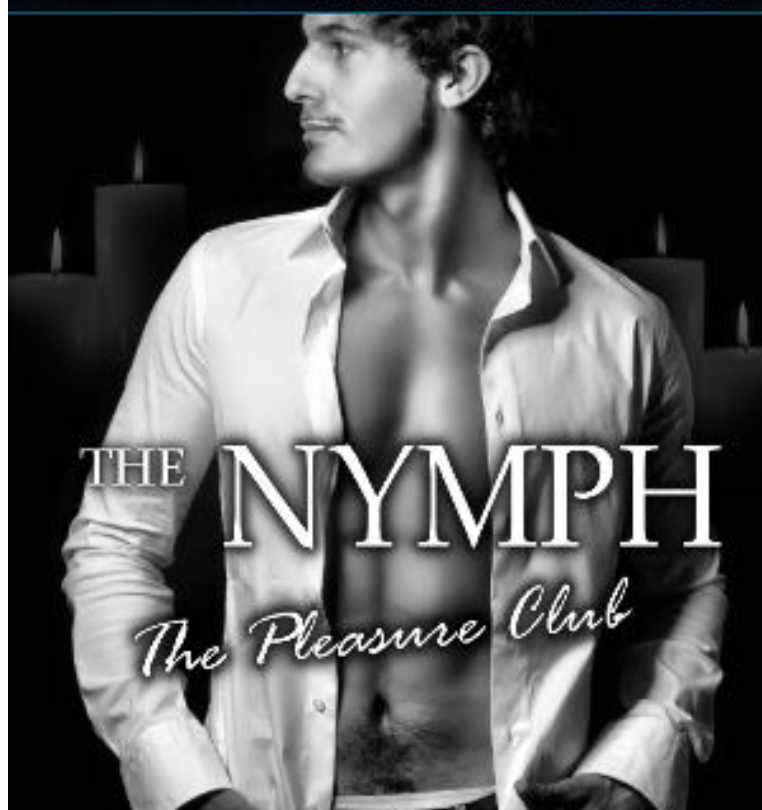


COBBLESTONE PRESS PRESENTS



# WICKED

Kate Austin



THE NYMPH

*The Pleasure Club*

*The Pleasure Club:*

*The Nymph*

*By*

*Kate Austin*

## **The Nymph by Kate Austin**

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### **The Nymph**

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**Dedication**

Leanne, I couldn't have done this without you –  
So thanks a million.

**Welcome to The Pleasure Club**

*Professor Jones,*

*We're pleased to welcome you to The Pleasure Club.*

*As you have already signed and returned the contract and filled out all the necessary forms to ensure you receive your every wish, we will be in touch with you shortly with the details of your first Pleasure Night. Your Wish List and Pleasure Forms have been turned over to our staff of highly trained Pleasure Guardians, and they are hard at work finding your perfect match.*

*We will endeavor to meet your personal fantasy.*

*When you are contacted again, you will be given a location where your Pleasure Night will begin, and you will also be given a safe word to use should you at any time become uncomfortable. There is no shame in changing your mind. We're here to pleasure, and should your safe word be used, your match for the evening will cease all activity, and the game will be put on hold until a mutual agreement between you and your Pleasure Mistress can be reached.*

*Once again, welcome to The Pleasure Club.*

*Please feel free to contact the office at any time should you have any questions.*

*Yours truly,*

*The Pleasure Club Management*

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\* \* \* \* \*

*Professor Jones,*

*Your Pleasure Night will begin Saturday, the 22<sup>nd</sup>, 6 PM  
at GPS Coordinates N 44 27.100, W 123 42.357.*

*Your safe word is Marlowe.*

*Sincerely,*

*The Pleasure Guardians*

\* \* \* \* \*

Geoffrey laughed at the sight of the little orange gadget in his hands. A GPS doohickey? The last thing anyone who knew Professor Geoffrey Jones—securely locked into the world of Christopher Marlowe—would expect. Okay, not exactly the last thing. The Pleasure Club was the *very* last thing anyone would expect of him unless, mayhap, Marlowe had mentioned it in a poem.

