What Lurks Beneath

by glamorouspixels

Summary

When an evening outing doesn’t go according to plan, Phryne has one last trick up her sleeve.

A birthday gift for LeChatNoir1918! <3

Notes

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!! If you put half a thought into it, you probably knew exactly what I was doing (and that's excluding the time I accidentally sent you a photo with the document open in the background). I thought, as I loved your Inktober version of Lingerie Phryne so much, that you deserved your own, much less impressive version for your birthday...? Huh, I'm beginning to realize I didn't properly think this through. I hope you like it, I guess? <3

See the end of the work for more notes

Phryne let the door slide shut behind her, slumping against it with a groan worthy of the stage and coating her bedroom in vast, inky night. Head tilted back against the wood, she felt blindly for the light switch. The only sound was the soft swishing of fabric cast aside as Jack, somewhere beyond the wall of solid black, was already beginning to undress.

“And then, just as I was constructing our very elaborate escape plan, that man picked me to discourse about his run-in with the local police!” Her voice sounded thin, exhausted even to her
own ears. Her fingers brushed cold metal; the light, as it flickered to life, chased all shadows from
the room. Just out of her reach, Jack folded his black suit jacket and waistcoat over the back of a
chair, his head angled toward her in consideration.

“Apparently, that poor soul was left in the dark after someone stole his late mother’s diamond
engagement ring. Naturally, no evidence could be found that he’d ever owned such a thing!” She
crossed the room in swift strides, dropping with a sigh into the small chair facing her vanity.

From where she now sat before the mirror, Phryne glanced up at Jack, who had shed all layers but
his undershorts, the pieces of his tuxedo in neat piles atop the various parts of the chair. “Ah, very
convenient,” he said with slight distraction, then turned and made for the ensuite bathroom. He’d
visibly put the events of the night behind him.

Fatigue sat deep in her bones as Phryne discarded her earrings and unfastened her headpiece from
her hair, running her fingers through the glossy strands. She set the adornments carefully aside,
delicate things etched in a sprinkle of turquoise blossoms, a perfect match for this evening’s dress –
a gown of the palest pink set off with lace a more vibrant shade, as well as a blue-green
ornamental pin, with which the asymmetrical neckline was held.

As she unclasped the straps on her heels and proceeded to do away with her make-up, she felt her
hurried thoughts beginning to calm. Tonight had been a tiresome undertaking that left the two of
them utterly drained, pinned in place by a hundred watchful eyes without a chance to escape.
Though if she found herself worn out from the endeavor, she could only imagine how it must feel
to Jack. Determined not to cave under Aunt Prudence’s strict appraisal, he’d vowed to tag along,
even if that meant coming out to meet her there, the weight of a full day’s shift resting heavily on
his shoulders. Phryne was eternally grateful for his dedication. Even left to deal with her aunt’s
more aggravating associates mostly on her own, his quiet companionship had grounded her.
Though now, upon noting the shadows of sleep in his eyes as he returned to her, she couldn’t quite
suppress the little stab to her heart, the guilt of her decision to let him take part.

She rose, now bare-faced, pressing a soft kiss to his lips, arms flung around his neck. “I won’t be
long,” she whispered against his mouth, then went on her own trip to the bathroom.

Phryne reappeared to find Jack perched on the edge of her bed, patiently awaiting her arrival. It had
indeed been a tough and demanding day; he had spent most of it eagerly anticipating its pleasant
conclusion brought to pass by their return to her boudoir. Their shared hopes for a prompt
departure proved little more than pious wishes as the evening went on. Tonight, thought Jack, was
for quiet revival from the clamor they’d faced. That was, at least, until his eyes landed Phryne and
he was suddenly much wider awake.

She didn’t even turn to regard him as she entered, simply moved to add her dress and stockings to
his piles of discarded clothes, her heels dangling by the straps from one hand. She leaned down to plant them by the legs of the chair and Jack sat involuntarily straighter at her display.

As a result of their separate entries, Jack hadn’t been around to see her dress up. He knew now that their arrangement hadn’t just been a disruption in their schedules but rather a wicked game plan. Certainly, none of this had been merely incidental. She was in stunning turquoise lingerie contrasted beautifully with her pale skin, the shade echoing that of the decorations that had completed her evening look. Her tap pants, scandalously short, had ridden up as she bent over; Jack’s eyes followed the flimsy texture that did little to hide the curve of her arse. It didn’t make much of a difference when she straightened but he couldn’t feel the little pang of disappointment as the fabric fell ever so slightly. As it was, the trim of pink lace, just barely reaching the tops of her thighs, shifted deliciously as she strode once again over to her mirror, her mind apparently set on efficiency rather than charm. He almost believed her.

