Emma's night in.

 PART ONE

 By

 Jixie

 The girl looked at herself in her full length mirror. She always liked

doing this, especially when she was as she was now. It was always a boost

to her confidence, especially after a hard day's work at the film set.

Things had got so difficult lately, she reflected. They had just started

rehearsing for the third film, and she hadn't quite realized how grueling

it was to be around someone who she had once counted as a friend.

 Emma Watson, turned admiring her naked, pubescent body in the mirror.

She was just under 13 years old, and it was starting to show. She smiled,

as she always did, when looking at herself like this. It was a side of her

most people didn't know about - just how attractive she was when she wasn't

in that extremely unflattering uniform and hair do demanded by the

character she played.

 She started with her feet, as she always did. Small, but well shaped,

no signs of hair, not even sweaty. Her ankles, again wonderfully

proportioned to the soft, firmness of her calves. They were beautifully

toned, her calves, as were all her leg muscles, thanks to the sports she

did, as often as she could. They kept her muscles strong, and in good

shape, but well toned and proportioned to the rest of her body. She was

proud of them, and smiled as she ran her hand up her thighs. She turned

her body side on to her full - length and looked at her buttocks in

profile. She placed her hand on the one nearest to the mirror. It was

small, but softer than the rest of the muscles on her body. She liked it

that way - she didn't want anything larger than she had now. She looked at

her flat tummy and stroked it with her other hand. Again soft, fleshy, but

not fat. She wasn't stupid - no anorexic dieting for her. Three square

meals a day, but kept in balance by the large amount of exercise she did.

Her eyes looked over slightly bronzed shoulders, forearms, with their light

covering of hair. The hair on her head was different to how most people

thought it was. When not filming, she kept in short, and tied back, and

preferred it to the long waves that got in her eyes. Her hand then cupped

her right breast. It was a small pert, firm. They were, she concluded,

one of her greatest assets. She did not want large, unmanageable things

that got in the way, or looked anything less than subtle. She turned again

to face the mirror. The last part of her awaited her gaze. Her virginity

was less developed than the rest of her body. It still looked like that of

a preteen, with only a light covering of hair of her virgin vagina.

 It looked pretty, enticing, and Emma started to stroke it, the feelings

of excitement rising up her body as they always did. She was about to go

further when her mobile rang.

 She turned to look at it. It was lying on her bedside table, its screen

shining with light, in sharp contrast the darkened atmosphere of her

bedroom, lit only by a small lamp next to her bed. She stopped touching

herself and went over to the mobile. The number was unknown, and she

almost didn't pick it up - she had got a lot of people calling her lately

who she didn't know, and she was afraid it might be another stalker.

Sitting down on her bed, she answered it.

 "Hey Emma? It's Rupert"

 Relieved she flopped back onto her bed and replied;

 "Oh hi Rupert. How ya doing?

 Emma liked Rupert. He was mature, quiet and confident, yet could be

very funny at the same time. He grown a lot since their first film

together - his voice had broken for a start, as was evident from the deep,

slightly gravelly tone coming at her through the mobile.

 "I'm okay. And you?"

 Emma noticed the slightly withdrawn tone in his voice, and asked "is

something wrong?"

 "Tired I guess. Its got so difficult working with Daniel. He's become

so... arrogant."

 "I know. He's changed so much. He's so pushy, and arrogant. He can't

understand why people don't want to be around him anymore."

 What they said about Daniel Radcliffe, their co-star, was very true -

since the first Harry Potter film had been released he had become selfish

and difficult to work with. His friends had left him, after several

arguments, which had been very taxing for everyone involved, Emma included.

His friends had been replaced by hangers on and arse - lickers, who simply

wanted the money and prestige that came with such an international star.

Daniel was now an arrogant, nasty little boy, whom almost everyone who came

into contact thought needed taking down a peg or two.

 "It must be worse for you" Rupert said "Him having such a crush on you,

and never having the guts to actually tell you."

 Emma sat up.

 "I know! It's pathetic. Who does he think he's impressing acting all

hard and rude like that?"

 Rupert snorted, and said "What was he wearing today? That huge white

hoody, and all that bling. He looked ridiculous."