But here he was, a small screen in his hand leading him to what he hoped would be a way to break out of the past and, if not into the future, at least into the present. Because while Marlowe had been a passionate and lusty man, women just didn't seem to be interested in Geoffrey's tweed-suited, absentminded self.

But a nymph?

Geoffrey knew everything about nymphs. He'd been studying and reading about them for years, and he'd learned everything he needed to know to please them. God knew he had no idea how to please real women, but he was damn well going to do that with this nymph.

The terrain he traveled got rougher, and he stumbled a couple of times as he focused on the tiny, ill-lit screen. He was close now, very close. A wooden structure appeared on the hill ahead of him, candlelight flickering through the twilight. He turned off the GPS and put it in his backpack.

She was waiting for him.

Geoffrey took a deep breath, adjusted his hardening cock in his jeans, and forced himself to saunter rather than sprint the last few yards to the gazebo. Pergola. Whatever it was called. It had walls, though, so probably not either. Geoffrey smiled at himself, the professor, as always rising to the challenge of the words. No wonder he didn't have a woman in his life.

The door was partly shut, but sound drifted through the glade. Music, he thought, medieval chants. How did she know? His best orgasms ever had been masturbating to these particular sounds, to the deep, slow movement of the voices shifting from one key to another. His cock hardened further.

He could hardly wait.

But he did, standing outside the small structure and listening to the music, enjoying the feel of the blood pooling in his balls, the weight of his cock pressing against the soft cotton of his boxers, the pressure of the zipper against the head.

*God, he thought, I don't know if I can bear this.*

Geoffrey stood, resisting the urge to rub his hands across the crotch of his jeans, resisting the urge to run.

He estimated he'd need twenty steps to get to the door. Twenty steps he wasn't sure he could take. Now that he was here, now that his fantasy was within his grasp, he wasn't sure he could do it. Wasn't sure that the reality could live up to his own personal fantasy, the one he'd perfected over years of late nights on his couch or in his office or bed.

His nymph was perfect. What if this one wasn't? His fantasy would be lost.

He didn't have the chance to turn and run. The door opened, and a slight figure stood silhouetted in the light from within.

"Geoffrey?" a low, sweet voice called. "Geoffrey Jones? I've been waiting for you."

Geoffrey's legs and cock spoke for him, his legs carrying his still reluctant brain toward the door, his cock lengthening even more until walking began to hurt. But he didn't stop. Actually, he was pretty sure he couldn't stop—not when that lovely voice called his name again.

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“Geoffrey? I’ve been waiting for you.”

As he drew closer, the outline of her body became clearer. And it was exactly as he’d fantasized, tall and slim and wrapped in silks and jewels. He saw the fabric, along with her shoulder length hair, drifting on the slight breeze, the jewels flashing with each breath. No color yet, no features. All he saw was form, shape, movement.

It was enough.

He followed her into the room, watching as she sank onto the biggest piece of furniture in the room, her eyes shining like cats’ eyes in the flickering light.

The flames of the candles threw everything in the room into dark shadow or warm, old-fashioned light, sometimes both at once. Geoffrey saw only the bed, a massive four poster covered in the purest of white linen. Pillows surrounded her body, the silks catching the light with her every breath.

She smiled at him, and he was lost in his own personal fantasy. She beckoned, and he shook with desire. She spoke, and Geoffrey wasn’t sure he could stand it.

“Come to me, my lord. Come and show me what lies inside your clothing.”

The steps he took to reach the bed might have been the most difficult—and erotic—of his life. Geoffrey Jones was a man of very careful habits. He did the same things at the same time every day, had done so for as many years as he could remember.

This—The Pleasure Club and the nymph—weren’t just entertainment for him; they were a change in his life akin to an earthquake. Or a volcano.

Geoffrey laughed at himself. Right now, certain parts felt more like a volcano than an earthquake. A quick glance down showed an ever-thickening—and quivering—cock straining against his unfamiliar jeans. *Good thing I’m wearing them*, he thought. Tweed would have popped by now.

