

Writers House LLC

A LITERARY AGENCY

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Via Facsimile:

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Dear Ken:

I hope you had a good trip back to England.

I e-mailed my revised version of the three major sex scenes to you this morning. Now, I'm faxing the pages I've worked on. I've noted where you need to refer to the e-mail in order to see how I've revised.

I assume Suzanne will call me when she returns from Portugal, but just in case she communicates directly with you, please let me know if she has requested any changes.

You did a great job transforming this manuscript. Congratulations.

All best,

Amy
Amy JBA

~~"You had that in France, too?" she said. She could not breathe properly, her throat felt~~
~~constricted.~~

~~"Yes."~~

~~"These photos—just these two."~~

~~"Yes."~~

~~Her self-control snapped, and she burst into tears. It was unbearable. He had cut her~~
picture out of the year book and carried it, alongside the photo of his family, all that time his life
was in such danger. She had had no idea that she meant so much to him.

"Why are you crying?" he said.

"Because you love me," she replied.

"It's true," he said. "I was frightened to tell you. I've loved you ever since Pearl Harbour
weekend."

Her passion turned to anger. "How can you say that, you bastard? You left me!"

"If you and I had become lovers then, it would have destroyed Anthony."

"To hell with Anthony!" She hammered his chest with her fist, but he did not seem to feel
it. "How could you put Anthony's happiness before mine, you son of a bitch?"

"It would have been dishonourable."

"But don't you see, we could have had each other for two years!" The tears streamed
down her cheeks. "Now we've only got two days—two lousy goddamn days!"

"Then stop crying and kiss me again," he said.

She put her arms around his neck and pulled his head down. ~~Her tears ran between their~~
~~lips and into their mouths. He touched her breasts again. She pulled his body to hers and felt his~~

erection press into her soft belly. Suddenly she had to touch it. She slid her hand between their bodies and grasped it between her thumb and forefinger. He groaned. It was thicker than she expected. Driven by curiosity as well as desire, she closed her hand around it and stroked its length through his flannel pants. She yearned to know him all over, the look and the taste and the feel of every part of him.

He began to unfasten her dress again. Impatient, she said: "Please, just rip it." He pulled hard, and the buttons flew off down to her waist. Another tug opened it completely. She slipped it back off her shoulders and stood in her slip and stockings. Kissing him again, she unbuttoned ~~her~~ ^(x.c.d.) his fly. His pants dropped to the floor and she pressed herself against him again eagerly.

He broke the clench and looked solemn. "Are you sure you want to do this?"

She was afraid he would become paralysed by moral misgivings. "I have to, ~~I have to,~~ please don't stop!" she cried.

He pushed her gently back to the bed.

She wanted to be naked. "Let's take off all our clothes."

He pulled off his sweater and shirt, kicked off his shoes, and got out of his underwear and socks. ~~She stared hungrily at his thin body, his bony chest, his brown masculine nipples, the dark hair on his long legs; the erection rising out of a black bush.~~ He said: "You have to undress too."

Then she undressed, pulling a

~~She pulled her slip over her head, stepped out of her shoes, unfastened her stockings and pulled them off, undid her garter belt, and pulled down her panties. When she was naked, she felt shy. She remembered that her breasts were too small, her legs were too short, and her bush was shockingly hairy. But when she looked at his face, she realized none of that mattered. His expression was adoring. (He was breathing fast, his mouth slightly open, and his eyes roamed her~~

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~~body greedily.~~~~"Let's lie down," he said.~~~~She lay on her back and he lay on top of her, resting his weight on his elbows.~~~~He looked into her eyes. "I've never done this before."~~~~"That's all right," she said. "I haven't either."~~*hard to believe*~~He smiled, then kissed her.~~~~She parted her legs. A moment later, she felt his penis at the entrance to her body.~~~~"I think it's too big," she said in a frightened voice. "There's such a little space for it. It won't go in, I know it."~~~~But she was wrong.~~~~The first time was slow and sweet and gentle, but an hour later they wanted to do it again, and~~~~this time ^{she was} they were more confident and ~~energetic~~, and it took longer.~~*she got on top of him*~~When they woke up in the middle of the night and did it again, she got on top of him. It was exciting to be in control. He was breathing fast, his mouth slightly open, and his eyes roamed her body greedily.~~~~She told him she wanted to do everything with him, everything he had ever thought of.~~~~In the morning, ^{after breakfast} he asked her to kneel on the floor, and he entered her from behind. It felt~~~~very deep, and that excited her, but she did not like being unable to look at him.~~~~he approached her ^{from behind}. The only thing she did not like was being unable to look at him.~~~~They did it on the couch after breakfast.~~~~Later, as she was leaning over the bath, he slipped inside her from behind, and they did~~~~stood in front of the bathroom mirror and watched themselves make love.~~~~That afternoon, she felt the urge to take him in her mouth. When he started to groan, she~~*See e-mail*

