

# THE WAITING

by Mona Morstein

Three weeks. Three long weeks.

Steed lay in his bed, in his soft silk pyjamas on his soft silk sheets and tried to relax and fall asleep. It was late, after midnight, and Steed had placed high hopes on the sedative ability of the large brandy he had ingested before climbing the narrow, circular staircase that lead to his spacious master bedroom on the upper level of his apartment. As he had changed into his night clothes, Steed had tried to convince himself several times that he was entirely exhausted, tired to his bones, endlessly fatigued, and that sleep would come quickly and easily to him.

But it hadn't. He lay in his king-sized bed and instead of feeling free and unencumbered in his solitude, Steed felt lonely. He glanced to his left and the sight of the undisturbed pillow and the empty space filled him with a deep yearning, a yearning for the presence of a certain auburn-haired beauty who was soft and warm and strong. His friend, his colleague, his lover. Mrs. Emma Peel. Steed missed Mrs. Peel. She had told him she would be gone only a week, shuffling off to her factory in Manchester to work on speeding up the processing of the component parts the military depended on for their fighter jets. In a telephone conversation not long after she had left, Mrs. Peel had unhappily related to Steed that when she had arrived at the factory, she discovered she had walked into a very tense situation, with workers and management up in arms with each other over pay rates and working conditions. So there Mrs. Peel was, now three weeks later, still in Manchester playing mediator while Steed was here in London, done with his latest assignment, wondering when she would return. Steed was surprised by the depth of his desire to see her again. It was one further weakening hole blasted into the previously impenetrable wall of his confirmed bachelorhood, one further word illustrating clearly the writing on the wall--the truth being that he cared for Mrs. Peel much more than he had ever intended to, much more than he had realized, much more than he had ever thought he would be able to care for someone again. And it was...wonderful. Scary, surprising, and wonderful. She was wonderful. She was perfect. Brilliant. Fun. Gorgeous. Charming. Hot. Steed twisted in his bed as he thought of Mrs. Peel, ignoring the physical response manifesting itself in his groin as he created her naked image in his mind. As much as he considered himself quite an experienced man of the world, and especially of the world of women, Steed had to admit that he had never, ever attained the heights of pleasure that he did when he and Mrs. Peel made love. Her touch alone, on his arm even, on the nape of his neck, was sheer ecstasy...Steed groaned and fidgeted in bed, his penis hard against his briefs. For goodness sake, Steed, he told himself, it's only been three weeks. You've been celibate for much longer than that for a good deal of your life, with assignments, undercover work, incarcerations; it's something you're used to. Yes, but I didn't have Mrs. Peel in my life then, he argued to himself. Lovely, shapely, sexy Mrs. Peel, who knows just how to kiss me, to hold me, lick me, scratch me, ride me... The thought of their last love-making session filled Steed's mind, and brought a fever to his body. His fervent thrusting rubbing against her heavenly insides coated with slick moist heat; her tongue shoved into his mouth, exploring, claiming ownership; her limber legs gripping him around his waist; his arms under her back holding onto the tops of her shoulders, pulling her to him as she cried out for him to go faster, deeper, harder... As the memory faded Steed became aware of his right hand as it caressed his groin through his pyjamas. He

took his hand away, a bit ashamed of his absent-minded action. Steed hadn't masturbated for a long time, hadn't felt the need to, some woman somewhere always willing to help him handle his libido when it drove him to distraction. Certainly with all the intimacy he shared with Mrs. Peel, he had had no need for additional self-pleasuring. Mrs. Peel, in fact, usually left him too weak to even think of any such behaviour. Ah, the way she ran her tongue along his erections, took him into her mouth... Steed's hand returned to its stroking. What could it hurt? Mrs. Peel might be in Manchester for who knows how long. It was Emma's fault really; if she wasn't so beautiful, if she hadn't so quickly learned how to bring his body to such incredible bliss...she knew where to touch him, how to touch him...oh, the feel of her hands, her lips, so inconceivably and fantastically...hot. Steed shifted in his bed onto his right side clasping his hands in front of him, telling himself he was not aware of the throbbing need pervading his stiffly rigid penis; after a couple of minutes, he turned on his other side to see if his silent lie would be effective from that position. It wasn't. He turned onto his back and knowing that he would never fall asleep at all at this rate until he gave in to his undeniable sexual craving. Pushing the pants of his pyjamas and his briefs down his legs, his penis stood firm and warm once freed from its confinement. Steed firmly took himself in his hand and with a moan began rubbing his manhood up and down, using his thumb to arouse the sensitive head of the organ, his breaths becoming jerky and shallow. He pictured Mrs. Peel naked, bending over him on the bed, her hands following the muscular contours of his chest, his abdomen, his rounded biceps, his buttocks, thighs, his inner thighs, his groin...Steed grew very toasty and pushed the covers off himself, soon lost in the rapid motion of his hand which so closely simulated the tightness of being in Emma, the friction of his grip emulating her welcoming vagina. His eyes closed, up and down, up and down Steed moved over his maleness, stretching it in his sure grasp, his early drops of semen lubricating his hand as it travelled over the shaft and head, the delectation growing quickly, quickly, building higher, oh, so near, so near...

