

# The Duchess and the Rogue

A Steamy Georgian Romance

By  
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Note: this story involves characters from The Missing Heir.

## Chapter 1

### London 1751

“Henry no!” the Duchess of Pemberton stared appalled at her son, Henry St Ware, Baron Lynham, Count of Olney and seventh Duke of Pemberton.

“But Mama -“ Henry’s blue eyes, so very like her own, opened wide with surprise. “I made sure you would be happy with this news! It is most unnatural of you.” His tone was teasing but there was a hint of hurt at the back of his eyes, that didn’t escape her. “Do you not love Elizabeth?”

“Of course I do, she is a delightful girl!” Amaryllis responded quickly.

“Are you not anxious for me to be setting up my nursery Mama?”

“No! Oh No!” Amaryllis heart sank with horror.

Henry stopped in the middle of the Aubusson carpet and stared at her frowning. “What have I said to make you cry?”

“Nothing!” Amaryllis dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief, trying not to smudge her rouge. “Nothing at all Henry, really. I am quite ridiculous today.”

Henry sat down on the couch beside her and took her hands. “What is it?”

She shook her head. Swallowing hard, she dredged up a smile and said firmly. “I am of course very happy that you and Elizabeth have reached an understanding, she - she will make you an excellent Duchess.”

“Yes, she will wont she?” he said warmly, his face crinkling in a smile.

Amaryllis patted his hand.

“So why are you suffering these megrims?”

“I’m nothing but a wet goose Henry, don’t let my silliness spoil your happiness.”

“Won’t you tell me what has upset you then?”

Amaryllis looked away flushing. "I'm ashamed of myself. Being so selfish." She paused pleating her handkerchief. "I had hoped not to be a Dowager, quite yet."

"Oh!" She peeked at Henry's face and swallowed a sudden giggle. "Well, no one will think you are a Dowager to look at Mama," he said encouragingly.

She sighed softly. "You think not?"

"Of course not!" said Henry heartily. Amaryllis stifled another sigh and encouraged him to talk further about his plans for his future. Happy to comply, Henry waxed lyrical for the next fifteen minutes and then excused himself to keep a luncheon appointment at his club.

#

The soon to be *Dowager* Duchess of Pemberton, spent the evening in solitary state, having been abandoned by her offspring for a night at the theatre. Not true, she could have gone with Henry and Elizabeth, but she chose not to. She chose, she thought, tugging irritably at a tangle in her curls, to stay home and feel sorry for herself. It was ten minutes to ten, a very early hour, but she had dismissed her excellent lady's maid and was sitting in her bedroom, brushing talc from her hair, and staring dismally into the fire.

She would turn forty tomorrow. The thought sunk her spirits even further. It was perfectly reasonable of Henry to be wishing to get married. He was twenty-three. She swallowed a lump in her throat. She had been seventeen when he was born. Seventeen!

She picked up the hand mirror from her dresser and examined her face critically. She had been a beauty, blonde curls and blue eyes and damask rose complexion. She checked her jaw line and her neck, no signs of sagging - yet. But there were laughter lines round her eyes and her mouth, a frown line or two on her forehead. She put the mirror down with a sigh. She had been married at sixteen and widowed at thirty. She could have remarried of course, but after a fourteen-year loveless marriage, the last thing she had wanted was to marry again.

Staring at the fire and twisting a curl round her fingers she recalled her younger self, full of naive wonder and hopes. She and Dorothea had met at school, become fast friends, and taken the ton by storm. Thea a luscious dark

beauty, and Amy her perfect fair foil. And while she had made the match of the season, snaring a Duke in her net, Thea had refused an Earl, a Count, and a Baron to marry a plain Mister and been deliriously happy for twenty years, before losing her Mr Wilde and then her own life and leaving her lovely daughter Elinor an orphan. And despite the tragic shortness of her life, hadn't Thea made the best choice?

Amy wiped tears off her cheeks and physically shook herself. "Enough!" She said aloud to the Dresden maiden on the mantelpiece.

