



THE ENCHANTED CASTLE

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CHAPTER 1

Once upon a time ...

The sunny beach was incredibly quiet. Samantha sat in the warm, soft sand beneath a palm tree, a gentle breeze caressing her sun-tanned skin. The wind carried the scent of blossoming flowers, and the whispering ripples of the sea promised only happiness.

She took a long, deep breath and smiled at the gorgeous hunk emerging from the salty waves in front of her. He looked so much like a Greek god. A damp, exciting hero. And he was all hers.

Without drying off, he sat down on the towel next to her and smiled. "Are you okay, my little bride?"

"I feel great. How was the water?"

"Salty." He stretched out his hand and caressed her lips with his fingers. She licked his nail and pressed a kiss on his warm, wet skin.

"Hmm. You taste good, Michael."

His dark brown gaze held her own, making her pulse quicken. "Want to try the rest of me?" he murmured huskily.

Samantha looked around, seeing they were all alone in this cozy dip in the yellow dunes. She'd never made love in the open though. She'd never had the nerve before and couldn't imagine that she could now with the fear that someone could disturb them at any moment.

"I would love to, Michael. But--let's go back to our room."

"There's no one around. Except for some seagulls. They won't care."

Without awaiting her answer, he pulled her into his arms. His body was so strong, so masculine. Her fingers found the soft curly hair on his chest. "You're still wet."

He grinned mischievously, trailing his fingers over her belly, down, until he reached the edge of her bathing suit. Without a pause he slipped under the red cotton and ever so gently burrowed into her cleft until he touched her clit.

"You're wet too," he returned, rubbing his thumb over the bud

Samantha arched against his hand. He really wanted to make love to her. Here. What could she do to stop him? *Oh, what the heck.* She didn't want him to stop. She wanted to feel him too, touch his hard dick, smell his arousing masculine scent, and take him into her mouth.

Unable to contain herself, she trailed her fingers down his tight belly searching for him.

He grabbed her hand. "I'm first. I want to taste you. I want to lick your little clit." He smiled at her, and she saw the promise of lust in his wonderful eyes.

"You want me to lick you, don't you? Tell me you want me to," he said, low and demanding. The gruffness of his voice made her sex clench with arousal.

"Tell me you're as horny as I am," he whispered and his hot breath caressed her ear as he moved his fingers over the sweltering spot between her legs.

It was not fair. How could she ever resist him? Without thinking, she spread her legs, opening her lower lips to him, surrendering to his wishes.

"Please Michael," she begged him, "Touch me, eat me."

His lips met hers and as his tongue softly entered her mouth, he thrust two fingers into her burning wetness with demanding, deep motions.

Moaning, she spread her legs as wide as she could, using her left hand

to hold her bathing suit aside.

“Deeper Michael, deeper ... Put another finger in. I want to feel you.”

He obeyed immediately, and fucking her with three hard fingers, his mouth kissed hers goodbye and quickly moved down her body.

When his tongue reached her hot clit, Samantha gasped for air. His lips closed around her, nibbling. He thrust his fingers deep inside her, swirling a tight circle against her vaginal muscles.

“Let yourself go,” he said, his voice muffled against her mound, his breath scorching hot. “Let me feel you come.”

“Fuck me,” she whispered. “Give me your big cock.”

“Not yet,” he teased her. As his fingers twisted, and thrust deeper and deeper, he sucked her clit. Pleasure shot through her nerve endings, making her gasp and her thighs tighten around him.

“Michael!” she cried out, “Michael!”

A loud, unpleasant beeping interrupted Samantha’s impending orgasm. The sunny beach vanished into thin air and was replaced by a dusky bedroom.

That rotten alarm clock. It could have waited for a minute. Only one minute. Was that too much to ask?

In frustration she touched her lower lips. Wet. Wet and hot as hell. Craving a cock.

But there was a great cock very near. Lying next to her in bed. Her husband’s dick.

She rolled over to the other side of the bed, snuggling herself into Michael’s arms.

“I’m so horny, Michael,” she whispered. “My pussy’s on fire.”

“Hush,” he moaned. “Let me sleep. I want to sleep.” The next moment he sat up straight. “What time is it?”

“Half past seven. Plenty of time to--”

“Half past seven?” he cried out, switching on the light. “I have a meeting at eight.”

Samantha blinked in the sudden light and before she knew what he was about, he rushed out of bed, grabbed a towel from the wardrobe, and disappeared behind the bathroom door.

She heard the click as he locked himself in. *Darn*. There was a

naked man three yards away and she couldn't reach him.

She climbed out of bed and knocked on the wood.

"Michael, open up. I need you."

"Come on, Samantha, we had sex three days ago." His voice was mixed with the splashing of water.

"That's not true. It was Friday, more than a week--"

The splattering sounds stopped, and the door opened.

"Friday, Saturday, whatever." Michael stepped into the room, using both arms to dry off his dark hair, giving her a great view of broad masculine shoulders, a tight belly, narrow hips, strong legs and....

The lust that heated her belly stopped abruptly. His dick was still asleep.

Did she have a chance to wake it up?

"Make love to me, Michael."

He pressed a tiny kiss on her cheek, causing an exciting flush that ran through her entire body. He must make love to her. He must. But Michael seemed completely unaware of her feelings. He put on his boxer briefs and pants and winked at her. "Another time, sweetie, I have to go now."

"But Michael, is it really necessary to work so much?"

He shook his head, like a teacher judging an ignorant pupil. "You're exaggerating again. Come on, honey, we don't grow a money tree in the garden. I have to do something to earn money."

"I have a job too. Half an hour of making love won't leave us broke."

He put on his shirt. Knotting his tie, he said, "I can't leave Mr. Vandenberg waiting, princess. Sorry. We're having breakfast together and he's supposed sign a seventy thousand dollar contract." He kissed her cheek. "Tonight hon. I'll try to be early."

"You've tried to be early for the last four months and you haven't managed it yet."

He shrugged her outburst off. "I'm doing my best, sweetie. Gotta go, sorry."

He caressed her soft blond hair and rushed out of the bedroom. She heard the front door close behind him and her stomach clenched in frustration.

Putting on a dressing gown, she walked to the window and looked

down. Michael stepped into his car, waved at her, and drove off.

So much for her desires.

What could she do now? Go back to bed and imagine he was still here?

She turned and looked into the full-length mirror inset in the wardrobe door. She caressed her flushed cheek sensually and stuck out her tongue at her image. Moving her body in a lascivious manner, twisting lustfully like a lady in a striptease show, she dropped the dressing gown and gazed at her naked reflection.

Her hands went over her breasts, and she saw her nipples get hard. Softly, she rubbed one of them between two fingers while her other hand moved down to the triangle of hair between her legs.

She stretched a finger, touched her clit and closed her eyes. Moaning. "I'm in the park," she muttered under her breath. "I'm all alone. All alone walking in the park. There he is. This man. A big man, in bathing trunks. He lowers them and I can see the swollen cock in his hand. He strokes it, he squeezes ... stroke ... squeeze."

She rubbed her wet clit between her fingers to the rhythm of her words.

"He has discovered me. He's coercing me to open my legs for him. He wants my pussy."

She spread her legs. "No one can help me now. There's no one around." She touched her swollen lips. "Oh no mister, please. Your cock is so big, so hard. Please don't touch me."

She grabbed her folds and squeezed them. "Please," she muttered. "Please, let me go."

She bit her lip. "He doesn't listen. He's going to fuck me with that hard burning prick."

She pushed four fingers into her body and moved them up and down with quick, hard strokes, swallowing, panting loudly, licking her lips.

"Oh yes. Fuck me. Give it to me. Do it harder. Harder."

She moved her fingers in and out, twisting, thrusting, using her other hand to caress her clit.

"Michael," she moaned. "I have to come. Oh, I'm coming, coming ... Michael...."

She inhaled all the air she could get, then her body relaxed.

Taking another deep breath, she whispered, “Oh Michael, why do you always have to work? Masturbating isn’t fun at all.”

She picked a towel from the wardrobe and walked to the bathroom. A shower would cool her down. And maybe, maybe, Michael would come home early tonight.

CHAPTER 2

It was nine A.M.

Samantha logged in to her computer at her work. She had a great job as a CEO of Exotic Tours, a large Travel Agency, specializing in tropical and adventurous tours.

She immediately opened her email box and looked at her mail. “Ah, a message from Wicca,” she muttered to herself. “Great.”

Wicca Raven was her French email friend. They had met in a chat box some weeks ago, where they had talked about sex.

Wicca was a love therapist in Paris, and Samantha had told her new friend about her marriage problems. Wicca had given her various advice but nothing had worked--yet.

“Well?” Wicca’s mail asked. “Did sleeping naked do the job?”

Samantha hit reply. “Hi Wicca. No, it didn’t work. He was so tired, I guess he didn’t even notice my outfit. I’m getting kind of desperate. I was so happy for him when he took over that Art Gallery. Six months, four days....”

Samantha stopped typing, studied her watch and continued, “Eight hours and seven minutes ago. How could I ever imagine that he planned to be there day and night? Not to mention all those business trips. I can’t arouse my own husband anymore. And if I manage to, ‘Wham-bam-thank-you-Ma’am’ is all I get. We had such a good time together. I want my charming lover back. Shall I wrap myself in a Van Gogh or a Rembrandt? What do you think?”

Samantha leaned back in her leather chair, and sipping from her hot coffee, she reviewed her mail.

Shrugging, she pressed the send button and took another sip of her coffee.

The phone rang. Samantha answered it. “Exotic Tours, good morning. Can I help you?”

“Sam? Is that you?” Michael’s voice toned in her ear. “Mr. Vandenberg signed the contract. I’m so excited.”

Oh wonderful. The only thing that aroused her husband nowadays was a signed contract.

She suppressed a sigh and tried to sound happy when she answered, “That’s great news, Michael! Way to go. How about cele--” How about celebrating with an intimate candle-lit dinner, she wanted to propose, but Michael interrupted her.

“Mr. Vandenberg has invited us to dinner tonight. In the New York Hilton at eight. Can you make that?”

Wow, a dinner with some unknown middle-aged, bald, Dutch Art merchandiser. That sounded *thrilling*.

She swallowed her disappointment. “Okay, I’ll be there.”

“Can you put on your black, knee-length dress with the silver stockings?” he asked.

“Will do,” she replied. Filling her voice with sensual temptation she added, “I won’t be wearing my panties.”

But Michael didn’t hear her. “Love you,” he said and hung up the phone.

Samantha put the receiver back into its cradle.

Right. She had to face it. Tonight would be another lost night. Lost for lovemaking, that was.

What was the use of trying to change Michael? She had better talk to her lawyer about a divorce.

No. Of course not. She loved Michael. She didn’t give up that easily. She was ready to fight for her happiness.

If only ... if only she knew what to do.

CHAPTER 3

Samantha lay on her back in bed, nude, staring at the ceiling. She didn't see anything, though. It was too dark for that. Listening to Michael's calm breathing next to her, she chewed on her lower lip.

The evening had been everything she had expected.

Which was nothing at all.

Okay, they'd enjoyed a delicious mushroom soup, a perfect Tournedos *flambé*, small new potatoes *au gratin*, accompanied by a crisp green salad, and fresh summer vegetables like chicory, artichoke, even asparagus with crumbled hard-boiled eggs. They drank pink champagne, and she had a *Dame Blanche* for dessert—soft vanilla ice cream with hot chocolate sauce.

Why on earth had she eaten chocolate? She knew very well what chocolate did to her.

When they'd waited for the coffee she'd felt so weird. Mr. Vandenberg was a charming man, for a bald sixty-year-old. He had the same piercing brown eyes as her grandfather. And after eating the chocolate she suddenly had the feeling that he could look straight into her mind, that he knew about her undies—about her lack of undies, that was.

Embarrassment had colored her cheeks into a deep red, and she'd felt so cheap. She, Samantha Gordon, born Samantha Rogers, the hardworking owner of *Exotic Tours*, was a despicable sex addict. What would Mr. Vandenberg think of her?

Darn.

She shifted her weight on the mattress. Was she cheap and addicted? Or was it all Michael's fault? He was her Prince-on-the-white-horse who'd

kissed her sexuality awake.

He had taught her to ache for his love, his touches. She craved him now, more than ever, and he slept, neglecting her needs.

She moved her fingers down her belly until she reached her swollen clit. Very slowly she began rubbing it then stopped.

What was she doing? She was a married woman, lying next to her rightful husband, and ... masturbating for the second time that day. Because he didn't give her what she needed. Was that what she wanted with the rest of her sex life? To masturbate next to a snoring husband?

No.

She turned on her side and reached for Michael. His body was warm and familiar.

When she touched his tight buttocks, Michael moaned and turned over to his left side, pressing his cock against her hand.

His dick was so hard and hot, she knew he had to be having a torrid dream. Good. She would be part of it.

Wetting her clit with one hand, she tilted her hips and moved toward him, until the head of his dick touched her mound. She grabbed his cock, coaxing it in little circles over her clit. Her heart pounded and she gasped for air.

"Oh Michael," she whispered, "I love you so much. I want you so much. Why don't you wake up and make love to me?"

"I'm so tired," he returned. "Sam, I'm so tired."

He was awake.

"Turn on your back," she suggested, "let me do the job."

Without saying a word Michael did as she asked and pulled her on top of him, her legs spread as if she were on horse back.

She came up on her knees and moved her body over his belly until she found his erection. Opening her lips with her fingers, she pressed him to her entrance.

