

Steamy Encounter

Marie Treanor

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Edinburgh, 1867.

“Where in God’s name have you been?” Geordie demanded. “Never mind -- into the kitchen and get Morag out here to clean tables.” As Lizzie scuttled between the groups of noisy, hungry people, he yelled after her, “And tell your man in there fixing the oven I need it working fifteen minutes ago!”

Lizzie pushed open the kitchen door. “Geordie’s as reasonable as ever this morning,” she offered into the steam.

Morag giggled. Lizzie moved closer and saw her friend standing idle at the kitchen table, watching the rear end of the man on his hands and knees in front of the oven.

“He wants you cleaning tables,” she said to Morag. To the male bottom -- which was rather shapely -- she added, “And he wants the oven working fifteen minutes ago.”

The man shuffled back on his knees and withdrew his fair head from the oven. “If I could, it would.”

Lizzie's heart skipped a beat. The man wasn't a tradesman at all. He was a customer Geordie had roped in to trying to fix the ancient oven. She knew him. Eccentric, mysterious and gloriously handsome.

Caratacus. An engineering student, who spoke like a gentleman and dressed like a pauper. In his shirt sleeves, rumped and flushed in the kitchen's heat, his spectacles clouded with steam, the man of Lizzie's hot fantasies had never looked so attractive. Desire, never far away these days, surged through her.

"It's fixed," he said.

"You're wonderful!" Morag gushed. She smiled coquettishly. "Anything we can do to repay you?"

Morag was just too damned blunt. But then, she got the attractive men while Lizzie spent her nights frustrated. Playfully, Morag reached out and smoothed a crease in his shirt.

Lizzie started to turn away but, amazingly, Caratacus kept his gaze on her. It looked -- lustful. Her breath caught. She couldn't help glancing down at his threadbare trousers. The bulge at his crotch was unmistakable.

"Maybe," he said.

"You want both of us?" Morag asked, cuddling closer to his chest. "Or just the one?"

"Morag!" yelled Geordie from the coffee shop. "Get your arse out here now!"

Morag made a face, cast Caratacus a last longing glance over her shoulder, and ran out the door.

Lizzie, lost in the man's strange green eyes and her own throbbing need, realized that he wouldn't make the first move, wouldn't take advantage. Wickedness took hold of her. She knelt and, with trembling fingers, unfastened his trousers.

"Oh..." Awed, she wrapped her fist around the huge organ which sprang free. Slowly, she began to work the skin down and up. His breath hissed.

"Suck it..." he whispered. "Please..."

With ever-growing excitement she took him in her mouth. She wanted to give this man so much pleasure that he'd remember her, come back... But time was pressing. So she sucked him hard, lashed the head of his cock with her tongue and swallowed him. His groan was music in her ears. She felt him thrust, as if instinctively, and then, to her disappointment, he pulled himself out.

"I'll hurt you like that," he whispered. "I haven't had a woman in a long time."

"Why not?" she asked. Women surely swarmed all over him...

"I work too much." He drew her to her feet, closing his hand over her breast and kneading.

Lizzie shut her eyes. "A good student."

"A damned horny one," he confessed.

"What do you want?"

His eyes glittered behind his spectacles. With one push, he heaved the table against the kitchen door. He swept all the crockery and food to the far end of the table, and dropped his trousers. Narrow hips, thickly muscled thighs, and that cock...

She moaned and he grinned, almost wolfishly. Taking her by the hips, he turned her, and pushed gently downward until her breasts pressed into the table. He tugged up her skirt. His warm, sensitive hands were on her bottom, caressing, exploring. His breath came in quick, excited pants, causing a massive flood of moisture within her. His fingers bathed in it, spread it all around her intimate parts. Enchanted, Lizzie wriggled her breasts against the table.

Caratacus unfastened her bodice, pulled it down, so that he could rub urgently at her naked breasts. Then he slipped his hands free. She writhed, wishing the coarse wood felt more like his fingers, desperate to have him all over her, inside and out.

"May I?" he whispered breathlessly.

"Oh God yes, take me," she sobbed. His knee spread her legs further apart. The blunt head of his huge cock nudged her bottom, slid along its slit and between her legs where it kept going quite naturally until it was fully sheathed.

She cried out in delight and pushed back onto him.

The kitchen door rattled against the table.

Lizzie froze, twisted her head to stare up at Caratacus in horror.

"Lizzie? The door's stuck!" yelled Geordie.

Caratacus grinned. "My fault," he called. "Just give me a minute."

"A minute?" Lizzie whispered, "Is that all?"

Caratacus winked. "It'll be a good minute." He thrust into her all the way to his balls.

"Oh Jesus Christ," Lizzie gasped as he fucked her. There was little time for niceties. She had to bite her lips to keep her intense pleasure silent. It was a short, wild ride, hard and fast until he lost his seed inside her. Though she didn't want to fall pregnant, for this moment, she didn't care. She wanted this enough to die for... even if she didn't quite climax...

Unexpectedly, his hand slid round between her legs. His fingers stroked and stirred while he pounded her so hard that the crockery jumped and the table rattled against the door.

"What the hell are you doing in there?" Geordie demanded.

"Hammering!" gasped Caratacus, and thrust hard once more. Lizzie exploded into climax. Caratacus's beautiful cock slid out of her and his seed splashed hot and wet on her bottom cheeks.

She wanted to weep at his care; she wanted to loose herself in this bliss forever. All too soon, he drew the dress back down over her legs and turned her to sit on the table. He was grinning, his amazing eyes full of gratitude as well as lingering clouds of lust. "You're very sweet," he said, kissing her lips. "Thanks."

She put her trembling arms around his neck. "Will you -- come back?"

He shook his head. "No."

She swallowed. "You have a wife? A young lady?"

"No. But I have to go home." He drew back. "Maybe when I've made my machine, I can pacify Geordie by fixing his oven fifteen minutes earlier."

"How would you do that?" she asked, bewildered.

“By traveling back in time, of course.” He picked up his coat, pulled the table back into its normal place and grinned at her. “Though I wouldn’t have missed this for anything. I hope you find a good man, Lizzie. I’m not.”

She thought she’d be miserable when he left, feel used and cheap. But she didn’t. Her fantasy had been fulfilled. She felt exhilarated, satisfied and ridiculously happy.

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Meet Caratacus again in Marie Treanor’s Steamy Nights 1: Machinations at Changeling Press.

<http://www.changelingpress.com/product.php?&upt=book&ubid=1025>