The laugh was as unfamiliar as the jeans.

The nymph hadn’t moved or spoken while Geoffrey stood there



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like an idiot, pondering his life while his fantasy waited for him to jump right in and make it real.

"Take off your clothes," her sweet voice said. "I would see all of you and you..." Her gaze shifted lower. "...will be more comfortable."

Caught up in the fantasy now, Geoffrey laid the backpack on the table and sat to remove his boots. He'd dressed for this expedition in clothes he'd found in the back of his closet, unworn since he'd joined the university almost ten years ago. Boots, jeans, white denim shirt. When he had looked at himself in the mirror before he left home, he'd seen a man who could seduce a nymph. He held that thought as he finished undressing.

Twin sighs—his and hers—as he released his cock from the jeans that had held it tight against his body. Released, it sprang free, pointing like a dowsing rod at his heart's desire.

She smiled and shifted slightly among the pillows, the silk she wore so fine he could see the shape of her nipples through the fabric. He looked and moaned at the shape of her pubis. She was more beautiful than even his most perfect fantasy.

"Come," she said, her voice husky. "Come to bed, my lord. We will pleasure each other this night."

He moved to the bed—the real Geoffrey Jones appalled at the weighted movement of his cock as he took those last few steps. This Geoffrey, the risk taker, slapped the old Geoffrey down and stood proudly in front of his nymph.

"My name is Calliope, my lord. Please." She gestured at the bed. "I would have you join me."

And he did. He held his breath and lay down on the white linen, the heat and scent of her body surrounding him like a warmed blanket.

She reached for his hand and brought it to her lips. The kiss enthralled him, captured him in its sweetness and texture. Her lips were as soft as dandelion seeds, the slight bite of her teeth a buzz as fast and as hard as a wet dream.

He turned on his side and reached out a hand. Her face first, he thought, to make sure he wasn't dreaming. He felt her breath on his

fingers, heat rising from her skin, a slight dampness across her cheekbones.

She looked, as he stared into eyes as blue as the sunlit sky he'd walked under on his way to class this morning, familiar. How odd, he thought. "Do I know you?" he asked.

"Only in your dreams, my lord."

Geoffrey heard a whisper as he stroked her cheek, but the words were indecipherable. The next words, though, were as clear as the sun in the sky.

"But we are here to make your dreams a reality."

Geoffrey took those words as an invitation and leaned closer. He touched her cheek again—the skin as soft as dew—with his lips. He felt a shiver—his or hers?—it didn't matter. She was his fantasy come true, and all the restraints he'd placed on himself over the years, all the ties leashing his behavior, simply snapped. He felt them go, one by one, and he rejoiced.

And then he pounced and began to make his dreams a reality.

Her lips heated beneath his, her breaths coming faster and faster as he devoured them. His tongue slid across her upper lip, probing for entry, which she quickly gave. He entered, their tongues slick and wet and hot, curling around each other.

This reality was far better than the most elaborate of his fantasies, but Geoffrey wanted—no, needed—evidence of the nymph's physical existence. He cradled her head in his hands, looking deeply into her azure eyes. What to ask? What would prove this wasn't simply another dream?

"Calliope? I know I'm not supposed to break this fantasy, but I have to know it's not a dream. Tell me something that will convince me you are real."

He could feel her weighing her answer, pondering whether to comply with his request.

"Please?" He had no hesitation about begging; this was too important to make a mistake. "I need..."

"Geoffrey Jones, esteemed professor and writer about Christopher Marlowe. Tenured, single, no pets, no women. You ride a bike to work,

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your office hours are two to four Wednesdays and Fridays. You spend every summer in England, following in Marlowe's footsteps."

"Enough." He laughed. And believed. Whether The Pleasure Club had researched him or she actually knew him—which seemed more and more likely—didn't matter. Not a dream. That's all he cared about.

