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Play for Today

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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*.

PLAY FOR TODAY

Saskia Walker

Dedication

For my real life hero, Mark

Chapter One

"Toni!" Max said, and shook his head at her.

Toni sighed. Yes, her mind had drifted again. She was sitting with her feet up on the desk, absent-mindedly plucking threads from the hem of her red silk kimono, dreaming of being miles away from the ship's cabin they currently inhabited.

Max patted the pile of printed pages that lay on their double bunk. "Learn your lines. We'll be docking in New York in two days."

"I know the lines already." She got up, pacing back and forth across the small space, measuring her steps against the sway of the rough seas they were being subjected to. They'd invested in the largest available cabin, so that they would have a private space to rehearse and work in while they travelled, but still she felt cooped up.

She steadied herself with one hand on the wall and glanced out of the porthole. It was after eleven and very dark. The waves were barely visible now, just heaving masses tipping into each other where the ships lights caught them. She sighed again. She was missing their dockside flat in London, her plants, and the cat. She wasn't going to tell Max that, though, this trip was important for both their careers. To appear in a Broadway play, albeit a very minor production, was the break they had both been waiting for. She kind of wished they'd opted to fly over with the rest of the troupe, but they thought this would be an adventure. No such luck. Well, not so far.

She wandered over to the built-in double bunk and threw herself down next to him. "It's so boring," she declared, with a laugh.

"You're not bored with the part already, are you? That's a bad sign." He was frowning, his dark hair hanging over one eyebrow.

She rolled up against him and smoothed it back, savouring the feeling of it against her fingers. She took in the look of his sexy, kissable mouth as she did so. That was one thing she would never get bored with. "No, I adore the part, you know that. I meant the journey is boring. I thought it would be more fun being on a ship, lots to do and see, people to meet."

She had envisaged evenings socialising and days spent productively learning their lines. As it turned out, bad weather had struck on day two and the corridors and rather grand function rooms were all but deserted. Whilst neither of them had travelled by sea before, they found they were unaffected by seasickness – much to their relief.

"Ah, but the wretched weather turned on us, my dear, sending those who are weak-stomached down into their cabins for the duration." He spoke in his most outrageous Shakespearean voice, for her entertainment, his grey-green eyes twinkling with amusement.

Toni chuckled at his description; it was so apt. She pictured the pale, distressed passengers who'd been hit badly as soon as the weather turned. They'd hurried along the corridors, gripping onto the ropes that the crew had strung along the walls, on the way to hibernate in their cabins until the rough weather passed.

"Mademoiselle is not satisfied with her accommodation?" Max said, lifting her fingers to his lips and adopting the Belgian accent of Gerard, the character he was currently studying for.

Toni smiled, sensing fun, and stroked her hand against his stark cheekbones.

"Why, Gerard, that is rather a forward question to ask, and who gave you permission to touch Mademoiselle Lawrence?"

Yes, it was a challenge, and she flashed her eyes at him to make sure he realised that.

He stared at her silently for a moment. She saw the mischief flicker in his eyes as sexual tension rose between them, as real as electricity breaking up the atmosphere around them. He reached out, his arm enclosing her, and kissed her passionately, his tongue teasing against hers, opening her up to his inquisitive exploration.

She experienced an immediate response to his touch: the welling of desire in the pit of her stomach, her core throbbing with anticipation, the surface of her skin tingling with arousal. She squeezed her thighs together and her clit throbbed erratically. Coiling her arm around his neck, she lay on her back and drew his body over hers.

His hand slipped inside her kimono to caress the knotting skin of her nipple. "Gerard is very aware that Mademoiselle desires his touches," he whispered, in between moving over the surface of her neck with a trail of kisses.

She purred in response. Nothing turned her on quite as much as pretending they were other people, somebody who was in a very different situation to their own. It was a mutual fascination they often played out to its full effect.

"Max..." she whispered, a powerful sense of physical need building inside her. But he drew his hand away, looking thoughtful as he observed her. She pouted and pulled at his fingers, quickly drawing his hand back so that his warm palm covered her breast again. She wanted sex.

"No, not Max." His eyes flickered with amusement. "Gerard. I am Gerard, and you are Mademoiselle Isobel Lawrence."

"All right." She lifted her eyebrows. "Now kiss me again, Gerard!"

