

**Marie Curie Saves the Titanic
With a Mechanical Bat and a Flying Alien
(and Then They Bang)**

an Action Figure Erotic novel

Lady Ristretto

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Dedication

For his Lordship.

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*There comes a time when we are called upon to kill monsters and save the world.
Most of the time we fail and the monsters eat our family.
But there are times when we succeed.
And we succeed because we know our victory will result in us getting laid.*

--Homer.

ONE

Wednesday, April 10

It was a gloomy afternoon in Southampton, England when the Titanic was scheduled to set sail. Marie Curie stood in the park across the street from where the monstrous ship was in dock, her enormous trunk hovering a foot off the ground beside her.

There was an ample crowd of excited passengers and their trunks and suitcases waiting to cross the gangplank and board. Marie wanted to board when there was less of a crowd. She disliked crowds and crowds found her presence, her radioactive aura, irritating and agitating. At least Marie wasn't emitting a harmful amount of radiation today.

She drew her compact out of her purse and looked at herself in the tiny mirror. Her skin was only the palest of radiation green and didn't seem to glow at all, but she powdered her cheeks nonetheless with cream colored lead powder. By the evening, as soon as the sun dipped below the horizon, she would be a dim neon glow. She couldn't help it, and people forgave her radioactivity and alien skin color because she was Marie Curie. Her discoveries about radiation in chemistry and physics had changed the world. But she was horribly self conscious of it.

Radiation had poisoned Marie as well. She was dying. That made her most self conscious of all.

But today was a good day. Marie felt energetic and excited. None of the worst symptoms had manifested and she didn't think they would. She had a good feeling about this trip, going to America for the conference, and being on the Titanic. Marie felt she could enjoy herself.

It was time to call her husband. Marie dreaded it. He would be worrying and panicking about her sailing rather than flying. But then, after a diatribe about her leaving him and acting ridiculous, he would abruptly change the subject. Pierre would then talk at least five minutes about his research, how it was going, the mistakes he felt he was making, how he believed their colleagues at the University of Paris thought him incompetent. She would hear portions of conversations he had had and help him decode their real meaning. Time would pass and Marie would check her watch (find it dead from radiation) and believe she was running late. She would use this as a viable excuse to end the conversation.

He would never ask about her work, being made full professor at the University of Paris, her discoveries, her Nobel prizes, how she had made the cover of *Time* as one of the top women scientists of the century. How she was headlining at this international conference on radioactivity in New York. Whatever Marie did seemed not to exist to Pierre.

Marie dialed and Pierre didn't answer the phone, so she left a relieved, sweet, loving, encouraging voicemail for him, saying she would see him soon and would call again that evening after she set sail. She hung up and smiled. She was off the hook and it was painless.

A few minutes after she left the message, she got a text from him: "Sorry I missed your call. In a meeting. I'm dying without you. Love you!"

It made her cry: she felt so guilty when she felt irritated by him. She felt like the worst wife in the world: selfish, self centered, enjoying her life away from Pierre more than with him, relieved to be away from him. Pierre could become a dreadfully angry and demanding baby and Marie found she resented his endless screaming. It was her job to love him and help him and nurture him selflessly, as a wife should.

Marriage wasn't what Marie imagined it would be. For her, it was a monster. It sucked out her energy and joy, returning nothing except criticism, apathy and exhaustion. She couldn't understand how she had gotten things so wrong with Pierre. How hadn't she mastered marriage? Frequently, Marie thought: "How could I be so smart and so yet so stupid?" Marie thought herself a scientist, but not a human being. Perhaps her radiation was destroying her mind. Pierre would frequently blame the radiation whenever she questioned his thinking or became upset at his extramarital activities.

Marie stood, brushed the tears from her eyes with frustration, and decided to eat her feelings away. Flying her trunk through the air, Marie turned and walked across the park and into a coffee house. Nothing could make her feel better than a British scone.

The shop was crowded with people who were obviously about to board the Titanic. She lifted her trunk high in the air as she crossed the room to a tiny round table in the corner by the window. It was startling to those around her, and she smiled and apologized as was necessary in England. She discovered quite quickly that apologizing for everything made the British quite pleasant and accommodating.

Pierre disapproved of her exercising her telekinetic abilities. He said it made her look like a freak. People wouldn't understand. They would fear her. It was an obvious display that she desperately

wanted attention.

So Marie did anything telekinetic when Pierre wasn't around. Levitating a pencil always made her feel powerful and physically pleasurable. What Pierre didn't know wouldn't make him sick from rage.

Marie ordered a short Americano and a plain scone with clotted cream and jam. She attracted quite a lot of attention as she very happily globbed the cream on half the scone, then topped it with a thick dollop of bright red strawberry jam. Marie used every bit on the scone and when she finally bit into it, she took half the scone in her mouth, and smeared the white cream over her lips. She smiled, adoring it. This as the best pleasure in life, one so reliable and steadfast. People were so difficult and complicated. Pierre once said Marie's genius made her selfish and she used it as a weapon against himself primarily.

Marie never forgot it and felt continually confused by it.

She was chewing with some difficulty when a napkin appeared on her table. Looking up sheepishly, Marie took it, pressed it to her mouth and said a garbled "Thank you."

Before her stood an extremely tall, exceptionally well build, and staggeringly pretty young man. His hair was black, his eyes so blue they glowed, and his skin was flawless and an amazing shade of ivory. His blue suit was tailored so carefully, it looked like part of his skin. He looked like an android; no human being could have been born so perfectly.

"You looked like you needed saving." His voice was deep and comforting; if he had just dragged her from a burning building, that voice would calm her and assure her that everything would be perfect. She felt quite rescued, in fact.

His voice was also American. Marie nodded, wiping her face quickly, and thanked him properly.

She noticed that a shorter, less perfect looking man stood behind him. Less perfect, yet still an extraordinary specimen. He was darker, shorter, stocky with muscles and seemed uncomfortable in his expensive suit. He would be more at ease in a tight white t-shirt and jeans. Marie estimated he worked out several hours every day.

The tall, perfect one asked, "Are you sailing on the Titanic?"

She nodded and introduced herself.

"Kent Calhoun. Call me Cal," he said, offering his hand. "My colleague Brewster Wainright the third. Everyone just calls him Wayne."

Wayne merely nodded at her. Marie couldn't decide if he disliked her, resented this interlude, or was simply impatient to board. She decided it was a combination of all three.

"I'm sorry, I would shake, but my hands cause adverse effects on some people."

"Do your worst, Dr. Curie," Mr. Kent said.

For the first time in a very long time, Marie Curie felt a tingle of excitement. Her hand shook a little as she took Mr. Kent's hand and gripped it firmly. Surprisingly, Mr. Kent laughed, yet kept hold of her hand. Her hand grew extraordinarily hot. It brightly glowed, and his palm should have been cauterized. He merely smiled charmingly and Marie's body heated. People at nearby tables suddenly moved away in shock. Even Wayne had to step back.

"You have the most interesting handshake I've ever encountered. You're quite stimulating" He released her hand and her body cooled. People returned to their table, glaring at Marie for interrupting their tea. "Would you dine with us this evening?"

"Thank you, yes, that would be lovely." Marie surprised herself accepting the invitation. She wasn't one to dine with strangers. She was much more comfortable eating alone. At dinner, one was expected to be interesting and entertaining. Or at the very least cast a green glow and have awkward, difficult conversations about how her radiation poisoning was killing her. Marie thought herself the most uninteresting person on the planet. She was nothing more than radiation to be scrutinized and gawked at.

They exchanged a few more pleasantries, assured each other they would see one another again on board, and the gentlemen departed.

Marie sat down with a little wobble, her face flushed a vibrant, glowing emerald green.

TWO

When the Titanic blew its horn as a first warning to its passengers to board, it could be heard all over Southampton. Marie Curie pressed her hands over her ears, as she was standing at the base of the gangplank. Her trunk, which was levitating beside her, hit the ground. Everyone stopped talking until the horn quieted and then a purser asked for her ticket and passport. She presented them quickly and checked her trunk to make sure it hadn't broken open. It would be bad for everyone around her if it had.

Marie's trunk was very, very heavy because it was lead lined. The lead protected others from the radioactive contents. If it did break open, anyone within ten feet would be infected with enough radiation to kill them from cancer within a few years.

Of course Marie was immuned to the radiation. She had absorbed so much radiation that a little more would do nothing to her body. Her husband was in the same state, and that seemed to bind them together more than love or even the vows of their marriage. No one else was safe to be with them.

Yet, that never stopped Pierre.

What was odd and inexplicable was that Marie hadn't developed any form of cancer yet. The symptoms of radiation poisoning would occur (nausea, skin burns, flu like symptoms), but nothing worse. Pierre, however, had developed skin cancer, thyroid cancer, and had lumps removed from his testicles and a tumor from his stomach.

The radioactive contents of her trunk weren't uranium or plutonium: they were her notebooks, clothes, paperback books, hair brush and cosmetics. Her lipstick was particularly dangerous. She couldn't have a laptop and she was frankly surprised a cell phone worked for her. She did all her business on the cell.

The purser checked her in and offered to find a bellboy to take her trunk to her cabin. She declined, discreetly explained the situation, and the purser nodded and told her to have a pleasant journey.

Marie Curie was used to attracting attention when she travelled: a neon green woman levitating a trunk was still a bizarre sight in this odd world, but no one was paying any attention to her. She discovered, upon reaching the deck of the Titanic, that Brewster Wainright III was holding a press conference. Cal stood next to him, slightly behind him, and looked at his friend with admiration. *Ah, she thought, he*

was that kind of friend. It didn't mean much in the larger picture, but it was, in itself, extremely arousing.

Marie had a special fondness for imagining two men together, kissing and caressing, then attacking one another out of frustrated and intense lust.

Apparently Wayne was a multi-billionaire and his opinion of the Titanic, his current comforts, and his plans for dinner were of utmost importance to the world. Marie pressed her lips and sighed in frustration. She didn't like him; perhaps she didn't like him because he didn't seem to like her. It was hardly important. She found the super rich and the world's fascination with the mundane details of their lives irritating.

Marie looked down at her ticket and map of the ship, turned, and immediately bumped into someone. She swore vigorously in French. A warm voice with a thick German accent, said, "I'm so sorry, Professor Curie."

Marie jumped back, startled, and immediately regretted her fierce reaction. She had never met Einstein and had always wanted to. He was her secret mentor-crush and had always wanted to be his student. "Professor Einstein! Please, forgive me. I'm completely lost on this monster of a ship."

"It is a beautiful, black sea monster. I was hoping I would see you. Will you dine with us this evening?" Then as a rude afterthought, he introduced his wife Mileva.

Marie realized his wife was standing behind him, clutching their tickets, a bell boy with their trunks behind her. They were holding up foot traffic, not because they were in the way, but because Marie Curie and Albert Einstein were having a conversation. That and the Wainright press conference had brought the deck of the Titanic to a stand still.

His wife was scowling. Marie suspected why, having heard many rumors about their relationship.

"I'm afraid I'm having dinner with Kent Calhoun and Brewster Wainright tonight. I would invite you, but I'm afraid---"

"I will see to it personally," Professor Einstein said. "Professor Curie." He bowed and headed toward the Wainright press conference.

THREE

Finding her cabin wasn't as difficult as she imagined, and it was much nicer than she thought it would be. Her university made the arrangements and generously gifted her first class accommodations. Marie had a two room suite with a private bath. It was enviably located on deck and had a window with an ocean view. Most importantly about the widow, though, was the fresh air. She laughed like a child, pleased and excited over the lavishness that she had all to herself, and opened the window as wide as it would go.

The cool sea air felt good and Marie realized how seasick she had been feeling. Or perhaps it was her radiation sickness, which often had similar symptoms. Either way, she decided to take a nap.

It was then that Marie received a text. She swore and dreaded opening it. She knew it was from her husband. She didn't want to read it, but Pierre would get angry if Marie failed to respond to his texts. Marie clenched her jaw as she fished her phone from her purse.

The text wasn't unusual: "I'm ill without you. I cancelled my classes. I can't work until you return to me. I love you."

She felt awful and guilty and blamed herself for his actions. Pierre would take days off work and blame her absence. Taking time off was unwise; the university wasn't happy with Pierre's lack of enthusiasm. He skirted by, doing only the bare minimum of work, and relied on his charm and youthful looks to make up for the rest. He had already had two complaints about inappropriate relationships he had had with female students. The department only knew about the two. They didn't know about the three men Marie knew about. She wondered how many more that she didn't know about.

Marie decided that Pierre would be fine without her. She breathed in the cool salty sea air and felt happy. She felt free, and knew that she could continue feeling this way if she let Pierre take care of himself.

Marie stuffed the phone back in her purse. Whether or not Marie responded, Pierre would get drunk and get in a bar fight, or fuck several strangers of a variety of sexes. And he wouldn't think of her at all.

She decided that there would be no cell phone service available for the majority of the voyage.

Marie rushed to the bathroom and vomited until there was nothing left but glowing green blood.

Crying, Marie washed her face. She held onto the sink as the room spun a few times. Carefully, she walked into the bedroom and crawled onto the bed. She lowered herself onto the pillows. They were incredibly soft and cool. Marie sighed and felt comforted. It didn't take long for her to fall asleep.

When she woke, Marie felt much better and ravenously hungry. In the last twenty-four hours, she had only had that scone and coffee.

Marie was excited to go to dinner. She was looking forward very much to seeing Cal and having long conversations.

She rose, stripped off all her clothes and packed them carefully in her lined trunk. She drew out what she would wear for dinner and got in the shower. Marie hated showering, usually, and felt guilty for making the water become radioactive. Pierre would often remind her of how many fish and marine life they destroyed. But he wasn't there to remind her of the damage she was causing the world.

The Titanic stocked her bathroom with sweet smelling silky soap that made her flesh tingle. She washed and conditioned her hair and it felt like satin. To top everything off, there was luscious smelling body powder that she put all over her body. Giving such careful attention felt like a sensual experience. It stimulated her, warmth emanating from between her legs. Her body heat was hotter than a normal person's, and her sex would become exquisitely hot.

Her foot on the edge of the bathtub, Marie touched the outer lips of her sex. It had been a very long time since she had done so, or anyone else had done so. Pierre found her sex too hot and commented often it had a foul odor. He had stopped initiating sex with Marie several years before. She asked him why and he had excuses that he was too tired or not in the mood. Finally she pressed and he admitted that she reeked. Pierre hadn't told her because it would have hurt her. Marie was too sensitive and he was sparing her pain.

"All these years you let me think that you didn't want me, when all along I could have done something." Glowing tears streamed down her face.

"You would've gotten too hurt. But it doesn't matter now."

Pierre had tried to embrace her and she pulled away.

"For eleven years, you didn't say anything!"

Pierre tried to touch her. "I don't care anymore. It doesn't bother me at all!"

Marie didn't believe him. It didn't matter if it was true or not. She had no idea what the truth was.

She immediately took a shower and scoured herself. She didn't mind that she smelled; she was horrified that he preferred to not be intimate with her rather than fix the situation. All the times she asked for clarity and cried and even begged for attention, he made up an excuse. Now, if she had been stronger, if she hadn't been so sensitive and less unstable, he could have been honest. Marie had scrubbed herself hard in the shower that night, and when she got out, she found Pierre in front of the TV watching *Breaking Bad* while looking for boys on Grindr on his Ipad. It was as if the conversation never happened. The only thing he said when she emerged was that she shouldn't shower because she was killing manatees. "They're going extinct because of humans, you know."

She had no idea what Pierre meant, but that wasn't unusual.

In the bathroom of her suite on the Titanic, Marie drifted off, staring at the ornate tile patterns on the floor. She heard Pierre repeat these words over and over. It ran like a film in her head. The humiliation was piercing.

