

MARJORIE'S FANCY DRESS BALL



A SHORT STORY IN THE
CARTOGRAPHER TREMAYNE UNIVERSE

J. Tiffany Moore

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A Cartographer Tremayne Story

by

J. Tiffany Moore

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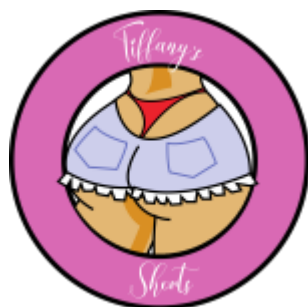
Publisher: Reading at Tiffany's



Cover design by: J. Tiffany Noore

Version 1.4, March 2025

This story belongs to the collection of Tiffany's Shorts.



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Marjorie's Fancy Dress Ball

One doesn't refuse an invitation to the Prince of Wales' fancy dress ball. Alan Tremayne had only met the prince once, at his mother's funeral. He didn't expect to be added to one of the most coveted guest lists in the realm. It was an opulent affair. Although art deco was very much in fashion, the heavy gold threaded curtains adorning the palace walls were reminiscent of the Victorian age. He was simply introduced as Master Alan Tremayne of Tremayne Space Ltd. Others were baronets, barons, earls, some dukes and an occasional marquess. But even without title, he drew quite some attention: Charlotte Tremayne's heir of considerable wealth and a bachelor. Alan saw greed in the eyes of elderly lords and ladies, and desire in those of the younger ladies. He believed he even saw a few young men sigh at him.

Having been in space for the past years as a cartographer before returning to take over his mother's affairs, Alan knew absolutely no one. And he felt terribly out of place. Even more so when the sharks started circling him. Some elderly gentlemen spoke earnestly to him, discretely pointing out younger women who pretended to be uninterested. Sometimes, elderly ladies politely nodded to him and expected him to approach. And some young gentlemen asked if he would like to invite their sister or cousin to dance.

He looked about, hoping he might find a kindred soul.



No one looked up when the usher said, "Miss Marjorie Davis, esquire," except Alan. And he thought she looked like a goddess. In fact, he believed she was dressed as Artemis from Greek mythology. Then noticed disapproving glances of several of the elderly ladies, over their ostrich of peacock feathered folding fans. Apparently, uncovered shoulders were not in style. Alan had a crush on his mother's barrister for as long as he could remember. Marjorie had a slender but defined figure. Her arms, legs, neck and hands were elegant, her breasts petite and her bum was delightfully round and noticeable.

Feigning to be interested in the droning on of the baron of Normley (he thinks?), he watches how Marjorie shooed away some young suitors mistaking

her for Aphrodite, goddess of love. He could almost hear their suggestive remarks (wink, wink, nudge, nudge). Others apparently guessed her costume correctly and were probably making silly remarks about being on the prowl or hunting for wild game. It was obvious that Marjorie needed saving.

Smoothly passing by the punch bowl table, where a powder-wigged-gold-embroidered liveried footman served him two cups, he made his way toward her. When her eyebrows rose behind her mask, he believed she might have recognised him. That would obviously make it impossible for him to seduce her. But he became more hopeful when he noticed a hint of her nipples perking up against her soft dress.

Marjorie immediately recognised Alan Tremayne's beautiful intelligent blue eyes and his blonde locks. The Chinese costume and brimless hat with a queue, and the quaint mask which made his eyes look slanted were cute. He wore a long blue coat covering his knees with high slits on both sides, and long sleeves with white rollback cuffs. Marjorie had only seen high slits on daring dresses worn by certain women. But they looked sexy on a man as well. Marjorie decided there and then that she would have him. She'd been lusting for him for far too long. And this would be a once in a lifetime opportunity. She wanted to melt away against his broad chest.

Marjorie looked straight at Alan offering a punch glass.

It suddenly dawned on her how horribly wrong this could all go. Not only was she almost twice his age, she wouldn't want him to think she was a wanton woman. And if he were to recognise her, not only would she lose his considerable business, but the scandal alone would ruin her.

“‘Of Artemis we hymn--no light thing is it for singers to forget her--whose study is the bow and the shooting of hares and the spacious dance and sport upon the mountains.’ My Goddess, may I have this dance?”

Marjorie didn't dare to speak, so she nodded carefully. He set the two glasses on the side table and escorted her to the dance.



It took Marjorie some moments to compose herself. He was confident in his lead during the Waltz.

“Whom did you quote about Artemis,” she enquired safely.

“I believe it was Callimachus; possibly 3rd century BC. I wasn’t really certain because I overheard some gentlemen call you Aphrodite. They did so in a sullen manner that I assumed they were mistaken. You are Artemis, aren’t you, the virgin goddess?”

Marjorie blushed and hid it by looking down. She noticed that the slits in his coat could easily give her access to his trousers. She wondered how he would react?

“Are you offering to do something about that, my lord?” Marjorie asked giving him a coy glance.

It was his turn to blush.

She pressed slightly more against him. “And you, sir, have you met many goddesses?”

“Mere Nymphs in comparison, I assure you.”