Geoffrey wondered for a moment if he would die from the pleasure. *Not yet, you fool*, he told himself and fell completely into joy.

He returned to her lips, nibbling at the lower one this time, tiny bites which he soothed with his tongue. He felt her restless movements and smiled—his fantasies would pay off in reality this night.

Calliope—her middle name, her mother having been Greek and a student of mythology—couldn't believe she was here. Oh, not in this hut, that wasn't so odd for a confirmed hiker and climber, but in this bed, with this man.

The Pleasure Club had come to the university for information on nymphs and had eventually ended up in her office. She suspected several secretaries had tried to send the woman to Professor Jones for information—he being the keeper of all knowledge about nymphs—but when that didn't work, she'd been second best.

It hadn't taken long to figure out what was going on—The Pleasure Club was discreet, but Calliope knew more than one woman who'd taken advantage of their services and had even considered it herself.

Would have done it, too, if her fantasy wasn't about one specific—and oblivious—man.

But the gods had been smiling on her that morning, and once she'd figured out just who the client had to be, she'd proposed herself as the nymph for Professor Jones and his fantasy. Calliope smiled to herself. Though it went against Pleasure Club rules to propose taking on a specific person, there wasn't anyone else who could play the role the way she could. They had no choice but to break the rules. She'd seen no need to tell them how she felt about Geoffrey Jones; that would only make things even more complicated.

The training to become a Pleasure Guardian had been both rigorous and enlightening. Calliope had learned things about sensuality,

including hers, she couldn't even have imagined prior to meeting the trainers of TPC.

Now, she was ready.

The problem was, despite all the training, she couldn't help falling into her fantasy and just letting herself go with the moment.

Geoffrey Jones was even hotter, sexier, more gorgeous than she'd imagined.

He kissed her as if he'd spent the whole of his adult life dreaming of her and she, because she had spent the whole of the past two years dreaming of him, returned the favor.

She was ready to explode, and he hadn't touched her anywhere except her lips and her cheeks.

A moan—her own—snapped her out of her musings, back into reality and the arms of Professor Geoffrey Jones.

Geoffrey couldn't help himself. He should stop, he should breathe, but Calliope's lips held him spellbound. They tasted of honey and mead and hot summer nights. They felt as if they were made for his.

*One night*, he told himself. *Don't make this into something it can't be.*

A moan—hers, not his—settled him back into this moment, and he smiled at his foolishness, his need to make this more than a fantasy for a single night.

"You smile, my lord? Am I pleasing you?"

The warm body next to his shifted slightly away so she could look into his eyes.

"You are pleasing me, Calliope, perhaps a little too much. I find myself distracted by fantasy, when I should be focused on the beauty before me."

She smiled, sadly, he thought, and whispered, "This is as real as it may get, Geoffrey Jones." She touched her hand to his cheek. "May I?"

He wasn't sure what she wanted, but he was sure he would enjoy it, so he nodded and watched as Calliope slid from the bed.

The silk, which he'd considered the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen, was nothing compared to the body it had covered. Long and slim, tanned and muscular, Calliope was everything he dreamed of.

And she was real. At least for this one night.

She returned to the bed, her body sliding over his as she took charge of the kiss.

Calliope felt as if her heart would beat itself right out of her chest.

She licked and sucked and nipped her way across his face, loving the way his breath touched her lips, the way his body moved restlessly beneath her, the way his cock jumped each time her teeth touched his skin.

She nipped at his cheekbones—a sigh and a jump. At his lips—a deep breath and an obvious struggle for control. At his earlobes—a moan and a softly whispered, “Calliope.”

She answered with a bite in that tender spot right behind his ear and was rewarded with a tightening of his arms around her waist and another whisper of her name.

He tasted as she’d always imagined, clean and fresh and oh so male, the musk of him intensifying with every touch.

She had promised herself to savor every moment, every inch, and that’s exactly what she would do.

She would stop worrying about the future, about the possibility of an ongoing relationship with Professor Geoffrey Jones. She would stop worrying about the fact that she’d loved him for years and he’d never noticed her until now. She would stop worrying about being a nymph—because, after all, Calliope really was her name and maybe ignoring that fact had been her problem all along.

