

**Tales of Urban Passion**

*Smut in the City*



*Edited By*

**LUCY FELTHOUSE  
VICTORIA BLISSE**



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# **SMUT IN THE CITY**

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**Edited by Victoria Blisse and  
Lucy Felthouse**

# Publisher Information

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# Introduction

By Victoria Blisse

## *Why Smut?*

Smut is a word with negative connotations to some. It can be seen as something insulting, creepy and seedy. I'd like to change that perception to the light-hearted definition myself and many Brits hold for smut. Have you ever watched a Carry On film? Well that's smutty. It's sexy, humorous and fun. How about the old cheeky seaside postcards of the fifties and sixties? They're smutty too and that's exactly the feel we wanted to evoke in our Smut in the City stories.

## *What is Smut in the City?*

Smut in the City is the hustle and bustle of the crowds and shopping 'til you drop. It's the wink of a naughty secretary, the seduction of the mail boy. The seductive allure of the patisserie or chocolatier, having your wicked way with the shop keeper or getting a nice big portion at the chippy.

It's the bump of hips on a packed Tube train, catching the eye of a stranger on the bus or ogling the arse of a passerby. The things you see as a New York cabbie or lovers kissing on the Eiffel Tower. . .

It could be sunbathing naked on a roof garden, seducing the tech guy as he fixes your office computer or window shopping in the Red Light District.

Wherever the sights and smells of urban passion take your fantasies that's "Smut in the City."

## *This anthology*

The stories in this volume feature fun in a Manchester city centre fountain, a Las Vegas gangster and his girl, exhibitionism and operas, office workers, blind seduction, art and journey's on the London Tube you'll never forget. Then there's sex in the Colosseum, a lesbian shower scene in Tokyo and hot fun in a Baltimore bakery.

Each story has been picked for its unique city feel. Each author conjures up images of urban living that will transport you to the heart of thriving conurbations that you know and love or have only ever dreamed about. So settle back and let our words take you on a trip around the world.

# Her Secret Garden

By Viva Jones

“I want all these packing crates gone by the end of play today,” Ashley announced in her all-staff speech. The move to the new office had already taken the best part of three days, and she feared the place would still look like a war zone in six months’ time if she didn’t take control. “We’ve got plenty of space, so use it. I don’t want to see mess and paperwork everywhere.” All around her, sixteen members of staff, from the receptionist to the most senior producer, listened in silence. “And coffee mugs,” she added, spying a half-full one abandoned on someone’s desk. “I don’t want to find half-eaten food or half-drunk coffee cluttering up the place. There’s a kitchen over there, use it.” She took a deep breath, trying to find a way to inspire them. “Think of it like this: our gorgeous new office reflects us, it reflects our creativity, our hard work and our talent. So let’s treat it with the respect it deserves, and carry on making the most successful TV programmes on air these days. Okay everyone?”

The staff applauded politely and she withdrew to her office. As fond of them all as she was, there were times she wished she could just employ robots and have done with it. Ashley was a self-confessed neat freak. Her own workspace was minimalist, and she believed in a tidy desk. Anything that came in was dealt with promptly - that was how she’d always worked, and it was how she’d got to the top. She’d started as a production secretary some twenty years earlier and had worked her way up, before setting up her own company, which these days was responsible for some of the country’s most popular TV shows. Now, she’d just consolidated her achievements with the purchase of the top two floors of a Georgian terrace block in the heart of Soho, complete with its very own roof garden.

The roof garden, Ashley remembered, spotting a glimpse of sun through the grey clouds at her window - that was one issue she was yet to deal with. It would be her own private space, her haven for thought and reflection - not to mention for whenever she needed to escape the whines and problems of her apparently permanently insecure staff.

Her secretary had located three landscape gardeners whose work she liked, so Ashley went through the folders, wondering which exactly was the look she was after. Urban Japanese cool, with edgy exotic plants climbing out of steel containers, or countryside rustic, and wild flowers reminiscent of a cottage in Dorset? Then there was Mediterranean classic, all terracotta pots and cheery colours. Which theme would calm her the most? Ashley scaled the spiral staircase that led from her private office up to the roof garden, and stood there, sipping mint tea. The view took her across Soho, up to Centre Point and the British Telecom Tower, and, on a clear day, as far as Canary Wharf in the distance. The space was big enough for a small table and two chairs, and she could already picture herself working on programme ideas over iced teas during summer afternoons.

