

The book cover features a sepia-toned, close-up photograph of a woman's face, partially obscured by her long, dark, wavy hair. The woman's expression is contemplative. In the background, a faint, sepia-toned image of a large, multi-story building with multiple chimneys and towers is visible. The title 'Uma' is written in a large, ornate, gold-colored Gothic font in the upper right corner. The author's name, 'First Impressions', is written in the same font at the bottom, with 'First' on one line and 'Impressions' on the line below it.

Uma

First
Impressions

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

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ALSO BY UMA

Educating Arthur
White Knights And Distressed Damsels

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

BY

UMA

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FIRST IMPRESSIONS
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To Henry and the children with love, as always.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Naples 1793

The two women facing each other on the sloping pebble beach, sat in silence and contemplated one another. The day was hot, early September, and the summer's fiery brilliance still burned in the late afternoon sky. It was peaceful on the tiny beach at Chiaja, only the lapping of the waves on the shore and the distant call of ferrymen plying their craft between the mainland and Capri to stir the warm, still air.

Elisabeth worked with quick, deft strokes, aware that the woman before her must be uncomfortable in the position she had struck and beneath such a relentless sun. This would be the only accurate sitting. Any further sessions would be indoors at the British residence at Caserta, so it was essential that she catch the perfect light as it was on this afternoon.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Her subject showed little sign of restlessness; that was rare in such a woman. In the eyes of the more reserved and cerebral Mme. Marie-Louise Elisabeth Vigee Le Brun, Emma Hamilton was a flighty, flibbertigibbet of a socialite. The refined French artist regarded Lady Hamilton as rather of the common classes, uneducated, showy, given to unsuitable behavior and possessing of a dreadful sense of dress—perhaps the most offensive trait of all to a woman of such great taste and delicacy as Elisabeth Vigee Le Brun.

But for all the scandalous partying and indiscreet gossip that the notorious Mrs. Hamilton was renowned for, there was one skill she possessed that could not be denied. The woman was born to be an artist's model and, in fact, had originally made her first tentative steps on the public stage in such a guise. Elisabeth contemplated the striking attitude struck by her subject, who had an innate ability to posture, combined with an animated vivacity that gave the impression of intelligence and spirit even in stillness, neither of which qualities the woman actually possessed. How bizarre!

Even her appearance, although comely enough, seemed enhanced by the poses she assumed and the aura of erotic promise exuded. Emma was an indifferent actress and a moderate singer, a woman of mediocre talents but, to be fair, of wondrous craftiness. From the small palate of gifts she had been given, this daughter of a blacksmith had painted herself into the canvas of high society—the wife of a Lord, the Ambassador to the court of Naples, confidante of noble women and even the queen of that province of Naples herself, not to mention the beds of countless leading men of the day. Her name was as well-known in London as Naples and, although she might have elicited a large amount of bitter comment, she never lacked for dinner invitations or a central role in the social milieu of Europe.

Artists favored her and her image was widely displayed—the famous portrait artist, George Romney, had painted her over a hundred

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

times, and Reynolds, Hopper, Lawrence—all the great English names—had captured her expressive stillness.

Elisabeth smiled to herself at her thoughts. The lady before her was so convinced of her own self importance, was so supercilious and disdainful to others, that it would never occur to her she made less than a startling impression. And so, of course, she did.

“*Ma chere* Emma? You are doing wonderfully well. I promise that I shall be only a short while longer. Do you wish for a little break? Some chilled wine? A cold cloth for your face and neck?” Elisabeth addressed Emma.

The lady smiled beatifically as she lay stretched out against a large boulder, sitting on a silken wrap, dressed in diaphanous folds.

The pose was of a Bacchante at a revel, disheveled and loosened by wine, and it implied debauchery. Her robe was unfastened, her breasts almost entirely bare, a mere wisp of fabric retaining her modesty. The hem of her dress was raised to show her soft, white, dimpled calves and to suggest the resting place above, between her parted thighs. Emma’s luxuriant chestnut hair, unbound except for a twisted ribbon that crested the tumbling curls, spilled out and covered her body. She struck a tantalizing image in this languid scene as she held her golden goblet in one hand and stared enticingly at an unseen figure—a lover perhaps?

“Yes. I am somewhat tired. A pause, perhaps, while I stretch myself and take a drink.”

Emma rose and allowed the flimsy garment to fall away, revealing her nakedness to the waist as she raised her plump arms above her head and threw back her hair in a gesture that struck the watching woman as knowing and improper—and gave Elisabeth an uncomfortable frisson of a sensation most unbecoming.