Maybe it was time to let her inner nymph out to play.

Geoffrey’s fantasies always, always had him in charge of a willing nymph. He knew now they would be forever changed.

Calliope had control, and he would enjoy it as long as he could stand it, as long as he could lay still beneath her sensual ministrations, as long as he could resist the almost irresistible urge to sink his tongue into her pussy, his cock into her heat.

Her tongue and teeth moved from his neck down over his chest, settling on his never-before-sensitive nipples. But each tug of those small, sharp teeth sent a bolt of lust directly to his groin.

He tried to hold the moans in his throat, but she raised her head and spoke.

"Do not restrain yourself, my lord. Your expression of your enjoyment—whether by sound or movement—only enhances my enjoyment of our lovemaking."

Geoffrey took a deep breath when she said lovemaking. Because this felt like love to him, felt like more than a fantasy, deeper, richer, like the best of reality. The reality he imagined when he thought of a perfect life. This would be it.

She could read his mind. Or his body language. It didn't matter which.

Once again, he stripped the bonds from his behavior, settling further into this better-than-fantasy.

"Don't stop," he said. "Please. Don't stop."

She smiled down at him, a sexy cat's grin, and returned to grazing at his body.

Her breasts had nestled into his groin as she moved down his body, and he ached to take them into his mouth, to pleasure her as she pleased him. *What the hell?* he thought. *My fantasy.* He flipped her over beneath him.

Her eyes lit with delight, and her breathing quickened.

He wanted to linger, to explore each part of her body with his eyes before he touched her, but the scent of her arousal overwhelmed him. He stroked her, lightly, from her face to her toes, listening for the catch of her breath when he reached a sensitive spot.

Geoffrey listed them—his specialty, after all, was research, and he wanted to remember every spot. Her shoulder blades, the insides of her elbows, the hollow at the base of her neck. Her areolas, the crease between her perfect ass and her thighs, the insides of her thighs. The soles of her feet.

He began there, with a taste and, as she'd done to him, a nibble. Her toes curled, and a soft sigh warmed his ears. He wrapped his hands around her toes, massaging them as he learned exactly how soft his tongue needed to be on the sole of her foot before she giggled, how hard

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of a bite made her moan, what stroke of his tongue made her move beneath him and beg for more.

He moved up her long, luscious legs, each inch caressed by his hands, his lips and tongue and teeth. Each moment bliss, each taste of her an awakening. Because the reality of her, of Calliope, was light years beyond even his wildest fantasy.

She writhed in his arms, her skin rubbing against his, each touch intensifying his hunger.

When she moved beneath him, he waited for her moan. When she moaned at his touch, his cock wept in anticipation. When she whispered, “please,” he had to hold himself back.

His journey of exploration across her body was the most erotic thing he’d ever done, and he never wanted to stop. This, then, he realized, was the difference between his fantasies and—he couldn’t call this love, though that was the word which had come to mind—loving a real woman. This desire for her pleasure before his, this realization that her pleasure, her body trapped by him in the extremes of desire, was what he’d always longed for, what he’d been missing.

As a young man, like all others, it had been about him and somehow oddly unsatisfying. So he’d eventually settled for his fantasies and, far more satisfying than the reality had been, still couldn’t come close to this moment, this place, this woman.

Geoffrey smiled as he laid claim to Calliope. A woman like this—Pleasure Guardian or no—wouldn’t be hard to find again. Not in this small town. He’d read the rules of The Pleasure Club, but in this case he was more than willing to break them—it didn’t matter that he’d been a rule follower his whole life. This was too important.

That resolved, Geoffrey moved even further into the sheer joy of pleasuring his nymph.

Calliope had to get control back. Geoffrey’s mouth on her was beyond bliss, and she was going to say—or do—something she shouldn’t if she allowed this to go on.

