The Collector

by purplefeen

Spike/Willow  
genre: romance  
rating: MA  
time frame: Alternate Universe, all human  
date: 17May2008

notes: This is based on a movie I own and is meant to be for entertainment and fetish reasons only. If you complain its OOC I will bite you on the ass and my friends and I will make fun of you all over the internet.

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***Prologue***  
  
  
"Lift yer skirt for me."  
  
She smiled and did as she was bid. Oh so slowly she lifted her straight black skirt, revealing black lace panties underneath.  
  
"Come here."  
  
This wasn't part of her initial job description but then, her working conditions had changed dramatically over the last few weeks. It certainly hadn't started out this way.  
  
  
  
  
***Part 1***  
  
  
Willow held no illusions about why Mr. Pratt had hired her. She was hired simply because she was the best antiquities researcher in the country and Mr. Pratt was a man used to having the best. At twenty-nine, she'd spent many years perfecting her techniques, no one could track down the history of an object like she could. She was not hired for her personality or her looks and knew her work was not dependent on either one. Mr. Pratt was a stern and sober man, very much the businessman and not given to fits of fancy.  
  
He'd hired her one night after an auction by Barron Auction House, her last employer. It was the largest auction house in New York and had a very prestigious reputation. Her work there involved long and arduous hours researching every item that passed through their stalls. It was fulfilling but also very demanding, with no time for herself at all.  
  
He'd offered her double whatever salary she was getting then without even asking what it was and it would have been foolish to say no. Cataloguing one person's collections was much less draining than researching and recording all of the items for a busy auction house. She figured she'd have more personal time, even if she wasn't sure what she was going to do with all that time. Her life for the three years she'd worked for Barron had been spent completely immersed in her work.  
  
She found working for William Pratt to be a satisfying experience. She was just as passionate about his collections as he was - she liked to think that she did her part to help her employer acquire the very best of everything.  
  
He was not gratuitous with his praise but when he did comment to her on a job well done, she was always very flattered. He also rewarded her in the form of lavish bonuses and the money helped her to acquire a larger apartment in a much better part of the city.  
  
She, like he, was a workaholic. They spent very little time, even when away from the office, in pursuits other than those associated with the collections. Her nights were spent online or reading business periodicals, always trying to keep abreast of the latest techniques of forgers and sham artists. It was also good to know what was being sold and for how much, as insurance agents required very definitive proof of each object's worth.  
  
He'd been left a very rich orphan when his parents died when he was twelve years old. He'd never had to work a day in his life, so he filled his time with philanthropic endeavors, but he seldom, if ever, went to the various parties and fundraisers he was invited to. His real job was collecting things. His avocation became his obsession and he had hired her four years ago to help maintain and record his collections, which were varied and wide.  
  
He had collections of vintage automobiles that were once owned by the famous and infamous, from Al Capone to Andy Warhol. Chinese art was another obsession as were Stradivarius violins, guns owned by depression-era gangsters, personal journals of influential people and Napoleon's furniture to name a few. He was a collector and he collected anything and everything that struck his fancy.  
  
And he only bought the best.  
  
Mr. Pratt was a stolid and staid man, used to having things his way and he paid his staff enough for them not to question him.  
  
The servants did not live on the premises of his brick and stone three-story mansion on Central Park West; one of the things he insisted on was privacy after hours. He had specific times for everything and he never deviated from that course.  
  
Mrs. Clancy, the cook, came in at six and prepared breakfast that was served precisely at seven. Willow and the servants arrived at eight and the work day was strictly enforced as being from eight to four thirty.  
  
Lunch was served at one thirty on the dot and Willow and Mr. Pratt ate together in the dining room, often discussing business as they did. They certainly never talked of anything intimate or personal. Indeed, after four years, she still called him Mr. Pratt and he still addressed her as Miss Rosenberg.   
  
Mr. Pratt, being English by birth, insisted on afternoon tea at five, followed by dinner at eight thirty. By nine thirty, Mrs. Clancy was at home in her apartment on East 33rd Street.  
  
He led an uninteresting, unexciting unlife. That's how she would have described his existence. And her own, if she had ever stopped to think about it.  
  
Willow had never had reason to break any of the rules - until a night almost three weeks ago. That night she had left a file of receipts on her desk and the insurance company wanted the tally by eight o'clock in the morning, meaning that she had to finish it that night. It was ten o'clock when she let herself in the front door using her key.   
  