Emma was easy in her nakedness, flaunting almost, aware that her pert bosoms with their rosy peaks were perfectly proportioned and provocative to either sex. She smiled to herself as the prim

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Frenchwoman shifted in her seat and busied herself with mixing paint. But Emma had seen the prurient gaze and the flush of sudden color in the white cheeks of the artist.

Strolling over to the easel, Emma picked up a damp, white cloth, slowly wiped her face and neck, and dragged it down over and between her breasts to mop up the fine sheen of sweat that had dripped there. Then, with a dainty dip, she bent over the seated woman, her hand on her shoulder, and surveyed the work so far. Her full breasts hung only inches from the woman's lips, and her naked buttocks, covered by the light fabric, leaned in against her.

"My dear Elisabeth...that is such a flattering portrayal. There is a quality in it that I rarely see. It speaks of the flesh and the utter abandonment of oneself to the realm of the senses. How clever of you to see that in me!" With a pretty giggle, Emma moved away and poured a glass of wine from the decanter steeping in a nearby rock pool.

"I am all of a dither today...I think you have recognized it in my mood. Tonight we have an important guest for dinner; a man I have so longed to meet. The very thought of him brings a most annoying flush to my cheek and an even more inappropriate sensation in my loins. Come, come, my dear Madame Le Brun! Do not look so shocked! You are an artist and must be a woman of sensual sentiments. Who among us feeble women could not be stirred by the thought of an heroic male, a lion among men, who stalks the Mediterranean like a hawk to swoop down on his prey?

"I speak of Captain Horatio Nelson, that flamboyant naval officer who commands *the Agamemnon* and pursues your rebellious countrymen so relentlessly. Here is a man to take revenge for the travesties meted out on your poor queen and her family. My dear Queen Maria-Carolina is already half in love with him herself, merely from his reputation! She recommends him to King Ferdinand today—they negotiate a treaty under the guiding hand of my husband William's

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

inspired counsel. And tonight, the man himself will dine and stay at Caserta for the duration of his sojourn here. My husband is most taken with the captain.”

Elisabeth worked quietly whilst the giddy woman prattled on. It was obvious that Lady Hamilton was readying herself for an amorous adventure and this Nelson was in her sights. Sir William might be an adoring husband, but he was sixty and in indifferent health—hardly the man to satisfy a woman of such tastes as the fair Emma.

Poor Captain Nelson. Did he know what was lying in wait for him this night? Elisabeth rather hoped he was like many naval officers—a wenching seadog with a woman in every landing. If women like Lady Hamilton should offer favors on a silken couch, then it seemed fitting that men should take their fill and move on. Elisabeth herself was a woman of careful morals, as was necessary for a widow trying to make her living in this society; scandal might be allowed to the Lady Hamiltons of this world, but not to impoverished stateless women such as she.

* * *

“My honor to present Captain Horatio Nelson of his Majesty’s Navy, Ma’am. Sir...my wife, Lady Emma!”

Sir William Hamilton commended his guest to his wife, and Emma paused, momentarily caught aback by the arrival of the long-awaited captain. The man before her was far different from the image she had held in her mind. There, she had envisioned a tall, imposing figure, broad-shouldered, thick of thigh and dashing. His face would be rugged, weather beaten and perhaps bearing a cutlass scar; his hair would be long and clubbed, thick and dark. He would appear to be a man amongst men.

Captain Nelson was in no way similar to her vision. He was small, even by the standards of her day, smaller than she herself, of a slender and delicate appearance. His face was hawkish; fine papery skin

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

stretched over lean features and a long nose narrowed his face even more. Unlike many of the men present, he did not wear a wig, nor was his natural hair hardly worth preserving—light brown, streaked with grey, fine and untidy, roughly tied in a careless queue. Even his clothes were a disappointment; he was wearing a uniform but had resisted the usual urge of post-captains to parade themselves like peacocks, dripping in brass and gold rope. His was moderate, even old-fashioned, in its style and ornament. Only one feature of his struck Lady Hamilton as remarkable—the intense, piercing blue of his eyes.

“Sir...it is my pleasure to welcome to our home such an example of Britain’s finest!” Emma trilled her pretty words and bowed, aware of the swell of her full bosom above the silk, scarce covered by the slip of muslin that decorum decreed. She took advantage of her action to compose herself and recover from her initial surprise. Captain Nelson might not be the physical specimen she had hoped for, but he was still a young and much vaunted hero.

