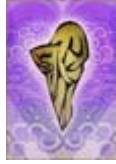




Object of Desire

PORTIA DA COSTA

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Object of Desire

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Warning:

Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

OBJECT OF DESIRE

Portia Da Costa

Dedication

Dedicated to the Divine Vincenzo.

Chapter One

Look at him! Look at him! Isn't he just glorious?

Lurking behind my curtain, I stare down into the communal garden below, feasting my eyes on the sight of my new upstairs neighbour, as he glides like a dark ghost through his slow Tai Chi ritual. He's tall. He's massive. Like a giant clad all in black...and yet he's so light in the way he moves that he almost seems to float above the tiny patch of lawn.

His name is Nathaniel Gowen and he's just exactly what I need i.e. he's a big, beautiful, intelligent, grown-up man. He's the perfect antidote to Danny, my most recent ex, whose slavish devotion to his Playstation, Man U, and his latest ring-tone were quite endearing at first, but quickly degenerated to downright infantile.

Gilded by the lowering evening sunlight, Nathaniel Gowen's movements, down in the garden, are stylised and hypnotic. His feet are bare, with long toes that flex against the grass, and every now and again, he closes his eyes as if he's in ecstasy. I don't know how old he is, but he's a good deal older than I am, I guess. Mid forties, probably... But he's in his prime and super-fit in every sense.

The building's rumour mill says that he's actually 'Doctor Gowen', a military historian, lecturer and analyst. But there's a presence about that imposing six feet plus physique of his that says he could well have been a serving soldier before he hit the books.

My stomach quivers and I crumple a fold of curtain in my sweaty fist. The pressure shoots a tiny niggle of discomfort through my wrist, but I ignore it. I'm too busy picturing Nathaniel Gowen as SAS, or a Marine, or some other Special Forces operative. Totally hardcore and ruthless. Unrelenting in his determination and driven by a sort of steely single-mindedness never goes away... He might be a Tai Chi practising academic these days, but somewhere in the heart of him, he's still a deadly human warrior.

Even as I ogle him, he pauses, balanced on one leg without the slightest sign of effort, and cocks his close cropped greying head on one side. I retreat a step, full of the impression that he's listening to my thoughts.

But why would he be?

He's barely even noticed me around the building, as far as I know, and even if he has registered my existence on any meaningful level, he probably doesn't actually know which flat is mine. We've exchanged nothing more than an amiable "hello" or "lovely day" in passing, in the lobby or the laundry room. He's favoured me with a wide, white killer smile once or twice, but I seriously doubt that he even knows my name.

But I know yours, Doctor Nathaniel Gowen! And I want far more than just a gorgeous, but impersonal smile from you... Far more...

And especially when he makes that slow, wide sweep, with his hands scything elegantly, and his muscular thighs flexing and drawing his thin workout trousers tight across his groin. He turns, pivoting, and as he shifts his weight, his eyes close again in a way that's almost angelic, despite his total masculinity. The sight of so much brawn and beauty in juxtaposition like that makes my nether regions clench in urgent longing. I imagine him inside me, big and breathtaking, making me quiver. And he'll be *really* big, judging by that mighty bulge the taut fabric so obligingly displays. Unable to stop myself, I slip my hand into my panties and it's like a swamp down there, simply from the fantasy, from the dream of being ravished by the man down below in the garden.

Imagine what it must be like to have a man that size bearing down on you? With his great height and his hard-hewn solidity, you'd really know you were being borne down on... Oh yeah...

I touch myself impatiently and my clit flutters as if it were Nathaniel Gowen's long, tapered fingertip settling upon it. The surge of sensation makes me moan out loud and even though he's a long way below me, and I'm tucked surreptitiously behind my curtain, he pauses in his slow broad turn and looks upwards, straight at me, trembling in my hiding place. His dark eyes seem to probe me as if they're sending out a beam of energy that goes directly to my sex.

I rub and rub, dimly aware that I might regret it, and suddenly I'm in a shadowed room somewhere and he's there too. His fingers are working between my legs and those intense eyes are locked on mind, monitoring my every response as if he's an inquisitor, dangerous and erotic. He doesn't speak to me, but he doesn't need to. His grey-frosted head tilts challengingly and my sex leaps in answer. As he smiles, I come fiercely, moaning his name.

