat that was trapped in the tufts at his armpits.

'I didn't mean to offend you,' he said. 'I think you look fabulous. It really doesn't matter, Miss Maddox. It's whatever pleases the viewers, isn't it? That's what pays the bills. Am I right or am I right?'

'You've a cynical way of looking at it,' she replied, convincing herself that he was arrogant and she didn't like him.

What did his opinion matter anyway? He was a beginner, and she part-owner of half a dozen propagating houses even bigger than this one, and several acres of land that had been transformed into nurseries. There was a large shop where everything connected with cultivation could be purchased, besides wooden and cast-iron outdoor furniture, sheds, loggias, ornamental ponds, statues and fountains. A

café had been opened last year where customers could take a break from browsing. Plants Galore was fast becoming a household word among gardening enthusiasts.

'I'd like to be working with you soon,' Scott said, smiling down at her.

'Fancy yourself on TV?' she challenged, wondering if this was the reason he had been chatting her up.

'If it meant being with you all day and every day.'

What a charmer! Thinks he's God's gift, she concluded and went out, closing the glass door behind her. It won't wash with me, boy. But there was mayhem in her belly and the need to be satisfied. Terry should be in the office. Maybe she'd just enter unannounced and rip his pants off!

Jesus, but she's something else. Scott Bradbury whistled soundlessly and addressed the box of sturdy little plants he was about to prick out. An evocative word that had sprung to mind as he struggled with an erection that simply refused to lie down.

She was even more attractive than when on screen. What a body. That sort of super-fit shape brought about by exercise as part of the daily routine, rather than faddy gym workouts.

Older than him, of course, maybe approaching thirty, but he had always found mature women more exciting than girls of his own age. They knew so much. Their eyes and body language spoke of experience. Their confident voices teased him and made his cock twitch. They had a certain bossiness, too, which enthralled him, rousing strange desires - the need to serve them and have them punish him if he didn't do it properly. He liked women in uniform - nurses, traffic wardens, female horse-riders wearing jodhpurs and hard hats, and carrying crops.

His first lover had been a college lecturer. He was eighteen at the time and she was forty. He was eternally grateful for the things she had taught him, not the least of

which concerned female sexuality and the importance of the clitoris. In the lecture-room she'd worn calf-length dresses, modest and high-buttoned. In the bedroom she strode around in leather, flourishing a whip. Scott had never looked back.

'You're mad,' his best mate had said. 'Kinky, that's what you are. A dirty perve.'

'You don't know what you're missing. You should try it sometime,' he would retort.

'Not me. I'm a man of simple tastes,' his friend assured him, but Scott had noticed that he thumbed through any fetish magazines that might have been left lying around and would linger on some pages.

The greenhouse was exceedingly warm, with the sun blazing down on its glass. The plants threw off heavy odours and their leaves were beaded with moisture – just like his cock. There was no one about; it was Scott's second day there and, confident of his abilities, they had left him to his own devices.

The other employees were a mixed bunch: a couple of elderly men; a middle-aged one who fancied his chances as foreman; two girls fresh from college; a lad who hadn't attained the right A levels to enter those hallowed halls of learning but who had been taken on as an apprentice. He did the lowly jobs around the nursery, much of it concerned with mulch and the compost heap. Scott had met them all in the canteen during lunch.

He had settled in, congratulating himself on his success. He'd worked on a commission since finishing the horticultural course, obtained through brazen cheek on his part. He remembered how he had gone along to a stately home in Somerset where the owner wanted a parterre laid out. Several established landscape architects had been there with their flash cars and laptops, but he had arrived in a borrowed banger, looked the site over, noted down measurements on the back of a used envelope, gone home

and spent two days and nights working on sketches. He had submitted his ideas and, to his astonishment, they had been accepted.

This had opened the door.

The next step had been to gain further practical experience and no one was better qualified to teach him than Rosemary Maddox and Terry Veney. Both were prize winners and their innovative, beautiful designs were uncontested. And she was a television personality, with all the clout such a position brought in its wake.