“Phryne,” he breathed, his mind emptied of logic at the sight of her. Her face was the image of innocence as she looked at him over her shoulder. Running a brush through her sleek bob, she stood once more before her dressing table, bent at an angle that rewarded him with a generous eyeful of cleavage above the delicate material of her brassiere. It blew his mind how such delicate garments – and by far not the most daring he’d seen on her – could leave him feeling such amazement. He might place the blame on the lost battle of fatigue over reason, making his mind so prone to temptation. But he had to confess that this set fit her particularly well.

Just below her breasts the turquoise silk transformed into a veil of see-through, fuchsia lace that brushed the skin above her ribs. It dipped low between her shoulder blades, fixed to her body only through delicate bands of black silk that traced down her shoulders and over the smooth skin of her back.

“Yes, Jack?” When she finally shifted toward him, having kept her position a little longer than necessary to provide him a sufficient view, the twinkle in her eyes was far too delighted to be entirely innocent.

“How come I haven’t seen–this before?” His inquiry was accompanied by a weak gesture in her general direction the same degree of eloquence as his words; admitting delicious defeat, he let his eyes travel from the mischievous look on her face down the length of her body, all shimmering skin and soft curves.

“You haven’t? She teased, then gave in to his heated gaze, which she returned with an adoring but equally hungry one. “Well, I do need to keep some things under wraps.” Twirling once to demonstrate the full scope of her allure, she moved finally into his space and allowed him to revel in her warmth. Jack, in that pleasant flutter of his heart, knew with undeniable certainty that he’d never tire of her schemes. Indeed, he suspected his reaction was feeding right into her motive to retain some of her mystery – he wouldn’t have it any other way, he decided as he reached for her.
“Do you like it?” She brought to an end his search for words by closing the remaining distance and straddling him. Her legs, smooth and warm, came to rest on either side of his; she wasted no time, starting to rock her hips against him, grinding down so ruthlessly on the bulge tenting the front of his undershorts that his vision went white.

Her name fell from his lips in a growl, hands digging into the curves of her hips through the slippery silk. His head had moved against her neck in attempting to hold back a moan – a positively fruitless endeavor, he now realized. His position, at least, he could employ to nip lightly at the sensitive side of her neck in punishment. Her head falling back, Phryne emitted a low chuckle-turned-gasp.

“One of these days you're going to be the death of me,” mumbled Jack into her hot skin. Her next moan – this time by virtue of his lips as they dragged along her collarbone, into the hollow of her throat, towards shadow between her breasts – he felt against his lips as it vibrated through her.

“Oh, I sure hope not, darling.” Phryne pulled away just enough to look at him through half-closed eyes; he couldn't help to admire the pink glow high on her cheeks. Fingernails scraping lightly at his skin, her hand pushed into his hair and she brought her mouth down to his.

His hand, from where it had moved to curl around the nape of her neck, playing with the short hairs there, slid along her spine and around down the front of her knickers. “Need me around, do you?” To reiterate his point he pushed two fingers into her, swallowing her gasp as she worked her hips against his hand, riding his fingers. In awe of her rapid response, Jack tore away to drink in the sight of her. She shook her head at him, her eyes blazing on his, a breathless smile pulling at her kiss-swollen mouth.

Jack couldn't help the remark that escaped his lips. “And here I thought it was you sporting such stimulating undergarments – shouldn’t it be me who’s getting so worked up?” He was, admittedly, somewhat pleased with himself; all things considered, he was holding his ground spectacularly. Naturally, she wasn’t making things easy for him. The soft material – glinting turquoise waves that parted around supple blossoms, their soft petals defying the pull – was gorgeous against her now rosy skin, highlighting her curves. One strap had fallen off her shoulder, unveiling the swell of her breast to his starving gaze.

Her reply, when it came, was still far too coherent for his taste even as her breath was coming in gasps. “I can get you a set of your own if you’re so inclined – I suspect berry and pearl might do wonders for your complexion.” As she ran the tips of her fingers down his chest, he also felt her eyes on his heated skin, lingering and greedy. Knowing Phryne and her sources, Jack thought it best not to indulge her and simply raised an eyebrow at her suggestion. Resuming his ministrations between her slick folds, savoring every little gasp and clench of her body, he severed all thought in
its root.