The jolt of pleasure takes me by surprise, and I gasp for breath, falling away from the windowsill and subsiding to the floor. I rub my way through the glittering pleasure peak, trying to prolong it, grasping at the ghostly presence of Nathaniel Gowen, who seems to hover, still moving like a dancer, just out of reach.

Eventually, feeling sticky and dishevelled, and with my chest heaving, I rise to my feet and return to my post at my window. Somehow, I don't feel completely fulfilled by my climax, and twitching at the curtain, I want more, even if it's only a single fleeting glimpse of him.

But Nathaniel Gowen is gone and the rectangle of grass is perfectly empty.

I feel bereft, robbed of my special treat, but somehow also more determined than ever to achieve my goal.

I've got to have him. I simply have to. I need a plan.

But first I've got to finish what I've started...

Still sweaty, still engorged and smelling of sex, I hurry into my bedroom, wrench the curtains closed, switch off my mobile and take the home phone off the hook. The bed is still unmade, but I throw myself down on it anyway, wrinkling my nose and wishing I'd changed the linen this morning. I've been spending a lot of time here, playing with myself, lately. Like now, when I'm still in my work clothes but just can't wait to get undressed before I masturbate again.

And now, *this* is the shadowed room. I close my eyes and Nathaniel Gowen appears before me, in my fantasy. He's wearing his dark workout clothes, but as I watch he pulls the thin cotton top off over his head, drops it, and then steps out of his trousers, baring his magnificent rock-hard body.

He wants me. In my fantasy, he *really* wants me. His cock is just as I imagined it, on the rise, and almost erect.

I squirm on the bed, and he advances towards me, his dark eyes glinting.

I know it's just me here, a horny woman dreaming of her lust object, but when I begin to touch myself again, it really seems like him.

Trying to pace myself, I begin by stroking my throat, the lines of my collar bone, and my chest. The contact is light, as I know his would be. Those slow Tai Chi moves tell me he understands rhythm, control, an agonisingly measured rise to pleasure. He's not a smash and grab

man, he's a sexual aesthete, a connoisseur. His fingers are spread and the pads glide slowly over my skin, dipping beneath the edge of my white cotton work blouse in a search for bare, hot skin.

Impatient suddenly, I wrench open the buttons. I'm not Nathaniel Gowen, alas, and I don't have the patience and finesse I imagine he possesses. Surely he wouldn't pull and wrench at my bra the way I'm doing? Surely he wouldn't push it up crudely so he could cup and squeeze my breasts?

Steady, woman, steady...

I imagine his caress, sweet and light, strumming my nipples with infinite precision. His fingertips encircle me, while his long flat thumb flicks and flicks, in tiny echoing circles. His touch is leisurely, and yet there's purpose in there too. I sense his goal, the one I yearn for. Total pleasure.

And as the ghost of Nathaniel Gowen fondles me, he kisses me too. His lips possess mine, then voyage sweetly and thoroughly over my skin. He kisses my cheek, my jaw and my throat, the touch of his tongue as neat and clever as his hand on my breast.

For a while I lie there, playing with my breast, lost in a dream, a dream that could be real if I could only summon the courage. My desire rises, and somehow I seem to rise with it, drifting upwards through the building, seeking the tall dark elegant object of my secret longing.

The barely lit room we're in now is his room. Dimly I picture it quiet, subdued and austere. Only in his wide white bed is there wildness. Only tangled in his cool white sheets is there heat and passion.

I'm writhing now. Touching myself more and more, convincing myself that it's him... His large hand drifts over my belly, then slithers inside my panties, momentarily probing my navel then moving on downwards. He pats my bush with tips of his fingers, then sweeps on in...

Oh!

I know it's me really, but I squeeze my eyes shut, willing away reality. The finger on my clit transforms from my narrow, polish-tipped digit into one much larger with a square yet well-kept nail. He exerts pressure, just on the sweet spot, and I gasp and wriggle. He slides his other hand beneath my bottom, touching me there.

I want to rub hard. I want to rush and grasp at my orgasm, but I know I'll regret it. My greedy hurry just isn't his way, and I'll shatter the spell.

There's no need for impatience, there's no need to rush. I have all night. I have my privacy. In my dreams, I have him.

Chapter Two

Four days later, at Saturday teatime, dreams and privacy are still all I have.

And I'm glowering at the prospect of yet another evening home alone when everybody else is going out... because I still haven't got any further with any kind of plan.