She saw it suddenly - the terracotta pots, the shrubs and herbs, the colours and vibrancy of the Mediterranean. She didn't need edge - she had enough of that all day as it was - and she'd never much enjoyed the English countryside, if her annual visits to her parents were anything to go by. But here she could recreate her occasional breaks in Italy and the French Riviera, with luscious lavender, a small olive tree, a scented herb garden and window boxes full of geraniums.

"The Mediterranean one," Ashley told her secretary as they were getting ready to go home. "Get him in to do a quote." Noting a cast-aside plastic sandwich container on a desk, she picked it up and dumped it in the kitchen bin, washing her hands twice afterwards. Why couldn't people be more like her, she wondered irritably, as she faced another evening watching her own TV shows over a quiet supper, with nothing but a silicone toy for company.

Two days later Ashley looked up from her desk across the open-plan office, which, although nowhere near as tidy as she'd have liked, was looking pretty decent. Her staff had taken on board - for now, anyway - her dictates about left-over food and the joys of retaining clear desks. In a rare moment of calm, as most of them were in the studio below, she could enjoy the view, and her vision.

The walls were painted alternatively jasmine white and natural calico, colours she'd enjoyed spending days agonising over, checking out samples in different weather conditions (grey and rainy mostly) to ensure they retained a cleanliness and warmth. The desks were oak-finished and the chairs a pale lemon, although one klutz had already spilled his tea over one of them. The carpet was stone-coloured, and the staff were under strict instructions to wipe their feet before entering. And, right at that very moment, the space was pleasingly calm and elegant. If only it could always be like this, she caught herself thinking. A life with no staff and no mess, no broken hearts and hangovers. The thought made her smile. Her staff's problems inevitably became Ashley's problems, and as most of them were in their hormone-rampaging twenties, these were usually sexual and invariably alcohol-fuelled.

Ashley paused for a moment longer, pleased with her décor, and the sense of peace it brought. Then the main door opened and a man wearing khaki trousers, heavy boots, a slouchy jacket and an Indiana Jones-style fedora hat strode in. As she watched in dismay, a worried-looking receptionist appeared behind him. "It's the landscape gardener. Sorry, he wouldn't wait."

Ashley greeted the stranger, who looked like he'd just wandered in from a distant allotment, and he raised his fedora to reveal dark hair that, despite being straight, was appealingly dishevelled. He was tall, with broad shoulders, strong dark eyes and a straight nose, and the grazing of stubble on his chin emphasised his ready, confident smile.

"The name's Fox. About the roof terrace."

"Yes, of course. Follow me." Ashley cursed herself for not having worn trousers that day. As she'd had a breakfast meeting, she was wearing her current favourite suit: a shift dress in soft blue that

caressed her body, finished off with a matching, loose-fitting jacket. Self-consciously she scaled the spiral staircase, knowing that his eyes were sure to be tracing her long legs. As she reached the top, she stepped out and made room for Fox. He looked around, impressed.

“They’re amazing, these buildings, aren’t they? All these secret places on the rooftops. Faces south-east, should be quite a sun-trap in the morning.”

“It was your Mediterranean style I was after. Big pots and tubs, lavender and herbs, that sort of thing.”

“Was it now? That side’ll be more shady. Ideal for camellias and hydrangeas. Clematis on the wall there, I could get you three different varieties for year-round colour. You’ll be watering it, will you?”

“How about a sprinkler system?”

He tutted. “You people. You want the magazine effect without any of the work, don’t you?”

“I want a space where I can relax. Is that asking so much?”

“Everything needs work, maintenance. Plants are like people. They need nurturing and caring to get the best out of them.”

“Please don’t tell me they’ll be as whiney as my staff.”

He smiled, and as he did, his whole face lit up. “The best thing about plants is they need no words. They respond to actions, that’s all.”

Ashley felt a ripple of desire across her body which unnerved her. She hadn’t fancied anyone in years, to the extent that she could no longer imagine losing herself in another person. She’d grown to enjoy her solitude, her riverside apartment and her collection of toys under the bed. Suddenly this man was awakening her from a long and sexless sleep, coaxing her like a seedling to flourish under a generous sun.

“Then give me a quote,” she said, stumbling over her words. “All-inclusive - the pots, the plants and the after-care. That’s all I want.”

“And you’re a woman who gets everything she wants, aren’t you?”

