

Sherlock *the Seducer*



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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*.

Dedication

To Arthur Conan Doyle, with much respect.

SHERLOCK THE SEDUCER

Suz deMello

Chapter One

Sussex, 1922

Though “A Scandal in Bohemia” was one of my friend Watson’s most popular stories, I feel compelled, now that I am in the sunset of my life, to correct the numerous falsehoods he wilfully published.

Forgive me. I had assumed you knew my identity. I am Sherlock Holmes, formerly of 221B Baker Street, London. My not-so-faithful chronicler, physician John Watson, described me in flattering terms as history’s most famous consulting detective.

But, forced by the mean, narrow confines of the Victorian age to censor his chronicles, he never spoke of or alluded to my relationships with the gentler sex. However, as the nineteenth century turned into the twentieth, conventions changed. Now, in the freer year 1922, I can reveal the truth.

Watson did write of my fondness for a seven percent solution of cocaine I occasionally used to ease my boredom between cases. But he never breathed to a soul, not even to his beloved wife Mary, a word about the dalliances in which I indulged due to both the influence of cocaine and my natural inclinations. Though I am not a naturally gregarious man, I have always enjoyed the company of women. I must say that my desire increases to uncontrolled randiness when I use cocaine.

I sampled the delights of many females, but never found one with whom I wanted a permanent connection. My attitude hardened and became somewhat cynical, which was reflected in Watson’s writing...it is true that I rarely referred to the softer emotions save with a gibe or a sneer. Looking back, I realise that the Victorian woman deserved my pity. She was expected by society to present a stern face of propriety while men want a Maenad in the bedroom. And unlike most of my fellows, I prefer my companions to provide intellectual stimulation as well. I despaired of finding a woman who could tickle my cock as well as my mind.

In "A Scandal in Bohemia," Watson reported that on the evening of March 20, 1888, he stopped by to visit me at 221B Baker Street, London. He had moved out some months before, upon his marriage to the former Mary Marston, but occasionally would stop in for a cigar and a chat.

We were visited by a peculiar man who insisted upon wearing a mask. I quickly deduced that he was none other than the King of Bohemia, who brought to our attention a most important and delicate matter. The king wished to marry a Scandinavian princess, and her family was quite strict. The king, however, had engaged in many misadventures while he was a bachelor. One of them involved Irene Adler, an operatic star, residing in London.

When I heard her name, I involuntarily started, but the King in his arrogance did not notice, but told us that a photograph had been taken of him with Miss Adler.

I winked at Watson and said, "Your Majesty has indeed committed an indiscretion."

Watson bit his lip to keep from laughing, while trying to scowl with disapproval.

I continued, "What does the lady want? If it is money, it must be paid." Even as the words left my mouth, I knew the solution would not be so simple. Irene Adler could not be bought.

"Worse," the King said. "She wants revenge."

"Revenge?"

"She wishes to ruin me."

I laughed. "I will not ask why." No doubt the king had rogered his way across Europe, and Miss Adler was not one to hesitate if any man she found pleasing caught her eye. And if he had betrayed her...

"She threatens to send the photograph to the newspapers on Monday, the day my betrothal is announced. She will do it...you do not know her, but she has a soul like sharpened steel."

I would not tell him the truth, of course. "So, we have three days," I said.

"I am lodging at Grosvenor House under the name Baron von Krumm. You will keep me notified, *ja*?"

"Of course. And as to my fee?" I loathed the sordid subject, but...

The King waved a negligent hand, naming a sum which made Watson's mouth drop open while I stifled a grin.

So we were approached to retrieve a photograph of the King taken with Miss Adler. Watson wrote that I discovered the hiding place of the photograph and attempted to steal it, but was thwarted by Irene Adler herself, who fled the country with her new husband.

These falsehoods were perpetrated to sell the story and protect Watson's writing career. What really happened was in truth is even more scandalous--dare I say salacious?--than the fiction.

I had first heard of Miss Adler some years before, in 1880, I believe. Being a lover of music, I read of the young American contralto's debut at Milan's La Scala in *Rigoletto*. Her reviews were devastating. Not of her singing, which was said to be impeccable. But the acting...one critic wrote, "Bursting with American *joie de vivre*, Miss Adler could not convince a blind, deaf old man she was the manipulative Maddalena."

She rebounded from that unfortunate debut and made her name as a Mozart stylist. I like *joie de vivre* in my opera singers and went to see her in *Le Nozze de Figaro*. Her impersonation of the amorous page, Cherubino, intrigued me, immediately seizing my attention when she pranced across the stage dressed in Cherubino's breeches, her fine arse wonderfully limned by the tight garment. I wanted nothing more than to bend her over, tear off the manly trousers and plough her quim long and hard whilst spanking that sweet bottom.

After the performance, I purchased a bouquet of red roses from one of Covent Garden's ever-present flower-sellers and posted myself at the stage door to see if I could meet the lady. When she finally emerged, she had cleaned her face of stage makeup and changed out of her costume into a stunning gown of midnight velvet. I am no connoisseur of women's fashions, but I will never forget the sight. Her décolletage was fetchingly displayed by a lace-trimmed bodice cut so low it exposed her admirable bosom almost all the way down to the nipples, which I promised myself I'd lick that night. She must have bound her breasts for the role, I realised hazily, trying not to stare.

I cleared my throat. "Good evening, Miss Adler." I offered her the flowers.

She took them and buried her face in the petals to inhale their scent. I hoped her open enjoyment of the fragrance betokened a sensual nature. She looked up, saying, "Thank you, Mr. Holmes."