What in God's name is wrong with me? Why haven't I just gone up to Nathaniel Gowen's flat and introduced myself? It's not such a difficult thing to do, and in this day and age, a woman is supposed to have equal rights when it comes to making the first overtures, isn't she?

But somehow, I just haven't screwed up the nerve yet. He's an object of fantasy, an object of lust. And I'm pathetic.

Instead of getting out there and taking affirmative action, I've continued to loiter around my flat, dividing my time between daydreaming about Nathaniel Gowen – and standing watch by the curtains during his morning or evening Tai Chi sessions – or masturbating myself senseless whilst imagining a million flavours of fucking him. I've been late for work twice and the repetitive strain injury I get from using the computer is getting worse and worse from quite a different form of repeated but intense activity!

This has got to stop.

Frowning, I decide to put away my over-used vibrator and go right on upstairs to his flat and confront him. What's the worst that can happen? Especially if I give myself a cast iron excuse, such as wanting to borrow a cup of sugar from him?

Just making some kind of decision makes me feel much better...and very excited, in more ways than one. I contemplate a swift, final session with my battery-driven friend, just to prime the engine, but then I think better of it. It'll only make my wrist ache more, and I want to save myself for the mission that lies ahead.

But just as I'm about to slip to the bathroom, clean my vibrator and stow it out of harm's way, there's a knock at the door – and I drop the stupid thing on the carpet.

It's a knock, not the entry-phone. And that makes my heart thud and thud.

A knock means that my visitor is someone from inside the building. My hopes leap and so does my sticky, beleaguered sex.

Nathaniel Gowen?

But why would it be him, I think, as I stuff the vibrator behind a pile of cushions and then pull my kimono more snugly around me. I double knot the sash, good and tight, just to be on the safe side.

Drawing in a huge breath, and wishing I did Tai Chi for calmness, I reach for the handle and open the door...and it *is* him!

Nathaniel Gowen stands in the doorway, looking more fabulous than ever – almost mythical and even bigger in close proximity. He seems to fill the entire door space, and loom down over me like a mountain, and as always, he's dressed in black from head to foot. He's got on this soft-looking long sleeved crew neck top that hugs his deep chest and his huge shoulders, and his jeans...oh his jeans... They're snug as sin and fit in all the perfect places. My eyes lurch instinctively to the juncture of his thighs, and the bulge there is everything it should be. And so much more!

Oh lord, I've only just opened the door to him, and neither of us has spoken a word, and yet I'm already perving helplessly at his crotch.

Get a grip, girl... Get a grip! Open your mouth!

"Er... hello?"

Stunning, Sylvia, what a dazzling greeting... He must be awestruck by your conversational skills.

"Hi, I'm sorry to bother you...but do you think you could possibly lend me a cup of sugar? I've run out, and I'm dying for a coffee."

What? For a moment, I just stand there, mouth open, trying to compute what he just said.

Did he actually say he's come to borrow a cup of sugar?

I almost laugh out loud. How come, on using the same old chestnut of a cliché that I was going to try, does he make it manage to sound so sexy and provocative and novel? Where I'd probably make it sound nervous and totally contrived, coming from him it's a promise of sweet,

suggestive wickedness. Not even the large, white latte mug he's holding, presumably for said sugar, spoils the impression.

"Er...yes, of course," I stammer, my eyes still skittering around, darting over his tall, broad body and all its goodies. His thighs are like the trunks of mighty trees beneath that evocative black denim, and his long legs just go on and on and on... And those hands, around the white mug, are just the most beautiful I've ever seen. Still barely able to frame words, I start fantasising uncontrollably again, sliding back into my nightly dream of those hands – both of them – exploring my body and touching me in all my tender places, stroking and teasing and rousing.

"Are you all right?" he enquires, his delicious mouth quirking with amusement. He has a full, almost pouting lower lip, and I suddenly want to kiss it and nibble it. I want to hear him moan as I nip it, then sigh as I soothe the tiny injury with a gentle lick. I also note that he has a luscious, manly testosterone fuelled five o'clock stubble thing going on, and I instantly wonder what it would feel like against my cheek...or against my belly...or against my thigh.

Suddenly, I realise I could have been just standing here, gawping at him, for as much as a minute. A red flush of embarrassment rises up and stains my cheeks – making me even more attractive. Not.

"I'm fine, thanks...just a bit drowsy. I was taking a nap... Sorry."

"No, I'm the one who should apologise," he says softly, glorious lights dancing in his hooded brown eyes, "I'm sorry if I woke you. I'd better go."