"Are you ready for me?" she mumbled.

He caressed her hips, grabbing them firmly as he pulled her down atop him, forcing her to take him completely inside her.

"Oh Michael," she gasped. "This feels so good. So great. You're so hard, so strong, so hot...."

“Just move will you? Up and down. Fuck me, my little Princess. Fuck me.”

She fucked him with all the strength she had. Enclosing his hard dick deep inside her, releasing it for only a moment and then allowing him to penetrate her ever so deeply again.

Little pearls of sweat flowed from her head as she moved her face down to kiss him.

His tongue was waiting for her as she entered his mouth with hers. She sucked on it, biting it very carefully, then moved to his upper lip.

She kissed his face, his nose, his cheeks, his warm lips and nibbled on his tongue again as she moved her body up and down, fucking him, giving them both what they needed so much.

Without warning, Michael took command. He grabbed her hips, holding them in a tight grip, giving her no way to escape. Not that she wanted to escape. On the contrary. She knew what he was up to and groaned in anticipation.

“Are you ready for me?” Michael asked, his voice hoarse with desire.

“Yes,” she moaned loudly. “Oh yes, Michael.”

He lifted his hips, and holding hers, thrust his cock inside her. In and out, harder and harder, until Samantha couldn’t bear the pressure building inside her anymore.

She screamed as a rhythmic flow of his hot liquid mixed with her own and her body collapsed over his.

He released her hips and pulled her tight against his chest. They were one person, one body, and one soul. She lay in his arms, satisfied, feeling great.

“Michael?”

“Yes, my little Princess?”

“You work so hard. How about a short vacation? Just the two of us on a tropical beach.”

“You know that’s impossible, Sam. Maybe in a year.”

“A year? Come on, Michael. A year is ridiculous. Everyone needs a break from time to time.” She snuggled closer to him. “There is this wonderful offer. Seven days to the Bahamas for only a few dollars. Shall I book us a--”

“I said no,” he interrupted her. “The Bahamas sound good, Sam. But I cannot be missed.”

“How right you are,” she returned. “I cannot miss you.”

“I’m talking about my work.”

“Of course, you’re talking about your work, hon. That’s all you *have* talked about for the past four months.”

“We have been over this enough,” he said, irritation in his voice. “I have to build a career. That takes time.”

“I need time, too. Time and love.”

“We just made love. Now stop being so demanding and let me sleep. Good night.”

He kissed her, rolled over to his side of the bed, and fell asleep almost immediately.

Had she done it all wrong? Was she really too demanding? Was it wrong to crave your husband’s time and love? Her stomach cramped as if the problem was biting her, and she softly rubbed her belly. What could she do?

Ask Wicca?

Yes.

Wicca would know.

CHAPTER 4

“Hi Wicca. How are you doing? Michael and I made love tonight, but he fell asleep almost immediately after that. We had a bit of a quarrel too. I proposed to go out on a vacation. To the Bahamas for a week. But he refused. He doesn’t have the time. I find that such nonsense. Everyone needs a break from time to time. What do you think, Wicca? Am I too demanding?”

Samantha hit the send button and leaned back in her office chair. She could book the trip to the Bahamas, pour a strong sleeping potion into Michael’s coffee and abduct him.

“You’ve got mail,” the task bar said.

Samantha opened her mailbox and smiled. Wicca was very quick this morning. No, not this morning, it was afternoon in Europe at the moment.

“Dear Samantha, Michael is a true workaholic. We have to fight him with his own weapons.”

Fight Michael with his own weapons? What did Wicca mean?

“If he doesn’t want to go on a vacation, we’ll have to force him.”

Force him? How?

“Do you have time for a live chat? I’m on line,” Wicca’s mail ended.

A live chat? No, she didn’t have time for a live chat. But ... this was so important. Everything else had to wait.

Samantha opened her messenger, typed: ‘Yes, I’m here’, pressed ‘send’ and waited for Wicca to respond.

As soon as her friend was on line, she typed, “What do you mean, Wicca? Fight Michael with his own weapons?”

“Quite simple,” Wicca replied. She added a bright yellow smiley to her answer. “If you don’t mind spending your vacation in France, I have the perfect solution.”

“France? I would like that. Tell me more.”

“Have you ever heard of the Love Castle? It’s rather famous here.”

“No.”

“Okay. When two lovers spend one night in the castle all their problems will be over. No matter what bothered them.”

“You mean, Michael and I should ... But Michael will never come with me.” Samantha added a yellow smiley with a sad little face, and continued, “He is too busy.”

“He’ll rush to buy a painting done by Van Gogh.”

“Oh, he certainly will. But where can we find a Van Gogh?”

“In the Love Castle. Where else?”

“Is it real, Wicca?”

“The castle? Of course, it is. There’s an Internet site with information. I’ll send you the URL.”

“I mean the painting,” Samantha typed.

“Well ... um...” Wicca replied, adding another smiley.

“This will not work, Wicca. Michael is an expert on these matters. He’ll never...” She didn’t know how to go on, and pressed ‘send’.

“I’m an expert on LOVE matters,” Wicca answered. “It’ll work. Within one night you’ll have your lover back. And that’s what you want.”

Samantha touched her hair, then sighed. Yes, it was what she wanted. But if she had to cheat her husband--he would be so angry.

“Michael will never know you were in the game,” Wicca commented, as if she had guessed Samantha’s worried thoughts. “A countess will call him. She’s in financial trouble and wants to sell her Van Gogh. Nothing can go wrong.”

“Except for his secretary,” Samantha wrote back, “Nancy Donovan always accompanies Michael on his business trips.” She waited a few seconds and added: “She worries me too. What if Michael and she...”

“Have some kind of relationship?” Wicca finished the sentence for her. “I’ll see to her too. Can you give me his number?”

Samantha typed down the number of Michael’s cell phone.

“Thanks a lot. Talk to you later.”

While Samantha stared at the simple black line ‘Wicca signed out’, there was a short knocking on the door.

“You have a meeting at ten,” her secretary announced from the threshold.

“Thanks. I’ll be right there.” She put her computer into stand-by mode and left her office.

CHAPTER 5

Samantha was having lunch in Jimmy's Diner a short distance from her office when her cell phone rang. Grabbing the phone from her purse on the chair next to her, she recognized Michael's number.

"Hi Michael," she said into the phone.

"Sam!" Michael's excited voice toned into her ear. "Sam, I have the most amazing news. Guess what happened?"

Samantha smirked. She could imagine what had happened, but she wasn't going to tell him. "You won the sweepstakes?" she asked innocently.

"Better. Much better!" Michael was almost screaming. "I can buy a Van Gogh."

"A Van Gogh? You're kidding."

"Oh no, Sam. It's real. A real Van Gogh. In some little castle in France. The owner is a countess and she can't pay her taxes anymore."

"That's some news, Michael."

"I want a seat on the next flight to Paris. I don't want anyone else to steal my Van Gogh."

"You want me to book tickets for you?"

"Yes, of course. Only one."

"Nancy Donovan will not come with--"

"No," Michael interrupted her, "this countess wants to talk to me alone. Just me, she said. Sam! I'm so excited."

"I bet you are. Maybe you should go home and pack," Samantha suggested, trying to sound as thrilled as he was.

To her surprise, Michael said, "I'm home, honey. Packing."

"Okay, I'll call you as soon as I've booked your flight."

She put her cell phone back into her purse and stood. Wicca had lost

no time in doing it. That was great. But it was also a problem. She had to hurry now. She must book two tickets, tell Michael she'd booked only one, and pack her own suitcase without Michael knowing it.

Without Michael knowing it....

She sat again and stared at her plate. Was it right what she was going to do? She was about to manipulate her husband. She would send him to France to buy a non-existing Van Gogh.

"Nonsense," a soft inner voice said inside her head.

Or was it a real voice?

Samantha looked around, but she didn't see anything peculiar. Just people, eating their lunch, talking to each other, laughing, making jokes. Nothing special.

She shrugged and pushed a strand of hair out of her face as the voice unexpectedly continued, "You know the saying, Samantha. In love and war all is fair. Besides, this countess is to blame. It has nothing to do with you."

Right. Officially everything was okay. It had nothing to do with her. Yet ... she was about to swindle her husband. How would it end?

"You can only win, Samantha. Win your husband's attention. Win his love."

This voice was so real. As if ... as if someone in front of her did the talking.

Straining her eyes, she gazed at the empty chair at the other side of the table. Could it be?

For one strange moment she'd imagined someone sitting there.

A woman?

She blinked and stared at the image of a radiating white summer dress with long, wide sleeves.

"Spend a night in the Love Castle, and all your marriage problems will be over," the voice said. "Promise."

Samantha now discovered a face above the neckline. A handsome female face with Greek features. Bright brown eyes with long black lashes, cherry-red lips, dark brows, and very long raven-black curls.

Raven?

"Yes, it's me," the woman said. "I'm Wicca."

"But, but how..." Samantha stuttered.

“Hi Samantha. How are you doing, girl. Don’t mind if I sit with you, hey?” a loud voice boomed from behind. Before Samantha could prevent it, a short fat man landed on Wicca’s lap.

No, not on Wicca’s lap. On the empty chair in front of her. She had been dreaming. In broad daylight. Was she working too hard? Was this a first warning before a burn-out would strike her down?

“You okay?” the guy on Wicca’s chair asked.

“I’m fine, Jake.” Samantha curved her lips into a business-like smile, and stood. “I was about to go. See you.”

“Bye,” Jake replied, astonishment in his voice, but Samantha didn’t hear him anymore. She brought her tray to the counter, paid her bill, and left the diner.

On the sidewalk she eagerly inhaled the fresh air. As far as fresh air existed in New York, that was.

Was it wise to fly to France? How could a night in some castle change anything in Michael?

Oh my. She wasn’t only a sex addict--she was also naive. She believed in fairy tales.

“What’s wrong with fairy tales?” Wicca’s voice said next to her. “What’s wrong with listening to your fairy godmother?”

Samantha looked, but she didn’t see anyone. She murmured, “My fairy godmother? You?”

“Yes,” Wicca replied. “I’m your fairy godmother. I will help you and your prince.”

Samantha raised a brow.

“Cinderella needed a helping hand when it came to love,” Wicca explained. “And so do you.”

“Maybe you’re right,” she whispered.

“Of course, I’m right. Fairy godmothers are always right. Now, you don’t need to bring me a pumpkin. Just go book the tickets.”

Samantha hesitated.

“Hey, you’ve nothing to lose, Samantha. Now hurry.”

It sounded so commanding that Samantha lost no further time in thinking. She rushed to her office, grabbed the phone, then put it down again.

Michael would be so angry with her, if he knew about this. She wouldn't win him back. Wicca was wrong. She did have something to lose in this game. Michael.

There was only one way to make up for this. She must tell Michael that the Van Gogh painting didn't exist. Right away.

She shoved her chair backward and left her office in a hurry.

CHAPTER 6

“Michael. Michael, are you there?” Samantha shouted when she entered their condo.

Michael was home. “Honey, over here.”

Gathering her courage, Samantha headed for the bedroom. As she entered he stuffed an armful of impeccable shirts into a holdall.

“I don’t think that’s the way to treat those poor shirts. By the time you reach Paris they’ll be wrinkled all over.”

Michael raised an eyebrow. “Do I hear my mother-in-law speaking?”

“Sorry, Michael. I didn’t mean it the way it sounded. Take a suitcase. Or better, forget about the whole thing.”

Michael didn’t react to her words. “You got my ticket?” he asked.

“No, I didn’t book one yet. The thought occurred to me.... The thing is....”

“What?” There was a vague hint irritation in his voice.

“Well, what if this is all a joke?”

“A joke? What do you mean?” The irritation mixed with surprise.

“Well, maybe someone’s tricking you into believing--”

“This Van Gogh is as real as you and me.” Michael stood, walked to her and snuggled her close to his body. “This painting was made in Auvers-sur-Oise in 1890. Van Gogh suffered from mental attacks and he placed himself in the care of a Paul Gachet, a homeopathic physician. This doctor was an amateur painter himself and Van Gogh immediately felt at home. For two months he produced nearly a painting a day.”

“Oh, did he?” Samantha said, making it sound as if she was carefully listening. But she wasn’t.

Michael was so close. His strong chest pressing to her breasts awoke all kinds of sensations deep inside her belly. She moved her upper body and his chest caressed her nipples. She wanted him to go on--caress her breasts, her nipples, her hips ... take off her panties and penetrate her.

Such a shame he couldn't read thoughts. "Countess Coeur-de Corbeau's grandmother lived in the neighborhood in those days. She pitied Van Gogh and bought several of his paintings," he continued, and the excitement in his words wasn't because her hand moved down his pants.

Michael kissed her forehead. "Well, what do you say to that?"

"Coeur-de-Corbeau?" Samantha asked. The words meant 'Heart of a Raven' in French. It proved that this painting didn't exist. It definitely was Wicca's work. How could she tell him without giving herself away?

"Yes, Coeur-de-Corbeau, that's the countess' name," Michael went on. "It's a painting of a wheat field, probably the one where he shot himself in the chest."

"Van Gogh shot himself? I thought he cut off his ear?"

"Oh, he did. In December 1888, though. After quarrels with Gauguin."

"You're well-informed, Michael." Samantha sighed. "But what if this countess wants to cheat you? I mean, Van Goghs don't grow on trees."

"I'm an expert, honey. If it's a fake I'll know."

"But what if there's no painting at all?"

Michael burst out laughing. "My sweet little Princess. What's wrong with you today? You think this countess is luring me to France? Why should she?"

