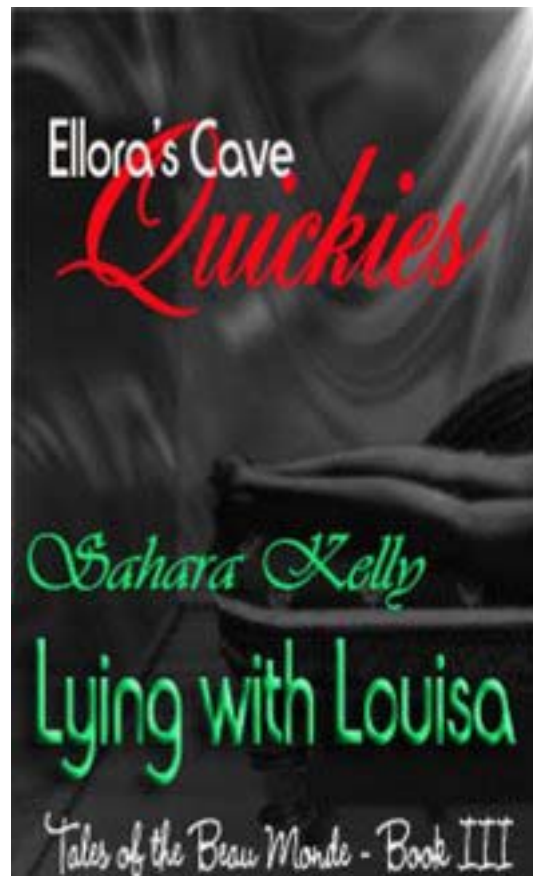




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LYING WITH LOUISA

SAHARA KELLY

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Warning:

The following material contains strong sexual content meant for mature readers. LYING WITH LOUISA has been rated NC17, erotic, by three individual reviewers. We strongly suggest storing this electronic file in a place where young readers not meant to view this ebook are unlikely to happen upon it. That said, enjoy...

Chapter 1

The man in the bed moaned.

It was a slight sound, but it was enough to awaken Louisa Cellini from her doze in the chair near the fire.

She stretched her arms above her head as she stood, letting the wool blanket that had been covering her fall to the floor. Her nude body gleamed in the flickering firelight, and she bent to add another log. Satisfied that the wood had caught, she turned to the bed.

He was tossing and moving his head back and forth on the pillow, his over-long sandy colored hair tangling and matting beneath him.

Louisa eased her hip onto the bed next to him and reached for the cloths soaking in cool water. She gently placed one across his forehead and his fidgeting immediately stilled.

He sighed, as if in relief.

Louisa gently ran her fingers down his beard-stubbed cheek, soothing as much as caressing.

His arm moved out towards her and when it touched her thigh, he turned his whole body, swinging his other arm over her leg and holding on to her.

She adjusted the cool cloth and continued her gentle stroking, over his shoulders, down his forearms, and back to his hair which she carefully smoothed free of knots.

And still he slept.

Louisa found her stroking was having a hypnotic effect on her as well, and she gazed at the man lying next to her with a mixture of emotions.

He was an inventor. A man with a brilliant and inquisitive mind, or so she'd been told. A man who also possessed a body that was mouthwateringly attractive, and designed to catch a woman's eye. Most especially her eye, which traveled down his muscled length, enjoying the sight of his firm flesh, and his perfectly proportioned manhood, lying relaxed amongst sandy curls.

She could enjoy the sight, but it was marred by the shining wound that crossed from one ankle to corrupt the skin of his calf then traveled on up towards his outer leg. One hand was bandaged, the one that was lying so casually across her thigh.

But Louisa knew the worst wound was not revealed by puckered flesh or clean white bandages. It was the one that he had suffered when his equipment had blown up in front of him.

The astounding flash of light that had singed his eyebrows, splattered him with flaming chemicals – and stolen his sight.

Professor Owen Lloyd-Jones was blind.

* * * * *

He settled himself more comfortably next to Louisa, and his breath warmed her thigh as she watched him.

It had been two days since his arrival, which had been heralded by a rider from London with a message from the Countess of Dunsmere.

Recognizing her friend Beatrice's handwriting, Louisa had slit the envelope open with a smile, only to be intrigued by the message within.

"Louisa my dearest,

Harry and I are sending you a special patient who needs all your skill and attention. We cannot think of another who might help him find his way out of the darkness. Please, Louisa, he needs you very badly."

Within hours the Earl's traveling carriage had pulled up at Montvale House and disgorged its single passenger, the mostly unconscious and injured Professor Owen Lloyd-Jones. The papers tucked in with Beatrice's note told the story.

He'd been working in his laboratory when an experiment had gone drastically wrong. The details about magnesium, elements, something called electricity, and vapors, went by Louisa's mind like water over a fall. They didn't matter to her.

What did matter was the magnificent man who had been burned by his experiments and robbed of his sight. His eyebrows would grow back to their full bushy state, but his eyes...

The physician's note had been hopeful. He could not, he said, presently detect any permanent damage to the Professor's eyes. He cited a similar tragedy, which had befallen noted investigator Sir Humphry Davy some years before. A malfunctioning experiment had rendered him temporarily blind, but his sight had returned within weeks.

Louisa had rushed to the carriage and found Owen, still drugged with the laudanum that had helped ease his pain. His pupils were so dilated that his eyes seemed black as he stared at nothing.

She had taken his hand in hers and led him to her room, undressing him carefully and laying him between her sheets. His body had called to hers as she cleaned and tended to his wounds, yet he had remained silent. His cock had become aroused as she'd washed him, and she'd been unable to refrain from gently stroking it. Then he'd moaned, and she'd remembered what she was supposed to be doing.

Honey had been substituted for the heavy wrappings on his leg, light cotton now covered the scrapes on his hand, and her own mixture of valerian and herbs was replacing the drugging laudanum. His body was already showing signs of recovery.

All that was left was his eyes.

He must be around forty, thought Louisa, as she settled herself more comfortably on the bed next to him. His hand slipped from her thigh onto the bed, and she found herself missing its warmth.

His body was very nicely sculpted, firm and masculine. His shoulders were broad and his skin was golden. He must have done a lot of research outdoors without a shirt, she mused.

His waist was trim, his chest downy with hair, and his belly lean and flat. He struck her as a man who moved a lot, there was banked energy stored in those muscles. His

thighs would be strong and firm and she found herself yearning for their feel between her legs.

She wriggled a little as her speculations aroused her. Slipping her hand to her mound, she felt the moisture pooling and flowing from her hungry flesh. As one who enjoyed a healthful daily orgasm, Louisa knew all there was to know about pleasuring herself.

So why was she responding to the mere presence of this man? What was it about him that made her hot and wet? She could not recall ever becoming this aroused by a male, they were basically unnecessary to her pleasure. And Louisa did believe in her own pleasure, just not in needing a man to achieve it.