As her eyes swept up over his body from the floor, she had a further reason to be amazed. This famous seaman might be of miniature proportions in stature, but her experienced eye assessed the impressive bulge contained behind the smooth fabric of his cream breeches. The seat of this English lion’s courage was clearly evident. Perhaps this might be an adventure worthy of the taking.

Captain Nelson acknowledged her deference with a slight bow of his head and moved on into the reception room beyond. Her husband put his mouth to her ear and whispered: “My dear Emma, I have never before entertained a mere officer in my house, but I was determined to bring him here as soon as I made his acquaintance. He is quite a remarkable character. Let him be put in the room prepared for Prince Augustus! He made such an impression on King Ferdinand, and Queen Marie Carolina is quite enchanted. We must show him our very best hospitality, my dear. I have a notion that he will cut quite a figure

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

before too long, make no mistake!”

Emma smiled sweetly and considered her husband’s words. She would make it her business to make the captain feel at home. Why, she would make him quite as comfortable as she made Sir William himself. But...perhaps in a more vigorous fashion such as befits a younger man?

* * *

In a charming dining room, whose large French windows gave out onto a sea-fronted balcony, the party took their places amidst much merriment. A breeze wafted through the room and stirred the warm night, the scent of sweet jasmine filling the room until the tureens of rich fish soup laced with cream and brandy were carried in by liveried men. Course after course was laid. Sea food: red snapper, mullet, oyster, squid, and lobster. Platters of roast meats and game, mountains of bright Mediterranean vegetables served with potatoes and rich gravy, a veritable mélange of English hearty fare and Italian delicacy. The guests ate and drank with gusto as the conversation rang around the table.

“So, Nelson...what’s your future plan? Do you see yourself a navy man all your life? What about politics? You have a fine turn of phrase, if I may say so,” Sir William addressed the guest of honor.

“I may now only be a captain, Sir, but if I am spared—and that is ever an uncertainty for us all, but sea captains more than most—I shall one day be at the top of the tree. I make no pretence of my ambition,” Nelson replied.

Emma listened with a growing interest. Captain Nelson had seemed reserved at first but that was clearly not the case. He was a man who did not speak idly or waste his words, but his conversation was direct and compelling. He spoke with an assurance that made his words seem incontrovertible; his audience heard him and were convinced that what he said was true. It was rare to find such authority in a man as quiet and unassuming at first glance.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

“Tell us, Sir, of your recent actions in the Mediterranean. We are all ahooy at the thought of battles at sea and triumphs over the accursed Frenchies!”

Captain Nelson held up his hands, wiped his mouth most daintily, and addressed the gathering. “There is little to report to fire the blood. Since June, I have accompanied Admiral Lord Hood with the Mediterranean fleet in the *Agamemnon*, my own ship, a sixty-four-gun frigate and the sweetest sailer I ever commanded. Our orders were to blockade Toulon. A sorry business, I’m afraid, most tedious and a test of wills. Even the men become fractious in such circumstances, although much is gained from such maneuvers—often more than is gained in the more notable of victories. Toulon is now ours, but we are in dire need of supplies and troops. That is partly the purpose of my trip here, and, of course, to secure the gracious allegiance of his most excellent King Ferdinand of Naples.”

“Well, by God, you’ll have little problem there. Those damned French dogs hold his wife’s sister, Queen Marie-Antoinette, in prison. He will be more than ready to do his part to fight France’s enemies!” A voice from farther down the table shouted.

“Indeed, Sir,” Nelson concurred, but spoke no more of the imminent treaty.

“What do you think is the main duty of a naval officer, Nelson? We hear so much of glorious sea battles, but the taking of prizes seems to be of more importance. Some say that you fellows risk too much for the sake of lining your own pockets!” A military man, Colonel Wiltshire, addressed the captain, his own nose put a little out of joint by the fawning attention paid to a man he regarded as beneath his rank and a mere sea dog to boot.

Nelson smiled politely, but his eyes remained piercing and cold; it was easy to imagine him upon a quarterdeck, eye to the glass and watching for the moment to launch his assault. “There are three things,

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

sir, that a naval captain must constantly bear in mind. First, you must implicitly obey orders without attempting to form an opinion of your own respecting their propriety. Secondly, you must consider every man your enemy who speaks ill of your king, and thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil. Beyond that, the taking of a prize here and there to supplement the livelihoods of you and your men is of little consequence. It merely weakens the enemy's position and strengthens your own. What could be more appropriate than that?"