She was one hell of a looker, too, and if he knew anything about women, she already had the hots for him. What was the matter with Terry? he wondered. Wasn't he coming up with the goods?

Scott was uncomfortable. The heat, his thoughts and the close fit of his jeans were arousing him. He retired to the far end of the greenhouse where he could hide behind thick, lush vegetation. Leaning against a shelf, he reached down and massaged his cock through the denim. It pulsed, already rock-hard. He liked the look of it swelling behind the zip. The tip brushed against his waistband. The smallest movement on his part caused delicious friction.

He wished Rosemary was there to see it.

He undid the metal button and let the zip slide down slowly, watching his cock emerge from his dark, wiry pubes. He held it, stroked it and rejoiced in its thickness and length.

'You've got a whopper,' his teacher-mistress had said at her first viewing. 'That's a tool to be proud of, Scott. No, don't touch it till I say you may. You're a very naughty boy. Bad manners in bed are unforgivable. Get down on your knees and suck me.'

She had implemented every syllable with a blow, her cane whacking his bare bottom. Scott had been shown not only how to pleasure a woman but also how to enjoy submission.

Now he fondled himself and thought with pride of her compliment. Several women had complained that it was too

big, hurting them when he drove it home. Most were intrigued. How would Rosemary react? He was longing to find out.

He undid his belt and his jeans slid lower down his hips. He wore no underpants and his hairy belly showed. He could smell himself, a rich aroma of sweat and genitals and the shower gel he'd used that morning. He straddled his legs and dipped a hand into the open fly. Reaching below his upward-angled cock, he cupped his balls, massaging the scrotal sac. He groaned quietly. It was exciting, but not unbearably so.

He wanted to hurry in case someone came in, yet wanted the sensation to last for ever. He had done this hundreds of times and knew better than anyone how to bring himself to the edge and then hold off, pressing firmly at the base of his cock to prevent it spurting.

He enclosed his shaft, fingers rubbing the stem, thumb circling the top. It was a deep, fiery red and he rolled his foreskin up, squeezing it together so that only the slit showed, then letting it slide back to form a ridge round the helm. Moisture seeped out and he spread it round his aching tip, sensation mounting until he knew he couldn't last much longer.

Oh, fuck it! he thought, reaching that plateau from which there was no return. It was just too good. He pumped himself vigorously, then stopped for a precious moment, letting the feeling die back. He repeated this once again, and again, but it was too much. He rubbed harder, his touch rough, enclosing the helm with the foreskin at every upward stroke, then pulling it down. His cock jerked; orgasm was a breath away. Another frantic pump and his seed boiled up and out of him. He came into his hand in spurts, moaning and convulsing, his eyes closed, his head flung back.

The world righted itself. The contractions lessened. His cock sagged and he wiped it on a tissue, then returned it to his jeans and zipped up.

He left the greenhouse and strolled to the double doors at the entrance, then looked across to where the house stood. It was a solid Edwardian mansion and this had once been the kitchen garden. The office was inside and that was where Rosemary would be right now, reporting to Terry.

Rosemary loved every inch of the place, recalling the thrill when she and Terry had first got together, deciding to pool their futures and their resources and go house hunting. Sutton Close had been the second property they had viewed and they'd looked no further. The price had been right, the spacious grounds unbelievable. Plants Galore was born.

She mused as she walked towards it, part of her brain engaged with Scott – his tanned body, his crinkled nipples, his tight arse, the promise of his prick. She wanted to phone her long-term friend and agent, Melanie, and tell her about him.

It was Melanie who never shirked from asking pertinent questions, like, 'How come you and Terry haven't married?'

'I don't know,' Rosemary had replied, annoyed at having to address this issue. 'I can't really explain it. Somehow, as the years have slipped by, everyone seems to have forgotten that we're not. There have been no children to legitimise, no real reason why we should upset the status quo. Financially, everything has been worked out. We're the sole beneficiaries of each other's wills. No arguments, no discord. People say we're the perfect couple.'