I feel as if I've been thumped in the solar plexus. He's going through the motions of polite apology...and yet at the same time, it's as if he's laughing and challenging me. It's as if he *knows* that I've been masturbating and that he was the one I was fantasising about while I was doing it.

"Um...no...please don't go! It's okay...I'd just woken up. No problem..."

Good grief, I really am impressing him, aren't I? And don't I sound needy?

Nathaniel beams at me, and his sumptuous mouth and his wicked eyes are full of dark glee and only barely suppressed indecency.

"Look, maybe this will work better if we formally introduce ourselves?" Latte cup in his left hand, he holds out his right one. It looks massive enough to enclose my entire hand easily in its palm. Conjectures on the relationship between a man's hands and certain other parts of his

anatomy caper wildly through my mind, and I only just manage to stop myself looking at his groin again. "I'm Nathaniel Gowen... I live upstairs. And I'm pleased to meet you."

"I—I know," I stammer. The touch of his skin against mine is like a jolt of electricity, screwing up the higher functions of my brain.

"And you are?" He cocks his great head on one side again, brown eyes quizzing.

"Um...Sylvia... Sylvia Bradford."

I stare and stare, like the proverbial rabbit in the headlights, and when he releases my fingers, I almost whimper aloud at the loss of his touch.

"Sugar?" he prompts.

"Yeah, right... Of course. Come in and I'll get you some."

I almost run into the room, intensely aware of his huge form following me, his long stride keeping him right on my tail. Out of his sight, I pull a face. My tiny living room is a pit, and smells strongly of sex. If he didn't actually suspect that I've been masturbating before, he surely must do now. A man like him must have had plenty of aroused women around him in his time, so the smell of female desire must be very familiar to his delightfully chiselled nostrils.

He makes no comment though, and just gives me a slight, bland smile. Well, sort of bland... There's still that wild glint of wickedness and challenge deep in his eyes. I as good as snatch the mug out of his hand, ready to run.

"Take a pew," I urge, trying to direct him to the armchair, "I'll just get you some."

Unfortunately, he lowers his long body down onto the sofa, dangerously close to where my incriminatingly fragrant vibrator is hidden.

Chapter Three

I dart for my little kitchen, all the time praying that he won't decide to start rearranging the cushions to get comfortable.

Surveying my cupboards and worktops, I feel my knees threatening to buckle under me. The glorious object of my desire and all my fantasies is right here in my flat and I'm flouncing around in my kimono and smelling of masturbation. It's not quite the assured seduction scenario I'd had in mind for our first encounter, but I'm pretty desperate and there must be a way to take advantage of this unexpected opportunity.

But first, to go through the motions, I'm supposed to be getting him some sugar... where the hell is it?

I did have some once, for guests, but I can't remember the last time I used it and I haven't the faintest idea where I put it. I rummage around furiously, not really thinking about the sugar at all. My mind's on something far sweeter and far spicier.

What is he doing out there? What is he thinking? Why has he really come here?

What if all he actually wants is the sugar?

Eventually, at the back of the cupboard, I find half a bag of granulated white, all stuck together in one solid, unappetising lump. Surreptitiously, I bash it on the counter, trying not to hurt my wrist, and more importantly, not to make too much noise in the process. He obviously thinks I'm weird enough already without a lot of unexplained banging and thumping and crashing around coming from the kitchen while he's waiting.

My efforts produce a cupful of sugar that's marginally less lumpy than when I started. I tamp it down, trying to make the top layer look smooth and granulated, then straighten my kimono again. Taking a deep breath, I open the door and step into the living room.

"Oh, bloody hell!"

The sugar nearly goes all over the floor at the sight that greets me.

Nathaniel Gowen has my pink plastic vibrator balanced elegantly between his two long forefingers. He grins at me roundly, his even white teeth agleam in his handsome, stubble-dark face.

This is probably the most embarrassing moment of my life, but there's a part of me, a grinning, scheming sex-manic-maniac part of me, that suddenly sees a heaven sent opportunity.

"Okay, I'm single...but I'm not dead," I say boldly, meeting his glorious, laughing eyes head on, "I have needs and that's an outlet for them. I'm not ashamed of using it."

"Nor should you be," Nathaniel observes, twirling the offending item between his fingers like some perverted magician, "Masturbation is perfectly healthy. I do it a lot myself. At least once a day... Sometimes more often."

Oh my God! The images, the images...