Then Marie remembered the science of the situation. She had the appropriate soaps, effective chemicals which would counteract the radioactive poisoning that caused the odors. She was no longer in any offensive state.

Marie told herself that she had never been offensive. It had only been chemistry.

Marie said in French, "Fuck that fat cunt." She continued to get dressed.

Marie Curie only had three formal dresses and two were identical. They were black, long and with modest necklines. They were designed to be worn at conferences, formal academic dinners and award

ceremonies. The material was thick and lined with lead. With some measure of success, the dresses inhibited her radioactivity. But they were uncomfortable, hot, heavy and incredibly unattractive. Yet Marie felt safely hidden within them. No one could be harmed by her, nor repulsed.

But her third dress: that was pure self-indulgence and irresponsibility. When Pierre saw it, he screamed, "*What the fuck is the matter with you?!*" He insisted the dress would harm others, and quite possibly kill the elderly and cause genetic mutations in children. Marie insisted the threat was minimal, that she wasn't Chernobyl and she wasn't planning to wear it every moment of every day. He insisted she would look like a whore in it, and refused to speak to her until she apologized. Eventually, she did.

The dress was worth her capitulation, though. Marie saw it in the window of a boutique and fell in love. Slightly off the shoulders and the neckline dipping generously, the dress was form fitting and accentuated even the smallest curves of Marie's body. What was truly the genius of this design was the material and beading. The fabric was soft and appeared translucent. Sewed into it were hundreds of crystals. What this created when Marie wore it was a dazzlingly display of her radioactivity. The dress amplified, even projected her glow. It transformed Marie into a living chandelier.

This is what Marie chose to wear that first night.

And when Marie Curie walked into the Titanic's grand dining room, she did so as a celebration of her radioactive contamination. She was proud of it and her work. She had given her body for it and it wasn't anything she should be ashamed of.

Actually, there were several people near the Wainright table who discreetly asked their table be changed when they saw Marie. But Marie didn't care.

The Titanic's grand dining room was the epitome of sumptuousness. The walls had ornate dark wood paneling with decorative cornices at the top of marble columns. The ceiling had incredibly detailed paintings of Heaven, cherubs and angels, expansive forests with frolicking nymph and satyrs. Marie was so caught up in the design, she bumped into a table and fell forward onto a woman she would later be told was Angelina Jolie.

A waiter appeared and took Marie to the Wainright table. Marie apologized profusely and the woman assured her there was nothing for which to apologize.

All the men at the table stood to greet Marie as she walked up to the table: Wayne, Cal, and Professor

Einstein--he had managed an invitation to join the Wainright's table. Mileva was there as well and looked incredibly shocked by Marie. Then, unexpectedly and uncharacteristically for a woman, Mileva stood as well to greet her. It was Mileva who approached her first and took her hand.

"You look ravishing, Dr. Curie." She gave Marie's hand a warm squeeze and her heart beat faster. Mileva had dark red, bobbed hair and was elegantly curled. She wore a headband of gold sequence, and had on a matching Flapper dress, with narrow shoulder straps and loose material. Marie's eyes fell on Mileva's well-rounded breasts, moving freely in the exquisite fabric, as if they were free for Marie to lick and nibble and savour as her dinner. Marie couldn't help bite her bottom lip. "Please, sit by me," and Mileva pulled a chair out for Marie. Marie sat, slightly stunned.

Cal immediately seized Marie's attention, making extremely generous compliments about her dress. After that, dinner proceeded as dinner would amongst strangers on the Titanic, who also happened to be the greatest minds in their fields.

A waiter was immediately at Marie's elbow to fill her champagne glass. She sat with Mileva at her left and Cal at her right. Her attention was immediately absorbed by the Einsteins. Cal and Wayne were constantly either chatting with visitors arriving at the table, or wandering the room schmoozing.

There was only one real moment when she spoke to Cal. He had returned to the table and down his champagne in one gulp. The Einsteins were engaged in a deep conversation with an American couple, freeing her attention.

Cal flopped onto his chair and looked her straight in the eyes, in a way that people do when they truly want to talk and avoid the safety of normal chit chat.

"I'm exhausted. Being captivating is exhausting, isn't it? That dress is stunning, Dr. Curie."

"Please, Marie."

"I can't wait to see what your wardrobe unveils tomorrow night, Marie."

"I'm afraid this is it, a one night performance only. The rest of my clothes are dry academic *merde*."

Cal laughed and threw his head back and she liked him very much. He asked, "Do you wish your

husband had taken the voyage with you?"

"No," she said without thinking.

He smiled widely, dazzlingly, and Marie developed a crush on him. Then off he went, his energy renewed. He actually did a jump into the air and click his heels.

Marie thought him delightful. Then she realized something: he hadn't jumped at all. He flew.

FOUR

Thursday, April 11

Marie slept through breakfast and then had room service bring up coffee and croissants. It was cold and foggy outside, but Marie didn't mind. She ate her croissant staring out her porthole and felt like she was on a magical adventure. Cal and Mileva were electrifying, magical people.

Mileva wasn't merely Einstein's wife. She had been his student and was an independent physicist. Without hesitation, Mileva shared that Albert preferred that she stay home with their steadily growing brood of children.

"I love my children," she said sadly, in French. Mileva spoke to her in French out of respect and intimacy. In French, they could have a *private* conversation. "I do. I simply grow incredibly frustrated and bored and restless and the children can be so needy." As if remembering herself and realizing the intimate details she was revealing, Mileva shook her head and smiled. "Physics is demanding, but it doesn't dump peanut butter and jelly in the toilet or shave the cat."

"Peanut butter and jelly?"

"Because the fish were hungry. My children are crazy." She said it in quite a serious tone. "Do you have children? Oh, I'm sorry, that was indelicate of me." Mileva took her hand and squeezed it with passion.

Marie laughed. "Radiation is my child and I'm happy it is."

Mileva kept Marie's hand and put it in her lap. "Is it really killing you?"

Marie's face fell.

"That was extremely indelicate. But it's quite all right--my children are killing me," Mileva said, forcing her face into a pleasant expression. Marie could tell Mileva was drunk, and she was only hinting at the deeper misery she had. Mileva had wanted to be a physicist as a little girl. Einstein wanted her to be a wife and mother. Mileva could give him valuable feedback and yet couldn't

actively participate in the scientific world. Mileva looked at Marie's hand in her lap, letting her fingers trace Marie's knuckles. She looked like she was about to kiss them. "Albert is quite taken with you. He says your glowing green skin is captivating."

Marie suddenly smiled and looked away. A subtle blush of green flames licked across her cheeks. "You're too kind and generous."

"And out of champagne!" Mileva emptied her glass and waved for a waiter. One immediately showed to refill her glass, but she told him to leave the bottle. He did so obediently. Mileva filled both their glasses. Marie giggled and they both drank.

"Albert wanted me to approach you about a threesome," Mileva said, her eyes flashing as her fingers played with the gleaming white pearls around her neck. She still retained Marie's hand. "So I have and my job is done."

Marie blinked several times. "I'm...very flattered of course."

"But not interested," Mileva said.

"I'm not opposed to the concept of sexual liberation. God knows my own husband is leading the campaigner for gay men in Paris. But Albert is..."

"Not your type?"

"Not at all. No offense, I assure you."

Mileva fixed her eyes on Marie: "And me, Professor Curie? Am I your type?"

Marie knew exactly what she wanted to say. But all she could do drink all the champagne in her glass in one gulp.

Mileva laughed and she sounded young and excited. She jumped up. "Come dance with me!"

Marie allowed Mileva to pull her to the dancefloor. It was late into the evening and most people had left to walk the deck or continue drinking harder liquor at one of the bars. Cal and Wayne were still in

the dining room, deep in conversations with older gray haired men in expensive suits who seemed quite charmed.

Mileva put her arm around Marie's waist, and Marie's hand on Mileva's shoulder. "I don't normally lead, but you don't look like you've done this before."

"I have!" Marie responded.

Mileva threw her head back and laughed.

There was a full band still playing, and Ella Fitzgerald was singing "Embraceable You." Mileva guided Marie slowly to the music, pressing her close. Marie was slightly taller and looked down into Mileva's dress, seeing her breasts free and moving against the beaded fabric of her dress. Occasionally, she had a glimpse of a hard, pink nipple and Marie felt her body warm dramatically.

Suddenly Mileva let go of Marie and jumped back. The chandelier drops of Marie's dress reflected her green glow, which was intensifying dramatically. Marie shuddered from the energy pumping through her body, and there was a burst. The glass drops shot out intense beams, scorching the dance floor all around her. It came out like a shotgun blast and then it was over.

Marie was mortified, pressing her hand over her mouth. Mileva, however, was delighted. She threw her arms around Marie and said she'd never been so flattered.

Cal and Wayne stared at Marie, their mouths hanging open.

The next morning, Marie hardly believed that the conversation took place. Her face became hot from the memory and the heat was so intense it made her sweat all over.

Marie opened her porthole and let in the cold sea air. She breathed in deeply and slowly and felt the heat begin to subside. She had a fleeting thought of being twisted in her bed with Mileva, and it started wet heat trickling between her legs. It almost set her nightgown on fire. She smelled the material smoking and just managed to pull it off over her head and pushed it out the porthole.

Marie needed distraction. She took a very cold shower and dressed in a thick, lead lined dress. It was quite heavy, but necessary. Especially if she was going to be so physically excitable today. She was

not usually so excitable. She almost never caused fires or burned holes in dancefloors. It was annoying, but it was also intriguing. It offered up the possibility that things could be different on the Titanic. That she could relax and do things Pierre wouldn't allow.

Usually Marie wore her hair up in a practical bun. Normally, her work could not accommodate her attention straying to her hair. It must be completely out of her way. She couldn't sacrifice even a moment to push an unruly lock behind her ear.

But today she wanted to wear her hair down, pinned back at her neck to keep it mildly under control. It was comfortable and, she knew, much more attractive. As she brushed it, smiling and enjoying this small act of rebellion, there was a knock at the door. It was a porter bearing an envelope sealed with wax. He explained he was instructed to wait for an answer.

It was an invitation from Cal, requesting her presence at tea and a walk around the deck. Marie wrote on the card, *I would love to*, and the heat from her hand left a burnt imprint on the paper. Her first reaction was to keep it and simply give the porter a verbal confirmation.

But, no: let Cal see her fire.

"May I ask a personal question?"

Tea with Cal was wonderful. He had arranged for a table set up on his private deck, which had a lovely view of the bow of the ship. Tea was comprised of scones, cakes and cucumber and salmon sandwiches. Marie thought she would be too nervous to eat, but found herself consuming quite a few scones and sandwiches. Cal made her very hungry.

He looked too perfect in the sunlight. His skin was creamy and flawless. His lips full and his dark hair meticulously groomed. If he wasn't so charming, he would be frightening with his imperfection

Her mouth was full when he asked his question and she smiled and pressed her napkin over her mouth and nodded vigorously.

He laughed. "You may wait until you swallow to answer. Why are you traveling without your husband?"

Marie chewed as fast as she could, fearing her slowness in replying would cause his interest to wain. "This is a business trip. My university is paying for everything. And Pierre is afraid of ships sinking. And the ocean. He's terrified of the ocean because he can't see to the bottom."

"I would imagine any man would brave his greatest fear in order to be with you, Dr. Curie."

The heat rose quickly and Marie's hands brightened to a neon green. "Please," she said a little breathlessly, "Marie." She took a sip of tea to divert her attention. The tea began to boil and the china suddenly cracked, and the tea exploded all over her lap. "I'm so sorry! I must learn to control that!"

What followed was chaos as Cal and two waiters attempted to see to Marie. She assured them she was fine and not hurt at all, and everyone really should stand back from her as she was emitting possibly dangerous levels of radiation.

Cal, however, did not move. "Your dress is lead lined."

It wasn't a question. He knew.

"It makes me safer in public."

"But uncomfortable. You don't require that much lead to protect others. It can be thinner."

"I'm quite qualified to judge how much lead is necessary."

"I'm not trying to question your judgement. I simply mean you might not have to worry so much that you have to wear a fifty pound dress. There is a better way to do this. There has to be." Cal stood and offered his arm. Marie had no idea what he was talking about, but it didn't matter. He was ethereally gorgeous and she was captivated with him. She took his arm and they went on their walk around the deck.

"I'm a physicist, not a tailor," Marie conceded.

"You are also a woman who should be comfortable. Perhaps you wouldn't look so tired if you could move easily."

Marie laughed. "If I'm tired it's because of work and my husband who won't leave me alone." She flushed and withdrew her arm from Cal's, afraid her rising temperature would burn him. But he took her arm back gently, which made her even more embarrassed, and her temperature skyrocketed. He should be burning. His skin should be bubbling where he touched her, and his face reddening from his close proximity to her. But nothing. He simply smiled at her.

"Who are you?" Marie asked, suddenly afraid.

"Kent Calhoun, *New York Times* reporter, occasional poker player and the secret savior of mankind."

"The savior of mankind! I'm in auspicious company! I think you're also a bird," Marie said with a smile. "Maybe an airplane." Marie *flexed* her radiation (there's no other way to describe it) and Marie levitated Cal a few inches above the deck. "I saw you fly."

At that moment, the Vanderbilts, approached and Cal and Marie.

Cal lowered himself to the ground.

Marie shook her head. "How did you do that?!"

Cal said, "We must continue our fascinating discussion later. But now, duty calls." He drew her over to meet them.

This began the long parade of the affluent and powerful of America, the United Kingdom and Europe. Marie was introduced to so many people she thought she was meeting the same people over and over. They all said the same things, dressed in the same rich clothes, and casually dropped names of the other affluent people on board they had been talking to. Marie found it annoying and boring after a while. She was profoundly grateful when they happened upon Wayne.

Marie hadn't spent much time talking with Wayne the evening before at dinner, and wished she had. He had a dark, aggressive quality that Marie could only describe as quintessentially American: he was ridiculously wealthy due to multiple deaths in his family, and, having grown up alone, it made him fiercely independent. He lived outside the realms of the normal and conventional. He wore suits composed of both material and machines, using cogs and clock faces and other as decoration and

function. His tie was a computer. He wore a wristwatch that wasn't a watch, but a screen. Sometimes he would watch it, sometimes turn from his group and speak to it, sometimes he would type into it. He also wore spectacles that pinched to his nose, and Marie doubted those were actually glasses as well. She imagined he was watching the world on multiple levels.

Then, of course, Wayne was gorgeous in a rough way, as if he'd been in daily bar fights and lost half of them. As he approached them, Marie could clearly see the multiple scars on his forehead and cheeks, and the adorable curve of the bridge of his nose created when it had been broken a few times.

Marie thought would make a fascinating James Bond.

But Wayne didn't smile at her, nor speak to her. He nodded as a greeting and then turned his full attention and energy on Cal. They spoke in soft tones, stepping aside and close together. Wayne put his hand on Cal's shoulder and gave it a squeeze and Cal put his hand over it.

The way they looked at one another exposed their relationship and Marie felt sick.

Marie took a few steps back and fell into Rudolph Valentino. Both laughed and he righted her and bowed and spoke to her in French. After pleasantries, Marie said she was heading back to her cabin, and would he mind escorting her, "As my present escort is currently intimately engaged."

Like a gentleman, Rudolph Valentino addressed Cal, explained the situation and whisked Marie off without dramatic incident. She looked back over her shoulder sadly; to her surprise Cal looked just as sad.

Then his eyes glowed red and he smiled.

Marie frowned and turned away. She felt sickening jealous for both of them.

Rudolph Valentino was the most coveted sex symbol of his generation. He had dark hair, dark eyes and seemed the epitome of Italian men. He defined romance, the rake, the cad, and the lover. He could fill the Titanic with the love letters he received each month. He wasn't beautiful, but classical. Truly, the sculpture of his face looked like the template for masculinity.

