

In The Palm Of Her Hand

by

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From

Extremes

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“I never wear underwear and I almost never wear pants. You never know when a good shot of pussy will come in handy.” Her deep melodious voice held him captive as it always did. She sat with her red knit dress hiked high on her long firm thighs, no

hose, no stockings, no slip, just tanned lean flesh. With her legs crossed there was not an inch of her outer leg that didn't show.

Jerome Sebastian would have liked to trace his finger along the line of her leg, from her knee to where the fabric of her skirt ended, lifting it up just another inch or two, to gaze at the soft brown bush between her legs. He would never forget the sight of that perfect mound, exquisitely formed, and carefully shaved to create a titillating tan line. She wore little more than a tiny thong when she sunbathed, if she wore anything at all. However, instead of playing out his endless fantasies, Jerome just lusted. He'd been lusting after Juliet Remarque for well over a year.

He loved the way she cocked her head to the side. He loved the cunning smirk, the devious glimmer in her eye, how in an instant her expression could change to tender instead of tough, innocent instead of shrewd. He knew from the beginning that there was little tender and innocent about Juliet. Her aroma was always musky fragrant, and there was a darkness in her eyes as if some savage animal haunted the interiors of her psyche. Jerome had the distinct feeling it was this darkness, this animal in her that she worked conscientiously to control. It would have been too easy to label her a bitch otherwise. And few men knew exactly how much of a bitch she was until they'd been thoroughly seduced by her.

Her painted red lips were sensually full, drawing the listener to watch the way they moved when she spoke. She wore her long brunette hair swept back and tied tightly in a bun with a bow or a scarf or a clasp to hold it. And she always wore large gold earrings swinging from her ears. Juliet was a distinct but simply adorned sexual statement.

Jerome had hired her nearly eighteen months before. Then, she'd slept with him, and he recalled how the long hair about her shoulders softened the hard edges of her glamorous beauty. They were in a limo on the way to her hotel. She was in town for the interview.

“You have to be tough for this job, Juliet,” he'd told her. I need an associate who can hit the right buttons of those I assign to them, you need to be coy, careful, intelligent, well thought out. You have to stay detached, not too much heart ...”

She looked at him with her eyelids lowered. He watched her skirt rise further on her thighs as she turned sideways so he could not avoid glancing down at the feathery hairs between her legs glistening in the dim light. It was so clearly visible it unnerved him.

She ran her hand down the inside of his thigh and his whole body shivered. He could not prevent his cock from hardening in his pants.

“I can be detached and cool under fire, Jerome. I have little qualms in dealing with men. I have no doubt I can do anything you need me to do.”

Her hand reached forward to caress the obvious bulge in his pants. He felt as if she was pouring some sexual potion into his loins by some mysterious unseen process. Her smoky gray eyes were riveted on his and that something animal about her leapt out. There was no way he could resist. No way he'd regain his composure. She'd flamed his sexual fires, transporting him some place far beyond the limo and their mutual business.

Her fingers deftly pulled at the zipper of his pants and reached in to fondle his now stiff dick. With a gentle tug she set it free.

“Oh gawd,” he gasped, his head dropping back, though he could not close his eyes. He could not stop voyeuring the delicious show, as his large erection bobbed before them both, just before Juliet's red lips descended on the thick shaft.

“Look at me,” she instructed him, as her tongue began to play with the sensitive head. His focus had not altered from her, as though she was weaving some spell that his eyes dare not break. She ran her tongue about every inch of his cock, as she played vigorously with his balls beneath. Then, with a sudden abruptness, she swallowed him, fully consuming every bit of his eight inches deep in her throat.

Her head bobbed up and down as she worked the shaft with both lips and fingers. The rush of sensation was so rich he could not hold back the cum that threatened to break loose.

“Harder,” he gasped, as she willingly responded. “Fuck!” He bucked against her face, and then shot deep down her throat, his milky juice spilling out in one rush after another, and as she withdrew from him, spilling out on her mouth. The picture was divine!

The most beguiling smile issued from her shadowy facade. Jerome was incapable of comprehending what had just taken place, except that it was the most acutely intense orgasm he'd ever known, so brusque, so fierce, as if she'd pulled it from him with a power from which he had no defense.

Jerome had planned to drop her at the hotel and meet her later for dinner. Instead, she nearly led him by his silk tie to her tenth floor suite.

“You're a man who responds quickly. I like that,” she said. She pulled him gently by his pants, slowly backing her way into her gracious rooms.

“You're amazing me, Juliet,” he replied. “I'd heard stories about you, but I never guessed ...”

“Shhh,” she said, placing a silencing finger over her lips. “This is the only way to get acquainted, nothing else matters if we don't understand each other in bed.”

As her hips swayed, her breasts stretched against the fabric of her clothes. He could hardly believe that his cock was already growing firm again.