said: "Come in my mouth, please come in my mouth, I want to swallow your seed." and he did. The taste was nauseating, but she felt incredibly sexy. Afterwards, he asked her to pleasure herself with her fingers for him to watch.

They made love all weekend, frantic with desire and sorrow, knowing they might never meet again.

After Luke left on Monday morning, Billie cried for two days.

Eight weeks later she discovered she was pregnant.

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~~"I must look a mess."~~

~~"No." He looked hard at her. Her eye was red and her hair on that side was wet in patches, but nevertheless she was as stunning as she had been on the day he first set eyes on her more than a decade ago. "You're absolutely beautiful."~~

~~She smiled. Her head was still tilted up, though he had stopped drying her face. Her lips were parted in a smile. It was the easiest thing in the world to kiss her. She kissed him back, hesitantly at first, then she put her hands behind his neck and pulled his face to hers and kissed him hard.~~

~~Her bra pressed against his chest. It should have been sexy, but the wiring was so stiff that it scratched his chest through the fine cotton of his shirt. After a moment he pulled away, feeling foolish. "What?" she said.~~

~~He lightly touched the brassiere and said with a grin: "It hurts."~~

~~"You poor thing," she said with mock pity. She unbuttoned his shirt and put her hand inside, stroking his chest. Her long, slender fingers travelled over his pectoral muscles, ruffled his hair, and brushed his nipples. Then she bent her head and kissed his chest, her soft lips closing over his left nipple. He had never heard of a woman kissing a man's nipples, but the sensation was electric. She sucked it gently, and he gasped with pleasure.~~

~~After a while she looked up at him and said: "Is that better?"~~

~~He could hardly speak. He felt choked with lust. "Yes," he whispered.~~

~~Then She reached behind her back and unfastened the bra with a swift movement. It fell to the floor.~~

~~He had touched her breasts a few times, all those years ago, but he had never seen them.~~

See.
E-11 Mark

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~~They were white and round, and the pale nipples were puckered with excitement. She put her arms around his neck and pressed her body to his. Her breasts were soft and warm. "There," she said, "That's how it should feel."~~

~~He became lost in sensation, nothing in his mind but her body and his own, kissing and touching. After a while he picked her up, stepped into the bedroom, and laid her on the bed. She kicked off her shoes. He touched the waistband of her half slip and said, "May I?"~~

She giggled. "Oh, Luke, you're so polite!"

He grinned. It was kind of silly, but he did not know how else to be. She lifted her hips and he pulled off the slip. Her pink panties matched the rest of her underwear.

"Don't ask," she said. "Just take them off."

He did. There was a cloud of red-gold curls at the fork of her thighs. Luke buried his face in the soft hair. She moaned.

When they made love it was slow and intense. She kept pulling his head to hers and kissing his face while he moved in and out of her. "I've wanted this for so long," she whispered into his ear; and then she cried out with pleasure, ~~several times~~, and fell back, exhausted.

Later, they went to an Italian restaurant for dinner—her supper was burnt—then came home and made love again. Elspeth fell into a deep sleep, but Luke lay awake, thinking about his life.

He had always wanted a family. For him, happiness was a big, noisy house full of children and friends and pets. Yet here he was, thirty-four and single, and the years seemed to go by faster and faster. Since the war, his career had been his priority, he told himself. He had gone back to college, making up for the lost years. But that was not the real reason he was

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white and round

she remembered the last time he had touched her breasts, the night he talked about having

children,
the night
he
met
Billie.

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unmarried. The truth was that only two women had ever touched his heart—Billie and Elspeth.

Billie had deceived him, but Elspeth was here beside him. ~~He looked at her voluptuous body in~~

~~the faint glow of the lights of Dupont Circle outside.~~ Could there be anything better than

spending every night like this, with a girl who was smart, brave as a lion, wonderful with children, and—on top of all that—stunningly beautiful?