I lifted my brows, fixing on her full lips and large, sparkling eyes in order to avoid crudely ogling her breasts.

"Of course I know who you are." Off-stage, her American accent was pronounced but not unpleasant.

"I am most flattered." I offered her my arm. She took it, and we strolled to the kerb, where a hansom waited.

In the intimate interior of the cab, I could scent her perfume, a flowery aroma that blended delightfully with the roses she still clasped. "May I invite you to a late supper?"

"Thank you." She daintily arranged her skirts, favouring me with a glimpse of one neat ankle.

My member hardened, and I blessed my dinner suit's loose, comfortable trousers. I drew a deep breath, hoping to calm my hot blood and racing pulse. "Uh, uhm, Sampson's?"

"Beefsteaks? A fortifying meal for so late in the evening. Will I be in need of fortification, Mr. Holmes?" she asked. Her eyes were partially shadowed by lowered lids.

"Yes," I said. "You will."

She raised her gaze, boldly meeting mine. I leaned closer and put a finger beneath her chin. Her skin was soft over a strong jaw, testimony of a determined character.

My chest clenched in a most peculiar manner. Had I met my match?

It was rude, and crude, and forward, but I could not resist. I had to taste her mouth. I touched my lips to hers, pressing firmly but not savagely. That would come later, but for now, I did not want to frighten her off. I believed her to be a woman of sensual experience, but that was merely a deduction on my part. My deductions are often true, but I did not wish to take a chance on the delectable Miss Adler. I had to have her. A single blunder on my part, and the doe could flee into the night.

Her lips trembled beneath mine, and for a moment I wondered if I had mistaken her character. Then her mouth opened, and she sucked, forever trapping me in her web of love. Eagerly following her lead, I let my tongue wander into the deepest recesses of her mouth, delighting in the flavour and scent of her. I caressed her delicate neck, which reminded me of the

frail stem of a flower, then lowered my hand to seek her bosom, thrusting my fingers beneath her bodice to cup one quivering globe.

I was already at a cockstand, for Miss Adler's hands were not idle. Through my trousers, she gripped my tool until I could not repress a groan of pure desire. She gave me one pump, and I thrust her away, perhaps too brutally, since she stared at me with bewilderment in her beautiful dark eyes.

"Miss Adler, unless you wish me to embarrass myself..."

She laughed. "Let's not visit Sampson's. I'm hungry for a different meal."

"As you wish," I said, quite unable to believe my good luck.

I knocked on the roof of the cab, then stuck out my head and directed the cabbie to take us to the Hotel Royale.

Back inside, I regarded Miss Adler. She leaned back into the padded bench seat, her arms opened wide and spread across its top. The position arched her back, lifting her breasts high. Her eyes gleamed as she raked me with her gaze, finally letting her stare rest on the bulge in my pants.

I took her into my arms, pulling her flush against my excited body. Her breasts pressed against my chest, and I again slipped a hand inside her bodice and released one of her perfect bobbies.

Ah! If perhaps I had Watson's talent as a wordsmith, I could describe her flawless beauty. The dusky rose nipple contrasted with her pearly skin, with the slightest sexual blush beginning to colour the breast. I wanted to bite the tip, redden it, hear her scream my name when I entered her. I nibbled at the ripened peach, then suckled, the nipple hardening on my tongue. I bared the other breast to suck on it also, creating a matching set. I sat back and admired my work, loving the sight of her white globes tipped by rosy-red nipples glowing in the dim, shifting light inside the cab.

Ignoring the possible damage to my trousers, I knelt on the floor of the rattling hansom and lifted her voluminous velvet skirt.

She relaxed against the cab's padded squabs with a sigh. "Yessss..."

I found my way through petticoats and pantaloons to her gartered thighs, prying them apart so I could reach the prize. With closed eyes--it was too dark to see anything--I kissed her tender flesh, up, up, up, until I discovered the slit in her drawers that led to the softest, sweetest

place, her richly scented and furred mons, hidden treasure buried within rustling swaths of silk and velvet.

I rested my face on her mount of Venus for a moment, glorying in her, breathing her unique fragrance, and thanking the goddess of love, who had surely blessed me this evening. Then I slid my hands up her knees, along her thighs, and to the gate of heaven. I combed her curly parsley bed with my fingers and pressed her open with my thumbs, then pushed the mass of fabric out of my way so I could look up at her face. Her eyes were narrowed, her lush lips open, like a cat in heat. She was glorious.

A blush crept over her cheeks as she became aware of my scrutiny. "You are bold, sir," she said with a pant.

I pushed a finger into her slit. Hot and wet, her pussy welcomed me. "As are you."

I was randy enough to take her immediately, but wanted to wait, wanted to stretch out the experience so as to enjoy her more fully. I again dove beneath her skirts. Parting her labia, I gave her sweet little clitty a good long suck.

She cried out, her sensual exclamation a sweeter music than she'd sung all night--and her performance as Cherubino had been peerless. The memory of Miss Adler swaggering across the stage in a boy's pants heated my blood yet again, renewing my ardour and the hardness of my priapus. Wait, I told myself. Wait.

"Whoa!" came the cabbie's voice from outside the hansom, and the horse snorted as we slowed, then stopped.

I hastily reclaimed my seat, fumbling for a handkerchief to dab her delicious cream off my face. Miss Adler arranged herself, her breasts, and skirts into a semblance of decorum before the cabbie opened the door.