His words were elegant and in themselves in nowise controversial, but there was a strong impression that Wiltshire had made a fool of himself and Nelson had trumped him soundly. The audience was all aware of it even if they were unsure of how it had been achieved.

Just at that moment a great silver dish was carried in, awash with dessert—a veritable archipelago of floating islands suspended in a creamy sea. The diners applauded and managed to find room for the helping, despite the groaning table they had already sampled. Sweet Muscat was poured into glasses and the meal continued.

Emma noticed that the captain ate sparingly, refusing the dessert entirely, and merely sipping at his wine. He was an abstemious man, it would appear, unusual for a naval officer, most of whom were famed for their larger than life appetites when in port.

She ventured a comment to him. "The dessert is not to your taste, Sir?"

Nelson turned at her voice and gave her a shy smile. Her appraising glance did not fail to notice how his eye dropped to her pink bosom and lingered there a moment longer than convention would approve. He made a slight motion with his tongue, as if he were licking at a crumb from his upper lip.

"Dear, Lady Hamilton, you set a fine table. But I fear I have an indifferent appetite. I contracted a serious dysentery during my time in the West Indies and it has severely weakened my constitution. As a

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

result, I must eat simply, and these French desserts are the very devil.”

“So you do not approve of Frenchmen or their food, Sir?” Emma teased.

Nelson gave a gracious smile and lowered his voice. “Not at all, your ladyship. There are many things from France which please me. What would a man do without a fine Claret to quench his thirst or the sight of a woman dressed *a la mode Francaise* to fire his loins?”

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* * *

Horatio stood on the balcony and looked out to sea on the warm, humid September night. It was well past midnight when the watch would be deep into its period and the ship would be at its quietest, although still alive with the silent presence of dozens of men who might be observing from the masts or spars, attending to their stations around the deck, or the crew members who were largely confined to the levels below. What passed for privacy and silence was never that on a ship of the line where hundreds of men lived in close proximity and where cots were rigged ten inches apart and sleeping hours were staggered, each hammock seeing two bodies in one night.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Here, on this silent balcony, as the house settled for the night, he felt quite unusually alone and suddenly contemplated how isolation of this nature made him uneasy and long for the close confines of his ship and the familiar routines that marked his day. He drank slowly from a glass of cognac, more for his digestion than for his pleasure in it, and wondered if the lady had meant what she had said.

He was inured to sleeping alone at sea and his busy days left him exhausted and unable to think much on the pleasure that the celibate life denied him. But like all seamen, once he put his foot on land, he was rabidly eager to taste the soft berth of a woman's flesh and took every opportunity he could to slake that thirst.

Emma Hamilton had affected him from the first moment he had clapped eyes on her and he had correctly sensed her abandoned nature. This was a woman of amatory tendency, who had sampled many lovers and knew both her desires and those of men. She had overtly sought him out and he was grateful for her approach. Oftentimes the need for courting and complex pretence in the game of attraction was tiresome to a man who had only a short time to achieve his goal. As in his naval action, Nelson believed that the direct approach was far preferable. "Up and at 'em'" might be his watchwords whether waging war or an assault on a lady's virtue.

He was not an immoral man nor was he particularly moral. He rigged church on a Sunday, observed the festivals, and generally kept away from houses of ill repute—or at least he did so now that he was a post-captain and unwilling to find himself breechless in the same bawdy house as his crew. But as his star had risen, he had benefited from the willing eye of married ladies who often set their cap at men such as he to furnish them with afternoons of debauched pleasure and then watch their guilty secret sail away before the chance of any finger pointing could sully their reputation. And a dashing hero is always a man to garner interest. No, not immoral exactly. Perhaps amoral, or

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

even merely subscribing to his own particular brand of morality—that of the loyal husband when at home on half-pay and the adventurer when visiting foreign ports.

In the midst of his singular reverie into the nature of fidelity and a man's baser needs, came a gentle tapping and the door to his room swung open. Nelson spun round, and there, in a patch of silvery moonlight, poised as if she were a statue of a classical goddess, a Diana, bathed in moonlight and clad in diaphanous folds, was Mrs. Hamilton herself.

For a moment he watched her in silence; she moved not a muscle under his intense scrutiny. Then all at once, she raised her hands to the shoulders of her gown. The fabric shimmered to the floor and she stood coyly, her right hand placed upon her lower belly, one leg slightly flexed. The woman was as naked as a nymph and as beautiful as any woman he had ever seen.