Years later, when Valentino would die at the young age of 31. He had developed several kinds of cancer which were the direct result of his time with Marie Curie. Many female fans would commit suicide over his death, and 100,000 girls would line the streets of New York to watch his hearse pass. The despondent women eventually rioted and 100 mounted police, as well as their reserves, were required to quell the chaos.

Marie hadn't seen his movies, though she had seen photos and knew well who he was. Being on his arm and experiencing his charm and sole attention melted her. His smile was enchanting and persuasive. He was very upfront.

"You are the most brilliant woman on the planet, Madame. I cannot help but be moved by that, and by whatever energy your body emits. I can feel it and it frightens me. I'm not going to lie.

"My wife is with her mistress and they will undoubtedly forget me this afternoon. I would very much like to spend it with you. I approach you bluntly because you are too intelligent to manipulate. And I respect you too much to treat you as a conquest. We will have a pleasant afternoon and nothing more. What more should we ask of life than the opportunities to make sweet memories?"

Marie could hardly believe that he was saying such things to her, and that they were incredibly effective.

Valentino suddenly pulled aside a porter who happened to be passing. He asked him to send a bottle of champagne over to Professor Curie's suite at once. The porter bowed sharply and said, "yes, Mr. Valentino."

"Oh, include some caviar. And strawberries I think."

"Very good, sir."

The porter went off quickly. Marie was smiling. "I haven't said yes, yet."

"Then you may enjoy the champagne with the man with whom you wish to spend your afternoon. I'm sure there are many who would happily do so."

Marie's mouth dropped open. She felt she had no choice but to say yes. And isn't that the best seduction? The kind that seizes you no matter what your intellect and common sense says?

"But I insist upon taking the caviar. It is my secret vice," Valentino said, smiling. He leaned in to kiss her, and Marie moved forward and met him, her arms around his neck. They were in a corridor of cabins, and Valentino pushed her against a wall, his hands on her ass, squeezing as his tongue ran along her teeth and met her tongue.

Marie felt her body heat rising and pushed back on him. He was hesitant to release her, but eventually did. Taking her by the hand they flew down the corridors.

At the door to her suite, Marie continued kissing him as she levitated her key from her purse and unlocked her door. Valentino laughed. "A woman of rare talents. What else can you do?"

Marie giggled and took him inside.

Champagne and caviar and strawberries awaited them. The bed had also been turned down, chocolates on the pillows. Marie excuses herself, tearing herself away and went to the bathroom.

Quickly she got out of her clothes until she stood in her corset and panties. She looked in the mirror and thought of Pierre. Remarkably she felt little guilt. She fully accepted that what she was about to do was wrong, but perhaps this was the beginning of something great and new. Perhaps she would become the mistress of the fabulously sexy Rudolph Valentino. She, Marie Curie, a radioactive physicist who hadn't slept with anyone else besides her husband, could capture the elusive and cinematic god of love.

Affairs do happen. Her father had a mistress, as did her uncle. These things were common in France. What niggled Marie was that she knew this would enrage Pierre. He would not find it acceptable. They had an open marriage, but he didn't want it open for Marie.

But Marie would not surrender this opportunity for anything in the world. For the first time in a long time, she felt excited and happy. She had forgotten what happiness felt like.

When she returned to Valentino, he was eating caviar off a wooden spoon. He held a spoonful to her lips and she sucked it off in a way that made him groan. She had never had such a passionate reaction

from Pierre. She had had few reactions from him at all.

Valentino handed her a glass of champagne and he toasted her: "To your beauty, your fiery flesh, and your sexy intellect. I'm flattered that such a powerful woman as yourself, a woman who has changed the world, would give me your attention."

Marie was in shock.

They clinked glasses and sipped. Valentino took her glass and placed it on the table with his. Then he abruptly swept her up and off her feet and carried her to the bed. Holding himself above her, Valentino kissed her lips and cheeks and throat. His mouth moved down to her cleavage and he worked to release one of her breasts from the corset.

Holding Valentino's head, Marie moaned, "Don't lick my nipple, please. You'll hurt yourself."

He chuckled and ran his tongue over her green erect nipple. Valentino jumped back and yelled. He had burned the tip of his tongue.

Marie's skin was heating rapidly. Her corset began smoking. She sat up in horror of having hurt him, and the creamy lacy fabric began turning to black ash. Her panties had burned through the crotch and where Marie sat on the bed had blackened from her heat. As her corset crumbled to the bed, Marie was left naked and covered with smeared ashes. She glowed brightly and apologized continually. She reached toward the sofa and a pillow left flew across the room to her hand. She covered herself in horror, now crying.

Valentino smiled and kissed her mouth. Her tears turned to steam. "I will have you. You're the most amazing woman I've ever known. Come with me."

He took her to the bathroom and started the shower. When the water was lukewarm, they got in. It was perfect. He could touch her and she was only as hot as if she had a fever. Marie cried and thanked him and kissed him, her arms around his neck as his fingers pushed between her legs.

Boldly, she reached down and found his cock: it was substantial and slightly bigger than Pierre's. She worried how it would feel inside her, how much it would hurt. Could they even have sex in the shower?

His fingers were deft, practiced and gentle. They found her clit but didn't spend too much time there. Valentino raised one of Marie's legs so her foot sat on the edge of the tub. He slid in his middle finger inside her sex and the heel of his palm pressed her clit. With a gentle thrusting motion, Valentino slid his finger around the curve of her sex and the tip of his finger swirled over then most tender and stimulating place deep within her body. And with the downward motion, the heel of his hand rubbed her clit just enough to create another illumination of pleasure in her body.

Marie cried out and asked him if he was a witch. "What power do you have that gives you the ability to do...uhhhh....THAT?!" It felt as if his fingers were curling up inside her, pulling on strings that jerked her limbs deliciously.

Valentino laughed and would not stop. Marie asked him to, saying she couldn't take it anymore.

"You can take a little more."

"I feel like my head will explode!"

"I promise your head will remain intact and pretty." He kissed her and Marie sucked on his breath for energy and received it. "Do you trust me?"

She laughed. "Do I have a choice? I can't say no to you."

His hand moved faster and within several seconds, Marie felt the explosion building and then rip through her flesh. Valentino held her up as she convulsed and moaned and then went completely limp, her head falling back, the water continuing to sprinkle over her. But once they hit her skin, they sizzled and evaporated into steam.

She became his doll. After making her come, Valentino was painfully hard and extremely impatient. Shaking Marie a little, he roused her enough to get her to turn around, bend over and press her palms into the shower wall. He spread her legs and his cock shot inside her. Marie was extremely wet and her sex very open and willing. But his size still hurt. She didn't care.

He pumped slowly at first, running his hand over her naked back and into her hair. She moaned appropriately, making sure she was giving him what he wanted. It was no longer about her. It was

about him. It didn't offend her. Sex with Pierre was the same. He preferred taking her in this position. She had no idea what he looked like when he came. This was how men are, Marie thought as Valentino's hands gripped her hips tightly, now pumping harder.

Not that this wasn't fun or stimulating. To Marie's shock another orgasm started building and she worried this would be as big as the last. During the last she had actually believed that her flesh split and exploded radioactive material. She was quite aware that her sex was getting extraordinarily hot. She thought to tell Valentino that he was in danger of radiation burns. But she remembered that Pierre disliked any interruptions when he got to this stage. Marie said nothing. She would play done.

This orgasm wasn't as strong, but still made her cry and feel like she was dying and being born.

Valentino growled and moaned and even yelled as he came. Marie was delighted and found it intensely arousing. She kissed all over his skin, anywhere her mouth could reach.

After a few moments, Valentino withdrew and helped Marie straighten. They washed each other, kissing and giggling.

FIVE

Friday, April 12

Valentino left early in the morning before Marie woke. He left her a short note in French, declaring her the loveliest, sexiest moment of his life.

Moment?

Marie was extremely hungry after she awoke and ordered a full breakfast of pancakes, eggs and bacon. Juice and coffee and croissants. She was extremely giddy when it arrived and poured herself a cup of coffee before the porter even left.

To her surprise, he handed her a stack of mail. She hadn't thought she would receive any onboard.

Most of the pieces were telegrams from Pierre, and going through them one by one left Marie feeling sick and filled with dread and hopelessness: *Why haven't you called me? Why haven't you answered your phone? Why haven't you answered my texts? Are you okay? I miss you terribly. I'm sick without you. I've thrown up every hour without you. Are you having fun? I'm miserable.*

And guilt. Overwhelming guilt. Over everything.

Yet, she knew what Pierre had really been up to: he had a pattern whenever she went out of town. He found someone on Tindr, or at a bar, or Craig's List. He'd fuck them brutally, sometimes fisting them or making them go ass to mouth. Just to relish in the humiliation. He would be really drunk, eat an entire pizza and pass out for nearly a day. Once he woke, he would contact Marie and lament her absence, emphasizing how much he missed her. He would claim he was so lonely he vomited. None of it was true. When Marie would get home, he would act as if nothing had ever been wrong. He would jump on the furniture like a four year old, elated she was back.

Marie immediately texted Pierre: she explained that there's been poor reception, she's been meeting amazing people such as the Einsteins and Rudolph Valentino. She's been seasick, too, and sympathizes with his own illness. And she said she wished he had come with her, how they'd be much happier if he had.

A jab, she realized. Shifting responsibility of his unhappiness back onto him. But it relieved her and she didn't care if it was immature or combative. Marie was tired for being responsible for every unhappiness he suffered.

Marie put all of his telegrams away in her trunk. Pierre would want to see them after she got home, that she had cherished his communications. Throwing them out meant to him that she didn't love him enough.

With a smile Marie pushed Pierre out of her thoughts and went through her other letters. There was an invitation from the Einsteins for dinner, another from Cal for dinner, and a strange letter from the ship's clothing store wishing her to call and confirm her appointment.

Marie had no idea what this was about. She was about to tear it in half, but she was too curious. It was a tiny mystery and a theory presented itself. Once Marie had a theory, she was bound, as a scientist, to pursue evidence to support it. She called the shop and confirmed an appointment for the afternoon. Originally they wanted to schedule her for two. Marie said three would be more agreeable. The girl sweetly said that she would confirm with Mr. Calhoun and ring her back.

The telephone receiver turned to the consistency of caramel in her bright green hand. She had been correct.

Promptly at three, Marie appeared at the shop. She was greeted by a sweet blonde salesgirl who introduced herself in French as the Titanic's seamstress, and perfectly able to handle even the most unusual alterations.

"I still don't know why I'm here."

The girl indicated Cal who was sitting on a sofa behind Marie, his arms stretched along the back. They were so long they took the entire loveseat. He was in jeans, a dark blue pinstripe collared shirt, and a black jacket. He had that sexy-comfortable look which is difficult to achieve. The girl excused herself and disappeared behind curtains.

Cal said, "I stole one of your dresses and removed the lead. I converted the lead to a lighter substance

that can be woven into fabric. I'm having two outfits made for you. Please consider this a donation to the cause of science. Our scientists must be comfortable. I'm not as smart as I look and I couldn't think of anything more helpful." And he affected a dumb grin.

"What did you do to the lead?" It was the only thing Marie was curious about.

"Made it lighter."

"My dresses have *sheets* of lead in them. That's not something that can be *made lighter*."

"Can't you accept the gift without giving me such a hard time? I thought you'd protest the cost or how they're designed--"

"I still may." Marie went to the loveseat and Cal made room for her to sit. "Frankly I'm grateful. I never have time to shop and I never know what to buy. Just please promise me you didn't spin the lead into gold. I don't think I could handle a mind blowing revelation." Marie looked down at her dress. "I fucking hate this dress. I look like an uptight wood burning stove."

Cal put his hand on her hand. It was a friendly, comforting, understanding gesture. Marie looked away, shy and played with a thread in the seam of her dress. She yanked on it. It shriveled in the heat of her hand. She suddenly noticed all of the burn marks on the material of the dress.

"I must learn to control my energy."

"You don't have to control anything with me. I can handle everything you can give me."

Marie's hand went almost white hot. But Cal didn't let go. If anything, Cal brought her knuckles to his lips and kissed them. The radioactive green flames trickled along his cheeks and nose.

The girl returned and Marie stood up as if caught doing something indecent. The sight of the two outfits the girl brought made Marie cry. To her embarrassment, she couldn't help herself. She was tired and lonely and felt completely unimportant. Valentino used her body, Pierre used her emotions, and the world used her scientific abilities. No one except Cal cared about her comfort and pleasure.

The first outfit was a jeans/blouse combination. The lead had been turned to the thickness of ribbon

and it was woven throughout the fabric. The top was pink scoop neck same lead weaving, along with gold threads. Accompanying it was an enormous shawl that fit like a sweater. Except it was made of lace and satin and fur and more of the lead ribbons and gold thread.

Marie put them on and twirled. Cal looked her over, up and down, and said, "These aren't as insulated, but you're safe. How do you feel?"

"So comfortable! Can I wear them out?"

The other outfit, which Marie loved best of all, she promised to wear at dinner when she dined with him.

Marie left the dress she was wearing with the seamstress so two more outfits could be constructed.

"Tell me about the conversion process of the lead. There is no way you did that on the ship."

"You give me too much credit. I'm not that smart," Cal said with a smile. They were walking along the deck in the sunshine, occasionally nodding to people strolling by.

Casually Cal walked over to the railing. It was comprised of a metal base holding a wooden rail. The railing had supports every two feet.

"The process was easy," Cal said gripping a support in his hand. He pulled and the metal came away easily, stretching like salt water taffy. "All I had to do was squeeze the lead between my fingers like so," and he demonstrated on the brass as Marie's eyes went so wide her face hurt. "Until it became like a ribbon. I was like that girl in the tower who spun straw into gold. Only this was for a better cause."

He tossed the threads of brass over the side of the ship.

"What are you?"

Cal shrugged. "An underpaid, mediocre reporter. Feel like a drink?"

"Of course! There's a bar up here."

Like a gentleman, Marie led Cal by the arm to one of the Titanic's opulent bars. It was crowded, but they found a table. One entire side of the bar was along the deck. Every table had an ocean view. The bar was decorated with items and paintings dedicated to the history of ships. The bar itself had a ship's wheel. There were elevated tables constructed like crows' nests. Cal secured one of these. The view was breathtaking. They could see the approaching coast of Scotland.

Marie ordered them absinthe and Cal raised his eyebrow.

"Too strong?" Marie asked quite innocently.

"From what I've heard, most likely. But there should be a first time for everything."

A waiter brought the absinthe apparatus over and Marie saw to preparing their drinks. "This is how I won my Noble prize in chemistry," she said with a big smile.

"And what impressive physical feat did you perform for your prize in physics?"

Marie laughed and adjusted the water drip on the sugar cube. "I poisoned myself."

"Is it that funny?"

"It better be because if it was serious I'd jump over the side of the ship." Cal looked very concerned so Marie said, "It's not as bad as all that. I'm radioactive, yes, but that doesn't mean...all right it probably does. But I'm fine. I have bad days, but I doubt I've contaminated anyone yet. I've been careful."

"You don't have to worry about me. You can't contaminate me."

"So I gather. Whenever you feel ready, please share as to why that's true."

"What does the radiation allow you to do? Besides levitation?"

Marie shook her head. "It's all I've ever tried. Unless you consider extreme heat a power. I have a difficult time controlling that."

When the absinthe was finished, Marie gave Cal a glass and took one for herself. He took a sip and

immediately coughed.

Marie said, "You don't like it?"

"It doesn't like me," Cal replied and took another sip.

"I can't imagine anything not liking you," Marie said. She was pleased to see his cheeks turn pink.