*Come on, Calliope, you can stop this now. There will be other times.*

She had to stop it now, had to stop the world spinning around her

as her body—resistant to any of the sane and sensible advice her mind was trying to convey to it—fell even more deeply into love with Professor Geoffrey Jones.

Not a good idea.

She knew that, had spent the days between deciding to be his Pleasure Guardian and this night convincing herself that meeting Geoffrey like this would put her out of her misery. Spent hours telling herself that this meeting would get her over the two years worth of longing. Because he couldn't possibly be as good as she'd imagined him.

He was better.

He touched every inch of her with an intensity and joy she couldn't help but respond to, as if his mouth and hands carried some sort of sensual virus she was particularly susceptible to, a virus designed precisely for her DNA.

She twisted beneath him, her body on fire where he'd touched her, desperate for the next damp sweep of his tongue, the next sharp bite of his teeth, the next heated press of his lips.

And his hands? They were soft and warm on her skin, never stopping, always stroking. She felt surrounded by him, a sensual fire she didn't want to put out.

But she had to.

Because she was a Pleasure Guardian, and part of that meant being in control of this encounter, the very thing she knew her heart also required if she were to live with the aftermath of this night.

So she struggled to stop him. To stop herself.

“My lord? My pleasure,” she whispered, her voice soft and shaking, “is to pleasure you. Please let me do so.”

Geoffrey raised himself up on his elbows to see her face. She looked worried, and he wondered if she thought he might report her, if she worried she might lose her position as a Pleasure Guardian.

He hurried to soothe her fears. “This...” He ran his hand over her body. “...pleases me. You...” He moved until he could kiss her lips. “...please me. Each time you tremble...” He nibbled at her lips, and she shivered. “...it thrills me. And when you moan...” Geoffrey held her head



between his hands and suckled her earlobe until she moaned. "...it gives me more joy than you could possibly imagine."

"Oh," she whispered, "I have no trouble imagining that much joy, because that's exactly what touching you gives me. Let us share that joy, my lord." She pushed at his shoulders until he lay beneath her.

And then she tortured him.

Her hands swept across his chest, over his belly and wrapped around his cock. It leapt into her hands, and he feared for a moment that he would explode right then.

But she eased her grip, and he relaxed. He would be able to resist the pull of her sensuality as long as he focused.

*Wrong.*

Her hair brushed his skin, leaving shivers of delight in its wake as she moved down his body. He wanted to say stop, but his mind had lost itself; his body was making the decisions now.

Her tongue ran from the base of his cock to its weeping tip, stopping to play with the slit. Geoffrey clenched his fists to stop himself from grabbing her head and forcing her mouth to engulf his straining flesh. He wanted this night to last forever, and that particular fantasy would put a quick stop to it.

"Slowly," he said. "Please. I don't want this to end."

Calliope raised her head, the candlelight warm and soft on her face. "I do not either, my lord. But you are almost too much temptation."

He smiled at her and believed. For the first time in his life—his life of fantasy firmly rooted in the past—he believed a woman wanted him. Yes, she was a Pleasure Guardian, but even the most cynical of humans—and Geoffrey was far from that—could see that this was more than a job for Calliope. This was personal.

For both of them.

And then his mind, always on, simply turned itself off, the better to enjoy the sensations of his body.

Calliope smiled and returned to her ministrations.

She cupped his aching balls in her hands, rolling them carefully in her palms before running her tongue over every inch of them. She pulled

them, one at a time, into her mouth. She sucked each one, heating them until Geoffrey moaned in delight and waited for the next wondrous thing.

She pulled both his balls into her mouth and suckled them, his cock jumping in time with each pull, his heart pounding with joy and delight and panic—panic that he would come before he gave her—as she had him—the experience of a lifetime.

As if reading his mind, Calliope stopped the movement of her mouth and simply held his balls confined in the wet heat, her hands lightly tracing the contours of his hips.

Geoffrey stopped breathing, the heat and pressure almost too much to bear. And then she went further.

She traced a line with her tongue from the base of his balls to his anus, each inch a form of erotic torture so intense he thought he might happily die right at this moment.