Her luscious, raven hair fell down her back in thick curls, held from her face by a ribbon of silvery fabric. The soft white flesh of her body was pink and wholesome and her full breasts were tipped with gloriously erect nipples, high and firm, a luscious promise of touch and taste awaiting him. He felt himself lick his lips in anticipation. Her hand placed on her lower belly appeared to cover her sex but, in fact, only served to draw attention to it, and he realized, with a sudden jolt of desire that shot through him to find a resting place in his already heated groin, that she was in fact frothing gently with her fingers amongst the dark curls of her mons.

Drawing his eyes away, he glanced at her plump and shapely thighs, slightly parted in invitation. As if she could read his mind, Emma began a slow rotation presenting her back toward him and flexing slightly to bring her round buttocks into a position that both favored their shape and suggested what she might offer him. He felt a bead of sweat trickle down his brow and a soft moan escape from his lips.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

On heavy legs, made more leaden by the hard, hot length weighted between them confined in tight breeches, his scrotum hard and compressed uncomfortably, he advanced upon the woman who was still posed, leaning on a high backed armchair, her back to him.

Reaching her, he placed a hand on the peach-skin swell of her perfect rump; she merely shivered and gasped prettily. Encouraged, he allowed his fingers to glide down the crease until he felt them slip into the soft, moist, hair-fringed cleft below. Her body smelt wonderful, of lavender and flowers, but an aroma of another more primal scent was filling his nostrils. He raised his fingers, damp from her cream, to his face, inhaled and licked the pungent honey lewdly.

At this, Emma turned and moved to the armchair. Wordlessly, she sat down and raised one leg to rest upon the winged arm, opening herself out wantonly to his vision and running her own fingers lightly over her now swollen snatch. Holding out her moistened palm, she extended her fragrance to him and he followed, mesmerized, falling to his knees and parting her lips with his thumbs to stare at the forbidden image of her secret places. Burying his head in that most hallowed of grails, his tongue lapped and drank to his delight as Emma wriggled and moaned in pleasure at his attention.

He invaded her with first one finger, then another. She giggled in delight and merely rubbed her hidden pearl before his eyes until she became aroused to the most wild and frantic state that he had ever seen in a woman in his life. Her head was flung back; her breasts arched forward to find his lips and she ground herself deep on his questing digits.

A sudden trembling and he felt her body stiffen; the warm, wet walls of her inner place closed tightly round his fingers and creamy juice flowed from her as her muscles clamped around him. It was a most astonishing scene of female pleasure, one he had never before witnessed in his many couplings with women who had mostly expected

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

him to take the lead and he had simply got the job done, as any seaman would.

Unable to control his ardor further, he stood and dragged at his shirt, fumbled with the buttons on his breeches and, dropping them to the floor, wrenched off his silken stockings. Naked before her, he preened and stroked his cock, a prodigious weapon that was unexpected in a man so slender and lean.

Emma smiled, a satiated and lazy grin, and leaned forward to cover his hand with her own and lower her rosy lips to lap at the pearly drops that oozed from the tiny hole. The touch of her tongue made him groan, and the desire to spurt his essence over her face possessed him, a raging desire such as he had never known before. As her small hand cupped the balls that swung below, now dangerously tight, she placed a slight pressure and helped his control, shushing him with soft mews and sweet words until he felt the pressure subside.

“Oh God...” he whispered as her mouth encompassed his girth and began to cover it with feathery kisses and long, lingual strokes. Pleasure coursed through him, dancing lights flittered across his eyelids, every nerve ending in his body shot out arrows of pure sensation, and his whole being became centered on the blood-engorged organ of his virility, played to perfection by this skilful mistress.

But she was an artful lover and she meant this first congress to end in a joyous coupling, not a swallowing of his gift. With a deft movement, she eased herself from him, sank to the floor, and offered him to lie between her satin thighs.

Nelson fell to his knees and then upon her. Emma raised her legs and wrapped them around his waist. In that most deep of postures, he thrust fast and hard, unable to stay his desire to ram and rut as if at an enemy vessel, groaning and sweating at the effort and as insensible and adrenalin-charged as he ever was in the heat of battle.

On and on he ploughed his course through her deep waves, rising

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

and falling above her as she responded to his rhythm. His hands clung to her breasts and rolled her nipples between his thumb and forefinger as he and Emma writhed together, lost in their pleasure. Burying his head against her sweet smelling neck, inhaling her clean fresh scent, intoxicated by her feminine perfection, his moans began to rise, as did the speed of his flight across her ocean.