Her attention returned to his working fingers in a flash and she captured his mouth clumsily with hers, their tongues battling in a hot caress. All the while, she moved against him, sliding close and brushing his clothed cock with every desperate thrust. Erasing all unwelcome space separating them, her fingers dug into the muscles of his ass and he found himself straining to sink into the blissful heat of her. He was hateful of the vicious layers between them that refused to yield, creating friction but never satisfying.

Jack pushed a hand between their bodies, which caused Phryne to whimper deliciously into his mouth. Clearly disapproving of the threat of distance, no matter how brief, she arched to meet his hand where it pushed into her brassiere. He loved the feel of her breast beneath his palm, the way her soft skin contradicted with the tight point of her nipple. He pinched it between his fingers, savoring her beautiful shudder of pleasure. She was everywhere; she crowded all of his senses until he thought he was going to burst.

Her head dropped to his neck, scattering aimless kisses up to his jaw and then along his shoulder; little more than faint, inconsequential drags of her lips until his skin tingled from her touch. Then, when he curled his fingers inside her velvet heat, she bit down. It appeared almost helpless, the way she used his flesh to muffle her cry as she came. There was nothing in the world he loved more than drowning in Phryne, making her writhe in desire as his hand set her alight in its wake. He couldn’t imagine a single thing more marvelous than being the source of her pleasure, being the touch that brought her undone. The contact that grounded her when she let go, that gathered her close as her body went taut, clenching around his fingers.

She melted into his chest, trapping his hand, still covering her breast, further between their heated bodies. He felt the rippling shocks of her climax against his other hand, framed by creamy, trembling thighs, coated in her wetness. Her head tucked beneath his chin when the waves of her pleasure subsided; she breathed in the sweat on his skin and sighed contentedly at his closeness. She shifted just enough to release his hand; he took the opportunity to smooth across the soft skin of her back, making his way underneath the remaining strap of her brassiere to the curve of her shoulder. He relished the simple intimacy as she came down but as soon as she’d regained the merest fraction of her strength, she came back to her wicked ways.

Phryne took his other hand by the arm, her hot gaze fixed on him as she brought it to her mouth. She kissed gently up his wrist, the softness of her lips against his pulse producing shivers. Jack watched, entranced, as her lips wrapped around his fingers, drawing them into the tempting warmth of her mouth. Licking them clean. She sucked hard before releasing him, her tongue running across the pad of his finger. He felt her blazing caress everywhere, a thousand tantalizing sparks; he became all the more aware of the throbbing ache in his cock where it sought out her heat, straining against the offensive layers.
“Fuck, Phryne,” he growled. To that, she glanced at him through dark eyelashes, pink lips and nimble fingers releasing his hand. He could taste her on her tongue when she leaned in to kiss him. Grabbing her by the hips, he turned them around, pressing Phryne into the mattress. While she let out a gasp of delight at his roughness, Jack was disappointed to discover their layers hadn’t evaporated suddenly under the heat of their craving.

He hovered over her; she was a perfect picture of arousal spread before him, soft thighs hooking around his hips to draw him to her sinful heat. He leaned forward, sliding his hand up her side and into her brassiere, pulling it up and off. He’d intended to make quick work of her underwear and let his own follow suit but his gaze lingered on her breasts, moving slightly with her every trembling breath and begging for his mouth. He descended on the delicate flesh, letting his tongue explore one breast while his hand massaged the other.

“Jack!” She cried out and twisted beneath him, set on drawing out his touch. Fiery sparks reached through him as she clutched at him; he knew for certain her urgency would leave marks – and so he returned the sentiment in equal fashion. He bit lightly at the side of her breast, relishing her strangled moan. His breath hot against her sweat-slicked skin, Jack let his tongue dart out to lick the mark. Moving his hips against hers, he continued to suck and soothe in turn until she nudged him gently lower, releasing his hips.

“Patience, Miss Fisher.” His voice rumbled against her skin as he trailed kisses down her belly.

“I spent the whole damn night being patient – almost let this lingerie go to waste.” The words tumbled from her lips between heavy breaths, given additional emphasis by the lifting of her hips as Jack cast off her tap pants. By dropping to his knees by the edge of the bed he found himself at eye level with her beautiful dripping folds. She opened her thighs a little wider, giving out a cry of frustration as his teasing breath hit the sensitive skin. Her scent held him mesmerized as he opened his mouth to taste her, almost forgetting himself in her appetizing flesh.

Above him, Phryne was breathlessly sobbing as he fucked her with his tongue, fingers pressing on either side of her clit. He groaned as a rush of arousal met his mouth; one hand released its grip on her thigh so he could stroke himself through his smalls, his entire body humming, hips bucking into nothing.