How delightful, Marjorie thought. He knows that Artemis was the patron of the nymphs and turned that into a compliment. She would not let him go home without her. What did it matter if he thought her too forward? It’s the 1920s after all.

When the dance stopped, Tremayne wanted to accompany her to their drinks. But she held him back for the next dance. They struggled for the lead for a moment, until Tremayne understood Marjorie had plans for him. The Polka was spirited and Marjorie occasionally brushed against him. And after the dance, fanning her face, she led him to the balcony. Electric lights illuminated the streets, but there was also a heavy fog hiding the rest of the city.

Marjorie pushed Tremayne against the railing. “I was wondering about this all evening,” she said moving her hand over his crotch.

He hardened immediately; how could he not? He felt her slender fingers find the contour of his cock through his trousers.

She opened his fly and released it. Another couple came onto the balcony and Alan wanted to pull back. But Marjorie held him in place, tugging and squeezing his ever-stiffening member, making casual conversation: about the weather, about what the other women were wearing, about which costume she liked most.

Alan couldn't tell if it was the presence of the other couple, Marjorie's ministrations or the matter-of-factness of her conversation that turned him on more.

"My Lady..." he whispered urgently.

Looking him straight in the eyes, she told him not to cum yet.

It took a review of his latest cartographical maps to hold back. When he saw the other couple leave, Marjorie knelt before him and took him into her mouth. Recognising a familiar moist encasing, his cock spurted its load.

Marjorie loved him in her mouth, but she had to work hard to swallow his jets of semen: slightly bitter like tea with a hint of garlic. After, she cleaned him up with her mouth and pushed his cock back in his trousers, Marjorie stood up.

"Do you have your own coach, or are we calling a cab?"



The wheels of the cab rattling on the cobblestones only made Marjorie more aroused. Alan was kissing her neck and fondling her breasts. It had been some time since anyone saw them and held them. She lifted his face and kissed him with parted lips, the tips of their tongues touching teasingly. His mask scrapped a bit, but that seemed to add to her pleasure. Alan had found one of her nipples and was circling it with his finger, straining it even more. Hot and cold rushed through her body. It had been too long.

Marjorie's skin felt soft. Her shoulders were soft, her neck was soft. Alan let his hand explore along her body. And stopped near her hips. Suddenly, he picked her up and pushed her on her back. He lifted her dress, taking care not to tear it and planted his lips on her kitty. He moved her panties aside with his teeth and he could hear Marjorie gasping. Making sure his tongue was good and wet, he started licking along her slit. He delighted in the gurgling sounds she made. He firmly planted his lips against her pussy's and pressed his tongued inside her. She tasted of salty perfume.

Marjorie's pussy gushed. Eyes open or closed, she only saw stars. Every sense she had converged down between her legs. Every other thought disappeared in a whisp of mist. Every other nerve seemed to lay dormant while his tongue made her pussy tingle fiercely. Her body wobbled along with the cab; she had no control anymore. And when his finger touched her clit, she thought

that she was in an accident: her body shook uncontrollably, warm confetti popped its way from her centre to her reddening ears. Trying to catch her breath, she felt tears roll down her cheeks. When she opened her eyes, he looked at her lovingly, his bright blue eyes alive like a little boy's at Christmas.



Alan had chosen the Hotel Carey because he knew they would be discreet. After all, his father had brought his mistress there for some months. It's only because his parents went missing that Alan discovered his father was cheating. He quickly shook these thoughts away. Marjorie was lying on the bed waiting for him, only wearing her mask. He took in her slim form and cute tits. She had a little patch of fur over her pussy. She was looking at him with wild desire, licking her lips and looking forward to his cock.

Marjorie knew he had broad shoulders and a broad chest. It was fuzzy, not hairy. A blond tuft circled his stiff cock (Yes! Stiff cock!) She wanted it. She wanted him inside her. Her pussy rang every bell in her body for service. It absolutely ignored the oddness of his slanted eyes mask. They had agreed to keep their identities to themselves. She felt a bit guilty about that, because she knew who he was.

She squealed when she saw Alan dive onto her!

Alan landed beside Marjorie but quickly rolled on her. Everything about her was perfect. He loved her voice, her smile, her eyes. He adored her breasts and bum. And he was very eager to get to know her pussy even better.

"I need you inside me..." Marjorie whispered.

He pressed the tip of his cock on her pussy and saw her gulp.

Marjorie mmm-d as she felt his length enter her. She knew for certain the last cock didn't fill her the way Alan's did. Her slick sex took him all in. She looked into his eyes. "Oooh, more, push in some more."

Alan went in balls deep. He felt Marjorie shudder. And then, he went wild. He lifted her legs and started to bang into her. Her perky tits bounced around. Her nipples making the same circular pattern as her eyes.