 Emma felt immensely relieved and gratified towards Rupert all of a

sudden. He had just said precisely what she was feeling, and it helped her

get over the difficulty of working the now spoilt Daniel. She realized,

lying on the bed as she was, listening to his deep, soothing voice, that

she was still completely naked. She shifted her legs on to the bed, and

started to subconsciously trying to wrap the bedclothes around her in a

temporary shame, before realizing that he couldn't see her. But she also

realized something else - that it probably wouldn't be very embarrassing to

be caught in front of Rupert naked. He was kind and gentle, and wouldn't

hurt her. If anything, it was slightly exciting to be lying there,

exposed, while someone she admired so much soothed her feelings of anger

towards Daniel.

 "I mean you can hardly blame him" Rupert continued "Consider the press

he's got, and the number of girls who have some huge crush on him."

 "Good thing for them they never meet him."

 "Yeah. It'd be dreadful. Especially after that business in Japan"

 "I've never been so embarrassed in my life. Jumping around like some

idiot."

 Emma cast her mind back to the Japanese premier of The Chamber of

Secrets. They had been walking along the red carpet to the cinema, her and

Rupert admiring the spectacular light show and the city around them, when a

huge group of Japanese schoolgirls had nearly broken through the barrier.

They were screaming for Daniel, tears running down their faces, and what

had he done? As the police crowd control were trying to get him away and

the girls back of the carpet, Daniel had been jumping around blowing kisses

at them and waving like a loon. In his mind, it was all the proof he

needed that he was a god. Rupert and Emma had just stood staring at the

spectacle, aghast, and very embarrassed that one of their co - stars could

act with such little control. She had cried in Rupert's arms afterwards in

the loos. She thought to how kind and considerate he had been, comforting

her, and encouraging her to compose herself for the ordeal of sitting

through the film again. Absent - mindedly, her free hand wandered over her

naked chest, stroking her left breast and over her soft stomach. It

whispered its way down over the lower part of her stomach, and started to

stroke the area around her vulva.

 As Rupert continued to talk, with Emma occasionally murmuring something

in agreement, she stroked the outer edges of her labia softly moving her

fingers up and down the soft tissue, with their almost non - existent

coating of pubic hair. As she was doing this, she started to arch her back

slightly, to get more comfortable as her body started to perspire. She

moved her finger gently between the folds of her labia, separating them

slightly, pushing ever deeper into her precious virginity.

 "you know, I think Christopher said he'd talk to him. Did you know

that?" asked Rupert.

 "Emma? You there?" he questioned

 Emma, caught in the rising passion of her ministrations, almost failed

to answer but managed to reply, "oh yeah, sorry. Yeah I heard about that."

She hadn't, but she wanted him to keep talking.

 "really? From who?"

 "mm hm"

 "Emma? Are you alright?"

 "yeah yeah fine. Sorry. I'm just rather hot that's all" Emma replied

hurriedly, hoping he didn't think she was up to something.

 "really? It's freezing outside. Did you hear..." he continued starting

to talk about the weather, which was fine by Emma.

 Emma now prized the folds of her labia apart, thoroughly turned on by

listening to Rupert, being naked, and masturbating at the same time. She

pushed her fingers further down into her vagina, and started, very gently,

to massage her clitoris, softly pushing her finger around in circular

motions. She did this for a few seconds, always keeping one ear on

Rupert's voice on the other end of her mobile. She continued until she had

been satisfactorily aroused, then started to feel around the hole of her

vagina. She pushed gradually deeper into her girlhood, feeling the

tightness of it, and the juices that were starting to emerge from her

virginal opening. She pushed further, this time with two fingers, starting

to fully masturbate. She pushed her fingers in as far as they would go,

her smooth, firm thighs pushed apart. She pushed her fingers in and out,

breathing heavily, and sweating as she listened to Rupert.

 "mm, yes, yes, I agree"

 "so anyway, it snowed for like, an hour this morning. I mean, it's

march, isn't that weird?"

 "oh yes, Rupert, yes"

 "are you sure your alright? You sound really hot and bothered." Said

Rupert, sounding distinctly suspicious.

 Emma was about to respond when suddenly she felt the familiar feeling of

approaching climax, breathed in sharply, as waves of pleasure coursed

through her body like electric shocks. Her back lost its arch as she

withdrew her fingers as her virginal juices flowed out, coating them. She

gingerly took her hand and brought it in front of her face, staring at her

fingers forbidden coating. She slowly brought her two outstretched fingers

closer to her mouth, and placed them inside. She closed her lips around

them, and sucked briefly, as if on a lollipop, tasting her sweetness. A

small drop escaped and ran down her chin. Her tongue reached out like a

snake and licked it off, eager to savor every last drop.