"No," he said, sitting up on the edge of the bevelled bunk. "Let's do it properly."

"Properly," she repeated, absent-mindedly. She wanted him badly. He stood up and she looked longingly up at his chest, framed so well by the loose shirt he wore. Half the buttons were open and the white linen looked stark against his lean chest. The strip of leather belt that bound his jeans around his slim hips drew her fingers to latch over it, and tug.

He grinned. "Come on, I dare you to walk the decks of this ship as Isobel Lawrence."

Toni tried to focus on his words, breathing deep to quell the heat of desire that was simmering inside her. "What did you say?"

"You heard." He unlatched her fingers and stepped over to the pile of suitcases that stood by the wardrobe. "I dare you...costume and all."

He tugged at the largest case in the stack. It was at the bottom; they hadn't planned to open it until they reached New York.

"In costume?" She rolled back on the bed, laughing again. "Don't be ridiculous. What if someone sees us?"

"So what? Anyway, there's hardly anyone around. It's nearly midnight; it's late and dark. Even the passengers who aren't sick have probably gone to bed, there's so little happening." He was smiling at her; it was wickedly suggestive.

A dart of excitement flew round her veins. He meant more than just being in costume and in part. He meant something naughty and sexy, too. "You're crazy, Max."

Her smile was equally wicked. They shared this taste for danger, for illicit encounters in forbidden locations. They had once made love in a department store changing room; another time he had gone down on her in a library. Only the month before he had reached under her skirt while they were on stage doing a love scene behind a table, and massaged her clit until she had very nearly let out a scream of ecstasy, instead of the romantic sigh that was required.

He needed no other encouragement than the look she was giving him right at that moment. He flung open the suitcase. "Let's do it."

She joined him and together they pulled various items of clothing out for inspection, smiling and eyeing each other all the while.

"I'll just wear the dress," she said, reaching for the dark-red, rich velvet gown she wore for the first act of the play.

"Oh no you don't, underwear and boots as well, *Mademoiselle*." There was a note of chastisement in his voice that made her feel very naughty. He reached deeper and retrieved the corset, bloomers, stockings, and dove grey, buttoned-up leather ankle boots that she wore for the full Victorian look and feel.

He gestured with the items in his hand, glancing at the corset in particular. "This is the best part."

He did love to see her in a corset; it had a very positive effect on him. She chuckled. "Okay then, but you'll have to help me into it...poor Isobel has no one to assist with her *toilette*." She fluttered her eyelashes.

"I will see to the task, in order to ensure you are properly attired." He gave a bow; put down the items he had just selected for himself and turned his attention to her. Untying the belt on her Kimono, he pushed it back and down from her shoulders. It fell to the floor, pooling there.

Chapter Two

Dropping into a squat, he pulled her knickers down her legs, moving slowly, excruciating slowly, glancing up at her suggestively as her pussy was bared.

"If you take much more time over this task we'll never leave the cabin." She stepped out of her knickers and into the bloomers that he held out for her.

"Oh yes we will, I am just savouring you, my darling."

When the bloomers and stockings were in place he held open her boots for her to step into, and then did up the tiny buttons while she stood there, one hand on her hip, amused at her own reflection in the mirror—bare breasted, in diaphanous Victorian bloomers. The best part was the gorgeous man at her feet, her lover, her soul mate, seeing to her needs. "You do realise I'll be thinking of this moment every time I have to put these things on in the future," she said, stroking his head.

"Good," he replied, with a grin.

He looked so gorgeous, she ached for him, longing for the moment when he finally gave in and made love to her. Max was so much more patient than she was, but she knew he was right, this was going to be fun.

Standing up, he reached for the corset. Positioning her in front of the mirror, he stood behind her, reaching around to slide the corset into position. She watched him, admiring his reflection when he glanced at her over her shoulder. As he began to pull the laces tight, she drew in her breath. She always got a slight rush from this experience—together with an ongoing buzz from the constraint and the pressure the delicious article of clothing applied to her body, restricting her lungs, pressing down on her womb. It emphasised her femininity both visually, and physically.

"This look suits you so well." He clasped his hands around her waist as he admired her.

She didn't reply. There was something about this kind of underwear that was bawdy, she felt more like a bordello whore than a chaste Victorian lady. The gap in the bloomers made her feel naked down there, easily accessible at her most intimate place, while the corset pushed everything up and on display.

