

# The Day Trip.

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Adult/ 18+

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"Knock, knock, anyone in?" Steed called from behind Emma's apartment door.

"Just a minute Steed." Mrs Peel's voice sounded faded from behind her door but was pleasing to Steed none the less.

Sounds of footsteps were edging their way closer to the door, just as Emma unlocked the catch and let Steed enter her apartment.

"My, my, we are looking rather lovely this morning Mrs Peel!" Steed exclaimed as he entered.

Emma was wearing a low cut cream dress, which came just about half way down her thigh, with straps of twisted cotton material for the shoulder straps. She had a new pair of shoes that were cream also, with small beads around the anklet that wrapped once around her feet. She looked like she was prepared to be chief brides maid at her best friends wedding.

Unlikely, as Steed was inviting her on a rather exotic run around the countryside in "Fido", his luscious racing green 1928 Bentley. His pride and joy, but poor old Fido sure took its toll on the corners of those small country lanes with Steed's driving.

"All set for our little country jaunt this morning Mrs Peel?" Steed asked, eyeing her up as he said it, trying to get to her face before she answered, savouring every inch of her body.

"Certainly Steed, I'm all prepared." Emma replied, a grin appearing on her lips, as she noticed what Steed was focusing on. She couldn't help but suppress a slight giggle, she loved to tease Steed by wearing revealing clothing, and just to see him stare at her made her feel just that little bit more satisfied.

Emma stared at his own attire, he wore a brown pair of trousers with a very un-characteristic light brown cotton shirt, with short sleeves!! She sighed inwardly, as she could see his muscles evidently shown through his tight cotton shirt stretched over his torso. And no bowler or brolly in sight, this truly was the weekend.

Emma had just enough time to get her shawl, and she was ready.

They left the apartment full of the joys of summer, and no diabolical masterminds to think about, just a nice country run with each other.

Steed gentleman as always, opened the door for Emma as she got in and sat down comfortably. Steed climbed into the Bentley, and sat himself down. Steed turned to Mrs Peel, and said, " All set?" His grey eyes catching at her clothing as he asked.

Emma replied, "Definitely." As she gazed at his slender figure, that she knew lay beneath his defining clothes.

"Good" he replied, as they met each others gazes before he started the Bentley's engine, it purred rather loudly before it took off down the road.

"So, where are we heading?" Emma asked.

"Where ever the wind may take us Mrs Peel." Steed, casually glanced over to her as he replied.

It was 9:30am, on a very warm Sunday morning. It was strange to see Steed up before 10am, but on these occasions Emma was glad. She loved her weekend jaunts with Steed motoring along the countryside in his green Bentley, wind in her hair, the sun shining, the sweet smell of the morning's dew on the grass underneath her fingertips. Not only would they canter along the countryside in the Bentley, but they would also picnic in an open field if the weather was right. Today was no exception it was a lovely morning, the sun had risen, the birds had sung, the temperature was increasingly rising, and would continue to do so, until midday. So naturally today was one of those picnic days. Emma loved to picnic, she loved country inns just the same, but felt that a picnic was better as it was more in touch with nature, as Steed would say. Plus you could also take your time with a picnic, no closing time, no loud background noise. The occasional snort of a bull, moo of a cow, or baa of a sheep could be heard from the next field, but that didn't matter really. Yes, the ground could be hard, but Steed's blanket took care of that.

In the back seat of the Bentley lay two woven picnic baskets, one that contained Champagne, Emma guessed the other would contain Steed's sumptuous delights. Next to that was Steed's tartan coloured blanket.

"So what's on the menu for "Steeds Special" today?" Emma asked, with a grin curling her lips.

"You'll just have to find out. And... ah ah, no peaking!" Steed raised his finger in protest, as undoubtedly Emma had been caught before, and punished too. So she may

just have to have a little peak.

"I said no peaking!" Steed exclaimed as she turned in the Bentley's bucket seat to take a look.

"Oh, alright. I won't look, but I'll just have to occupy myself some other way!" Emma said in reply.

Steed's eyebrows shot up, and the Bentley swerved at her last remark.

Emma, leaned towards the dashboard of the Bentley. The wood panelling gleamed back at her, she could just make out her features in its reflection. She turned the black radio dial to the right, as she tried to find a suitable radio station. "Ah, there we are, a nice Mozart Concerto, just right for this morning." She said, as she turned back to Steed. She could see that his face was slightly flushed, and noticed in his swerving at her last remark that he most certainly was in the mood for a picnic.