“I beg your pardon?”

“Let me see now. You worked your way up, humble beginnings and all that, but you were bright, and ambitious. Came to the big city and got a secretarial job. Took the opportunities that came your way, possibly stabbed a few backs in the process. And now you’ve got it all - your successful company and your luxury space, but what have you really got? No wedding ring on that finger I see.”

The criticism stung like a wasp. “And of course a woman isn’t fulfilled unless she’s married with children, isn’t that right? Silly me for being independent and successful and for making my own money.” She could feel her face flush with anger. “And I’ll have you know I never stabbed anyone in the back. I just worked damn hard and didn’t waste my life boozing and bonking. But why am I even telling you all this? I ask you in for a quote and instead I get a lecture about my lifestyle? Well, you know something Mr Fox? You can forget about getting any work out of me, there are plenty of gardeners out there who’ll do it without the sanctimony. Who the hell do you think you are?”

Fox just laughed. “You’ll have your quote by five this afternoon. I’ll see myself out.” He began the descent down the spiral stairway.

“I just fired you,” Ashley shouted after him.

“Not possible, as I don’t actually work here. Five o’clock, that’s a promise.”

She stood there, winded. Her chest throbbed with indignity, but elsewhere around her body, her thong was moistening with pleasure. She was feeling aroused by a man for the first time in she-couldn’t-remember-how-long. She had a meeting in ten minutes, so sank to her knees, hoisted up her skirt and thrust her fingers down the flimsy piece of material, deftly stroking her clit while her mind searched for a decent fantasy to cling on to. It landed on Fox’s cock, which she imagined to be large and extremely hard, and she was on her knees sucking it, surrounded by olive trees, hydrangeas and climbing clematis. She came suddenly and urgently within seconds and, having straightened her skirt and wiped her fingers on a tissue, Ashley descended the spiral staircase for her meeting.

As promised, Fox's quote arrived at five o'clock, and it was comprehensive and professional, without the split infinitives and misplaced apostrophes that she was always compelled to correct. Would she give him another chance?

Of course she would, she realised in that second; her desires were stronger than she was. She couldn't imagine letting someone like Fox out of her life so easily. She called him.

"I've decided to forgive you for your earlier impertinence," she said.

"Good," he replied simply. "I'll start on Monday."

Monday seemed an eternity away. "Can't we discuss it over the weekend?" she asked. "Exactly which types of pot and which plant, and where they might go?"

"I have three kids and a dog. I don't do weekends."

Ashley felt flattened. Of course he was married. And he was probably one of those men who was relentlessly faithful to his wife, which naturally made him all the more desirable. "I understand. Monday it is."

The weekend stretched like a rambling rose, climbing languidly up a brick wall, and Ashley found herself browsing through gardening magazines and websites, suddenly passionate about potting and planting, topiary and pruning. She pored over Fox's company website, looking for clues about his private life, but it was deceptively vague, referring only to his having given up a financial career in the City to take up horticultural studies, and the business he'd run for the last ten years.

Monday brought a fine spring morning, and Ashley wore a floral silk skirt, a plain white t-shirt and a lacy cardigan, with her favourite high heels. As Fox strode in through the office, she took a deep breath - not only at the sight of him, but at the trail of mud he left on her carpet. It would clean, she told herself. She'd get someone on to it.

"How are you this fine morning?" he asked with that smile that could wilt the sturdiest of roses.

“Good, thank you, and you?” she asked with uncharacteristic nervousness as she led him up the stairs.

“I’ll be needing to shift pots, plants and earth today,” he told her once they’d reached the roof. “Don’t worry,” he added quickly, as if reading her mind. “I’ll lay down protective covering, there won’t be any mess.” She was grateful for his sensitivity, until he added with a grin, “I can tell how precious your carpet is to you. You probably spent ages agonising over the exact shade, didn’t you?”

Ashley flushed because of course she had, but wasn’t about to admit it. All morning, as she tried to concentrate on her producers’ monthly budget reports, Ashley watched Fox coming and going, carrying pots, plants and large bags of earth through the office to the roof. With every trip he seemed to shed a layer - first the jacket and hat went, then the loose checked shirt. On his next trip the t-shirt had been pulled out from the waist of his khaki trousers, revealing tanned, muscular arms and a tantalising glimpse of hair on his taut stomach.