 "Emma? Are you sure you're alright?"

 "I am now, Rupert. I am now." She replied, almost without thinking.

 "Right, okay, well.. uhh I'd better be going, catch you later!"

 "Oh wait!" Emma said, in fear of him hanging up.

 "yeah what?"

 She turned onto her front, hoping to wipe some of the remains of the

evenings pleasure onto her bedclothes, and hoping her mother wouldn't spot

them. "do you want to come around this Saturday, to like, go over some

lines, and stuff? I think I might need some help."

 Rupert brightened up, and replied "yeah sure, I'd love to. I'm not

doing anything. Say what time?"

 "um, how about you stay over? My mum is away and my Dads busy with

something. We could spend the weekend together!"

 "wow, are you sure it's okay with your folks? I mean, what with

stalkers and leaving you alone and stuff."

 "oh don't worry, it'll be fine. We're fine. My parents don't care if

its just for one night."

 "then okay. I'll see you at four."

 "great. Cya then. Bye!!"

 Emma hung up, and silently closed her fist whispering "yesss" in her

moment of victory. Two days. She couldn't wait. She would seduce him.

She had to. She couldn't spend another moment sitting admiring him, and

she did actually have lines that needed to be learnt.

 Two days later, it was Saturday morning, and Rupert was getting up. He

was a habitual late riser when it came to Saturdays, even when he had

things like filming to do. But today he didn't, and he marveled at his new

record. 1:30 his bedside clock said. A whole hour off his previous time.

Still, he had stuff to do, like eating and learning lines. And he had to

get stuff ready for going to Emma's later on this afternoon.

 Rupert was fond of Emma. He felt she was vulnerable, and had a great

deal of affection for her, as did many people who came into contact with

her. And he knew that Daniel was really beginning to get on her nerves,

which was strange because things like that didn't normally bother Emma.

Anyhow, he was going to see her this afternoon, which he was very happy

about. He enjoyed her company, and a whole night alone with her would

really put the wind up Daniel.

 He dressed hurriedly, and went downstairs for breakfast/lunch.when he

got down there he told his parents about staying at Emmas. They weren't

over the moon about it, especially if her parents weren't there, but he

persuaded them to let him go over, as long as he `didn't get up to any

naughty stuff.'

 Strangely, Rupert hadn't really thought of Emma in this light before.

He realized it was probably surprising he hadn't, it was just she didn't

seem... sexy to him, but now he thought about it, she was very attractive.

She was only the same age as him, yet he could see why Daniel was attracted

to her. He briefly wondered about actual sexual contact with her.

 That slim body, those perfect features, and the soft smooth skin he had

once briefly noticed in a trailer on set while she was getting changed. It

was exciting, he realized, but he quickly put the thought out of his mind.

There was no way he could ever hurt her or exploit her. She was far too

young and probably wasn't thinking about those things anyway. No, it would

never happen, he told himself. Such things were wrong.

 Four hours later, Rupert arrived at Emma's house. He had taken the tube

and went to ring the doorbell. He thought back to his earlier thoughts,

but again put them out of his mind.

 But they remained, lurking like some dark presence, troubling his

conscience with the promise of pleasure, forever tempting him. Out of the

depths of his mind swam Emma as he had saw her in that trailer, weeks ago,

but this time she was not bending over to remove a sock, but standing, and

smiling in a way he hadn't seen before. It frightened him, how much she

stimulated his thoughts now his parents had placed her in that light, and

he shook his head, repeating to himself that it was wrong, would never

happen. But whatever he did, they would never completely dissipate.

 Emma heard the doorbell ring, and lurched from the sofa. She quickly

ran her hands over her attire. She had chosen to wear a short red dress

that her mother had given her. It was relatively tight fitting, but not

too revealing. It extended from just below her shoulders (it was

strapless, and she had a bra to go with it, also strapless) to just above

her knees. She hoped it was sexy enough without being too revealing - she

didn't want him thinking of her as some whore. She was concerned it might

be too much of a change though, what with her normally wearing jeans and a

t - shirt. Still, too late now.

 Rupert was just about to ring again when he saw movement through the

smoked glass of the doors frame. He stood back slightly and heard the

clicking of a lock being unfastened. The door started to open by a few

millimeters.

 Emma moved towards the door, hastily adjusting her dress, making a final

few preparations. She saw Rupert through the frosty glass on the other

side, silhouetted against the warm afternoon sun. She got to the door,

began unfastening the first lock.

