

A Day At The Seaside

by J. M. Galloway

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Given the right time and place, Steed liked to feel the sun on his back. Sunshine always - almost always - put him into a cheerful, optimistic mood. A mile and a half from the quiet coastal village of Feldsham, he didn't think it too indecorous to take off his jacket and sling it casually over one shoulder as he strolled down the path from the little cottage that was his temporary home. Beyond the sand dunes lay the sea. He could already smell it. The late afternoon sun was still pleasantly warm as befitted a mid-August day, and he found it surprising that he appeared to be alone in the remarkably picturesque spot. Perhaps the locals didn't bother walking so far when they had equally beautiful coast and country right, as it were, on their doorstep?

Almost alone, he corrected himself, reaching the summit of the first dune. Below him, in the secluded sun-trap created by dunes on each side, there was a superbly female body lounging on a bright tartan rug. The chic French bikini didn't cover very much, but it did cover enough to just about preserve her dignity and simultaneously beg the question of exactly what lay below its tiny scraps of material. Steed halted and stood atop the dune nonchalantly looking down. Her eyes were hidden by dark glasses and Steed couldn't tell if she was awake or asleep. If she was awake, she showed no signs of having seen him. If she was awake then it was worth the deliberately suggestive scrutiny he bestowed on her recumbent form. Young, slim and boyishly lithe, but very definitely female. Steed looked, and Steed's body reacted. Reacted very positively. A dull, pleasant ache started to throb in his groin. Predictable in the extreme, but no less agreeable because of it.

For goodness' sake, you're a mature, experienced man, he told himself wryly, *not a callow, sex-crazed adolescent.* But the burgeoning erection wasn't paying attention to him. After a moment, and with commendable insouciance, he ambled down the west face of the dune.

"Steed," the reclining woman said, not moving her head, and not sounding remotely surprised, "there you are. At last. I thought you'd got lost somewhere between here and Hastings."

"The holiday traffic is quite horrendous," Steed said, neglecting to mention his unplanned and extended diversion into the White Stag, a much famed local hostelry, "The masses just can't seem to resist leaving London like lemmings at the merest suggestion of a Bank Holiday."

"How," she asked him languidly, "was the Group Captain?"

"Fine," Steed said, and launched into a sketchy account of the day's activities as he settled down on the edge of the tartan. Good manners dictated that he drew one knee up in a polite attempt to disguise what had become a discernible bulge in his well-tailored trousers. Never embarrass a lady.

And never give a lady the ammunition to tease, as this one assuredly would. Eventually tiring of his own anecdote, he said, "And I trust you've had an equally enjoyable and

profitable day, Mrs. Peel?"

It disconcerted him, the way he couldn't see her eyes behind the dark lenses of her sunglasses.

She seemed to be looking at him as she shrugged slightly and replied, "I've done a little sketching and a little sun-bathing."

At close quarters she had an even more devastating effect on his equilibrium. He tried, sometimes, to analyse what it was about her that was guaranteed to heat his blood to boiling point, but he had yet to find an answer that seemed satisfactory. She was a very beautiful young woman, of course, but Steed had known any number of beautiful young women in his time, and couldn't think of any other that had managed to wreak the devastation to his poise and composure that she did. Steed couldn't fathom it and the inability frustrated him. He wasn't a man who could live with an unsolved enigma. All puzzles had to be solved. All things had to be explained. But you couldn't dismantle a woman the way you could dismantle a clock or a radio to see how it worked.

"Now you're here," Emma Peel said, rolling over onto her stomach, "you can put some oil on my back."

He was sure she did it deliberately, but then Steed was innately suspicious. The sight of the mouth-wateringly rounded female rump only inches away did nothing to ease the sudden constriction around his groin. If his trousers had been any tighter, Steed would have been in serious danger of singing soprano for the rest of his life. There was, however, no excuse for disappointing a lady, and he reached for the bottle of sun oil with a certain sense of resignation.

If looking at her had played havoc with his self-control, touching her was worse. Her back was so smooth, the skin so soft, and her spine led him remorselessly down towards her barely covered buttocks. The pleasant ache had become an imperative throbbing. Hard as iron, and not trusting himself to utter a single syllable, Steed tried to think about anything except the relaxed body under his hands.

Emma made a throaty, satisfied sort of noise. It was very nearly too much for Steed.

"Wonderful," she said, "Steed, have I ever told you that you've got magic fingers?"

How much was a red-blooded male supposed to take before he broke? Steed gritted his teeth and said nothing. The sun suddenly seemed much hotter, the air much more humid. Or perhaps it was just him.

