

Mona Morstein

The chair

Emma Peel entered the warehouse situated by the East docks, gun in hand. Steed had been too late in returning to his apartment, so, having figured out the headquarters of the villains, she had driven there on her own. Steed's Bentley was parked a block away, and as she entered the large main room, dusty and cluttered with unmarked boxes hammered closed yet also tied with rope for extra security, she spotted a blot of blood on the cement floor 20 feet from the side door she had used. A wave of tingling anxiety twittered her insides, and, lips set in a frown, she progressed onwards. She came upon a couple of men, one blond, one red-haired, standing and smoking casually by a corridor that branched down a hall towards some offices. When they saw her, the men looked at each other, snickering, and then the blond fellow flicked his cigarette away and took a step towards her. He shook his head a few times and began to stand on shaky legs, as Mrs. Peel darted over to him, chopping the side of her hand down on his neck. His legs gave out and as he fell to the floor, his face collided with Mrs. Peel's knee. He landed on top of the blond man, and moved no more. Mrs. Peel spun around and landed a sharp blow to his kidney, then kicked the side of his knee; his leg buckled but as he stumbled he flung an arm out and by chance caught hold of Mrs. Peel's arm. A wince of pain suffused Mrs. Peel's face as he crushed her arm as hard as he could. No Mustache stepping around Mustache, Mrs. Peel lifted her foot and brought it down as forcefully as possible onto Mustache's foot; he yelped, and let go of her arm, and began hopping on his other foot, holding the injured one in his hands. Simultaneously chopping down on Mustache's neck, who then dropped to the floor, Mrs. Peel kicked out her foot to No Mustache, but he blocked the kick with a tremendous blow and countered with a roundhouse. Mrs. Peel blocked it, caught, and twisted his arm around his back, bending it high up his back, until the man cried out in pain. Holding him immobile, her other arm crept up around his neck, and using a technique Steed had showed her, she compressed both his carotid arteries with the crook of her arm; in 7 seconds No Mustache's eyes rolled into his head and he sank slowly to the floor. Mustache, somewhat recovered, on his feet and rubbing his neck, stared malevolently at Mrs. Peel and then ran straight for her. She dove to the floor landing in a shoulder roll, and Mustache collided with the wall behind her, stunning him. As she came to her feet she grabbed one of the kitchen table wooden chairs, and swung it with all her might into the head of Mustache. That was the end of his wakefulness. Wiping her hands, she tied those two men up, picked up the gun, and left looking for Steed. She found him in a room at the opposite end of the warehouse, tied hand and foot to a chair in the middle of the empty room. He had a swollen bruise on his left temple, and a few trickles of blood had coursed down his face, landing on his suit jacket. He was awake though, and fully alert, and seemed, really, no worse for the wear. "Steed," she said, smiling at him. "Mrs. Peel, how very considerate of you to come and rescue me." He flicked his head towards the outer area of the warehouse. "I hope you had no problem with the criminal types? They can so act up at times. And don't bother mentioning courtesy to them. Wouldn't even bring me a cup of tea." Emma tsked, tsked, tsked in sympathy. "No," she shook her head, "I had no problems." "You dispatched all five of them?" "All five." Steed smiled broadly. "Ah, that's my girl." A flood of calm filling her at the sight of him safe, Mrs. Peel entered the room, slowly walking to him. He's so bloody attractive, she thought; his handsome, boyish face, soft

and thick head of brown hair, his lithe, muscular body, and that smile that went right through her, heating her blood to boiling. It had been three weeks since they had been able to be intimate and she had desperately missed that joyous physical contact that, frankly, illustrated their bond of love more than either would ever be able to verbalize. Steed had been away on a rush job to Berlin, and then as soon as he had returned back to England this assignment had arisen. She yearned to feel his body inside her.

Steed glanced around in an failed attempt to see his hands tightly tied to the chair behind him. He managed to wiggle his fingers. "I wonder if you might untie me, Mrs. Peel. I must say, the fellow who worked the ropes seems to have a quite remarkable ability to truss people up. Must have been a sailor. I can't move at all."

Mrs. Peel studied him, his tie off center, an errant lock of hair falling over his forehead. When Steed was at his sartorial best, no man could succeed him as the perfect male model; yet, Mrs. Peel had to admit to herself that whenever he became slightly disheveled, she was attracted to him even more fiercely. No doubt purely a Pavlovian response, she thought, as those disarrayed looks generally appeared at the end of a case, when their personal time was now free to begin without any fears of interruption...Hmm, just like now, Mrs. Peel mused. Her body grew electric gazing at his tall, sensual body, knowing they were alone. Seeing him there, handsome and helpless, Mrs. Peel suddenly got a very bad idea in her head.