"Well um..." Samantha stuttered.

What could she say, without telling him about Wicca, and the trap she'd set for him?

Michael grinned. "She has seen my gorgeous picture on the Internet and she wants me in her bed?" Talking, Michael pressed her even closer to his body. "I have to disappoint you, Sam. The woman is 92."

"Kiss me," she begged him. "Michael, kiss me."

He pressed another tiny little kiss on her forehead, which wasn't what she had in mind.

"You'll get more of it," he promised. "If you go book my ticket first."

Oh my. Why hadn't she seen to the tickets before? If she called the airport now, he'd hear every word she said.

"Okay, I'll do it myself," he announced, grabbing his cell phone, "Or even better, I'll call Nancy Donovan."

She took the phone out of his hand. "No need to bother your secretary. I'll do it right away. If you let me pee first."

In the bathroom Samantha made reservations for a seat on an Air France plane, departing at ten fifty-five that evening. Then she went to the living room and called again, now booking a second ticket on the same flight. She wrote down the flight data on a sheet of paper and gave it to him.

"Air France?" Michael kissed her cheek. "I'd prefer an American company."

"Air France is the best match for tonight. You won't lose any valuable time with a plane change in Amsterdam or London."

"Okay, you're the expert." He examined the note. "When will I arrive in Paris?"

"Tomorrow morning, around midday. Local time."

"Which is--what our time?"

"Six a.m."

"Thanks, Princess. I'll be back in a few days. Bye." Before she could stop him, he grabbed his suitcase and rushed out of the room.

"Hey, you were going to make love to me," she shouted at his back.

"Sam, please. We made love last night. I have to hurry."

He came back to hug her once more, but his kiss was quick and lacked the passion she wanted so badly.

"Love you," he said. The front door was already closed behind him as Samantha whispered in return, "I love you too, Michael."

Yes, she loved him too. With all her heart. But now she had reached the limit. Her loving husband was more interested in a Van Gogh than in his wife's needs. He could have spent five minutes to kiss her, couldn't he?

Five minutes for kissing only? No, she wanted a long, long night filled with pure passion.

She snorted in anger. Why on earth had she thought she was a sex addict? She wasn't.

She was a normal healthy woman, with ordinary sexual and emotional needs. She wanted a husband who cared for her, a man who took all the time she needed to make love to her, and that was more than only five minutes.

Okay, if he wasn't prepared to give her this attention voluntarily, well ... all she could do was take it, right?

Right.

Straightening her back, she took a deep breath.. Wicca was so right. She had nothing to lose.

"Go for it, Sam," she encouraged herself. "All's fair in love and war."

CHAPTER 7

It was eight o'clock in the evening as Samantha stood in line to check in for her flight. Continuously shifting her weight from one foot to the other, she kept looking around. Was that Michael? That tall well-built man that--no, he had glasses. But ... there was another good-looking fellow approaching ... Oh my. She was getting the jitters here. This was the most dangerous moment of the entire enterprise. If Michael found out too soon that she was going with him, he'd no doubt insist that she stay on the ground.

As another Michael look-alike stepped by, she ducked behind the broad shoulders of the man in front of her. Then the spot behind her was filled by a tired-looking mother with three whining children and Samantha sighed in relief.

Her chances of succeeding were growing. But how long would she have to wait? She peeked around the beefy shoulders in front of her. Only three passengers waiting. She blinked and strained her eyes. Was that Norma behind that counter? Norma Stratford? Yes, it was she. That meant it would be easier to get a seat next to Michael.

After what seemed an eternity to Samantha, she put her hold-all onto the conveyor belt and smiled at her acquaintance.

"Hi Sam." Norma returned the smile, taking Sam's ticket. "On a business trip?"

Samantha shook her head. "I want to surprise Michael," she said. "He'll be on this flight too, but I don't want him to know before take-off."

"Second honeymoon?" Norma giggled in understanding. "Let's see what I can do for you two," she murmured, typing on her keyboard. "Right, two seats next to each other. Here you are." Handing over a boarding card

she smiled at Samantha.

“Don’t tell Michael,” Samantha urged.

“Course not. My lips are sealed. Have a great time you two.”

“Thank you so much, Norma. You’re terrific.” Samantha looked around and turned. But as she turned to walk away she nearly fell over a little toddler sitting on his knees playing with a wooden black horse. “I’m sorry,” she began, more talking to the mother than to the child, but then her blood ran cold as she heard a familiar voice.

Michael.

Her heart started pounding with such intensity that she feared everyone could hear it. In a hurry, she crouched down, pretending her attention was fixed on the child, but in reality she peeked through her lashes. Where was Michael? Had he discovered her?

She took the horse and whinnied softly. “Isn’t he cute?” The boy beamed at her and whinnied in return.

Michael’s very familiar brown polished shoes passed her, and she carefully turned her head. He took a place at the end of the row.

Good. If she moved to the left he wouldn’t see her.

She stood. “Great horse,” she mumbled to the stunned mother and hurried away.

She rushed to the safety of a gray stone column and peeked around the corner.

Michael stood in the row, reading the Wall Street Journal. He didn’t even look at his fellow passengers. No doubt he tried to spend his valuable time efficiently. As soon as he reached the passengers-only waiting area he’d sit down and work. Her heart rate returned to normal. It wouldn’t be too difficult to get on the plane without Michael knowing it.

CHAPTER 8

As Samantha had expected, Michael didn't notice her presence, not even when she sank onto the seat next to him. He was slamming his laptop computer like a maniac.

A shiver went through the airplane and very slowly it began rolling back. After a short cracking, a bright female voice spoke from the loudspeaker: "Ladies and gentleman, good evening. Captain George Denver and his crew welcome you aboard our flight to Paris. We are now leaving the gate and getting ready for take off. Please put your chair in an upright position and fasten your seat belts."

When she asked the passengers to turn off all laptop computers and cell phones, Michael stopped typing and looked around.

She watched him from the corner of her eye. He blinked, rubbed his eyes and blinked again as astonishment washed over his face.

"Samantha? What on earth are you doing here?"

She looked into his stunned eyes and chuckled. "I'm on my way to Paris."

"I bet you are. Why?"

She placed her hand on his knee. "I missed you, Michael. I wanted to be with you."

"But, Sam, this is ridiculous."

"Yeah? Is it ridiculous when a wife wants to be with her husband?"

He narrowed his eyes and sighed. "No, but this is a business trip, Sam. I have to work."

She moistened her lips without knowing it. "I've always wanted to have sex in an airplane," she murmured huskily.

"We had sex in an airplane." He grinned naughtily. "Don't tell me

you've forgotten."

"No, of course not." She stroked her breasts sensually, petting her nipples, then she put her hands on her lap, palms up as if she were ready to receive a gift. "We could do it again. We could even pretend we're on our honeymoon."

He shoved his laptop under his seat. "No way, honey. I have to work."

His gaze pierced hers, taking her breath away. Sudden doubt took hold of her. What did she see? Boredom? Anger? Annoyance?

She closed the distance between them and touched his warm lips with her own.

He moved his head away from her. "Come on, Sam. Everybody is looking at us."

"As if you ever cared about that!" she burst out. "What happened to you, Michael? You were always such a true--" She stopped talking.

"A true what?" he inquired.

"A swashbuckler. An adventurer. We made love in restrooms and elevators, even in your former boss's room at the company party, remember? You never cared. And now..."

"And now, I'm even afraid of kissing you in public, is that what you want to say?"

She shrugged. "Yes."

"We're ready for take off," he said.

"You're always ready for everything," she wailed. "Except for me."

"I really don't know what you're talking about, Sam. We had sex last night."

"Sex, yes. Quick sex. That's not enough for me, Michael."

"You didn't come then? I felt you come. Did you fake it?"

"I'm not talking about orgasms. It's attention I crave."

"Attention?" Michael asked.

The Boeing 737 turned a corner and stopped. For one moment it was as if the jet engines fell silent, then a strong shiver went through the plane.

"Yes," Samantha replied, but her answer got lost in the noise of takeoff. With loud roaring engines, the Boeing rolled over the runway, its wheels thumping on the asphalt.

As the shaking went on, Samantha leaned back in her chair, her hand crawling to Michael's knee.

He put his hand over hers. "We'll be all right," he said.

Samantha tried to ignore the cramping in her belly. She loved flying. That is to say, she'd always loved it. But after the September 11th events she couldn't help being just a bit afraid. Planes crashed. Or got hijacked. And takeoffs and landings were the most dangerous parts of the journey.

The pilot obviously knew what he was doing. The shivering stopped abruptly and the plane climbed up into the sky.

The red 'fasten seat-belts' sign turned off.

"Now, tell me," Michael said. "You crave attention?"

"Yes." She cleared her throat. "It's not that I don't like a quicky. You know I do."

She moved her hand upwards and touched his crotch. "I mean I can fold out the little table and jack you off, here and now. You can ... you can even do the same with me...."

"Great idea." He grinned. "Let's get started."

"It's not what I really want, Michael. I want a long, long night together. A night filled with love making."

"Like we used to do?" he asked.

"Yes, a candle-lit dinner first. With champagne and asparagus and oysters. And ice cream with hot chocolate sauce for dessert."

"That's what you ate yesterday. When we had dinner with Mr. Vandenberg."

"You cannot compare a dinner with a customer to a meal together. No, I want it to be just you and me. Me without my panties.... You could slip your hand under the table and touch me."

Michael didn't answer her. At least not with words. He unfolded the little table until it covered Samantha's lap and whispered into her ear.

"Unzip your trousers."

"But--"

"Do as I say. Now." It sounded commanding and arousal flashed through the soft spot between her legs.

He was going to give it to her, here and now.

It was not what she had in mind. She wanted a long night together.

But she knew very well this was all what she was going to get on a plane.

Michael moved his coat under the little table to cover her nakedness and opened her zipper. As his right hand slipped into her pants, he gave her an opened magazine with his other.

A picture of an enormous cock was before her eyes. *Oh my.*

She looked around, but the passenger at the other side of the aisle seemed to be caught up in his newspaper.

“But a stewardess will come with the drinks,” she protested.

“So what?” His fingers moved over her clit. “If you control yourself no one will notice. Now, open your legs.”

She spread her legs and leaned back, giving him room to thrust his fingers inside her.

“You’re wet,” he whispered. “You’re hot and wet. Can you feel my fingers? I’m going to move them deeper.”

He thrust his fingers deeper inside her and began moving. “Up and down,” he whispered. “I’m moving them up and down. Deeper, deeper and deeper ... You like it this way, don’t you? Tell me you like it.”

She gasped for air, unable to say a word.

“Say it,” he commanded. “Tell me to rub your clit.”

“I want you to ... Oh Michael.”

His thumb found her clit, and he rubbed it carefully in the same rhythm as his fingers thrusting inside her.

“Look at the cock on the picture. It’s my cock. It’s deep inside you now. That hard, big cock. It’s so hot, that cock. Tell me you want it. Tell me you want my cock.”

“I want your cock, Michael,” she coughed, out of breath. “I crave your cock.”

“You’ll get it. You’ll get my cock, honey. Move your body. Push that hot big dick inside you. As deep as you can.”

She moaned softly as she obeyed his wishes.

Without any warning his middle finger touched her G-spot and caressed it. For one moment she had the enormous urge to urinate, then the feeling changed into hot liquid desire. Her body trembled with the force of her arousal. She felt the ecstasy closing in on her.

“I want you to come,” he demanded, moving his fingers even deeper.

“I want you to come now.”

His fingers were hard and urging, and the cock on the picture looked so real. So big, so hard. A heavy shock wave of pleasure went through her. She hid her face against his shoulder, gasping for breath, trying to control the trembling of her body as her orgasm rippled through her sex.

“What can I get you, please?” a stewardess asked from the aisle.

“Coffee,” Michael said. “Two coffees.” He picked up the magazine from Samantha’s table, closed it and shoved it casually aside.

How could his voice sound so relaxed after what he had just done?

“Milk and sugar?” the woman asked.

“Yes, please.”

Two coffee cups landed on the little table in front of her. The very table that hid their secret. The secret of his fingers still lingering deep inside her.

“Are you all right, ma’am?” the stewardess inquired.

“Oh, she’s fine.” Samantha heard the smile in his voice. “She’s just a bit tired.”

“What can I serve you for dinner, sir? Beef or fish?”

“We’d like the fish.”

“Thank you, sir. Enjoy your coffee.”

The stewardess moved on and Samantha straightened.

Michael winked at her and very tenderly pulled his hand free. Holding her gaze, he slowly licked his fingers.

“You taste good, my Princess.” He picked up the little plastic can with condensed milk, pulled it open and poured it into Samantha’s cup.

“Here.” He grinned in a naughty way. “You look as if someone just made you come.”

Grateful, she took a sip. It was hot and strong. It helped to get her senses back.

“Any more complaints about me?” he whispered into her ear.

“You know what I want, Michael?” she returned.

“I do,” he stated. “You want me to drag you to the nearest restroom and fuck the hell out of you.” He chortled as he continued, “It so happens that’s just what I have in mind.”

Her nether lips reacted to the message immediately. But she tried to

suppress the hot urge. This was too important. He must listen. "I want a night with you. A long night together. Just the two of us."

"Oh yeah," he nodded. "With the candle-lit dinner and the hot Jacuzzi and the erotic massages and all the rest of the tomfoolery."

"You think it's nonsense to spend a night on love?"

He pouted his lips. "You know, honey...."

"There's work to be done," she finished the sentence for him.