She could have fetched one of her favorite toys from her private playroom and used it to relieve her needs, but tonight she was next to a special person—she wanted to savor the moment.

She raised her knee, and his uninjured hand slipped beneath her thigh. A mere slide of her hips and his hand would be on her mound. She found herself powerless to resist.

Her hand closed over his long fingers and guided them to her aching flesh. Spreading her thighs, she touched his hand to her clit.

It was as if one of his experiments had come to life. There was a vibrant tingle where his warmth caressed hers, and when she pressed him deep against her folds, her body started shuddering.

She rubbed herself gently at first, not wanting to disturb him, but needing the contact.

With her free hand, she cupped her breasts, lifting, pulling, and finally pinching her nipples.

Her head dropped back and she ground his fingers into her sensitive tissues as her buttocks clenched and her juices flowed over his hand.

She teased her nipples, first one and then the other, the dart of sensation adding to the building tension within her.

His fingers were just the right shape to cover her mound, and she moved so that she could hold him even tighter against her. She wanted him inside her so badly she could taste it, but didn't dare push his hand any deeper.

Patiently she masturbated against his hand, allowing the texture of his skin to imprint itself on her slick flesh. The sensations built and her mouth opened in a silent gasp as she neared her orgasm.

His hand stiffened and suddenly there were three long, firm fingers inside her. Unquestioningly she welcomed them, their warmth and vitality spreading ripples of sensation through her shaking body. The shock and the feeling of fullness completed her spiral into ecstasy.

The orgasm shook her to her core.

As rational thought returned, she noticed his hand was gone. Turning, she looked at her patient.

He still slept, but she could have sworn there was a slight curve to his lips.

Chapter 2

He could smell her on his fingers.

His mind was still foggy, his thoughts rambling hither and yon, but he had the smell of a woman on his fingers and the remembered feel of her hot and silky cunt in his mind. He would have dismissed it as a dream but for that fragrance.

He stretched slightly, feeling the tug of injured skin halting his movements. Oh yes—the laboratory. The electrical current had been unstable and overcharged through the magnesium sample he'd been using.

His body tightened as the details of the explosion began to filter through his returning consciousness. There'd been a sudden whirr of his homemade electrical system and a hiss within the Leyden jar that held the capacitor. His mind recalled a loud sound and a bright light—then nothing.

He'd been injured, that much was certain.

There were vague memories of voices, shouting at first, then soothing. There were moments when he could have sworn he was in a carriage, but there were other moments of complete emptiness.

He had no idea where he was, but he felt comfortable at least. The room he was in was warm, the sheets soft and smelled of lavender and sunshine. It was quiet, and some sense told him that he was, for the moment, alone.

And of course, there was her.

The woman whose scent lingered on his skin and his pillows. He had heard her voice through his confusion, low and soft, with a touch of an accent now and again.

He had felt her hand soothing his naked body, even stroking his cock as she tended to him. In his drugged state he'd acknowledged the touch but had been helpless to do anything about it.

And then he'd woken to find her close to him, her warmth around him and her most sensitive folds under his fingers.

It had to have been one of the most erotic moments he could remember, although heaven knew there hadn't been many erotic moments in his life up to now. He was powerless to resist the urge to drive his fingers into her soaking cunt and explore her deepest secrets.

Of course he'd had women. Every man had the need for an occasional release. But the women who had pursued him in his youth had given up when they realized that his true mistress was science. They couldn't hope to fight the lure of the base metals or the pipette, the excitement of the moments before an experiment worked, or the incredible, almost sexual thrill of a successful invention.

Most of the time, he'd taken matters into his own hands and brought himself to orgasm as the need overtook him. And recently that had been less and less. He was going to be forty-two this year and his sexual inclinations were obviously waning.

So how to explain the fact that the scent of this woman on his hand and the memory of his fingers up her cunt were giving him a magnificent erection?

He eased himself onto his back, cataloging his sensations. A pulling tightness on the outside of one leg. One hand was bandaged, but the other was free. The one that had been in *her*.

His cock hardened even more at the recollection. It was becoming painful in its arousal and Owen knew he'd get no rest until he'd relieved the problem.

He listened intently to the stillness within the room with eyes closed, feigning sleep. Hearing nothing, he lowered his uninjured hand to his groin and grasped his cock firmly, wishing that he could be buried in something softer, hotter and wetter.

He stroked with decisive movements, lingering for mere seconds at the ridge and head, but adding a quick flick to the small slit as drops of moisture began to bead their way across its swollen surface. His whole mind was focused on his cock and the sensations that were building there.

His balls tightened and he felt a tingle at the base of his spine. He moved his hand faster now, wanting to prolong the exquisite anticipation, but finding that his body was rushing headlong into the vortex.

With an indrawn breath his climax was upon him, and his hand pumped furiously as he came.

His seed spurted joyfully from his cock and his clamped muscles unwound, easing him into a state of exhausted relaxation.

Sighing, he opened his eyes. His body jerked once in disbelief.

He was quite blind.

Owen raised a hand to his eyes, touching the skin around them gently. He passed trembling fingers over the stubble of his eyebrows and then covered them completely.

His body heaved with a sob.

"You are not alone." A voice swept through the blackness surrounding him. "I am here, Owen. You are not alone."

Owen froze. Especially when a soft hand touched his abdomen and smoothed his cum around like lotion below his navel.

"Who are you?" he asked roughly, a trace of embarrassment in his voice.

"A friend."

"Where am I?"

"You are in my home."

"Answers but no answers. Are you some kind of Sibyl? A wise woman who is supposed to tend to me? Take me by the hand for the rest of my life? Hold my cock when I need to empty my bladder? God, woman, *I CAN'T SEE!*"

Louisa flinched at the deep and abiding pain that flowed from his heart to his words and into her soul.

"I know." She continued to smooth her hand over his flesh, dipping down around his cock and his balls now and again.

"So who are you, besides my 'friend'?"

Louisa sighed. She could hear the anger begin. It was good, a natural progression. Better anger than desperation.

"I am Louisa Cellini. You are presently in my room at Montvale House in Yorkshire."

"Yorkshire? How did I get here?"

"After the explosion in your laboratory, Harry Boyd arranged for you to come here to recuperate. He and I have been friends for years."

"So, one of Harry's women. That explains it."

Louisa removed her hand. "Explains what?"

"Are you a simple whore, or were you Harry's mistress? I hope he's paying you well for looking after a blind man like this."

Louisa began to clean his skin with a warm cloth, washing him gently but thoroughly. His anger was clearly directed at her, but she knew that whoever had been here at this time would have been a convenient target.

"I am not a whore. I am a friend of Harry's, *and* his wife's, and have been for many years. I am tending to you because he asked it of me and for no other reason. Certainly not for financial gain. This is my home, I have no need of anyone's support."

