

THE STABLE

by Mona Morstein

Steed had spent all afternoon of the hot summer day alone out on his sturdy mare Victoria, covering miles of countryside on horseback, Emma having had to spend the day in town at an anthropology seminar. Victoria did not have the vim and vigor of his frisky bay Napoleon, and she was neither pleased nor smooth when urged to leap a hedge. Steed rode her when he wished to have a long ride up and down hills, by the river, on the country roads, in the fields ripe with flowers, birds, bees and all the glory of an English summer afternoon. The temperature had risen quite high, and when Steed felt too hot he used the wind of Victoria's gallop to evaporate some of his sweat and cool him off a bit. Steed had left home at mid-morning. He had stopped for a light lunch at a pub, where he had watered his horse, and let her nibble on the rich grass on the field beside the establishment. Then he had remounted and spent the rest of the afternoon riding, nodding and smiling in greeting to those he met, the hikers, the farmers, the picnickers. It was early evening when he finally turned into his manor drive and walked his horse around the far side of the house where the stable was, smiling at the blue Lotus sports car already parked in the driveway. It was still sunny and warm, and Steed, aware that Emma had made reservations at a restaurant she wanted to try that evening, knew he had plenty of time to brush his horse down well, take a long cleansing shower, and dress before they had to leave to reach the restaurant in time. Steed dismounted at the opening of the stable and led his horse to the water trough outside it.

He removed the saddle and blanket and put them in the barn, returning to stand by his mare. He patted Victoria's side in affection as she bent down to drink the clear fresh water. Suddenly someone behind Steed was patting him, and not on his side. "Neigh," whined an enchanting female voice. Steed turned around and smiled at his wife. "Neigh," he answered back. Emma look wonderful to Steed. She was dressed in shorts that made her legs seem three miles long and a tight top that high-lighted her breasts. Of course, he had to admit, since their marriage, Emma could be covered in mud and glue, and his heart would still leap at the sight of her. Suddenly Steed's plans to just shower and dress changed quite a bit. Emma had noticed Steed's return from the living room window, always so enamoured by his easy poise on a horse, and had rushed out to greet him. They had had a busy two weeks between the two of them and hadn't been together as much as she liked; Steed had been investigating some odd reports of gaseous mists being seen around Norfolk, and Emma's time had been absorbed by putting the final touches on the seminar and perfecting her own paper. She had missed being with Steed.

"Did you have a nice ride?" Emma asked, happily noticing her husband's eyes wandering up and down her body. Steed said, "I hope to," and bent down and kissed her. Then he lifted his head up and glanced at Victoria, comprehension seeming to just dawn on his face. "Oh, the horse, you mean." Steed waved his hand about, "Yes, yes, very nice, here and there, up and down." Then he turned his full attention back to Emma, "You look gorgeous and very, very sexy." "Oh, do I?" Emma asked, putting her hand on his chest and running it down his torso. Steed's eyes widened. "Yes, you do." "Well, you don't look so bad yourself," she said. Emma thought her husband looked as attractive as she had ever seen him; his hair, so incredible thick and luxuriant, was gently mussed from the wind. He stood in his riding clothes like a pure epitome of true physical manhood, handsome, tall,

lean, muscular, covered with wonderful sweat, which carried a musky aroma that was by no means offensive. Instead, it bespoke exertion and health and stamina, and Emma felt her body responding to Steed's appearance in a very welcoming manner. Steed glanced at his watch, and then tapped the dial once or twice. "You know, I think it's running a bit fast." He held it up to his ear. "Yes, it definitely is." Steed stared at Emma with mischief in his eyes and took a step closer to her. "I think it's only 10:00 a.m. We have plenty of time before we risk losing our reservation..." Emma brought her lips against Steed's with a fervour that surprised him for just a second, and then he was immediately at her high level of arousal. They clasped each other tightly, and then Steed was unbuttoning Emma's shorts and kneeling in front of her to pull them and her underwear off. As the clothes fell onto her sandals, Steed buried his face in Emma's pelvis, gripping her buttocks firmly, using his tongue to stimulate her clitoris. Emma held the sides of his head and leaned into her husband, her cries of pleasure soft but urgent. As Emma grew nearer to climaxing, Steed could not hold off any longer himself. He pulled his head away, stepped Emma out of the confines of her clothes, unbuttoned and unzipped his pants and pushed them down a little, and in one smooth motion he lifted his wife up, her legs reflexively wrapping around his hips, and leaning Emma up against the wall of the stable he guided his long erect penis into her. They kissed as this connection thrilled them, sending waves of love and affection coursing through their blood, heating it to boiling. Emma draped her arms over Steed's shoulders, and as Steed held her waist, he began thrusting in slow, powerful movements that sent waves of ecstasy throughout his groin. "Oh, Emma," Steed moaned, "is this alright for you?" Emma's answer was a series of gasps, through which she was able to whisper, "Don't stop." He didn't for many luscious minutes. Steed's movements sped up just slightly before he felt Emma climax, crying out as she arched back against the wall and shook, gripping Steed's shoulders so tightly it was almost painful to him. Several thrusts later Steed joined her, intense enjoyment erupting from his genitals to course throughout his whole body; his knees buckled briefly, but the strength of his legs was enough to hold them up. They panted together for a few moments more and then Steed slowly let his wife down, kissing her all the while. Once she was standing, and they separated, smiling, Steed cupped his hands around her face and kissed her once more softly and sweetly. Then his eyes opened wide in horror. "My goodness me!" he exclaimed. Emma, taken aback a moment, recovered, and after looking left and right playfully asked, "What is it? Another Cybnaut lurking in the bushes?" "No," Steed said earnestly. "Something much worse than that." Now Emma was actually a little concerned. "What?" "Do you realize that during that entire delectable escapade I never once touched your breasts?" Steed stared at her chest, and then lifted a hand to caress her breasts through her shirt. "Your perfect and very stimulating breasts. Abandoned and alone. Poor perfect breasts." Emma smirked. Steed's sexual prowess was something she would never complain about. It seemed that since their marriage, instead of experiencing a decrease in their intimacy, it was the rare time when they could stop after just one love-making session. It was as if they both felt compelled to make up for all their many years apart, and it was a situation that delighted a willing Emma. "Well, I see that horse-back riding has done you a world of good today," she laughed. "And before I am through, it shall do you a world of good as well. However, no need to shake the timbers of the stable again, not when there is a nice floor of hay and an itch-proof blanket awaiting milady inside. That is...if we have the time..." "We have the time," Emma stated bluntly and grabbing an elated Steed's hand she dragged him into the wooden structure.