Her tongue probed at the pucker, and his entire body shook.

Geoffrey's cock responded with an impossible lengthening and thickening. He reached down and grabbed it in his hand, so hot he thought he might burn his palms by touching it. So thick he feared he would explode. So long he worried that it might be too much for her.

Because all he could think of was sinking its weight into her pussy.

Calliope was pretty sure Geoffrey was feeling exactly the same as she did. She was driving herself crazy.

Enough, she thought.

His hand was taking long, slow pulls of his cock, his eyes fixed on her face as she rose above him.

"My lord? Remove your hand."

When his hand reluctantly left his cock, he used it to touch her nipples, to gently run his fingers across the now incredibly sensitive areolas. Her pussy clenched in anticipation. She wanted, oh, how she wanted, that beautiful cock deep inside of her.

But Geoffrey had other ideas.

He twisted until she lay on her back, her legs spread. He took her hands in his and placed them on the bedposts.

"Don't let go," he said.

"No," she replied, trembling. "I won't."

He wasted no time in moving down her body. Before she could take a much needed breath, his mouth was on her and she was arching up to meet it. He breathed on her clitoris, not quite touching, resting his cheek on her thigh and just breathing.

That, and knowing that the breath belonged to Geoffrey Jones, was all it took. She felt the shaking begin deep inside her, so deep she wasn't sure if she was imagining it.

She wanted him to move, to touch her, to lick and suck her until she begged for mercy. She wanted him to stay right where he was, his breath warm and light on her clit.

Because she didn't want to come. Not yet.

Calliope had never been in this place before, never been at this peak without quickly—and ultimately unsatisfyingly—tumbling right over.

She wanted to stay at this place forever, knowing that if he touched her, just once, her entire body would seize up with pleasure and she'd have lost... Something. She wasn't sure what. But this moment was so extraordinary, so exciting, so excruciating, she didn't want it to end.

Geoffrey lifted his head until she could see his face and said, his breath warm on her pussy, "You're there, aren't you?"

She nodded.

"So am I," he said, "but I want this to last as long as we can make it. I don't want this to end."

He wasn't just saying that to make her feel good. Calliope could see his sincerity in his face. So she nodded again. "Don't touch my clit. I'm too close."

"Don't move then."

"I'll try."

Calliope grasped the bedposts more tightly and grasped her control more tightly than that. She would hold out as long as....

"Oh my gods and goddesses," she whispered as Geoffrey's tongue delved into the crease between her right thigh and her pussy. He had taken note of her instructions, avoiding even the slightly pressure on her

clit, but....

His tongue stroked her inner thighs, his teeth a sensual counterpoint to the softness and dampness of his tongue. He stroked down to her knees, up to her belly.

He lifted her butt and placed two pillows under her, then pulled her legs apart. She looked down at his face, his expression as rapt as a child at a candy counter as he looked at her, lying completely exposed to his view.

Geoffrey licked his lips in anticipation. The waiting made every considered touch a gift to each of them. He felt her every breath in his cock, and she felt his every breath in her pussy. Her body, heated with passion and flushed a most becoming pink, quivered under his careful ministrations.

He quivered in response.

He settled between her legs, his cock pumping against the linen. He wouldn't—he wouldn't—come until neither of them could stand it a moment longer.

But the scent of her—as if the ocean had combined with an expensive French perfume—called to him. *Surely I can taste her.* And slowly, hesitating before the decision was made, he lowered his head until he almost touched the glistening moisture of her.

"Are you okay?" he asked, each word setting up a reciprocating quiver in her skin, a responding release of ever more tempting sweetness. He watched the muscles tighten around her pussy and heard her breathing slow as she tried to get control. He waited.

Her voice shook when she finally spoke. "Slowly, and not too much pressure."

He smiled as he pressed his mouth to the heart of her. He stopped and waited until he felt her mind take control of her body, waited until the trembling stopped, and then he pounced.