I see him naked in bed, white sheets twisted around his tanned muscular thighs as he rubs and rubs at an eye-popping erection. I see his handsome face twist and contort, his heels dragging at the mattress as his hips buck upwards and he comes.

"I'm sure you do," I mutter, still half lost in my fantasy. The idea of him doing himself is utterly delicious, but bloody hell, I'd rather have him doing me right now!

"Do we have a problem?" he queries with a little tilt of his head.

He continues to fondle the vibrator, and then suddenly twists the bevel...and there's silence.

Oh hell, it seems I've either managed to break it with my excesses, or I've drained the batteries. Which is hardly surprising, given the workout I've put the thing through in the last few days.

"Oops, it seems to be broken." He shrugs, with a look of what might—or might not—be genuine concern on his broad face, "I suppose you'll just have to resort to the traditional method then, eh?" Again, that head tilt...and yes, he's teasing me.

I tug back the sleeve on my kimono and reveal my plastic and Lycra wrist support.

"Now that *is* a problem, isn't it? A strained wrist, I presume? I hope it's not too sore."

"No, it's a case of RSI...repetitive strain injury...from too much computer use. We've got a big project on at work."

I'm actually quite sure that the RSI is from my 'Nathaniel Gowen is a hottie and I can't stop playing with myself' project, which involves diddling myself far more times a day than he's admitted to...but I think I've revealed quite enough of my secrets for the time being, thank you very much.

"Ouch! I'm sorry to hear that... You poor thing."

He's so hard to read. Does he feel genuine sympathy for my supposed plight? Does he know how much I've been longing to seduce him? Those brown eyes glint again, and I suddenly know the answer...

"Would you like some help?" he continues as if offering to put up a shelf. I look at his beautiful mouth, his beautiful hands and the spectacular bulge at his groin that hints at the greatest beauty and power of all beneath the denim.

Oh yes, I'd love some help!

"You're kidding!" I blurt out, knowing even as I do that he's not fooling at all. His expression is intent. His face is full of mischief and humour, but somehow there's also something serious, deep and mystical, in there too.

I stare at him, captivated. He does mean it. He really does. And to prove it, he rises to his feet, tosses the vibrator aside and comes towards me. It takes but one long stride, and then he plucks the cup of sugar from my nerveless fingers and sets that to one side too.

The next moment, the most amazing thing happens.

With no effort whatsoever, Nathaniel Gowen lifts me up, sweeps me off my feet, and then resumes his seat on the sofa, with me nestled cosily in his lap like an oversized kitten.

"Relax," he murmurs, looking down at me. His large face seems to fill my world, with his brilliant eyes at the centre of the universe. He plucks at the lapels of my kimono and teases it open, revealing my naked body underneath it.

Instantly, I'm conscious of my odours. Perspiration. Sex. The faint memory of some eau de toilette I spritzed on early this morning. His nostrils flare but I know it's not Dior he's deeply inhaling.

For a moment I'm ashamed. I'm mortified with embarrassment, despite my lust. I smell earthy, foxy, musky... Suddenly I wish I were all bathed and perfumed and perfect for him. I start to struggle.

"I need a shower."

I try to rise, but he holds me. "No you don't. You smell delicious... I like it." He breathes in deeply again and his massive chest and shoulders lift.

When his long graceful hand settles on my breast, I shiver like a racehorse. His cupping, caressing touch is feather-light, exactly as I imagined it. His thumb moves slowly across my nipple, strumming, strumming... The gentle brush of it shoots directly to my crotch and I moan, struggling again.

"Hush..." His voice is soft, gentle, coaxing...and kind. Just like his hand. There's no greed in the way he handles me, and the delicacy of it says this is all about my pleasure. Can that really be so? Don't men always want something? Don't they always calculate that they have to give a little to get a little? Or get a lot?

I realise that I've closed my eyes, blown away by him and his exquisite touch, but now I open them again. His eyes are still bright, maybe more luminous than ever as he fondles and fondles me. He looks confident. In control. Composed. But yet somewhere in those brown depths, there's an intimation of wonder, an amazed voice saying "How the devil did we get here, doing this?"

And somehow it's that slight anomaly that endears him to me, and makes me want him more than ever. I love the way he's touching me, but I'm hoping for more, so much more.

Chapter Four

As his fingertips leave my breast, and traverse lower, I close my eyes again.