Her voice remained calm in spite of the insults Owen flung at her.

"No decent woman would behave as you do. How long have you been here at my bedside? Did you enjoy watching me come? Why didn't you say something? Another woman would have immediately made her presence known."

Louisa was silent for a moment as she dried him off. "I have been here for some time, and yes, I enjoyed watching you come. You have a beautiful body and your face is very lovely and full of passion when you spend your seed. I believe that there is nothing wrong with being aware of one's sexual and sensual needs. I enjoy an orgasm every day, and feel the better for it. Does that make me indecent?"

Owen chewed his lip. "I don't know. It makes you different. If I could look into your eyes, I might be able to tell. But I shall be denied that pleasure, shan't I?"

The bitterness was unmistakable, and Louisa responded to it.

"The damage may not be permanent, Owen. The physician could find no obvious sign of damage. He is encouraged that, given time, you will regain your sight."

"And until then? I'm a worthless cripple. I can walk, talk, and do everything a healthy man can do, but I cannot see to do it. I'm a scientist, an investigator, Madam. I

rely on my eyes to function. Now I will have to be led around like a sick animal. Perhaps it would have been better if I'd died in that explosion. Better to be in heaven than in this dark hell."

Louisa gently pulled the covers over him.

"Why are you caring for me?" he asked, flinging his arm across his eyes. "Why waste your time with half a man? You're a woman who admits to enjoying her body. Why aren't you fucking your husband?"

"I have no husband, Owen. No man owns or controls me, nor will there ever be such a man. The pleasure I enjoy I give myself. It's easier that way. And I do not accept that you are only half a man, either."

She raised him slightly and held a cup to his lips.

"Drink, Owen, 'tis a harmless blend of herbs that will ease your mind and help you rest. At the moment, rest is the best medicine in the world. Your burns are healing well and your hand is improving daily. It is time to call upon that scientific patience for which you are renowned. Imagine this is an experiment..."

She eased him back on the pillows and tugged his arm away from his face. Soothing his brow with her hand, she softened her voice even more.

"You are a famous and brilliant scientist, and now you must wait to see the results of this experiment. After a while you will be able to tell if it has been a success, but you must not expect too much too soon."

Owen's breathing slowed slightly. "But I'm blind, Louisa. I can't see you. I can't see anything. I shall not be able to live like this. I shall never feel..."

His voice tapered off as the herbal tincture took effect.

"Not feel, eh? We shall have to see about that, my very handsome friend, we shall have to see..."

Chapter 3

For the next few days Louisa deliberately stayed away from Owen's sickroom. Her servants were efficient and well trained, and took excellent care of him, withstanding his verbal assaults and his demands that Louisa present herself.

She was encouraged by his temper tantrums. The lingering effects of the laudanum had worn off, and the burned skin was healing extremely well. Only his sight was still affected. He was unable to see anything at all.

His frustration was growing as his strength returned, and Louisa knew she could not keep him in bed much longer. The time was drawing near to start educating Professor Lloyd-Jones on what the rest of his body could do, even though his eyes weren't working.

Louisa licked her lips. Her plan to provide a distraction for Owen was likely to provide a distraction for her as well. Each night since he'd staggered into her life she'd found her pleasure, but somehow now her sexual playthings were bringing her less and less satisfaction.

Only the night before, she'd been in her special room, naked before the fire with her favorite wooden *diletto* in her hand.

This room had been her sanctuary for many years and its contents had brought her much pleasure, not to mention teaching her and her special friends a great deal about their bodies and their capability for sexual satisfaction. It was entirely possible that both Harry Boyd and his friend, Lord Nicholas Barbour, were enjoying happy marriages because of this room. Their wives had been able students of the erotic lessons offered by these antiques.

But this night, Louisa had found to her surprise that she'd ended up fantasizing about Owen's hand between her legs instead of a wooden phallus. She'd had no difficulty imagining his tongue caressing her taut nipples or her eager clit.

She'd not needed the toy—it had dropped from her hands as she touched herself. With eyes closed, she'd seen his strong face above her, felt his weight crushing into her

and enjoyed his touch on her clit. Her nipples had seemed more sensitive than usual as she caressed them and pinched them, using the near-painful sensation to heighten her arousal. She'd imagined his mouth suckling her breasts, licking, nibbling, and pleasuring both of them. She'd felt his touch on the fragile skin of her belly and imagined his weight holding her thighs down as he thrust into her. He'd be firm and strong and he'd be able to plunge deep into her innermost secrets.

Yearning, she'd writhed alone, plunging her fingers into her cunt and knowing that it wasn't the same. She was forty-four years old, and suddenly she wanted a man. Not just any man, but the one lying in her bed.

The orgasm she'd experienced had been one of amazing strength. Truly, the presence of Owen Lloyd-Jones was proving to be quite a disturbance for her. It was time to put his feet on the road to recovery.

Louisa felt her thighs tighten and her juices flow at the thought. Tonight she would begin Owen's reintroduction to his body. She was going to awaken his sensuality. Show him that there were some things for which sight was unnecessary. And she had a feeling he was going to be *very* good at them.

She allowed herself a little grin.

* * * * *

Owen heard the door open and close, and knew it was *her*.

"So, you've finally decided to visit the blind man, have you?" he snarled angrily.

"Yes."

"About time."

"Haven't my servants been taking good care of you?"

"You know they have. I'm sure they report every scab and wrinkle in my skin, not to mention the number of times they have to help me use the chamber pot."

Louisa chuckled. "Not quite that detailed a report, Owen. But I'm glad that they have shaved you. At least now I can see the man beneath the stubble..."

Owen touched his hand to his smooth cheek, unwilling to admit that he felt a lot better without his half-grown beard.

"So why are you here? I still can't see, you know," he said, flinging himself petulantly back against the pillows.

"But it appears that you have your temper back, and I thought you might like to get up and move around a little this evening."

Owen cringed at the thought. "I suppose you'll take me by the hand, and pick me up when I trip over the furniture?" he replied sarcastically.

"Do you like sex, Owen?"

Good god. Where had that come from? He wasn't sure how to respond. "Er—well..."

"How silly of me," continued Louisa in her calm voice. "Of course you do. At least with yourself."

Owen couldn't help the blush that crept over his newly smoothed cheeks. "I cannot believe you would mention that episode," he said.

"Why not? You have a beautiful body. It was a pleasure to watch you."

"You are a sexually obsessed woman, Miss Cellini. It cannot be healthful," pronounced Owen at his most pedantic.

"Bosh! I am forty-four years old and I know how to pleasure myself. I am not ashamed of it. I have not suffered anything more than a touch of the ague in many years, and I still ride, walk, and have all my teeth. I run this estate profitably, and my neighbors are mostly pleasant and don't hesitate to visit. I enjoy my own touch, rather than a man's, because I have not yet found a man willing to consider my pleasure as well as his. Nor am I looking for one. If this is wrong, please enlighten me."