Standing up she turned to her large old fashioned four poster bed and crawled between the covers, picking up the rather shocking novel she had been trying to read. She was turning forty tomorrow. It was time and past time for some changes. Time, she led a different life, one that got her what she wanted, instead of sitting on the outside looking in.

#

Tom Badbury clung to the down pipe and balanced on the narrow ledge that ran below the second story windows of the red brick town house and let out a slow breath to calm his racing pulse. His breath was frosty in the cold night air, as he shuffled along the ledge with his back against the bricks, until he could grab the window frame and use his purchase to turn himself round to face the window. Fortunately, there wasn't much light tonight and he was in shadow. All the same, if someone walking down the street chose to look up, they might see him.

Facing the window, he peered in and realised the curtains were pulled across. Crouching down gingerly, his heels hanging off the ledge, he held onto the window frame with one hand and used the metal jemmy to try to push the window casing up. It was stuck and took a few attempts before it slid up with a slight scritch. Wincing he paused, checking to see if the noise had been noticed. Not hearing anything he slung one leg over the sill and bending double slithered quietly into the room behind the heavy brocade curtains.

Trying to breath silently, he put the jemmy back into one large jacket pocket and listened. A gap in the curtains showed him a faint glow and he sensed the warmer temperature in the room. Damn! This room was supposed to be empty. Should he climb back out the window?

But according to the plan this was the right room.

Stepping out from behind the curtain he paused to survey the room. It was dominated by a large old fashioned four-poster bed, the head against the same wall as the window he had come in by. The bed was curtained, was there someone asleep in it? The faint glow in the room was from a banked fire. Moving carefully on the thick carpet, he circled the bed, he could find what he came for and be gone in minutes...

He reached the other side of the bed and paused. The room was in almost total gloom, find the right panel -

A rustle behind him and an indrawn breath told him he had been discovered.

He turned. A woman in a white frothy night gown was sitting up staring at him between a gap in the bed curtains. Her expression told him she was about to scream. He launched himself at her, clapping his hand over her mouth, his body landing on the bed and bearing her back into the pillows.

"Don't shriek," he whispered in her ear. She smelt of talc and rose water and warm woman. The scent invaded his nostrils and made him smile into her widened eyes. He stared down into her face, as he registered the heat of her soft form beneath him, separated only by their clothes and the bedding. Her warm breath condensed under his hand and her lips pressed against his palm. She stared back and he felt the frisson of awareness run through his body in a wave of heat. Her hair was a tangle of pale curls splayed on the pillow around her head and her face, shadowy in the poor light, was oval and lovely.

He lifted his hand tentatively, "All right?" he murmured, his eyes wandering from her eyes to her lips.

She nodded slowly, biting her lip.

"You don't need to be afraid of me, I won't hurt you," he said softly. No man could hurt such a lovely creature surely.

"What are you doing in my bedchamber?" Her voice was husky and low and sent a stab of pure lust through him. He suppressed an involuntary groan, but something must have shown in his eyes, because a slow flush suffused her cheeks and her eyes glowed. Was it a trick of the firelight?

He opened his mouth to reply, he knew not what. But the words died still born as her tongue licked her lower lip and her expression melted with an

unmistakable answering desire. It was a moment of revelation that would stay with him forever. Never had a woman looked at him like that before.

Abruptly she seized his face in her hands and kissed him.

Stunned he held still as her soft, warm lips pressed against his, sending tingling, surging heat through his body. His cock, already firmed by her proximity, hardened further with painful intensity. Shock held him still for another heartbeat as the reality of what was happening slowly penetrated his mind. He was lying on top of the most gorgeous woman he had ever seen, and she had her lips firmly fastened to his.

A gentleman would pull back at this juncture, wouldn't he? But then he was a rogue not a gentleman. And damn it she was too gorgeous to resist. Parting her lips gently with his tongue he explored her offering with curiosity and appreciation. He deepened the kiss and her hands moved up round his neck and she slanted her head to kiss him with renewed enthusiasm. He must be dreaming, it had been a long time since he had been with a woman and her scent, her touch, her kisses were sending his pulse and his breathing into overload. Christ and all the Saints was this really happening?

