

# The Keyhole

Maye Faire

Emma stood outside Steed's front door, and put her ear to it. When she heard the shower start within, she silently opened the door, let herself in and snuck to the doorway of Steed's bathroom. She knew it was wrong, and she had tried so *hard* to restrain herself, but it was a compulsion with her. A fetish. Something she had always wanted to see, always wanted to do, but had always kept herself from doing. As she heard the shower stop, she lowered her eye to the keyhole.

There before her, in his own private bathroom, was Steed. A very wet, very naked Steed. Emma bit her lower lip. He stood there, glistening under the soft bathroom light, his dark, wavy locks falling across his forehead, droplets of water clinging to his hard chest, his large shoulders and... further down. Emma had often admired Steed's body, but seeing it unclothed was still always a shock to her. She marveled at his firm, well-shaped butt, his hard abdominal muscles (*so defined!*), his strong calves—but she would not allow herself to look upon his penis. It was divine torture to her, to prolong it, to avoid looking at it for as long as possible, until she could stand it no more—

She looked at it. And looked. She couldn't take her eyes off it. The only coherent thought going through her head was, *Oh God, it's huge*. What more could be said? It was really quite large—not grotesque, just very large, and perfectly formed. This body belonged to a god. *Such perfect proportion, she thought. Such attention to detail in the creation of Steed.*

As Emma watched, Steed dried himself off, running the towel along his strong body. He moved his arm as if to hang up the towel, but then stopped mid-motion, and suddenly appeared to be lost in thought. Emma saw that, as he thought, his penis quickly became hard. He let the towel drop to the floor, and, leaning against the wall, brought his hand to himself. Emma gasped at the sight of it. Steed's breathing quickened, as he moved his hand almost rhythmically. Small droplets of sweat appeared on his forehead, as his wavy hair fell across it.

Emma slumped to her knees, silently, but her eye was still on the keyhole. As Steed's breathing quickened, so did hers, until they were both gasping, separated by a wooden door. He let out an involuntary moan, and at that sound, Emma couldn't take it anymore. She rose, threw the door open, and looked up at Steed with an expression that was near pain. "Let me finish it for you," she whispered.

Without a word, Steed lifted Emma's dress, pulling it up and off. But when she was about to drop to her knees, he spoke. "No, I want to finish it for you too," he said raggedly, "not that you look like you have much finishing to do." Even in times of passion he could quip. He pulled her against him, and explored with his fingers until she moaned loudly, and her breathing became short and ragged to match his own. She pushed his back against the wall, and brought her hand to him. With one hand they scratched and caressed, while they pleased each other with the other. Steed brought his mouth to Emma's breasts, and sucked hard on her nipples, as she licked and gently bit the back of his neck. All this, while their hands brought each other profound pleasure. Unable to wait any longer, they came together and fell into a heap of tangled limbs on the mat on the bathroom floor. When Steed finally entered her, she gasped, and clawed at his back, and they moved as one primal being. He knew exactly what to do to drive her crazy. Together, they both gave up control, abandoned themselves to each other. So

finely tuned to each other, they climaxed together, moaning loudly at the intensity of it. Finally spent, they lay on the rug, Steed cradling Emma's head with one arm, while the other hand traced slowly along her lean body.

"Steed," she murmured, "please forgive my... impetuosity."

"You must be mad," he said in a low voice. "I thought you were never going to burst through that door. I was afraid that you preferred to remain at the keyhole." He smiled. Emma's face turned crimson. "Watching is fun," she admitted, "but I much prefer participating." "So I heard," said Steed. "There's probably a crowd gathered outside to listen as we're lying here."

Emma kissed Steed, deep and slow. "Let's give them something to listen to," she whispered in his ear.