Owen was at a loss as to how to reply to Louisa's blunt speech. His cock, however, clearly heard something that fascinated it, as Owen could feel his erection beginning. Damned if she wasn't seducing him with her words.

"I feel differently about you and your body, Owen, more than I have felt for any man before." Owen knew Louisa was moving around the room as she spoke, he could hear her gown rustling.

"Perhaps this is because you cannot see me, or judge *my* body. As I said, I am forty-four. No longer are my breasts high and tight, nor is my skin unlined. The passage of time has marked me as surely as the explosion has marked you. I would like for us to turn this situation to our mutual advantage."

"And how do you suggest we do that?" inquired Owen, not sure if he wanted to hear the answer, but feeling a warmth in his loins.

"Firstly, this..." Louisa had come close to him and he felt the soft touch of silk across his face.

"What...what..." he sputtered as she tied a piece of fabric over his eyes.

"In many sexual experiences, one partner is blindfolded. For this evening, we are going to pretend that you cannot see because you are thus arrayed." She tightened the knot behind his head.

Owen was silent as he realized that she had changed his perspective slightly. Feeling the silk tight against his closed eyes made his blindness seem like his choice, not his fate. A small difference, but a difference all the same.

"Now, you will leave the bed, yes?"

Feeling her hand tugging his, Owen carefully slid his legs towards her, sensing the edge of the bed and easing himself upright. He realized, rather belatedly, that he was stark naked.

"I...um...a robe, perhaps?"

"Oh I think not," came a low chuckle from his side. "But if you are uncomfortable, perhaps this will put your mind at rest."

He felt her touch on his hand as she raised it and brought it to—where? Owen focused and let his mind see what his eyes could not. She was using his hand to brush something soft away from her body. She lowered his hand and together their fingers tugged on a cord. He heard the 'swoosh' of material as her garment fell to the floor.

"I am naked too, Owen. Feel me."

She ran his hand from her waist up over her breast to her neck. It was the most exquisite sensation, and Owen's cock agreed. Strongly.

"You said you would not be able to feel anything, Owen. This night will prove you wrong," purred Louisa.

She released his hand, leaving him bereft.

"Follow my voice, Owen. Come to me. Take three, maybe four, steps forward. There is no furniture between us..."

Hesitantly, Owen took a shaky step forward. Nothing barred his way.

"That's right, come to me, my fine gentleman."

Another step and he was closer still. It was almost as if he could feel the warmth of her flesh calling to him.

A final step and his cock bumped something soft.

"You have reached me," said Louisa unnecessarily. "Can you feel me?"

"Of course, woman," snorted Owen. "My cock is stabbing you. What do you think I feel?"

"I do not know. You are the one who said he couldn't feel."

Owen had a sneaking suspicion that he might well regret using those exact words.

She moved away.

Owen sucked in his breath.

"Relax and tell me if you like this..."

She was behind him, and something soft, two somethings actually, were caressing his buttocks. Two somethings with little nubs. Little hard nubs. Good god, she was rubbing her breasts over his backside.

He groaned.

"Oh, we can feel that, can we?"

His cock answered for him, producing a small tear of joy.

Her hands reached around him and stroked the drop gently down his length.

He moaned.

"That too, I hear."

Owen gritted his teeth. "Very well. I can achieve an arousal. You can probably make me come as well. But whether I shall truly feel it without being able to watch you as it happens, is the question, isn't it?"

He felt rather than heard Louisa's low laugh.

"Oh, I think we can answer that question, my friend. Take my hand." She led him carefully to what felt like the soft back of a sofa.

"Bend over."

* * * * *

Louisa was surprised by the fact that Owen did as she told him without demur. It was a mark of how much trust he had developed over the past days.

"Well, what now?" he asked impatiently, forearms resting on the back of the sofa. "I should certainly tell you that I have no interest in being spanked, thank you. That sort of behavior I leave to others."

Louisa couldn't resist running a hand over one warm firm buttock. "Too bad. I think we both might have enjoyed such an interlude. But that's not what I have in mind. For tonight, anyway..."

Her words hung on the air, enticing him, as she knew they would.

She kept her movements slow and deliberate, much as she would had she been training a skittish horse.

"Can you tell me what this is? Take a sniff..."

She held her hand under Owen's nose as he drew in a breath.

"It's spicy, um...seasoning. Oh yes—ginger. My housekeeper puts it into her suet pudding."

Louisa smiled.

"Correct, Owen. What do you know about ginger?"

As she asked this question, she reached for her small paring knife on a side table and began to peel and shape the root that was in her hand.

"Well, let me see. I know it came from the East. I remember reading somewhere about Queen Elizabeth liking it. It used to be very expensive."

"Do you like ginger, Owen?"

"I suppose so. I never thought very much about it."

"Good. I am going to use this ginger to help you feel things."

"You are?"

Louisa smiled at his tone of voice. It was as if Owen was three parts nervous and two parts intrigued.

"I grew this particular root myself, in case you are interested." Her fingers continued to work the root into the shape she desired. Scarcely longer than her thumb, with a flange at one end.

"Ah," said Owen, shifting slightly.

"There we are," finished Louisa. "Now we begin."

She moved behind Owen and spread his buttocks apart gently.

"What in the blue blazes –"

"Hush, Owen. I will not hurt you," said Louisa.

"But...I never...you shouldn't..." His protestations tapered off as Louisa gently slid her hands between his legs and caressed his balls. In spite of himself he moaned.

Louisa gently continued her stimulation, now pressing the ginger root against his tightly puckered flesh. He clenched in response to her touch.

"Owen, relax. This will be a pleasant experience for you – I would never hurt you."

She felt his efforts as his muscles slowly unclamped.

The carefully peeled ginger root slid past his ring of tight muscles and into his anus. His breath came out with a whoosh.

"There, does that hurt?"

He carefully shook his head.

"It feels strange," he muttered.

"Now stand up, Owen." Louisa helped him stand and turned him toward her.

"What do I do now?"

“Nothing. I do it all from now on. You just let me know if you *feel* anything.”

* * * * *

Well now, here was an interesting conundrum. He had something resembling a root vegetable shoved up his arse and she wanted to know if he *felt* anything.

He wanted to snort his incredulity, but had to admit that a slight sensation of warmth was beginning to infiltrate his entire pelvic area. His cock was already erect, but now his balls and buttocks were tingling.

Then he felt the warm moist swipe of her tongue around his cock and the top of his head nearly blew off.

“Louisa,” he gasped, trying to resist the urge to thrust forward into her willing mouth.

“Hush now. You cannot feel anything, remember?”

Her breath wafted over his wet cock like static electricity, with much the same result. His cock stood up even more.