Rudolph Valentino walked into the bar, accompanied by his wife and her lover. Marie's face flushed and bubbles appeared in the absinthe she was holding.

Valentino caught her eye, smiled broadly and his group made their way to her table. Introductions were made all around, and Marie realized he was making a concerted effort not to make eye contact with her. It was devastating: they really only had a moment together and nothing more. Marie's body had felt so many profound, strong things with Valentino and it never again would. It felt like an incredible, depressing loss.

The group floated off to another table, and Valentino winked at Marie.

Cal pushed her absinthe across to her, in a small gesture that was intimate and an admission: he recognized that something had happened between Marie and Valentino. Marie smiled and took a long sip, letting out a small cough at the end. "I don't drink that much usually. I'm not used to it."

Cal changed the subject. "You can levitate objects. What else can you do?"

The absinthe sent ripples of warmth through her muscles and her skin and into her fingers, like waves cresting against the hull of the ship. Marie felt very, very good all of a sudden. "I can play the piano."

Cal said: "I'm serious."

"I'm serious, too."

Marie closed her eyes. It would be difficult for her to concentrate with Cal watching, but she wanted Valentino to see what she could do, and want her more than ever.

Unusual sounds came from the piano, and then gasps of shock and a few curse words. Marie felt the energy pushing out of her muscles like fast growing vines. They enveloped the baby grand on the other side of the room. Marie took a deep breath and held it as she raised the piano into the air. The pianist fell backward off his bench in shock. Marie flexed and let her energy press the keys. She played a song she learned as a child, something whimsical and playful. When the initial shock wore off, people noticed that Marie was in control. The crowd applauded her and laughed and danced to her tune.

Cal was especially entertained. He jumped up and pulled Marie out of her seat and into his arms. He danced her around the room with the others and she struggled between focusing and laughing. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see Valentino. He wasn't merely jealous that she was dancing with Cal. He was enraptured with her.

Marie could tell he had a hard on.

Marie couldn't keep this up for long. When she had no more strength or focus and she lowered the piano, bringing the song (clumsily) to an end. The room applauded her, some begrudgingly. She assumed that they found her display rude and gauche, a stunt by a freakish mad scientist who had poisoned herself in an insane quest to dominate nature.

Fuck them, Marie thought, returning to their table. She tossed back the last of her absinthe.

Abruptly, Marie felt completely bleak. Every time she was with Cal in public, he was immediately mobbed by people eager to schmooze and impress. Marie overheard that he was writing a book about the Titanic or the New York elite or something. Perhaps he was simply "researching" her for whatever book or article he was writing. His charm was manipulating her to intimate confessions. After all, wasn't he in a relationship with Wayne?

But no, she thought, wincing, *there's more to Cal than that. I need to believe that. I can't have another person in my life manipulating me.*

Marie started the water dripping onto another sugar cube for another glass of absinthe. As she focused, someone slid a glass under the other tap and started the water dripping. Marie looked up.

It was Wayne. He was inspecting the tap as an engineer would. He hadn't used one before, Marie could see, and he was delighted with the mechanism. She smiled and placed her hand over his twisting it gently and starting the drip at the ideal rate.

“I enjoyed your piano playing,” Wayne said. His voice was as dark green as the deepest part of the ocean, complete with accentuations which sounded like water cresting and lapping against the ship. The control he possessed over his facial features seemed machine like in their precision. And, yes, Wayne was in control. She knew it was either an absence of emotions or strong control over emotions which would create such an effect. Marie imagined it was the latter. There was something turning and grinding deep within Wayne.

He had very dark hair and now, in the mid afternoon, he already had the gruffy shadows of a beard appearing.

Wayne sat where Cal had been sitting. “I would like to have a more involved conversation with you about your abilities, and the possibility of harnessing them in innovative ways. And possibly more practical.”

Marie stood up. She guessed where this was going and she was infuriated. “I don’t have any desire to work for the military.”

Wayne said, “I don’t work for the military.”

“I don’t have the desire to work for an independent contractor for the military. Or an arms dealer or weapons developer. I have no interest in killing people. Thanks for the drink,” Marie said and felt stupid, since he hadn’t bought her a drink at all. But it was a good exit line and so she swept out of the room.

On deck she met with a porter with a handful of telegrams from Pierre. She snatched them and flung them over the deck. Some cascaded down to the water. Some flew back onto the deck. Marie had made her point and stalked off.

In Marie’s suite, there was a bouquet of roses waiting for her with an attached card. She ripped the card off, fed up with men and their attention and inattention and was ready to divorce and live the rest of her life alone in her radioactive, dangerous lab and die of radiation poisoning in lonely peace.

Then curiosity forced Marie to read the card. It was from Mileva Einstein, asking her to dinner in their

suite. She groaned, “God, not that threesome shit again.” On the back of the card she scratched out an excuse about feeling ill, apologizing for her absence, touched by the invitation, and feeling cursed for the illness which is a product of her life’s work.

This kind of martyrdom-as-excuse was one she commonly used because it was infallible. No one could blame Marie Curie for being ill from radiation poisoning.

Marie rung for a porter, who promptly appeared and took the note, along with a single rose Marie choose to accompany it. The rose was an impulsive afterthought. It was a gesture, a caress, a note in itself and Marie wondered if Mileva understood the language enough to respond eventually.

Marie peeled off her jeans and sighed from the release. The jeans were comfortable, but tight. In panties and tank top, Marie looked about for clothes and realized she didn’t have any. They were at the seamstress, either waiting to be picked up or being transformed into something new. All she wanted were comfortable clothes.

Then there was a knock at the door. Marie jumped and stared at the door confused. Then, when the knock persisted, she raced across the room soundlessly and looked through the peephole. It was Wayne.

She took a deep, angry breath. He decided his best course of action was to be persistent. Marie opened the door, not bothering to put on anything else. He was only interested in men and weapons, and this was her suite. Fuck him.

Wayne looked her up and down and the smile on his lips betrayed that he wasn’t interested only in men. Over his arm were at least three clothes bags. Marie apologized for her attire, suddenly feeling naked, and snatched a robe from the closet to her immediate left. She yanked it on and held the door open for Wayne to come in.

Like a gentleman, Wayne apologized for interrupting her in the middle of her ablutions. and promised he wouldn’t distract her for long. He carefully draped the clothes bags over the sofa and said, “I thought I would bring these by for you. So you could thank me in person and fawn all over me for my generosity.”

Marie’s mouth opened in confusion as she took the bags to the bed, going through each.

“I didn’t think you’d have anything to wear. Your dress when you answered the door proved that. You’re welcome.”

Marie opened the bags and found new clothes for her: dresses and blouses and skirts, all lined with thin layers of lead or with threads of lead woven through the fabric.

“I don’t understand,” Marie said. “Did you pay for these?”

“I built them,” Wayne said. “And paid for them. Cal can’t afford anything, and did you really believe that the eighteen year old seamstress on board was this technologically minded? She just took measurements and made alterations. It was my idea to work the lead into the fabric, and you didn’t need it as thick as you had it. But I respect your desire to protect others. You’re not as contagious as you think you are. I have ideas about constructing an outfit for you that can help you channel your radiation into specific, concentrated bursts while making you entirely harmless to those around you.”

“Stop, right now! I’m not working for the military! And you can’t bribe me with gorgeous, comfortable clothes!”

Wayne smiled. “You really think they’re gorgeous?”

“I think you need to go. You can take all of this with you. I don’t want you to believe I’m accepting some sort of payment from you.”

“Marie, will you listen to me? I don’t work for the military! I’m a billionaire! I don’t work for anyone. You’ve spent your life studying radiation and all you’ve accomplished are Noble prizes and radiation poisoning. Wouldn’t you like to take what has happened to your body and develop it in unique ways that can help people? Your prizes mean nothing if you don’t build on that work and advance. I swear, I have no interest in fighting wars. Perhaps stopping them, but killing no one. Do you believe me?”

Marie hardly realized what she was doing: the energy suddenly burst from her and Wayne flew back against the wall. His jacket and shirt ripped open before Marie touched him, and as she kissed him, his trousers split open at the crotch. Wayne kissed her back, caressing the back of her neck and pulling her face to his with such force, he seemed to be trying to swallow her. There wasn’t anything soft or gentle; they moved on one another with desperation and desire that comes with frustration and wonder.

Marie pulled her robe off as Wayne slid his right hand into her panties, discovering her sex slick and dripping with wetness, the lips easily parting for his fingers. He lifted Marie's right leg and pushed his fingers deep. Marie groaned and yelped and moved hard against his hand. Wayne removed his fingers and lifted her, carrying her the short distance to the bed, dropping her back onto it. The sheets smoked beneath Marie. She concentrated and flexed and held most of her energy back. It wasn't as difficult as she thought it would be.

Without touching Wayne, Marie pulled his cock out and stroked it, jerked it, and he yelped in shock with her manipulations. Barely able to concentrate, Wayne yanked her panties down to her ankles and pushed them off her legs. Spreading her thighs wide, he thrust deep into her. Both yelled, and continued crying out with each of his hard, pounding thrusts. It didn't take long. It took less time than usual for Wayne because Marie was continuing to manipulate his cock inside her.

Within five thrusts, Marie came screaming, digging her nails into his arms. Energy surged through her fingertips and she left crescent moon burns on his flesh. But Wayne hardly noticed. He came so tremendously, that once he was finished, he passed out on top of Marie instantly. Smiling and satisfied, Marie fell asleep as well.

SIX

When Marie and Wayne woke, it was almost time for dinner. Wayne dressed quickly. Neither said anything. When he was ready to leave, he walked to Marie, made a small hesitating gesture forward as if not sure whether or not to touch her. Then he decided he should and gave her a rather long, closed mouth kiss. This time it was gentle.

“We’ll talk,” he said ambiguously and left.

Marie pressed her hands over her mouth and laughed. She felt quite strong. She had won a race she couldn’t describe, and felt she could laude this victory over Valentino and Pierre and Cal. In particular, she felt like she had won something over Cal, having fucked his boy toy.

That would show him, she thought. Marie wasn’t something insignificant.

As she showered, Marie fantasized about Wayne telling Cal about what had happened. Cal wouldn’t say anything to her, he wouldn’t confront her, because that wasn’t like him. He would act as if nothing was wrong, and yet everything was wrong. It was wrong because Marie had fucked Wayne and not him.

Marie froze in the shower. The already hot water began to steam hotter as it fell on her skin. She was growing hotter and hotter as she realized what she had said, as she realized the true meaning of what she had been thinking and feeling.

Marie wanted to fuck Cal. She had been jealous of his relationship with Wayne. She had felt played by him. The little moments of confidences, the flirty remarks, the attention he had given her, and had gone out of his way to give her. The fact that he had helped her with her clothes.

But he hadn’t helped her, not really. That had been Wayne. Cal had only let her think it was him.

This infuriated her even more.

Marie finished her shower and called a porter, sending a message that she had changed her mind about dinner. If that was acceptable, of course.

A reply came at once: it was very acceptable and happily anticipated.

Yes, Marie had finally accepted the invitation of the Einsteins. She felt like she was developing a collection of sexual encounters. They became like objects she could own and display like trophies. Having attained two, Marie wanted more. It was another treasure she could show Valentino and Wayne, especially Wayne. Each new encounter distanced her from the previous. Each sexual experience became less personal than the last. Each made her powerful, independent and, above all, desirable. The Einsteins were a triumphal acquisition because it would be a threesome, and, above all, she didn't want Albert at all. To be able to fuck someone without desire was a skill. It showed one's incredible control over one's emotions and body. It was an act of giving that was profound and arousing to others. The separation of mind and body was a philosophical victory, after all.

Most of all, if Pierre could do it, Marie could, too. Whatever happened with the Einsteins, it would ultimately hurt Pierre. And the thought of hurting Pierre pleased Marie very much.

Marie appeared at the Einstein's suite wearing gold and lead bellbottoms and a matching halter top. Her breasts were too big to go without a bra, and the halter struggled to keep them under control. She wore her hair down and had lead and gold thin bracelets on her wrists. Mileva answered the door and her eyes widened, her lips curling into a seductive purr as she looked Marie up and down.

Mileva herself was wearing a short black dress, spaghetti straps and very low cut. Marie imagined that she didn't have much room underneath it for underwear.

Mileva took her by the hand and drew her in to kiss her cheeks, too slowly for European convention, but too quickly to accuse Mileva of making a direct sexual overture. Einstein came forward, his hand outstretched and thanked Marie for graciously accepting their invitation. He was in a gray suit, a darker gray tie and his hair dark, combed back and somewhat tame. He had yet to develop the white crazy hair which would make him a pop culture icon long after he was dead.

Mileva made martinis for everyone, and for a while all conversation was about work. Despite whatever

sexual intentions were present, work would always be at the forefront of their minds and always the place they would venture most comfortably. They talked for two hours about theoretical physics and Albert's theories about light and gravity before dinner arrived, and as they talked they slowly became drunker and drunker. They had about three martinis each before they began to eat.

They had pheasant, roasted potatoes, carrots, salad, a plate of cheese and fruit for dessert, two bottles of wine with dinner and two bottles of port after. There was coffee as well, but, being drunk and experimental, they added port to it. It did not taste good, which sent them into peals of sophomoric laughter.

Laughing felt deeply *good* to Marie, her body titillated by the spasms. It warmed Marie, made her courageous and hungry to fuck anyone in the room.

The playful, drunken flirting had gotten them to the edge of sex, but no one had taken that one last irrecoverable step that would commit them to acting. It would require bravery, as this gesture would be a definitive statement that this is what their night had been all about. In that one moment, the heat created from three bodies in the small suite, full of good food, her lips moist and purplish brown from the coffee-port, Marie stood and took Mileva in her arms. Marie's hand in the small of Mileva's back, she guided her around the floor to no music.

"Pierre doesn't know how to dance," Marie said. "And he won't experiment with me."

Mileva and Albert laughed. Albert said, "It's common knowledge that Pierre is quite comfortable with experimenting."

"Don't let his scientific pursuits deceive you," Marie said and dipped Mileva. "He's quite frightened of change. And Pierre has lied quite a lot in his papers. Most of his research was fabricated."

Both the Einsteins recoiled at this revelation, and Marie only laughed at this act of disloyalty: she didn't feel guilty at all. Marie took Mileva's face in her glowing hot hand and kissed her mouth. She tasted of whiskey, and Mileva's tongue instantly was in Marie's mouth, her arms around her neck and pulling her body to her. As if trying to pull her mouth into her, Mileva moaned and clung to Marie. Her hunger was desperate, as if she was admitting it only after many entreaties for her truth. Now that Mileva let it out, she couldn't stop the flow. Her mouth went down to Marie's chest and she pressed her face against the fabric over her breasts.

Marie laughed, and she didn't know why, and untied her top and pulled the fabric down to her waist. Both of Mileva's hands cupped her breasts and she let out a cry as she did, as if stunned to be allowed to touch her. Her mouth went over one of her hard nipples and then the other, drawing them into her eager mouth and she sucked them deeply, Marie wondering if Mileva was actually receiving nourishment from her.

Marie struggled with Mileva's dress, and finally managed to unzip it and let it fall to the floor. This left Mileva naked and Marie was surprised by her narrow hips and flat stomach.

Mileva laughed at Marie's face and said, "Now it's your turn."

Marie wiggled out of her pants and untied the laces around her neck and waist, dropping the halter top to the floor. Now both were naked, and Marie didn't feel at all self conscious of her belly and rounded hips and ass that was larger than Mileva's. She was too drunk to feel shy in front of Albert. She glanced over and saw him sitting with his legs crossed, drinking from a brandy snifter and smiling. Mileva took her in her arms and kissed her throat and cheek and looked at Albert, their cheeks pressed together.