He turned her in his arms, and then ran his fingers over her cleavage, where her breasts plumped up by the corset to peep over the edge naughtily, Nell Gwyn-style. "Just a hint of nipple," he said, brushing his finger over her left breast, "just the way I like it."

She gasped and then whimpered, shuffling her feet, her arousal growing acute. Her body was being tantalised by the outfit she was wearing and the man teasing her while she was in it.

"You can manage the dress yourself, yes?"

She nodded.

He smiled, threw his selection of clothes over his shoulder and headed towards the bathroom. He leaned against the doorframe, looking back at her, rocking with the ship's motion. A pair of long boots gleamed in one hand, the other tugged at the belt on his jeans.

"You get dressed and head towards the ballroom area, I'll find you and then we'll go straight into role."

Toni watched the leather belt as he pulled it off. It hung from his hand. Just watching him do that simple, sexy action as part of his undressing made her clench inside, need building by the moment. She started to unhook the bodice of the dress she had selected to wear. "You'd better find me," she replied, attempting to sound stern, despite the fact that her heart was racing and her pussy was getting more humid by the moment.

He began to unbutton his jeans, still smiling that smile that always melted her, and then he turned away into the bathroom, shutting the door quietly behind him.

Eager to get on and back in his arms, Toni stepped quickly into the dress. She pulled it up and wrestled herself into the bodice, her fingers way behind her needs. She watched her efforts with the tiny hooks and eyes that ran up the front of the bodice, in the mirror. As she did up the final hook her breasts swelled over the edge of the décolletage and she smiled at her reflection. "We women suffer so, for the cause, do we not, Isobel?"

Isobel smiled back. She swept up her raven hair and clipped it loosely against her head. Her eyes were sparkling with anticipation. She turned this way and that, admiring the dress. It was made of heavy velvet, with full skirts. Her character, Isobel, was a Victorian heiress, seduced by the altogether too charming and sexy Belgian manservant, Gerard. With his devious ways and

sexual prowess, he showed little respect for the Mademoiselle's social position; he cared only for his own gains and his position within her friend's household.

The play was a tragedy, and their story ended badly, but Toni knew that this night's escapade would not. She smiled to herself. They would just have to avoid being spotted. Two passengers seen masquerading in costume and sloping about after each other down the ship's corridors would be a hot topic of conversation amongst the other passengers, she had no doubt. The small, tightly knit and self-contained community aboard ship seemed to be sticklers for the formalities of ocean bound travelling, and yet they pounced on any sniff of gossip about deviant behaviour with sheer glee.

She donned her cloak, slipped out of the cabin and set off along the corridors. Somewhere nearby she could hear youngsters laughing, from inside one of the cabins. They were the most sturdy it seemed, avoiding the sickness while their parents were laid up. The sound faded as she passed by, then the distant rumbling of the engines and the air conditioning was all that accompanied her footsteps. She pushed away thoughts of the present, and concentrated on Isobel.

Isobel was on her way to a forbidden rendezvous with her secret lover. The idea of it made her pulse race, her heart beating wildly. She put her hand on her waist, trying to breathe more shallowly to deal with the restriction of the corset. As she walked, she kept an ear out for passers by and tried to picture the ship as it might have been in olden times, with ornate and lavish furnishings replacing the high-tech, glossy surfaces of today. She imagined dark-flocked walls and mahogany handrails, wool carpets, and gaslights in recessed stands along the walls of the corridor.

Their cabin was situated on the promenade deck. The deck where the dining room and all the major function rooms were located could be reached by descending a massive staircase that swept dramatically into an open reception area. It was all very public. She paused at the top of the staircase and leaned over the railing, looking at the area below to see if there was anyone about. She was just about to head to the top of the stairs when she heard voices below and stepped back into the corridor, trying to conceal herself.

Footsteps mounted the staircase and she held her breath. She glanced over her shoulder and saw a steward in uniform, balancing a tray of dishes on his shoulder as he walked. Fortunately he

turned away from her and went the other way. She stepped out and quickly ran down the staircase, before someone else came along.

Four different hallways ran off from the reception area, and she tried to recall which one would lead to the ballroom. They had attended a reception there on their first evening aboard, but now it all looked the same. Perhaps she should have worn her glasses; the signs were useless otherwise. That wouldn't have suited her role, so she'd left them behind.