"Michael, I know you have to work. But I want more than ... than five minutes of lust."

"Five minutes? You lucky girl. Male orgasms don't last that long. Have you finished your coffee?"

"Almost, yes."

"Okay, zip up your jeans and let's go."

"But Michael...."

"Oh no, no stopping now. I need to come. My balls will explode if I don't."

"That sounds so...."

"So bestial? Okay. I don't care what you call it. I'm horny. As horny as you were some minutes ago."

She gulped the rest of her coffee down, tipped up her little table and with mixed feelings, she stood.

Of course, it was only fair that she now quench Michael's fire, but on the other hand ... Why not wait until they were bedded in that castle? She wanted a long night of love and an exhausted husband wouldn't bring much. Or was she too selfish now?

"Come on, my Princess. Don't make me wait so long," Michael whispered into her ear.

Samantha walked down the aisle and slipped into the restroom. It was already too small for one, with a toilet and a washbasin taking up most of the space.

When Michael joined her she could hardly move.

"Nice cozy room, yeah?" he said, opening her zipper and moving her pants down. In almost the same movement he let down his jeans and boxer shorts. His cock was hard, swollen, and ready for action.

"Turn your face to the sink, look at me in the mirror." It sounded

harsh. Michael was playing the bad boy, the master who would do with her whatever he pleased, no matter if she pretended to like it or not.

It was their favorite love game, the one that made her hot within seconds.

In the mirror she saw his hand moving to her hips, caressing her skin, then out of sight, they moved to her buttocks.

“Spread your legs. Spread your legs, Samantha. Wider. Yeah, that’s a good girl. Now, open your lips for me.”

Pushing his hand between her legs he forced her to do as he wished. His hot cock lingered at the entrance, then he thrust himself forward with all his strength. She almost collapsed over the basin, but he caught her in time.

His big cock penetrated her with hard pokes, his hands holding her hips in an iron grip. Forcing her backwards, straight onto his hardness, forcing her to take all of him.

“Look at me,” he ordered. “Look at us.”

The mirror reflected a beautiful woman, her hair tousled, her face red. The man behind her also had tousled hair and a tortured look of bestial lust in his eyes. He moistened his lips with his tongue and bit her on the nape of her neck.

She moaned, but the sound got lost in his order, “Move your hand down, masturbate your clit. Let me see what you’re doing.”

He gave her room to obey him and looking at her swollen clit in the mirror, she began rubbing it.

“Go on,” he said, out of breath now, “go on. Follow my rhythm.”

“I can’t move,” she complained.

“You don’t need to,” he said, forcing his cock inside her as deep as he could, “just rub your clit. I’ll do the rest.”

She caressed her little red pea as he moved his cock inside her. His dick was circling, pushing, thrusting hard, touching her g-spot.

Her face in the mirror changed into suffering. Her eyes now expressed the same tortured look as he did.

“You’re so soft,” he whispered into her ear, “soft and hot. Squeeze me, honey. Squeeze my dick with your pussy.”

She tightened her inner muscles, enfolding him as firmly as she could.

He moaned in return. “You’re doing great. Now relax, oh yeah, relax

your pussy ... and now ... squeeze again. Squeeze me. Oh yeah, that's it. Go on. Go on, Samantha, don't stop."

She tightened and relaxed her inner muscles in a rhythmic way, feeling his tension rising higher and higher.

"You're so strong," he panted, "so warm. I can't bear this any longer."

He moved backwards just a little, now using all of the scanty space in the tiny room, and thrust his dick into her. Then he began fucking her, hard, merciless, deep. And deeper and harder ...

"I gotta come," he gasped, "Oh Samantha, I gotta come."

Rhythmic spasms of lust caressed her pussy as he shot his hot sperm into her. Suddenly his fingers were on hers, coercing her to rub her clit harder now, harder and faster, unyieldingly forcing her to come, too.

Her eyes opened wide. She gazed at the tortured looking woman in the mirror, and at the tormented man behind her. Then she tilted her head back in excitement, and as she closed her eyes the world changed into lust, pure bestial lust.

The spasms softly faded out, and his dick thrust into her for a last time.

"That was great, my Princess," Michael whispered, still out of breath. As he pressed a tiny kiss on her earlobe his dick softly slipped out.

He grabbed a paper towel from the holder on the wall, cleaned himself and pulled up his jeans.

Winking at her, he gave her a paper towel too. "Lock the door behind me," he suggested, and only seconds later she was alone.

She locked the door again, and made a face at her reflection in the mirror. What had she expected after such a quickie in a plane restroom?

That they would sit on the toilet together, and smoke a cigarette? She shook her head over the stupid thought. They had both quit smoking a long time ago. Moreover, a toilet seat was hardly the right place to enjoy a passionate after-play. On the other hand ... She pressed her lips together. There must be something in between a passionate after-play and cleaning up one's privates and rushing out.

Okay, the fucking had satisfied her aching pussy, but it had done nothing for her soul. She needed more. She craved hot kisses, and a

husband telling her he loved her. She wanted boundless nights with just the two of them making everlasting love. She longed for the good old days when Michael made time for her needs, when their marriage wasn't just a closing entry on his overloaded agenda.

She looked at herself in the mirror and blinked in confusion. Was there a peculiar shade behind her? She turned her head, but there was no one. Yet, when she looked back into the mirror her own reflection was replaced by another image.

Wicca. It must be Wicca. But how ... How on earth ...

"Have some patience, Samantha." The beautiful woman with curly raven-black hair smiled at her, an encouraging curving of two cherry-red lips. "You'll soon get all you need. Promise."

The vision vanished and Samantha trembled all over. This was so strange. What was happening to her?

"Just wait and see," Wicca's voice toned from a distance.

"Okay," Samantha whispered, hugging herself, hoping it would end the shivering. "I'll wait and see." A sudden thought occurred to her, and blood rushed to her cheeks. "Wicca?"

"Yes?"

"Did you ... Did you watch us? Did you watch Michael and me making love?"

"Does it matter?" Wicca inquired.

Did it matter? Did it really matter? "I don't know," she said. "I guess not."

"It can be very stimulating watching other people making love. You'll find out soon."

Samantha pushed a strand of hair aside. All she could do now was wait and see what one night in that Love Castle would do for her. For her and Michael. For their marriage.

She didn't want to touch the toilet seat and crouched down to pee, then left the restroom after thoroughly washing her hands.

When she came back to her seat, Michael was absorbed in typing on his laptop. Samantha sat next to him and observed him from the corners of her eyes. He looked so obsessed with his work. Was Wicca right? Would things ever change?

No, she didn't think so ...

CHAPTER 9

It was half an hour before the landing in Paris and Michael headed for the restroom to freshen up.

Samantha watched him go and her gaze went over his laptop computer. He had been working all those long hours above the ocean. No doubt he would continue typing as soon as they were on firm ground, even in the car that would bring them to the Castle of Love. She hated that piece of metal.

“You must remove the batteries,” Wicca’s voice toned in her head.

Samantha smiled. The voice didn’t startle her anymore. She was becoming used to hearing it. Besides, Wicca did have some great ideas. Why hadn’t she thought of that before?

She wanted to pick up the laptop, but Wicca’s voice warned her. “Not now, Samantha. Later.”

Michael came back, his hair damp, his face perfectly shaven. Memories whirled through her—Michael naked, rubbing his upper lip over her aching nipple, his hard prick pressing to her thigh, his damp hair caressing her breast.

When he passed her to reach his seat, she smelled a provoking bouquet of shaving soap mixed with deodorant and his own masculine scent.

She wanted to cup his chin in her both hands, caress his lips with her tongue, persuade him to open his mouth and taste his freshly brushed white teeth.

“I’ve been thinking.” Michael’s deep male voice interrupted her musings, the mere sound awakening her nether lips.

“Oh? About what?” She tried to appear normal, but she felt the blood rush to her pussy, moistening it, preparing it for his touch.

But Michael didn’t touch her. He hadn’t the faintest clue about the tightening of her inner muscles that gave her a weird sensation of lust.

“Did you book a hotel?” he asked.

“A hotel?” Her throat acted as if someone was trying to strangle her. “No, I ... I took it for granted that we are going to be the countess’ guests.”

“I’ll stay there overnight, yes.” He scratched his chin. “But you’ll have to find a hotel.”

“Oh, why?” Why was her pussy aching like this? Why was he posing stupid questions instead of thrusting his hard cock into her?

“The countess didn’t want me to bring anyone,” he stated. The domination in his tone aroused her even more.

“She didn’t want you to bring your secretary,” she managed to correct his statement.

“Absolutely. That’s why you can’t come with me.”

“I happen to be your wife.” And I can’t miss you that long. I want to hold you, feel your breath in my hair, your cock penetrate my body.

“What difference does that make?” he asked, his voice harsh.

“What difference does that make?” she burst out. “What do you mean, Michael? That you don’t know the difference between your wife and your secretary?”

He scowled at her. “Don’t try to be funny. You’re not coming with me. Period.”

The muscles of her pussy clenched and she pressed her legs together to intensify the raunchy feeling.

“What’s the matter with you?” he inquired, suspicion in his voice.

“It makes me hot when you behave so domineering. You know that very well.”

“Trying to arouse me won’t help you,” he snapped. “The issue is definitely closed.”

“As you wish, my lord and master,” she said, provoking him, trying to make him angry.

A little muscle above his brow quivered, but as he didn’t take the bait. She continued, “The countess will send a car to pick you up, won’t she?”

“Yes.”

“Okay, I’ll walk you to the car and say goodbye. I’ll be a good girl.”

“You’re up to something, aren’t you? If I only find out, I....”

“Wow. You’ll give me a spanking? Will you take off my jeans, here and now, put me on your knee, and slap my bottom until it’s as red as a ripe tomato?”

“Samantha, stop that.”

But she went on, unable to stop. “Will you fuck me with that big hard prick of yours until every other passenger gets swollen privates just by looking at us?”

He squeezed her knee, hard, without any mercy, hurting and arousing her at the same time. “What’s wrong with you, Samantha? Behave yourself.”

‘Ping’, it sounded and a tinny voice toned from the intercom, “Ladies and gentlemen, in a few minutes we will arrive at Charles de Gaulle International Airport in Paris. The outside temperature is 80°F, local time eleven fifty.”

“Ah,” Michael said, curling his arm around her shoulder, pressing her against his strong body. “You’re nervous because of the landing. Don’t worry, we’ll be all right.”

“Make me come,” she whispered into his ear, inhaling his masculine scent as deep as she could.

“Of course not. We’re about to land.”

“Please, Michael. Pretty please?”

“Okay.” He put a coat on her lap and whispered, “Sit straight and do as I say.”

She obeyed immediately, her breathing rapid and shallow as his left hand slipped under the coat. She’d expected him to unzip her trousers, but he didn’t do that. His fingers crawled over her pants, caressing her pussy and clit through the rough fabric of her jeans. Samantha tightened and relaxed her inner muscles in a rhythmic way, trying to increase the feelings of pleasure.

“Fasten your seatbelts, please?” the gleeful voice of a stewardess toned from the aisle. Her perfectly manicured finger pointed at the coat.

“Will do.” Michael gave the woman a charming beam. The

stewardess smiled in return and walked on.

“You’ll have to do it yourself,” Michael whispered. “And you’d better be quick.”

Unfortunately, another stewardess passed by, also pointing at the seatbelts, and she was followed by the purser. Samantha looked around. Straight into the curious eyes of the passenger at the other side of the aisle. Darn. Her chances were gone.

Softly shaking, the Boeing 737 touched the black asphalt of the runway.

Chapter 10

“How about the airport restroom?” Samantha suggested as soon as they had debarked the plane.

“There is no time for that,” Michael said, nipping her proposal in the bud. “Besides, using a dirty French restroom is the fastest way to collect a disease.”

“But we could do a quick fuck,” she protested. “I can lean against the door and put my foot on the toilet seat while you push your...”

“No.”

“But Michael, we can also use one of those airport hotel rooms and...”

“This is a business trip, Samantha. They expect me to be on schedule.”

Without waiting for her, he collected his luggage and passed customs. All Samantha could do was hurry after him and she managed to reach the arrivals lounge just seconds after him.

It was warm in the lounge—warm, musty and overcrowded. A mass of people were waiting for their beloved ones and together they formed a kind of impenetrable wall. A wall that smelled of human sweat.

Michael stepped on tiptoe and tried to look over the heads of the crowd.

“Hey, that’s strange,” he muttered, rubbing his eyes.

“What?”

“Well, the countess told me to look out for her chauffeur. He’d stick up a large signboard with my name on it.”

He turned his face at her, then rubbed over his nose.

Samantha bit on her lip. Michael always touched himself when he

was confused. What was bothering him now?

“What’s up?” she asked.

“I don’t understand.” He raised one shoulder and scratched the other. “There is a man near the exit, in a chauffeur’s uniform, holding a sign. But....” He pulled on his ear lobe.

Curiosity filled Samantha’s chest. That sign must display a very unsettling message ...

“But what?” she asked. “What does it say?”

“Well, it says, ‘Flight AF009, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon’, so there must have been another couple on board with our name.”

Samantha tried to suppress a laugh, but she didn’t manage. Wicca was really something.

She made sure her face had a serious look when she replied, “There’s only one way to find out. Let’s go talk to the man.”

They wrestled themselves through the mass of sweating people and came to the man in the chauffeur’s uniform.

“Excuse me, monsieur,” Michael said in French. “My name is Gordon and I...”