I registered the two of us at the hotel as Mr. and Mrs. Figaro. Silly, I knew, but my lust-clouded mind could not think of anything else.

Chapter Two

From the Secret Memoirs of Irene Adler

Much has been said and written about Sherlock Holmes, and indeed, he was a most compelling man. No one who met him could forget his singular, hawk-faced visage, his tall, lean form, or his brilliant, restless mind, reflected by his alertness and energy.

But few knew Holmes the man as intimately as I.

Our first liaison took place soon after I moved permanently to London. I had selected England as my base due to my familiarity with the language. Though I am versed in several European tongues, opera librettos do not furnish the kind of phraseology needed for daily living. I could declare love in five languages, but not instruct a cook. I am experienced enough to understand that men are not nearly as important as food.

Holmes approached me after a particularly successful performance in *Figaro*, inviting me to dinner. I did not believe for a moment he was interested in either food or conversation. Indeed, the poor besotted fellow rarely lifted his gaze from my bust the entire evening, at least not until he dived beneath my skirt...later, he took me to a hotel and removed my clothes. Then his glance and hands roamed freely, as did mine.

He possessed a member which matched his tall stature, which he used to probe and plumb every secret place. With evident curiosity, he explored my body with fingers, tongue and cock, starting first at my breasts, which continued to be a source of fascination for him.

But I have leapt forward, passing some of the most interesting parts of our story; his seduction. Though I desired him as much as he wanted me, neither of us rushed the inevitable conclusion of the evening.

He took me to the Hotel Royale, a small hostelry renowned for its discretion and service. After a servant led us to our room and opened the door, I saw that the chamber was cosy, dominated by a big, four-posted tester bed covered with a thick red quilt. Red, the colour of

passion...a fire crackled and snapped in the hearth. A lace trimmed cloth covered the table, already laid.

"I ordered a light repast upon registering." Holmes gestured me into the room. He held my chair, so I sat as he stripped off his jacket and loosened his necktie. He then placed himself opposite me, stretching his fine long legs under the table until his shoe encountered my calf. He gently stroked up and down through my skirt, smiling.

I returned his smile, sensing that this night would be special indeed. He seemed to have spared no expense to see to my comfort, having ordered a fine supper consisting of champagne, roulades of salmon on braised greens, followed by a light, tasty syllabub. After the server had brought the dessert, Holmes showed the fellow out of the room and locked the door with a decisive click.

Despite my wealth of sensual experience, my heart leapt. Why? I wondered. Yes, Sherlock Holmes had an extraordinary reputation as a consulting detective, but no rumour had spoken of any amorous talent. But I had already felt the touch of his hand, the caress of his mouth on my body during the hansom ride to the hotel. Both had told me that Holmes' abilities were not limited to the uncovering of crime. No, clearly he had uncovered a fair share of female charms in his time.

He locked the door and returned to my side. He knelt next to me, then laid his lips on my neck, caressing the sensitive flesh, letting his tongue slide along the curve of my throat down to my shoulder, left bare by my low décolletage. A pleased shiver shook my limbs, and I turned toward him, desiring to give him access to more responsive parts.

He wanted that also, and eased the blue velvet down my arms, uncovering my breasts. Though a fire warmed the charming room, my nipples went stiff, responding immediately to his heated gaze. He buried his face between my breasts, rubbing the mounds together against his cheeks, then sucking each nipple. Each pull of his talented mouth shot fire into my cunny until I moaned.

I slid my hands into his hair, holding him close, caressing the thick locks.

He laid a line of kisses up my neck toward my mouth, but when I drew in an excited breath, he divined that my throat is especially sensitive, and stopped to stroke his lips up and down the tender skin. I shuddered with a want unlike any I had previously experienced. Everything he did

was so right. The way he touched me was so perfectly in tune with my needs that it was uncanny...whilst most of my mind and body was responding to him, a small part of my thoughts wondered if Sherlock's famous deductive ability had a part in his insightful lovemaking.

Perhaps sensing my distraction, he left my neck to frame my face in his hands and kiss me fully on and in my mouth. He thrust in his tongue so deeply that my eyes opened in surprise, and my gaze encountered his. The hard eyes had softened with yearning, a yearning that was mirrored inside me.

My hands in his hair tightened. I wished to never let him go, but he eased away to lift me to my feet and led me toward the bed. As we stumbled together, I reached for the buttons on his shirt and tugged them out of their holes, baring his chest, which was strewn with a swirl of dark hair. His body was lean but strong, each muscle well-defined. I ran my fingernails along each narrow plane as best I could, for Sherlock had trapped my arms in the shoulders of my gown; he had tried to tug it down over my wrists.

"No," I gasped. "You have to unlace me from the back. It won't come off that way."

He laughed. "I see that I must be more patient." Turning me around, his long, clever fingers set to loosening the strings fastening the velvet gown to my body. I felt each touch through the layers of fabric that separated us, each sending a thrill through my body. More than expectation made me weak-kneed.

When he'd loosened the gown, he let it drop to the carpet. Billowing waves of blue velvet surrounded me, and he stepped inside the circle. I thought that surely he would strip me of my petticoats, corset and camisole next, rendering me naked as soon as he could, but he had spoken the truth about patience. Instead, he slid his arms around me from behind and gripped my bust, one in each hand, and gave them a hearty squeeze. I gasped with redoubled delight when he pressed his body close to mine...his fine cock pushed against my petticoats, against my backside.