He moved his lips from her mouth to her jaw and her neck and realised that her lacy night gown had a delightfully low-cut décolletage, and she was showing a lovely expanse of heaving, nicely rounded bosom. She arched her neck and made enticing mewling noises. He buried his nose in her neck and took a deep intoxicated breath, his teeth grazed the soft skin with a fine-grained nibble that drew a breathless little moan from her and made him shudder with sudden sharp desire.

He must be dreaming. He lifted his head to look at her again. "Apparition?" he murmured. "Dream?" He kissed her again. "Goddess?"

"No," she whispered, touching his face with her hands, scratching the stubble on his jaw with her fingernails.

He took his weight on his elbows. "Why-?"

She flushed, her eyes wide and dilated with the same desire that possessed him. "I've taken leave of my senses I think," she said softly.

"Aye, me too!" he confessed with a grin

"Kiss me again?" she murmured, tracing his bottom lip with her fingertip.

“Delighted to my angel, but can I take my jacket and boots off?” he asked, conscious of the heavy jemy in his pocket.

She giggled and nodded.

He hesitated a fraction and then sat up swinging his legs over the side of the bed to remove his boots. He had either slipped off the ledge outside and plunged to his death and was receiving his reward; knocked himself out and was dreaming, or this was really happening, and he wasn't sure which. Either way getting some of his clobber off seem like a good idea. Standing up, he removed his jacket and waist coat, pulled off his cravat and dropped them on the chair near the fireplace.

He turned back and found her staring at him, propped on one elbow a look of anticipation and longing on her face. He smiled. If this was a dream, it was a good one.

She lifted the covers invitingly and he slipped between them taking her lawn and lace clad body in his arms. She was slender and small, fine boned, delicate. He was not an overly large man himself, though well-formed and muscular enough. She could have been created from his dreams as the perfect woman for him. He caught his breath on a hiss, as renewed desire coursed through him. He had never wanted a woman this much, he'd swear, never. Was it the circumstances, abstinence, or was it just her? Her scent, her hunger, her obvious desire for him?

His hands wandered over her back, feeling her body's heat through the sheer cloth, appreciating her slender curves, the swell from waist to hip, and his hands wandered lower, to the round plumpness of her bottom. He swallowed a groan and moved his head on the lawn encased pillow towards her. “Where were we?” he murmured finding her mouth again.

Her lips were luscious, her mouth sweet and her tongue's tentative explorations in response to his more determined invasion, a delightful tease. He couldn't tell her age in the gloom, but he guessed she wasn't a girl, even though she kissed like one. She kissed him as if she'd never been kissed properly in her life, which couldn't be the case. She was eager but untutored, hesitant, and bold by turns in her return of his exploratory kisses. Her small breasts pressed

against his chest, her hips pressed closer, and he knew the moment she sensed the hardness of his erection against her belly because she froze.

His heart thumped as he waited for her to react, to scream or tell him to get out of her bed. Instead, she let out a sigh and pressed closer against him, wrapping her arms round him, bury her face in his neck and saying something muffled he couldn't make out.

"What was that?" he asked gently.

"Nothing. I -" she raised her head letting it fall back on the pillow and he caught the glint of moisture in her eyes.

Alarm ran through him, and he raised a tentative hand to stroke a curl off her face, his fingers trailing down her cheek and catching a tear.

"Ah don't cry darlin', we can stop. I got carried away -" he said his Irish brogue escaping in his distress.

"You find me attractive?" she asked husky voiced.

"Of course, I do!" Stunned that she could ask such a thing he stared into the dark pools of her eyes, wishing he could discern their colour.

She pressed her lips together and swallowed visibly. "Thank you."

"What?" he asked bewildered. "It's me should be thankin' you, for the sweetest kisses I've ever had."

She laughed and it cracked in the middle, which broke his heart. "There have been lots of those I'll warrant" she replied.

"A few," he admitted.

"Kiss me again?" she asked a second time.