'It strikes me that you've never been in love with him, or he with you,' the forthright Melanie had commented.

'That's not true. We were . . . are in love, I mean,' Rosemary had protested, then succumbed. 'Oh, all right, I have to admit that I've a dreadful feeling we're drifting apart.'

'Then leave him.'

As she approached the office, Melanie's sensible advice rang in her ears, and she heard her own terrified answer: 'I

can't. There's too much at stake.'

'Bollocks! I can hardly keep up with the demands on your time. You've money of your own. Sell the business and split the proceeds.'

I can't do it, Rosemary wailed to herself as she pushed open the door and walked in. I'm afraid of being alone. I need Terry, even if it's only as a security blanket, like my Bye-bye, that tatty old shawl I refused to be parted from until I was about to go to secondary school.

She stopped on the threshold as if turned to stone. Terry was there all right, but so was Belinda Parker, their whey-faced secretary. They were close together but sprang apart guiltily when they saw her.

Rosemary had never liked Belinda. She was just too efficient, her tits were too big - an enviable 40C cup - and she adored Terry, almost genuflecting in his presence. Now her cheeks were flaming, and there was an air about her, the unmistakable, giveaway glow of a woman who has just been fucked by the man she loves.

Terry had turned his back to Rosemary but she could see that he was fumbling with his flies. 'Didn't expect you quite so soon,' he mumbled.

'I can see that,' Rosemary said heavily. 'Have I interrupted something?'

'A meeting. We're discussing finance,' Belinda butted in, and Rosemary didn't like the way she was fronting her up. Bold as brass, in fact, whereas normally she was a mouse.

'Like where you two are going for your honeymoon and how much it's going to cost?' Rosemary couldn't resist this jibe, but she was hurting inside. Ten years of her life had just gone down the tube. OK, Terry might be boring - in bed and out - but they'd had a lot going for them - once. It stuck in her craw that this simpering doormat should profit from her hard work.

And the house? Her beautiful house that she'd worked so hard to restore and furnish. What would happen to it if she

and Terry broke up? No doubt, Belinda would fill the nursery wing with babies as plain and downright insipid as herself. You're just being catty, Rosemary reminded herself miserably. Why can't you be happy for them?

'We need to talk,' Terry murmured unhappily.

'I think so.'

'Shall I go?' Belinda piped, gazing at Rosemary with round eyes, which were half scared, half defiant.

'Yes, darling. I shan't be long,' he said gently, and a knife stabbed Rosemary's heart as he leaned over and kissed Belinda before she scurried out.

'Well, well. Mr and Mrs Hamster,' Rosemary scoffed. 'You suit each other.'

'Sarcasm is the lowest form of wit,' he retorted, still having trouble with his cock, which refused to rest quietly in his trousers.

'Fuck off!' she snarled.

'I want to tell you about Belinda and me,' he said, perching on the edge of the desk in an attempt to look nonchalant. 'It's not something that's happened overnight.'

'Ah, so it's been going on behind my back for a long time, has it?' Christ, I sound like the rotten script of a soap opera, Rosemary thought. This can't really be happening, can it? And oddly, now that there could be nothing more between them and part of her was glad, she ached with desire for Terry, wanting to have him again. Just once more, for old times' sake, perhaps. Whatever was causing it, she was creaming the satin crotch of her panties and her nipples hurt as they chafed against the lycra lace bra.

She looked at him, seeing the brutal truth of a man approaching mid-life crisis, with thinning sandy hair and a lantern chest, a man who smoked too much and worried too much and didn't take care of himself. And, while noting all this, she still yearned to lie across the desk, pull down her jeans and have him fuck her as he'd just fucked Belinda.

Night after night she had lain at his side completely bored. Now she burned for him. What's wrong with me? she wondered. Is it because someone else wants him? Am I viewing him through Belinda's eyes, or is it just a case of dog in the manger? I don't want him, but I'd rather no one else did either.

How bitchy and selfish can you get? I didn't know I had it in me.