He lifted my breasts free from their confinement, shifting his attention to my nipples, which he pinched until I moaned. I wanted to feel them against his body, so I turned, facing him. Though I am a tall woman, he is taller still. But with heeled shoes, my breasts were level with his chest, and I rubbed against him with great pleasure. He dropped his head and licked the tips as he had done in the cab, suckling me vigorously.

I enjoyed giving him pleasure, and wanted to give more. Grabbing his waistband, I fell back on the bed and took him with me whilst opening his pants. Frothy, foamy tulle and lace – my petticoats – enveloped us. Laughing, Sherlock kned my thighs apart, then found the tapes securing the garments. A few tugs, and they fell open, and he pulled them away and cast them on the floor; my shoes went with them.

Now I was clad only in corset, camisole and stockings, which were held up above my knees with tied garters. I was glad I'd picked fancy ones that night; these were palest pink and embroidered with tiny blue flowers, which matched the rest of the pink ensemble. I stretched out on the bed beneath him, willing him to look at me, admire me. I had noticed already, in the cab, that he enjoyed looking at me, and he did not disappoint me now.

He knelt between my spread knees and drew in a breath. "You're a vision of loveliness."

I smiled at him. Naked to the waist, his trousers open, he was a vision of pure and unbridled masculinity. "I'm more than a vision. I'm here, and I'm yours tonight." I reached inside his pants to hold his admirable tool in my palm. He was long and thick; vividly red, he was ready to take me. I squeezed, and he grew harder, jumping out of my grasp.

"Patience be damned." The tiger was out of the cage and I gloried in his wildness when he took me then and there, pressing his lips to mine, pressing his cock into my cunny. With only the slightest resistance, my body opened to his, welcoming him. I was wet and ready, and his hardness opening my inner channel brought me to a peak of pleasure almost immediately. Fire swept my body, and I bucked against him, seeking to bring his thick member into me more deeply. I gripped his hips and panted as I came.

He pulled out with an expression of dismay. "My darling, forgive me."

I moaned before recovering myself, then said, "For what?"

"I forgot this." He reached into his pocket and took out a small packet I recognized as one of the newfangled rubber condoms.

Sitting up, I passed a shaky hand over my forehead. "You are right. That was very foolish. We were...overcome by the moment."

A wry smile passed across his lips. "Patience is indeed a virtue."

“Yes.” I stood and took the opportunity to remove my undergarments. Though they were charming, I knew I’d make love with greater abandon if completely naked. I told Holmes, “Take off your clothes.”

He raised his brows. “Yes, ma’am.”

I laughed.

“I will always be your most obedient servant.” His voice now low and husky, he stood, stripped, then again knelt before me. Taking my thighs with gentle but firm hands, he pulled them apart and scrutinized my cunny.

Though I was no stranger to amatory activities, I had never been examined so closely. He separated my labia and gently thrust a digit into me before rubbing my clitoris between thumb and index finger. Blushing, I lay back against the pillows and closed my eyes, the better to enjoy the delicious sensations his touch created while avoiding his keen gaze. There was something about the intentness of his analytical stare that frightened me. Perhaps it was based in his reputation for intelligence. Though he seemed entranced, Sherlock Holmes would not be gulled, deceived, or infatuated by me.

I could not control him as I had controlled so many other men.

But did that matter?

He lowered his head and slid his tongue inside my pussy.

I decided that I did not care, and abandoned my thoughts to simply enjoy Sherlock.

He swirled his tongue inside and around my channel, then withdrew slightly to tenderly lave the opening which he had so brazenly plundered. He then licked my most sensitive flesh, the pearl and seat of my desire. I felt myself melt against him, and the firm strokes of his tongue drove me again to a wild pitch of pleasure. He pushed his palms against my knees, opening them wider and then lifting them high. This exposed all of me, front to back, to his eager gaze. He began to play with the gushing fluid from my slit, spreading it along the crack of my bum.

Did he mean to...yes, he did. As I write these words, I blush to recall what he did, something that no other man had done with me before or since. Whilst he loved my pussy with his mouth, he opened my bottom-hole with his long, clever fingers, which he wet with my own juices. I must confess that the sensations, while strange, were uniquely pleasurable. When he

gently moved his finger in and out of my tight back channel, he continued to kiss my clitty until, caught between waves of stinging pleasure and sweet pain, I reached a climax higher and more intense than I had ever known.

I moaned and thrashed, sobbing his name. He stopped, then rose above me, holding his cock with one hand and reaching for my slit with the other, ensuring that I was open for him. He put the head of his penis to me and thrust, covering me with his body. I writhed beneath him, feeling every hard plane of his manly form rub against me, before wrapping my legs around his waist and gripping him as tightly as I could.

We banged against each other hard, wildly, with no rhythm, but frantically, mindless animals seeking completion. My breath came in grunts and pants, and Sherlock's chest heaved against me as I jerked and bucked. We slid against each other, slippery with sweat before he grabbed my wrists and pinned them high against the headboard. He began to ride me in earnest, with a steadiness that drew me into his rhythm. When we were moving together he released my wrists and dropped his head to kiss my mouth, thrusting his tongue inside when his rod reached deep.

He reached for my legs, drawing them high and setting my ankles on his shoulders before slapping my ass-cheek in cadence with his thrusts. I tore my lips away from his and gasped, "Sherlock!"

He laughed. "I'm not hurting you, am I?"

"No, but —"

"But what?" He pulled out of me and flipped me over onto my belly, spanking me again on my available bum.

"But..." I knew that the English had a predilection for spanking their women. In fact, caning was known as the English vice, but I had never before encountered it, and I was not sure I wanted to.