He was helpless to stop his hands from reaching down to her head and positioning her in just the right spot. Not that she needed much help, because her movements were deepening. She raised her hands to his backside and was pressing his cheeks tightly together as she moved his cock in and out of her mouth.

The warmth from the ginger became a sizzle. It was both arousing and stimulating. It made him wonder if his balls might be radiating enough heat to be glowing, and he was losing himself in the sensation.

Her tongue flickered over his most delicate tissue, leaving a path of dampness that felt exquisite as she drew her lips across it. She pushed his buttocks tighter, holding them closed with one hand now, as she used the other to hold his cock steady.

He could smell the ginger on her hands, mixed with the smell of her own sexual arousal, and the combined fragrances were making him dizzy.

His arse was burning now, not painfully but so close to it that his whole pelvis tightened with the heat. The scientist in him was busily cataloging the sensations,

noting that the oils within the ginger root were probably coating his delicate inner tissues and sending the burning warmth deep into his body.

The man in him was simply trying his hardest to handle a unique sensation within his cock and balls. He wanted her tongue to swirl over his cock forever, he wanted to force himself as deeply as he could into her soft mouth, and pull himself out against that incredible vacuum her lips constantly created.

As if reading his mind, Louisa's mouth sucked at him, going deeper than he'd thought possible. She was pulling him practically down her throat, and he was sweating for control. His spine was beginning to tingle, his balls were a single taut lump, his knuckles were fisted in her hair and he rolled his head from side to side in an effort to keep from losing his mind.

"Louisa..." he grunted through clenched teeth. "I cannot hold back..."

Her only response was to draw him to the back of her throat and suck even more strongly, while caressing his ever-tightening balls.

His head swam, his heart pounded, and he wondered if he might actually be dying. Louisa's hand clamped his buttocks together, sending even more of the ginger's juices into his fragile flesh. Her mouth refused to leave his cock, and she held it tightly, pushing down into the hair surrounding it as her head moved rhythmically from base to tip.

His legs began to tremble as Louisa's mouth kept up its suckling movements on his swollen cock. His hands left her head and grasped the sofa back on either side of his hips as he spread his legs wide apart and gave himself up to the rushing of heat and desire within him. His arse ached with sexual tension, and his fists clenched as his entire world focused down to one woman's tongue on his cock.

He wanted to scream.

He wanted to come.

He did both.

Chapter 4

For the first time in her life, Louisa Cellini was scared.

It had been two weeks since that eventful night, when she had given Owen the best orgasm she could.

He didn't know that she'd come too.

It was an experience that rocked her world to its foundations, and threatened her very soul. Never had she come without some kind of stimulation. Never had she even considered the possibility that bringing pleasure to another might result in gaining such pleasure oneself.

Even now, a fortnight later, she had but to close her eyes to remember the taste and feel of him, in her mouth, under her hands, near her body. Her juices would flow at the thought of his scent and her clit would tighten and ache.

His shout at the moment of orgasm ranked as one of her greatest triumphs. She could still hear it ringing through her ears.

He'd come and come into her mouth, as if he'd saved himself for her alone. She'd relished every salty-creamy drop, because his movements beneath her hands had only heightened her own arousal.

Kneeling as she was, it was a simple matter for her to widen her stance and let the tension in her thighs pull the skin taut over her clit. Her rhythmic sucking had been echoed by a rhythmic clench within her cunt like nothing she'd ever experienced before. She found herself tightening her inner muscles as she tightened her tongue and lips, and when her nipples grazed Owen's hairy leg she almost gasped with the flash of sensation that snaked through her.

Within seconds of him coming, she'd dropped her hand, found her clit and with a mere touch, she was coming too. Erupting silently into shattering spasms that translated into gasps around Owen's cock and prolonged his orgasm as well.

Exhausted, Owen had collapsed onto the back of the sofa, panting for air. It had taken Louisa several moments to collect herself enough to get up off the floor and help him back to bed.

He was clearly still weak from the effects of his injuries, because within seconds of putting his head on the pillow, he'd slept.

Louisa had gently removed the ginger, eliciting only a murmur from him as she rolled him onto his stomach and covered him with the blankets.

From that moment on, she'd not gone near him.

She faced the truth – she was afraid.

Afraid that he'd come to mean something to her, something she didn't need nor want. Afraid that she was no longer young and beautiful, and that if he ever did regain his sight, he'd take one look at her and head for London within the hour. Afraid that that was a pain she'd never be able to withstand.

Afraid that he wouldn't want her the way she wanted him. That he wouldn't crave her touch, her scent, her body, the way she craved his. That he wouldn't spend every waking moment wondering if they might ever come together again in the heat of lust and desire.

Louisa was definitely afraid. Afraid she might be falling in love.

* * * * *

Owen Lloyd-Jones was angry. Angry and afraid.

It had been two weeks since the most incredible night of his life and he hadn't seen hide nor hair of Louisa since.

And the main word there was "seen," because the morning following their encounter, Owen had opened his eyes and caught his first exciting glimpse of blurry movement.

Thrilled, he'd lain in bed waiting for Louisa, eager to share his news.

But she'd stayed away.

Her servants said she was busy, on estate business or county affairs or neighborly visits, but that she regularly inquired as to his progress.

Stubbornly, he refused to share this world-shattering improvement with anyone but her. If she couldn't be bothered to come and see for herself, why should he bother to tell anyone?

Each day, a little more light pierced the damaged surface of Owen's eyes, and he started finding it harder not to reveal his returning sight. None would know before Louisa, even if he had to go and drag her out from wherever she was hiding and tell her so.

Beneath his bravado, however, was fear.

Had he disgusted her with his sexual performance?

Not many women of his albeit limited acquaintance would consider taking a man into their mouths at all, let alone bringing him to the most shattering orgasm of his entire life and then continuing to suck him until he was spent and sated.

Even fewer women would have known to heighten such an orgasm with the clever use of spices. He still got hard just thinking about *that* part of it.

And she'd received nothing in return, just the limp and exhausted body of a well-used man who had promptly dropped off and enjoyed twelve of the best hours of sleep in his entire life. He didn't remember losing the ginger or his blindfold, but in the morning they'd been gone.

So where was she?

How was he going to be able to say all the things he wanted if she never came near him again?

How was he going to do all the things he wanted to do if she refused to visit him?

He had been allowed a few short walks from his room into a sitting room, and from there a brief stroll on the arm of a servant outside on the attached stone balcony.

The sun had felt exquisite, and the fact that he could now make out colors, shapes and movements heightened his enjoyment.

There was only one fly in the ointment – Louisa.

Owen spent quite a lot of time over the next days sitting quietly in front of the open veranda doors, listening to the song of the birds and enjoying the fragrances that blew in.