By lunch time she couldn’t stand it any longer and climbed up the staircase to find him sitting on an upturned pot, eating a sandwich. He moved aside and indicated that she joined him, and as she sat down, fearing the worst for her skirt, she got a whiff of masculinity that made her instantly aroused. It wasn’t a smell that said I’m stinky and need a shower, but one that said, I’m masculine and earthy and physical, and I work hard. It was a smell Ashley could have inhaled all day if he’d only let her.

“I don’t know how you do it, stuck in that office all day,” he started.

“I run a company. It’s what I do.”

“I did it for a while myself. Couldn’t stand it. No fresh air, no exercise.”

“The fresh air is what I want the garden for. The exercise - well, I do yoga most mornings. I might even be inspired to do some up here, when the weather allows.”

She thought she saw a flicker of interest on his face. “There’s a water supply over there,” he said instead, indicating a small tap.

“The pressure’s good. You’ll get your sprinkler system. Want some?” He offered her his sandwich, and despite herself, Ashley leaned forward and took a small bite.

“You don’t eat much, do you? You starve yourself so you can look nice in your designer clothes. Well you know what? Most men don’t give a damn about how a woman looks in her designer clothes. All they care about is how she looks out of them, and bony women are a right turn-off.”

“Oh another lifestyle lecture, just what I came up here for,” she told him, before breaking into a smile. She wouldn’t let him rile her. She wouldn’t give him the satisfaction. “How come you know so much about women?”

“I’ve been married.”

“Been? You mean you’re not any more?”

Fox looked down at his hands, and Ashley knew not to press him.

“And you never have been,” he went on. “Too busy building your career. Perhaps there was someone, years ago, but you’ve frightened them all off since, haven’t you, with your ambition and your drive and your all-consuming desire to get to the top.”

“Please don’t start on all this again. I gave you a second chance. Don’t make me regret it.”

He looked at her and smiled, then in a lowered voice, said, “We both know I’m right.”

She started to get up but he grabbed her waist with one hand, his touch firm against the cotton of her top. They looked at each other for a second, like animals having caught each other by surprise, and she felt his hand loosen its grip. Her breath was taut and shallow, and her thong began to flood. She stood up awkwardly in front of him, refusing to take her eyes off him, challenging him to do more. His hand fell, but then started to caress her thigh, the area just above her knee, and when she didn’t resist, he began to climb it, stroking her, teasing her. She stood there, breathless, refusing to move. It felt like a fight where they could both be winners if they played their cards right. By backing away now, Ashley knew she’d have lost, and likewise, were Fox to remove his hand, he’d be admitting defeat, too.

So they continued, eyes locked, defying each other, and his hand roamed further up the creamy path of her inner thigh. When it got to her pussy it didn't stop, but continued straight up, pushing the lacy fabric of her thong aside as he plunged two fingers inside her dripping wet cunt. Ashley took a sharp intake of breath as she felt her whole being melt into his touch. He moved his fingers up and down inside her, and as she dripped and slipped and dissolved into him, she started to rock against his pressure, pushing her g-spot against his knuckle, and pressing her clit against his thumb. She came suddenly and violently then, caught up in the unexpectedness of events, caught up in her own rashness, and in his daring.

"Jesus Christ, what did you just do to me?" she asked between breaths.

He removed his fingers and sucked them clean. "All part of the service."

Ashley had two meetings, but was distracted through both of them, allowing her producers to present their new ideas without her usual scrutiny. All she could think about were Fox's fingers, and his magical way of igniting her whole body. All she wanted was to hide in her secret garden, to suck him and fuck him, to be with him and to melt into him, day after day after day.

Instead she had to settle for watching his steady traipse through the building with plants and pots and earth.

When the meetings were finally over she could escape, and climbed up what she now considered her stairway to heaven, where she found him emptying earth into a large Italianate tub in one corner. "This'll be for your hydrangea, it should fill this space nicely."

She looked around at the lavender and geraniums he'd already planted, and the small olive tree that was soaking up the sun in the opposite corner. He carried on working, wordlessly, practically ignoring her. It was as if her lunch time orgasm hadn't happened.

"You're not finishing here today, are you?"

"No, Wednesday should do it. And from then on it'll be monthly visits."

“Good. About what happened earlier?”

He stood up stiffly. “Do we need to talk? Do women always need to talk? Why can’t you be like plants, and just go with it? Find a nice spot, get the right conditions, and just enjoy.”