Her strangled moans increased in pitch and her legs shook around his head, her fingers gripping his hair. What he saw when he glanced up at her was the most exquisite thing he’d ever seen, her head thrown back and her other hand playing roughly with her breast while she shuddered helplessly against his mouth.

Making sure to keep his eyes on her, he sucked on her clit and thrust two fingers into her, and she came apart with a scream, dropping back into the pillows. Phryne arched off the bed as she
climaxed, soft curves becoming taut lines, her thighs locking around his head. He traced her clenching sex and relished the surges of wetness that unfurled across his tongue.

When he brushed against her clit she winced, and Jack retreated with a final kiss to crease of her thigh. He stood on shaky legs, feeling like exploding from the heavy ache of his desire, seeing stars.

“Come here,” came her voice, gentle but breathy, from the bed. She was propped up on her elbows, her legs, lifted once more into the edge of the mattress, bent at the knees to reveal to him her glistening sex. Her hand traveled lazily from the side of her breast down between her thighs and he watched as her bottom lip caught between her teeth.

He was suddenly in a haste to get out of his undershorts, tossing them carelessly aside and stepping in front of her.

“Patience, Inspector,” she chided half-heartedly, echoing his earlier words with a fond smile on her face. Standing so close he could sense the heat radiating from her core, it took all of his considerable restraint not to push right into her. Even a second’s delay seemed intolerable with her so near.

“Your device?” He was surprised he’d gathered the strength to speak with her so damn close.

“Has been in place all evening.” She must have mistaken his shaky intake of breath for exasperation because she shrugged; his gaze flicked helplessly between her face and the lazy slide of her fingers along her cunt. “I told you our outing proved much less enjoyable than I’d originally planned.”

He took her in one swift thrust and she cried out as her hips arched to meet him. Jack couldn't keep his eyes off the point of their joining as he began to move; his cock glistened with her and he felt her stretch to adjust to the sudden intrusion. She slid her legs up his chest for him to hold them in place, gasping as each pulse of his hips went impossibly deep. She was glorious that way, all of her laid bare before him; one hand taking grasp of the edge of the bed in an effort to brace herself, the other came again to her breast, tugging at her nipple and rolling the hard nub between her fingers. While her eyes had fluttered shut, her swollen lips parted to release her high-pitched gasps of pleasure.

Spurred on by her wild moans as he fucked her, Jack was enraptured by the feel of her. She was pure wet heat around his throbbing cock and his climax built fast. As it coiled tight around his spine he let his deep, hard thrusts become erratic. Bearing down on her clit with every jerk of hips
he continued to angle into her, his efforts rewarded with an infinity of gorgeous shudders that had him lit up from the inside. Still, even as fires shot through him to the point of their connection, he felt grounded in her rising sobs, a reminder to put his mind fully to her pleasure. To pour all of him into bringing her to her peak.

Although he felt he could no longer last he focused his thrusts – one more, then another – grinding down hard on the bundle of nerves as he embraced his earth-shattering release, taking her with him, igniting fires so bright they engulfed them whole. Her legs fell from his shoulders and he collapsed, utterly boneless, onto the bed; what little remained clear of his mind, the rest descending into the unknowable depths of passion, warned him to move them higher onto the bed and snuggle into her side rather than drop on top of her limply.

He listened to the reassuring thumping of her heart as she came down, his head on the slight curve of her breast and one hand on the other drawing unfurling patterns into her skin that caused her to sigh happily.

“I’m never leaving this bed,” Phryne muttered into the locks of his hair, controlled waves turned more unruly in the chaos of their lovemaking. Her warm hand rested comfortably on the curve of his arse, their legs entwined.

“What a shame.” His lips brushed her warm, soft skin as he spoke. “However will we manage without more of your fascinating arrangements?” Lacking any sense of urgency, his finger circled lazily the sensitive skin around her nipple.

“Oh? I thought your poor heart couldn’t handle my resourcefulness.” Chuckling, she pressed a kiss into his hair as Jack huffed, wrapping an arm around her to draw her closer.

“Upon further reflection,” he paused, feigning thoughtfulness, “I believe I can scrape by, Miss Fisher.”
So. Um. Can you tell I haven't drawn in a while? I was going to do a monthly one-shot series featuring fashion drawings but have since then decided that that is very much not happening. Thanks to many failed attempts I've discovered that I cannot for the life of me draw bodies or faces without going off of existing poses from screenshots lmao. Well, it was fun while it lasted. But there will be a much better variation of one of the ideas is coming this New Year's Eve! ;) Thank you for reading! <3
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!