"Really? Can't move at all?" she asked, casually walking closer to him. "Your flat you shan't regret releasing me." his trousers. "Mrs. Peel, for Heaven's sake untie me," Steed gasped. "Let me hold you...touch you..." Steed struggled left and right, flexing his leg and arm muscles to no avail, proving his previous statement to her. "As immobile as a traffic jam," he said. "It's quite uncomfortable, and I'm starting to get a crick in my shoulder." Mrs. Peel, now by his side, slowly trailed her left index finger across his chest as she stepped behind him, kneeling low so that her mouth was next to Steed's left ear. Her left hand landed on top of his left shoulder, and began to knead it; her right hand caressed the back of his neck. "This shoulder, Steed?" she asked, softly. Mrs. Peel felt him stiffen, and from his side she saw his eyes widen warily, but he kept looking straight ahead. His mouth flicked up and down in one of his two second long "Uh-oh" grins. Lifting his chin up and out, he stretched his neck momentarily, then said, "Uh, no, Mrs. Peel. It's, uh, the right one." "Oh, the right one," she whispered. She glanced down quickly at his hands, and saw that, although the ropes were tight, there was no distortion of the skin color, no indication that Steed's circulation was being impaired painfully in anyway. If that had been the case, she would have untied his hands at once, but now she saw there was no urgent need to do so. Sending a small thanks to Heaven, Emma now was dead set in enjoying the scene she had every intention of creating, and having Steed enjoy it as well. She slid across the floor, trailing her left finger across his broad shoulders, until her right hand was kneading his right shoulder, and her left hand was caressing the back of his neck. She whispered in his right ear, as she massaged the joint, "Is this helping the crick, Steed?" Steed's breathing turned a bit jerky. Still looking ahead, he asked, "Mrs. Peel, exactly what are you doing?" Then, resuming his bantering tone, he added, "I hardly think this is the time or place for you to be so...amorous. Have the kindness to untie me, and I promise you that back at your flat you shan't regret releasing me." Mrs. Peel stood and came around Steed's side. Her slitted, predatory eyes betrayed her lust. Swinging a leg over Steed, she wrapped her hands around the sides of his buttocks, and pulled his lap out a little before sitting down on it, her weight preventing him from straightening back up. "You know, Steed," she said, leaning near to him, undoing his tie, and dropping it to floor. "I don't think I'll regret not untying you. And, don't worry, neither will you." "Mrs. Peel, really—" Steed answered, but was cut short as Mrs. Peel clasped her lips against his, wrapping her arms around his neck, running her hands through his luxuriant hair. She felt his initial drawback, and then soon, felt him melt into the kiss. Still locked together, their lips on fire, Mrs. Peel

unbuttoned his waistcoat and then undid his shirt, spreading both as far to the side as they would go, exposing his entire well-formed and purely masculine chest and abdomen. She lifted her mouth from his and kissed his eyes, cheeks, neck, and then once more his lips as her hands rubbed and caressed his chest and back. She felt his lean, muscular body, which never failed to excite her, and rubbed her thumbs over his nipples, causing him to pull back his face from her lips and moan in pleasure. She loved making Steed moan, loved seeing him break free of his self-composure, his innately reserved nature. For such a strong man, known for his callous insensitivity in his approach to being a successful agent, Mrs. Peel marveled at how truly physically sensitive Steed was during love-making. Light, gentle caresses aroused him powerfully, and by now, Emma knew all his secret weak spots. She lowered her mouth to his nipples, moving from one to the other, profoundly stimulating them as her hands caressed his defined abdomen, and then crept around to his back, where her nails lightly scratched him up and down, causing him to shiver in response. Sitting on his thighs, she leered at his hard arousal tenting up his trousers. "Mrs. Peel, for Heaven's sake untie me," Steed gasped. "Let me hold you... touch you..." Emma lifted her head. She knew Steed didn't like to be so out of control in any situation, no matter what was happening to him, whether it was bad, or apparently even, good. Yet, her mind set on progressing this pathway, she needed him to feel fully comfortable with her desires. "Steed, trust me. You know you can trust me. After all, I did just rescue you for some diabolical masterminds." "Yes," he murmured, "but who will rescue me from you?" She gently bopped his nose with her finger, then slid further back towards his knees. Smiling at him, she undid his belt, and then unbuttoned his pants. The depth of Steed's breathing increased exponentially as his zipper slowly lowered inch by inch. Mrs. Peel looked down and saw him bulging out against his underwear. "Not all of you seems to want to be rescued from me, Steed," she smirked. She smiled at the compliment, touching his lips with her fingers. Then letting her hand fall southwards, she ran it down his neck, chest, abdomen, until she was caressing his loins, which were fully aroused. Steed uttered moans and gasped as Mrs. Peel stroked and fondled him, her own body reacting passionately upon seeing how her touch brought Steed such pure, primal pleasure. Steed's head was lifted up, his eyes closed, but his eyelids snapped open and his groans jumped in intensity as Mrs. Peel lowered her mouth to his penis, enveloping it. As she brought him to a higher and higher state of passion, he began grinding his hips in concert with her movements. Her hands moved over his body, caressing, touching, gripping. She knew him so well. At the words "Oh, Emma," and at the slight shaking of his abdomen, she knew he was at the point of climaxing. She lifted her head off his penis. The cessation of her skillful stimulation drew the longest groan yet from Steed, and in a reflex action he lifted his hips trying futilely to reenter her mouth. Like some diabolical mastermind Mrs. Peel thought, Ah, Steed, I've got you where I want you now. Breathing heavily, excited to her deepest depths, she stood up, and swung her leg over his lap. She walked behind him, and leaned over him, kissing the sides of his neck while she ran her hands along his chest, so very lightly, once more spending time rubbing his nipples. She nibbled his ears as she stretched out her arms down his abdomen, coming so close to his most sensitive area, yet studiously avoiding it, as her hands took in his entire torso. "Emma...please..." Steed choked out, but he couldn't get his breath to say anything more. Mrs. Peel returned to his side, and sat back down on Steed's lap, once more holding him with her hand, stroking up and down, Steed's hips moving at once in concert to her caresses. Entirely aroused herself, Mrs. Peel felt that if she didn't have Steed inside her right now she would come out of her skin. Yet, maintaining her outward deliberateness, she stood up and, taking time to linger in a kiss to his lips, she moved up and over to his side. She casually and methodically undressed, folding her clothes nicely as she placed them on floor, fully aware of Steed straining against his bonds, his face flushed in his desire. "Hurry," he implored. She waited an extra moment for Steed to run his frantic eyes