Mileva said, "He just wants to watch."

"You two do whatever comes naturally," Albert said.

"He's shy," Mileva said and licked Marie's neck. "I'm not."

Mileva sunk to her knees and kissed Marie's belly and hips, her thighs and the fork where all meet. Lifting Marie's leg and hooking it on her shoulder, Mileva kissed her nether lips, licked the delicate ripples of flesh that peeked out.

"You're glowing!" Mileva said.

"I always glow. I glow brightly when I'm really aroused." Marie worked to keep control of the heat in her body, and discovered that it was easier than she thought it would be, considering how excited she was. Perhaps the alcohol helped.

"Mmmmm," Mileva said and kissed her inner thigh. "I appreciate the compliment."

Mileva's lips pressed against Marie's lower lips and her tongue slid them apart. Marie groaned and closed her eyes, her mind emptying of all thoughts except her deft tongue. Mileva moved it in circles, then back and forth, and Marie jerked uncontrollably. Marie wasn't sure if Mileva had done this before, because she moved very gently and tentatively, as if afraid she would hurt her.

The ship slightly swayed more than usual, and Mileva stopped in surprise at the motion. Marie took the opportunity to seize control. With her energy, Marie lifted Mileva into the air, letting her hover on her back at the level of Marie's breasts. Marie heard Albert gasp and say something in German, to which Mileva replied with a laugh.

Marie took Mileva's legs and draped them over her shoulders, so her sex was open and available to her mouth. Mileva began giggling, afraid and aroused and in wonder of the situation. Marie fastened her mouth on her sex and Mileva gasped and moaned, arching her back in the air and Marie had to wind her arms around her hips, holding Mileva in place to keep her from bucking.

Many, many times Marie had done this before, but never with the woman floating like this. Her tongue parted the folds of Mileva's sex and found her clit with ease. She gave it a few brief licks, and Mileva responded vigorously. Marie was certain Mileva hadn't experienced this before with anyone. She found this both irritating and arousing.

Slowly, Marie slid her middle finger, palm upward, into Mileva. She was very hot, very wet and very open and welcoming. Mileva's legs closed around Marie's head, her thighs pressing against her ears tightly. Her finger stroked Mileva slowly, following the bend in her sex and reaching for that secret spot. Marie knew when she found it. Obviously, it, too, had gone undiscovered. After a few strokes, Mileva sat upright and cried out loudly, her sex tensing and gripping Marie's finger and nearly crushing her head. Mileva moved against her roughly, moaning and coming for such a long time Marie felt jealous. She never came for so long before.

When she was finally done, Mileva fell back into the air and Marie lowered her gently to the ground.

To her irritation, Mileva fell asleep.

Disappointed and angry, Marie put her clothes back on. Einstein offered apologies and assured her that Mileva would indeed return the favor at some point soon.

Marie thanked him and asked him to tell Mileva she had a lovely time and she hoped they could do this again before they docked in New York.

But Marie knew better. Marie had been with women who hadn't fucked a woman before. There was a dependable pattern. Marie would get them off and then the woman would fall asleep or claim to be too tired to reciprocate or, most rudely, pretend that no reciprocation was necessary. These women would only be interested in "experimenting" and weren't truly interested in women. They would go back to their friends and gossip groups and tell wildly interesting stories about their dalliance with a woman and become fascinatingly sexually adventurous.

There were few who would reciprocate. Those who did wouldn't fall asleep or be too tired after they came: they would pounce as soon as they finished quaking from their orgasm. They couldn't wait to get their fingers on Marie and taste her and make her scream.

Marie stood in the middle of the room naked. Einstein had taken his cock out and was gently stroking it. It was much fatter than she expected, and had a rather pronounced head. Marie was surprised that sex with him had suddenly become enticing. He was funny and brilliant and wise. Most of all, patient and respectful. His cock was looking better and better to Marie: especially when a glistening drop of pre-come made the head slick.

She walked to Einstein in the chair and knelt before him. She removed his hand from his cock and licked it up and down slowly. Marie was exquisitely good at sucking cock because Pierre had taught her. And Pierre had sucked more cock than probably Marie ever would. He was an expert.

Einstein's cock jerked against Marie's chin and mouth. He slouched down further in his chair, gasping and delicately touching her head. "I've never felt anything like that before," Einstein confessed.

Marie slid it deep in her mouth, sucking it hard for a couple of deep strokes, and then stood up. She straddled Einstein's lap and sat on his cock in one sudden, fast thrust. He grunted and Marie bounced on him. She could hardly control the heat in her body. "You feel so fucking good," she moaned. Her body emitted some delicate flames across her chest, her belly and thighs. The closer she came to orgasm, and the faster she ground down on Einstein, the less she could control her body.

He was gripping her hips tightly, his fingers digging into the flames of her flesh. She moved her hips slowly now, deftly, fully confident on the threshold of coming she could control her body. Einstein grabbed her breasts and pulled her to him so he could suck a nipple. It drove her over the edge.

Marie threw her arms out and an enormous wave of energy, of rippling heat, blew out of her body and across the suite.

The wallpaper became scorched. The paint dripped from the ceiling. The carpet smoked. And Marie screamed in her pleasure.

“You’re magnificent,” Einstein said and kissed Marie full on the lips as his cock was still buried deep inside her.

It was time for her to leave.

Marie returned to her suite panting and dizzy. She barely made it to the bathroom in time: she vomited everything she could.

SEVEN

Saturday, April 13

The next day the Titanic sailed on smooth, calm waters. And Marie wanted nothing to do with everyone. It was a combination of embarrassment and sexual overload. She was embarrassed by her own behavior, indulging sexually to an extent she never had before. Even with Pierre when they first married in Paris, Marie had never done so much, with so many people in such a short amount of time. She couldn't face anyone.

Marie took her meals in her room, slept most of the days and only went out at night for mild exercise when she knew everyone was in at dinner. She got invitations from everyone, but she turned the down claiming radiation sickness. It was quite true: her hangover coupled with her sexual activity brought on her symptoms vividly. Marie was exhausted, and being so, her body was more vulnerable.

Marie felt unsuitable to be in public.

Three morning after her encounter with the Einsteins, she had a stack of telegrams from Pierre:

WHY HAVENT YOU RESPONDED

IS EVERYTHING OKAY

I FEEL SICK I THINK I ATE SOME BAD SHRIMP STOP WHERE ARE YOU

And on and on.

Marie had no patience for this. Pierre suddenly seemed like an angry leech draining her. She finally wrote a telegram back to Pierre:

I CANT DO THIS ANYMORE STOP IM SO UNHAPPY STOP I WANT A DIVORCE

After she gave it to the porter and tipped him, Marie felt so much better. She showered and ate a large lunch and treated herself to tiramisu and ice cream. She felt alive and excited for the first time since

she was young.

Marie decided to go out that night for dinner after all. There were no invitations, so she needed to choose someone to invite. The Einsteins weren't a good option: they would assume she wanted a follow up visit (and she still felt slightly hung over from the last). Wayne was out of the question: any kind of invitation would make it seem like she assumed their relationship was more than it was. Forget about Valentino. Marie didn't even want to see one of his movies again. That left Cal. Marie wanted to see him very much, but didn't for some reason she couldn't understand nor explain.

There was only one option left and Marie laughed when she realized it.

She would go to dinner alone. Marie didn't require an escort. She could do *anything* she wanted. She could do more than most people. She was free to have her own table and invite others to it if she chose.

An enormous weight seemed to have been lifted from Marie's shoulders. Having told Pierre she wanted out was an incredible relief. Marie hadn't realized how frustrated and angry she had been feeling. She showered and perfumed herself, deciding to wear her hair down and letting it curl naturally.

Her dress was the most astounding of all her outfits. It had thin straps and tight fitting, ending just above her knees. The fabric was sheer, appearing to be transparent. Over this transparent fabric was a gold and lead chain covering. There had to be another metal or two woven into the chain, because the effect it created using Marie's radioactivity was movement. The metals swirled and formed waves in her body's radiation. Wayne had truly been brilliant with this outfit.

When Marie walked into the Titanic's dining room, everyone went silent. The light in the room was dim, yet Marie glowed. The metals swirled over her breasts and then up her shoulders and neck. It was a shocking effect. Marie adored the attention.

The maitre d' asked Marie if she was dining alone and she said yes with a tantalizing shiver. The movement of the metal seemed to have a mind of its own: it cupped her buttocks and breasts and squeezed. She wiggled and laughed.

Before she could be seated, Cal and Wayne came to the Maitre d' desk and begged her presence at dinner. They were too gorgeous to refuse. Wayne's jacket seemed to be completely mechanical and computerized. It moved as he moved, and his sleeves were screens which offered him a variety of

information. And Cal: he was in a perfect dark suit with perfect ivory skin. They were so fuckable she couldn't refuse their invitation.

They smiled widely when they saw her and she realized all at once that she had been silly to assume that things would be awkward. She also realized how happy she was to see them, and she giggled when each kissed her cheeks in greeting.

They hit her with a barrage of questions about what she had been up to, and she invented excuses.

Marie wanted to proudly declare that her marriage was over and she never felt better, but it wasn't the kind of news one declared at the dinner table with people one had met on a cruise.

Marie drank glass after glass of punch, a special concoction with chipped ice and it made her slowly drunk. The Einsteins came by the table and sat and talked with her. The three were excited and energetic and happy. Mileva kept her hand on Marie's arm and raved about her dress. As Einstein went on about an article he had just read on the web about the latest discoveries of evidence of water on Mars, Mileva ran her finger through the seeming molten metals of Marie's dress, creating a whirlpool between her breasts. It made Marie's nipples hard and she decided she wanted to fuck Mileva again.

After they wandered off, with promises to have drinks again in their suite "soon", Wayne wandered over and sat beside her.

"Do you have plans later?" he asked. So direct, so honest. He lacked all of Valentino's romantic pretense, and Cal's Hamlet-like inability to act.

"No."

She smiled. He smiled. He called for a waiter to have their punch refilled.

"I have something I'd like you to try on."

"You still want to make me into a superhero?" She couldn't restrain the little bit of irritation in her voice.

"You'll be a good one," he smiled and sipped his punch. "I also like the idea of watching you undress."

The hand holding her punch turned bright green and the punch suddenly became a roiling boil. It splashed out and ate a hole in the table cloth. Marie concentrated a moment and reigned in the heat.

“I'll interpret that as a Yes,” Wayne said. “I'll get you another punch.” He signaled a waiter who appeared at once. Embarrassed by the damage, Marie hid it with her napkin.

Once she was presented with a fresh drink, she asked for more details about what he wanted her to try on. He didn't bother to hold back the scientific jargon. He explained exactly how he managed to construct a suit which would conduct her radiation. In certain places, such as fingerless gloves she would wear, the suit would amplify the radiation.

“I can't begin to speculate the potential of this suit. And what you could accomplish with it.”

For the first time Marie felt intrigued. And she truly believed Wayne had no military intentions with her. She realized she trusted him.

That's when she heard the commotion. The startled cries. Wayne was looking up and over her shoulder and said, “Jesus God!”

Marie turned. Pierre was hovering in the air near her table, looking down at her and Wayne. He was more enraged and hurt than she had ever seen him.

She was terrified. In the past she had been afraid of him. Now this was completely new. She feared for Wayne and the Einsteins and Cal. She was afraid for every person on the ship.

“I knew it,” he said in that tone. The tone which cast himself in the role of the victim, and her as the sadistic, heartless villain. Everything was a melodrama to him. The voice was a voice that had cowed her in the past. “You fucking whore.”

Pierre was speaking English, which wasn't like him. They only spoke French to each other.

“Pierre, please, in French,” Marie stuttered.

“No, I want the world to know what kind of whore you are!”

“Did you fly all the way out here?” Marie sounded more surprised that he had made the long journey rather than he had flown and at a great speed. She wasn’t thinking very clearly. She didn’t quite know what to say and it frightened her. She had always known how to handle Pierre. She was the only person who could calm him down. Now she had no clue.

Wayne rose. “I think it’s time you leave, M Curie.”

Pierre was crying now, shaking. “Is this the one? Did my wife suck your dick?!”

Marie yelled, “Pierre!”

Wayne replied, “Monsieur, you’re drunk. I really think it would be wise if we went outside.”

There was a flash, as if the room filled with lightening, and Wayne went flying across several dinner tables and into a wall.

Marie screamed *PIERRE!* and jumped. She flew straight into Pierre, punching him in the stomach, pushing him straight up and into the chandelier. It shattered and fell to the ground, bringing both with it.

Marie jumped on Pierre and started punching his face and chest. Her fists glowed green and when she made contact his clothes smoked and burned. Pierre screamed from the burns and got in one good punch across the face which sent her across the room.

Pierre shrieked at Marie: “I can’t believe you hit me?! You actually *hit me!* I’m sick of your abuse! Now you did it in front of witnesses! I’ll have you arrested!”

Marie lunged at him and he suspended her in the air, pushing her up and away from him. He had been learning how to do this, she realized. As he had been telling her developing these abilities was unethical, even tacky, he was perfecting his skills.

“You fucking cunt!” Marie screamed at him.

“Yeah, call me names, you whore. That’s so mature.”

Then there was a blur of color and Pierre was gone. Marie started to fall and was immediately caught. She found herself in Cal's arms.

"I escorted him outside," Cal said with a smile, as if he had walked Pierre to the door after a very pleasant dinner.

"How did you catch me and do that--?"

He shrugged. "I'm fast."

What Cal had done was seize Pierre by the throat, taken him to the side of the ship and flung him overboard.

"He must have flown at least a mile," Cal explained, setting her down.

"We have to find him," Marie said, wiping her face and realized she had been crying. "He'll come back."

"And I'll deal with him. I honestly think you need to rethink your marriage--"

"I told him I want a divorce. That's why he's here." Her crying increased until she was shaking and began hiccoughing as she talked. "He's such a fucking prick. I hate him. *I hate him!*" Marie let out an incredible animal scream. From her mouth came a powerful wave that pushed eight enormous dining tables up into the ceiling where they shattered like delicate china.

"Wayne?" Cal called over her head, in a tone that carried across the room. Wayne was crawling out from underneath a pile of wood that had been the tables. When he appeared, Wayne yelled, "Heads up!" tossed a flask to him.

"I'm, I'm fine, really, really," Marie stuttered and cried harder. She drank from the flask and it mellowed her. She didn't fall asleep. Rather, everything became funny.

Wayne and Cal took her out of the dining room.

EIGHT

The men took Marie to Cal's suite. Whatever had been in the flask had left her swaying and dancing. She wanted to continue their night and party. She pressed her breasts against Cal's chest and ground her pelvis against his cock. Wayne ordered coffee and when it arrived, he and Cal managed to persuade her to drink some.

After a big mug, Marie lost the desire to dance and stopped laughing. She hardly remembered what she had done, and Cal and Wayne regaled her with elaborate descriptions of her fight with Pierre.

Marie was genuinely shocked and repentant. "I'm such a terrible person! I can't believe I hit him! He's so right about me."

"He provoked you," Wayne said, leaning against the wall beside her as a bodyguard would. "He pushed you to it. He made you act out of character because he got a perverse pleasure out of it." He reached over and stroked her hair gently, it was a tender gesture and it surprised Marie.

"The bastard deserved it," Cal said. He was smoking a cigar and sitting in a high backed chair that looked more like a throne. He crossed his legs and smiled. "I enjoyed tossing that piece of shit overboard."

"That piece of shit is one of the best chemists in Europe," Marie said sadly. "That's the worst part about this. He's brilliant. It's what I fell for."

"Speaking of brilliant," Cal said. "Wayne, my darling, why don't you get your present for Marie."

Wayne smiled and looked truly excited, like a little boy anxious to show off his school project he received an A on. He hurried out of the suite.