They laughed as they went to the far wall, against which sat several square bales of hay. Steed spread out the blanket he had snatched from the front of the stable. Then kissing his wife he easily lifted her into his arms and twirled her around and around until they both fell onto the blanket dizzy, holding hands. Steed looked at Emma, a gratefulness covering his smooth face. "Ah, my dear Emma," he said, caressing her cheek, "how did I ever become

so lucky?" Emma looked at her husband, the most wonderful man she had ever known, a man who was truly her other half, without whom she felt incomplete and immeasurably bereft of the pure joy of life. "Steed, I love you." At that magic phrase they leaned into each other and kissed tenderly, lightly. Then Emma snickered. "Do you ever think I'll call you John? It is rather Victorian, calling you by your surname." Steed's eyebrows came together in mock consternation. "'Steed' is my surname?" he asked completely innocently. Emma pursed her lips together in amusement, and decided to play along. "Of course it's your surname. What do you think 'John' is?" Now Steed pouted his lips in thought. "Well, I always thought it was just some useless title appellation, like Doctor, or The Honourable." Emma giggled. "It would be very awkward for me to try to say 'John' after all these years. It would be like I was with a completely different man." Steed's eyebrows raised high. "Never! I'm quite afraid you are rather stuck with me for life, madam. You might as well stick with 'Steed' as well." "Hey, ho," Emma said, shrugging, "I might as well." Emma threw the blanket over some hay bales and some of the hay on the ground and then pushed Steed back until he was sitting against a small pile of the covered bales. She took off his top and his riding boots and then deftly removed his pants and underwear, using her hand and mouth to quickly bring Steed's semi-erect penis to its full state of hardness. Once it was fully turgid, Emma swung a leg over his body and they closed their eyes as she slowly sat down on his lap and he entered her. In a swift moment, Steed removed Emma's top and bent his head forward to suck and lick her breast and nipples, his hands moving from her shoulders to her hips onto her thighs and back again.

Emma began moving up and down and as she did so, Steed placed one of his hands so that he was stimulating her clitoris as she rose and sank back down to him. At times Emma went up and down quickly just over the tip of Steed's penis, causing him to twitch and groan as that attention to the apex of his organ powerfully enraptured him.

After several minutes, all their attention became focused on their genitals, and Steed's hips matched Emma's movements perfectly as she leaned forward hugging Steed to her. Their utterances were primal and carnal, emitted with each thrust, growing in loudness and forcefulness as they neared their ultimate release and their movements sped up and grew deeper. Steed buried his face in Emma's chest, his mouth and tongue on her breasts heightening her arousal, one thumb again finding her clitoris. They climaxed together, shaking in each others arms, the initial wave of pleasure coming again and again in decreasing reactions of bliss until their outcries of passion ebbed and Steed's arms fell to his sides as Emma lay like a rag upon his chest. "I think," Steed was finally able to say once his breath returned, "that I'm addicted to you." He lifted her head off his chest and held her face gently in his hands. "You do know how very much I am in love with you, don't you?" Emma kissed his eyes. "I know," she smiled. Emma rolled off of him and sat beside Steed on the ground; they clasped hands and revelled in their complete state of relaxation and peace. After a couple of minutes Steed suddenly shot to his feet, and put on his pants and boots and top. He picked up his underwear and all of Emma's clothes. "See you back at the house," he said. Emma stared up at him. "And how shall I get back there with you in possession of my clothes?" Steed shrugged. "Run." "Naked." Steed lifted his eyebrows and eagerly nodded a number of times. Emma rolled her eyes in long-suffering playful aggravation and stood up. "Give me my clothes back." Steed pulled his arms away from her. "And what shall I get in return for such a favour?" Emma took a couple of steps to Steed's side and whispered in his ear. Steed's mouth dropped open. "Promise?" he asked looking at her. "Promise," she replied. "When?" "When we get to our boudoir, which we both are desperately now in need of. If, that is, you are still interested by then..." she shrugged, waving a hand nonchalantly, "or able to...being so much older than me--"

Steed fairly shoved her shorts, underwear, and top into her stomach. "Your clothes, my dear. Do you want mine as well?" "No, these are fine." Emma put on her pants and top, and placed her underwear in a pocket. She motioned to the front of the stable. "After you."