 Rupert saw the door swing open. He saw the dust caught in the suns

glare against the dust swirl in tiny and intricate currents around the

doorframe and sweep around the figure standing just one step above him.

And there she stood. Her illustrious figure caught in the light in ways he

had never even thought possible, her tightly hugging red dress resplendent

against the luscious gold of her hair, the sole sublime garment displaying

the beautifully refined contours of her preteen body so well she might have

been naked before Ruperts' eyes.

 "uhh, hi" he stammered.

 As Emma swung the door open, she began to see Rupert. Most of all she

began to see Ruperts expression, or more correctly, Ruperts changing

expression. It seemed to move from a mild frown or annoyance to something

to surprise, then bewilderment, then what can only be described as held in

rapture. She stood still before him, cocked her hip to one side, and

placed one hand on the doorframe.

 "uhh, hi" he stammered.

 "hiya Rupert." She said in response "come in"

 Rupert gulped down his shock at seeing Emma in such a way. He marshaled

his thoughts and managed to utter

 "you look, uh, different"

 "It's my new dress. Mum got it for me to wear to the premiere. You

like it?" she said, her voice almost masking her fear at him being

overwhelmed and getting scared and running her hands over her dress and

body, smoothing out the creases.

 "Ye-yeah, sure. It looks fantastic." Rupert said, finally gaining

control over his tongue.

 "Thank you! Mum said I'd be a knockout when I walked down the red

carpet."

 "I can imagine that."

 "Do you want something to eat or drink? It's kinda hot out there."

 "yeah sure, thanks. A glass of water would be great."

 Emma went off to get it, while Rupert near collapsed on the sofa. How

on Earth could she have known what his secret desires were? It was

impossible. He hadn't told anyone of his thoughts since his parents had

put them there. But never mind, he must focus. He couldn't let himself

get carried away, or he might do something stupid, and get himself into

trouble. Unless she wanted him to. No, that was also impossible. She

wouldn't want that. She was too young.

 Emma walked off into the kitchen to get a glass of water. She was

worried. He looked surprised more than anything else, and she was worried

she was coming on too fast. Something like that could easily scare him.

She knew how inexperienced public school boys of his age were, and how

scary girls seemed to them, even those which they might have known for a

long time. She had heard some older girls at her school talking about how

many they had managed to pull (snog) that year, simply through flirting

with witless and inexperienced public school boys. One of them said she

had got up to 70 since the January. God knows, she would never manage that

many.

 She finished pouring Rupert's glass and walked back into the living

room.

 "Here you go." She said, handing it to him.

 "Oh thanks. I needed that."

 "Hot outside, huh?" Said Emma, sounding sympathetic. "A little

flustered?" she continued, teasing him slightly.

 Rupert tried to ignore this, and poured his water greedily down a dry

throat, trying not to appear too out of character.

 "tell you what, why don't we just get on with our lines? We can do that

til six, then I've got a video we can watch." Said Emma.

 "yeah, yeah. That sounds great. Let's do it."

 "Okay, let me just get my script."

 Emma walked over to a shelf, only a few feet off the floor, opposite the

sofa on which Rupert was sitting. She squatted down, resting her behind on

her heels, and arching her back, reached towards the shelf and placed her

hand slowly on the script. Gently, she prized it out from between two

other books, and slowly she turned around, still squatting on the floor.

She let one knee drop towards the floor, whilst still keeping her legs

together. She kept her back arched, and managed to push out further her

small round, breasts. She stared into Ruperts eyes, a glimmer of a smile

on her face. While she did this, Rupert stared in wonderment at her

behind, awestruck by the way the dress hugged it, and her two exquisite

buns pushed against the soft, expensive fabric. With a shock, Rupert saw

Emma's underwear pressed between her lovely behind, and it's thin covering

- a tight fitting thong which wound its way round her preteen bodice. When

she started to turn, Rupert's attention turned towards her breasts, which

the dress acted towards in much the same way as it did to her rear.

Pushing them out and showing them off, Rupert felt sure that he would be

able to see any sign of a training bra - there was none. Emma swiveled

further, and stood up.

 "Shall we begin?"

 Rupert could barely croak a reply.

 Over the next two hours, they worked on the script, learning their

lines. Rupert wavered in and out of focus between the script and thinking

about his new found desire for Emma.