Emma felt the wild surging deep within her womb and cried out to him to take her, love her, fill her with his seed. Her erotic encouragement only made him more abandoned and he held her down as he made his final breach, her hands above her head and her hair a rippling curtain over their lust.

With a bellowing roar, he fired his cannon and felt the spurt of creamy liquid, hot and the thick, flood as her walls contracted about him. Her wild cries rang in his ears when she crested her own wave; he slumped upon the lady and she nestled him between her cushioned breasts.

Long moments passed as their heart rates eased and sensibility returned until they found themselves once more a man and woman, naked and sex-drenched, lying on a Persian carpet.

“Madame...I cannot put into words the pleasure afforded by your magnificent body. Never in my whole experience in the matters of the flesh have I known such wonders existed. I will never forget this night or the honor you have bestowed upon me.”

Nelson gasped out his gratitude as Emma helped him to his feet. They repaired to the soft white sheets of the grand four-poster. She lay with him a while and promised that she would return in the morning to attend to his comfort on waking; he could scarce believe her offer.

With a swish of her floating night gown, Emma withdrew from the room and made her way next door to the small former dressing room whose connecting door was now sealed up and hidden by wood paneling. Pushing open the outer door gently, she smiled when she saw

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

the sight of her husband, naked as a baby, leaning back on his armchair dozing quietly. With a light kiss to his forehead, she woke him.

"Ah, Sir William! How fare you? Was this little *divertissement* to your taste?" She closed the flap of the little peephole that existed in the partitioned wall through which her voyeuristic husband had viewed her recent congress. Her hand smoothed up Sir William's skinny thighs and teased the flaccid cock, still sticky with the residue that he had attempted to soak up with a silk handkerchief. In a motherly fashion she attended to him, pulled his velvet robe around him to keep him from the chill, and helped him to his feet and back to their chamber.

"This Nelson...he was quite a specimen for such a small man. I was heartily enflamed to see the size of his rod as it entered you, my dear," the older man murmured as she lowered him back in bed, covered him over, and blew out the candle.

"Oh, dear William...don't they always say that great things come in small packages?" Emma giggled as she took her place beside him and they settled down to sleep.

"Will you see him again, my dear?"

"I expect so. He is away to war, but I imagine that he may return and seek me out. I certainly intend to leave him with a favorable impression. Let me see what I can do for the brave sea captain in the morning."

"He is a little man who cannot boast of being very handsome, but I believe he will become the greatest man that England ever produced. I promise you, dear lady, that one day he will astonish the world!" Sir William announced with a flourish before sleep claimed him. He was soon snoring in happy exhaustion at his most enjoyable evening.

Emma lay on, still rather too animated from the intensity of her sexual experience to sleep. Horatio Nelson, although small and not very handsome, just as her husband had described, was a man who had already astonished her. She was determined that this little jewel would

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

be at her side when he claimed the glittering prizes to which his ambitious nature aspired.

And with a secret smile she closed her eyes and sank into a satiated slumber of her own, thoughts of how she might entrance him in the dawn light already playing on her dreaming mind.

Shortly after this, Horatio Nelson left Naples and embarked on five years of war, during which his reputation was made. Following his great triumph at The Battle of the Nile five years later, the badly wounded admiral Nelson, now a semi-cripple, lacking an eye and a right arm and missing several teeth, returned directly to the Hamiltons and was nursed back to health by Emma herself. It is said she fed him asses' milk and danced for him without benefit of undergarments, which she always eschewed, deeming them too uncomfortable. It is at this point that their famous affair publicly began, but it is hinted that the allure of Emma from their first meeting and the later tolerant acceptance of the relationship by Sir William Hamilton must have stemmed from this earlier visit.

UMA

Uma was born in Manchester, UK, and read History at university. She has lived and traveled extensively in S. E. Asia as well as having taught to a wide variety of age groups both in the United Kingdom and overseas. Currently she is residing in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, and is now a full-time writer. She has several mainstream short stories published of a historical theme as well as numerous erotic works available mostly online.

* * *

***Don't miss Educating Arthur, by Uma,
available from Amber Quill Press, LLC***

Arthur is a young man with a sexual problem. Mickey is a confident ladies' man home for the holidays. When his girlfriend persuades him to use the benefit of his wide knowledge of seducing women to give some amorous advice to young Arthur, Mickey does not anticipate the eventual outcome.

This hilarious look at the sex life of modern men is a rather irreverent but ultimately erotic trip—with a surprisingly romantic touch...

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