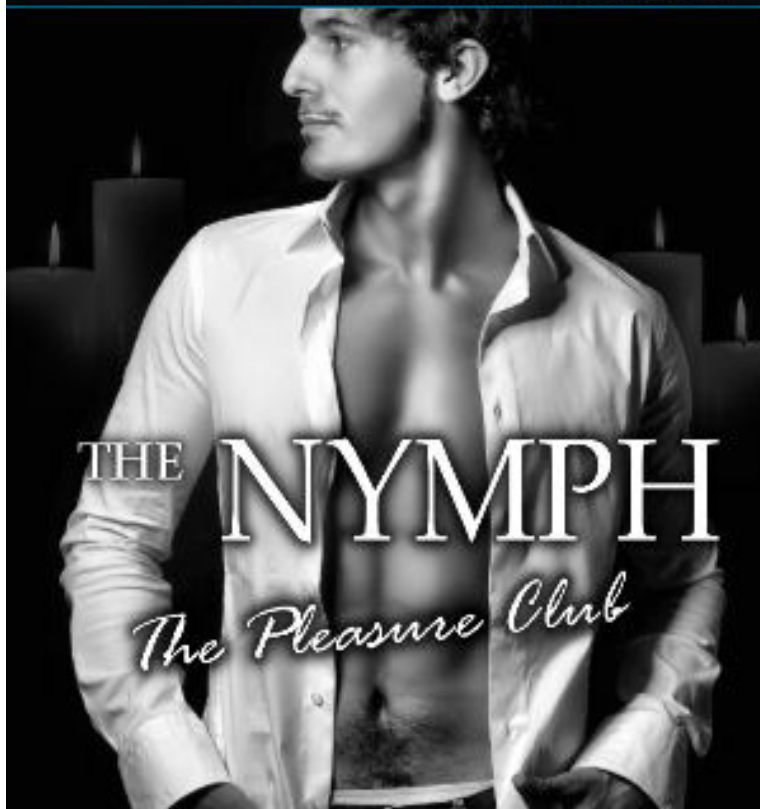


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Kate Austin



THE NYMPH

The Pleasure Club

The Pleasure Club:

The Nymph

By

Kate Austin

The Nymph by Kate Austin

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The Nymph

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Dedication

Leanne, I couldn't have done this without you –
So thanks a million.

Welcome to The Pleasure Club

Professor Jones,

We're pleased to welcome you to The Pleasure Club.

As you have already signed and returned the contract and filled out all the necessary forms to ensure you receive your every wish, we will be in touch with you shortly with the details of your first Pleasure Night. Your Wish List and Pleasure Forms have been turned over to our staff of highly trained Pleasure Guardians, and they are hard at work finding your perfect match.

We will endeavor to meet your personal fantasy.

When you are contacted again, you will be given a location where your Pleasure Night will begin, and you will also be given a safe word to use should you at any time become uncomfortable. There is no shame in changing your mind. We're here to pleasure, and should your safe word be used, your match for the evening will cease all activity, and the game will be put on hold until a mutual agreement between you and your Pleasure Mistress can be reached.

Once again, welcome to The Pleasure Club.

Please feel free to contact the office at any time should you have any questions.

Yours truly,

The Pleasure Club Management

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* * * * *

Professor Jones,

*Your Pleasure Night will begin Saturday, the 22nd, 6 PM
at GPS Coordinates N 44 27.100, W 123 42.357.*

Your safe word is Marlowe.

Sincerely,

The Pleasure Guardians

* * * * *

Geoffrey laughed at the sight of the little orange gadget in his hands. A GPS doohickey? The last thing anyone who knew Professor Geoffrey Jones—securely locked into the world of Christopher Marlowe—would expect. Okay, not exactly the last thing. The Pleasure Club was the *very* last thing anyone would expect of him unless, mayhap, Marlowe had mentioned it in a poem.

But here he was, a small screen in his hand leading him to what he hoped would be a way to break out of the past and, if not into the future, at least into the present. Because while Marlowe had been a passionate and lusty man, women just didn't seem to be interested in Geoffrey's tweed-suited, absentminded self.