"Aye but answer me something," he said frowning slightly. "Are you a virgin?"

She flushed. "Good heavens no! I have a grown son." She looked away a moment while he digested this news and then back. "You're wondering why -" she gestured between them. "I was married for fourteen years, and I've been a widow for ten. I've not lain with a man since before my husband died."

"Jesus, Mary and all the Saints!" he whispered. Ten years! And he thought a few months was a long time.

She lowered her lashes and said in a rush. "I'll turn forty tomorrow, I wanted to experience something, something different, before I'm too old to -"



“Say no more my darlin’, if experience is what you want, you’ve come to the right man.”

She bit her lip, and he stifled another groan, his cock was so hard it fucking hurt, but her confession had changed everything. This was much more than a quick roll in hay so to speak. This was a special moment, something she would treasure and remember. He needed to make it worthy of that. “I shan’t do anything you don’t want,” he added, anxious to reassure her. “Trust me?”

She nodded and smiled. “I don’t know why; I don’t even know your name - “  
“Tom, it’s Tom. At your service my lady.”

“Call me Amy,” she said softly, tracing his lower lip with her finger again. He moved his head to capture her finger and draw it into his mouth, running his tongue over the soft pad of the tip. She gasped, her mouth falling open, and her eyes closed. He let her finger slip from his mouth and covered her lips with his, sinking into a deep plundering kiss. He shifted, leaning over her, his body half covering hers, but keeping his tell-tale cock away from her flank, he didn’t want to alarm her again. Make her think he was going to lose control and ravish her, something his baser self desperately wanted to do. Leashing the wolf side of his nature he concentrated on kissing her, rendering them both to heaving breathless putty in few moments of delicious tingling connection.

She was learning how to respond more expertly, bring her tongue into play and pressing up into him distractingly with her breasts, her legs restlessly edging closer, wanting to tangle with his. He found a small pert breast with his hand and squeezed, gently fingering one tight little nipple through the fabric of her gown. His lips moved from her sweet mouth to her neck and down to her exposed bosom. He brought his hand up to the bow that tied the gown closed and tugged it loose. The fabric parted and he pushed it down off her shoulder to expose one sweet round breast. He cupped it and whispered, “Beautiful!” and took the nipple in his mouth and sucked gently.

She reacted with a jerk and a low moan that made his aching cock leak inside his breeches. He suckled a little harder and she arched her back, pressing up into his touch.

“Oh, Tom,” she murmured.

Which was sufficient encouragement to send him across to lavish similar treatment on the other breast.

Amy moaned arching her back and moving her legs restlessly, the burning ache between them was driving her mad. This man, this handsome irresistible stranger was creating a craving in her that made her wanton with desire. His hand, hot and heavy on her pelvis made her hips jerk involuntarily as a mewl of frustration broke free, his mouth on her breasts was sending throbs of want to the place between her legs and she wanted - she needed -

His hand moved, bunching up her gown and reaching beneath to stroke over the skin of her belly and make her stomach muscles contract with aching desire. A groan escaped her. "Tom, please!" she begged. She wasn't quite sure for what except something to assuage this burning hunger.

His hand slid lower, and his fingers speared her swollen sticky lips, and the razor-sharp pleasure made her cry out as his finger slid downwards, parting her lips all the way to her centre. Her legs fell open and she lifted her hips up into his touch, crunching her pelvis with fierce pleasure. She panted as his fingers swirled around the entrance to her body and then slid one inside her. She clenched and gasped as he moved it in and out then insert a second finger and as she loosened, he added a third. The sensation of being filled up and stretched by his fingers made her clench on them tightly and pant.

His lips found her nipples again, first one and the other, while his fingers sawed in and out of her. She clutched the sheets and pushed up into his touch desperate for more, more of something. "Tom?"

He used his thumb then to slide up to the apex of her lips. She gasped at the intensity of feeling his touch evoked as it skated over the sensitive place and her body jerked helplessly, a throb of exquisite pleasure so sharp it almost hurt.

"Tom, that's -!"

