

RANDOM HOUSE *e*BOOKS



In Too Deep

Portia Da Costa

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Also by Portia Da Costa

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About the Book

Every morning, librarian Gwendolyne Price, begins to find indecent proposals and sexy stories in her suggestion box. Shocked that they seem to be tailored specifically to her own deepest sexual fantasies, she begins a tantalising relationship with a man she's never met.

But pretty soon, erotic letters and toe-curlingly sensual emails just aren't enough. She has to meet her mysterious correspondent in the flesh.

About the Author

Best known for her many sizzling, sensual tales for Black Lace Books, Portia Da Costa has over thirty novels and novellas to her credit and over a hundred short stories, written under a variety of pseudonyms.

Portia loves creating sexy, likeable people and putting them in steamy situations, and has penned historical, paranormal and even futuristic stories, in addition to her acclaimed contemporary novels.

She lives in the heart of West Yorkshire with her husband and Alice, their beloved cat. When she's not busy writing, Portia can be found reading, watching TV and movies, or hanging out on Twitter, and elsewhere, online. She was formerly a librarian and has also worked in local government.

Find out more about Portia at www.portiadacosta.com and follow her at [@PortiaDaCosta](https://twitter.com/PortiaDaCosta)

Also by Portia Da Costa

Continuum
Entertaining Mr Stone
Gemini Heat
Gothic Heat
Hotbed
Kiss it Better
Lust Bites
Magic and Desire
Shadowplay
Suite Seventeen
The Devil Inside
The Stranger The Tutor

In Too Deep

Portia Da Costa



For my travelling companions, Valerie and Madelynne

1 You've Got Mail

I HARDLY DARE look again. But if I don't look, I must be imagining things, and I'm not sure I want to admit to imagining *this*.

It's slightly scary. And it makes me want to giggle. In about equal measures.

For the third time since I fished it out of the library's old-fashioned suggestion box, I flip open the eggshell-blue envelope and unfold the four sheets of heavy, high-quality paper inside it. The words written on them, evenly spaced in navy ink, are inscribed in an elegant, almost copperplate hand.

I blush, and it's as if my mind fills with a silent, thrilling voice. My heart beats hard and I get this stupid urge to press my hand to my chest, as if that could slow it.

It's an effort to sit still, but I manage to, even though I'm still in danger of sniggering.

I've been watching you, Ms Gwendolynne Price, did you know that?

Every day I observe you in the library. Every day I want to reach out and touch you. Every day I wrestle with my urges ... You pass me by and I want to grab you by the arm, drag you behind one of the book stacks and do unspeakable things to you. I want to slide my hands beneath your skirt and fondle you until you moan with pleasure. I want to bare exquisite expanses of your creamy skin right here in the public lending library, inches from those peasants who meander unaware around your domain. I'd like to unveil your sumptuous curves and kiss and caress you with my tongue until you're in such a state that you can't keep still.

I want to suck your delicious clitoris until you whimper and buck and come. Come for me.

Don't be afraid, my lovely Gwendolynne. I mean you no harm ... I just want a taste of you. Or a touch.

Would that I could worship you chastely from afar, like some courtly knight pining in purity for his lady. I wish to God I could write romantic poetry, cataloguing your sweetness, describing every last facet of your smile and your grace, and outlining the way I long to kneel at your feet and then kiss your very footsteps as you walk away from me.

But it's no good, my darling. That's just not enough for me. I can't confine myself to the pure and high-minded. I'm too much of an animal, my dearest. A horny, uncontrollable beast. The sight of your curves gives me an enormous hard-on. The desire to fuck you senseless rules me. My cock turns to iron as you pass me by. I ache as I hear the way your skirt swishes around your thighs, and I almost wish that I could be that simple length of cloth myself. So that I could be close to your delicious cunt and drown in its fragrance and its taste.

I can't stop obsessing about what lies between your legs. The lush grove of your sex and its intimate pink geography. I'd love to spread you wide and stare at you for hours, caressing you with my eyes, savouring what naked vulnerability and exposure would do to you.

My fantasies about you plague my every waking hour. They screw up my work, but I don't care. My only comfort is imagining that similar fantasies might obsess you too. I dream about you dreaming about my cock. Picturing it and speculating about it, imagining how it would feel in your hand, or your cunt.

And it's not such a bad one, dearest Gwendolynne, as cocks go. In fact when I'm thinking about you, it can get pretty spectacular. It rises in tribute to your luscious, sensational beauty and the promise of exploring every last

inch of that beauty, plunging into it as we roll around on the Reference Library floor, half-naked and fucking like a pair of desperados.