She fell back on the bed, and he landed over her, his mouth from instinct planting itself on hers, his tongue prying open the mouth that had taken him, exploring deep down her willing throat. It was as if she was opening herself to him, laying herself totally at his mercy.

His fingers grabbed the bottom of her dress and pulled it up.

“Oh, yes, your lips,” she whispered, and she pushed him down to her naked cunt. He smelled a thick sweet perfume, tasted the tartness of her inner thighs, that were already sticky with juice dampening the folds and furrows. His tongue wandered from her thighs to the deep recesses of her groin, to at last the fragrant purple lips that parted beckoning.

“Tongue me. Bite me there. My clit,” she panted.

He complied with delicate nibbles ...

“Harder!” she exclaimed.

His teeth bore down on the hard bud before his lips, and bolts of sensation shot from her as he pinched that delicate orb.

She bucked against him, “Aaaaaaaagh!” Her cry rang from the room, as she jerked back, “Fuck me!” she growled. Pulling him up atop her and flinging her legs over his shoulders, she guided his cock to her pulsing cunt and they slammed each other without stopping until her body tensed so hard about him that he was afraid his cock would be cut off.

“Haah, haah, haah, keep on ...” she gasped, as she rocked against him. “Don't stop!” she cried. He pumped her as savagely as he'd ever fucked any woman.

He felt the deep throbbing about him, his own orgasm beginning to mount again.

“Fuck me ...” she screamed, and she thrashed about, her orgasm moving through her like a wild storm. The force of it penetrated him almost as if it was his own. But before she tired, they rolled over by her desire, his cock slipping from her cunt. Then her hips rose before him and he entered her pussy from behind.

“My ass,” she told him.

He was shocked. But only for a moment. His fingers began a reluctant journey to the puckering hole before him. He'd never had ass, never had it offered, though his desire mounted as his fingers began to find their way inside the binding narrow hole. He lubricated the opening and then one finger after another penetrated beyond her sphincter.

“More,” Juliet breathed darkly, her hips pounding into his groin, that dark place beckoning him.

Jerome pulled himself from her cunt, the hard end of his prick pressing itself against her rear door until it released and his shaft moved easily down the long taut passage. Her body swayed in his hands, the throaty mellow sounds of pleasure issuing from her. "Ahh, more," she directed. Her whole being seemed one with his in this slower, baser, earthier rhythm of copulation. He'd pulled the dress from her body so that her breasts swung free beneath her, and he grasped at them, held them as he moved in and out of her ass end in tempo to another mounting orgasm. This time, he would shoot again. He could sense it coming, not furiously like the first in the limo, but slow and steady like distant thunder mounts before the storm of rain. They moved fast and slow to each other's pace, their beat a resonant music.

"Aaaaaaah," she began to groan and didn't stop.

A guttural sound issued from his throat. He pulled her up against him, both on their knees, his hands grabbing at her flesh with mindless spontaneity. He clutched her breasts and pinched her nipples until little utterances escaped her lips and the pain caused her to jerk against the cock in her ass. He held her hair and she screamed. Every act of her willing body sent the temperature of their fuck to a higher degree...until they could stand no more.

She exploded.

"Fuck meeeeeee!" she roared, and in the same instant she tightened around his cock so hard that he stabbed at her violently, and beat her backside unrelentingly with his prick, until for the second time that afternoon he spewed himself into Juliet.

They fell forward, exhausted.

She panted as he still held her with his arms about her. He heaved a thousand sighs into the base of her neck. It was sweaty there, her hair matted to her, her olive skin glimmering. Their bodies stuck to each other and he would have commingled with her forever on the quilted hotel covers. Even their breathing for a moment was one, as if his cock in her divine asshole had contrived such a delicious unison.

The respite was brief. Juliet sent him to shower once the air around them had begun to chill their bodies.

She followed him into the bath, once he'd finished. At the shower door, she gave him a long wet kiss and then slipped inside.

A half hour later, Jerome lounged in the living room of the suite in a terry hotel robe. He roamed through a dozen TV channels waiting for Juliet Remarque to emerge from the bedroom.

“I think these are yours,” she said. He turned to see her with a towel covering only her cunt and ass. Her breasts were dripping with water, little rivulets making their way down their curves. Though her body looked hot, her once steamy demeanor had turned cold. “I have a date tonight with my fiancé, so I won't be able to have dinner,” she said. “But I do think we've covered all the important information, now that you know every orifice I have to offer, and I know you.” She was smug and collected, and speaking with a haughtiness fit for royalty. “I don't believe in hiding things between business partners, do you?” The question was only rhetorical. “You can call me about ten tomorrow morning and let me know about my first assignment.” Then she dropped his

clothes on the couch and walked back into the bedroom, shutting the door with a decided firmness.

“Assumptive bitch!” Jerome thought later, but it didn't matter, he hired her anyway.

In the months since, Jerome hadn't had so much as a blow job from her, though there was a casual closeness that would likely have not developed without that astonishing afternoon.