“Please follow me,” the chauffeur replied in a polite way, “her ladyship Countess Coeur-de-Corbeau is expecting you.”

“Goodbye, Sam,” Michael said, kissing Samantha on her cheek. But the chauffeur tapped on his arm and pointed at Samantha.

“Her ladyship expects you both. You and your wife. Follow me.”

Without paying any attention to Michael’s protests, he walked them to a large black limousine that was parked along the sidewalk.

He helped them in, put their luggage into the trunk and eased the car into the traffic.

Samantha gazed at the man’s uniformed back, then studied the position of the car mirror. Could that chauffeur see them from his seat in the front? Would he notice it if she placed her coat on her lap and let Michael finish what was interrupted by the touch down of the plane?

She looked aside to catch Michael’s eyes, but he didn’t react to her whispered proposal. He turned on his laptop and began hammering on the keys as if his life depended on it.

Samantha swallowed, moving her feet restlessly over the coconut car

mat. Michael could do nothing but work his fingers to the bone. There wouldn't be a love night in that castle, no matter what her fairy-tale godmother had promised her. Michael would either work or be asleep. It was as simple as that.

She leaned back in her seat and closed her eyes, listening to the monotone sound of the car engine mixed with the unsettled typing next to her.

After some time the limousine turned a corner and Samantha sat up straight. They had left the highway and drove on to a secondary road leading through fields of ripening grain. The waving ears of rye looked like pure gold. On the other side of the road a field with blooming sunflowers came in view, their yellow petals eagerly raised at the caressing sunbeams.

She tapped on Michael's arm. "Look, Michael. It's so beautiful here."

Michael looked up, in a disturbed manner. "What the hell," he began, then his mouth fell open. "Oh my," he exclaimed. "Look at that. This is where Van Gogh must have made his most famous paintings."

Samantha sighed. Why did she always have to compete against this Van Gogh?

She watched the thrilling excitement in Michael's gorgeous eyes and her stomach shifted into a ball of agony, moving up quickly to her throat. She was no match for Van Gogh. She would never be able to beat him. She'd lost her husband to a painter who had been dead for years.

She swept away a tear before it could ruin her make-up, and stared out the window, without looking at the landscape. She should have stayed in Paris to spend her free time near the Champs Elysees where the world's most famous Fashion Houses had taken up residence. Chanel, Christian Dior, Yves Saint Laurent ... Admiring the up-to-date haute couture collections would have been much more interesting than glaring at a typing husband.

The chauffeur took a cross road, then steered the car into a long driveway which was framed by enormous beech trees.

At the end of the avenue a magnificent white castle rose up. Lots of elegant whimsical turrets, stretching toward the bright blue sky, ornate gray roofs, flamboyant stained glass windows and intricate stonework seemed to

grow out of the blossoming hills. The building looked as if it had fallen from the pages of a storybook, and the sight left Samantha without breath.

"Sleeping Beauty's Castle," she whispered when she was able to speak again. "It's amazing."

"Pure kitsch," Michael commented in a wry manner. "I would say this is an ultimate example of bad taste. Very bad taste. I can only hope the painting is real."

"You and your darned painting," Samantha snarled. "This is the most romantic building I've ever seen."

"Romantic," Michael snapped in return. "I'm fed up with that female rubbish about romance. This is a business trip, lady. I'm here to earn a living. And as soon as I've examined that Van Gogh we'll return to the airport. I'm not going to stay in that monstrosity one second longer than I have to."

The limousine crossed a wooden drawbridge and stopped near a high flight of steps.

"Le Chateau d'Amour", the chauffeur announced, pride in his voice.

Michael closed his laptop with a sharp bang. "Love Castle." He didn't even try to hide his sarcasm.

The chauffeur opened the back door of the car and helped Samantha get out. "Madame la Comtesse is waiting for you."

The man smiled at her. It was a friendly smile followed by a blink of understanding. Or did she see pity in his eyes?

The chauffeur pointed at the top of the flight of steps, where an enormous oak door opened. A beautiful woman stepped out. She was dressed in a green brocade gown with wide sleeves. Her milk-white breasts bulged above a very low neckline. The gown was taken in at the waist and ended in a long wide hoop skirt. Raven hair curled along her shoulders.

Wicca.

Samantha heard Michael gasp for breath.

"Quite a décolletage, huh? And that in such a monstrosity," Samantha couldn't help saying.

Michael didn't answer. He rushed up the stairs three steps at a time and stretched out his hand to Wicca.

"My name is Michael Gordon. I'm here for the Van Gogh."

“I’m countess Coeur-de-Corbeau,” Wicca replied. “I’m pleased to meet you and your beautiful wife.”

Michael looked back at Samantha. “I’m sorry she’s with me. We won’t be staying long, though.”

“Your wife is very welcome here.” Wicca winked at Samantha and, stepping aside, she let the chauffeur pass with the luggage. Samantha went up. She had the enormous urge to hug Wicca but that wouldn’t be wise. So she pressed Wicca’s hand in a formal way. “I’m very pleased to meet your ladyship.”

“Enchanté, madame,” Wicca replied in French, adding a secret wink.

“Can you please call that chauffeur back, Ladyship?” Michael asked. “We’re not going to stay. I’m here for the painting only.”

Samantha pressed her lips together. Did she hear fear in Michael’s voice? Fear for what?

“I want to apologize for my husband’s rude behavior,” she said. “He must be tired.”

“I’m not tired at all. I want to examine the Van Gogh.”

“Michael. Stop being so....” Samantha began, but Wicca interrupted her.

“I have to bid for your patience, Mister Gordon,” she said. “The painting belongs to my grandmother and she is resting at the moment. Please follow me. I’ll show you to your room.”

Michael muttered something to himself, but it was clear that he didn’t have the guts to protest aloud.

Samantha grinned, then said to Wicca, “You are wearing an amazing gown, milady.”

“Merci. We are having a fancy-dress ball tonight. You’ll find everything you need in your room.”

“Wow,” Samantha replied. “I love historical clothing.”

Michael coughed. “This is a business trip.”

“Of course, Mister Gordon. But my grandmother wants to get to know you first. The painting is very precious to her. It shouldn’t end up in unworthy hands.”

“I see.” His voice sounded strangled.

“Please follow me,” Wicca repeated. She turned and stepped into a

large entrance hall. The high walls were covered with hand-made Flemish tapestry in bright colors. Next to them were oil paintings on wood. An expensive oriental carpet lay on the gray slate floor.

Samantha had seen Gobelin tapestry before but what she saw now was beyond her dreams. These were not idyllic pictures of handsome shepherds with flocks of white sheep, nor people enjoying a picnic in the midst of purple heather.

The people were there and so were the shepherds--but idyllic was hardly the word for their performance. None of them wore any clothes, and they were all making love in many different ways.

"Excuse me," Michael's voice toned. "Is that a real Rubens over there?" He pointed at an oil painting high on the wall. Samantha followed his gaze. The painting showed a voluptuous lady exposing her beauty in a shameless way.

"Of course it's real," Wicca replied. "My grandmother hates kitsch."

"I see." Michael swallowed with obvious difficulty.

For one moment Samantha feared he would give his plain opinion about the outside features of the building, but he kept his mouth shut.

Wicca led them into a large corridor with oak doors on one side and stained glass windows on the other. The colored glass filtered the sparkling sunbeams and made the corridor look like a gigantic field of thousands of glittering diamonds.

At the end, Wicca opened a door and showed them a magnificent room that was dominated by a gorgeous four poster bed. A large Persian rug lay on the stone floor, and the walls were covered with spicy frescoes and erotic scenes on tapestry.

Two fragile antique chairs and a matching table stood near the window.

"This is our Love Chamber," Wicca explained. "The bathroom is behind the pink door. And we have a well-stocked bar over there. Please, take whatever you want."

She smiled at Michael, stretching her back, exposing more of her beautiful breasts. "I'll call you as soon as my grandmother is awake. In the meantime...." She gazed at the horny illustrations on the walls, licking her lips in a sensual way. "In the meantime you may want to enjoy yourselves."

Lasciviously swaying her hips Wicca left the room and shut the door behind her.

“What a perverse creature,” Michael said, placing his laptop computer on the fragile antique table. “Did you see that sluttish look of hers?” He pointed at the wall.

Samantha took a deep breath. “I find it stimulating. Look at the gorgeous hunk over there. He’s eating pussy.”

“Yes, he’s eating pussy,” Michael snapped. “I’m sure that’s what that randy woman meant. I wouldn’t be surprised if she made a hole somewhere in the wall and is looking at us now. Kinky whore.”

He switched on his laptop and gazed at the screen.

“You’re very rude, Michael. The countess was so nice to us. Besides, what would it matter if....” Samantha glared at the sensual picture of a well-built young man thrusting his large cock between the legs of a beautiful woman, and then her gaze wandered over to another scene where a nude lady sucked on a hard, erect dick.

Samantha’s nether lips swelled and her breathing intensified. “We could try some of those ... positions.”

Michael didn’t even react. He was typing like a mad man.

Placing her hands on her hips Samantha looked at her husband. “Michael, can you stop the darned typing? You’re making a fool of yourself. Let’s go for a walk in the garden if you don’t want to make love.”

“Now, you’re really trying everything to spoil my good mood, right?” he snarled. “You go for that damned walk alone. I need to work.”

He shoved the antique chair backwards with such strength that the wood groaned in protest. With large, angry steps he headed for the bathroom and disappeared behind the pink door.

Okay, it was now or never. Samantha rushed to the laptop, removed the batteries and put them down at the bottom of her purse. They were in great company there, lying among her make-up things, like lipsticks in various colors, eyeliner, mascara, an eyebrow pencil, foundation, powder, lip gloss, and all those little bottles of nail polish. Michael would never find the batteries in this mess. She grinned. Nor would she, for that matter.

She opened her suitcase, hiding the purse between her clothes.

Then she walked to the bar, made two drinks and waited for the

inevitable.

Michael returned to the room, gulped his coke down and put his fingers to the keyboard. His eyes narrowed as he tapped on the keys, in a careful way first. But his moves grew fiercer every second. In the end, he grabbed the laptop from the table, and holding it upside down, he shook it nervously.

“What did you do to my batteries?” he barked.

“Batteries?” She put as much innocence in her voice as she could.

“You know exactly, what I’m talking about, Sam.”

Scowling at her, he snatched his cell phone. “Darn.”

“What’s wrong?” she asked.

“Everything is wrong in this miserable place,” he burst out. “My phone doesn’t work. Out of range.”

He stamped on the floor like a Spanish bull ready to pierce the matador. “Is there a power point somewhere?”

The staccato of words battered her head. “I don’t see any here. In the bathroom perhaps?”

He shot to the bathroom, then cursed loudly.

She grimaced wondering if she should return his batteries. She’d never seen him so angry. He must be more overworked than she had imagined.

She took a deep breath. No, she wasn’t going to give him his batteries. He definitely needed a break.

Michael came back, his eyes dark with anger. “Okay, “I’ll give you exactly two seconds to return my batteries.”

She pushed a strand of hair behind her ear. “Stop acting so childish. You’re behaving like a whining toddler.”

“You think so?” he barked, as he walked to her with large ominous steps.

Her mouth went dry. Was she playing it too high?

“Come on, Michael. You don’t frighten me. I’m your wife.”

As soon as the words had left her mouth an enormous feeling of lust flashed down her spine. It ended in the soft spot between her legs, and her nether lips glowed in anticipation. He did frighten her, arousing her at the same time.

“Fuck me,” she said. “Do it hard. Punish me for taking your batteries.”

Her words got lost in a loud knocking. “Mister Gordon, its time to look at your painting.”

Michael rushed to the corridor, slamming the door shut behind him.

CHAPTER 11

It took Michael fifteen minutes to return.

“Get your things,” he ordered harshly. “We’re leaving.”

Oh my. He must have discovered the painting was a fake.

Forcing herself to talk in an innocent manner, she asked, "You didn't like the Van Gogh?"

"The Van Gogh is great, but I want to go. There's no electricity in this rotten place. No telephone, nothing." He looked haunted. Haunted and extremely nervous.

"What is the matter with you, Michael? Try to relax."

"I want to go," he repeated.

"There's a little problem, Mister Gordon," Wicca's voice toned from the threshold. "Unless of course, you're fond of long walks."

Michael rubbed his cheek. "What do you mean?" He didn't even try to sound polite.

Wicca pretended that she didn't notice his rude behavior. Sensually moving her hips, she walked toward him and moistened her lips. "We're living here rather secluded, as you may have noticed, Mister Gordon." It was as if she tasted 'Mister Gordon' on her tongue, and he seemed to be very enjoyable.

Michael attempted to step backwards, but the chamber wall didn't let him. "That's why I'm leaving," he said, his voice harsh.

Wicca heaved a long, almost mourning sigh, pouting her lips, touching Michael's ear with her warm breath. "The thing is, Mister Gordon, that our chauffeur went home. We don't have a phone, so I'll send a messenger to call him back."

Michael bumped his head in a second attempt to get away from Wicca. "A messenger?" he stuttered, fingering his neck.

"Yes, it will take him at least two hours."

"Two hours!" Michael shouted in obvious despair.

Wicca straightened her shoulders and her left breast touched Michael's arm. He pressed himself against the wall, giving Wicca room to step even closer.

Samantha looked at them, a vague feeling of surprise filling her chest. Wicca was doing this for her, she knew that. But Michael didn't do anything in return. He looked ... bewitched.

"It may take him even longer, Mister Gordon," Wicca crooned. "It's a long ride and an old horse."