She stretched languorously, and turned onto her side, finally removing her dark glasses. Deep brown eyes looked at him from a perfectly sculpted and surprisingly mischievous face. One eyebrow quirked at him, and she lazily flicked back an errant strand of auburn

hair. It was very definitely, Steed thought, far too warm for comfort in the sand dunes. Beneath his shirt, he felt a bead of sweat run down between his shoulderblades. The impulse to jump to his feet, hare over the dunes and dash headlong into the sea was becoming harder to resist.

“You look rather hot,” Emma said ingenuously, “Perhaps you should take your tie off and unbutton your shirt?”

Or perhaps I should just pin you down and ravish you mercilessly. . . Oh, Lord, don't start thinking like that, John, or you really will be in trouble. . .

“And risk being caught improperly dressed by a passing bird-watcher? Perish the thought.”

She had that look again. Steed knew that look. Had seen it often enough in the past, the last time only that very morning. The sort of look a hungry lioness might give a side of beef hanging in a butcher's window. And if Emma was the lioness, he was certainly the side of beef. He wasn't altogether sure she wasn't going to start salivating. More and more uncomfortable with every passing second, Steed gave in and grumbled, “Stop it, Mrs. Peel. Have mercy on a fellow, for heaven's sake. . .”

Her eyes widened in injured innocence, “I have no idea of what you mean.”

Steed watched her eyes travel down him, pausing at his chest and finally coming to rest somewhere between his waist and his thighs. She didn't look up to say mischievously, “Oooh.”

“Oooh” didn't begin to cover it. Solidly, powerfully erect, his penis was jutting fiercely against the restraining fabric of his trousers. It was a battle between the power of flesh and the tensile strength of cavalry twill. A battle that, for Steed, at least, was causing a certain amount of pain and frustration. Emma's teasing didn't improve matters. He said darkly, “Behave yourself, young lady.”

“Actually,” Emma said in a light, amused tone, “I don't think it's me who should be behaving myself. Don't you have any self-control?” *Not when you're around, no. . .* “My self-control is legendary.” Sweetly, “What about your control over your anatomy?”

Two, as they said, could play games. Steed gazed at her serenely and said, “Be very careful, Mrs. Peel. I might yet decide to pick you up, carry you back to my cave and have my evil way with you.”

She licked her lips. There couldn't ever have been a more blatant invitation.

It was tempting. Carry her back to the cottage and. . . Either that, or go ahead and jump into the sea, fully-clothed. Whatever, he reflected, if he didn't do something soon,

he was beginning to fear that permanent damage would be the end result. He settled, in the end, for shifting position slightly, trying to ease the constriction that threatened to impair his chances of ever becoming a father.

Emma Peel, beautiful, mischievous and wicked, laughed aloud, plainly delighted. She patted his thigh, "Poor Steed. You're simply too virile for your own good. Plenty of cold showers and brisk walks are what you need."

What I need is a woman who doesn't wreak havoc with my libido. . . On the other hand. . . A touch wounded, he said, "It's the height of bad manners to mock the afflicted."

"I'm sorry," Emma said, not sounding remotely sincere, and moved her hand to the prominent bulge in the front of his trousers.

He actually felt faint for a fleeting moment, but then she started to move her hand, rubbing gently and suggestively, and he forgot about everything to concentrate on the fierce, pulsating reaction she provoked. Steed was certain that he was going to explode. Or have a heart attack. A certain amount of sanity returned when he felt her fingers fumbling with the fly zip. He caught her hand, genuinely alarmed, "Mrs. Peel! This is a public place!"

"Yes," she agreed, and her dark eyes were smouldering.

That look, both lascivious and startlingly hungry, paralysed him. He felt her draw the zip down, blessedly releasing the painful constriction, felt her reach into his shorts and -

The erotic flash that the contact caused not only caused an electric jolt up and down his spine, but made him inhale so sharply that he nearly choked. He felt her hand close around his penis, felt her thumb gently stroking its blunt head, and immediately lost interest in everything else. So skilled, that hand, so sure, so wonderfully familiar.

"I've been here all day," she told him softly, stroking him, "and I haven't seen a single soul."

Steed didn't care. He didn't think he would have cared much if the whole Salvation Army band had marched past playing hymns on their trumpets and tambourines. Everything had distilled down to Emma and the intense pleasure she was bestowing. He slumped back, shoulders propped against the dune rising behind him. She knew what she was doing, he'd give her that. She always knew what she was doing. He wondered, vaguely, if he could get any harder.

"Sometimes," she said, "I feel the need to find out whether you taste as good as you look."