On closer inspection the second hallway appeared to be the one she needed, and she set off at a fair pace, her heart pounding. She wondered which way Max would come; there were so many networked passages aboard the ship and he had a better memory for them than she did.

She was approaching a junction at the end of the corridor when she heard voices ahead. She stopped dead. Someone called out "goodnight," and then loud footfalls approached in her direction. She was just about to turn on her heel when she was grabbed from behind and hauled sideways, into a recessed doorway.

"*Bonsoir*, my pretty," Gerard whispered against her ear. She giggled, relieved it was him. "Hush now," he chastised. "I must not be discovered with you, for your honour is at stake, Mademoiselle."

She smiled to herself and turned in his arms, looking up at him. The footsteps suddenly got louder.

"Someone is coming, they will pass us very soon. I do this only for your protection," he said. With that he took her in his arms, pushed her into the corner of the doorway, and kissed her heavily. With one eye open she peaked past his head and saw a tall elderly man pass by. He glanced at them with a startled expression, and then coughed and looked away when he realised that they were being intimate.

"He is gone," she whispered, as they drew apart. "Thank you, Gerard, for your consideration," she added. She arched one eyebrow at him, provocatively.

He lowered his head and kissed the curve of her neck inside the ruffed edging of her gown. The delicate touch sent wild electric threads darting under her skin. He stepped away, leaning back against the opposite wall of the recess. He glanced at the door. "How fortuitous, an auditorium."

Toni looked up and saw that the double doors were marked with a sign announcing it was the ship's cinema. He had been waiting there; ready for when she passed. He must have planned it all along. She hadn't been inside the place before and was quite curious. She looked back at Max.

His eyes were darting and focused. He had gelled his hair back and it gave him a keen, sharp look. His outfit revealed the outline of his body as he nonchalantly pivoted one shoulder against the wall, his hips leaning forward to weigh his body against the increasingly dramatic sway of the ship. He was in character. Something twitched inside her; Gerard was a dangerous creature and a very domineering lover, and Toni knew Max was ready to play that angle right up – for practise, and for kicks.

"Dare I be alone with you?" she responded slowly, baiting him. The wanton young Isobel Lawrence was beginning to step forward. He came towards her, inclining his head, a suggestive smile hovering on his lips.

"I don't know...dare you?"

As she stepped through the doorway Toni focused on how Isobel would feel then, alone with this man whom she desired so very much, for the first time. Isobel was not completely inexperienced, but neither had she experienced a lover with the prowess of Gerard. And it was forbidden, their relationship was forbidden.

"Perfect," he declared, gesturing at the small area in front of the rows of cinema seats. A heavy velvet curtain hung in front of the screen, panels of its fabric illuminated by spotlights that shone down from above.

"Step into the footlights," he invited.

Chapter Three

As they walked, the roll of the ship flung them together. He bent over her and ran his hands over her breasts, making her breathless. Then he kissed her, sudden and forceful, his hands hauling her in against him. His tongue probed into her mouth, making her long for him to probe other places, too.

"We can't do this, not here," she murmured when they drew apart, even though she clung to him, the feeling of his hard body against hers making her needy. Laughing nervously, she glanced at the illuminated window at the back of the small cinema, where she supposed the projectionist might appear at any moment.

He ignored her remark, apparently intent on pushing her. "Do you remember your lines, from their first time alone?"

The question levelled her somewhat. She nodded, took the first seat on the row and looked up at him as he towered over her. God, he was gorgeous. At times like this, she longed to hold him. He was her perfect match and her heart ached for him, as did other parts of her. "I fear I cannot eat the breakfast that you have brought for me, Gerard."

"Are you ill, Mademoiselle?"

"It is a malady of some strange sort, yes, but not a sickness."

His eyes glittered with certainty, so darkly sexy. "If it is the condition which I believe you are referring to, I feel sure that I have the cure."

"Gerard," she exclaimed, when he dropped to his knees and began to push her heavy skirts up from her ankles. His action wasn't in the script. In the play, he asked her about her heart and whether it beat harder at certain times, as did his. Even though the suggestion of arousal was there all the time, their passion was realised behind a closed door. Not so in this dress rehearsal. He had his hand up her skirt already.