Points of heat glide over my belly, circle around my navel, and then edge into the wispy periphery of my bush. He hesitates there, as if asking permission, and I gasp, and go “mmmm”, giving it instantly. Shifting my weight on his knee, I part my thighs and another ripe gust of woman-smell rises evocatively from my sex.

Those questing fingers dip into my cleft, carefully combing apart the hair, opening me up, and making me totally accessible to him. For a moment he pauses again, and I feel coolness, empty air against my sticky membranes. My clit feels as if it's swollen to ten times its normal size and it seems to throb, cry out, and almost scream for his immediate attention.

“Please touch me,” I whisper, and the moment it's out, I'm astonished by the sound of my own voice. This is what I want, but suddenly, to ask for it seems brazen, outrageous, and slutty, despite the fact that I'm draped across his knee, my thighs akimbo.

He adjusts me across him, opening me yet wider as I recline. My arms wind around him as if I've been embracing him for a lifetime. He slides his free hand beneath my knee, stretching apart my thighs for total exposure. Beneath the slope of my bottom I feel his erection like a huge knot of iron pressing into me.

“Please touch me,” I plead again, but he just looks. And looks. Staring down at my glistening sex, his face is calm, his smile very faint, almost like that of Buddha.

I start to wriggle and he has mercy, sliding his large, but deft fingers into my stickiness.

I'm so hungry and so primed for him that I have a mini orgasm before he even gets to my clit. His finger slides against it, and the very quick of me leaps and clenches in astonishing pleasure. A strange, whimpering, mewling sound escapes my lips and a moment later, he silences it with the pressure of his lips. I hadn't expected a kiss. It seems more intimate somehow, than what's going on in my crotch, and the sweet novelty of it increases my sensations.

His tongue slips into my mouth as his fingertips start to dance on my clit. The kiss and the caresses are coordinated like Tai Chi on my body.

Circling... Probing... One moment aggressive, the next tender, oh so tender... I groan in my throat as I fly, gliding upwards ever upwards on dark wings of sensation.

As deep, wrenching climaxes pull on my womb, he slips fingers inside me and settles a thumb on my clitoris. My sex is completely possessed and dominated by his gracious pleasure-giving hand, just as my mouth is by his delicious, seductive lips.

I couldn't think of a more wonderful expression of my fantasy than this.

Or maybe I can?

I'm almost beyond thought, but what scraps of it I'm capable of, he reads.

Scooping me up again, he sinks to his knees on the rug in front of the sofa, and tenderly lays me down, kimono carefully parted. I feel completely dazed, but my eyes fly open as he begins to undress. Quickly, with soldierly efficiency, but also grace, just as he's done a dozen times in my secret fantasies.

His body is as amazing. It's just as jaw-droppingly huge and strong as I'd expected, and more so... He's a great ox of a man. A God of muscle and power, yet it's not some fake, gym created beefcake physique. He's flesh and blood and bone and deep, male soul.

His dick, of course, is spectacular too. Big, ruddy, ferocious... It seems a shame to cover it, but he whips a suspiciously handy condom out of the pocket of his abandoned jeans and enrobes his delightful bulk in latex.

And then he's over me, bearing down on me, just as I dreamed he would. His eyes are like two dark stars as he stares into my face, and his expression is puzzling, enigmatic. If I had powers of perception right now, they would tell me the way he's looking at me is...is strangely nurturing. Cherishing. Kind... That word again, so unexpected, yet so apposite in this situation.

I have a huge, erect man looming over me, but the most overpowering sense I get from him is one of protectiveness and care for me, and for my comfort and pleasure. I barely know him, but I do know that against all reason and expectation, he actually has real feelings for me. It might not be love at first sight, but it's something. Definitely something.

With infinite gentleness, he slips a hand between my legs, preparing the way, teasing apart the folds of my sex, delicately playing with me. He knows his own size, and that he has to take things steadily.

And yet as the tip of his penis touches the part of me that craves him, I buck upwards, forcing the issue, longing and hungry. His beautiful eyes widen, and he cocks his grey-grizzled head on one side in question. I answer by surging against him, twice as hard. My flesh yields to his mighty incursion as he reciprocates, his sumptuous mouth curving into a sweet smile as he enters and fills me.

I almost start to come again. Immediately. But I try to hold back and give to him as he's giving to me. I coil my arms around his splendid body, loving the heat of his skin, and the resilient hardness of well-honed muscle. As my hands cruise his broad back and his tight male buttocks, he lets out a low purr of appreciation and completes it with a kiss.