 For Emma, the script was merely a formality. She was growing more and

more confident of her ability to seduce Rupert. She could see the

difficulty he was having concentrating, which was unusual, as he was

normally very professional in his attitude towards filming. She could see

the sweat on his forehead, as he struggled to keep his eyes from wandering

towards her body, with Emma using every opportunity she could to show it

off.

 Finally, they reached six. For Rupert, it had been exhausting. For

Emma, her final victory was assured.

 Rupert slumped down on the sofa, and allowed his gaze to drift towards

the ceiling.

 "I'm really tired." He said.

 "you look it. Are you sure you're alright?" said Emma, not without

sincerity.

 "I think I might have a cold or something coming on."

 "awww. You poor baby." She said in reply, gently cooing. She walked

over to the sofa, and sat next to him. She slowly placed an arm around his

shoulders, and said, practically whispering, "here, let me feel your

forehead."

 When Emma sat next to him, with her knee just touching his thigh, and

her placing her arm around his shoulders, Rupert felt his blood would boil.

He was glad he was wearing a pair of jeans, as otherwise it would have been

far more difficult to control his raging hard- on. And when Emma reached

up with her other arm, and softly placed her sweet smelling palm against

his sweating forehead, Rupert almost exploded.

 "My, my, you are very hot. here, why don't you lie down?" said Emma,

still whispering.

 Rupert, in a semi trance, allowed himself to lie his head against the

arm of the sofa. His legs spread themselves along the sofa, and Emma

gently pushed them against the sofa back, before taking off his shoes.

Rupert briefly wondered why, then realized as Emma got up and retrieved a

blanket from the chest of draws in the hallway. She wordlessly draped it

over him, then, to Rupert's surprise, she got under the blanket with him,

facing him, their eyes level. Ruperts, filled with (what he thought) was

hidden desire, hers with a seductive passion. Rupert could feel her warm

torso pressed against his and her bare feet playing with his own. Emma

moved her head closer to his, gently touching noses she whispered almost

inaudibly, "shall we watch the video now?"

 Rupert nodded his approval, feeling disappointed. Emma turned away from

him, but took his arm and draped it around her stomach and lower chest,

almost up to her breast. She pushed her torso close to his own, then

slowly brought the lower half of her torso closer to Ruperts. She wriggled

closer to Ruperts groin, slowly rubbing her small, pert bottom against his

throbbing manhood, just feeling his barely contained erection press through

his trousers and her own the thin fabric of her dress. She groaned.

 "mm. this feels nice, huh Rupert?"

 Rupert realized now that they shared the same feelings for one another.

He realized he now longer needed to hold back. He brought his arm further

around Emma's chest, feeling the intense warmth and security that she felt

in his arms, the brought his other arm around her stomach from underneath

her (cleverly sliding it through the gaps in the sofa cushions so it wasn't

too uncomftable for Emma) and wrapped that around her stomach, massaging

the perfectly proportioned stomach muscles, then sliding slowly down her

midriff towards her groin, pushing through the fabric to the warm intimacy

beneath.

 "mmm. This does feel nice. How about we get more comftable?" said Emma

 "what do you mean?" Asked Rupert, tentatively.

 "well, this dress does look very nice, but it isn't all that pleasant to

lie down in. could you take it off for me?"

 "y-yea, yes, of course."

 Emma got out from underneath the blanket, and stood before Rupert, who

was now sitting up on the sofa. She turned to face away from him, and

said; "just slip the straps off my shoulders."

 Hesitantly, Rupert reached up and picked up the thin red cords that held

her dress up. He lifted them off her shoulders, and let them fall down

over her arms. Her dress slipped down her body and onto the body as

smoothly as a fish might swim through water. Rupert stared, aghast.

 Emma was almost completely naked now, apart from the thin white cotton

thong that hugged her centre. Her body was totally smooth, with just the

faintest covering of hair over her arms and shins. As she turned around to

face him once more, Rupert saw her small, pert breasts sticking out from

her body, the tiny nipples erect against their soft mounds.

 "thank you, Rupert. Now it's your turn."

 END OF PART ONE.

Emma's night in

 PART TWO

 By

 Jixie

 Rupert realized suddenly that she wanted to take his clothes off, in

return for him taking hers off.

 "Come on now, don't be shy. Stand up and let me do you."

 Rupert realized that he had better do as Emma said, otherwise she might

not like him anymore. He stood up.

 "Face away from me, like I did from you." Rupert did so.

