

**Outtake from *The Duchess, Her Maid, The Groom and Their Lover:***  
***Camille, Henri, Maxime***  
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After Camille's bath and meal, one of the blue-garbed manservants escorted her into the depths of the castle, to a door carved with sea creatures who writhed across panels and wrapped around the handle. The door had no lock or bar, and when she pushed it open, it swung heavily but silently, revealing a tableau out of sybaritic fantasy.

Steam rose in lazy coils from the pools, blurring the outlines of the two men who sprawled naked on the hot floor. Maxime's head was cushioned by a crumpled towel. Henri's rested on Maxime's hairy thigh. His lean muscularity seemed slender and youthful next to Maxime's heavier, more massive build. He was idly stroking his half-erect cock, his eyes half-lidded, his skin rosy in the heat.

Maxime had seduced Henri. Camille pondered this fact as she gazed silently at Henri's big hand cupping the head of his cock, gently squeezing, letting go, running his fingers down his length, then his nails up. He shifted, arching his hips slightly, and encircled himself with forefinger and thumb. Camille flicked her gaze to his face and met his eyes. He'd been waiting for her to look at him. He wanted her, not Maxime. Maxime had seduced Henri, but had not won him.

Henri licked his other hand, slowly, and lowered it to grasp himself. He glanced down, back at her, then down again, until her eyes followed his hands.

Maxime stirred, and Camille held up her hand. He subsided, except for reaching down to flutter his fingers through Henri's hair.

She would draw this, when next she had the chance to sit down with her sketchbook. She could see the charcoal shadings in her mind, the hard outlines of male bodies in the indirect light of colored lamps, the whole softened by steam. Henri rested one hand on his belly now, pushing down towards his cock but never quite reaching it. The other hand teased at his foreskin, rubbing it against the flesh inside. His chest rose and fell as he sucked in a quick breath. Droplets of water on his skin caught the light.

There was a bench near them, holding a stack of towels. Camille sat and leaned over Henri, close enough to see moisture glistening on the tip of his cock. His thumb swept out and gathered the liquid, spreading it over himself to smooth his stroking. He met

her eyes, his gaze so open she almost had to look away. She clenched her fingers in her skirt's folds. She could hear the heavy silk crush, and remembered Henri's hands snagging on another skirt, at another time. He'd smelled of horses, and she'd wanted to bury her nose in his clothing just for the memories of freedom and love that scent brought her.

Henri asked, "Would you like to join me?"

"Or us?" Maxime said. He thumped his fingers lightly against Henri's skull. "Though I think you and Henri, here, have taken all I have to give for now. I don't think I could get it up even for a roomful of scarf dancers."

Perhaps it took a roomful of scarf dancers to wear him out, Camille thought. Where had he found the energy for Henri, after the afternoon they'd had together?

Henri sat up and said to Maxime, "You may join us if Her Grace wishes. Isn't that right?"

Camille straightened, furling her skirts across her lap. "Absolutely. Though this is his home, I hold the highest rank. When Maxime is restored to his position, of course, he will be my equal. But for now, I can do whatever I like. And I think I should. Don't you?"

"If it would please you, I would be glad to do as you command," Henri said.

"Maxime?"

He smiled and ran his hand over his nipples, stroking lazily. "Tithing to you will be such a pleasure," he said. "Please, direct me as you will. Shall I lick Henri's cock for him? You'd like that, wouldn't you? There are more delicate places I could lick as well. It might be interesting to see him feel my tongue in places he's kept hidden. I didn't get that far earlier."

Camille looked to Henri with a question on her face. He said, "I'd like to touch you, but before that, I remember how you enjoyed the show I gave you, with Sylvie."

"You are experienced with men?" Camille asked, trying not to show her surprise. Of course, Henri was a man himself, and it looked as if he'd been successful with Maxime earlier.

Henri's face went red. "I had hoped you would tell me what to do."