"Careful of your wrist, love," he murmurs against the corner of my mouth. The endearment is so natural and so easy that we might have been lovers for years, and I realise that in my haze of lust for him, I'd forgotten my injury completely. There's no pain any more...not in my body or my heart.

Slowly and comfortably, he begins to rock and thrust inside me, each silky plunge touching something more than just my flesh. I feel my spirit rising again, gathering itself just as my body does, but as he kisses and whispers to me, I feel his heart rising too.

Beneath my fingertips, I feel tension gathering, gathering, and gathering in him. His skin is hot and I feel his strong muscles clench as his hips begin to jerk. His self control is cracking now, and it's that loss of restraint that touches my soul and capsizes it utterly. I cry and come, and he does too, clasping me tight to his surging body as if he'll never let me go.

Chapter Five

"How did you know that I wanted you?" I ask a long while later.

I'm lying on the rug like a beached nymph after a Saturnalia, my limbs draped all over the place and not a single scrap of energy left in me. I've still got my kimono on, sort of, but Nathaniel is blatantly and magnificently naked. He's propped up on his side, idly touching my thigh and smiling in satisfaction.

Clearly our lovemaking has pleased him every bit as much as it pleased me. And it pleased me *a lot*.

"I'm a trained observer, Sylvia," he purrs, fingertips circling again in a way that's like my fantasies but oh-so much better. "I'm schooled in surveillance and assessment. I've seen you watching me and I could tell that you fancied me something rotten." His lips curve into a confident male smile.

"You arrogant beast!" I attempt to play punch him, but he gently catches my hands and rains soothing kisses on my wrist. It seems miraculously healed, but I suppose when the endorphins of sex wear off it might start to ache again. But I don't care for the moment, and the support strapping disappeared some time ago in the course of our explorations.

"You need to be careful with this," he instructs again, then draws his tongue lingering and lasciviously across the inner surface of my wrist as if taking my pulse in a novel and intimate way.

"It's fine now...I think you've healed it."

"I'm good, but I'm not that good," he answers cheerfully, "I've got some liniment we used to use in the service... It works wonders. I'll bring you some down."

So he was in the military then. I smile, pleased with my assessment of him, but before I've time to ask what service, he effortlessly rolls over me, kissing me ravenously until I'm gasping and submissive.

When we surface, he's rampant again.

“Uh oh,” he says, in mock alarm, cradling himself in a way that makes me want to gasp and cradle myself. “And I’ve only got the one condom with me. Contrary to what you might think, I didn’t automatically assume that I was going to be accepted.”

“I think I’ve got one,” I admit, feeling unexpectedly shy. I didn’t assume I’d be accepted either.

He sits up, cocks his great head on one side, and stares down at me benignly.

“What say we save it?” He reaches out and touches my cheek gently, “How about we have a cup of coffee, and talk a while...do the getting to know you thing that we should have done first by rights.” Suddenly there’s something nervous, almost boyish in his expression. He wants more...but he’s not as assured, as he seems to be, that he’ll get it. “Then maybe we can get dressed, go out for a meal and *then* come back and go to bed and do the sex thing properly too?”

Much as I’d love to have him inside me again – right now – his idea sounds lovely. Suddenly I want more from him too, much, much more, than just good sex, proper or improper.

But then I catch sight of his cock, and his huge hand still on it, and my finer feelings falter.

“Seems a shame to waste that...”

His brown eyes twinkle darkly.

“Yeah, I suppose it is... What do you think I should do with it?”

“Well, you said you masturbate several times a day...” I take a deep breath, “Why don’t you show me how? It’s only fair...you know what I do.” I glance across to my vibrator which is still lying silent where it rolled to, before all this started.

He quirks his dark brows at me, but I notice his fingers stay curled around his erection. And a moment, later, he settles back against the edge of the sofa and spreads his legs in a show of getting comfortable. When he’s satisfied with his position, he gives me a wink, and starts to pump.

Oh God, I realise that this is something I’ve been dreaming of almost as much as I’ve been fantasising about him touching and fucking me.

He’s completely uninhibited. In fact, I think he’s putting on a special show. As he slides his hand rhythmically up and down, he shifts his bottom about on the rug, squirming and gasping. As the sweet, fat head of his cock pops out again and again from within the circle of his finger and thumb, he closes his eyes, licks his lips, and starts to curse.