Marie observed, "*Wayne, my darling.*"

Cal shrugged. "You can't say you're surprised."

Marie shook her head and drank more coffee. "A little jealous. Or a lot jealous."

“We’re not exclusive.”

Marie squirmed on the couch and it began burning between her legs. “By the way, you’ve never explained to me what are you? Have you been exposed to radiation, too?”

Cal smiled and put his feet up on an ottoman. “You could say that.”

“I’m serious, Cal. I want to know. You can trust me.”

Cal took his feet down and turned to her, leaning forward with his elbows on his thighs. His voice was serious. “I’m not a threat to anyone. I have no desire to...” He was searching for a word, in the way a person speaking a second language would. He was seeking translation. “To usurp. I’m an American. I always have been. I always will be. I have no desire to be anything else.”

“How long have you been an American?” Marie asked carefully.

Cal relaxed and smiled. “I turn thirty in October and so thirty years. I grew up in Iowa. I almost became a farmer, and then I realized how interesting this world is. So I became a journalist.”

This world. He wasn’t human.

Marie didn’t panic. If anything, she was suddenly and manically curious and had a thousand questions for him. She leaned forward to bombard him and realized too late that her movement brought their faces so close that their noses bumped.

“Why, Professor Curie,” Cal said, “I seem to have aroused you. Your curiosity, I mean.”

Marie laughed. “Can you blame me?! Where are you---”

She was cut off when Wayne entered carrying a black clothes bag. “Marie, I’m going to need you to remove all your clothes.”

Wayne laid the bag on the plush, expansive sofa and began unzipping it. Marie sat, not sure if he was serious.

“He’s serious,” Cal said.

“Did you just read my mind?”

Cal threw his head back and laughed. “That is one power I don’t have. You looked confused.” He got up and went to Wayne to help.

Marie was still feeling quite good at this point, and interpreted Wayne’s request as meaning she needed to undress in the room with them. Her chandelier dress was simple to unzip and wiggle out of. She wasn’t wearing anything underneath so she stood and waited patiently. She found her brandy glass and refilled it.

When the men turned and saw Marie naked and sipping more brandy, they froze.

“What’s wrong?” she asked, her brow furrowing. “Is there something wrong with the suit?”

“No, no, no,” Wayne sputtered. “The suit is perfect. You just...”

“You undressed quickly,” Cal said.

“I wasn’t wearing anything under the dress and it was simple to take off.” Marie walked to him and examined the suit. “How does this work? How many pieces are there?”

She looked at Wayne and he had that look in his eyes. The look he had while he was fucking her. It was hunger and excitement and impatience. Impatience so powerful, he slid his arm around her waist and pulled her to him. He kissed her so firmly, opening her mouth so wide that it hurt.

Marie felt hands on her asscheeks and then gentle kisses on her shoulders, warm large hands caressing her arms.

This wasn’t the time, she thought. Pierre.

Marie pulled away from the two men and staggered a few steps, placing the coffee table between them.

“The suit. We need to test it.”

Without objection, they helped Marie into the suit. There were several pieces which did require all of their efforts to secure. The base was a black bodysuit, covering her arms and legs completely. The rest were a series of interlocking armor on her chest, thighs, arms, feet and hands.

The suit was heavy but not cumbersome. Wayne explained that the armor on her wrists and hands were designed to channel her radiation in concentrated bursts.

“Try lifting that lamp by pushing through the mechanism.”

“How do I do that?”

“I don't know. I don't know how you flex your power to begin with. The suit is to help you, like climbing a ladder to get to a place higher.”

Marie laughed. “I don't need the suit to lift the lamp.”

“All right then,” Wayne said crossing his arms over his chest. He seemed frustrated and slightly irritated. “Destroy it.”

Marie nodded and turned her body to face the lamp. She wasn't entirely sure how to destroy it, so she simply pushed. She felt as if she was pushing through the suit.

The lamp exploded. The table it was sitting on exploded and shot burning splinters into the walls.

Cal immediately blew into the fire, his breath cloudy and icy, and Marie and Wayne shivered from the sudden wind. The fire went out instantly. There was a layer of frost on the carpet and walls.

Marie stared at him with her mouth open. “What else can you do, Cal?”

“Wouldn't you like to know,” he said, winking at her.

“Cal, stop playing with me. I'm a scientist and I'm asking legitimate questions about the physical and chemical nature of your abilities---”

“Perhaps using your arm and hand,” Wayne interrupted, lifting Marie’s arm and pointing it at the charred and icy wall, “you could send out a focused burst and stop bickering with Cal.”

“I’m not bickering---”

It was then that they heard it: a ripping sound in the ship’s hull. It was like a demon was dragging his claws across the ship’s body, and the subsequent screech was unbearable.

Marie screamed, “Pierre!” And ran from the suite.

It was a mountain, gleaming in the moonlight and unbelievably overshadowing the Titanic. It was as sharp as an American Indian arrowhead, sharpened as a hunting blade spearing and gutting the ship.

Passengers were on deck collecting shards of ice raining down. Some brought glasses and bottles of champagne and were continuing their carousing.

Marie had glass like ice slivers in her hair and on her cheeks. She knew exactly what was going on.
“This is my fault. This is all my fault.”

Cal suddenly realized Wayne’s absence. “Where’s Wayne?!”

Marie bellowed “Goddamn it, Pierre!” She went violently green and began to scorch the deck.

Cal took her by the shoulders, giving her a little shake. “Listen to me carefully. It is not your fault that your husband is a homicidal prick. I’m going to find him and stop him. I need you to help people on board. Make sure they’re getting to lifeboats.”

“Surely it’s not that bad?! The ship can’t be sinking! It’s the goddamn Titanic!”

Cal said, “Wayne and I will save the ship. I need you to---”

“I’m going after Pierre,” Marie said. “He’s my responsibility.”

“Can you fly?”

Marie shrugged. Suddenly, she jumped up and gave him a fast, passionate kiss. Then, embarrassed Marie bent her knees and pushed herself off the deck.

The suit gave Marie much more power than she anticipated and when she was finally able to focus, she was far above the Titanic. From this point, she could see how the ship was beginning to bend from its contact with the iceberg.

Spotting Pierre wasn't difficult. He was on the other side of the iceberg, punching it over and over. He was screaming and crying, shivering violently, ice shooting into the air around him.

Marie felt burning guilt, seeing him in so much pain that she felt she caused. But now, his actions could lead to the deaths of thousands. Fuck him. There was no excuse for his behavior.

The suit was so sensitive to Marie's chemistry that she shot through the air toward Pierre without needing to will it, and hardly being conscious of the desire to move. She landed on the ice beside him and called his name.

Pierre looked at her, his face frosted and contorted. He obviously didn't have as much control over heat as she did.

Marie said, “I'm sorry!”

“You're sorry! You whore! You cheating whore!”

Pierre lunged at her, his fists impacting her stomach with all his strength. Marie flew back across the ice, then slowed quickly to a stop. The suit had amplified the heat in Marie's body, the heat generated by her sudden fear and anger. As she skidded, she melted the ice until she came to a stop in a small pool of bubbling water.

“Look what you made me do,” Pierre screamed, spitting and raging. “You killed those people. I'd kill all of them to get to all those men you fucked.”

“I didn't cheat on you. We had an agreement! Open marriage, we could do anything we wanted!”

“I told you I didn't want to fuck men, but you did it anyway!”

“You told me I could!”

“Because you wanted to!”

“I never wanted to! I just wanted you!”

“Then why did you agree to an open marriage?”

They were calming. This was the real question and there was only one answer. “Because,” Marie said, struggling to hold her words together, “because if I didn't allow it, you'd do it anyway.” Marie struggled to her knees. “Because you're gay, Pierre. You're gay. I thought I could live with it. That we could live as a couple and help each other. But we can't. We can't. I have nothing. You take from me and give me nothing except your anxiety and illnesses and blame. I didn't force you to study radioactive elements. You did it because you're jealous of my accomplishments. You're jealous because I'm smarter than you.”

“And you use it against me every chance you can.”

Pierre suddenly kicked Marie in the chest and she went flying off the iceberg, spinning head over feet until she could slow herself.

Now she was angry. She shot through the air like a cannon ball, impacting Pierre in the chest. He went down onto the ice and Marie started punching him in the face and shoulders. “You pathetic, spoiled fucking child!” she screamed over and over.

Then she was suddenly in the air, flying upward at an incredible rate. She looked down and saw what looked like a plane hovering over Pierre. Marie hovered watching.

No, it wasn't a plane. It moved organically, and its wings were too wide. It was like a bird. No, it moved like a bat.

The bat began a slow rise. Pierre was bound in chains, squirming and thrashing in the air. The bat raised him higher and higher.

Wayne smiled at her through his helmet. "Your suit working well?"

Marie laughed. "It can be sensitive to control."

"You'll get used to it."

"What the hell are you wearing?!"

"It's my own suit. You like it?" Wayne laughed like a proud child showing off.

"You look like a bat!"

"That's what Cal said."

Pierre was squirming and screaming, thrashing in the air.

Marie shouted, "What are you going to do with Pierre?"

Suddenly, beneath them was a massive grinding, and the iceberg began shifting away from the Titanic.

Wayne dropped Pierre and told Marie to follow him. He did a fast dive down the face of the berg. Marie took a deep breath and followed.

They found Cal successfully pushing the iceberg from the Titanic. When he saw them, he ordered them to push on the ship to help separate the two. There were people on deck staring in shock at the iceberg, staring at the three in the air. Some panicked, running and yelling that the ship was sinking. Pursers tried to organize the passengers, shouting at them to head to the lifeboats. A few passengers jumped over the side, as if in their panic the icy water was safer than the splintering ship. They died within minutes.

Marie and Wayne took positions along the ship and pushed against the hull. Marie's muscles burned immediately. She wasn't sure she was doing anything at all.

Marie screamed, “Wayne, is it moving?!”

She heard Wayne yell something incoherent in reply and then called for Cal. Once Cal was helping, the ship finally began to move, but not nearly enough.

Cal gestured that the three of them should gather. He said to them, “There’s a gash in the hull from the iceberg. We stopped it from tearing more, but the ship is crippled. The iceberg damaged the watertight compartments and the ship is taking on water. It will sink within a half hour unless we can fix the compartment doors and seal the breech. Wayne, you get the doors closed. Marie, we’re going to repair the ship.”

Wayne was gone in an instant and Cal took Marie’s arm. “You can do this. You need to find a way to solder the gash. The ship can’t stay afloat with the hull shredded.”

“It must be enormous!”

“It’ll be easier than you think. You can do it, Marie. Only you can do it.

Marie nodded and said, “Are you sure?”

Cal took her face in his hands and squeezed it for emphasis. “You have the power to save all of these people. I believe in you.”

Marie continued nodding. ‘What are you going to do?’

“I’m going to lift the ship for you. When I do, a lot of water is going to come out. Watch for it.” Cal upended and disappeared into the water.

“You’re going to lift what?!” Marie shouted after him.

Marie waited. For a while, all she could hear was shouting and chaos on the deck. Then there was creaking of metal. Grinding. The people on deck went quiet, standing still as if to regain their balance. Slowly, the Titanic rose into the air. Marie remained hovering in the air and watched it rise. And then she saw the rip in the hull.

“Holy fucking God,” she whispered. “You can't be serious.”

The rip through the hull was as long as a football field and as wide as three cars end to end in some places. Water came out like a rushing river and Marie could see how it was already beginning to ice over along the jagged edges. She flew to one end, stared at it, thought it out and then placed her hands on the tear. It glowed white hot and the metal turned to liquid. She pulled back her hands and the metal went red. Marie was able to sculpt the molten metal back together. It was a lengthy process and she wasn't sure Cal had the strength to continue holding up the ship.

Then things became more nightmarish: Marie worked quickly until she came to a gaping hole in the hull. The metal curled in at the edges, leaving a vast expansive hole. She couldn't deal it without a patch, but the amount of metal she would need to seal the hole would be the equivalent of a half dozen cars.

She had no help and she needed it desperately. Instantly she felt enraged. Marie pushed herself up into the air. Banking sharply she headed back to the iceberg.

Marie found Pierre on the ice weeping, still wrapped in chains. She landed in front of him and dragged him to his feet. He began apologizing profusely and she ignored him, melting a section of the chain enough to rip it in two. Pierre was hysterical. Marie told him to calm down several times, but he wasn't listening to her. Finally, she lost her patience and screamed at him: “I need your help! People are going to die if you don't help me!”

“I did it for you! I did it because I love you and I got so angry!”

“You're not allowed to make this about you! People are dying!”

Pierre calmed and Marie grabbed his jacket, pulling him into the air.

Pulling him through the air, Marie flew them quickly back to the ship. Marie flung Pierre harder than she intended into the hull of the ship. Pierre got inside the hull and unwound the curled metal. It was slow work, but they managed to get the enormous gashes filled.

As soon as Marie was sure the hull was secure, she flew underneath to find Cal. He was standing on

the surface of the water, holding up the ship with one hand. In the other, he held a cell phone. He seemed to be texting someone.

Marie felt ridiculously jealous of the person he was texting. Cal looked up at her and said, “I’m just commenting on this in Reddit. I started a thread. Is that tacky? Too soon?”

Marie laughed and wrapped her arms around his waist and looked at the small screen. “You already have two thousand upvotes.”

“I can easily get it up.”

Marie laughed and kissed him. Despite the frosty air and the drops raining from the hull of the Titanic held only a few feet above them, Cal’s face was hot against hers. Marie’s was hotter.

NINE

Friday, August 23

The lecture hall at New York University was completely full of professors and graduate students. There were also a line of reporters standing along the back of the hall, snapping at pictures despite the fact that nothing was happening. Except for the usual schmoozing among faculty.

Faculty and students had come as far away as Washington DC to attend Dr. Curie's lecture about how she, and she alone, had saved the Titanic.

After Marie and Cal's magnificent kiss, she flew off and watched at a distance as Cal lowered the Titanic back into the Atlantic. Marie heated her body as hot as possible, and dove into the freezing water. She pushed herself through the water and examined the hull for cracks and bubbles indicating burst seams. There were a few and she repaired them easily. Satisfied the ship was safe, Marie flew up and shot out of the water, going high into the air and landing on deck.

A crowd of terrified, crying passengers were there to greet her. As were Cal and Wayne (who had shed his mechanical bat suit and was in his smoking jacket and jeans). Marie stood in shock, mouth hanging open, as Cal and Wayne told the heroic events they had witnessed, the incredible courage and genius of Marie Curie as she levitated the Titanic, repaired the hull and saved all of their lives.

It didn't take long for witnesses to corroborate the story (some swearing they saw Marie lift the Titanic herself) and the passengers cheered.

Marie looked at Cal and Wayne as they gave more details, painted her more as a goddess than a professor dying of radiation poisoning.

She didn't contradict them. She understood why they were constructing this fiction: they wanted to remain secret.

As far as Pierre goes: he disappeared. He would give a press conference in Paris and praise his wife's actions, while discussing his own advancements in telekinesis.

The noise level in the lecture hall had a fervent, excited pitch as everyone speculated about the science behind Marie Curie's abilities and future potential.

Projected onto an enormous screen facing the audience was an image of the front page of the *New York Times*. Its headline was "Marie Curie Saves The Titanic" and had a picture of her standing on the deck, an expression of bewildered excitement on her face as she waved, confetti and streamers swirling the air around her. It was a silly picture, and many would criticize it as an unflattering picture of Marie to use on the front page. But they missed the point: Marie looked happy.

Cal and Wayne sat in the front row, in jeans, t-shirts, a leather jacket on Wayne and a black hoodie on Cal. Having arrived before the crowd, and being in a disguise of sorts, no one knew they were there. They didn't want to draw attention from Marie.