But a nymph?

Geoffrey knew everything about nymphs. He'd been studying and reading about them for years, and he'd learned everything he needed to know to please them. God knew he had no idea how to please real women, but he was damn well going to do that with this nymph.

The terrain he traveled got rougher, and he stumbled a couple of times as he focused on the tiny, ill-lit screen. He was close now, very close. A wooden structure appeared on the hill ahead of him, candlelight flickering through the twilight. He turned off the GPS and put it in his backpack.

She was waiting for him.

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Geoffrey took a deep breath, adjusted his hardening cock in his jeans, and forced himself to saunter rather than sprint the last few yards to the gazebo. Pergola. Whatever it was called. It had walls, though, so probably not either. Geoffrey smiled at himself, the professor, as always rising to the challenge of the words. No wonder he didn't have a woman in his life.

The door was partly shut, but sound drifted through the glade. Music, he thought, medieval chants. How did she know? His best orgasms ever had been masturbating to these particular sounds, to the deep, slow movement of the voices shifting from one key to another. His cock hardened further.

He could hardly wait.

But he did, standing outside the small structure and listening to the music, enjoying the feel of the blood pooling in his balls, the weight of his cock pressing against the soft cotton of his boxers, the pressure of the zipper against the head.

God, he thought, I don't know if I can bear this.

Geoffrey stood, resisting the urge to rub his hands across the crotch of his jeans, resisting the urge to run.

He estimated he'd need twenty steps to get to the door. Twenty steps he wasn't sure he could take. Now that he was here, now that his fantasy was within his grasp, he wasn't sure he could do it. Wasn't sure that the reality could live up to his own personal fantasy, the one he'd perfected over years of late nights on his couch or in his office or bed.

His nymph was perfect. What if this one wasn't? His fantasy would be lost.

He didn't have the chance to turn and run. The door opened, and a slight figure stood silhouetted in the light from within.

"Geoffrey?" a low, sweet voice called. "Geoffrey Jones? I've been waiting for you."

Geoffrey's legs and cock spoke for him, his legs carrying his still reluctant brain toward the door, his cock lengthening even more until walking began to hurt. But he didn't stop. Actually, he was pretty sure he couldn't stop—not when that lovely voice called his name again.

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“Geoffrey? I’ve been waiting for you.”

As he drew closer, the outline of her body became clearer. And it was exactly as he’d fantasized, tall and slim and wrapped in silks and jewels. He saw the fabric, along with her shoulder length hair, drifting on the slight breeze, the jewels flashing with each breath. No color yet, no features. All he saw was form, shape, movement.

It was enough.

He followed her into the room, watching as she sank onto the biggest piece of furniture in the room, her eyes shining like cats’ eyes in the flickering light.

The flames of the candles threw everything in the room into dark shadow or warm, old-fashioned light, sometimes both at once. Geoffrey saw only the bed, a massive four poster covered in the purest of white linen. Pillows surrounded her body, the silks catching the light with her every breath.

She smiled at him, and he was lost in his own personal fantasy. She beckoned, and he shook with desire. She spoke, and Geoffrey wasn’t sure he could stand it.

“Come to me, my lord. Come and show me what lies inside your clothing.”

The steps he took to reach the bed might have been the most difficult—and erotic—of his life. Geoffrey Jones was a man of very careful habits. He did the same things at the same time every day, had done so for as many years as he could remember.

This—The Pleasure Club and the nymph—weren’t just entertainment for him; they were a change in his life akin to an earthquake. Or a volcano.

Geoffrey laughed at himself. Right now, certain parts felt more like a volcano than an earthquake. A quick glance down showed an ever-thickening—and quivering—cock straining against his unfamiliar jeans. *Good thing I’m wearing them*, he thought. Tweed would have popped by now.

The laugh was as unfamiliar as the jeans.

The nymph hadn’t moved or spoken while Geoffrey stood there