"Don't worry," he said. "Apart from the cook, we are alone in the house, and she will not come up from the servants quarters."

"Promise?" She replied, and glanced nervously at the doorway when his hands moved between her thighs pushing her heavy gown up as they went, making her heart thud with excitement.

"I promise." His hands rested around her stocking tops for a moment before pushing her skirt up to her waist, exposing her thighs, gleaming pale against the billowing petticoats beneath her. The slit in her drawers was gaping and he moved to one side to allow the light to fall on her pussy, where it was revealed between the gash in the white cotton.

"Oh, mon dieu!" He looked at her, and stroked his hand over the soft down of her pubis.

Fire swept up across her face and down, to meet his fingers.

"I have dreamt of touching you like this, Isobel." He was so blatant and demanding.

She knew Isobel would have never heard a man speak that way before. His words were like fuel to the fire that already burned inside her, for him.

One finger moved into the folds of her sex, briefly brushing up against the firm raised swell of her clit. "Oh, Isobel, you are so aroused. You are such a beautiful lush, woman."

She gasped, instinctively spreading her legs.

He smiled and placed a kiss where he had stroked his fingers, his tongue flicking out to give one tantalising touch on her clit. He kept looking at her to observe her reactions, while he stroked her to a frenzy of need, and then ploughed inside her with two strong, firm fingers, moving rhythmically against the slippery walls of her sex.

Her sex clutched at them, grateful for the hard intrusion inside her. The slurping sound gave away her lust, and he licked his lips as he looked down at her pussy, making her twitch deep inside. Oh, but he was torturing her.

"You're so wet, it makes me hard. Gerard longs for a taste of you."

Her body clenched in response to his words, but then she thought she heard a noise, and glanced again at the door. He couldn't really go down on her, here. Gerard's part didn't call for any of this, but Max was using the subtext of the play. She was already horny and he was stringing her out until her need was acute; right here, right where anyone might walk in at any moment.

She closed her eyes, forgot the door and cried out with relief when he bent his head and she felt the warm lap of his tongue stroking firmly over her clit. The inflamed knot reared up in

demand for contact. Then he was inside her, his tongue thrashing against the sensitive ring of flesh that opened into her sex. He plunged deeply; she arched and rested her hands around his head, drawing him closer. She could hear his hungry gulps as he devoured her. Then she was gone on it; her climax building as she rode her flesh back and forth across his face. She became frantic as the sensation built towards its peak. His teeth latched over the stiff nub of her clit, his tongue lapping at it from beneath. The riot of sensation condensed, then peaked and burst. Her hips bucked, a deep long shudder coursing through her body.

"I'll get you back for that," she whispered, gasping for air. "What if someone had come in?"

"I could have hidden under your skirts," he joked.

He gave her a sly smile, his eyes on her lips. "Of course now that I've tasted you, I want to be inside you...badly."

"In that case, take me back to the cabin, and give me a good seeing-to. You've had your fun, teasing me. Now I want a proper fuck."

"Do you indeed." He grabbed a handful of her hair behind her neck; moving right between her thighs, slowly easing her head back, and pressed his mouth to hers.

She put her arm around his neck, matching him, wanting the hard thrust of his glorious cock inside her. She felt outrageously horny. She sat back in the seat, locking her legs against his hips, high on the rush of their mutual passion. "I want to see you strip, *Gerard*."

That wasn't in the script either, but she wanted to say it all the same.

"Why, Mademoiselle." He chuckled darkly.

She tugged on his lapel. "Come to my *boudoir* and strip for me, servant."

Isobel would never have said that.

"I'll strip for you if you get on your knees and beg me to," he said, defiantly, his eyes glittering.

Her blood was roaring; she wanted more as well. She rose to her feet, her skirts falling back into place. They stepped towards the door. "Get moving, servant, I'm hot for you."

"Tut tut, watch your language, you're starting to sound more like a bawdy harlot than a respectable young lady."

"I can be both, and you damn well know it." She gave him a smirk and a challenging stare.

They were almost at the door. He grabbed her and moved her up against the wall, lifting her with the might of his body against the hard surface. She wanted to get out of her clothes, to feel that power thrusting against her naked body. He wanted it too. He moved away and they slipped into the hallway and began to move along the corridor, eyes talking all the while.