She disabled the main alarm for the house and walked as quietly as she could across the flagstone floor. The office was in the mid-section of the house. She knew Mr. Pratt valued his privacy and she didn't want to intrude on it; she simply needed to get the file so that she could finish her report.  
  
The light was still on in the office and she peeked through the crack in the door, making sure the room was uninhabited before she opened the door and walked in. It was and she retrieved the file with ease.  
  
It was as she was leaving that things took a turn. She heard an odd noise from the west hallway. The west hallway on the ground floor was all rooms and vaults for the collections. No one should be there at this hour. She certainly couldn't imagine Mr. Pratt wandering the halls this late at night.  
  
She thought it best to investigate and she pulled her cell phone out of her purse as she crept noiselessly down the hall. She was ready to dial 911 should it turn out that someone had made it past the intricate alarm system for this wing of the house. She would have thought that impossible if she hadn't heard the sound; the security system was, like everything else in William Pratt's house, simply the best that money could buy.  
  
The hall seemed to stretch forever in her nervousness, making every shadow and creak seem exaggerated and out of proportion.  
  
There was a dim light at the end of the hall, coming from the Music Room. Pianos were difficult to steal but one of the violins would have been easy to take and darn near priceless. The thief wouldn't be able to sell one on the open market but another collector would pay a fortune to own one, by means fair or foul.  
  
She crept closer, still listening for any sounds. The noise she had heard before was more like a groan and she was afraid that Mr. Pratt may have come upon the thief and been knocked out or hurt in the scuffle. Her mind filled with all sorts of horrible possibilities.  
  
She wished she had a weapon, but her cell phone was the only option open to her. She'd take a peek inside and if she saw a thief, she'd come away quickly and call the police.  
  
She took a peek through the small crack between the door and doorframe.   
  
What she saw was definitely not a burglar. She turned and left as quickly as she could.  
  
  
  
  
***Part 2***  
  
  
The next day she went in to work as if nothing had happened. That was the only way to play it, in her opinion. She dare not ask for an explanation. In fact, as she had snuck into the house without Mr. Pratt knowing it, she was entirely in the wrong to have gone snooping at such a late hour.  
  
She had her report ready for the insurance agent who handled all of Mr. Pratt's collections. She handed over the report to him and after a brief discussion about some of the negligible jewelry items, he left them to get back to their work.  
  
The entire day ran smoothly and Willow had almost forgotten about what she had seen last night. Not forgotten, per se, but put it out of her mind as being utterly none-of-her-business.  
  
As she packed up her briefcase to go home for the night, Mr. Pratt asked her to wait a moment.  
  
"That hallway has cameras, or have you forgotten?" He didn't seem upset, just very matter-of-fact. Very business-like.   
  
She had forgotten about the cameras.  
  
"Mr. Pratt-" she tried to think up an excuse for being there but she had none. He forestalled her explanation with a wave of his hand.  
  
"There is no need to explain. Miss Maclay - Tara - and her associates can be veryâ€¦ compelling - to watch."  
  
"Tara?" Willow asked.  
  
"The young woman performing last night; the one holding the diamond leash. I don't know the name of the other woman, the one in the diamond collar, because Tara's partners vary and we are never introduced."  
  
The image of the two women having sex on a gold brocade chaise popped back in her head. One woman was wearing only a diamond collar around her throat and she was kneeling, using her mouth to pleasure the woman on the chaise - the one holding the leash that was attached to the collar.  
  
She hadn't seen Mr. Pratt, but she did imagine he must have been there. In fact, she went home in a much aroused state last night and used her imagination to picture Mr. Pratt sitting and watching the tableau before him - it was the image of him that she'd held in her mind as she masturbated in bed before falling asleep. Not that he would ever know that.  
  
"I didn't mean-" she tried again, but once again he interrupted her.  
  
"It doesn't matter. Now that you know, there's no reason not to confide in you. Miss Maclay - Tara - provides an exclusive service for me several nights a week. I do not participate - I am merelyâ€¦ collecting the experiences as it were.  
  
"Miss Maclay seemed to think you might enjoy returning and seeing a performance at closer range. I extend that invitation to you. You are more than welcome to come and watch, if you care to do so."  
  