If I have a heart attack now... The thought didn't get any further. He saw her lower her head and then he closed his eyes. He could feel her lips, could feel her tongue darting over him, and all the time she was holding his penis firmly at the root, moving her hand slowly, rhythmically. Moist warmth enclosed him. Steed opened his eyes again, looked down his body. Emma was looking straight back at him, her mouth around the head of his penis. Warm, wet suction, the flicking of her tongue. He wanted to force her head down, wanted to buck his hips up at her to make her take every inch of him. But despite his situation, Steed was a gentleman, and he resisted the powerful urge. One of her hands was cupping his balls, gently rolling the stones within the soft skin. It was too much to bear. The pressure was building too acutely. If she kept sucking him...

She drew off him with astonishing alacrity. It was really quite jarring. Slightly bewildered, more than a little frustrated, Steed raised his head. The eyes that had been smouldering were now on fire. He couldn't remember a time when she had looked more magnificent.

"I want you," she said, and it was a command, not a request.

Emma Peel could often appear haughtily untouchable. Glacial, even. Even Steed, who had more reason than anyone to know that the word "icy" could never be used to describe her, sometimes caught himself feeling vaguely intimidated by her studied aloofness. She was very good at presenting a perfect image of self-contained poise, unshakeable composure, but there always came a point when she was no longer capable of disguising her desire for him. Steed, who knew without arrogance that he was an attractive man, and who was well-used to the fawning attention of women, wasn't cynical enough not to find it remarkably flattering that such an intelligent, sophisticated and beautiful young woman could demonstrate such an intense interest in him. Passion was a two-way street, he burned for her, she burned for him. It was... incredible.

Very little would have stopped him laying her back on the tartan rug with the sole intention of making love to her until they were both exhausted. Very little short of a full-scale nuclear war. She was wearing so little that it was no effort at all to strip her naked under the afternoon sun, and as he did so, she was snatching at his clothes, dragging his tie off, tearing his shirt open. It didn't actually occur to him that he should, perhaps, have felt foolish with his trousers at half mast and his buttocks exposed to the warm sea breeze.

Her breasts were small and in Steed's expert opinion, nothing short of perfect. Her nipples stood up proudly, hard little buds demanding the attention he so willingly gave them. Steed felt her fingers tangle in his hair, felt her body shift restlessly. Felt, rather than heard, her soft moan of pleasure. He had a hand on her hip, gently exploring the subtle curve, and while he kissed and nuzzled her breasts, he let that hand roam, finding the soft cleft between her legs, feeling against his fingers the silky hair that proved, beyond any doubt, that Emma was a natural redhead.

“Oooh,” she said again, but this time huskily and without mockery.

Steed wasn't surprised to find her already moist and ready. Like passion, arousal was a two-way street. Easy to locate the hard nub of her clitoris in the soft folds, easy to caress it with the ball of his thumb while his fingers quested lower. Her body seemed to unfurl like a blossoming flower. Her heated, hungry body welcomed his probing fingers, almost seemed to snatch greedily at them. Emma made a tiny, keening sound, and one hand grabbed his shoulder. Steed winced as he felt her fingernails bite into his skin, but he was too preoccupied - and too well-bred - to complain.

“Steed,” she husked at him, sounding urgent and breathless, “. . . now. . . *Now*. . .”

Far be it from me to disappoint a lady. . . He hitched his body up, eased himself between her thighs. Beneath him, she bucked like an unbroken mare. There was a wild, desperate look in her eyes that told him exactly how urgently she needed him. If he had been less of a gentleman, he would have responded to that look and driven himself home with a single hard, deep thrust, but he didn't. Even if Emma had ceased to care about anything else, Steed still had a vestige of sense and self-control left. Emma was tall, but she was slim and surprisingly slight, whereas Steed was tall, stocky and a big man in every sense of the word; a big man more than capable of hurting her if he failed to observe some restraint. He aligned himself against her, starting to press against her tender flesh.

Emma's voice was raw, “Steed. . .!”

He gritted his teeth, resisting the terrible temptation to simply buck into her in one long, hard movement. A little more pressure and suddenly he was moving into tight, heated wetness. It was exquisite. More than exquisite. Nothing could describe it. Steed could feel her muscles tightening and relaxing, could feel her body grasping and releasing him. A final solid nudge of his hips and he was there, as deeply embedded in her flesh as he ever had been or ever would be. Astonishing heat. Incredible sensations. The hand tangled in his hair pulled his head forwards savagely, her mouth seeking his. Steed didn't need any further encouragement. He found her tongue with his own, duelled with it sportingly for several long, urgent moments, very well aware of the taste of his own body. It didn't repulse him, it only aroused him even more. Mouth locked to hers, Steed began to thrust into her, clutching one of her breasts as he did so, rubbing the hard nipple in time with his strokes.