"No, wait," he said suddenly. "We must not let *Mademoiselle* be seen with a servant, let us take the service stairs." He stifled his smile as he took her hand and led her a different way.

She realised that he was taking her on a short cut to their cabin, that he must have discovered on one of his walks. They were nearly there when a figure stepped out of a cabin in front of them and stopped dead in his tracks, staring at them as they approached. Max tugged her hand, urging her on.

"Good evening," Max said, as they passed. The lad stared, mumbling an incoherent response as he stared at her cleavage. Toni smiled at him sweetly. She recognised him from a neighbouring dinner table, the nineteen-year-old son of an accountant and his wife. They glanced back and she saw that he hadn't moved. He was riveted to the spot as he watched them disappear around the corner in a flurry of coat, cloak, skirts and petticoats. She laughed as they reached the cabin door; it was worth the potential gossip just to see his face.

Chapter Four

Inside the cabin, her attention became more focused. Max stood inside the door, watching her from under the sharp line of his brows. Drop dead gorgeous, just like the first time they'd met, when the both of them were waiting for an audition. She'd wanted to fuck him then, and she wanted it even more now, after their little "stroll," in character.

Dropping her cloak in a heap on the floor, she walked back to him. He abandoned his coat, then knelt to take off her little buttoned-up boots. He undid the hooks on her dress, making her gasp for breath as he pulled the bodice of the dress tighter first, then released it, on each and every hook. She pulled at his hair and clothes with flickering hands. He was wearing a softly draped lawn shirt, which clung to the heat of his body, and a waistcoat that hung open over it. Well cut breeches and knee-high boots showed off his long slim legs.

When she stepped out of it, he laid the dress over a chair and trailed his fingers along the edge of her corset. He rested a kiss in the dip between her bulging breasts, and then bent down again, kneeling on one knee. Looking up at her, he jerked her flimsy drawers down. Toni moaned softly. She was still wet and sticky from before, and the cool air made her feel exposed. He stood up again and moved behind her, reaching for the laces of her corset. In slow, lingering movements he freed her from its constraints, his hands moving to her waist as it slipped away.

He stepped back in front of her, standing at a distance, staring at her naked body. The blazing look in his eyes burnt a passage across her skin. It affected her strangely. She felt unleashed. No longer a social creature ruled by convention, but a woman who was being controlled by her instincts and desires—just like Isobel in the play. His eyes flickered to her face and he smiled. He knew what she needed. *Him*.

"Beg," he instructed.

Oh, how that made her burn with desire for him. His eyes glittered, his expression serious. She circled him, touching him longingly. He was taking obvious pleasure in her need for him.

She dropped to the floor in front of him. "I beg you, I am desperate for your cock."

His gaze flickered to her chest, where her hands squeezed her breasts; the peaked nipples pointing up at him like an offering. He pulled off his boots and began to take off his shirt. She watched, looking eagerly at the sinuous twists of muscle on his body. She wanted to feel that body riding up against her own, desperately.

He undid his breeches. His cock sprang out, hard and ready for her. She took it in her fingers, trembling at the feeling of its strength and virility. His fingers slid into the rumpled mess of her hair and he held her head as her tongue darted out and licked at him. When she tasted the essence of his body it drew up another wave of urgent lust in her and she plunged the gleaming shaft into her mouth, running the head against the roof of her mouth. He moaned loudly. Her tongue stroked each hot inch of skin, outlining every ridge, moving over the swollen head with deliberation. She plunged again and again.

He roared aloud with pleasure.

She loved that. A heavy, nagging ache had settled in her groin. Her fingers lifted his balls, feeling the way they were raised up, tight and ready. She was bringing him to climax quickly. He gripped her shoulder with one hand, the other closed on the stem of his cock. His head fell forwards, his legs flexing. She felt his balls tighten again, climbing up against his body, just as a roll of the ship flung her back. She gasped and reached her arms out for support, just as she felt him pump against her neck and chest.

He looked down at her, his mouth open, his hair falling forward, shadowing his face. She laughed up at him, her eyes flashing with pleasure. Then she moved against him to lick him clean, rubbing her breasts up against his hard legs.