 "That's right. Now, put your arms up."

 Rupert raised his arms. Emma took a step forward, and pressed her near

naked body against Rupert. She slowly took Ruperts t - shirt in her hands

and lifted it off his chest, and over his head. Rupert put his arms down.

Emma ran her hands over his soft chest, caressing his warm, muscled torso.

She then dropped her hands down to his waist where she felt out his belt.

Rupert breathed in sharply.

 Emma smiled, and stroked his stomach, then leaned her head forward, and

whispered: "just hold still a minute"

She unclasped his belt buckle, the top button on his trousers, then

undid his zip, before letting his trousers drop to the floor. She put her

hands around his waist and turned him to face her. They both stood now in

their underwear, Emma in her tiny thong, and Rupert in his boxers. Emma

stared into Rupert's eyes, gave a slow, warm smile and silently ran her

hand down Rupert's back, then over his boxers massaging his buttocks.

Rupert did the same spreading his hands over Emmas small, moist cheeks,

savouring the pleasure of those perfectly formed mounds of flesh. The

excitement in both of them showed in the sweat that now coated their

bodies, and as they pushed closer they could feel the perspiration of their

passion merging. Emma craned her neck up slightly and brought her mouth to

Rupert's, and engaging in a long, passionate kiss they sank onto the sofa,

their tongues wrestling with each other. Wordlessly, as if their instinct

were telling them exactly what to do, they finally ripped off each others

underclothes, and lay on the sofa together, naked, locked in a passionate

embrace, their collective heat warming them to their very core.

 Emma pushed herself clear of Rupert for a second, placing both hands on

his heaving, sweaty chest pushed herself upright, so she was straddling

him. She reached down his stomach and grasped his raging, released manhood

in one hand. At the same time, Rupert sat up slightly and stretched his

own hand towards Emma's preteen vagina. He stretched his fingers towards

it, found the slit and started to run his fingers up and down the crease

between the folds of her labia. At the same time, Emma brought her body

closer to Ruperts to make it easier, and started to grasp his cock in both

hands. Slowly she started to run her hands up down, the picked up the

tempo, pumping it with both hands, from the base of the shaft to its head.

They lay there giving each other a mutual masturbation in time with

another, each feeling the hot, moist pulse of the others ministrations.

 Rupert felt as if he was going to explode any second now. Just thinking

about the fact that he was engaged in a hugely pleasurable and exciting

sexual act with Emma almost made him orgasm there and then. He opened his

eyes briefly to look at her. Her slim, smooth body, with its small, pert

breasts and soft moist skin as it undulated up and down, clearly

experiencing the same intense feelings as him. Using one hand to continue

massaging the inner folds of her vagina, he ran the other up the outside of

her thigh, relishing the sweetness of the taut, well toned thigh as it

oozed perspiration from every sweat gland on her body. It was hot and

moist, and was starting to tremble at his touch. He looked up to her

adorable face. It turned down towards him and gave him a beaming smile.

He started to push his fingers further into her womanhood, as its virgin

muscles closed around them.

 Emma looked down at Rupert and smiled, receiving one back from him. She

couldn't believe her plan had worked! Straddling him like this, staring at

his now heaving chest, and furiously pumping his throbbing penis with both

hands (he had gone through puberty, thank god) while he pushed his fingers

into her vagina, with what she considered to be expert care, she realized

she was going to climax any second now.

 "ooh, oooh, I'm gonnna orgasm real soon Rupert, keep going!" she said

 "I know, I know, I am too!" He replied.

 "Push harder, Push harder, Oh - Oh, OOOOOOHHHH!" She gasped, sucking in

air like a vacuum as she felt waves of pleasure flood through her nervous

system like some fantastic hormone which reached every part of her body all

at the same time.

 "Ungh, aahh, it's coming, Emma! AAAAAAHHHH!" Rupert gasped as well,

almost simultaneously, as he felt the blessed release like someone had

opened floodgates deep into his pounding heart.

 Emma collapsed on top of Rupert, almost spent as, lying her exhausted

form flopping on top of his chest, both breathing heavily, as if they had

both participated in some marathon. Emma tilted her head up to look into

Rupert's eyes and, stroking his hair, while he laid both his arms around

her back, said

 "That was way better than rehersal, hey Rupert?"

 "yeah, yeah. Definitely. My place next time though, okay?"

 "sure whatever, baby."

 END OF PART TWO