This was bizarre. Her boring and sedate employer was holding live sex shows in his home and he'd just invited her to join him to watch. She must have woken up in another dimension because this was nowhere near what she would have expected when she got out of bed this morning.  
  
"Miss Maclay and her associates come on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights at nine thirty. You are invited to attend any time you wish."  
  
After that, he bade her good night and she left, as if she hadn't just been having the most peculiar conversation ever with her employer.  
  
Was he really that detached from it all? He seemed to view it as if it were only a play going on for his entertainment. Maybe that's how he saw it. Taken that way, it was much easier to comprehend.  
  
And much easier to say yes to.  
  
She pretended all through Saturday that it was just another day. She grocery shopped and weeded her garden, tonight's invitation supposedly the last thing on her mind. But she knew, even if she wouldn't admit it to herself, that she was curious about what would happen if she did attend tonight's performance. She was going, even if she pretended she wasn't.  
  
It was almost ten when she let herself in to the mansion. She walked as quietly as she could down the hallway. Tonight the light was coming from the Napoleon Room. The door, instead of being just cracked open, was wide open tonight.  
  
Miss Maclay was not part of the show tonight, she sat on the side, directing a man and two women as they had sex on a Louis XIV settee. The women were both stunning brunettes, and they were attired in antique corsets. They were helping the man to remove his trousers as Willow walked into the room and when they had him naked, the women joined together, at Tara's instruction, to give him a blowjob.  
  
Mr. Pratt sat exactly as she had imagined him. Quiet and unmoving in a chair halfway across the room. She took a seat several feet behind him and tried to pretend that this was just another play.   
  
A play where two women were performing oral sex on one of the most beautiful men she'd ever seen.  
  
The action got to be, after a few minutes time, too stimulating and she felt herself squirming in her chair, desperate for a bit of friction.  
  
The threesome put on quite a show and as they neared climax, Willow quietly took her leave. This might be just a play to him, but to her, it was much too arousing to be able to look him in the face once it was over.  
  
Especially since it would be his image in her head tonight as she got herself off. She didn't know why this was, perhaps it was only natural as he was a man she knew and the man in the play had been a complete stranger. At least, that's what she told herself.  
  
  
  
  
***Part 3***  
  
  
All day Sunday she was nervous about what Monday would bring, but she needn't have worried. Mr. Pratt was as businesslike as ever, not even asking if she had enjoyed the show. They worked together in the morning with a photographer to catalogue the Van Gogh art and spent the afternoon researching some of the paintings that had been lost for a time during the German occupation of Paris. They discovered that one of the paintings was, in fact, an exceptionally good forgery and not an original at all.  
  
Mr. Pratt, being an idealistic man, admired the brilliance of the forger - he did not want to give the painting up, but he had Willow call the insurance agent and inform him that one of the paintings was not a Van Gogh at all.  
  
The next day went much as Monday had except that Willow had tonight's performance on her brain all day. She wondered what Tara would come up with for tonight. She gave up pretending to herself that she wasn't going; the whole experience intrigued her too much not to attend.  
  
She went home at precisely four thirty as she always did and made herself dinner. She watched television - or tried to - as she watched the minutes tick by. She kept telling herself to view it as Mr. Pratt seemed to; as something akin to performance art. Which it was, now that she thought about it. This way of thinking made it much less embarrassing and much easier to deal with.  
  
At eight she showered and dressed and drove to the mansion, arriving at quarter to ten, just as the action was getting started. Tonight the lovely Tara was doing a solo act, touching herself and using a couple of familiar objects to pleasure herself with. First up was a silver hairbrush that Mr. Pratt had acquired in an estate sale. Then the carved ivory handle of a whip once owned by a famous bullfighter. She couldn't believe that Mr. Pratt would allow Tara to use his collected objects in this way, but he didn't seem to mind and it wasn't her business anyway. And it was really hot to watch.  
  
What Willow found fascinating however, was that Mr. Pratt seemed to remain completely emotionless about the action going on in front of him. Willow felt herself becoming aroused and wondered how he could keep from becoming worked up as well.  
  
*Maybe he didn't. Maybe his willpower was just good enough that he could wait until everyone had left for the night before needing to find release - or maybe Tara helped out with that once the main show was over.* For some reason, this thought made her unconsciously angry. *No, Mr. Pratt wasn't the type to... but maybe he was.*   
  
*No*. Willow decided that Tara was for show only, not for his personal use. She didn't want to know if it wasn't true.  
  