I squirmed away, and he pursued, shoving a pillow beneath my hips and pinning me down with one strong arm over my low back. He caressed my buttocks, focusing on the spots he'd already slapped.

I loved his touch...I stopped squirming.

"How do you feel?" His voice was low and intimate.

"Uh, uh, I, uh..."

"I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"It did sting a little."

"But it's all right now, isn't it?" His fingertips stroked my sensitised skin.

"Y-yes."

He palmed my bottom, then spanked me again. I sucked in a breath, close to tears. I wasn't about to cry from the pain, which was slight, but the experience was so unsettling...I felt that I was on some sort of border. I could step over into an unknown country, or stay within what was comfortable. I knew that Sherlock would stop if I asked...but did I want to ask?

Another slap, this time on the opposite buttock, the left.

I managed another sobbing breath and squirmed my pussy against the pillow. He noticed, of course. He saw everything. Kneeling beside me, he reached between my parted thighs and dipped a finger into my wetness. With it he drew a damp line, following the furrow between my bottom-cheeks to my back channel. He lingered there, circling the rim before sliding in.

I moaned, and he pumped in and out until my hips jerked in response. Leaning over me, he laughed softly in my ear before nibbling on the lobe. His finger left to stroke upward, over the bony bump at the base of my spine, and up my back, finally tickling the nape of my neck. Shivers vibrated through me, until his caressing fingers lulled me into calm...I hummed with a quiet joy.

I turned my head and we kissed, eyes open, looking into each other's eyes.

His lips left mine with a small pop, and he said, "Forgive me," before his hand descended upon my bottom again with a mighty smack.

My hands clenched on the bedclothes and I whimpered. He did not stop, but continued to rain a series of heavy spanks on my buttocks. He was unrelenting and very thorough, even covering my upper thighs.

My breath came short and fast; my body shook under the tender assault; my pussy, hot and wet, wept for him. "Please, oh, Sherlock, please..."

He stopped immediately. "What, my darling?" He massaged my sore bottom.

I rocked, rubbing myself against the pillows in desperation. I reached down to give myself some relief, lifting so I could reach my clitoris.

"Oh, do let me." He took my searching hand and placed it above my head, then knelt between my legs. I felt him caress my buttocks, separate them. Then the blunt head of his cock rubbed my furrow, up and down, up and down...what place would he choose? I was completely open to him, he'd made sure of that.

A quick thrust and he was embedded in my pussy, strong hands clasping my aching rear, holding me in place as he ploughed. The spanking began again and I screamed as I peaked, waves of pleasure engulfing me. My knees buckled and I sprawled limply on the bed.

But Sherlock was nowhere near a climax. I could feel his hard cock, undiminished in size, pumping steadily in and out. A slight squishy sound accompanied his thrusts; I was very open, almost loose, wetter than I had ever been except in a bath.

He leaned over me and I felt his nearness, his heat as he whispered in my ear, "My dear, do you mind if I...if I try a tighter place?"

I tensed, and he stroked my back. "You'll be all right." His voice was soft and reassuring. "I'll make it good for you, I promise."

He continued to stroke and caress me while rocking gently in and out. His hands slid lower until one clasped my hip and the other began to again explore my back channel.

One finger, then two...I moaned, and his free hand went to my labia, pressing them together over my clitoris, which twitched in response. His fingers left my ass, which tightened, then flared open, almost as if the muscles were confused by the repeated invasions.

And then I felt him press against me, press inside. His cockhead was big, and felt like a knife piercing me. I gasped with surprise and pain. But he was slick with my juices and slid inside my newly opened bottom with ease. I shrieked and bucked, the movement taking him in deeper. He groaned, and I realised that he had already climaxed when his relaxed body, weighted with pleasure, forced mine down onto the bed. His member, though slack, was deep inside me, and I rocked against him.

To my astonishment, the pain had diminished when his cock had diminished, and now, smaller and softer, he poked me gently while wrapping an arm around my body to play with my

clitty. Heat enveloped me, radiating from my tingly bottom, encompassing my well-fucked pussy, jumping from clitoris to belly to breasts...I let myself slide into a fiery bliss greater than any feeling I had ever known.



In 1888, I was even more restless than usual. No interesting cases had come my way, and I was thoroughly bored with everything and everyone. My nocturnal adventures had become so many and so varied that Watson said he was afraid for my health. I must admit that my supply of French letters and rubber condoms had dwindled, and I had resorted to using each protective device several times until they burst, thus risking infection. I also must admit that not all of my sexual partners were carefully selected.

I swived every willing woman who crossed my path, from duchesses to maidservants, opera dancers and actresses. Many nights I met them at dress balls, while on other eves I sallied forth alone to the stews of London or to Covent Garden to find any available woman with whom to slake my lust. It is neither kind nor honourable, but it is true. My attitude toward females had hardened into an unyielding cynicism, for no one I met could match Irene, and our separation was more difficult than I could acknowledge, even to myself.

Instead, I told myself that business, lucrative but dull, was the problem. I had easily solved every matter brought to me, including one involving Holland's royal family. That case had brought the King of Bohemia to my modest rooms; as he said, my recent services to them had shown that I could be trusted.

Though I found his arrogance offensive, he more than made up for his conceit by the nature of the pretty little problem he brought to my attention. I did not mind an excuse to renew my acquaintance with the fascinating Irene Adler.