“I enjoyed what happened earlier, didn’t I?”

There was that hot, confident smile again. “I’d say so.”

“Take a break, you’ve been working all day.” She pushed him down onto some bags of earth and sank to her knees, forcing herself not to care about the debris that was attaching itself to her skirt. She unzipped his fly, and as his cock sprang out, she took him in her mouth, reminding herself what it was like to taste cock again, to rediscover that texture unlike any other, and the sensation of his skin against hers, and the sense of doing something daring, the feeling of power that the act gave her, and the innate pleasure she knew she was giving him.

“You do that too well,” he whispered. “I’ll come soon.”

In a sudden, fluent movement, he picked her up and lay her across his bulging cock, and as his hands roamed up her thighs to her g-string, he gave her a short, hard spank.

Ashley had never been spanked before, and the sudden jolt of pain shocked her, but it intrigued her, too.

“You liked that?” he asked softly, before spanking her on the other cheek. Then he forced his fingers inside her wet cunt again, covering them in her juices, and pulled her g-string aside, baring her anus, and started rubbing it with her wetness. Ashley sighed, not quite believing what was happening to her, as his thumb started penetrating her, and his two middle fingers plunged inside her pussy once again. She clung on to him as the sensations swept over her, inhaling the earthiness of their surrounds, and the fragments of leaves and branches that clung to his trousers. Suddenly she came again, deep and long, thrusting herself against his fingers and thumb, opening herself up to him, revealing a vulnerability she’d long kept to herself. Once her orgasm was over, she climbed off him and knelt down, taking his cock in her mouth again. She was greedy for him, couldn’t get enough of him; she wanted to taste him and to

swallow his cum, but she also wanted to know that a part of him was fully inside her, and so when he lifted her up, smearing her thighs with mud, and sat her on top of him, nothing really mattered any more, and Ashley just relished the size of his cock filling her, and she opened herself up to it, oblivious of their surroundings, and of the windows which might overlook them, and the stifled tea-room giggles that might be going on all over Soho at her expense. None of it mattered. He pushed up her t-shirt and yanked up her bra, cupping her breasts and smearing her pussy juices over her nipples before licking each one clean. Once his tongue was covered and wet, she kissed him, greedy to explore every taste and sensation that was open to her. When he came, thrusting heavily inside her, Ashley found herself tumbling into yet another deep, powerful orgasm, pressing her tongue inside his mouth, her pussy hard against his cock. His hands reached down to cup her naked buttocks, and a finger slipped inside her anus, and she thrust down on it heavily, no longer knowing where any of her sensations started or finished.

They slumped into each other's bodies for several minutes in silence. Instead of finding words, Ashley just found kisses, as she nibbled and sucked his lips, his tongue and his chin. Perhaps he was right about not talking? Perhaps she no longer needed words when she was with him? She could be his exotic plant, and he'd nurture her to once-monthly orgasms without the need for complications or language.

"I must go," he whispered after a moment. "I've got the kids to pick up."

"Of course." She slumped down into the misery of reality. Of course he had a life of his own, and this was just a stupid, reckless affair they should probably never have started. Pulling herself away, she straightened up her clothes, dismayed by the streaks and smears of earth on her skirt and her top, and then turned to look into his eyes. "I'll see you tomorrow?"

"You will."

"I understand, you know, about your wife or your girlfriend or whatever you have, and your kids."

“There is no wife. She left us years ago. I’m not cheating on anyone.”

This admission startled her. “You mean, oh God, I thought, you know, I just, I imagined - “

“Shh.” He cut her off with a kiss that grazed her skin and set her body alight yet again. “Do you always have to talk so much?” He kissed her again, and then his tongue was in her mouth, communicating directly and magically with her clit, and she fell into him, clinging on to him, succumbing to his warmth and his smell and his touch.

He was right, she thought, as he picked her up and dumped her back down on the bags of earth, his hand roaming back up her skirt, his body climbing on hers, his delicious weight holding her down. She allowed one leg to climb over his, keeping his body there, and relished the sound of his zip being undone, and his cock, hard as rock yet again, pushing its way through her sodden thong and into the longing warmth of her cunt. He was right, she thought, as they pounded together, fighting the same battle and synchronising their movements as if they’d been doing this all their lives. He was right about her life and the emptiness she’d grown used to, and how she’d got everything she’d ever wanted, only to find it wasn’t enough. He was right about the lack of men, and about the ones she’d frightened away, and the ones she’d lost through always putting work first.