"Oooh, fuck me, please fuck me!" Marjorie cried out, not believing what she was saying. But that was what she wanted. She wanted Alan to fuck her hard. She wanted to feel his hot sperm spray into her womb. She felt him bang against

her pubic bone ceaselessly, sending alert signals to every corner of her being. Her nipples were already sensing that her orgasm was imminent. And hot liquidy caramel spews from there to her breasts, her tummy, and reached its boiling point in her pussy. Flashes of the Fontaine de Varsovie near the Eiffel tower in Paris danced before her eyes, where more than ten fountains gushed more than 1200 gallons of water. And that was exactly what she felt flooding through her body right now.

Alan stopped moving and held Marjorie tightly as she shook and shivered through her climax.

After, a few moments, Marjorie opened her eyes. Her after-shakes and afterglow made it impossible for her to speak. But if she ever felt true bliss and happiness and love, this was that moment. And here, looking concerned but loving, was Alan Tremayne, whom she had lusted for from afar for four years. She suddenly realised she had felt her own cascades, but not his. Looking down at him, she saw his proudly erect cock glistening with her juices. This was another first, as most men came long before she did--if they took the time for her. Marjorie pushed his broad shoulders down and started licking and sucking him, with her lips, with her tongue, with her hands. She caressed his balls, smiling as much as she could with her mouth full, as it sent shivers through his body. She pushed herself as deeply as she could.

“Aah, aah, aaah,” Alan mumbled. A warm vibration started in his balls and wove its way through his essence. Shooting threads of sperm into Marjorie’s mouth was painful and delightful at the same time. It leaked from her mouth, her powerful swallows notwithstanding.

When he opened his eyes, Marjorie was lying next to him. They were still wearing their silly masks.



While she was sleeping, Alan had ordered some proper clothes for her. Marjorie was touched. They fit and they were tasteful.

“You leave fist,” he suggested, “and don’t forget to take off your mask.” He smiled warmly.

Marjorie was caught in the memory of last night, experiencing his warmth and love all over.

“Good day, Master Tremayne,” she said absentmindedly.

When she closed the door, she realised what she had done.

Through the door, she thought she heard him say: “And a good day to you, Miss Davis.”

THE END

About the Author

The Original Ensemble Haremlit Autor

Hi! I'm J. Tiffany Noore, creator of [Ensemble HaremLit](#) - where every voice counts and every character's journey matters.

I hope you enjoyed *Marjorie's Fancy Dress Ball*. If you liked it, please consider leaving a review on [Goodreads](#).

In my worlds, you'll meet relatable guys who find themselves in extraordinary circumstances, surrounded by fabulous, otherworldly women. Together they forge unbreakable bonds through shared adventures and steamy encounters! 🥰

Proud Madisonian, companion to my Persian Queen Cougar 🐆, and grateful for my amazing community of Tiffans!

I announce my next stories on [Facebook](#) and in my [newsletter](#).

Kisses,

-Tiffany

More by J. Tiffany Noore

[Prospector Finch's Harem Adventures](#)

Follow the adventures of Webster Finch as he deals with four extraterrestrials races in the 1860s Gold Rush, in this globe-spanning trilogy. His growing circle of fabulous lovers now include an Alder Artificial Intelligence, a grand Nanken

trader, a Simmix Marshall, and an Ilzed field researcher, a Chinese imperial astronomer, an Ottoman mystic, a Prussian engineer, a Russian captain, a San Francisco socialite, a Japanese samurai, a fake crown princess, a Pinkerton detective, a French journalist, an Alder fembot, and Teshoni Warrior, and a Princess from India, Finch will need every ounce of charm, wit, and stamina!

Be Aware: These are full-length Ensemble Haremlit stories: one man, fabulous harem companions, multiple points-of-view where every voice counts and every character's journey matters. Imagine your favorite TV series where all characters have their own story arcs, or that RPG where companion quests make the story richer.

Fast-paced and no hand-holding.

Cartographer Tremayne's Harem Adventures

In a Roarin' 20s where interstellar travel is just a ticket away, young Tremayne's parents are abducted under mysterious circumstances. With only his prim AI ship Chastity and a sultry kidnapper named Temperance Darleston for company, Tremayne charts a course through danger, desire, and the darker edges of the solar system. When Chastity fits herself into a fembot body, space never looked so seductive.

Stay tuned for more steamy space adventures with Tremayne, Chastity, Temperance, Marjories and more!

Steamy Holidays

Short, sweet, and steamy—these holiday tales turn up the heat! I wrote them for Olivia Lawless' Erotic Celebration collections, and trust me, **the seasons were never hotter.**

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Another take on harems. Set in 1920s Arabia, the story follows **three bold and fabulous American women** who each choose to join the harem of Sultan Farouz I of Rakal Al Sulem... and promptly turn his world upside down.

From palace intrigue and murder to treasure hunts, ghostly traps, and seductive plots, each these episodic short stories brings mystery, adventure, and steamy entanglements—**always with a wink, a curve, and a clever twist.**

To see all my series and latest releases in one place, visit <https://jtn.me/>

HaremLit Communities

Looking for more stories like this one? Want to share your favorite steamy scenes, swap recommendations, or just hang out with other harem-loving readers?

Here are some of the most active HaremLit groups on Facebook, Reddit, and Discord. Join the conversation, meet fellow fans, and discover new authors and stories every day.

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