Funny how he had come to find all his senses improved by this recent experience. He could now distinguish between the delicate apple blossom scent and that of the azaleas that were just coming into bloom. He detected the newly scythed lawns as the first growth was cut, and occasionally an earthy whiff of horses and the stables made its way to his eager nose. He heard individual birds, although recognized few, and the warmth of the sun on his skin was a balm to his troubled thoughts. But above all, he could sense Louisa. Her fragrance was all around him, in his bedding, in the rooms he walked slowly through, and in the very air he breathed.

Something deep inside his heart recognized the scent, something that told him this was not merely a woman, but *his* woman. His common sense argued chemistry, his cock countered with passion.

He knew that Louisa was special. Special to him as a healer, as a selfless giver of herself.

He wanted to find out how much more special she was. He wanted to find out if she felt anything for him at all.

Above all, he wanted to find out how she'd feel tightened around his cock and heaving beneath him as he made her come over and over again.

Professor Owen Lloyd-Jones, noted scientist and brilliant deductive mind, began to plot.

Chapter 5

“Will there be anything else this evening, Sir?” politely inquired Jeffries, Louisa’s efficient butler. He was just about finished clearing away the remnants of Owen’s nightly bath.

“No, thank you, Jeffries. Have a pleasant night.”

“You too, Sir.”

Owen tamped down his excitement. Today the trap had been set, it was now awaiting the prey before it sprung and captured her—hopefully in his bed, beneath him.

He’d managed to carefully assemble the items he required. Apparently casual requests for oil of peppermint and a bottle of cloves came under the heading of “indigestion thanks to lack of exercise,” and his evening request for hot water became routine. No one thought anything about it any more.

It was amazing to him exactly how much leeway an apparently blind person was allowed. He’d been left to himself for many an hour, at which time he’d had chance to rummage through his hostess’s belongings like a thief in the night.

But he’d not stolen, merely borrowed. A long cord now rested beneath his pillow, as did a silk scarf.

Absently he popped a small clove into his mouth and chewed, freshening his breath and heating his tongue at the same time.

His silk robe chafed his anxious skin as he paced the room, praying that his scheme might work and bring her to him. His cock was twitching, already half aroused, and getting harder by the minute.

He slipped a couple of cloves into the hot water and inhaled as their pungent scent wreathed around the room. Owen realized he really enjoyed this part—the blending of the herbs and the creation of fragrance.

His message had been relayed, said Jeffries. Miss Louisa had been informed that Professor Lloyd-Jones was hesitant about trespassing on her hospitality further, and

would be pleased to take his leave shortly. Could she visit for a short time this evening to discuss the matter?

Miss Louisa had agreed. She would do herself the honor of visiting Professor Lloyd-Jones after dinner, at the hour of half-past nine. Would that be acceptable to the Professor?

The Professor wanted to leap with joy but didn't, restricting himself to a businesslike nod of the head.

A clock sounded half-past nine. Where was she?

There—he heard it. His temporary blindness had increased his hearing skills to the point where he knew a foot had just been placed on the squeaky top step of the grand staircase. Not Jeffries, either, but a lighter foot. Her foot.

Gathering his supplies and his nerve, he got himself into position and waited.

* * * * *

Louisa was fighting the urge to run flying back down the stairs, out into the night and scream her pain.

Owen was leaving.

It was inevitable, but she had no idea it would hurt as much as it did. Years of self-control came to her aid, however, as she walked firmly up the last step and down the hallway leading to his door.

No one would ever guess the amount of strength it required for her to raise her hand and knock.

"Enter." His voice was firm and sent shivers through Louisa.

She opened the door quietly, surprised as she stepped through and did not immediately see Owen.

She was even more surprised when a pair of strong arms grasped her from behind and proceeded to lash her hands together with a silk cord. One of *her* silk cords, too.

"What the...Owen, what are you doing?" she squawked, taken aback by shock and aroused beyond measure by the feel of his arms around her. He rubbed his biceps deliberately across her breasts.

"Making *you* feel," he answered with a grin. "It's time I said thank you for what you've done for me. And what better way than by returning the favor you did me?"

She was now lashed, wrist to wrist, and she raised her eyes to his.

"Dear god, you can see!"

"Clever lady. If you had cared to come and visit me before, I'd have been able to share my progress with you. I've improved daily, my dear Louisa. You were right. It was temporary. Perhaps still blurry now and again, but to echo your words, yes. I can see."

Instead of struggling against her bonds, Louisa closed her eyes against the glow she saw deep in Owen's.

"Don't look at me like that," she whispered.

"Why not, Louisa?" he breathed, stroking her cheeks and her neck and down to her cleavage which rose above her low-cut gown.

"You're looking at me as if you desired me. I don't want anyone to want me. I've made a life without that kind of involvement. I don't want the pain that comes with wanting, needing, someone like that."

"And is it a satisfactory life, Louisa? Can it give you what I can give you?"

His lips followed his fingers over her skin and she lifted her chin to give him access.

"It's the only life I know. It is tranquil, calm, it is what I always imagined life should be."

"Ah, but there's so much more for a woman like you, one who is passionate, sensual, just crying out for a man to touch her, a woman who will take a man's hand and pleasure herself against it."

Louisa jumped. "You were awake, you – you devil."

“Not really. I thought I had dreamed the feel of you until I woke and found that scent on my hand. Your scent, Louisa. It haunts me. I want it on my hands again. I want it on my lips and in my mouth and in the air I breathe.

Owen continued his gentle touching, reaching his hands behind her and loosening her laces. “Most of all I want it on my cock.”

She humphed out a cynical sound. “I am a realist, Owen. My age shows in my body. When you could not see, I could pretend I was young and lovely, that my touch inflamed you. But now you can see what I am. No longer the young beauty who might bewitch you.”

Owen’s eyes narrowed at the pain in her voice.

“Suppose you allow me the privilege of making my own decisions on that score. Am I not adult enough to say what pleases me and what does not?”

Louisa raised her chin and opened her eyes, allowing her desire to overcome her fear of loving him too much.

“Very well. But don’t say I didn’t warn you. I understand you wish to leave. So perhaps this is the best way to say goodbye. With us seeing each other as we really are, not as our minds wish we might be.”

Owen smiled. “Good idea.”

He slipped her dress down from her shoulders and with one wrench tore it away from her bound wrists.

“Come, Louisa, follow me.”

He pulled her to the bed and laid her gently down, looping the cord that tied her hands through the wooden carvings of the headboard. Then he removed the scarf from under the pillow.

“What...how did you...”

He stopped her mouth with a kiss. Their first.

His lips were warm and firm, and Louisa thought for a moment she’d die of the pleasure. He tasted of spices and his tongue eagerly sought hers as she parted her lips for his entrance.

She felt warmth against her naked breasts and realized his robe had fallen open and he was pressing himself against her body. God, she could come just from having him do this to her.

But he was just beginning.

The silk scarf went round her head and over her eyes.

"Now I have the edge, Louisa," he chuckled, his breath caressing her as he bent to flick his tongue quickly over a nipple.