Precisely at two, a door off the lecture floor opened and Marie walked out, a folder of papers in her arm and held to her chest like a baby. Marie wore an emerald green pants suit that made her skin radiant. It was of thinner material, and made out of leaded fabric. It was one outfit of a dozen that arrived at her Emperor's Palace suite at the Waldorf Astoria, especially designed gifts from Wayne. The crowd immediately erupted into applause. Cal and Wayne stood and the rest followed, giving her a standing ovation.

Marie stopped, flushed bright green and flames licked her cheeks and chin and lips. Her hair waved with the fire, and the audience both gasped in deep shock, and then began applauding again. Marie took a deep breath, focused, and took her place behind the podium and shuffled through her notes until the crowd calmed.

"I have some incredible, almost unbelievable news," Marie said loudly and the crowd hushed completely. She looked up and spotted Cal and Wayne. This was the first time she had seen them since they arrived in New York. Her body went hot and the podium began to smoke. Letting it go, Marie walked to the center of the floor and looked up at the five hundred people staring at her.

"I dislike podiums anyway," she said and there was encouraging laughter. "After a thorough examination by one of the finest doctors in New York, I have been informed that my radiation levels have dramatically decreased. That the events on the Titanic, the things I did, were beneficial. At least that is the current opinion. Theoretically, if I continue these activities I have the possibility of being

cured."

The room erupted.

TEN

Sunday, August 25

Wayne's penthouse overlooked Central Park. Windows stretching from floor to ceiling and the width of the apartment created a breathtaking view. His penthouse was comprised of the three top floors of the building. He had an open deck and garden on the roof. It was obscenely luxurious.

Marie stood at the window and sipped champagne. She looked down and had an unimpeded view of the sidewalk. She felt like she was hovering in the air above New York. Absently, she rose a few inches off the floor; Marie enjoyed the sensation of hovering. It made her feel powerful. She did this quite often.

"Let me see if I understand you correctly," she said to Wayne and Cal. They stood a few feet behind her, drinking champagne as well. "You want me to quit my job at the university---"

"No, no, not quit," Cal said quickly.

"Go on a long sabbatical to study how you control radiation," Wayne finished.

"In the U.S.," Marie said. "For how long?"

Cal and Wayne looked at each other and shrugged. Cal said, "A year?"

Wayne said quickly, "A year to two year appointment with the Wainright Science Foundation. Room and board provided."

Marie smiled. She was still staring out the window, and hovering. She rose in the air a few inches.

"And during this year you want me to fight crime?"

The men talked over each other quickly to clarify that they didn't want Marie to be a vigilante. They wanted her to perform acts which tested her abilities, such as saving the Titanic.

“But you helped me do that,” Marie said, turning to them. “Whatever nonsense you told everyone doesn’t matter. I couldn’t do it alone.”

“Neither could we,” Cal said. “Wayne and I can only do so much. But with you we could move continents.”

“I’ve calculated it,” Wayne said. “We could.”

“But it’s not just that. We have to figure out how to control and be able to eradicate this ability,” Cal said.

“It’s extremely dangerous, as we have experienced,” Wayne said, looking at his feet.

Marie nodded. “Pierre. He’ll never get the help he needs. I don’t want to go back to Paris as long as he’s there.”

Wayne smiled and said, “Well, now you do.”

In a drunken rage, Pierre burned all of her possessions and notes and clothes and heirlooms. He called her right after to confess what he had done, sob uncontrollably and tell her it was all her fault for being a whore. Marie hung up on him. Now she had nothing except what was in her trunk. Her old life was dead and cremated. She had nowhere else to go.

“I will on one condition,” she said, turning to face them. “I want to see you two kiss.”

The two men laughed. They looked embarrassed. Wayne flushed. Marie crossed her arms over her chest.

“Do you want me or not?”

Marie realized they hadn’t been open about their relationship. Probably to anyone. It was obvious to onlookers, but no one confronted them because, well, that wasn’t what one did.

Marie was about to apologize for putting them in such an awkward position when Cal grabbed Wayne. It was a move that was well practiced, and Wayne’s body relaxed against Cal’s, their hips fitting

together so naturally. Cal took his face in both hands and kissed him, his mouth opening Wayne's as if to consume him.

At once, Marie felt a hot pounding between her legs as her blood rushed to her sex. She worried there wasn't enough insulation in the fabric of her clothes to prevent them from igniting.

Marie dropped to the floor, and stumbled a few feet. She had lost her concentration to float.

Cal began unbuttoning Wayne's shirt.

Marie had found watching men together to be extremely tantalizing. She had never admitted this to Pierre because Pierre had always wanted to have threesomes with her and another man. And she didn't. Pierre with another man was sexually unattractive. Marie had no reason why. Except, perhaps, Marie had lost her sexual interest in Pierre. Perhaps she never had it.

But right now, watching Cal and Wayne move together, Marie felt like she was melting. There was nothing more smoldering..

Marie crossed the room to them. They had their shirts off. Marie peeled off her jacket. Her skin was vibrantly green and the whiteness of her tanktop was obliterated by it.

She knelt before them. Slowly she unzipped Wayne and then Cal. They jerked their pants down to their ankles quickly. Marie pressed her hands over their cocks, rubbing them through the material of their underwear. Their bulges were enormous and Marie's hips and sex ached.

Wayne was wearing dark blue satin boxer briefs, which were expensive and gorgeous. Cal, however, was wearing Christmas boxers. They were covered with candy canes and holly and goofy reindeer. Marie looked up at him, her eyebrow raised.

Cal smiled. "It's all that was clean." Then his hand cupped her cheek, his thumb running over her lips. "The way you look at me: you're so goddamn beautiful."

"I want to see," Wayne said and turned her face to him. He was smiling in a way that made his face look different. As if he had never smiled before. Wayne lost all of his anxious seriousness. "You're glowing."

Marie smiled. "I'm always glowing."

"It gives you the most exquisite beauty in the world."

Marie, to hide her embarrassment, pressed her face into Wayne's soft boxers. His cock was as hard as a stone beneath her cheeks. It lurched against her mouth and chin.

Marie hadn't stopped massaging Cal's cock and it jerked and felt hot through the fabric.

When Marie pulled their underwear down, the men groaned. It was with gratitude. She was relieving a great, tormenting hunger. Their cocks were enormous and intimidating. She had never been with men so large. Her hand felt small wrapped around them.

Marie could feel the heat in her body rise quickly, and she took a moment to concentrate and push it back down.

She stroked them slowly. Always slowly. Marie wanted to build them slowly, tease them relentlessly, increasing her attentions when they begged.

Marie flicked her tongue over the head of Cal's cock. Then Wayne's. Both groaned as she did it. She took the heads in her mouth one by one, sucking gently, letting her tongue swirl around them.

Eventually, she slid each deep into her mouth. Going back and forth, taking her time, she left their cocks wet and glistening with her hot green saliva.

Marie expected to have them come together, but they suddenly took over the situation.

The men pulled Marie to her feet. Cal kissed her as Wayne wrapped his arms around her from behind and pressed his fingers against her sex. His mouth pressed a patch of skin on her neck and his tongue ran in circles on her hot skin. Marie shivered and shook in his arms.

They took turns and Wayne kissed her, both of their mouths opening for the other. Their tongues touched tentatively, then hungrily. Cal tore her tank top up the back and pulled it from her body. Her trousers met the same fate. Cal was too worked up to care about controlling his strength. He shredded her clothes to tatters, as well as his own boxers as he kicked them off.

Wayne fell to his knees and lifted Marie's leg so it rested on his shoulder. His tongue deftly found her clit and did a very simple movement over it which made her body convulse in desire.

Cal held her, turning her face to kiss her. He squeezed her breasts, playing with the nipples. Marie bucked against Wayne's mouth.

She felt her body spasm and rise into the air. Wayne and Cal laughed and pulled her back down. This happened several times. Marie breathlessly apologized. Squirming, Marie freed herself and stumbled to a nearby sofa. It was plush and the deep red of a Cabernet.

"As much as I appreciate the attention of you gentlemen, I'm afraid I'm much more interested in you two. What else do you do together besides kiss?"

Cal and Wayne exchanged a glance, so subtle and elegant Marie wasn't sure she had actually seen it.

Naked, Cal truly dwarfed Wayne. Perhaps Wayne had his clothes tailored to give him bulk. Cal was enormous and Marie was afraid his head might hit the ceiling. It must be an optical illusion, though. Cal was an alien after all.

Marie expected objections and resistance, efforts to seduce her back to their hands. Rather, Cal pulled Wayne to him, his hand at the back of Wayne's neck. And Wayne knelt before him. Wayne took Cal's massive cock in his mouth. It was smooth and perfect looking. Unlike the dark red or purple men's cocks became when aroused, Cal's was a warm tan color. It was ethereally flawless and Marie felt a spike of jealousy watching Wayne suck it, lick the head and underside. She loved the moans Cal made, his sudden vulnerability, and the way his stomach muscles tightened in response to Wayne's mouth.

Marie suddenly realized this was like an experiment. She was observing the interplay of chemicals, the laws of the physical universe playing out. She was in control of the elements and she could tweak them at her will. Cal and Wayne would do anything for her.

Then Cal was on the floor, his massive body pressed against Wayne's. His legs up and around Cal's waist, Wayne groaned as Cal's cock brushed against his own. Cal held his wrists to the floor to keep Wayne still. Cal was moving against him faster and faster.

Marie watched as both men began to shake. Their faces scrunched in pleasure that looked like pain. They groaned and their toes curled.

Wayne came first with a long loud groan. Immediately Cal rolled off him and got on his back. Cal stroked his cock so quickly, Marie couldn't see his hand moving. He pointed it at the ceiling and abruptly yelled. Come shot out, upward into the ceiling. It was like a bullet being shot, and plaster rained down on Cal. He laughed.

Marie said, "What...?"

Cal said, "I have rather aggressive orgasms. Show her, Wayne."

Wayne showed her a scar on his chest in the shape of a splatter. "Our first time together. He broke two ribs. And don't think he needs time to recharge. He can go infinitely."

In fact, Cal had another perfect looking erection. He stood with his legs apart, hands on his hips, chest out. He looked quite majestic and inspirational. He gave them a wink. "Let me know when you're ready," Cal said.

Marie laughed and said, "I'm always ready, darling." Her fingers ran over the small mountain range of seared flesh on Wayne. It moved her in a way she couldn't quite explain. It represented the suffering that can accompany love. She was about to ask what they thought of such an interpretation when, Wayne's mouth was on hers. She hardly remembered him coming in for a kiss. Their mouths were locked, moving and pulling on each other. They were teeth and bruised lips and hard, darting tongues.

Cal was on the floor with them, his hand on Marie's breasts as he kissed her neck and shoulder. Then each man had a nipple in his mouth and Marie's back arched from the stimulation. Then each slid a finger inside her and she cried out.

As did Wayne. He jerked his hand back. "You're too hot, Marie."

She apologized profusely, focused and brought her temperature down.

With Wayne recovering from his scorched fingers, Cal moved on top of Marie. His knees parted her thighs. His cock felt inhuman against her and it excited her unreasonably. She began begging for it.

Cal kissed her, silencing her entreaties. Marie took his cock and positioned the tip in the folds of her sex. Marie knew she didn't have to worry about her heat output. She relaxed. It was an enormous relief to let herself relax. All of a sudden she flared a neon green, her body clothed in hot flames. The carpet beneath her began to smoke.

“I'll pull out, don't worry,” Cal whispered into her mouth.

“I'm not worried.” Marie smiled.

With one thrust Cal went completely inside her, deeper than Marie knew her body to be. He thrust into her slowly, lingeringly, almost shyly. Marie believed this was to be how she'd live the rest of her life: being fucked so wonderfully and pleasurable by Cal. Or Wayne. Or anyone. Why couldn't life be this pleasant and consuming?

Cal turned her over so she was on top and she happened to catch Wayne grabbing a blanket and throwing it on the floor where they had been laying. The carpet was on fire.

Marie was too overwhelmed to apologize. Her hips moved smoothly on him, her clit rubbing him at the best angle, his cock filling the curves inside her perfectly. Cal squeezed her breasts and then said, “Come here,” in a deep throated, insistent way that was sexy. He drew her face to him for a deep kiss, his tongue penetrating her mouth and flicking her tongue. He stroked her faster and faster. He began to move underneath her with the precision of a machine, then with the inhuman speed of one. Gripping her hips, Cal moved Marie on his cock, and she couldn't quite keep up with him. Marie saw the smoke bleeding up into the air from where their pelvises met. Wayne grabbed Marie by the waist and pulled her off Cal. They watched his cock smoke and flames flicker out of the head.

“That happens, sometimes,” Wayne said.

Marie found the flame exciting and crawled back to Cal, her mouth taking his burning cock in her mouth. Her mouth didn't burn; if anything, she felt the flames grow in her cheeks.

Wayne came up behind her and pulled her by the hips to her knees. His fingers felt between her legs briefly, and then his cock was deep inside her. She groaned loudly. It felt like Wayne was forcing her open and it was deliciously painful. She grew wetter until she felt her wetness crawling down her legs.

Marie opened her legs wider and bent forward further onto Cal. This pushed her ass higher, and, she knew from experience, opened her deeper.

Wayne pumped into Marie, his fingers gripping her until they left dark green burn marks on her skin. Marie's hips pushed back onto him. Wayne stopped his movements and let Marie fuck him. It was exquisite, for both of them. Marie angled herself so she knew she would come easily if this continued. She had waited long enough tonight.

Marie sucked Cal harder and faster. Then she slowed, licked him slowly, then began moving her head up and down on his cock faster and faster. It wouldn't take him long to come. And she wanted him to come. She wanted it more than anything, not caring about what would happen to her.

No one had the wherewithal to stop Marie. She squeezed and squeezed her sex around Wayne and felt how her orgasm was wringing itself out of her hips and thighs. It was coming fast upon her, like a train steaming toward her. Lights flashed beneath her eyelids and her body seized up in an extraordinary pleasure which had the intensity of pain.

Wayne had to hold her hips steady and pumped furiously as her sex clenched on his cock. He shot deep into her. Cal yelled so loudly a glass vase shattered.

At the last minute, Marie shifted Cal's cock in her mouth.

Cal came so hard his fists punched holes into the floor. He hadn't experienced this in so very long, having a woman's mouth around him as he came. The feeling was miraculous. It was only when he calmed that he realized that he had probably killed Marie.

He hadn't. He found Marie sitting next to him with a white towel pressed to her cheek. She pulled it away and showed him the hole he had blasted through her face.

Wayne said, "She needs to go to the hospital."

"My answer is Yes, by the way," Marie said carefully, her words slightly slurred. "I accept your offer. What's our first assignment?"

"Atlantis. We're going to raise Atlantis."

Read NOW an advanced excerpt of the upcoming sequel...

Marie Curie Raises Atlantis

Wayne took Marie to her new office. It was a corner suite with an extraordinary view of Central Park, two plush sofas, a conference table, and a tiny kitchen in a side nook.

Marie laughed and said, “I’m a scientist, not royalty, Wayne. I don’t need such ostentation.”

Wayne said, “You need to feel comfortable and this is the only kind of ‘comfortable’ I know.”

Wayne took her by the hand and pulled her onto one of the gorgeous sofas. Marie immediately felt that sparkly tingling between her legs. He then told her what her new career would entail.

“Discover how your abilities work. Discover why your body has the ability to channel the radiation in your body. Can you discover how to stop your abilities? And can you figure out how to amplify them? Why does your catsuit work as well as it does.”

Marie smiled. “Can I change my suit? I don’t think I need to wear something skin tight. I feel naked.”

“But I like being able to look at you and imagining you naked,” Wayne said. He kissed Marie on the forehead. He pulled away quickly and laughed. “You burnt me.”