She found herself wishing and watching for the time when his reserve would fail him and he would feel it necessary to doâ€¦ something - anything. Move. Breathe. Squirm in his chair like she did.  
  
The images that assaulted her mind then - those of Mr. Pratt, alone in the house, touching himself and coming made Willow so stimulated that she had to leave before she did something embarrassing that she would regret for a long time afterward.  
  
Once again, it was Mr. Pratt - William - in her head as she climaxed herself to sleep that night.  
  
  
  
Work was becoming somewhat strained as Willow spent more and more time imagining her boss naked and in the throes of passion. She found herself blushing at odd moments during the day and had to work to hide the telltale flush in her cheeks.  
  
Mr. Pratt didn't seem to notice anything amiss, or if he did, he kept it to himself. His self-control was driving Willow to distraction. She couldn't believe he was so utterly unaffected by what they had witnessed.  
  
Three nights a week for the next two weeks, Willow found herself in various rooms in the mansion, watching Mr. Pratt as he watched Tara and her associates act out scene after scene of their pornographic play.  
  
One night Tara and two men acted out a scene where Tara was blindfolded and the men took turns spanking and then pleasuring her, each seeming to try to win her devotion over the other.  
  
Another night a blonde woman acted as dominatrix to Tara, using various devices such as ropes, whips and gags to cause Tara a bit of pain - something which Willow did not enjoy watching at all and she left very early in the performance.  
  
Another night a woman in a nun's habit and a very young looking man engaged in a roleplay of teacher and naughty Catholic school boy.   
  
Yet another night had a man and woman playing with Hershey's syrup and whipped cream. That scene made Willow's mouth water, imagining what she would do with those props if only Mr. Pratt ever allowed her to use them on him.  
  
One after the other went on and still Mr. Pratt seemed completely unmoved.  
  
Until last week.   
  
Last week Tara and an associate were acting out a scene in their office. The man was playing the stereotypical harsh boss and Tara acted the part of the lovely but demure assistant. When he ordered Tara to lift her skirt, William moved. Ever so slightly but he did move in his chair just a bit.   
  
Willow watched him as the action continued.  
  
Tara wore sexy black lingerie and hose under her pencil skirt and as she slowly lifted her skirt and the man watched with growing admiration, Willow couldn't keep still either.  
  
Her mind made the people before her appear to transform into herself and Mr. Pratt. She imagined him calmly ordering her to lift her skirt and as she did so, his hands touched her where the actor's hands touched Tara. When he got down on his knees to taste her, she imagined Mr. Pratt doing the same to her.  
  
Her eyes fell closed, lost in her daydream. What she wouldn't give for this to be more than just a show. The further she sank the more she felt the urgency to touch herself - now, not later when she was safely at home. Here and now, where Mr. Pratt could see how much she was being affected by the scene.  
  
She'd never really thought of him as a man before she knew about these scenes, unbelievable as that may sound. She'd never noticed - until he invited her to join him to watch his macabre plays - just how handsome he really was. Soft blond hair and flawless skin, stark cheekbones that left his face in shadow. He was tall and handsome and very fit, he obviously did something to keep himself in shape. He must have his own gym somewhere in the house.  
  
And she realized that she wanted him. Wanted him to see her, not just as a competent assistant, but as a desirable woman as well.  
  
Her eyes opened as she became aware that someone was standing next to her.  
  
"I need to touch you," he said, voice wavering and Willow was at first embarrassed to have been caught, but his words and the lust shining in his eyes did much to alleviate her discomfiture. In must have taken much for him to get the courage to stand up and walk over here, and to admit his feelings so bluntly.  
  
She nodded and he sank to his knees in front of her, letting his hands slowly roam up her calves and then her thighs and a low mewling sound escaped from her lips. He gently removed her underwear and she sat bare and open before him, his eyes glued to the sight, not catching her eyes at all.  
  
His hands did as the actor's were doing to Tara, coming between her thighs to linger and tease at her pussy. She didn't know how long she'd be able to stand this, so desperate was she to come.  
  
She was too far gone to care that this might - would have to - irrevocably change their relationship. She was too far gone to care that someone else was in the room.  
  