Her body arched off the bed. He took immediate advantage of that fact by pulling the remnants of her gown away from her, leaving her nude before his hungry eyes.

Owen's hands ran down her body, learning her softness, testing her responses and making her growl under his touch.

"Beautiful, Louisa, beautiful," he muttered, sliding his palms over her thighs and up her hipbones to cup her breasts.

"How can you say that?" she whispered. "I know what I am..."

"Do you?" His fingers teased her nipples, and he chuckled as she moaned for him.

"Did you know that you have the most beautiful breasts?"

"Hah."

"Really. They are what a woman's breasts should be. Round, and full, and heavy enough to fit my hand while I hold them and do this..."

She felt his breath as his mouth neared her aroused flesh. Nerves aquiver, she waited for that first touch—when it came she wanted to sob.

He flicked, then licked, and then sucked, bringing more moans from Louisa's throat. The touch of his tongue was bliss. Her body wanted to leap off the bed, but Owen's warm weight was pressing into her.

His hands rose to either side of her breasts and he pressed inwards, bringing her nipples close enough for him to tease both with his mouth. He hummed with pleasure.

Louisa's heart pounded with the thrill and she ached to touch him, but her restraints held her in position, pushing her breasts upwards and into his waiting caresses.

She could feel the hot length of his cock against her leg, and knew her cunt was running freely, the honeyed juices begging for his touch.

She writhed, her blindfold heightening her awareness of every square inch of her skin.

And Owen knew. She knew he knew!

He raised himself away from her for a moment and she heard the clink of a glass.

Then he bent to kiss her and her mouth was suddenly filled with the icy hot taste of peppermint oil.

She sucked in a breath as he moved back and hissed as the air hit the peppermint in her mouth.

“Suck me, Louisa, oil my cock with your peppermint tongue.”

She felt the bed dip and then the touch of his cock on her lips. Instinctively she opened her mouth wide, welcoming him in like a cherished treat.

Enthusiastically, she bathed his cock with the oil he’d pushed into her mouth. He felt so exquisite between her lips, so warm and velvety. She knew what he looked like and her mind conjured sensual images of her lying bound and blindfolded beneath him. His buttocks would be clenching as he grasped his cock and slid it into her waiting mouth. She suckled, covering as much of him as she could with her tongue and the peppermint oil.

“Easy, Louisa, here’s a little more...”

She realized that more oil was dripping down his cock and into her mouth. She swirled it around him, knowing that from this moment on peppermint would be forever associated in her mind with this delicious experience.

She was slightly disappointed as he pulled away with a groan.

“Enough – we have a ways to go yet.”

The bed moved again and she jumped as she felt him part her thighs. Her clit ached and she could feel the moisture that had pooled all around her hot and swollen entrance.

The touch of his tongue surprised a loud gasp from deep in her throat.

He'd coated his tongue with peppermint oil as well, and the feel of the cooling heat over her slick cunt was rapture defined.

"Mmmm..." he murmured, sending vibrations up and down her spine. "Tasty woman."

His tongue learned her every crease and fold, lapping her juices and spreading the peppermint oil all around. He must have known how sensitive she was, because he did not touch her clit with his coated tongue, but the strokes to either side were enough to make her see stars.

When he moved away she nearly cried out with loss.

"Don't worry, my sweet, there's more where that came from."

She felt a cool trickle of liquid over her mound, and then the strangely hot and cold blast of the peppermint oil he'd poured. He bent again to his task, this time filling her cunt with his tongue and thrusting the peppermint oil as far as he could into her heat.

"Turn about is fair play, Louisa," he said, sliding one oily finger through her cleft to her puckered ring of sensitive muscles. Her buttocks clenched.

She could hear the smile in his voice and somewhere deep inside of her a little knot of ice began to melt. He wouldn't be doing this if he didn't have some feelings for her. She relaxed and let him caress her most delicate entrance, the peppermint oil heightening the amazing sensation.

Once again he moved.

She felt his hands pressing on the bed close to her arms and sensed his full weight surrounding her. The heat from his body was intense and she thrust her hips upwards in mute invitation.

The invitation was accepted. Thoroughly.

The long, thick, pepperminty cock of Professor Owen Lloyd-Jones slid past the entrance and buried itself perfectly within the hot and silky cunt of Miss Louisa Cellini.

Chapter 6

Louisa stilled.

He was deep inside her, and their mingled juices and oils were both stimulating and deadening the effect.

"Owen..." she whispered.

"I know, my love, I know."

His love? He'd called her his *love*? Did he mean it? Why did he have to pick this very moment to say that? Just when she wanted to savor these sensations he had to go and toss that out, distracting her mightily. Was it possible that he too was stirred by this mating, this joining, this *incredible* fuck?

She wanted to ask him, and was searching for the words when he moved. Any further conscious thought evaporated from her mind.

He pulled back almost to the tip of his cock and then stroked back in, even deeper than before. His groan of pleasure was echoed in her heart, and she moaned with him as he repeated the stroke.

Owen reached for her bonds and within seconds she was free to grasp his shoulders, his back, and his buttocks. Her hands were everywhere.

He maintained his steady thrusting, always pushing a little further, touching her clit with his groin and brushing her with his tight curls.

Spirals of tension coiled themselves around her cunt. The peppermint oil had increased the sensation of the air that was being forced away from their straining bodies. Louisa was spellbound by the effect.

Her mound alternately blazed and chilled, in time with Owen's thrusts.

He bent his head and suckled fiercely on her breast, adding one more stimuli to her sensual torment.

She was almost there.

Once again, Owen seemed to know.

He withdrew and left her sobbing with the need to come.

“Soon, my sweet, soon...” he whispered.

His hands untied her blindfold and with a smooth motion he flipped her onto her stomach.

Unhesitatingly she raised her bottom, presenting herself to him, begging for the release he’d denied her.

“Yes, Louisa, oh yes...” His hands gripped her hips, and he plunged his length back inside her eager cunt.

She cried out her relief at having his hard length back where it belonged. His fingers tightened on her buttocks and her cheeks spread. He touched the tissues around her anus with his fingers, spreading more oil and driving her into a state of temporary insanity.

She mewled, she cried, she writhed, her body was no longer her own, but Owen’s to do with as he would. And he played it like a virtuoso on a favorite instrument.

The peppermint oil had numbed their tissues slightly, and it seemed that Owen could now last forever. His strokes were powerful, but controlled, and he deliberately tilted her so that he could reach all her most sensitive places.

She pressed back against him fiercely, offering not only her body but her soul to this man who was taking her farther into ecstasy than she had ever imagined possible.

His hands caressed her sweating flesh, running over her hips, her buttocks, down her thighs and back up to slide across her mound.

She had been trembling on the edge of coming for so long that her muscles were now starting to throb, adding their own rhythmic accompaniment to the symphony Owen was playing on her senses.