At daybreak he got up and made coffee. He brought it into the bedroom on a tray, and found Elspeth sitting up in bed, looking sleepily delectable. She smiled happily at him.

"I have something to ask you," he said. He sat on the edge of the bed and took her hand.

"Will you marry me?"

Her smile disappeared and she looked troubled. "Oh, my god," she said. "Can I think about it?"

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She looked offended. "You should do what you want."

He tried to explain. "I don't like the feeling that I'm seizing an excuse." She said nothing in reply, so he added: "You don't agree, do you?"

"Hell, no," she said. "I want to make love to you tonight. ~~I remember what it was like, and I want it again, right now.~~" She glanced out of the window as the train flew through a small town: ten seconds of streaking lights and they were in darkness again. "But I know you," she went on. "You've never been one to live for the moment, even when we were kids. You need time to think things through and convince yourself that you're doing the right thing."

"Is that so bad?"

She smiled. "No. I'm glad you're like that. It makes you rock-solid reliable. If you weren't this way, I guess I wouldn't have...." Her voice tailed off.

"What were you going to say?"

She looked him in the eye. "I wouldn't have loved you this much, this long." *She grinned embarrassed.*

~~He smiled. "It makes me happy to hear you say that."~~

~~She was embarrassed, and covered up by saying something flip:~~ "Anyway, you need a shower."

It was true. He had been wearing the same clothes since he stole them thirty-six hours ago. "Every time I thought about changing, there was something more urgent to do," he said. "I have fresh clothes in my bag."

"No matter. Why don't you climb up on top, and give me room to take off my shoes."

Obediently, he climbed the little ladder and lay down on the top bunk. He turned on his side, elbow on the pillow, head resting on his hand. "Losing your memory is like a new start in

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you awake?" ~~she murmured in his ear—a normal ear, not a donkey's. She giggled.~~ "I don't want to waste this on a guy who's asleep."

He touched her, running his hand along her side. She still had on the sweater, but her panties had gone. "I'm awake," he said thickly.

She lifted herself on hands and knees so that she was over him, poised in the narrow space below the ceiling of the roomette. Looking into his eyes, she lowered her body to his. He sighed with intense pleasure as he slid inside her. ~~The train rocked from side to side, and the tracks sang to an erotic rhythm.~~

He reached inside her sweater to touch her breasts. Her skin was soft and warm to his touch. She whispered in his ear: "They missed you."

He felt as if he were still half in the dream, as the train rocked and Billie kissed his face and America flew by the window mile after mile. He wound his arms around her back and held her tightly, to convince himself that she ^{needed} ~~was made of flesh and blood, not fairy glass.~~ ^{Billie, Billie} ~~She~~ ^{lifted the front of her sweater so that her bare breasts pressed against his chest.} Just as he was thinking that he wanted this to go on forever, his body took control, and he clung to her as waves of pleasure broke over him.

As soon as it was over she said: "Keep still. Hold me tight." He did not move. She buried her face in his neck, her breath hot on his skin. As he lay prone, still inside her, she seemed to twitch with an internal spasm, time and time again, until at last she sighed deeply and relaxed.

After a while he said: "Do you always come like that?"

"*Only with you.*" ~~He~~

"I don't always come, though I usually do with you. When I do come, it's normally like

~~that, although sometimes I come different ways, especially with you.~~

They feel like coming in each other's arms.

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He took a while to digest that. Then he said: "Do you always answer questions so comprehensively?"

"Not always, but I usually do with you, because you're a demanding son of a bitch," she said, and she giggled.

They lay still a few minutes longer, but Luke was not sleepy. Billie evidently felt the same, for she said: "I have an idea. Let's wash."

He laughed. "Well, I sure need it."

She rolled off him and climbed down, and he followed. In the corner of the roomette was a tiny washbasin with a cupboard over it. Billie found a hand towel and a little cake of soap in the cupboard. She filled the basin with hot water. "I'll wash you, then you can wash me," she said. She soaked the towel, rubbed soap on it, and began.

It was delightfully intimate and sexy. He closed his eyes. She soaped his belly then knelt to wash his legs. "You missed a bit," he said.

"Don't worry, I'm leaving the best part till last."

When she had finished, he did the same for her, which was even more arousing. Then they lay down again, this time on the lower bunk.

"Now," she said. "do you remember oral sex?"

"No," he said. "But I think I can figure it out."