"A horse?"

Wicca's tongue caressed her upper lip. "Yes, what's wrong with a horse?"

"Everything," Michael cried out. "Everything is wrong."

"You can have dinner while waiting for the car," Wicca proposed, her voice filled with sensual promises. "My grandmother is happy to have you as her guest."

Michael raised his arm, as if he wanted to slam Wicca aside, and run for the door. "To hell with dinner," he thundered. "Get out of my way, you bitch."

"This has gone far enough, Michael," Samantha warned him. She looked at Wicca. "I'll be happy to have dinner with you and your grandmother." She turned her gaze at Michael. "And if you want to spend the night on the flight of steps, I won't stop you."

"That's just what I'm going to do," he barked in return.

"Good for you. As soon as we're back in New York I'll contact my lawyer."

Wicca stepped aside and Michael rushed to Samantha, grabbing her shoulder in an iron grip. "What do you mean, you'll contact your lawyer?" he snarled.

Samantha saw the anger in his eyes, anger mixed with surprise. Well ... She was furious too. How dare he behave so rude, so impudent? She'd had her fill of him.

"I'm not going to waste one more minute of my valuable life on you, Michael Gordon," she snapped. "I want a loving husband, not a bad-mannered bundle of nerves."

She wrestled herself away from him and left the room without waiting for his answer. Wicca immediately followed her and closed the door behind them.

Walking down the corridor, Samantha felt shame coloring her cheeks. "I really want to apologize for Michael's behavior, Wicca. I don't know what's gotten into him."

Wicca stopped walking and grabbed Samantha's arm. "It's the castle. And the fact that Michael is extremely tense. The atmosphere in here dissolves all nervous stress."

"Does it? He is only rude and impudent."

Wicca beamed at her. “The tension has to come out first. Then it can be cleared away and replaced.”

“Replaced?”

“By feelings of lust.”

Samantha burst out in a sarcastic laughing. “Lust? Did you say lust? That’s the last thing that will come to his mind now.”

Wicca snickered. “The lust is already there. You didn’t notice his hard-on when I touched his arm with my breast?”

“He got an erection?”

“You bet he did. He just doesn’t want to admit those feelings, not even to himself.”

“Oh, well ... anyway, for the moment I’ve announced our divorce.”

“You don’t mean that,” Wicca replied.

“I mean it. I don’t want him anymore if he behaves like an idiot.”

Wicca pouted her lips. “I can understand. But he’ll come to dinner and I’ll serve him a special potion. He will relax soon.” She winked at Samantha. “Don’t worry. Tonight you’ll have the most wonderful love night ever. Promise.”

CHAPTER 12

Samantha watched Michael drink the last sip of his red champagne. The haunted glance in his eyes slowly faded out and he leaned back in his chair, yawning, obviously relaxing.

“Wow, that’s really something,” he said. Taking a deep breath, he yawned again. “I don’t know what’s coming over me,” he continued. “I suddenly have this urge that I must fuck you. Here and now. On this very tablecloth.”

Samantha shivered. His words hit her like a hammer blow. The next moment the meaning reached her brain and she sat up straight. Wicca had been right. She didn’t know what the woman had put into the champagne, but it had worked magic.

Yet, Michael had behaved so rudely, she wasn’t going to be an easy prey for him.

“The countess could return any minute,” she said.

“So what? She can join us if she wants.”

“Don’t be ridiculous. I don’t want to share you with anyone.”

“You never have fantasies then? They say many women fantasize about doing it with more than one man.”

Samantha cleared her throat. Michael was getting hotter by the minute. “Women can dream about that,” she replied. “But most of us stick to the dreaming. It can’t be fun in real life. At least not for me. I’m too jealous.”

“Guess you’re right, I’m jealous too.”

He stood and headed for the door.

Oh no. She had misinterpreted the situation. No doubt, he was trying to get to his laptop. In only seconds the quarrel about the vanished

batteries would start all over.

Michael rummaged at the door knob, turned and picked up a large chair from the floor. As if it had no weight, he carried the chair to the door and placed it under the knob.

What was he up to?

“There, that will give us plenty of time together,” he said. In his voice satisfaction blended with excitement.

“What do you mean?” she asked.

“I mean that you must place your sweet butt on the tablecloth. Here, on the edge.”

“But Michael, what if...”

“No one will come. Don’t worry. The door is blocked.” He stripped off his pants and beckoned to her. “Come on, let’s make love.”

Without listening to her weak protests, he shoved the tableware aside and picked her up from her chair. Very carefully, he put her on the table. “And if that countess wants to watch us through a peephole, she should just do that,” he went on, piercing his sharp gaze into hers. “Can you sit with your feet on the cloth, and show me your pussy?”

Her heartbeat increased immensely as she sat down, and when she parted her legs the pulsing rushed to her nether parts.

“You’re wearing panties. Naughty girl. Take them off.”

“I have my shoes on too.”

Grinning, he took her shoes off and dropped them on the floor. Only seconds later her black bikini panties followed them to the colorful Persian rug.

His cock was hard and swollen, ready to thrust into her. She sat on the table edge, her legs spread, but her little nether lips were still closed.

“Open them for me, my little Princess. Open yourself for my cock.”

Before she could do as he asked, a couple entered the room. A handsome black-haired man and a beautiful blonde. They were both dressed in historical clothing.

Samantha sat as if petrified. Two people had come in, and she was sitting here so ... so vulnerable, so without any dignity.

She wanted to close her legs, but Michael wouldn’t let her.

She realized he hadn’t noticed them. He couldn’t have, with his back

turned to the entrance.

“Michael please, people are coming in.”

He caressed the inside of her leg, holding her knees in the same wide position. “Impossible. The door is locked.”

Samantha didn’t enjoy his strokes. Struggling to press her legs together, she stared at the door, then blinked, and blink again. The door was still closed, the chair blocking it successfully.

“Michael please. Let me dress. There are people around.”

Michael sucked on two fingers, and holding her tightly with his other arm, he thrust them between her folds. “You want me to coerce you, right? You want to play it rough.”

“No Michael, really.”

The woman giggled. It was a high laughter filled with desire. “I want your cock, Roger,” she said to her companion. “Give me your big, hard cock.”

Without looking at Samantha nor Michael she sat down on the little table next to the door and pulling up her long skirt, she opened her legs. Samantha got a great view of a swollen pussy and a gleaming wet clit.

My. She had to do something, before things could get out of hand. But she was sitting here so ... So ...

Oh well, the woman was in the very same position.

“Excuse me, Madame,” she said in French. “You might have overlooked us, but we are in here.”

Michael gazed at his wife, his face filled with surprise, then he turned his head as his fingers slipped out of her body. “Huh? Where did they come from? The door is still bolted.”

“I don’t know, they don’t seem to hear me.”

“Hello, you there, folks,” Michael said loudly, but the couple didn’t react. At least not to his words.

The woman giggled again and stuck out her tongue at the man. “I want to suck your dick, Roger,” she announced, hot desire in her voice. “I’ve been waiting for this all day.”

“I’d better talk to them,” Michael decided. He left Samantha on the table and she quickly closed her legs.

“Hi there, Monsieur,” Michael said. “Would you mind going

somewhere else? We are in here, too.”

The man didn't answer. Moistening his lips with his tongue, he stripped off his tight, knee-length black pants. He panted as he took his hard swollen cock in his right hand. “Suck me, Margaret. Suck on the head. Make me harder than ever.”

The woman tittered in reply, caressing his cock.

Samantha came down from the table and, stretching out her hand, she tapped on the woman's arm, but she didn't feel a warm skin, as she had expected.

“Michael. I go right through her. She's ... She's only air.”

“Really?” Michael tried to touch the man and experienced the same as Samantha did.

“Your cock is so great, Roger,” the woman said. “You have the largest dick I've ever seen.”

Samantha couldn't help herself. She examined the man's cock and shook her head. “I don't think so,” she commented. “Your cock is much bigger and more beautiful, Michael.”

Michael pressed a kiss on her red cheek. “Thanks, my Princess. Then suck me, will you?”

“But ... but,” Samantha stuttered. “I cannot suck you with those two looking at us.”

“I don't know what's happening here, but it's clear that they don't see us.” Michael cleared his throat. “It's damned hot to watch them. Look at the way she sucks him. She has obviously done this many times before. Her mouth closing over him, moving him in and out....” Michael gasped for breath. “She now licks it, you see? She licks him. She nibbles on his balls ... Do you see that, Sam? This is so damned hot. Nibble on my balls too. Do with me, what she is doing to him.”

Michael leaned back against a chair, moving his hips, exposing his hard dick. “Lick my balls,” he commanded.

“Oh yes, lick my balls, Margaret. Nibble on them,” the man urged, giving the woman all the room she needed. “Use your teeth, Margaret. Softly, softly ... Yes. That's a good girl.”

Samantha knelt down in front of Michael. “This is so strange, so exciting. Do you think they really don't know we are here. Or are they play

acting?”

“What do I care?” Michael could hardly talk. “Just suck my balls. And if they get hot because we get hot, so what? No harm done. Come on Sam. Don’t talk so much. Suck me. Bite me.”

Samantha licked his balls, using her teeth in the same way as the unknown lady caressed her lover’s privates.

“Oh man,” Michael moaned. “This is so hot, baby.”

“Go sit on the table edge,” the woman ordered, moistening three fingers.

The man immediately sat down on the edge of the wooden oak table and spread his legs. The woman crouched and she moved her hand over his balls. softly, tenderly, caressing.

Again she wet her fingers and now moved her hand between the man’s buttocks.

Samantha strained her eyes. What was the lady up to? Did she really intent to ...

“Oh yes.” The man made a bestial sound of lust. “Yes, stick them into me. Take my ass.”

Michael opened his eyes and Samantha watched him gaze at the couple. “My god,” he groaned. “This is instructive.”

He turned at Samantha. “If I place my butt on that table over there, will you do the same to me?”

“I don’t know.” Samantha hesitated. “We’ve never done a thing like that before.”

Michael headed for the table and sat down on the expensive tablecloth. “I would say it’s high time we try.” His voice sounded weird, tormented.

Samantha observed the couple. The woman pressed her fingers into the man, let them slip out and thrust them in again. The man’s eyes were closed and he had a tortured look on his distorted face. “Oh yes, Margaret. Give it to me, give it to me. Do it harder. Fuck me with your fingers.”

“That sounds good,” Michael breathed hard. “That sounds so good. Come on, Sam. Give it to me too.”

Samantha walked to Michael. “I don’t know if we should ... I mean, this is weird, almost perverse.”

“No, it isn’t. We love each other. We give each other certain pleasures. This is what you can do for me now. I’m always the one that penetrates you. Now you do the same for me.”

On the other table the man moaned loudly. “Suck my dick, Margaret. Fuck my ass while you suck my dick.”

“Samantha, please.” Michael put both hands on his buttocks. “I’ll open myself.” He groaned. “I’ll open myself for you. Stick your wet fingers into me. Deep.”

Samantha hesitated. Was Michael right? Was it good to give your lover what he wanted? No matter what?

“Sam.” Michael urged her.

“Okay.”

She looked at the couple to be sure she would use her fingers in the right way, then moistened her hand and caressed Michael’s balls.

He groaned all over. “Suck my balls,” he whispered. “Sam, suck on them, lick them ... Oh yes, that’s a good girl. A good girl. Now go for the real work, wet your fingers.”

Samantha put her fingers into her mouth and moistened them thoroughly. Then, as she had seen the lady do, she crawled her fingers over his balls, and slowly went down. She reached his pink little entrance and caressed it with the top of her nail.

Very carefully, she pressed the hard finger to his body. It was as if her finger was a little dick, eager for penetration. Michael couldn’t sit stock-still anymore. He moved his body up to meet her finger. For one moment she felt a strong resistance, as if the muscles of his ass didn’t want her to go in, then the way was free and the finger slipped inside.

“Oh,” Michael moaned loudly. “This feels so great. Push it deeper, deeper.”

She pressed her finger inside him as deep as she could. It felt strange, warm, soft ... tight.

“Do you have more fingers for me?”

Samantha withdrew her finger, spit on her hand, then she pushed three wet fingers inside.

“Oh, this is so great, so great ... Now, suck my dick.” Michael turned his head to watch the couple. “Please suck my dick.”

The woman was squeezing her lover's prick with her left hand, using the fingers of her right hand to make circles deep inside him.

Samantha examined them carefully, then pushing her fingers deeper, she licked Michael's hard, big cock.

"Harder, Samantha. Push them deeper. Come on. Harder."

Samantha pushed, and thrust, making circles deep inside her husband's body. It was an exciting thing to do. Michael panted, twisted his hips, thrust them up and down, inviting her to penetrate him as deep and rough as she could.

"I gotta come," the man wailed, "Margaret, you make me come."

"Oh no," the woman protested in quick French, and stopped moving. "You are going to wait until I've had my pleasure."

Michael gasped. "What did she say?"

"She ordered him to wait for her. He's now trying to behave himself, but I don't think it'll work out."

The man moaned loudly. "I gotta come, Margaret. Please let me."

The woman smiled. "Okay, but if you forget about me, I'll have you executed."

"Deal," the man groaned. "Come on, thrust your fingers in again. Suck my dick. Squeeze it with your other hand."

"Go on," Michael commanded. "Squeeze my dick and suck on it. Fuck me with your hard fingers. I want to come too. When he comes."

He moistened his lips with his tongue and glanced at the couple.