Maxime chortled. "What a mind he has, Camille!"

He sounded intrigued, and she knew him well enough to catch a hint of arousal in his voice, as well. She caught his eye and crooked a finger for him to sit up. "Then you are willing to help provide him with experience?"

Maxime's grin widened. "I don't mind in the least. It would be a waste to discard so many years of practice without passing it on to such a fine pupil."

Henri hunched his shoulders and ducked his head. Before Camille could speak, he said, "I'm not sure...if I can't do what's required, you won't be angry with me? I will try my best, I promise, but he...he's very large."

"You weren't listening," Maxime said. "My size isn't going to matter. It's yours that's at issue. Don't worry, I can take you. I look forward to it."

Henri looked up at him, startled. "I didn't think you would—I'm just—well, I suppose some men must like—like—"

"Getting fucked?" Maxime inquired. "Don't worry, I shall make sure you please me. Or," he inclined his head, "Camille will make sure for me. It's her we do this for, remember. Will you enjoy watching, sweet? With the right angle, the pleasure is exquisite for both, but more so for the receptive partner."

"Enough," Camille said. The more Maxime spoke, the more she felt reality returning, the memory of herself as a person who'd been commanded by another to perform against her will, and the less she could understand her desire to see the two men body to body, sweating and gasping, even if they insisted they were willing. She didn't want to think on it any more. It was better to just begin. Once she was watching Henri, she would be drawn into his feelings, and could share his focus on the present pleasure. It was always such a relief to see the world through his eyes for a time.

"Maxime," she asked, "where is the oil? I know you have some."

"I'll get it," he said, suddenly subservient. The game had begun, she realized. "Actually, it's more of a cream that melts under friction; is that acceptable?"

"Even better," she said. "I thought perhaps you could kneel for him, but the floor won't be kind."

"Towels," Maxime said. "I'm not so old as you're implying," he added with a smirk. "Or if you like, there are rooms adjacent. I sometimes house guests there. The hot springs are very conducive to successful negotiations."

Camille thought on it. This was a dreamlike space, but she would much rather be comfortable. She'd had enough adventures on the hard ground in the last few days. "A room," she said. "Maxime, bring us there."

After he retrieved his oil, she was startled to see him lead them to the door without first retrieving his clothes, or even a towel. Either the servants did not linger here, or he did not care who saw him unclothed. Henri cast her a glance, and she held a towel out to him, which he swiftly wrapped around his lean hips. Camille stepped closer to him as they walked, liking the look of the red cloth against his skin, how it tantalized her by draping his thighs and rear as he moved. She had time, she realized, to look a little longer if she liked. No one waited for her, no one needed her to lead them at this moment. She did not have to be afraid of what might lie around the next turn in the road.

Maxime held the door for them. She stopped Henri a pace short, circling her hand on the small of his back before leaning in and kissing him. Her lips had barely brushed his before he made a small sound and caught her hips, pulling her closer. She traced the corner of his mouth with her tongue's tip, using her free hand to hold his chin still for her explorations. As soon as he realized what she wanted, he relaxed in her arms, sighing a little as she nibbled at him, lips and cheek and throat. He stretched his neck like a cat and smiled when she nuzzled him.

"I know he's delicious," Maxime said, "but I thought you wanted a bed."

Camille took a deep breath, inhaling Henri's scent just beneath his ear, and blowing gently into it, smiling herself at his full-body shudder. She said to Maxime, "I decide." She slid her hand lower and squeezed Henri's rear before releasing him. "Now, we will go."

Earlier when she'd come this way, Camille had not noticed a second, plainer door at the foot of the stairs. Maxime jockeyed it open, explaining, "It's the damp," when the wood screeched against the stone jamb. This door presumably helped keep steam out of the bedrooms in the corridor beyond. There were no carpets or hangings. Instead, the floor

was inlaid with chips of colored glass that caught the light from lamps along the wall, brightening what might otherwise have been grim. The air smelled fresh as well. Servants had been here recently. She could smell lemon and wax and the lavender aroma of fresh linens.