Her actions brought him back to her quickly. He looked at her with a driven expression in his eyes and pulled her up, pumping his cock in his fist. He drew her towards the bed and she saw that he was hard and ready for her again. A pang of longing filled her sex. He pressed her down onto the bed and then moved his hand up from her belly to her neck, sliding the moistness of his juices on her skin and between his fingers, massaging her nipples with the rich offering, firm and slow. She moaned and lay back on the bed, filled with longing, with challenge.

He knelt beside the bed and grabbed her legs, pulling her body nearer to the edge with a jolt. He positioned her hips on the edge of the bed, circled the open lips of her sex with his fingers then moved deeper into the receptive flesh.

She writhed and stretched on the bed.

He thrust his cock into her and she cried out in ecstasy, suddenly full, her senses overloaded. He held her hips in his hands and jammed into her hard, his face and posture fixed, deliberate. Then he stopped, and held himself deep inside her, throbbing against the moist walls of her enclosing flesh. As her upper body rose up towards him, one arm sliding round his neck, he leaned down and sank his mouth onto her shoulder, his teeth grabbing at her flesh. She made a sound, a cry, and fell away from him again. He let go of one hip and reached forward, slipping his fingers into her open mouth, giving her another taste of him.

"What? What is it that you want?" His mouth curled into a deviant smile.

She tried to move under him but he held her pinned down again, waiting for her to speak.

"It's just..." she whispered, unable to formulate thoughts, her hands clutching at him, her hips struggling up beneath his hands.

"Tell me, tell Gerard," he said, through gritted teeth. His hair flew back as he shifted a line of sweat from his forehead with a flick of his head. His expression was demanding, his body rigid with concentration. He knew how hard this was for her; she wanted only Max.

"Oh fuck... I want you, I mean I want Gerard," she said, her head rolling from side to side. The need in her was like pain, a pain seeking its remedy. "Please," she whispered; her voice low, desperate. He moved slightly; that only increased her need. He moved again, his eyes gleaming.

"Harder... I want it hard." Her voice grew louder when he began to move against her in response to her words. "Yes! So good...it's so good."

"What's good?" he asked, bending over her, his hands roving across her body, his thrusts moving her back across the bed, his body following, the muscles in his arms flickering as he drove himself into her with fiercer and fiercer deliberation.

"You...Gerard, Gerard's beautiful cock, and its right up inside me." She burned up, flung her arms back, her body arching up from the bed. Her knees came up, spreading her legs wide to take him deeper and deeper, her hips grinding up against his.

"I am your servant, *Mademoiselle*."

"You serve me well," she uttered, between gasps for air. "You are my master."

Max resisted comment, giving her an amused smile, followed by a deeper lunge inside her.

Bliss—she was close to coming.

He slipped from her a moment later and rolled her body over, positioning her kneeling over the bed. He'd pushed back inside her before the cry of loss had left her lips completely. She reached around with one hand, swaying as she did so, to stroke his hand where it held her solid against him. "I love you," she whispered.

His cock jerked inside her. "I love you too, precious."

His voice was hoarse, and then his fingers dug deep into her hips, possessively.

She whimpered and put her hands flat to the bed, bracing herself.

He rode her hard and fast, his hands roving over her buttocks, moving the flesh in his hands. "You look delectable," he whispered, driving home again. "You are eating me up."

Heat flared in her face. She could feel the weight of his stare in her most intimate places.

He grasped his cock, holding it while he rode in and out of her entrance, intensifying her experience and yet holding back from where she wanted it most, pressed against her deep inside.

She wriggled and whimpered, and he slammed into her, wedging against her cervix, sending waves of pleasure through her entire nether region. Arching over her, he caressed her breasts. As he did, she felt his cock pressing down against the sensitive place at the front wall of her sex.

"Yes, oh yes," she whispered. His movements were necessarily shallow, but so intense. Walls of heat and energy were building there and she ground herself against him to break through the barrier, to release the bolts of agonising pleasure that were held there.

He pushed his face into her mane of hair, slid his other hand across her belly and then locked on her hips while he thrust hard and deep. Toni's breath came ever quicker with each stroke. Her body was bowed, arched in suspense.

"Let me hear you," he whispered, his mouth at the back of her shoulder, his teeth grazing her flesh. "I want to hear you when you come," he commanded.

Words could not form; she was about to climax.

His next command was uttered between gritted teeth. "You are so hot and wet, you randy little bitch, let me hear you come."