I nearly faint when he starts to play with his nipple with his free hand. *My God, this is even better than Tai Chi.*

Of course, I'm excited again too. And I'm wriggling too. But as my hand sneaks surreptitiously towards my sex again, those brown eyes snap open again, and he fixes me with a stern gaze while he still continues to masturbate.

"Uh oh...naughty, naughty...you'll hurt your wrist," he gasps.

"But —"

"Leave it alone, you wicked girl, I'll deal with it later."

He's so masterful, and so bloody hot, I have to obey him. I sit on my hands, and bite my lip, while he moans and thrusts.

It's a virtuoso performance, but he has to yield to the inevitable. He gives a loud shout, his hips lift up, and he comes in glory. His semen spurts, white and silky, all over his thighs.

I think we're both in shock, but my Nathaniel has extraordinary recuperative powers. "Now you," he growls, crawling purposefully towards me where I'm slouched with my back against the armchair.

"But we need the condom!"

"No we don't," he corrects.

Then he takes me by the hips, raises my pelvis, and swoops down to press his face between my thighs.

I forget to notice what his stubble feels like against my skin. I forget to protect my wrist as I grab his head and urge him on with cries and wriggles.

I forget my name as *I* come in glory, on his tongue.

An even longer while later, we both surface again, both sated now for the time being and slightly in shock.

"About getting to know each other..." begins Nathaniel, half laughing, half bemused. I do believe I've got the better of my warrior for the moment. "Shall we start now?"

"Sounds great." I grapple with my kimono, which is still miraculously half on me, and tug it back in order, "I'll get that coffee we talked about. You just stay here... I'll be back in a trice."

He gives me a gentle look, and lets me go, as if he knows I need a 'time out' moment for myself.

A few minutes later, I'm back with the tray, and I'm hunkered down on the rug again, being 'Mum' for my gorgeous man and pouring out coffee for both of us. Nathaniel takes his cup, tips in a little milk and then takes a sip.

"Absolutely delicious," he says with a sigh, "I wasn't lying, you know, when I said I was dying for a cup."

I sip mine too, and it tastes ten times as good as it normally does because I've got a great, big, loving, handsome Dr Gowen sitting naked beside me, just inches away. The flavour is robust and strong and invigorating, just like him.

Then, as I glance at the tray and the cafetière and the spoons, a thought occurs to me.

"Don't you want some of that in yours?" I nod towards the white latte cup full of sugar, still sitting there in the nearby table, forgotten.

He gives me a slow, sly smile, and then takes a long sip of his coffee, his eyes glinting with naughty lights over the rim of his cup.

"I'm afraid that I've a confession to make," he says softly, setting his cup aside, and moving close again. The touch of his skin is warm and already familiar as he relieves me of my own cup, then slides his arms around me.

"I don't take sugar in my coffee. I never have done," he announces softly, "But I'd seen you around...and suddenly, for the first time in my life, I felt like a big overgrown dork, and I couldn't think of any other way to introduce myself." There's a touch of blush high on his cheekbones, and suddenly he looks deliciously boyish and a little bit unsure of himself.

I open my mouth to protest and tell him that he's a sneaky, conniving bastard – and that he needn't have worried because I was just dying for an excuse to introduce myself too – but he stops the words by pressing his lips down hard on mine.

And in an instant there's nothing dorky or boyish or unsure about Doctor Nathaniel Gowen any more.

He's all man, my sweet object of desire.

About the Author

Portia Da Costa is a multi-published and award-winning British author of romance, erotic romance and romantic fiction. Her novels have been published in the US, the UK, and across the world, and translated into many languages including German, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, Norwegian and Japanese. Best known for her ten novels for the pioneering British publisher Black Lace, she has gained high praise and a strong reader following for her intense, sensual, character-driven fiction and the vivid emotional depth of her novels and stories. She enjoys writing books with contemporary, paranormal and occasionally futuristic settings, and has also written some historical-themed short fiction.

Portia has been writing for publication since 1990, and has had over twenty novels, for Black Lace and also for houses such as Scarlet, Heartline, X Libris, Headline Liaison, Ellora's Cave and Phaze. She has also had over 100 short stories published, and she has contributed to many different short story anthologies and women's magazines.

Portia lives in the heart of West Yorkshire, UK, with her husband and her cats. When she's not writing she enjoys reading, watching TV and movies, web design, blogging and online life in general. She was formerly a librarian and has also worked in local government.

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