"So, you just couldn't wait for me, eh, Steed?" a voice drifted over to him from across the room. Steed's eyes snapped open to the sight of Mrs. Peel standing at the entrance to his room, the light from the window illuminating her bemused countenance as she stood with a small piece of luggage in hand. A few strokes more, a few strokes more, that was all he needed, all it would take, but seeing Mrs. Peel there, catching him in such a pose, engaged in such an activity, Steed, using all his impressive willpower, took his hand from his penis and smiled abashed at her. His penis quivered several times, demanding he return to his sexual chore and complete the promise of climactic release he had begun. Steed hoped, however, that his release would now quickly be achieved through a very different manner. "Mrs. Peel! Whatever are you doing here?" Steed asked calmly, as if laying on his bed, half naked, large and hard, masturbating, was not the least bit unusual or untoward. Steed knew Emma could move like a sleek cat when she wanted to, but still he was impressed with her silent entry into his apartment and her noiseless climb up the stairs. Mrs. Peel placed her luggage on the floor and strode toward the bed, slowly flicking a strand of hair out of her face, an act that she knew drove Steed crazy in its sultry allure.

"I thought that since my visit to Manchester has lasted much longer than I suspected it would, I'd return to London for the weekend, surprising you. Which, apparently, I obviously did." If Steed had been a blushing person, he would have done so at that moment. Instead, secure and confident in who he was and what he did, Steed completely removed his pyjamas and underwear and then held out his arms and said, "You did surprise me. And I'm glad. I've been missing you, as you can see," his eyes flicked down to his long and vital erection. "Come to bed." "Oh, I intend to," Mrs. Peel said, undressing quickly, and slipping under the covers next to Steed. Steed rolled over to grasp her to him and she held up her palm, abruptly stopping his motion, her eyes narrowing seductively. "Uh, uh, uh. Stay back. No touching," Mrs. Peel said. "Fair's fair. Now it's my turn." Steed--comfortable