His thumb rubbed across her clit as first one and then two fingers filled her. Her eyes fell shut again, she was in heaven.  
  
"Watch them," he ordered and her eyes snapped open. It was incredible how turned on she got watching Tara and the actor act out a scene as she had the same actions being performed on her.  
  
Like Tara, it took Willow very little time to come. The scene continued on naturally as the actor removed his clothing and prepared to fuck Tara. In her own scene however, Mr. Pratt simply slid her underwear back on after she came and then returned to his seat. She didn't know what she was supposed to do now - was she supposed to return the favor? Mr. Pratt gave her no indication of what he expected to happen next and so she quietly slipped from the room and left before she was left to face him as the scene wound down.  
  
The whole way home she worried: *It wasn't* me *he wanted. He was lonely - and aroused andâ€¦ any port in a storm, right? I was just the nearest port. Well, maybe Tara was closer but she was kind ofâ€¦ busy. He just didn't want to intrude.*  
  
He wasn't attracted to her, she kept reminding herself; she was just a convenience. She didn't want to stop and analyze why that thought saddened her.  
  
  
  
***Part 4***  
  
  
The next day she was, as before, a bit concerned about their working relationship, but, as before, he gave no hint or word about what had happened the night before. Business was business and their personal lives played no part in that. With one exception. She did catch Mr. Pratt staring at her legs when he thought she wasn't looking.  
  
It was a start. But a start to what, she wasn't sure. She knew she saw him now as a man worthy of her attention but what she wanted beyond that she didn't yet know. Maybe they were both just lonely and this would work to fill some void in their lives that they hadn't even realized was there.  
  
That first encounter paved the way for further encounters during the next two scenes.   
  
In the first, a man and a girl in a cheerleader outfit, played and teased, pretending to be a father awakening his teenaged daughter to the pleasures of the flesh. Every time the girl said 'daddy' Willow felt herself getting wetter. She was just on the verge of begging by the time Mr. Pratt came to her.  
  
As before, he said he needed to touch her but not as before, when she nodded he got down on his knees and unbuttoned her blouse. As each button was undone, her breathing became more laboured. She closed her eyes because she didn't think she could bear to see his face, she would be too embarrassed. His hands cupped her breasts as his thumbs outlined then skimmed over her areolas.  
  
The feel of him on her skin was divine torture. She put all those negative thoughts she'd been having out of her mind and just pretended that this was him touching her because he wanted to. That she and no one else would do. By the time his tongue touched her clit, she was nearly insane with wanting him. She'd tell herself later that it was all a fantasy, but right now she was just going to sit back and enjoy it.  
  
  
  
In the second scene, a massage became something much more for a man and woman and as before, William came to her and told her he needed to touch her before he knelt on the floor in front of her and his mouth suckled her breast for an excruciatingly long and delicious time before he allowed her to climax.   
  
Every time she tried to touch him, he would pull away just a bit, letting her know that either it was unnecessary or that he didn't want her to lay a hand on him. He only wanted to bring her fulfillment; he never sought for her to do the same for him.  
  
By the third night she was getting restless - she desperately wanted to touch him.  
  
She arrived late, the scene had already started - this time a prostitute was teaching a seemingly naÃ¯ve man some of the finer points of a good, hard fucking - starting with the anticipation of knowing its coming, but not being sure when. Willow stood just outside the door, waiting for the appropriate moment to enter.  
  
The prostitute was removing the man's clothes one piece at a time and then allowing him to undress her, removing whichever piece of clothing she had just removed. The way they touched each other - she wanted desperately for someone to touch her like that. She didn't realize how long it had been until these sessions reminded her of what she was missing.  
  
How long had it been since she'd given a blowjob? College, at least. It had been quite a few years; she really hoped it was like riding a bike and she'd remember how as soon as she started doing it.  
  
When she finally went in, she didn't sit in a chair, but went right to him and knelt on the floor in front of him.  
  
"I need to touch you," she told him, returning the words that he used on her. He didn't stop her as she unbuttoned and unzipped his pants and she took that as a good sign. He was definitely not unaffected now. His arousal was more than obvious. She hadn't expected him to be quite so large but she did the best she could using her mouth and hands and before long, his hands were fisted in her hair as she licked and sucked him to orgasm.  
  