I had not known she had returned to London. We had parted upon amicable terms, with Irene leaving for a continental tour in 1882. This I understood and supported. Though we were both busy, I managed to meet her in Italy and even watch a performance or two. I witnessed her triumphant return to La Scala in *Aida*. The role of Amneris was outside her usual mode, but she

confided to me that she was determined to conquer Milan, even though she felt that the Verdi opera lacked the light-hearted charm of the Mozart she preferred.

Slowly but inevitably, work parted us. Yet, I wondered why she had not contacted me upon her return to England.

The day after the King's visit, I donned a disguise and went to her home, located in a fine neighbourhood still known as St. John's Wood. I picked the humble clothing of a groom, since there is a strong camaraderie among the horsy set. I was fortunate enough to greet her as she returned from her morning ride.

I did not deceive myself for an instant that my false garb would trick Irene. And regaining her trust might be impossible. No fool, she would immediately deduce that the King had consulted me.

Chapter Three

From the Secret Memoirs of Irene Adler

It was my habit to ride forth from my home, Briony Lodge, early every morning to Regent's Park. After a fine, invigorating gallop on my beloved Racer, I would return and breakfast before my daily musical practice. Like any other instrument, the voice must be kept in tune. Scales and arpeggios are as important as songs and arias. The pattern of my days rarely varied. I practiced in the morning, and after lunch, napped in order to be ready to perform in the evenings.

On March 21, 1888, Racer was in fine fettle, as usual, and the rocking motion of his muscular body between my legs brought me to a state of heat. I did not ride side-saddle, disdaining it as missish, and I was anything but. I often affected a man's clothing; being tall of form, I could bind my breasts and pass for a male if properly attired in trousers and tweed.

I well remember the costume I wore the day I again met Holmes. My favourite fitted hacking jacket in carmine with black velvet lapels surmounting buff breeches. Shocking, I know, but as an opera singer, the upper class already considered me an adventuress. Having no reputation to sully, I did as I pleased. My one bow to femininity was a feather trimmed riding cap.

After a hard gallop through the park I dismounted, walking Racer to cool him down. When I approached Briony, a groom met me and took the reins from my hand. Even through gloved hands, my flesh leapt with awareness as our fingers touched. An erotic heat enveloped me, and I looked up to meet his eyes.

My body jolted unto my soul.

"I had planned to contact you," I said. My faltering tone shamed me, and I firmed my voice. "But the intensity of our previous association..."

His eyes widened. He smiled, and took my arm with his free hand. "The past doesn't concern me."

Together, we led Racer to his stable behind the lodge. "What do you believe the future holds?" I asked.

"I am sure you know why I am here." He handed Racer's reins to another groom. "You wouldn't want to ruin my brilliant reputation, would you?" Again, that slight curve of the lips, tinged with irony, that was Holmes' smile.

"No, and I wouldn't want to sacrifice mine as a carefree artist."

Holmes' demeanour changed. "Did he hurt you?"

I pressed my lips together and remained silent. I wanted to instil a sense of doubt in Holmes. I did not want the dangerous man who held my heart in his hands to know the depth of my feelings, for I had spoken the truth. The intensity of our liaison had frightened me, and I had fled before a love that was not merely soul-shattering but potentially life-changing as well. I liked my life and did not want to change it.

The King had hurt only my pride, just as I had hurt Sherlock's. I would not deceive myself that there was anything more on either count.

"Why did you jilt me for a minor royal of an undistinguished house?" he asked as we strolled toward the lodge. He tucked my arm securely in his.

"I did not. I left you in favour of...of myself."

He raised a brow. "Are you afraid?" His tone was conversational, but the question was not casual.

I bridled, possibly because the arrow had hit its mark. "Far less happened than the king would have it."

"I know you are not afraid of the king. And you need not fear me. So what is your hesitation?"

I said nothing, but instead opened a back door that led into a flagstoned hallway.

"Irene, you are not a timorous woman." Tightening his grip on my arm, he stopped both of us and faced me, his gaze squarely meeting mine. I tried to read his expression. Lust, to be sure; that had always been a constant between us. A certain...desperation?

If so, that was a welcome development. I did not wish Holmes distress, but I had to know if his emotions were as engaged as mine. He was wrong about me. Though I am not naturally a timid person, I did fear...some events, some eventualities.

Love could perish, on one side or the other. I did not wish to love alone. There are few states more lonely or more painful.

I decided not to pursue the conversation. Instead, I said, "The photograph--"
"The king and his troubles are not my primary concern."

Damn him, he was as relentless as a hound on the scent of a bitch in heat. "I do not know if I can give you what you want."

"Of course you can." He leaned forward, tilted his head down a bit, and kissed me. He released his clasp on my arm to frame my head in his hands, his long fingers caressing and tender while his mouth opened mine, and his tongue wandered boldly wherever he chose.

I met him, thrusting and parrying, grasping the lapels of his jacket with desperate fingers. Our desire for each other built with each caress of the lips, each touch of a hand on, then inside, our clothing. He pulled off my hat and dug his hands into my hair as he fed on my mouth. I pushed his jacket aside and stroked his chest beneath his shirt, then tugged at the buttons to reach the muscled flesh underneath.

He tore his lips away from mine and asked, "Where's your bedroom?" His voice was low, rough, husky...urgent.

I dragged him toward the back stairs, tripping on one in my haste. His steady arm kept me on my feet. As we entered, it was to behold a maid tidying my room. "Out," I barked at her. "Close the door behind you and let no one disturb us."

She scurried out in a flustered swirl of gray skirt and ruffled white apron. Sherlock chuckled. "You terrified the poor girl."