Steed stood in thought for a second. "I don't suppose you would appreciate it if I tossed you over my shoulder and ran like the devil was after me into the house and up to our bedroom." "Such an ignominious action would abnegate my promise." "Oh, dear me, can't have that. Well then, go on back to the house. I still have to brush down Victoria. I hope she hasn't wandered off to Surrey during our diverting interludes. I'll be up as soon as I can." Emma ran her hand over the front of Steed's trousers. "One hopes sooner than later." Steed found his way to the bedroom thirty minutes later, after Victoria had been fully brushed down, the stable put into order and closed for the night. Upon nearing the empty bed he glanced in the bathroom and saw a fully cleansed Emma, naked from the waist up, a towel wrapped around her trim hips, leaning forward over the sink a little as she studied an eye in the mirror. Steed entered the bathroom and stood behind his wife, placing his hands on her hip bones. "Is there something in your eye?" he asked. She stood up glancing behind her. "There was. An eyelash. I got it out." Steed began rubbing his groin against her shapely buttocks, as his hands came around her front to stroke her breasts. "Good." A sudden shudder of pleasure ran through him as he felt himself harden once more. "Ooh. Very good." Steed removed Emma's towel and put it on the bathroom counter, moving one hand down in front of her to fall between her legs. He was warmed and glad to feel her already beginning to moisten and he put a couple of fingers inside her to massage that most sensitive of areas while his thumb caressed her clitoris. Very soon, the wetness increased markedly, as did Emma's moans of pleasure. "Very, very good," Steed said, once more unzipping his pants and letting them fall to his feet.

Emma felt his hardness against her vulva and ached inside from her need to feel him once more fill her up so completely. "But," she asked, "what about what I promised?"

"I'll take a rain check," Steed murmured, angling himself so that the head of his penis was right at the opening of her vagina. He thrust into it in tiny, yet decimating movements. "If you don't mind." Emma leaned over the sink, spreading her legs wider. "I don't mind," she urged. With a groan Steed leaned over her and entered her beginning a sure steady rhythm, keeping one hand on Emma's breast, massaging it, rubbing the nipple; he did the same to her clitoris with a couple of fingers of his other hand. He kissed the back of her shoulder and her neck. Emma felt that her whole body had just entered Heaven; waves of excruciating enjoyment swept through her, and she gripped the hot and cold water knobs as tightly as she could as the sensations soon began building higher and higher in her.

"Steed, oh, god, that's so..." a long low moan finished the sentence for her, and then smaller more regular moans punctuated each of Steed's thrusts. Steed, touching Emma, being with Emma, being in Emma, was amazed, it never failed to amaze him, never failed to have him offer a prayer of heartfelt thanks to fate, to God, and he didn't even know if he believed in God, but he believed in this, this joining, and he believed in Emma, a golden woman, a perfect woman, his friend, his love, his wife. Steed's thrusts grew quicker as he and Emma neared the convulsive heights of their lovemaking. He felt and heard her climax occur as Emma yelled out reaching back to the sides of his thighs as she felt compelled to touch Steed while her body arched backwards. Steed held her up in his strong arm that wrapped around her torso, and maintained the actions of his hands and penis as long as he could, keeping her shaking again and again until he had to speed up just a bit for his own shattering release. When he came, Steed hugged Emma passionately to him, his hands placed over her breast and pelvis, as he lightly bit down on her shoulder, muffling his urgent cries. After several moments, Steed withdrew from her and they stood up on weak legs, looking at each other with matching levels of adoration on their faces. A growl of hunger escaped Emma's stomach and they grinned. "Do we still have time to make that reservation?" Steed asked. "If we rush we do," Emma answered. "I think all of my ability to rush just came, uh, pouring out of me," Steed said, leaning heavily on the counter. "A quick, hot shower and you'll be just fine," Emma said, and turned the water on. "I suppose I should jump back in myself." Steed perked up hearing those words. "Oohh...?" he asked.

Emma pushed him towards the stall. "Undress, shower, dress, dinner, first," she said. "Then, after we return, if you're not too tired, being so much older than me and all ...perhaps you will want to cash in that rain check." "My dear," Steed said, "believe me to be 39 years old." "Oh, I do, Steed," she said, staring as he stripped his riding pants and shirt off, his beautifully muscular body rippling as he moved. "Believe me, I do." They smiled at each other. Much later that evening, after a superb evening repast, they returned home and to Steed's happiness Emma promptly cashed his rain check.

THE END