Because while he'd been waiting, he had remembered something crucial from his reading that he had then translated into his fantasies. His nymph, his Calliope—women—could—and Calliope would—have multiple orgasms.

But he also knew what she'd wanted—and what he'd wanted—when deciding to try and make it last. There was only one first time, and this was theirs. It wouldn't be their last, not if he had anything to say about it, but it was their first.

So he resisted the urge to push her over the edge right that moment and slowed. And he softened. He slowed the glide of his tongue over the edges of her pussy. He ignored the almost overwhelming temptation to continue that glide right up to her clit. He softened the push of his tongue into her warmth. He savored the taste of her in his mouth as he delved deeper.

He got lost in her softness, in her sweetness, in the pulsing heat of her. When he pulled out, her moan sounded sweeter than his chants, and he regretted the loss of that honey on his tongue. But he pulled back, swirling his tongue around her slit and sliding a finger slowly, carefully into her. She pushed back at him.

And his balls and cock, unbearably tight and close to painfully hard, responded to that push with an unstoppable release of moisture. He moaned in returned.

"Geoffrey?"

He sighed at the sound of his name on her lips. She no longer called him my lord but called him by his name. That single word erased all his good intentions.

"Calliope? I can't wait any longer."

He had raised his head to speak to her, while carefully inserting a second, then a third finger into her pussy. Her pulse beat against his hand, harder, faster, shakier. He waited for her response.

"Neither can I."

He pulled his fingers from her cunt and did what he'd been wanting to for what felt like forever. He lapped at her juices then ran his tongue up to circle the hard nub that had expanded beyond its cocoon, waiting for his attentions. She cried out once, and then he felt her try to settle her breathing, to stop the oncoming tide.

He, too, slowed his breathing as much as he could as he raised himself up to kiss her, to settle his body above hers, to become

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accustomed to the feel of his cock against the heat of her pussy.

He tested her with the tiniest of pushes against her, and she pushed back, harder and more aggressive, giving him permission to delve as deeply as he could, as he would.

His cock, having been ready for this moment for hours, perhaps for every moment of the weeks since he'd contacted The Pleasure Club, took her hint and thrust into her as deeply as possible, until he believed he could feel her heart beating at the tip of it.

Her legs rose from the pillows and threaded themselves around his back, pulling him into her, refusing to release him.

He slid back out, until the tip almost displaced itself, then back in. He continued to do this as slowly as he could bear until he felt her hands in his hair and her lips at his ear.

"Now," she whispered. "Please. Now."

His cock took over, pistoning itself into her heat until Geoffrey could no longer tell where he ended and she began, where her pulse beat and his responded. The tension swirled around them like a thunderstorm in the prairies, each movement striking another spark.

"Now," she said again.

And he complied, his cock thrusting into her riveting heat until she convulsed around him, her legs tightening around his back as he emptied himself into her, his body and his mind finally, finally in complete agreement. *This* was where he needed to be, who he needed to be with.

The next moment Geoffrey had fallen into a sleep so deep he didn't even awaken when Calliope pulled herself out from under his body—the body she so wanted to make hers—wrapped herself in the silks and threw on her raincoat over them.

She placed the card she'd prepared on top of his backpack and tiptoed to the door, though if Geoffrey felt the way she did, a herd of marauding elephants wouldn't wake him.

Now she would wait.

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When the heat of the sun shining in the windows awakened him, Geoffrey crawled out of bed and found a CD of medieval chants, a silk scarf, and a business card on top of his backpack.

*If you think about it, you will know where to find me.*  
*Calliope*

### Author Bio

Kate writes women's fiction, magic realism, paranormal and erotica. She writes short fiction, poetry and novels. She's had dozens of stories and poems published over the years, and her eighth book *Seeing Is Believing*—about a woman who sees death in photographs—was published in October 2007. She has published nine books since 2005. Kate blames her mother and her two grandmothers for her reading and writing obsession—all of them were avid readers, and they passed the books and the obsession on to her. You can contact her at her website at [www.kateaustin.ca](http://www.kateaustin.ca)