The man moved his body up and down, panting loudly. "Oh yes, this is great. Squeeze my shaft, oh yes ... squeeze my shaft. Now suck the head. Suck it, Margaret, suck it as hard as you can. Squeeze all my liquids out."

"Come on, Samantha. Don't waste your time looking at them. Squeeze my dick. Fuck my ass. Hurry."

Samantha sucked, and squeezed, fucking his ass with her fingers.

"I gotta come," the man announced. "I'm going to shoot all my cum into your hot mouth. Oh, I'm coming ... coming ... com...." His voice faded out.

Almost simultaneously Samantha heard Michael groan. Rhythmic spasms of lust started deep inside his body, enclosing her fingers ever so tightly, until his hot liquids filled her mouth. He tasted bitter—bitter and

sweet at the same time.

She let his dick slip out of her mouth and looked at the couple. The woman licked her lips, and savoring her lover's sperm, she swallowed it.

"You taste great, Roger," she said. "Almost as good as the champagne."

Samantha swallowed too, and as the warm liquids glided down her throat, her nether lips swelled in excitement.

The woman walked to a little side table beneath a large decorated mirror, and poured water into a porcelain dish. After cleaning her hands she walked to the dinner table and filled two glasses with red champagne.

While the woman returned to her lover, Samantha headed for the little table, and washed her hands also.

"The soap is so fragrant," the woman commented, "it's made of red roses. Millions of aromatic little rose petals."

Samantha turned her head. Was the woman talking to her?

But the woman looked at the man, smiling, teasing his nose with her pink colored, sharp fingernails.

And yet ... Samantha suddenly had the strong feeling that the woman was aware of their presence, in the same way as they could see them.

"Do you love him?" she asked. "Is he your husband?"

"Roger is married to the woman his father chose for him," the woman replied. Or was she talking to the man? Yes, she must be, because she continued, "But Roger is in love with me, aren't you, Roger? Roger is in love with my pussy and he is now going to pleasure it."

She unexpectedly winked at Samantha, sat down on the table and opened her nether lips.

Roger gulped down his champagne, and touched the woman's sultry folds. "You're so hot, Margaret. So wet ... I want to taste you." He nibbled on her pussy. "You taste so good. I love oysters."

Samantha turned her gaze at Michael. "I'm almost sure she winked at me. They can see us too."

"So what?" Michael returned, pouring two glasses of red champagne.

"I feel a bit embarrassed about it. I mean, she answered to my question...."

"My lovely Princes. You're still a teeny little bit shy, aren't you?"

Why bother? Just enjoy.”

He gave her the champagne and lifted his own glass into the air. “To love,” he said.

Samantha took a deep breath. What was she complaining about? She’d craved a long night of love. And here it was.

“To love,” she whispered, and took a gulp.

“This is an amazing drink.” Michael pointed at his erect prick. “He’s ready for action again. Come, sit on the table, my Princess, open your legs.”

It sounded inviting and an exciting tingle flashed through Samantha’s entire body. Without wasting time, she sat down on the edge of the table and leaned backwards.

Michael’s hot tongue fondled her lips. “That man was right. You taste like oysters.” He pushed a finger between her folds and teased her little pussy.

Samantha moaned softly. “This is great, Michael. I like this.”

“Tell me what those two are doing,” he returned.

Samantha moved her head. “He’s eating her pussy, and....” She moaned as Michael’s finger traced little circles inside her.

“And?” he asked.

“He uses his thumb to caress her clit.”

“Great idea.” Michael’s thumb caressed her clit.

“I want you to fuck me, Roger.” The woman groaned. “I want to feel your hard, hot prick deep inside me.”

“I’m ready for you,” Roger panted in reply.

“He’s going to fuck her, right?” Michael thrust his finger in deeper. “Tell me you want my prick too.”

“I want you, Michael,” Samantha whispered. “I want you to drill your big hard cock between my legs.”

“Good girl.” Michael licked her pussy and nibbled on her clit. Then lifting his head, he looked at her, pushing more fingers between her aching lips. “Tell me what they do. I want to know exactly what they do.”

It sounded commanding and Samantha groaned in anticipation. He wanted to play the master-and-his-slave game. Hot waves of lust slashed through her privates.

“He um ... He’s squeezing his dick,” she panted.

“Is it hard? His dick?”

“Yes, it’s hard and ... and big. Not as big as yours, but ... big. He now ... He approaches her. His prick is....”

“What is he doing with his prick?” Michael inquired, his voice grim. He took his fingers from her pussy and grabbing his own hard cock, he squeezed it, an almost brutal motion.

“He’s touching her clit. With his dick. He’s rubbing her clit with that big wet cock.”

Without saying a word, Michael began rubbing his cock over Samantha’s swollen clit.

“Oh Michael, this feels so good. So great, I....” She closed her eyes.

“Look at them,” he commanded in a stern way. “Tell me what they do.”

She turned her gaze toward the couple. “He’s moving down, his prick goes over her pussy and ... He gets in. He stabs his dick between her folds, and takes it out. And ... Oh no. No.”

“What’s wrong?”

“He’s going to poke his cock into ... into her....”

“Let me guess,” Michael said. “Is he pressing it into her ass?”

“Yes,” Samantha heard how tormented her voice sounded. “Yes, he ... He is about to take her ass.”

“Great idea.” Michael smirked, as he moved his cock to her little pink ass.

Her chest tightened as panic washed through her body. She tried to sit straight, but he wouldn’t let her.

“No Michael. I don’t want that.” Her breathing became fast, uneasy. “We’ve ... We’ve never done that before.”

The head of his hard cock was wet. She could feel that when he pressed it against the tight muscle of her ass.

“No Michael, no ... Please no.”

“You were a virgin when I first met you, Samantha. And I took you. I took your little pussy. I now want your ass. You will be completely mine.”

“No Michael, I don’t want that. Please no.”

The pressure grew stronger, and flashes of lust waved through

Samantha's body. She didn't want him to fuck her ass and simultaneously she couldn't wait until he would penetrate her. What was wrong with her?

"No Michael," she begged him. "You'll hurt me."

"Of course, I'll be hurting you." His face was cruel, unyielding.

"That's what you deserve."

"Deserve?" she whispered. "What do you mean?"

"You have stolen my batteries," he accused her. "You must be punished." He grabbed her buttocks with his two strong hands and separated them, opening her for his demands.

"No Michael," she begged him, and she knew she was aching and pleading at the same time. "Please no."

Michael laughed, a cruel, ruthless laughter. "You must be punished, you thief." He was such a great actor.

He began jabbing his dick against her ass, holding her in a solid grip. She wanted to struggle, get away from this hardness that wanted to penetrate her where no one, not even she, had ever entered, but there was no escape.

She knew he was going to fuck her ass, no matter what she did. He was forcing her and it made her hotter than ever.

"Please," she whispered as burning waves of lust flashed through her entire body. "Please, no."

Then he entered her. With little strokes he thrust his hard wet cock into her ass.

"You're so tight," he moaned loudly. "You're squeezing my dick. I must get in deeper. I must."

Samantha screamed as his cock filled her inch by inch. It was a strange lustful feeling, something she'd never experienced before. Her husband was taking all of her. For the first time in her entire life she belonged to a man completely.

Michael's fingers thrust into her pussy and the thumb of his other hand caressed her clit.

For one weird moment she wondered if the other couple was doing the same, the man penetrating the woman's ass, using his fingers to please her pussy and caress her clit simultaneously.

As if in reply the woman shouted her lust and her tormented cries

added to Samantha's own pleasure. She heard another scream and realized it must be Michael. Then she didn't think anymore. There was only lust. Hard fingers and a big cock moving deep inside her, a hand masturbating her swollen little pea. She cried out, and large shock waves of pleasure washed over her as Michael shot his burning cum deeply into her.

CHAPTER 13

It was the next morning. After a long, exciting night, Michael and Samantha had enjoyed breakfast in bed, a French breakfast with fresh croissants, orange marmalade and large cups *café-au-lait*.

And now they were standing on the white marble flight of steps of the Love Castle, and said goodbye to Wicca.

Michael had some trouble shaking hands with his hostess. He had his laptop computer in his left hand, while his right arm pressed the priceless Van Gogh to his broad masculine chest.

“Shall I hold your laptop?” Samantha suggested.

Michael snorted, but Samantha heard the laugh as he replied, “I’m not sure if I can trust you with its batteries.”

“Then you’d better hand me the Van Gogh.”

He grinned and gave her the laptop. Stretching out his arm to Wicca, he said, “Thank you countess. And please give my regards to your grandmother. Tell her I’ll be very careful with the painting.”

“I sure will,” Wicca answered with a sensual beam.

Michael stared at her décolletage that was going up and down with her breathing, then licked his lips. He turned his gaze to the white marble stones of the steps and rushed down.

Samantha laughed, and hugging Wicca, she whispered into her ear, “Thank you for all you’ve done for me. It looks as if Michael has decided to spend time on other things besides only work.”

“You’re very welcome, my dear godchild.” Wicca hugged Samantha in return, and pressing her close, she kissed her cheek.

A warm feeling of comfort and happiness spread through Samantha’s

body.

“It’s funny you consider yourself to be my godmother,” she mumbled, unable to banish the tear from her voice. “We’re the same age.”

“Age isn’t important, Samantha.” Wicca stepped back, and holding Samantha’s shoulders in both hands, her gaze went over Samantha’s face, as if she caressed her skin.

Samantha shivered. This was so strange. Wicca made her feel so ... so secure, so safe. She suddenly knew that things would be all right, no matter what would happen next.

“Now go.” Wicca’s voice sounded like a distant whisper. “Michael is waiting. And remember, if you ever need me again, I’ll be there for you.”

Samantha hugged Wicca once again. “Thanks,” she muttered, kissing her cheek in a daughter like manner.

As in a dream she went down the flight of steps, put the laptop into the trunk of the limousine and turned around. The Love Castle looked fabulous in the beams of the rising sun, its snow white walls surrounded by blooming, fragrant roses and blossoming exotic flowers in many different colors. Huge beech trees towered above. Its pointed fairy-tale turrets were silhouetted against a bright blue sky.

On top of the front steps a beautiful woman in a wonderful long red velvet gown waved goodbye. Her raven-black hair curled on her shoulders.

Samantha waved back and, heaving a happy sigh, she got on the car. The chauffeur closed the door, moved behind the steering wheel, started the engine and drove off.

Samantha looked out of the window to cast a last glance at the beautiful fairy-tale castle. Her heart skipped a beat, then began pounding somewhere in her throat.

What was happening? Where was the Love Castle?

She blinked, but the view didn’t change. Only a few moments ago she had looked at the most beautiful castle she’d ever seen, and now ... a ruin was all that was left of it. Blooming weeds on weather beaten stones. On a bough in one of the beech trees a huge black raven cleaned her feathers.

“Michael,” she whispered, “Michael look. This is so strange.”

But Michael didn’t listen. “I want you to bring us to the nearest hotel

with an Internet connection,” he told the chauffeur. “I urgently need a phone and electricity.”

Samantha leaned back in her seat and her hand grazed her hair. They’d enjoyed a great night, but Michael hadn’t changed at all. He would never change. And she would probably wake up soon ...

She snorted in a sarcastic manner. Well, at least her hot dreams got better and better.

The car reached a village and the chauffeur stopped the black limousine in front of a luxurious hotel.

“You’ll find everything you need in here,” he announced.

Michael nodded, muttering to himself, “We were closer to the civilized world than the countess pretended.”

Pressing the Van Gogh to his chest, he wrestled himself out of the car. “What do I owe you?” he asked the chauffeur.

“Nothing, monsieur,” the man replied, taking their luggage from the trunk, “Countess Coeur-de-Corbeau has taken care of everything.”

“Okay, thank you.” Michael tipped the driver and without waiting for Samantha he rushed inside.

Samantha said goodbye to the chauffeur and followed Michael. She reached the large hall and found Michael hurrying into the elevator. “Room 29,” he shouted through the closing doors.

“Bonjour Madame,” the receptionist welcomed her, “can I be of service?”

Samantha raised both hands, turning her palms outside in a helpless manner. “I seem to have room 29. That’s my suitcase. The brown one over there.”

She smiled at the receptionist as her eyes caught a little sign above his head.

‘Tourist information available here’, it said.

Tourist information? That would come in handy. She walked to the counter. “Have you ever heard of the Love Castle?”

“Le Chateau d’Amour?” the receptionist curved his mouth into a businesslike smile. “It’s not far from here. I can give you a brochure if you want.”

“Please, yes.”

The man handed her a colorful brochure. "There is only a ruin left. But the story is nice."

"What story?"

The receptionist pointed at the brochure. "It's all in there, madame. If you want to go visit it, it's a ten minutes walk only."

"Really?" Samantha muttered, more to herself than to the man.

But the receptionist had heard her. "Yes," he said, "you can use the back door over there, then take the little forest path on your right."

"Thank you, monsieur. Can I have a cup of coffee?"

"Of course. Please take a seat in our Hunter's Chamber, madame. Do you want Italian coffee or French?"

"An espresso please."

The man accompanied Samantha to the lounge. It was a large chamber, its brown oak walls covered with big and small game heads--stags, fawns, roebucks, red deer with huge antlers, wild boars, even a complete fox with a red bobtail. There were also several stuffed birds of prey.

But Samantha didn't have an eye for the buzzards, peregrines and goshawks, nor for the little brown kestrel above the ornamented marble fire place. She sank on a big cream leather couch and opened the leaflet.