Once again he withdrew, leaving Louisa hoarse and tighter than a newly strung bow.

He slid around and beneath her, positioning her right above his swollen and gleaming cock.

“Now, Louisa. I can see you. Let me see you as you come. Share that secret with me,” he urged.

His hands went to her hips and she unhesitatingly lowered herself down, down onto his wonderful cock.

For a moment she sat there, feeling him deeper inside than he'd ever gone before. She raised her eyes to his, asking questions for which there might be no answers.

His gaze told her everything she needed to know. This moment meant as much to him as it did to her. His lids were lowered and his eyes on fire with desire as he watched her. His lips were parted and swollen from their kisses, his nipples as hard as hers, and his whole body rigid with his need for her.

Owen wanted her, no doubts, no hesitations. He wanted *her*.

Well, he could have her.

She began to move, slowly at first, riding him in languorous strokes of her silky cunt up and down his heat.

But it was not enough for either of them.

Owen raised his hands to tease her nipples and she gasped at the pleasure.

Louisa reached for his balls and stroked them gently. He moaned at the blissful shivers she induced.

Both of them knew the end was close.

Louisa's movements became jerkier as Owen's hand found her clit and gently stimulated the sensitive nubbin while she rode him.

Her hips rotated slightly and it was Owen's turn to moan. The rhythm they had initiated increased in speed and intensity.

Owen pushed himself up on his hands, using all his strength to bring himself level with Louisa.

She was in his lap, bound firmly to his chest by arms of steel and they paused, welded against one other in their mutual need for fulfillment.

"Look at me, Louisa," grunted Owen. "I need to see your eyes as you come..."

His cock was somewhere in her deepest recesses, and her clit was grinding itself into his pubic bone. Her ankles were crossed behind his back and she held him to her with rigid muscles.

Her fingernails scored his shoulders and her eyes were fixed on his as her passions spiraled out of control.

"It's now, Owen...it's now..." she yelled.

"Yes, Louisa...let it go NOW."

Two voices cried out in orgasm. Two bodies spasmed against each other in release. Two hearts pounded in unison.

Two souls found bliss.

Chapter 7

The world slowly righted itself as the lovers untangled their trembling limbs and collapsed onto the bed.

Owen drew Louisa close to his heart, enfolding her in his arms and hugging her tight, refusing to allow her to withdraw from him even an inch.

"You are my mate. You know that don't you?" he said, so matter-of-factly that he took Louisa's breath away.

She drew in a breath to respond, but a quick kiss sealed her lips.

"There has never been another woman in my life who has ever made me feel like that. Nor will there be. There has never been another woman who I have wanted to do things like that to. Nor will there be. Am I getting my point across at all?"

"You're not leaving?" asked Louisa hopefully.

Owen chuckled. "Not unless you want me to. And probably not even then. You're mine, Louisa. Heart, body—and lovely body it is—" he squeezed her for emphasis, "and soul. Marry me?"

Louisa was, for probably the first and only time in her life, at a loss for words.

"I'll take that as a yes," grinned Owen, kissing her again.

"But...but..." she stuttered.

"What buts? We've found each other, Louisa. I've spent four decades of my life alone. I'm going to spend the next four with you, if you'll have me..."

"If I'll *have* you?" Louisa's voice returned with enthusiasm. "Have you? I'll *have* you every day, every hour, right this minute, if you want. I've never felt this way about any man, never wanted any man in my life but you, Owen. "

Her hips ground against him in emphasis.

"If you're serious, I'll happily spend the next four decades with you and all the ones after those as well." She laughed with joy as he pulled her against him and kissed her once more.

"And Owen?"

He looked lovingly at her.

“I have a special room I can’t wait to show you.”

Epilogue

"Auntie Weeza, Auntie Weeza, lookeeeee..."

A young voice echoed around the delightful parterre of Montvale House as young Master Jonathan Barbour galloped past the ornamental pond. Proud as punch of his new hobbyhorse, Jonathan was spending long hours in the saddle. This pleased his parents enormously for two reasons. Firstly, Lord Nicholas Barbour had created the wooden toy all on his own, and secondly, young Jonathan was so tired that he dropped right off to sleep when tucked in to bed at night. This allowed Nick and his wife, Miranda, more hours of uninterrupted pleasure.

"Auntie Weeza" looked on with a smile.

"That child is an endless fount of energy," laughed Beatrice, Countess of Dunsmere, who was sitting next to Lady Miranda Barbour and Mrs. Louisa Lloyd-Jones.

"You don't need to tell me," said Miranda ruefully. "If the next one's as bad, I'm shutting Nick out of our bedroom for five years." She stroked her stomach protectively.

Louisa snorted. "I can't see that happening."

Miranda chuckled and returned Louisa's grin. "Well, no. You're right there. I like loving Nick far too much to ever shut him out. Strange, isn't it?"

"What is?" asked Beatrice, shifting her sleeping daughter from one arm to the other and leaning back against the cushions.

"How all three of us have ended up with the one thing we thought we'd never need or want, or indeed have—a man."

The ladies' eyes wandered to the side of the garden where three gentlemen were deeply involved in something on a stone table.

Louisa grinned at the sight. "Owen has them working on his latest project, I see." She shaded her eyes. "One hopes that no one's fingers turn green at least..."

Beatrice and Miranda laughed with her, remembering Owen's last attempt at creating a fragranced soap which had resulted in a delicate shade of spring green dying everything that came in contact with it, including the pot boy.

“God, I love him so.” Louisa’s breath caught as a wave of emotion swamped her.

Beatrice’s gaze fell to the softly snoring child in her arms. “I know dearest, I know. Harry and I are blessed with each other, and now to have little Mary Louise, well, it really is wonderful, isn’t it?”

Miranda nodded, tears in her eyes, as the three women shared the depth of their feelings with a handclasp, a glance and a smile.

“So tell me, Louisa,” said Miranda. “Have you decided what to do with your special room yet?”

Louisa laughed out loud, attracting the attention of her husband, whose head turned swiftly towards her. “Not yet. We’re still having too much fun in there.”

She watched as the three men strode towards their wives, strong, handsome and radiating contentment. Each couldn’t wait to touch the woman that he had made his own. Nick’s hand caressed Miranda’s cheek, Harry bent to drop a light kiss on the top of Beatrice’s head and stroke his daughter, and Owen – ah, Owen.

Arriving at Louisa’s side, he grasped her by the waist, lifted her bodily out of the chair and planted a passionate kiss on her lips. His actions were appreciated by his wife who slid her arms about his neck and returned the kiss with enthusiasm.

A round of applause broke them apart, but neither looked ashamed. They just looked – happy.

The End

Also at Ellora's Cave by Sahara Kelly



Inside Lady Miranda



Miss Beatrice's Bottom



Alana's Magic Lamp

Ellora's Cave

www.ellorascave.com