'I'm sorry, Rosie,' he said, his voice choked. To her dismay, she saw that his mild grey eyes were moist. 'You're away so much these days. I feel kind of left out. I couldn't do what you do, in front of the camera, but it's made a big difference to our relationship.'

'I thought you were happy about it. The business is doing so well, isn't it?' she said, pushing the conversation when she knew it was going nowhere.

'Orders are pouring in and everyone is talking about Plants Galore,' he enthused, using this as a red herring to divert her from his infidelity, maybe even to excuse it in some dim-witted, muddled way.

'Well then,' she said, wondering what on earth she meant. Nothing was well at all, it seemed.

'Belinda's been a brick, coping with the rush,' he said, as if in mitigation, his voice ringing with pride.

'So she should. She gets paid enough.'

'She's worked really hard. Over and above the call of duty.'

'Good old Belinda, ready and waiting to step into my shoes.'

'It's not like that. She isn't like that. Neither of us want to hurt you.'

'Oh, Terry! What a load of shite! Hurt me? I'll bet neither of you gave me a thought when you were at it. Where did it happen? Here, in the office? In the back of the car? Not in my bed, I hope. I don't think I could stomach that.'

'It wasn't in your bed, and anyway, I always looked on it as our bed,' he protested, his weathered face flushing.

'Mine. Ours. What does it matter? I suppose you want me to leave the business?'

'It might be for the best,' he conceded gloomily.

'You'll buy me out, and the house, too? Or shall I make you a handsome settlement so that you're the one to go?'

'I really don't mind, though we could remain in partnership. Whatever you want, Rose.'

She could see Belinda hovering about in the outer office. She was wearing beige and it did her no favours. Dun-coloured hair strained back and held in place with girlish slides, glasses with tortoiseshell frames and - her only claim to fame - those massive breasts. Did Terry get off on sucking them? Did she suck his cock and swallow his come? Were they into fellatio, with her under the desk like a president's whore?

'I don't think we should work together any more,' Rosemary said coldly. 'Get your lawyers on to it.'

'What will you do, if you decide to leave?' He seemed genuinely concerned.

Having trouble with your conscience, Terry? she thought acidly. Then she said, 'Oh, I'll be OK. I'm on TV, or haven't you noticed? The series will run for a long time, so they tell me. And I can always buy another house and set up a nursery in opposition.'

'You wouldn't do that, would you, Rosie?' he quavered, and she took a sour satisfaction in seeing that he was almost regretting this move. They both knew that if she went Plants Galore would soon fade into the background.

She came nearer to him and stood close, hoping that if Belinda peeped through the glass panel she'd shit herself with worry that they might be getting together again. Shooting her hand down, Rosemary grabbed his balls and squeezed them.

'Watch me,' she said.

The moment she stalked out of the office, shutting the door with a crash, Rosemary made up her mind to seduce Scott.

It wasn't 5.30 p.m. yet. He was bound to still be there.

The sun was lower now but it was still hot. The breeze had dropped and the earth baked in the stillness. Damn all men! Rosemary swore to herself. If it wasn't for them I'd have gone straight to my room, got out of these jeans and into a bikini and plunged into the swimming pool. The thought of it almost turned her from her purpose - cool water, wavelets of her own making, a few lengths before lazing in the shallow end, a tall glass of iced fruit-juice to hand.

Later, she promised herself. When the pool's lit up from below and the moon sails across the sky. Maybe lover-boy will join me. After all, Terry can hardly complain if he does, not after what he's been doing with Mrs Hamster, née Miss Mousekin.

The glass of the main greenhouse glinted crimson. It seemed to beckon. Rosemary turned the door handle. A swampy heat hit her, redolent of growing, fecund things. She could almost hear the plants engaged in their single-minded urge to reproduce. They used any means at their disposal - perfume, nectar - in order to lure insects to carry their pollen, even if it meant the stupid little creatures died in the attempt. They, too, were following their instincts. Victims of Mother Nature. Just like humans.