"It's of no matter," I said. "My servants are well compensated, and everyone knows the vagaries of artists."

His arm around me tightened, and he turned so we faced each other. We kissed again. I must confess though I had greatly missed Sherlock's cock in my quim, I had missed his arms around me, his witty conversation, and his kisses even more. Sherlock kisses the way he does everything: demanding and gentle, rough and explorative, bold and daring. He withholds nothing of himself.

Again thrusting his hands into my hair, he tilted my head to one side and slid his lips along my throat while tugging off my jacket. He reached for my blouse's buttons, baring me as quickly as he could. Nor was I idle. Off came his coat and shirt.

Sherlock's breath came short and fast as he pulled my trousers down to my ankles and fastened his mouth to my pussy. I spread my legs apart so he could get in more easily and moved so his tongue lapped the sweetest spot. He growled, the primal sound coming from deep in his throat. Pleasure shot through me, and I opened my blouse to caress my breasts, plucking at the nipples. My knees shook, and he held my hips firmly to keep me upright. I rested my palms on his shoulders for support and rubbed my clitty back and forth over his busy tongue.

"Ahhh..." Ecstasy swept me and I climaxed, a fiery bliss claiming me.

Sherlock stood, draping me over his shoulder. With no apparent effort, he carried me to my bed, seating me on its lacy coverlet.

"White," he said. "Almost virginal." He took off my boots, tugging each from the heel before removing my trousers.

"Almost." I chuckled. "Not quite, though you will be the first to share this particular bed." I pulled off the rest of my clothes, revelling in the caress of cool air on my skin and the joy of being with Sherlock again.

He lifted his brows. "Well, I am honoured." He sat to take off his boots while I ran my fingers over his back, and rose to my knees to massage his shoulders, roped with wiry, tough muscles.

His boots off, he reached for one of my hands and kissed the palm before standing to take off his trousers. Naked, he smiled at me while scrutinizing my body in his usual, exacting manner. Despite our separation, I had become used to his gaze, and I stretched out, feet reaching in one direction while I gripped the headboard. "Well?" I asked, watching his admirable cock increase in length as he looked at me. I smiled.

He flung himself down beside me and took me into his arms. "Somehow you are even more beautiful than I remembered."

"Perhaps your memory is faulty."

"Perhaps. Shall we create new memories?"

"We already are." We kissed again, and his warm, hard body moved against me. My skin tingled, the flesh sensitizing. My nipples rose and hardened, and I rubbed them against his chest, increasing the pleasure.

He pulled away from me and cupped my breasts, weighing them, squeezing them, then ran his thumbs over the hard nipples. He teased them, rubbed them until the tips glowed red, then suckled me hard with little nips sending sharp barbs of blended pleasure and pain shafting through me. His other hand sought my pussy, this time reaching for the slit to open me for his cock.

Which I held and squeezed, admiring the hardness and thickness of it overlaid with the silkiest, softest skin while remembering the rapture of his member inside me.

"You're nice and tight, love," he said. "I don't want to hurt you—" Holding me tightly, he rolled so I was atop him.

I smiled down at Sherlock. "So, you're putting me to work?"

"Ride me. Ride me like you rode your horse." His voice darkened. "I thought I was going to come in my pants watching you, wanting you."

I placed my palms on his chest to steady myself and writhed, rubbing my privates against his rod, coating him with wetness. Leaning forward, I licked the hollow of his throat; he was sweating and tasted salty, delicious.

He gripped my hips. "Hurry up."

I laughed, revelling in the control and power I had over him while on top. "You're mine. My steed, my stud."

He jerked me forward so my slit was over his cockhead. I wiggled, and his knob entered me. I moaned and swirled my pelvis, bringing him inside. With my knees bent on either side of him, I could manage the speed and depth of his penetration.

I eased down slowly, letting my channel open, accept him, dampen for him as we moved together. My wail of joy rose from the very core of me...I relaxed so he was fully embedded inside me. I felt his masculine curls abrade my most sensitive flesh as we rocked against each other. I flung my head back, feeling my hair cascade down my naked back, my breasts raised to the ceiling.

He played with my clitty, and heat enveloped me. I spread my knees as widely as I could, trying to get even more of him inside. I forced myself down upon him, grinding hard, my breath tight in my throat. I was frantic for him.

His hand stopped. "Stay with me," he said.

"Wha-what?"

"Promise me."

"Promise – promise you what?"

"Promise me we'll stay together. No matter what. I don't want to lose you again."

I hesitated, then took the leap. "I'm yours. Are you mine?"

"Yes, always." He paused and seemed to gather himself. His body stilled, and he said, "Have I not always told you that I am your most obedient servant?"

My hands still gripped his shoulders, and tears entered my eyes as I rode my stallion, my steed, my Sherlock, to completion.



"We have to tell the King...something," I said to Irene as we ate lunch at Sampson's. After our tumultuous first meeting in a number of years, we both had felt the need for a solid meal.

She daintily brought a bite of steak to her lush mouth, and I wondered when I could put my member inside those pretty lips. Later, I told myself. Work now, pleasure later.

She chewed and swallowed, her face assuming an expression of thoughtfulness. "I will admit that when I threatened the King, I was motivated by revenge. The King is not a sensitive man, or even well-mannered in, umm, personal matters."

"What of the girl?" I asked. "If you go to the papers, you succeed in embarrassing yourself and the princess, while the King looks like a manly fellow. Anyone who has you earns the envy of every man. He won't be shamed, she will."