"Too much?" he murmured as if understanding her reaction.

She nodded, gasping and shuddering.

He smiled his eyes glowing with a molten desire, and he bent his head to kiss her tenderly, his thumb moving in gentle circles around the most sensitive place, but not directly on it. The sensations moved her to another plane of pleasure and

her legs loosed further. She groaned lifting her hips off the bed, driven mad with the building pressure of pleasure.

He kissed her neck and murmured in her ear, "It's all right, let go, fly!"

"Ah!" the gasp turned to a groan as the unbearable pleasure peaked and her whole body stiffened and convulsed. The throbbing delight that gushed through her body was like nothing she had ever felt before and she rode the wave of it helplessly, born on the tide of it to a place of exquisite languorous peace. She was vaguely aware of him withdrawing his fingers gently and wrapping his arms round her. When she came to herself sufficiently to become aware of anything outside of her body, she realised her head was resting on his chest and she could hear the heavy thump of his heart. He kissed her hair and just held her as she floated in a sort of dreamy joy.

"Did you enjoy that?" he asked his voice husky with desire. He was so fucking worked up he'd almost come when she did. He wanted desperately to take himself in hand and slake the desire she was evoking in his body. He ignored it.

She lifted her head and did that thing with her teeth on her bottom lip again, a shy come hither look, that made him melt and get hard at the same time.

"It was incredible. I never knew it could be that good."

He grinned pleased with himself. He was filled with a desire to please her more, fulfil her every wicked, wanton need. "Do you want more?"

"More?"

He nodded. "I can make you feel good all over again if you want?"

She moved her legs rubbing them together and he stifled a groan. He wanted to get between them, plunge inside her, fuck her. God, he wanted that so badly.

"Let me take your gown off, hm?" he asked softly.

She nodded and helped him remove it, tossing it aside and lying back while he took his fill gazing at her beauty, her skin was milky white and flawless, her breasts small round globes tipped with tight little nipples, her tummy gently curved and the tangle of hair between her legs was pale like the hair on her head. Her legs shapely. He moved to bend over her, and she put up a hand to stop him.

“Remove your shirt?” she asked. “I want to see you, touch you.”

He smiled, pulled his shirt over his head, and tossed it on the floor. She ran a hand over his chest, her fingers catching in the hairs. Her other hand explored his shoulder and arm, clutching his bicep. “Handsome,” she murmured, and he flushed. No one had ever called him handsome, and at his age it seemed an odd sobriquet to be saddled with, but for all that, a warmth bloomed in his chest. She reached up and planted a kiss at the base of his throat, her lips soft and warm, left a tingling impression in their wake, her breath warm on his skin.

He kissed her neck, again, tasting her skin, slightly salty now with her sweat, filling his nose with her scent. He was drunk on her. She rewarded him by arching under him, making appreciative noises. Slowly he worked his way down to her nipples again, enjoying the swell of her breasts and the damask smoothness of her skin, dewed lightly with moisture from her previous exertions. As he moved lower her breathing ratcheted up again. He paused to enjoy first one breast and then the other once more, her nipples were hard little buds under his tongue. And she shivered deliciously when he swirled one with his tongue and squeezed the other breast with his hand. A little incoherent moan and roll of her hips encouraged him to move lower with one hand, touch her again.

His fingers stroked lazily down over her stomach, tangling in the soft curls between her legs. His fingertips grazed her lips encountering more wetness and she jumped, her breath catching on a gasp. She would be sensitive after her earlier arousal.

His fingers gently explored her soft wet folds all over again, she was so sticky, so wet, it made him leak and ache with wanting her. She whimpered and jerked, shivering. Yes, she was supersensitive now.

“Too much?” he asked softly.

She shook her head, panting a little.

“You like that?” His body rippled in response to her arousal.

“Hmm,” her hips rolled encouraging his touch.

He stroked and teased, ever so gently, running his fingers along the velvety channel between her sensitive bud and the entrance to her body. Doing it over, more of her secrets were revealed to him. He thought he would never grow tired

of watching her face as she closed her eyes surrendering again to his touch. A soft groan of appreciation escaped him.