At first she thought it was deserted, then she saw Scott. He was packing up and getting ready to leave. He stopped what he was doing and stared across at her. He seemed taller, browner, more flagrantly virile than ever; his blue-linen collarless shirt was unbuttoned to the waist. It matched his eyes.

They didn't speak. Words were superfluous. They moved towards each other and Rosemary's blood pounded as he pulled her up against his warm body. He lowered his face to engulf her mouth.

The touch of his lips filled her with such passion that she couldn't breathe for a moment. It was as if she had never been kissed before – as if this was her first time. It brought out the teenager; the naive girl; the virgin. She felt the balance of power going askew. She was no longer the boss. He was taking charge.

He pressed his tongue against her lips, opening them. Rosemary's insides clenched and her clit throbbed. How long? Oh, God, how long had it been since she felt like this?

Young man, beautiful young man, making her whole again, stripping away the tight control, the pretence, the icy hardness. She wanted to sing and shout and rip off their clothes, to have him take her in as many positions as found in *The Kama Sutra*. Without stopping his exploration of her mouth, his hands skimmed her waist, then caressed the under-swell of her breasts. He's taking too long, she thought impatiently. I want him now.

She was so aroused that she could think no further. Nothing must stop this. Nothing.

She had a quick vision of the camera crew bursting in and recording every raw moment. Then she imagined Michael including it in a late-night showing, uncensored, on Channel Five. That would put the cat among the pigeons!

But there was no one about, only her and Scott. He lifted his head and smiled down into her face; his bright eyes shone. Gently, his tongue caressed her lower lip, first the corners, then the pouting middle section. She moaned and did what she had wanted to do since seeing him for the first time. She slid her hand down between them and cradled his bulge.

Scott stepped back, still holding her lightly, and let her examine him. 'D'you like what you feel?' he asked, amused.

'Oh, yes,' she gasped.

'Would you like some more?'

'Yes.'

'Yes what?' His voice was crisp.

‘Yes, please.’

‘That’s better, Miss Maddox,’ he replied, teasing her but without malice. He unzipped his fly.

She drew in a breath as his cock leaped out, curving and brown-skinned. It was bigger than Terry’s, bigger than any other lover’s, though her experience was limited and she had been almost a virgin when she met Terry. She palmed it, and Scott’s excitement communicated with hers, her fingers acting like lightning conductors. She wrapped her hand round him and moved it up and down. His cock expanded another inch. She gulped, impressed.

What would such a huge thing feel like inside her? Would she be able to take it? There was only one way to find out.

His hand was under her T-shirt, working its way up to find and hold one lace-covered breast. The expensive, under-wired creation was suddenly too tight. Her nipples wanted the roughness of his work-hardened fingers on them. Terry’s hands had been rough once, but now he sat in an office all day. Rosemary felt the sudden need for a man of the soil.

The jungle-green surroundings, dripping with moisture, filled her with the desire to be naked. She tugged at Scott’s belt, letting him know of her urgency.

‘All right, all right,’ he soothed. ‘Don’t worry. There’s plenty of time. I’ve been left to lock up; everyone else has gone home.’

‘No audience then?’ She was almost disappointed, wanting to flaunt her new-found sexuality, and brashly advertise the fact that she was about to fuck this fine young stud.

He laughed quietly. Even this was charged with masculinity, the sound of the hunter assured of his prey. ‘You’re a show off,’ he said.

‘I think you’re right.’ He must be, she concluded. She had taken to the cameras like a duck to water, with no shyness, awkwardness or hesitation; on-screen she was supremely confident, in a way she never was in her off-screen life.

Playing to the gallery, Melanie called it.

Melanie! Good God, what would she think of all this? Probably demand a slice of the pie. She liked men; the younger the better.

Dazed with lust, Rosemary protested when he disengaged his crotch from her fingers, but only momentarily. With an arm looped across her shoulders, his hand dangling down to brush her nipples through her clothes, he took her over to a pile of pallets. They were the height of a bed.

'Now,' he said, his attitude changing, the gentleness gone.