"But her family will break off the engagement, and she will be spared marriage to that pig."

Startled, I raised my eyes from my plate to Irene's face. "He did hurt you."

Her lips compressed. "Let us just say that you are a prince among men and he is not. High birth is no guarantee of sensitivity or intelligence."

"So we are agreed that the young lady is our primary concern?"

"Yes."

"Excellent," I said, reaching for my burgundy. "I can complete my mission for the King and save the girl. And we've again found each other. A perfect result."

"What do you propose?"

"We'll send the photograph to the princess. Now, not on Monday. She and her family will decide if they wish to go forward with the engagement and announcement. I will report to the King that you have decided not to go to the newspapers and collect my commission."

She shook her head. "Too easy."

"What?"

Irene had a glint in her fine eyes that I mistrusted. She leaned against the cushioned chair and smiled at me. "I propose a game."

"My dear, we should not trifle with the princess's happiness."

She lifted a brow, and I realised that the statement had sounded far more pompous than I intended. "I apologise," I said hastily. Damn it. I had never felt discomfited by Irene before. What new game was afoot?

"The photograph is carefully secreted," she said. "Should you discover its hiding place before sundown, you may take it to the princess and receive credit for your triumph. If not, I will personally present it to the young lady...as her rescuer."

"Is she in London at present?" I asked, hoping to deflect Irene.

"I believe she is, and if she is not, I will nevertheless take the item in question to her embassy. The ambassador will take care of informing the royal family." She sipped wine, contemplating me over her goblet's gold-trimmed rim.

I clenched my jaw. "Unless I win. In which case I will get the glory."

"Game on, my dear." She winked at me.

"Game on."

Arm in arm, we left Sampson's in separate cabs.

On my way back to Baker Street alone, I fumed. Damn the woman. Why did she have to make everything so difficult? *Because she's a woman*, I told myself. *And you would not be in love with her if she were easy.*

Chapter Four

From the Secret Diary of Irene Adler

My heart bounced and danced in my chest as I returned to Briony Lodge. I had not realised how much I had missed Sherlock.

All the heavy food, red wine and lovemaking had fatigued me, so I skipped my afternoon practice and lay down for a rest. I sent a message to Baker Street inviting Sherlock to join me.



I awakened with the room full of smoke. Someone was shaking my shoulder, attempting to rouse me. A maid, I think...I did not see Sherlock. Coughing, I rushed to the safe where I kept my valuables, twirling the knob frantically. When it opened, I grabbed my jewellery case and a flat leather-bound file that held all my important papers, like my passport. When I turned to leave, a strong hand seized my arm.

"I'll take that," Sherlock said.

"Damn you, did you set this fire?" I strode after him as he stalked out of the room. The set of his shoulders radiated smug triumph.

"It's not a fire, merely a smoke bomb, and I wager it has had its desired effect." Now at a window, he opened the pane, then thumbed through the file.

I leaned against the casement and folded my arms. "It's not in there," I informed him.

"It's not?" He sounded affronted.

"No, Sherlock, the world does not always arrange itself in precisely the manner you desire." I waved the jewellery case in front of his hawk nose. "It's in here."

He reached for it, but I snatched it away. "No, sir. The sun is setting, and I win."

"Oh, very well," he grumbled.

I smirked. And it happened exactly the way I proposed.



On Monday morning, I met Irene again after her morning ride and accompanied her to breakfast. Seated at a lace-trimmed table in a lovely little morning room, teacup in one delicate hand, Irene perused the newspapers. "I do not see an announcement of the King's engagement."

"Really?" I smiled at my inamorata. "Perhaps the princess had second thoughts."

"Oh, I am sure she did after we talked. But more importantly, I have none." Rising, she came around the table and kissed me.

"Nor do I." I caressed her bottom through her gown. "My dear, I know it has not escaped your notice that we have not been using protection these last few days."

"No, we have not, have we?" She stroked my hair.

My breath hitched in my throat. "May I ask a rather indelicate question?"

"My monthly courses are not due for another week."

"So...we have made love several times during your most, umm, fertile period."

"Yes, we have, haven't we?" I heard a smug smile in her voice.

"Unless you are less healthy than you appear, you are very likely pregnant with my...our...baby."

She sat on my lap. "I certainly do hope so."

So instead of fleeing the country with a new husband, Irene and I went on our honeymoon trip to the continent; she remained in Italy through the births of our son and daughter. At the time, I was under pursuit by that pest, Professor Moriarty, an unnatural man who did not understand the pleasures of the flesh. I was forced to fake my death in Switzerland, at the Reichenbach Falls, in order to obtain peace for our family.

Ultimately, we triumphed. After the destruction of Moriarty and his major henchmen, nothing prevented our return to England. Irene and I decided to educate the children in British schools, and she taught music at the same select academy our daughter attended, whilst I continued my consulting practice in London. And after I retired to Sussex, she came with me and is still by my side as I write these words, our privacy protected by Watson's discretion and the passage of time.

About the Author

An award-winning, best-selling traditional romance novelist, Suz uses a pseudonym to protect her privacy. But if you're a romance fan, you've probably read her books or have heard of her, since she's known for layered, compelling novels charged with humour as well as emotion.

Of her journey to the steamier side of writing, Suz says, "I love writing traditional romances, but after several years in the same mode, I felt that I really needed to cut loose as a creative artist and write hot, sexy books that reflect the wilder side of being human."

Suz's books are fast paced, with seductive situations, complicated characters and a whole lot of kink!

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