When she was finished, she left so that he would know she did this of her own free will and not because she expected anything in return.  
  
  
  
***Part 5***  
  
  
She expected the next day to be a normal work day but it wasn't. It was different and she felt it as soon as she walked in the door. Mr. Pratt seemed anxious, as if he wanted to discuss something with her but wasn't sure how to approach it. They spent the morning going about business as usual, pretending nothing was wrong, but that changed immediately after lunch.  
  
Before she returned to her desk, the order came, "Lift yer skirt for me."  
  
She smiled and did as she was bid. Oh so slowly she lifted her straight black skirt, revealing black lace panties underneath.  
  
"Come here."  
  
He undressed her slowly, removing everything except for her high heels and stockings while he sat at his desk, still fully dressed. He was so gentle - too gentle and she wanted more but was unsure how to ask for it. He sat her on the edge of his desk, using first his hands and then his mouth to drive her mad.   
  
His tongue worked her clit as his fingers fucked her and she couldn't help moving to increase the pressure. He soon understood what she wanted and his mouth engulfed her, tongue running from bottom to top before sucking on her clit as his fingers penetrated her with force. She nearly screamed as she came - but he didn't let her up. He played and teased some more as he slowly put her clothes back on and she ended up coming twice more before he was through.  
  
"You may call me William," was the only thing he said to her before she left for the day.  
  
  
  
Their work days changed after that. Every morning would be work as usual - except for the flirtatious glances and telltale blushes - and every afternoon would be spent on more physical pleasures. And they never talked about it, but very often they would act out the scenes that Tara and her associates had performed for them in the past. Willow's favorite was the Daddy kink scene - she still got wet just thinking about it.   
  
William had called her 'princess' as the father in the scene had done to his 'daughter'. He'd asked her if a boy had ever touched her and she answered as the girl had, in the negative. He told her that he could show her how to touch a boy and how she should expect to be touched in return.   
  
"Please, daddy, would you show me?" Willow asked coyly, in her most flirtaceous manner.  
  
William took her hand and led her down the hall to the first floor sitting room; the room where the original scene had taken place. He locked the door behind them, so that none of the servants would disturb them.  
  
"Take off yer dress for daddy." Willow did as she was told, a pretty pink blush coloring her cheeks.  
  
"Now come over here and daddy will teach you how to suck a man's cock."  
  
He eased her through it as if she'd never done it before.  
  
The scene continued as the original had, with only slight variations, the main one being that William did not fuck her as the man in the original scene had done. Willow tried not to be too disappointed.  
  
  
  
The other thing she really wished she could change, but was unsure how to go about it was that they didn't kiss at all. Their lips never touched and Willow did not know if this was intentional or not, but it left her feeling as if this were all just a dream - not really real.  
  
They always stopped just short of intercourse as well - that seemed another barrier he was not willing to cross.  
  
One evening Tara had a small vibrator that she inserted into her partner's pussy, to be left there throughout the scene. The next morning, William had a similar device that he gently inserted in the morning and he insisted that it be left there until after lunch.  
  
Willow spent the morning squirming in her seat, trying not to come. William seemed to be very pleased about that and kept smiling to himself all morning.  
  
Willow found that she very much liked his smile and would put up with any device just to see him so happy.  
  
By the time lunch came, she was ready to burst. When he sat down at his place at the table, she pushed his plate away and sat on the table before him, silently insisting that he eat her first and alleviate her tension. He very happily complied.  
  
This became his favorite toy.  
  
  
  
***Part 6***  
  
  
Willow was having the time of her life, her only regret was that, while she was afraid she might be falling in love with her boss, he seemed only slightly warmer toward her than he had when she first came to work for him. Except during the afternoons - then he was getting bolder with his words and his touches.  
  
She desperately wanted to be more intimate with him in an emotional way and yet she saw no opening to allow her to voice her desires. He enjoyed their afternoons together, she could tell, but he never took it any further than that.  
  
He was still very business-like, even while they were making each other come. It was troubling. She didn't want to give up what they had and she didn't know how to take it further without risking losing everything.  
  
She was stuck between a rock and hard place - until she sought Tara's help.  
  
It took some arranging - dropping a note in Tara's bag without being seen by Mr. - , by William - but she managed it.  
  