His fly gaped, and she wormed her hand inside, finding the hotness of his groin, and weighing the fullness of his balls. He released himself long enough to unlace his trainers and strip off his jeans. The shirt came next and she was staring at every inch of his muscular body. He was a near perfect specimen.

He spread sacks on the improvised couch and then lay back, watching her as she undressed. Suddenly self-conscious, she wished she had organised their first mating to take place under different circumstances - in her bedroom, perhaps, with subdued lighting. But then her nostrils responded to the pungent perfume of Star-Gazer lilies and waxen stephanotis, hoops of jasmine and sprays of honeysuckle, and she knew she'd rather be there than any place on earth.

There was something crude, almost primordial about it. This man. She hardly knew him, but when he said, 'Down,' she advanced on her knees towards him.

He was playing with his cock, his thighs spread wide, his balls resting on the sacking. With his free hand buried in her hair, he drew her closer. She was between his legs now, her bare breasts tickled by his pubic thatch. She breathed in his scent. It was strong and musky, stirring her senses.

She clasped his rod, feeling it pulse in her hand, then her lips encircled the cap, and her tongue tasted him. She sighed, drawing the length into her mouth, sucking steadily

and hearing him groan. It gave her a feeling of satisfied discomfort at being stretched to comply with a demand she could hardly meet. Her cheeks ached, her jaw, too, as she mouthed him. His pleasure was almost as sweet to her as her own, a coil tightening inside her.

The intensity of his need taking charge, she worked his cock. Her hair straggled forward, in the way, but he simply pushed it back and held it there, his lips pouting, his eyes heavy-lidded. She thought he would want to orgasm at once and she prepared to milk him. His precome mingled with her saliva, and she lapped at his stem, concentrating on the sensitive underside.

His fingers digging into her scalp warned her to remain still. His cock throbbed but did not shoot, and he slid it from her. 'There's another way I want to try,' he said. 'Sure, I could easily come in your mouth, but we'll do that next time. Tell me what you want me to do to please you.'

'Don't you know?' she whispered. Was it possible he was so ignorant?

'I want you to talk to me about it. Show me. Touch yourself.' As he spoke, he reached for her breasts, his thumbs circling the nipples.

'I can't. I've never . . .' she began, but he silenced her.

'You masturbate, don't you?' he said and, though she couldn't see his face, she guessed that he was smiling.

'Yes,' she admitted.

'Do it for me,' he ordered.

Terry had never wanted her to do such a thing. She took her pleasure secretly when he wasn't about - in the bath, in hotel bedrooms. She loved to play with her clit, watching herself sometimes in the mirror, seeing her pink slit opening, shining, and that sliver of flesh ripening between her lips.

The sweat beaded her body as she thought of it. It was impossible to stop now. She sat beside Scott on the pallet, making herself comfortable so that she might savour this

unique experience. She had often daydreamed of a man watching her bring herself to climax, but had never done it before.

Half sitting, she opened her legs and parted her outer lips, relishing the crisp feel of her bush. Her finger found her wetness. She glanced at Scott to make sure he was looking.

‘Go on,’ he said huskily. ‘Bring yourself off, then I’ll lick you out.’

Using her other hand, she held her flesh apart. Her clit protruded. She touched the head with delicate wet strokes. Shivers of desire ran through her body, gathering in her epicentre. Forgetting Scott, she closed her eyes, focusing on the fantastic images behind her lids. She didn’t want anything to disrupt her climb to the peak.

She felt his hand on hers, and then the warmth of his breath as his mouth hovered above her mound. ‘Oh, I don’t want to stop. I must have it,’ she moaned.

‘Let me help, please,’ he said and, lifting her finger away, replaced it with his tongue.

The feeling was so acute that it resembled pain. She writhed against his mouth, lifting her hips, pressing herself to him. Orgasm flowed through her, the sensation so intense that she blacked out for a second.

It didn’t stop, not at once. Scott sucked her gently, prolonging her climax, taking her down carefully, stage by stage.

With his hand resting on her belly, he lay beside her, admiration in his eyes. ‘Now what d’you want?’ he asked.