"Who stayed here?" she asked.

Maxime looked surprised. "It's always kept ready down here. When my ships come in, the spring is the first place the captains go. There's not so much fresh water at sea that it can be wasted on a bath. And there are places where the caves let out into the cliffs. They can watch their ships in harbor without leaving the castle." He put his shoulder to a door and pushed it open. "This room, for example. If it wasn't dark outside." Camille and Henri waited while he struck a spark and lit a fat candle.

The glass ran from waist level nearly to the ceiling, in panels as large as her torso and barely flawed. The expense must have been incredible, unless he'd had the glass made here, where sand was plentiful. She wondered if he exported it. Certainly none had made its way to the palace.

"It's gorgeous," Henri said. He walked to the huge window and placed his palm flat against it. "Look at the stars over the ocean. They're like fireflies."

Maxime came up behind him and rested his hands on Henri's shoulders. "Look," he said, turning him slightly. "The lighthouse." He bent his head and kissed Henri's neck.

"I see it," Henri said, his breath catching when Maxime nipped his ear. Camille's belly did a slow roll, anticipating seeing more.

The bed was low and wide, held off the floor by a solid wooden frame. The edge against the wall was piled high with pillows of various shapes and sizes. Camille thought for a moment, then sat at the bed's foot. She patted the mattress. "Here," she said. "Perhaps you could kiss first. Henri likes that."

He glanced at her. "Yes, I do," he said, sounding startled. Because she'd known what he liked, or because she'd said it aloud?

Camille had never seen two men kiss each other before. It was equally strange seeing men she'd kissed herself from the outside. They knelt near her, Maxime kneading Henri's chest, Henri resting his hands on Maxime's shoulders. She couldn't tell if Henri liked Maxime's beard as much as she did. After a few moments, Henri gripped

Maxime's shoulder-length hair. Maxime toppled him to the mattress, then yanked Henri atop him, wedging his thigh between Henri's legs. Maxime's hands skidded down Henri's back and tightly grasped his rear.

Camille leaned closer. She realized she didn't have to only watch. She stroked Henri's back. "Henri," she said. He lifted his head. "Maxime will need to be prepared." She glanced at Maxime.

He said, "That *is* the best way. Also, it's very nice." He grinned, grabbed Henri's cock, and gave it a pull. "I set the oil over there."

Camille undressed while the men began. She wasn't sure she wanted to watch this, but Maxime appeared to be enjoying himself, and she quickly became intrigued. Perhaps, she thought, having no eunuchs, he did not have much opportunity to be simply tended to. He sprawled on his belly, hands loose next to his head and eyes closed, and directed Henri in how to lubricate his rear passage and stretch it with his fingers. He made humming noises of pleasure which Camille had never heard from him before, and squirmed into Henri's fingers. Henri was wide-eyed and followed instructions to the letter at first. Gradually, he relaxed as it became evident he was pleasing Maxime, and then used his free hand to rub Maxime's lower back and knead his muscular buttocks.

"Now oil your cock," Maxime said. Henri gave his rear one more firm squeeze, and he groaned. "Are you sure you don't want to stay here with me?"

"I belong to Her Grace," Henri said, glancing at her beneath his long lashes.

Camille took the cream and warmed it between her palms while she kissed Henri, allowing him to keep his hands busy with Maxime. Her hands were soon coated with a thick oil that she dripped along the length of Henri's cock, fascinated with how his erection jumped and bobbed as each droplet hit. He was breathing hard before she gave in and smoothed his cock between her palms, liberally coating every fraction of him, even rolling his balls in her hand until they gleamed with oil in the candlelight. She leaned back to see better, licking her lips at the flush spreading down Henri's chest. His left hand clenched and unclenched on the back of Maxime's thigh, and the hand he used to penetrate him quivered. "I've finished," she said.