over her nakedness, then, her body demanding attention, she joined in Steed's long moan as she swung her leg once more over him, and slowly lowered herself onto his long, rigid hardness, until she was back down on his lap, her feet planted firmly on the floor. She leaned against his chest, kissing him; oh, she loved to kiss him. She regularly tightened certain interior muscles that made Steed's whole body twitch, but she didn't yet begin to move. Steed's body attempted to begin a rhythm, but she pressed down with her weight preventing it. She could see his abdomen and back trying desperately to arch upwards. "Emma...please...move..." Steed urged, or was he, she mused, begging? A light film of perspiration covered his chest. Emma began a slow steady rising and falling, and Steed, wanting to go so much faster, was stopped from doing so by her strong arms holding him down. She continued her measured pace. Steed's body, unable to sit motionless, relented to her speed, and began matching her rhythm, increasing the force of its thrusts to compensate for the way too leisurely rate. That suited Emma perfectly, and seemed to be working for Steed too. After a few minutes, Emma increased her pace and Steed was right there with her; she hugged him tightly to her, kissing him all over his face, crying out when his mouth found her breast. Their cries of pleasure commingled, echoing through-out the room, filling their hearts with pure, unbridled love. And, just when Emma knew Steed was reaching his limit, when his eyes closed tightly, and his moans became a continuous staccato utterance in concert with each of his upward lunges, she descended in her movement and stayed down. Once more she leaned against Steed using all her weight to keep him immobile, fighting her own potent need to continue and attain that oh-so-close ultimate release. She could feel Steed struggling against her, see all his muscles flexing wildly in his urgent need. It took every last ounce of her stores of self-control to do this, and she twitched and gasped herself. "Emma, don't stop!" he cried out. "Keep going, keep going!" "Third time's the charm, Steed," she whispered, her voice low, her breath raspy. She bit his shoulder to keep herself still. "You're worse than the criminals," he panted. And she smiled at him, this man she loved, like she had never loved anyone before, this man who fit her like the proverbial glove, who was kind, and gentle, and charming, and handsome, and strong, and intelligent, and every other positive adjective she could think of at the moment. After another minute, during which Steed never stopped attempting to break free from his confinement, she began to move again, freeing him up. Steed would not allow her to go slowly anymore; immediately he swept her away with fast and powerful thrusts, each of which spread intense pleasure to every nerve ending in her whole body. Their need for completion now so intense, they lost themselves totally in their frenetic joining, and everything else faded away, the assignment, the room, their pasts, it was just the two of them, now, and their movements, and the love it expressed that neither could nor wanted to hide. Their simultaneous release, when it came, burst upon them both with an agonizing fervor, and they yelled out as spasms of ecstasy wracked their bodies in utmost bliss, and then repeated and repeated and repeated in decreasing waves of rapture. When it was finally over, Mrs. Peel leaned her chin on top of Steed's shoulder, weak and immensely satiated. They were very sweaty, and very disheveled; it took a long time for their heartbeats to slow and their breathing to regulate. Mrs. Peel lifted her head and glanced at Steed; his head was tilted backwards, his eyes closed, his face a picture of perfect peace. As if sensing her gaze upon him, he lowered his head and gave her a smile of such open affection that it melted her bones. He leaned forward and nestled his face next to hers. "Now will you untie me, Mrs. Peel?" he asked. She kissed his cheek, cupping his face in her hand. "Now I will untie you," she said.