That did it. She flexed against him, opened her mouth wide and rode the feeling with a wild cry, a dense, muted scream. As the heat flamed out inside her it seemed to melt her flesh on his, her body falling limp in his arms. Her cry drew his climax from him. The force of it pumped deep and hard, roaring up inside her.

Chapter Five

Toni awoke from her subsequent doze when she felt Max's arm lift from its place around her waist. He moved against her. She blinked and attempted to gather her faculties. The swell of the sea felt a tad less unsettled, she noticed vaguely. She glanced towards the porthole. It was still dark. As she stirred she wondered whether she would find Max or Gerard beside her.

He'd sat up on the bed and she saw him look over at the clock. He cursed in French under his breath. She smiled; it was still Gerard. He would want to see the scene through. He moved as if to leave her, taking his body from hers on the bed. She reached up and held him.

"Please, don't go yet." Her body was aching for more of his bittersweet medicine, for his arms around her in the dark of the night.

He ducked down and put his mouth against her breast, sucking her flesh hard, bruising her skin with his teeth. She felt herself creaming again and stirred under him, but he lifted up.

"I have to," he said. "If I am discovered in your bed, I will lose my position in the Monterey household." A flicker of amusement threatened to shatter his ice-cool control. He shut his eyes for a moment. When he opened them he was in character again. His fingers closed over her nipple; he watched the arousal in her face. He rolled her nipple between his thumb and finger, feeling it harden at his touch.

She moaned; to speak would reveal how hard it was to stay in role and not grab him against her. He gave her a decadent smile, then got up and dressed.

She watched the familiar hard, sinuous muscle of his body during the movements, her body fluttering with desire again. He came back to her when he was dressed and rolled her onto her back, each action firm and deliberate. He slid his fingers deep into the moist channel of her sex and covered her mouth with his lips, plunging his tongue into her mouth. She arched beneath him as he drew his head back.

"Hold the secret of our joining safe inside you, Isobel." His fingers were still inside her, his eyes fixed on hers. It was a line from the play. He stroked his fingers briefly over her inflamed clitoris, and then headed for the door.

Toni groaned, chuckled, and after a moment she rose from the bed. He would be taking a walk around the deck, mentally debriefing from his role. After a couple of minutes she slipped into her silk kimono and waited near the door for his return. When she heard his key in the lock she swung it open.

Max smiled as he walked in. She reached over to a nearby shelf and lifted a bottle of massage oil. She held it out to him. He looked down at it, and then took it from her hand, smiling, and a puzzled look on his face.

"It's your Oscar, darling," she whispered as she drew him back into her arms. "Congratulations on a truly magnificent performance." Her eyebrows flickered up, giving him no doubt about which performance she was referring to.

He stroked her tousled hair back from her face. "You weren't so bad yourself, *Mademoiselle*."

They shared an intimate kiss, tender and entwined lovers once more. The bottle of oil slid from his hand onto the floor as he chuckled against her mouth and wrapped her in his arms. Later, he bent and picked it up again and examined it.

"That might come in useful," he commented, and took it with them as he drew her back towards the bed.

About the Author

I'm British by birth, but because of my parent's nomadic tendencies I grew up travelling the globe – an only child with a serious book habit. I dreamed of being a writer since the age of 12 and finally began writing seriously in the late 1990s. By that time I'd got myself a BA in Art History, a Masters in Literature and the Visual Arts, and I'd worked in all manner of diverse careers – but the stories in my head simply had to be written.

My first erotic short story was published by Virgin publishing's Black Lace imprint in '97 and things really took off from there. Every spare moment was spent on the stories that bubbled away in my imagination. I've now had work published in over forty anthologies, including Best Women's Erotica, The Mammoth Book of Best New Erotica and the Black Lace Wicked Words series. It was such a thrill for me to find that readers enjoyed my stories. I started working on longer projects around 2003, and I've had novels and novellas published by US publishers Red Sage, Penguin Heat, and the Juno Books fantasy line. I'm very happy to join the team at Total-e-Bound.

Nowadays I live in the north of England – close to the beautiful, windswept landscape of the Yorkshire moors – with my real life hero, Mark. Mark supports my work through all its ups and downs, and somehow manages to keep me sane and grounded when fiction threatens to take over.

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