How he would have loved to have screwed her again, He'd fantasized about taking her on his terms, not hers; but she'd made it clear that that wouldn't happen, not ever. All he had of her anymore was the sumptuous view of her carefully exposed flesh, a peek at her bush and a glance at a gaping suit that revealed the hard bud of an erect nipple.

Today, as he remembered that first meeting, her breasts were fully covered by the clinging blue knit of her dress. He could see outlines, recall what was beneath the exteriors she'd put on for him, even visualize her stripping the two of them again for a hearty fuck. Yet he knew that wouldn't happen.

“You use your talents well, your works reflects it,” Jerome said truly appreciative. She was excellent at what she did, her reputation had preceded her and he'd not been the least bit disappointed. Though he occasionally was concerned for her safety. There was no way he could, without compromising himself, protect her against some of the foul men that she toyed with, especially if she chose to bed them to get the information he wanted. He did wonder if she was as wild with her assignments as she had been with him.

“Thank you,” she replied.

“You know, Juliet, I've said this before, I think you sometimes take too many chances.”

She looked at him with a devilish gleam. “If I didn't take chances, I wouldn't get results, and if I didn't take chances it wouldn't be any fun for me.”

“And that's what this is to you, fun?”

“Of course, why do it for any other reason?”

He was always awed by her. Women were not suppose to be as bold and direct as Juliet, but for him, she'd become a valuable weapon. He suspected he'd use her as long as she was willing. “So you have something special for me?” she asked.

He peered at her, the lust rising once again in his loins, it never failed to in her presence. “How about I take you to dinner and we ...”

“...Have a few drinks and a romp in bed,” she jumped in. “Jerome, I told you, you got it all when I started working for you. There's nothing else to show you. Besides, it would never be that good again. I'm an open book, what more could you write on these pages?”

He could think of many things, if she only gave him half the chance. “You're flattering me needlessly, you little slut,”

She laughed. “I just want to keep you happy,” she offered.

“You know what would keep me happy,” he replied.

“Yes, I do, Jerome, know what keeps you happy, and it's all in dollars and cents.”

She was smug. But she was right.

“Then let's get back to business,” he said, changing his tone abruptly. “I need information from a Midwest firm, a small outfit out of Chicago. They know everything that's going on in that city and everything financial east of the Mississippi to New York I've been toying with some deals for six months, what they know could close the whole package in thirty days.”

“Why have you waited so long?” she wondered.

Jerome laughed. “The head of the outfit is as hard as nails, and frankly, Juliet, I was afraid for you to go after him. He's that tough.”

“Who is he?” she asked

Jerome paused as if he was still unsure. There was more than just a little reluctance on his part, but he was nearly desperate to have his information, even if it meant that he might be sacrificing his favorite spy.

“You've got to be careful, he's as shrewd as they come,” he warned.

“Who is he?” she asked again, annoyed.

He pursed his lips that tightened his otherwise handsome face into a pinched scowl that Juliet hated. Jerome was too damned dramatic sometimes.

“Michael Caproni,” he finally said.

“Michael Caproni, hummmm.” There was a pleasant look on her face, not quite a smile.

“You know him?”

“Only in passing,” she said. “More like, know of him than anything.”

“Well, maybe that's okay. You'll be forewarned. Still, I hesitate sending you on this one ...” he started.

“Hesitate, why? He's just a man.”

“But a dangerous one. He's as cold as ice. There are those who wonder if he has a cock at all he's so chilling.”

“Well, love, all I can do is try,” Juliet replied coyly.

Jerome could already sense the devious machinations of her brain, swirling about with all sorts of thoughts that were bound to be hazardous. He wondered if he wasn't going too far this time. “Just be careful,” he said.

“I will, my sweet, have I ever given you cause to worry before?” she asked.

“Yes,” he pounced, his eyes flashing quickly. “All the time.”

“You have no guts, Jerome, that's why you need me.”

“I have no cunt,” he replied sharply. “That's why I need you.”

“Just give me his file, asshole, and I'll get you what you need.”

Jerome handed her the manila folder, which she didn't bother to look at. Slipping it into her purse, she left the office giving Jerome his complimentary peck on the cheek.

Watching her leave, Jerome knew that it would only be a matter of days and he'd have his information.

On the street, Juliet Remarque found the nearest public telephone, and dialed the number that she knew by heart.

“Darling,” she purred quietly to the man that answered her call. “We have him now, right where we want him. I told you Jerome would be in the palm of my hand. Now it's time to celebrate.” She listened for a moment. “Oh, by the way, Michael,” she said just as she was about to hang up. “He told me you were dangerous.” She smiled as she spoke. “Do you think I have anything to worry about?” She began to laugh.

On the other end of the line, Michael Caproni just chuckled. If Jerome Sebastian only knew, he thought to himself, as he listened to the sweet voice of his fiancé purring like a jungle cat in his ear.