The next day, a Wednesday, she received a phone call at five o'clock, right after she arrived home.  
  
"Miss Rosenberg?" asked the tentative voice on the other end.  
  
"Willow, please. And may I call you Tara?"  
  
The strain seemed to ease a bit as Tara expelled a breath. "I'm not sure how I can help you. Mr. Pratt pays me for a very specific service."  
  
"I know that and I'm not asking you to betray him at all, I'd just like to try an experiment."  
  
"What kind of experiment?"  
  
Willow sat down at her kitchen table and began to outline her plan. She didn't ask that Tara change what she was doing - much. She just wanted to see a little romance added to what Tara was doing. A little tenderness. A little kissing.  
  
She explained - with great difficulty - that her and William often acted out the scenes the next day and she was hoping that some emotional bonding might take place if only it were depicted that way in some of the scenes.  
  
Tara made no promises, but said she would talk to her performers and try to add a bit of something beyond just sex.  
  
Willow thanked her profusely and hung up, eagerly anticipating the next night's performance.  
  
  
  
Willow went shopping and bought a very slinky cocktail dress and black stilettos for the show. She thought that dressing in something other than business attire might help him to see her more as a woman and less as his associate.  
  
Tonight when she walked in fifteen minutes late as she usually did, she found them waiting for her in the hall. Tara explained that they had waited for her because the scene tonight was going to take place in one of the bedrooms on an upper floor and they didn't want her to have to try to find them.  
  
Tara and a tall handsome Ivy League type were the performers tonight and the scene started out with them on the bed and fully clothed. It was cute how they looked so shy with each other, as if they were teenaged lovers, both wanting something but not knowing how to start. Before long, however, they were kissing and slowly undressing each other.  
  
The kissing wasâ€¦ intimate. Almost too personal to watch. They seemed very much like first time lovers who were awkward and shy with each other. The foreplay was long and slow and William stayed in his seat throughout the performance. Willow couldn't blame him.  
  
This was no mere sex show. This was a joining - two people making love, seemingly for the first time and it was beautiful to watch.  
  
Somehow Willow didn't think they'd be acting out this scene come tomorrow afternoon. As much as she wished it were so. That's what she wanted with William, but it was something she feared she'd never have.  
  
She didn't leave early this time, it was all too compelling to look away. But as soon as the scene was through, she jumped up and left without saying goodbye.  
  
She didn't squirm on the way home. She took a taxi and cried the whole way. This is what she wanted from William. This is what she yearned for. She was desperately in love with him, she knew that now and she didn't know what to do about it.  
  
The next day, for the first time in four years, Willow called in sick. William was so concerned that he looked up her address in his file and took a taxi to her apartment to care for her himself. He offered to call her doctor - or his doctor - or anyone she would like. He was beside himself in his concern and Willow thought this showed definite promise.  
  
When he finally left, after ordering her to drink lots of fluids, she called Tara immediately and asked for a doctor/patient scenario for the following night. Tara happily agreed.  
  
  
  
It was campy in the extreme - like a bad porn flick. But it was fun and it was HOT. So hot that it took only a few minutes for William to rise and go to Willow. As patient Tara (in a leg cast and sitting in a wheelchair) outlined her many ailments to her "doctor" - including a fever that her doctor confirmed by pulling open her dress and putting his hand inside her bra - William unzipped Willow's dress and began his assault on her senses.  
  
He seemed very aggressive tonight, much more aggressive than he'd ever been before, and Willow hoped it was because of his concern from yesterday about her health. Concern was not love, but it was a good place to work from.  
  
This time, he allowed her to touch him as he licked and fondled her, something she took as a very good omen. When he got between her knees and brought his mouth to her center, she tangled her fingers in his hair and began letting him know what she liked by the length and volume of her sighs and moans.  
  
This time, for the first time ever, after he had finished making her come with his mouth, he asked her to go down on him as well. That request was very easy to fill. She took her time, making him beg for completion before she allowed him to come.  
  
She took so long, in fact, that Tara and tonight's partner had finished and left before they were through. Willow didn't try to push him any further than they'd already gone - it was a vast improvement on their encounters so far. While he was regaining his breath, she stood and redressed herself and left.  
  
  
  
***Part 7***  
  
  
The following day, a Sunday, she would have given anything to be able to think of an excuse to call William or even better, to go to the house. If they were normal lovers, she wouldn't need an excuse, but they were anything but normal and so she spent the day fidgeting and pacing in her living room.  
  