‘You,’ she said firmly, and folded a hand round his cock.

His smile widened and he reached for his crumpled jeans. ‘Put this on for me,’ he said, handing her a condom.

She opened the packet and drew it out. Not a pink one, as she had expected, but black. She wasn’t familiar with condoms. She and Terry had never used them. She was on the pill and they had trusted one another. A misplaced trust, as it turned out, she thought wryly. Does he pop one on his

dick when he's about to plug the hole of his little furry friend? Does Mrs Hamster insist, in case he's caught something nasty from me? I'll bet he's told her I'm a tart.

She sat over Scott, his cock swaying slightly from side to side. Here goes, she thought, and tentatively started to roll the rubber over the glans. She heard him grunt, and felt the cock jerk as she covered it to the base, then leaned back to admire her handiwork. Somehow, that shiny black covering added to its fascination and gave it a sinister aspect. It seemed more than a human appendage. It could have been a hand-carved lingam, a plastic dildo, a vibrator. Rosemary had never tried sex-toys. It was like a sunburst in her head to realise that she could do so now - she could do what the hell she liked.

But, just for the moment, there was a living, throbbing thing, attached to a strong, lusty man. He kneeled each side of her, parted her legs and eased his ebony-wrapped prick into her. Though she was so wet, it was a tight fit. He rocked his hips, and an inch more of him slid inside, then another. Now she could feel him butting against her. Far from hurting, it was blissful. She clenched her muscles round him.

'You're wonderful,' he whispered, and leaned forward to brush his lips against her cheek and her mouth. 'I knew you'd feel like this.'

He gripped her ankles and placed them on his shoulders, then held her buttocks and lifted her higher against him. She felt him plunging deeper into her. Though she'd had an orgasm, this was an added bonus, the feeling of him pounding at her forcefully, selfishly, taking his pleasure.

He dug his nails into her buttocks, threshing in and out, his hips pistoning until she felt him erupting inside her. He slumped down, covering her body, the canvas sacking rough against her back and shoulders. His hands released their crushing grip, but continued to smooth her buttocks.

He raised himself on one elbow, staring down at her and smiling. Passion satiated, she decided that he was too

conceited by half, and almost regretted that she'd now given him something to crow about.

'I don't intend to be a notch on your bedpost,' she said, but was aware of his fingers insinuating themselves between the crack of her bottom, the middle one pressing against her anus.

'Would I?' he asked innocently, his voice as bland as milk.

'Yes, you would.'

'Not me, Miss Maddox. Not where you're concerned. When are we going to do it again?'

He was quite unrepentant and Rosemary couldn't suppress that bubbling feeling of wellbeing. There were a dozen reasons why she might live to regret fucking him, but just for now, she felt warm, wet and desirable, and immeasurably glad that she'd done it.

Chapter Two

SHE FUMBLLED FOR the phone on the bedside table, and Michael's crisp voice rang in her ear, when she answered. 'Rosemary, can you come in this morning?'

'What? Why?' she asked, surfacing from a muddled dream. 'It's Saturday.'

'We need to talk about that roof-garden conversion,' he replied. 'I'm on the boat.'

'Can't it wait until Monday? I've been planning to vegout by the pool.'

'It could, I suppose, but there're a few snags to iron out. Anyway, I want to see you. Can you leave Terry behind?'

The timbre of Michael's voice always made her shiver, and when he was being dictatorial on set she came out in goose pimples. Power was an irresistible aphrodisiac.

'It seems like I'll be going most places without him from now on,' she said.

'Oh, what's happened?' His tone changed, becoming sharper.

They'd worked together for months and she had been aware of the chemistry between them from the onset. So far, she had merely flirted with the idea, fencing round the indisputable fact that they were destined to make love.

'I'll tell you when I see you,' she promised, and the tears were close. She needed a shoulder to cry on.

'Right. The river's looking great today. How about lunch? I'll cook you something special.'

After putting down the receiver, she sat and brooded on her future. This is how it would be from now on - she'd wake alone.