with and used to taking orders from Mrs. Peel--held himself away from her, but grew confused and asked, "What do you mean?" "I mean, you've had your fun, now I'll have mine," and Steed was shocked to see her hands, hidden under the sheet, begin to move about halfway down her body as she arched backwards slightly and her breaths suddenly took on a quickening pattern. "What on earth are you doing?" Steed asked, staring mesmerized at the undulating movements of the covers, his penis standing painfully rock solid at the sight. "What on earth were you doing?" she asked back, smiling up at him, a slight "Ooh" escaping her lips as she drew her attention back to her hands. "But, that was only because you weren't here. There's no reason now...Let me do that..." and Steed bent down to kiss her, his hand nearing her breast. "If you touch me before I say you can, Steed, I'll head right back to Manchester," Mrs. Peel uttered between sharp exhalations. Steed froze and smiled briefly. Then he saw the determination in her eyes. "Surely you're not serious, Mrs. Peel?" he whispered. It took a few seconds for Mrs. Peel to answer. "I'm serious." "But why?" "Just to teach you that I'm worth waiting for," she said. Steed opened his mouth to speak, but speechless, he just leaned on his left elbow, so near to Mrs. Peel he could smell her, feel the heat coming off her body; not being able to touch her was pure and cruel torture. Yet watching her touch herself, imagining her hands underneath the covers, Steed had to admit, it was very...erotic...very...arousing. Steed felt positively lecherous staring at Mrs. Peel, and he lay down next to her, an inch from her, so that his exhalations warmed her neck. His left hand returned to his penis, slowly and gently massaging it, while he ran his right hand over her body, moving it around just barely above the skin surface of her breasts and stomach, her stomach which moved in concert with her hands. "Emma," he murmured in a deep, husky voice, "I've missed you so much. Let me touch you." "Soon, Steed, soon. Wait..." and she continued to deny him while she enjoyed herself. Steed felt that if he had to wait much longer he would have a heart attack, as his heart pounded out his need for her as in some sort of physical Morse code. He moved his hand just above her neck, over her face, his other hand bringing him closer and closer to a convulsive demonstration of his impatience and his dreadful inability to wait as Emma demanded. The movement of Emma's hands grew more frantic and then suddenly she turned to Steed and grinning at him, urged, "Now, Steed, I need you now." She didn't have to say it twice. With a moan, Steed rolled on top of her and guided himself deep into her copiously moistened vagina. Already so far along to the zenith of his climax, with just a few fast powerful thrusts Steed came, arching his back, crying out and shaking intensely for many long seconds, then driving himself into Emma as far as he possibly could several times to shake some more, his arms wrapped tightly around her back. He collapsed heavily onto her, his breaths heaving and jerky. After a minute or two Steed recovered and rising off of her he awkwardly looked at Mrs. Peel, who barely hid her amusement. "Well, that was another first, tonight," she said. "Uh, you didn't...?" She shook her head. "Emma, really, I'm ever so sorry about that. But you have only yourself to blame," Steed said. "Oh, really?" Mrs. Peel drawled, randomly tightening certain vaginal muscles, causing Steed to twitch each time she did so. "Yes, really," he said, suddenly a strong twitch pervading his whole body, "it's very difficult to talk when you keep doing that." He twitched again. "...Yes, it's your fault. If you hadn't been away from me so long; if you weren't so beautiful; if you hadn't kept me from touching you; if you hadn't tormented me by your sensual actions under the sheets; if I didn't care so very much about you--" Steed caught himself after that last phrase and stopped talking. Emma's eye's opened wide, a gentle longing suffusing them. "What was that last 'if' again, Steed?" she asked, softly. Steed's answer was to kiss her, his lips remaining bonded to hers for a luscious and timeless moment, his hands running through her hair. When he pulled away from her mouth, Mrs. Peel pulled Steed's head down next to hers and delicately scratching his back with her nails, she whispered, "That's the most wonderful 'if' I've ever heard." Steed closed his eyes, feeling himself grow hard inside of

Mrs. Peel as he kissed the side of her neck. She was here, with him, he was touching her, he was in her, everything was fine, so fine, so very fine indeed. Mrs. Peel's random muscle contractions now aided Steed's speedy return to full tumescence, and once that was attained he began to move slowly in and out of her. She made a movement to try to turn them over, so that she would be on top, but Steed held her from doing so saying, "No, Emma, please, let me take you there." Mrs. Peel smiled at Steed, her face a picture of affection, of adoration. "Steed," she said. "Oh, Steed, my dear sweet man." It was slow, Steed's love-making, tender yet earnest, his strokes steady and positioned to reach both the most sensitive areas inside and outside of Emma's vagina, bringing her to a gradual yet enormous peak. Steed combined his thrusts with kisses to her lips, her face, then her breasts, changing the kisses to licking and sucking of her nipples. He sped up his movements by increments as he perceived Emma's rising stimulation, listening to her groans, feeling for the slightest shudder, and the intensified tightening of her grip around his back. Emma's words of pleading encouragement flooded Steed's system with a desire to satisfy her completely, to make her scream out in passion, to have her body prove the perfection of their coupling. When Emma climaxed a grateful and joyous Steed held her as she did scream, her hips tilting up as high as possible to afford Steed the easiest access to drive her orgasm far down into her inner self. Emma's back arched like a suspension bridge connecting the false front of their public personas of being merely friends to the reality where they could relish each other as the devoted and ardent lovers they were. Once her quaking haphazardly subsided, tremors possessing her on and off for more than a minute, Emma regained her composure and looked up at Steed, so very handsome, so very caring, so very hers. "My god, Steed, that was absolutely magnificent." "We aim to please." "And you did, you did." She felt him still wonderfully hard in her. "Um, didn't you...?" Steed smiled and shook his head. "To paraphrase you, that was just the first, tonight." "Well, we're one for one right now. Next time shall we try to match two for two?" "I'm game," Steed said. They called it a draw after the score reached three for three, each of them too weary and drained to proceed further. They fell asleep entwined in each other's arms and legs, and when they woke, late in the morning, the game began anew.

THE END