“I’m sorry. I usually have my heat under control.”

“I’ll accept it as a compliment that I bring the fire out of you.”

Wayne designed and constructed Marie’s suit, and most of her clothes. Her outfits had to have ribbons of lead running through them and Wayne was an expert seamstress creating this highly involved, intricate design.

Marie said, “I don’t know anything about human biology. I don’t know how radiation is destroying my

cells. I'll need a doctor for any biological research."

Wayne said, "I have someone coming. He should arrive tonight, maybe. If it stops snowing any time soon."

"Who is it?"

"An Austrian doctor. I sent him a blank check and he got on the first plane."

"Wayne, you shouldn't keep doing that," Marie said with a sigh. "The more you buy people the more you think that you have to buy people. And you'll end up spending too much money."

Wayne looked at her. "Marie, I cannot spend all of my money in my lifetime. It isn't biologically, humanly possible. There is simply not enough time."

"I'm sorry," Marie said looking away and out the enormous windows. It was snowing steadily. She could only think of how much she dreaded going out in the snow. And she'd have to go alone because Wayne would most likely be leaving soon. He usually did with meetings like this.

"You don't have to apologize," he said.

"I'm sorry."

"Did you just apologize for apologizing?"

"Yes. I'm sorry." Marie felt close to tears. She stood up and went to the window, brushing tears from the corners of her eyes with her fists and crossed her arms over her chest. "There's so much snow! His plane can't possibly come in tonight."

Wayne asked, "Have you heard from Pierre today?"

"No, I just decided to read the emails he sent me last week. They were pretty fucking horrible. More of the same. Accusations and insults coupled with intense protestations of love. He says he's dying of love."

“Let him,” Wayne said. “That fucking prick should be dead for how he treated you.”

“He threatens to have me arrested. It’s his new idea. His father must have given it to him. He says he can have me arrested for assault on the Titanic and on the iceberg. He said I hit him first. He was just defending himself.”

Wayne laughed long and hard and staggered over to the small kitchen and poured them Fast and Dirty absinthe (without water and sugar). “And if he tries we can have him arrested for pushing an iceberg into the Titanic, which will bring assault charges, murder charges, as well as destruction of property and, for fun, indecent exposure. I’ll testify that he exposed his junk to me.”

Marie laughed and it felt good to laugh. The bright green absinthe felt even better, and she could feel the wonderful wormwood relaxing her body into a thick fleshy fondue.

“Have you talked to Cal lately?”

“Yeah I saw him this morning. We had breakfast.”

That was a special sting. They had spent the night together. That was, of course, none of Marie’s business. Even though she very much wanted it to be her business. She wasn’t sure what she wanted from Cal and Wayne, but she was quite aware that she wanted to be fucked by both over and over and over.

But life has been demanding ever since the three saved the Titanic.

Wayne refilled her glass. She didn’t remember drinking it down.

“I need you to do a favor for me,” Wayne said. “I have a charity ball gala to go to tonight.”

Marie’s heart leaped and flames flickered from her cheekbones. Marie brushed the flames away and apologized. She wanted to go to the ball with Wayne. Like a stupid teenage girl.

They had a few one night stands. They weren’t *dating*.

The thought of it: Marie Curie is *dating* two men.

“Can you pick up our doctor at the airport?” Wayne said.

“I’m sorry, what? Pick up who from the airport?”

“Our Austrian doctor. His flight comes in from *Nawlins* at nine or ten.”

“An Austrian doctor from New Orleans? Is it who I think it is?”

Wayne laughed sheepishly. “If you think it’s a doctor who is light years ahead of modern medicine---”

“Oh, Wayne!”

“No, no, let me finish! Light years ahead and the most gifted to handle your unique physical gifts.” As Wayne said this he backed Marie against her desk, then lifted her so she perched precariously on the edge.

“He’s a maniac,” Marie said sternly.

“Have you met him?” Wayne kissed her throat.

“If you want to fuck me, fuck me. Don’t use sexual gestures to argue your point.”

Wayne backed off.. He said simply, “Dr. Frankenstein has effectively used electricity with human flesh.”

“He gave a lecture at the University in Paris. It descended into Frankenstein yelling and shrieking as he was hauled off campus by security. I haven’t met him. He’s a crackpot. A lunatic. He’s an aberration and a pariah of the scientific community.”

“Yes, yes, he is all that. You’re absolutely right; he is a crackpot. But it’s the crackpots who have the wherewithal and creativity to handle the aberrations in nature. You, Marie, you’re an aberration in nature. You should be dead. The amount of exposure that you have been exposed to should have killed you ten years ago. But instead you have telekinetic powers and you generate heat like a nuclear reactor. We have to know why. I truly believe we need a crackpot like Victor to puzzle through this.”

Marie pouted. She wouldn't win. Frankenstein was on his way. Wayne put a kiss on her frowning mouth. She said, "He's a ridiculous man."

"Yes he is."

"Repulsive."

"He will be incredibly respectful and professional with you."

Marie abruptly leaned forward and kissed Wayne. He tasted of black licorice. "I miss you," she finally admitted. "I miss you and Cal."

"You'll see us soon, I promise. We have a big project coming up."

Marie pushed her hips against Wayne and wrapped her legs around his ass. With a jerk of her legs, she pulled him against him. His cock was hard and hurt a little as it slammed into her pelvis. Marie hoped there would be a bruise.

Wayne's mouth was then on hers, opening her lips wide and his tongue pushing into her mouth. His kiss was mostly teeth, and Marie loved it. She loved feeling like he was devouring her, that he couldn't control himself and even consider that he might be hurting her. She interpreted it as a cue to do as she pleased.

Marie pulled her mouth away and moved it to his neck, licking her way down his skin to his shoulder. She bit his shoulder blade and he yelped.

Wayne reached between her legs, pushing her skirt up and ripping through her pantyhose and panties to get to her. He was quite strong.

Marie giggled and placed her palms on his chest. "I have to see you," she said as flames from her hands raced over his clothes, incinerating his jacket, shirt and tie. When she was finished, Wayne was naked to the waist. His magnificent chest, sculpted exquisitely with well formed and defined muscles, had a thin film of sweat over it. It was slightly red from her fire, and would be left burned as if he'd been in the sun all day.

Panting, Wayne breathed, “Goddamn it, Marie.”

Forcefully he jerked her from the desk, spun her around and forced her legs apart.

It wasn’t really “force”.

The waistband of his trousers had been incinerated, and he ripped his fly apart into clouds of ashes.

His cock throbbed and he stroked it a few times as his fingers found Marie’s opening. Marie raised her hips to give him better access and then whimpered what she knew he would want to hear: “Please, please, Wayne, fuck me hard.”

He couldn’t have stopped himself if the building was on fire. Wayne shoved his cock in one thrust deep into Marie. She cried out and moved back against him. It had been so long since he had fucked her, she knew it wouldn’t take her long.

Marie reached back and with one hand grabbed his ass, encouraging him to fuck her harder. Her hand was scalding and she knew she was leaving a burned imprint on him.

It wasn’t the first. His ass had multiple scars in the shape of her hand and fingers and dug in nails.

He was incoherently moaning and Marie pulled on his ass harder and harder. She needed to feel him force himself deeper into her. Deeper and faster. There was a place inside her that Wayne could reach that no other man could. As if his cock had been built just perfectly to find her deep inside.

His hand grabbed a handful of her hair, pulling her back and she cried out, “Please, harder!”

It was all that he needed. Wayne yelled as he came, pumping load after load into Marie. Marie came as well, screaming so loud and with such passion, that the heat in her body spiked. Her pleasure became a volcano, and from Marie’s mouth shot green flames that licked the magnificent window before her, setting all of New York on fire.

When Wayne finally disengaged himself from Marie, all he was wearing were the legs of his trousers, which crumpled down to his ankles. The rest of his clothes turned to ash.

Wayne smiled, turned Marie over and kissed her slowly and softly. He only used his teeth to gently nibble her bottom lip. Naked, pant legs wrapped around his ankles, and looking quite absurd, he went to a door at the right of the desk and pulled it open. It was full of suits, jeans, shirts and jackets. He started dressing in a black pinstrip suit and white tie.

“I figured I’d fuck you in here a few times.”

“How clever of you,” Marie said, staring at his gorgeousness as he slowly covered it with his expensive suits.

“La Guardia,” Wayne said.

Marie looked away and closed her eyes.

“His flight is at 9:30 or something. Please, Marie. You two need to learn how to play together.”

“*Play?*”

“You know what I mean. Pick him up, take him to eat and then bring him back here. He has the apartment next to yours. 2050. You can get the key from the doorman. Please, Marie. Tonight is important.”

Marie sat on the desk facing him; her clothes were barely hanging on. As he wrapped his tie around his neck, she went to him, tying the tie for him. “Why is it so important?”

“I’m buying a ridge in the Atlantic Ocean.”

Marie laughed. “Don’t you already own the Atlantic Ocean?”

“No.”

Marie’s hands froze. “You’re serious. How much is that going to cost?”

Now Wayne laughed, taking the tie from her hands and finished tying it quickly. “You worry too much

about money. You're a physicist. You should be able to grasp the unusual and bizarre states money can be in. I'm fine."

Marie said, "Why do you need a ridge in the Atlantic? Have you run out of normal property to buy?"

Wayne looked at her for a long moment. "You don't remember? The conversation we had after you, me and Cal banged?"

Marie looked confused a moment, and then her face seemed to expand into a brilliant display of shock. "You found Atlantis?!"

"Yes, and no one else has. I should be able to buy the ridge cheap." Wayne slid on his jacket. The broadness of his torso and biceps made suits awkward for him. They had to be especially tailored, and Wayne tailored them himself. He disliked people touching him unless he was fucking them.

"La Guardia," Wayne said, cupping her right cheek. His thumb moved over the crescent shaped scar near her mouth. "Your scar isn't so green. Does it hurt?" Marie shook her head. She loved it when he touched her so gently and lovingly. Wayne rarely did this. "I'll have a car waiting for you to take you to the airport."

Marie pulled his head to hers and kissed him. "I'll do it if you take me to Disneyland."

Wayne laughed. "I'll buy you Disneyland."

If you enjoyed this novel, you'll love...

Isabelle Arden
Mistress of MMF and Gay Erotica

find her on [Twitter](#) and [Amazon](#)

Laid to Ruin: A Gay Arthurian Romance

DESCRIPTION

Standing alone in the ruins of his own lost empire, the great King Claudas watches as Camelot's greatest knight, Lancelot du Lac, comes to claim his birthright. But what starts as a mere contest over land, to be won by blood and steel in single combat, becomes much more the moment Lancelot steps inside Claudas' castle.

But in the battle for dominance that follows and with the fate of a realm on the line, will Claudas find that he's only managed to lay a trap for himself?

For Sir Lancelot du Lac, claiming the castle of Trebe begins as a simple task to reclaim the heritage his father had lost. But it soon becomes clear that Claudas de la Deserte is no ordinary man – and as much as Lancelot may try to hide, Claudas can see into his heart in a way that no other man ever has.

Desperate to give in to desires he has never had the courage to name, but equally desperate to remain loyal to his beloved King Arthur, Lancelot soon finds himself drawn into a complex game that tests everything he has ever believed to be true.

Raised from the Ruins: A Gay Arthurian Romance

DESCRIPTION

Five long years have passed since Lancelot du Lac watched Claudas – his lover and his enemy – ride away into the snow.

He had never imagined that they would meet again – until King Arthur assigns him a task that takes him far from the familiarity of Camelot to the dangerous streets of Rome following the contentious papal elections.

Amidst the vicious political infighting of the Roman Senate, Lancelot finds himself thrown back into the company of the man he had sworn to give up. With his fate once more entwined with Claudas', Lancelot finds his loyalties to his king and to his heart once again tested – and when Morgan le Fay returns to take back her son, Lancelot is forced to choose between the oaths he has taken and what he knows is right.

In the chaos that follows, Lancelot must ask whether he can once again bring himself to walk away from the man he loves.

Judy Kemp

find her on [Facebook](#) and [Twitter](#)

About Judy...

I guess I'm an erotica writer now. My novel, A Bouquet of Gardenias, had been burning a hole in me for some years before I actually got down to writing it. It's based on a true experience that my husband and I had a few years ago. I didn't intend for it to be so explicit, but I didn't want to water down what had happened between us and the woman I call Fiona in the novel. I didn't want to water down the things we did, the things we felt and the things we said. It was a crazy time. It was as if some sort of madness had got hold of us all. I'd never experienced anything like it before and haven't since. If it's a little overpowering to read, that's only because the experience we shared was overpowering. Obviously, a few of the details have been changed, but everything that happens really happened, as far as I can remember it (and I've had difficulty forgetting it). Sometimes it was very painful to write, other times deeply exhilarating and profoundly arousing. I hope you enjoy reading it.

A Bouquet of Gardenias

Fiona, an attractive thirty-something, has been stuck in a loveless marriage for longer than she cares to remember. She's also desperate to have a baby, but she and her husband are unable to conceive. Then a chance encounter with Jenny, a happily married woman whom she met briefly a few years before, gives her some hope of becoming pregnant, with the assistance of Jenny's husband, Steve. But things don't go quite as planned.

Soon, Fiona, Jenny and Steve are locked into a passionate, addictive and intense *ménage à trois* that will thoroughly stretch the boundaries of their combined erotic experience and change all of their lives forever.

WARNING 18+: This book is erotic contemporary romance and contains material that may be considered offensive to some readers, which includes graphic language, explicit sex, and adult situations.

Reviews

“...it's really well-written (it manages to be crude, thoughtful, obscene and romantic all at the same time!). Believe me, this brings a new meaning to the word ‘HOT’ and was probably quite a courageous thing for the author to have written. Brilliant.”

“This book will have your blood pumping and your palms sweating right from the beginning.

“*A Bouquet of Gardenias* is one of the best and hottest ménage a triose stories that I have read to date.”

“Sexy, intense, satisfying erotic ride. The Tour de France of erotica!”

Judith Loewe

Find Judith on...

[Twitter](#)

[Facebook](#)

and her blogs [A Step Into Darkness](#) and [Fantasmes Érotiques](#)

About Judith...

A fan of romance novels for as long as she remembers, Judith was first inspired by authors such as Jude Deveraux, Julie Garwood and Judith McNaught. Taught to restrict her reading to only "serious literature", she found romances and erotica to be welcome relief in the claustrophobic atmosphere of the dreaming spires.

While her day job keeps her physically alive, it is the writing that keeps her spirit healthy. She enjoys writing romances and erotica that go beyond the ordinary "wham bam".

Readers and friends are encouraged to read her blogs [Fantasmes Érotiques](#) and [A Step Into Darkness](#) for the latest updates. They are also welcome to connect with her on Facebook. Her current projects include: A Step Into Darkness, book 1 of the Darkest Before Dawn series; 2 contemporary romances and a collection of short stories centered on the theme of murder.

[A Step into Darkness, Part One](#): A dark historical romance set in Georgian England that focuses on revenge and sexual desire

[A Step into Darkness, Part Two](#): The wheels of vengeance are set in motion but can love overcome all that's in its way? Will desire overcome the darkness that's lurking in the shadows?

[A Step into Darkness, Part Three](#): Midsummer's Eve London Victoria Wentworth, heiress and only daughter of Earl Wentworth, finds herself kidnapped en route to the family estate. Finding herself in the company and embrace of a total stranger, she is unaware that she is the pawn in a plot for revenge triggered by an act of betrayal almost 30 years ago.

Reviews

"I love reading books like this one that has a lot of suspense and thrill. It keeps me getting more and more excited as I turn the pages. The book was well written and the plot of the story was so good. A great story about love, revenge and sexual desire. "