And right now, as they fucked harder, everything felt right about the pressure his cock placed just where it counted inside her pussy. In her exquisite submission, Ashley came again, less violently this time but no less pleurably, and once he’d come too, they lay there, in the afternoon sunlight, sheltered by the young olive tree and the hydrangea, and she realised he’d been right about pretty much everything he’d said. She lay there, stroking his dark hair, feeling his body slacken on top of her as he slumbered into a gentle sleep, wondering but not caring about where, if anywhere, they might be heading. She wasn’t about to ask or to make any demands of this man. If this only ever happened once a month it would be enough

for her. She'd live like a plant that knew it would be looked after, and she'd flourish on that.

Minutes later he woke up, and checked his watch. "Now I've really got to go," he muttered, climbing off her and getting dressed again. "I'll see you tomorrow."

Ashley merely smiled, looking forward to the morning already, and watched as he left. He'd been right about that, too. Sometimes you just didn't need words.

# Verona

By Geoff Chaucer

The weather was miserably hot and sticky in the ancient city of Verona. I was there to attend the opera Carmen at the city's Roman arena, along with twenty thousand or so other people.

I am no fan of opera but, as usual, I was under the influence of the woman beside me, my sister, who wanted to see one, so there I was, sweating bullets and being elbowed by people of several nationalities, none of whose cultural up bringing included standing in line. Oddly enough I didn't really mind because of the lady against whose back I was jammed. She was a stranger but not so much as she had been half an hour before, when I had found myself standing behind her in a semi-line, waiting to use a unisex toilet in a crowded bar.

I had noticed how lovely she was as we stood in line. She was tall and lithe and I could see the ends of her bobbed strawberry blond hair sticking out from beneath her round school girl type straw hat. The hat emphasised the sweetness of her face; the high cheek bones; the soft pout of her lips; the sensual roundness of her chin. Her eyes were gray-green and so big a man could lose his mind in them. Her skin was silky clear and, despite the sweaty heat, it made me think of rich, smooth French vanilla ice cream.

She was wearing a mid-length, yellow, sleeveless summer dress with little flowers on it. It buttoned up the front from hem to high enough to cover her breasts, but not so high as to keep from giving a tall fellow like me teasing glimpses of her perspiring cleavage. She wasn't wearing a bra. I could tell both by glimpse and by the pointed shape of her nipples poking up the little flowers on the bodice of her dress. The lady was having trouble standing still. Between her need for the restroom and the heat she was dancing from foot to foot and flapping the skirt of her dress in a kind of bellows motion to try to

bring some air beneath it. She noticed me watching her flap and dance and smiled, a bit embarrassed.

"I'm like a little girl," she said, with a crisp British accent. "I hate wearing clothes in the summer, and I hate waiting for the loo."

"Does that mean you usually go naked in the summer?" I asked. I hadn't really meant to say anything so forward, but I was under the spell of the delicious glimpses of her breasts and those eyes.

She lifted an eyebrow at me and I thought I had offended her, but after a moment she smiled and said, "Actually yes. When it is warm enough I shed my clothes. Not in public though." Her smile turned to a wicked grin.

"Ah," I said. "What a disappointment."

At that point we moved forward a little and she stepped into the tiny anteroom of the toilet, where the sink was, and let the door close between us.

When the current user left the toilet the British lady stepped in, and pulled the door closed. I stepped into the tiny anteroom and let its door close behind me so that I stood almost against the toilet door in relative quiet.

And then it happened.

Through the toilet door I heard the hiss of the golden stream rushing out of her, and the splash of it falling into the toilet. It sounded like she was pouring it from a pitcher on the second floor into a rain barrel on the ground, and the sound of it made my heart skip. In my mind I could see her. Rather than sit her naked bottom on a seat that had been occupied by thousands, she had simply hiked up her dress and straddled the commode. The picture of her, skirt held bunched above her waist, knees a little bent, legs bowed open, quadriceps slightly strained and so showing their delicious curves through the smooth flesh of her thighs. The strawberry blond delta of pubic curls; the lightly fuzzed lips of her womanhood parted to show the coral colour of the inner lips; the pink pearl nubbin of her clitoris. And from the centre of that delectable flower the salty, bitter stream spurting forth to break into golden droplets just before it splashed into the water of the toilet.