She went back and forth in her mind about what to say, what to do and how to act. Nothing seemed to her to be the answer to her problem.  
  
Tomorrow they were taking his private jet to Montana for an auction of ancient fertility masks. She hoped something would occur to her on the flight - maybe an opportunity would present itself.  
  
They spent the entire flight going over each mask and evaluating its worth, and what they would be willing to pay for each one. At one point, just before landing, William stammered and thanked her for all her help, admitting that she had put as much work into his collections as he did and he now thought of them as "their" collections, not just "his".  
  
Willow couldn't have been more thrilled. She wanted to tell him then how much he meant to her but the flight attendant came then and told them to fasten their seatbelts.  
  
Tuesday the sun never made an appearance, dark storm clouds gathered, promising a spectacular tempest to come. That night, Tara chose no props to use; she brought no partners with her. Instead, she took Willow's hand and led her to the gold settee she had used the first time Willow had caught the show.  
  
Tara turned all the lights off and let the thunder and lightening be the only accompaniment to the proceedings. Then she led William to the settee and sat him next to Willow.  
  
Tara's instructions began. "It's time for you to stop being a bystander, Mr. Pratt - William. You told me you wanted to collect experiences. The only way to do that is to participate - to have experiences of your own. You're not a statue - its time for you to come to life and experience things for yourself."  
  
As lightening lit the skies, Tara left them alone and headed home.  
  
Lightening and thunder raged outside as William sat beside Willow, looking down at her beautiful face.  
  
"I don't - I'm not sure -"  
  
Willow made to stand. "You don't have -" She thought he didn't want her. But he held her arm and stopped her from rising.  
  
"No, I - I've never - that is - It's not you I'm not sure of, I love you - I've loved you forever - its me. I've neverâ€¦"  
  
Now Willow understood. The shock of finding that he loved her took second place to the knowledge that he was a virgin.  
  
"Never?" She almost couldn't believe it. William was beautiful and refined and sweet and rich. How were women not throwing themselves at him?  
  
Willow sat up and put her arms around his neck. She didn't need to spend any time on foreplay - they'd been doing that for months now and she was wet and ready for him in anticipation.  
  
"It's all right, William." Now she understood the point of Tara's shows. She was teaching him how to have sex. How a woman becomes aroused and how a woman likes to be touched.  
  
She'd seen this man transform from a lonely recluse to a sexual being. She would never have guessed that he had no experience of any kind.  
  
"You can't do it wrong - everything you do feels good to me."  
  
She showed him as she helped him undress. Soft kisses on his neck as she unbuttoned his shirt. Licks and more kisses on his chest as she unfastened his pants. She knew that the first time, she would have to take control so she maneuvered him into a sitting position on the settee before she lowered herself onto his waiting erection. He hissed as she sank down.  
  
"I'm on the patch," she told him but as his face looked confused, she clarified, "Birth control."  
  
"Oh."   
  
Her eyes never left his face as she rode slowly up and down, wanting him to feel every nuance of every slight movement of her body.  
  
She moved his hands to her hips and he helped her move, remembering this technique from one of Tara's shows.   
  
"I've wanted this for so long," he confessed, eyes moving away from hers.   
  
"So have I," she answered and his shock led him to look back up at her face. Her body tightened around him in preparation, just being here with him, listening to his heartbeat and seeing the look in his eyes was making her body desperate for release.  
  
The storm raged outside as their desire finally found an outlet.  
  
Her sweat-streaked body clung to him in the afterglow, not ready to let go just yet.  
  
His hands ran up and down her back, soothing her, letting her know that this meant something to him - that *she* meant something to him.  
  
She meant everything to him, he just didn't know how to tell her. Tara had never given him lessons in that.  
  
"Please tell me you care for me," he begged.  
  
Willow smiled against his shoulder and pulled back to let him see it.  
  
"I love you, William - I justâ€¦ I didn't know how to tell you."  
  
He smiled in return and then laughed. "What a pair we make, huh? Both wanting but both unsure how to say it."  
  
"Never again, Luv. I'll always tell you, I promise."  
  
"Me too," she assured him.   
  
The storm continued to rage outside as they shared their first kiss.

The End