Breaking away from his mouth, Emma went crazy. It didn't disconcert him the way it once had. Emma in the throes of passion became a hell-cat of the highest order. A very vocal hell-cat, at that. She bit his shoulder, scratched his back, thrust her own hips up at him. There was a sheen of sweat on her skin that almost seemed to make her glow. She was so hot, so tight. . . No longer anything like as controlled, Steed started to pound her harder and faster. Only a small part of his mind stayed focused on Emma's reactions,

Emma's pleasure - the rest of it was only concerned with the unbearable pressure in his groin and the aching hardness of his penis.

"Oh, yes..." Emma's voice, high and unsteady, "Oh... Oh..."

The pressure had reached its limits. If Steed had stopped dead, he might, just might, have managed to regain control. But he didn't want to. Didn't even consider it. He had reached that one, isolated point where he was oblivious to the woman beneath him. Quick, short thrusts, no longer co-ordinated, and suddenly, almost from nowhere, the blessed release. His body was heaving, pumping the surging jets of semen into her. Somewhere in his mind he registered the fact that she was crying out wildly, that she was convulsing, snatching at him, biting him. Steed shuddered, made one final, defiant thrust, and collapsed onto her, panting and sweating, sure his heart was beating so fast that it would fail.

Through the serenity, the sense of deep, complete satisfaction, he heard a voice say softly, "Wonderful..."

It was an effort, but he managed to lift his head. Emma looked tranquil, the wildness gone from her eyes. She reached out to stroke his hair and Steed leaned into the caress. He kissed her gently, lingeringly, then said, "I never realised you were such an exhibitionist."

She laughed gently. "There's no-one around."

"I hate to tell you this," Steed said, "but I did hear a dog barking somewhere close by a minute or two ago."

"You did? Ah, well, Feldsham can probably do with the excitement."

Steed wasn't convinced, but all he said was, "Hm."

He loved to remain inside her in the tender aftermath. It added to the sense of complete intimacy. On this occasion, however, he wasn't sure it was wise or appropriate. A little reluctantly, he kissed her again, then slipped free of her. What had been rigid flesh was rapidly becoming pliable and slack. Steed twisted round onto his back, lifted his hips to drag his trousers back up. He didn't care for the unexpectedly gritty sensation. He complained, "Why does sand always get everywhere?"

"Everywhere?" Emma asked him archly.

"Everywhere," Steed confirmed, zipping up his fly. "It's all your fault."

"Well, of course. I'm an insatiable harpy, didn't you know?"

Steed wasn't sure about the harpy, but insatiable sounded promising. It was, after all, less than a quarter of a mile back to the cottage. A little aperitif before dinner, perhaps? He had faith in his ability to rise to the occasion. He looked at Emma, naked, dishevelled and heart-stoppingly lovely. She looked back, wry, enigmatic and amused. Dolefully, Steed wished he could stop whatever it was that tugged at his heart when she looked at him like that. He sighed to himself and picked up the shirt she had virtually torn off his back. He had a nasty suspicion that he was madly in love with Emma Peel.

"What a lovely day to be at the seaside," he said glibly. There were some things it was better not to dwell upon, much less discuss.

"Lovely," Emma agreed, and her dark eyes laughed at him. Steed sighed to himself. Wretched woman always had been far too perceptive. Ah, well, there was nothing to be done about it. Steed always had been able to surrender to the inevitable with dignity. She said, "Do you know, suddenly I'm quite ravenous."

"Flip a coin for who cooks dinner?" He suggested.

"I wasn't talking about dinner. I had something far more -" and she stopped, gazing past his shoulder.

Steed turned his head ruefully, already certain of what he would see. Standing on top of the dune, staring down at them with their mouths wide open, a middle-aged couple in stout, sensible walking boots, each burdened with a matching rucksack. The man was holding a map which flapped idly in the gentle sea breeze. Steed glanced back at Emma, lying naked on the rug, then looked at the ramblers again. This time he sighed aloud. He was only glad that even if he wasn't as well-dressed as he would have liked, he was, at least, decent. Which was more than could be said for some.

"Sunbathing," he said by way of an explanation.

The couple just stared as if he was speaking in a totally alien language.

"It's all the rage in the South of France," he added, in a bright tone, and when they still failed to respond, he tilted his head and said, "I say, this is St. Tropez, isn't it? I'm afraid I'm absolutely terrible with directions."

"No," the woman said stiffly, apparently coming out of shock, "this is West Sussex. Come along, Henry!"

Behind him, Steed heard a stifled snort of amusement. As the couple marched away, he called out, "Lovely day for it."

Emma Peel started to laugh. He glared at her icily, but it did no good whatsoever. Steed wasn't surprised; the woman was incorrigible. And he loved her for it. Amongst other reasons.

–the end–