Maxime said, somewhat muffled by the woven coverlet, "Ease out your hand so I can get to my knees. Once you're in and moving, don't pull out all the way. I'll let you in a bit at a time, as we did with your hand."

Henri looked panicked. Camille laid her hand on his shoulder. "I want to see you fuck him," she said.

Looking over his shoulder, Maxime said, "I want to feel you fuck me. You'll like it, I promise. You have the easy part."

"I won't hurt you," Henri said. He crawled closer to Maxime and got to his knees, one hand holding his cock.

"You will if don't *hurry up and fuck me.*"

Camille stifled a laugh. In some ways, Maxime had not changed at all. "Perhaps I can help." She smeared oil over her breasts and stomach and knelt behind Henri, wrapping her arms around his flat belly and resting her chin on his shoulder. Her chest loosened as her skin slid against his. "Now," she said.

As Henri slid inside Maxime, his heart pounded, vibrating in her chest. She held him tighter. "Oh, yes," Maxime said, his voice thick. "More. Deeper. Oh. Yes. *Fuck*, that's good."

"He's so hot inside," Henri gasped. His fingers dug into Maxime's hips as he struggled for control. Camille could feel his struggle in the pounding of his heart and the rapid movements of his breathing. "I—I—" He thrust abruptly deeper, whimpering through clenched teeth as Maxime groaned deeply.

"There. Yes. Rub—there—again—*fuck*. Fuck. Don't stop."

Listening made her wet. Camille spread her knees a bit more, fitting herself to Henri more closely. It wasn't close enough, but would do for now, especially now that he'd begun a series of short upward thrusts. She felt as if she were the one pushing inside a narrow passage, being hotly squeezed to the point of madness. She slid against Henri's tense muscles with each thrust. Her nipples were so hard they hurt, and she thought she might cry out from the relentless coiling in her belly. She flung one hand out to rest on Maxime, she wasn't sure where, but she needed to feel his tremors and the slickness of his sweat, and know that Henri had caused it.

Maxime hadn't said anything but *yes* for a time. Henri slid his hands up Maxime's ribs, then down. Camille couldn't see, but she thought he must have grabbed Maxime's cock

and stroked it, because Maxime thrashed his head and moaned. "Pull me," he said. "Pull me while you fuck me. Harder. Fuck. Faster."

Camille clung while Henri's hips jerked forward, then back, short harsh strokes. He dripped with sweat, his wet hair lashing her ear as he thrust. She buried her face in his throat, stifling her moan. She wanted to have him inside her, to crawl inside him. Before she realized what she was doing, she'd sunk her teeth into the meat of his shoulder.

"Ah, fuck!" he gasped. His fingers dug into her forearm as his hips pumped against Maxime. She could feel when he came, feel the spasms in his buttocks and the little sobbing breaths he took. She held him so tightly she might have hurt him, but couldn't let go. It seemed to last a long time. Dimly, she heard Maxime's groan and felt the echo of his body shuddering.

"Fuck that was good," Maxime said at last, and yawned. "Gently," he said to Henri, who was easing his cock free. "That's the only way I know that I can come without spending. You wouldn't believe the pleasure."

Henri made a huffing noise and patted Maxime's rear. "It *was* good. So tight. I need a wash," he said, sounding drugged. "Then take care of Camille."

He'd called her by name, without being prompted. Camille seized his face and kissed him, thrusting her tongue deep within his mouth. "You shall have your wash and a rest first," she said. "I want to savor you."

The End



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**About the author:**

Victoria Janssen's erotic historical novel *The Moonlight Mistress* was nominated for an *RT Book Reviews* Reviewers' Choice Award. She's also written *The Duchess*, *Her Maid*, *The Groom and Their Lover* and *The Duke and the Pirate Queen* (December 2010); Maxime is a character in both. All of her novels are published by Harlequin Spice.

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