Slipping a finger inside her, he began a gentle massage with his palm this time. Her body reacted immediately, with a loosening of her hips and an opening up in sensuous and erotic response. Fuck that was arousing. He caught his own breath suppressing another sympathetic groan. Slowly he increased the speed of his hands motion in response to her breathing and the movement of her hips, pushing and coaxing her gently towards another release.

“That’s right,” he murmured, encouragingly in her ear, licking the place just below it with the tip of his tongue. She was so beautiful as she moved on the sheets, her body responding to his touch like an instrument. His pulse surged with each roll of her hips, with each gasp and soft moan, with each sensual arch of her back. He kissed her mouth, using his tongue in time with his fingers.

Gloriously, fucking marvellous. Her hands clutched alternately at the sheets, pillows, her hair, and his head. She was unravelling again under his hands he could feel it. His body shivered in sympathetic passion.

He moved down her body, kissing and licking her skin until he reached the apex of her spread thighs. Her scent was strong, spicy, sweet. He moved his hand, withdrawing his fingers and spreading her lips with his other hand he speared her with his tongue. She jerked off the bed with a startled gasp and looked down at him her eyes wide. “What are you doing?”

He grinned and said low and husky, “Pleasuring you, lie back.”

She subsided and clutched at the sheets when he resumed his assault with his tongue. She tasted salty sweet and musky. He settled between her legs, lying flat on his stomach, and pressing his aching cock hard into the mattress. It gave him some kind of temporary relief. Bringing his hand into play he pushed three fingers inside her, she was open and so slippery now they slid in easily. Her legs were spread wider, and he felt her clenching on his fingers as his tongue worked her sensitive flesh, careful to avoid direct contact with the most sensitive spot, sucking and licking gently with a steady rhythm, in time with his plunging fingers.

His hips jerked, frotting his cock inside his breeches against the mattress with involuntary desire. Fuck! He fought to concentrate on what he was doing to her and ignore the demands in his body.

His hand and tongue moved faster, taking her higher. Winding her up to the precipice from which he would fling her into the void once more. Suddenly she jerked like a released spring and moaned soft and low, shuddering, and flinging her head back, gasping for breath. Gradually she relaxed and he stilled his hand, raising his head.

He leaned on one elbow, wiping his sticky fingers absently on the sheet and waited for her to open her eyes.

“Whow!” she let out a breath slowly.

“How was that?”

“Different,” she admitted. “Wonderful.” She smiled and stretched like a cat. He kissed her thigh. His erection pressed hot into the mattress. He wanted nothing more than to put that where his fingers had been, but he’d not force her take him if she didn’t want to.

She gestured towards him, and he moved up the bed, leaning over her and kissed her mouth. His cock pressed against the cloth of his breeches, he feared he had leaked so much it would look as if he had wet himself, but it was mercifully gloomy enough that it wouldn’t show. His balls ached.

“Would you like me to pleasure you?” she asked softly.

He jerked in surprise which must have shown in his face. She lifted a hand and pressed it against the bump of his raging erection.

She smiled. “I know how to do that.” She blushed and her gaze slid sideways as if she were embarrassed.

“Only if you want to,” he said heroically.

She nodded, “I do,” she said reaching for the buttons on his falls. He reached to help her, and his cock fell out hot and heavy between them, pointing directly at her, bobbing, quivering, leaking, aching. He pulled his breeches down with shaking hands and kicked them off, slewing round he lay down beside her, trembling with banked desire and anticipation. Yes, he wanted desperately to fuck her but at this point he’d take anything that brought him relief.

Amy reached for his erection with a hand that shook slightly with fear and anticipation. He was bigger than she expected, but then she had only one to compare as she'd not been intimate with any man but her husband until tonight. It had been so long she'd almost forgotten what it felt like to hold a man's member in her hand. The skin warm and surprisingly soft and velvety to touch, encasing an iron pole beneath. His length and girth were certainly bigger than Emery's, even though Tom was smaller in build than Emery had been. She clasped her hand round the velvet rod and squeezed gently, forcing a gasp from him. The head peeped out from inside the foreskin, the eye winking and weeping.