'Once upon a time, a beautiful witch named Wicca Raven, lived in the Love Castle. Wicca was famous for her strong love potions and desperate women in love came from all over the country, and even beyond, to ask for her help with their love problems.'

Samantha looked up and stared at the playful, orange flames in the fireplace without seeing them.

A witch? Wicca was a witch? Ridiculous. Witches existed in fairy-tales, not in real life.

She turned her gaze back at the folder and read on.

'After Wicca's death, her lovely castle turned into a ruin and became the home of a mysterious, huge black raven.'

She had seen a raven, a huge raven cleaning its feathers. Oh nonsense.

'People whisper that once in a hundred years the building comes to life again, and a couple that spends this special night inside the castle walls will love each other happily ever after because their marriage problems, no

matter how severe, are vanished for ever.”

Putting the brochure on her lap Samantha stared at her shoes.

Then, on impulse, she pinched her own arm.

“Ouch,” she muttered, “it hurts. I must be awake after all.”

And if she was awake, the story in the leaflet was real. But that was impossible. They couldn’t have been guests of a friendly witch for a complete night. Besides, it hadn’t worked with Michael. He was upstairs in room 29, working, making phone calls. Michael hadn’t changed a bit. And neither had her marriage. She’d better let him work, take a taxi to Paris and visit the latest fashion show.

“Your espresso, madame,” a waiter’s voice interrupted her musings. “And a piece of chocolate cake with whipped cream.”

“I didn’t order any cake,” Samantha said, looking at the delicacy with growing interest.

“A gentleman has asked me to bring you the cake,” the waiter replied, his voice flat.

Huh? An unknown man offered her chocolate cake? What was he thinking? That she was a desperate lonesome woman ready for anything?

“I don’t want it,” she said, unable to tear her eyes from the alluring chocolate, “you can tell monsieur that I’m married.”

“My dearest Princess,” a well-known voice toned, “this is the first time you ever refused chocolate.”

Samantha looked up, straight into the greatest brown eyes she had ever seen. “Michael?” she whispered. “What are you doing here?”

He sat down next to her on the couch and waited until the waiter had put a large café-au-lait next to the espresso on the low table in front of them.

“You ask the most amazing questions, my Princess. We share a room in the same hotel and yet you seem surprised to see me.”

She shrugged. “I thought you had to work. I was about to call a taxi and go visit Paris.”

He shook his head. “I have some spare time now.”

“What do you mean?”

Michael scratched his chin. “I want to fuck you.”

She blinked. “What? But ... upon arrival you rushed to your room. You didn’t even wait for me.”

“It’s 3 A.M. in New York. Come, eat your cake. Let the chocolate do its job.” His hand caressed her knee.

Samantha took the dish from the table and tasted the chocolate cake. The whipped cream melted on her tongue, leaving a sweet sensation that made her blood rush to her cheeks, and to other more intimate body parts for that matter.

“You know what?” Michael asked. Without awaiting her answer he continued, “When I unwrapped the Van Gogh, five minutes ago, the painting was gone.”

She took a bite of her cake, and swallowed. “Gone? What do you mean, gone?”

“Well, the ornamented soft-green frame was still there, but the canvas is white.”

She swallowed again. “White?”

“Yes, the oil painting seems to have vanished into thin air.” He was silent for only a moment, and his eyes narrowed when he continued, “A true waste of time, this journey.”

She made a face. “The night didn’t mean anything to you? Or was it just a pleasant dream?”

Michael coughed in reply, and beckoned the waiter. “Garçon.”

“Yes sir?”

“I want you to bring a large bottle of red champagne to room 29, please.”

“Red champagne, sir?”

“Yes, you heard me.”

“Red champagne doesn’t exist, monsieur. It’s either pink or white.”

“But last night I drank....” Michael rubbed his ear lobe. “Oh, what the heck. Bring us the pink champagne. And a large bowl with whipped cream, please.”

The waiter hurried away, and Michael heaved a big sigh. “No red champagne, no Van Gogh....”

“And no castle,” Samantha added. She swallowed down her last piece of chocolate and laughed. “But lots of whipped cream. Are you that hungry?”

His bright brown eyes pierced themselves deeply into hers. “I have

special intentions for the whipped cream. You may guess soon.”

An exciting tingle crept up her spine, and streaming back down it set fire to the soft spot between her legs. She shifted her weight over the couch and cleared her throat. “Okay, but I’m first.”

He examined her face, and his gaze wandered down to her breasts. “Oh ... what makes you think you could be first?”

“Because it’s my turn now.”

He gulped down his café-au-lait and grinned. “Okay, let’s go.”

CHAPTER 14

A huge bottle of champagne awaited them in room 29. Michael picked the bottle out of the ice bucket and opened it.

Samantha watched him pour two glasses. "You really want to drink champagne. At this hour?"

"Why not? It will take some time before America awakes." He raised his glass and pushed the other one into Samantha's hand. "To lust," he said.

"To love." She took a few sips. The ice-cold sweet bubbles tingled on her tongue.

"Now, lie down," Michael said.

She shook her head. "No. I want to be in charge today. Take off your pants and sit down over there. On the green chair."

"You take off my pants," he suggested.

Samantha took another sip of champagne. "How about a striptease?"

"That would be great."

She curved her lips in a naughty smile. "I meant you, not me."

Michael put down his glass and without hesitating he unbuttoned his shirt. Button after button he revealed little pieces of sun-tanned skin.

Samantha got to her feet. She must go to him, touch him, caress his nipples, feel the soft warmth of his athletic, gorgeous body.

But Michael raised his hand. "No Ma'am. You just wait and watch," he said, dropping his shirt on the beige woolen carpet.

He stood in front of her half naked. His broad masculine chest covered with little brown hair, his shoulders strong and well-muscled.

Samantha forbade herself to gasp for breath. "You are the most handsome man I've ever seen," she complimented him. "Now, show me the

rest of you. Show me your dick. I want to see your hard, swollen cock.”

He raised an eyebrow and a light glowed in his eyes. “As you wish.” He unzipped his pants, stripped them off and dropped them on the floor in an unconcerned manner.

“Now, remove your undies,” she ordered, her voice hoarse.

He stuck out his tongue at her and turning around, he lowered his boxer shorts. Two tight, muscle-bound buttocks challenged her to grab them.

She couldn’t resist the invitation and rushed to him. Taking his buttocks into both her hands, she pressed hot kisses on the soft skin.

Provokingly slow he turned, now giving her a great view at his front. “Use the whipped cream,” he demanded.

She laughed, a happy, excited laughter. It was almost as if she had her ‘old’ Michael back, the caring man she’d married. But she shouldn’t fool herself. He was just passing the time until New York awoke up and he could continue his work.

Ah well, she should enjoy it--enjoy the fact that he was ready to spend more than five minutes on her pleasure.

“A penny for your thoughts,” Michael said.

She pressed her fingers against her lips. “I was thinking that it’s so great to have time for each other, on a normal working day, I mean.”

She picked up the bowl with whipped cream from the table and put it on the floor next to Michael. Sinking to her knees in front of him, she used her fingers to cover his privates with the cream.

“It would be so wonderful if we could spend more time together, like we used to do in the good old days,” she murmured, her lips cuddling his cock.

Michael groaned, but that had nothing to do with her remark. She knew that. It was her tongue, her tongue now licking his balls, moving higher along the shaft until it reached the sensitive head.

“I’m going to tell the office that I’m on a vacation.” His voice sounded strange, tormented.

“What?”

“They expect me to be back today. So, I left a message on the answering machine.”

“Oh? But....” She looked up. Michael towered high above her and she couldn’t see his face.

“I suggest we spend a few days in France and after that we can go to the Bahamas.”

“The Ba ... Bahamas?” she stuttered. “You mean ... Michael, are you okay?”

“I feel better than ever. If you continue your good work, that is.” She heard the smile in his words.

“Are you kidding me, Michael?”

“No.” His voice became serious again. “I have um ... I have behaved like an idiot in the past months. Working only ... Neglecting my little princess. I feel ashamed.”

He sank to his knees and his handsome face reached the level of hers. “Can you ever forgive me for neglecting you?” he asked.

She pressed her lips together and forced herself to look into his eyes. “I don’t understand,” she stuttered. “What happened to you?”

“Last night happened to me.” He swallowed with obvious difficulty. “You happened to me. I love you Sam. I’ll always love you.” The tone of his voice shifted. “There is so much more in life than work. Will you ... will you have me back?”

“But I didn’t send you away, Michael.”

“Oh, you did. Last night, before we ... before we had that great sex, you said you wanted a divorce.”

Yes, she had wanted a divorce. But that was yesterday and now was definitely now.

“That was before we ... made love.”

“And what a night it was.” He touched her lips with the top of his finger. “I’ve been a fool. Can you ever forgive me?”

She bit him. Hard. So hard that he cried out for the unexpected pain. “Ouch.”

A lustful moaning followed. His wet cock pressed to her thigh as his finger entered her mouth. “Again.”

“No, once was enough.” She inhaled as much air as she could. “Go lie down on the bed, on your back and spread your legs.”

“What are you up to, Samantha?” There was anticipation in his voice

as he did what she had asked.

“You’ll find out soon enough.” She walked to her suitcase and took out a large black rubber dick. Without any hurry she strolled to the adjacent bathroom and washed it.

“I have something very special for boys that have sinned,” she announced, approaching the bed.

“Oh my,” Michael panted. “You’re not going to make this easy for me?”

She rubbed the nape of her neck. “No, you’re going to remember this for the rest of your life.”

She took the whipped cream, laid the dildo on the bed and sank on her knees next to him. Again she covered his privates with cream, and licked it off.

“Remember last night?” she asked, slipping her finger into his ass, softly squeezing his dick with her other hand.

He groaned. “I sure do.”

“You liked it so much when I put a finger in here.” Talking she pressed her finger deeper inside.

His breathing quickened and she could feel his heartbeat speeding up too. “You’re not going to put that ... thing in my....” His voice was so hoarse she could barely hear him.

She knew a naughty light glowed in her eyes as she replied, “Oh yes, that’s exactly what I’m going to do with you, you bad boy. Neglecting me.”

A deep, agonized sigh was her reward.

She grabbed the dildo and sucked on it, moistening it, preparing it for its job.

Michael stopped breathing as she took her finger out and pressed the rubber cock against the tight entrance. Samantha held her breath too. This was so exciting, so great.

With soft little pushes she let the dick enter him. He moved his hips up and down, his breathing quick, moaning with lust.

“Squeeze my dick,” he begged her.

“Not a chance, mister,” she teased him. “I have something quite different in mind.”

She came up on her knees and swung her left leg over his belly,

mounting him as if he were a horse, giving him a great view on her swollen sultry bottom. Thrusting the dildo deeper into him, she lowered herself on top of his dick, embracing his cock with her hot pussy.

Michael made a sound that was almost inhuman, moving his hips up, stabbing his hardness deep into her.

She followed his rhythm with her hips and her hand, pleasing him with the dildo while he fucked her with a dick that was harder than ever.

Michael groaned and grumbled and twisted his body, then his lips uttered the word “Deeper.”

She pushed the rubber cock inside him as deep as she could, making little circles, thrusting it in and out in an exciting cadence of lust.

Suddenly she felt his fingers on her clit, softly rubbing her hot flesh, until waves of pleasure made her scream.

“I love you,” he cried out, shooting his flaming sperm deep into her. “Samantha ... I love you ... so much.”

She collapsed over him in an almost endless orgasm, and lay on his warm muscled leg until her breathing slowly returned to normal.

“I love you too, Michael,” she whispered.

She came up on her knees and he softly pulled her into his arms.

“Your turn,” he said.

“My turn? I just had the most perfect orgasm ever.”

The telephone rang at that moment, the noise startling and distracting.

Oh darn--the telephone. Michael would be back to work in no time. Oh well, it didn't matter that much, now. She'd had her pleasure for today.

Michael shoved himself from the bed and picked up his cell phone. “Hello? Yes, Nancy. I'll be on a vacation for three weeks. No, I ... Damn. That can't be....”

Samantha turned her head and looked at him. His face was pale and she saw an enormous disbelief in his eyes.

“What's wrong?”

“It's the Van Gogh, the painting is back.” He pointed at the wall, his fingers trembling.

She followed his gaze and discovered the painting--a hooded, unshaven farmer in a field of ripening bright yellow wheat.

“What's so special about it?”

“I told you before, the canvas was white when I unwrapped the painting. And now it’s back.”

He sounded so excited that Samantha released her breath in a long sigh. In minutes her unexpected vacation would flush down the drain.

Michael hung up the phone and returned to the bed. “Don’t you worry, my Princess. I’ve found something much more valuable than a Van Gogh.”

“Which is?”

“You Samantha. I almost lost you. I’m not going to make the same mistake twice.”

His hand grabbed the bowl with whipped cream. “Lie down on your back and open your legs.”

“Oh no, not again,” she begged him.

He grinned, a naughty glitter in his eyes. “You were the one that wanted endless sex, remember? Don’t you dare complain. You only get what you wished for.”

An exciting, delightful tingle flashed through Samantha’s body and she leaned her head onto the pillow.

“Thank you so much my fairy godmother,” she whispered.

“What did you say?” Michael asked.

“I love you, Michael.”

“I love you too, my Princess.”

He carefully put some whipped cream on her nipple, and licked it off. His fingers found their way down, covering her pussy with whipped cream.

When his tongue touched her clit, a gigantic mixture of happiness and lust overwhelmed her. She had saved her marriage. They would love each other happily ever after ...

THE END