About an hour away from the busy traffic streets of London, Steed and Emma were motoring along the country roads of Hertfordshire at a steady 45 miles an hour. They were savouring every moment; they had spoken of numerous topics about the passed seven days and how their battling enemy agents had been rather quite this week. After a brief silence, Emma changed the subject on to a more sensuous one.

## Part 2

Emma moves her right-hand over Steed's, on the gear stick. She smooths her fingers over Steed's hand, and he moves his thumb up to caress her hand. He turns to look at Emma, and smiles his most special smile, as it immediately takes affect on Emma she returns his gaze and smile. They gaze into each other's eyes, for what seems like a lifetime. It dawns on Emma that Steed wasn't concentrating on the road; the Bentley was already taking a more favoured side to the right of the road.

"Steed, the road!" Emma declares.

Steed swerves the Bentley to fall back into the white lines on the left of the road. Just as he does this, a car horn sounds a rather brutish car overtakes them ferociously speeding past. Dust is swept up by the motions of the car in front, and the winds carries the dust into the view of Steed and Emma. They close their eyes in reaction to the dust, as it almost blinds them.

"I think we should stop some where!" Emma remarks, as she wipes away the dust particles from her eyelid with a swift motion of her fingers.

"Excellent idea Mrs Peel, I can't go on driving in these conditions!" Steed replied chuckling to himself as he to wipes away the roads debris from his eye.

He responds to her suggestion by taking the next left turn at the junction ahead. Slipping the gears into first as he brings the Bentley to a halt. He then pulls away, forcefully he pulls left on the wheel to bring the car around the 90 degree angled corner to line up with the road markings, and the Bentley continues down the road, in a gentle second gear.

Steed continues down the road, trying to find a spot to park, as he notices a opening on the left. Bringing the speed of the Bentley down he glides the Bentley through the wilderness, of broad, tall fern trees. The gathered fern trees tall enough to house many birds and their branches suitable enough to let light filter through to the forest floor giving a substantial amount of visibility.

Steed manoeuvres the Bentley steadily over the twig, leaf and soil laden floor. The Bentley's tyres snap the sticks as they roll over them. Once about half way into the small forest, Steed brings the Bentley's to a halt. Amongst a surrounding of trees, they have covered enough distance to barely hear the occasional traffic that would pass by, let alone see them as well.

As Steed switches off the purring engine, he turns to Emma, and says.

"Is this suitable enough madam?"

"Depends what you have in mind!" Emma replies rather coyly.

Steed looks into Emma's eyes with his own grey desirable irises, as she meets his gaze with her deep brown prerogative eyes. They slowly lean into a gentle kiss.

### Part 3

Their tongues softly stroked one another's, as the kiss turns from a comfort to a heated intense kiss.

Emma lets her right arm fall around Steed's back, and she gently runs her fingers into his thick styled, dark hair. Steed brought his left arm around Emma's bare shoulders, as he begins to caresses her hair. Emma melts into the kiss, as she reaches up to touch Steed's cheek with her hand.

Their kiss becomes deeper, as they continue to search each other's mouths. Steed moves his right-hand along Emma's leg, knee, thigh, and gently feels his way up her cream dress across her torso, to her petite breasts. He cups one and fondles her nipple gently teasing her.

Their breathing becomes irregular as they part to take a breath, and turn their heads in

sync with each other to meet in another kiss.

Steed runs his fingers over her cream cotton dress, down to fall in between her dresses opening in her inner thighs. He fondles between kisses, and breaths to finally pull down her briefs. He finds Emma's aroused flow of energy filter onto his fingers, as he strokes her folds and feels into the depth of her already throbbing clitoris. Emma moans into Steed's mouth, as she breaks from the kiss to breath an erotic "Steed".

Steed steps up the pace, by pushing his fingers down into her vagina, pulling and pushing in and out, sending shock waves of pleasure around Emma's body, like a gunpowder rush igniting along her spine, as her heart beats throb against Steed's exploring fingers.

"Oh, Steed. Don't stop!" Emma manages to utter against Steed's lips, before fading into another passionate kiss.

Emma's body motions the force of Steed's hand movements, as her hips push against his every touch.

Steed continues to arouse Emma with his erotic finger movements, by lifting his fingers and probing for her most fiery spot inside her. He knew he had reached it as Emma began to contract around him, she shook and trembled, he could swear he could feel the orgasm pass through to him like a pleasing electrical shock. Emma moaned as she shook, "oooooh Steeeeeeeeeeeed!"

As her orgasm took her like an bolt of lightning. She collapsed her head against his nook between his shoulder and neck, and breathed in heavily trying to control her breathing to fall back into a regular rhythm. It didn't work as the orgasm was so powerful, it took her a few minutes to catch hold of her heaving chest.

The End