"I'm not like to last long, sweetheart," he confessed in a breathy voice. "I'm somewhat over wrought."

She nodded. "Lie back."

He rolled onto his back as she crawled down the bed and straddled his legs. She settled herself into place, grasping him gently but firmly, she leaned forward and slowly slid her hand up and then down dragging the foreskin down with her and revealing the full glory of the head. His agonised groan as she did this was somewhat gratifying. Emery had shown little reaction when she touched him beyond a quickening of the breath and flushing of his upper body just before he spent his seed.

She bent her head and licked the head tentatively, he tasted salty, and his musky scent made her womanly parts throb and twitch. She was wet and swollen still but too sensitive to bear more of his pleasuring. Her tentative touch made him jerk and gasp.

"Mary and all the Saints." he muttered under his breath. She smiled and took the head in her mouth as Emery had shown her. This elicited a curse, or at least she thought it was a curse. It was a word she had never heard before and he uttered it with force. It sounded deliciously bad, and her body quivered. She felt positively wicked doing this with a man who was not her husband, and a stranger to boot. What had come over her to let him take such liberties with her she would never afterwards understand except that the flood of desire that swamped her body when he pressed her to the bed, his hand on her lips, staring into her eyes had made her lose all sense.

She had been so sick of her stifled and stifling life, and suddenly here was adventure and danger and delicious irresistible desire. She had lost her head and plunged right in heedless of the consequences and her reward had been unimaginable pleasure. It behoved her to attempt to return the favour. If she could. If Emery's tutoring were sufficient.

She slid her tongue around the head, rimming the helmet and then taking him fully into her mouth as much as she could manage, she sucked firmly.

"Jesus!" he moaned, his hips thrusting upwards driving him deeper into her mouth. Well, that was a curse she recognised, although he uttered it more like a prayer. Holding his member steady, she allowed him to thrust into her mouth, working the foreskin and the helmet between her lips to increase his stimulation. His panting became louder, and his hands clutched the sheets as he gasped.

"Lift your head love I'm about to -" His voice disintegrated into a helpless groan as his face twisted with desire, he thrust upwards hard into her mouth and his body stiffened all over. Her heart lifted at this sign of her success as his member jerked and spasmed, and hot salty fluid filled her mouth, in several generous shots, accompanied by a satisfying series of grunts. She swallowed it all and licked him clean. Holding him firmly but gently until he softened.

Sitting back on her heels she smiled and wiped the corners of her mouth. "Was that nice?" she asked tentatively.

"Nice?" his voice was hoarse. "No."

"Oh," disappointment hit her sharply in the breastbone and she blinked against the sudden sting of tears.

"It was bloody amazing!" he said opening his eyes and staring at her with a kind of manic haze.

"Oh!" she grinned. "Thank you."

"What? What are you thanking me for? Thank *you!*" He fought his way onto his elbows. "Come here I want to hug you."

Her heart did a strange little skip at this demand and a warmth bloomed in her breast that made her melt. She scrambled up the bed and let him draw her down onto the pillows. He kissed her, cupping her face with one hand. "You are an angel," he said between kisses. "A beautiful, gorgeous goddess. If I've dreamt you, it's the best dream I've ever had."



“It does seem unreal, doesn’t it?”

Tom nodded. “This certainly wasn’t what I expected when I crawled through that window.” He nodded to the curtains on the window side of the bed.

“What did you come here for? You never said.”

“I came to retrieve a letter,” he admitted reluctantly.

“What letter?”

He frowned. “This isn’t your normal bedchamber, is it?”

“No mine is being renovated.”

“I was told it would be empty.”

“Who told you? Oh, do stop being mysterious and tell me!” she said, clutching his arm. Her scent and her heat enveloped him. He shouldn’t tell her, but he had invaded her room, she had some right to know why, surely?

“All right but you have to promise not give me up to the thief takers,” he said, only half joking.

“Of course!”