And yes, my glorious, erotic Queen of the Library, it won't surprise you that I've been masturbating like a maniac lately, thinking of you. I've been working and working away at my cock while I dream of what I'd like to do to you with it ...

I keep seeing images of you in lingerie. Little scraps of barely anything at all that reveal more than they conceal.

Do you like silk and lace, dearest Gwendolynne, or are you a plain white serviceable cotton type of girl? I could devour you in either, or in nothing at all, but you know what we lustful, raving perverts are like. We fritter away hours of our lives speculating on what kind of bra and panties the women we long for wear.

In my imagination you're wearing high-end underwear today. Delightful skimpy wisps that embrace your glorious breasts and bottom like a second skin ... Little bits of frippery that enjoy intimate body privileges that I can only dream about.

I see you in scarlet. Not any plain old red but a deep, rich, singing colour, the colour of a fine vintage wine or a rare and precious ruby. And there's white lace too. A piquant edge of innocence that only makes the red silk look more sinful. More decadent. More like the sort of thing a high-class hooker would wear.

Yesterday, in the library, you were wearing a pretty navy-blue shirt and a trim denim skirt that showed off your sumptuous arse to perfection. But in my mind you were dressed as a thousand-pound-a-night call girl underneath all that.

I loved your breasts in that shirt. In fact, I adore your breasts, full stop. They're rounded, abundant and magnificent. Worthy of the goddess of love herself. You're Aphrodite to me, you know that, don't you, Gwendolynne?

And your splendid breasts command me to worship them in the most exquisite detail with my eyes and my fingers. Here in the sanctum of my imagination, they're a feast for my greedy, famished senses. They're high and pointed, a pair of delicious handfuls, a joy to behold. And the silky skin of their upper curves, above that teasing edge of lace, is as sweet and soft and mellow as milk and honey on my tongue.

Do you touch your own breasts, Gwendolynne? I'd love to know ...

Why don't you touch them now, as you read? Slyly and sweetly ... No one need see you do it, but I'd know, oh, I'd know ... I'd see an exquisite, embarrassed flush on your lovely face, and I'd know you were blushing for me, and me alone. That you were touching yourself because I wanted you to ... and to please me.

That's it, unbutton your blouse, slide your fingers inside, and run the tips of them across the lush curve, and around the nipple where it's hard beneath your bra. Do it! Do it now! Nobody will be able to see you if you pretend to reach down and get something out of the drawer in the desk.

It'll just be our private sex act, the first gambit in our game.

And later, at night and in privacy, you'll do it again, thinking of me as you roll the tip of your finger around the tip of your breast. Round and round, round and round, light as a feather. And when that excites you too much, perhaps you could gently pinch yourself? Punish yourself for teasing me by taking that dark juicy berry of a nipple and tweaking it this way and that while you begin to squirm where you sit, wet and turned on?

Do you enjoy a little pain with your pleasure, Gwendolynne? I think everyone should, at least once in their life. Not too much ... I'm not a brute or a sadist ... But it's a delicious, sophisticated spice on the sexual menu and you strike me as a woman whose appetites are voracious

once they're whetted. I think you have the imagination to sample just about anything, don't you, my darling goddess?

I'm only guessing, but I'm not often wrong.

And you, you're a woman who's brave and bold and ready for adventure. A woman who's primed for pleasure and the chase.

Am I right? I think I am ...

Anyway, back to your breasts, your beautiful breasts ...

Now, I see you lying on satin sheets, your magnificent body framed in the luxury it deserves. I suppose satin sheets are a bit of a cliché, really, but who cares? They're the stuff of a million classic wank fantasies, not just mine. But perhaps your sheets are white rather than black? Mm ... that works for me.

'Nights in white satin', eh, my delightful one? What I wouldn't give for some of those ... Long, dark, scented nights in which to gorge myself again and again on the abundant pleasures of your body ... Well, that would be my paradise. My ultimate wish ... will it ever happen?

You lie there, a study in scarlet and white, creamy, honeyed skin and long, wild, tawny hair. No plaits tonight, sublime Gwendolynne. Your beautiful hair is another aspect of you that's almost become a fetish to me ... Would you be disgusted and repelled if I said I'd like to come in it? I imagine myself kneeling over you, your naked and rampant suppliant, and then folding the wild silky waves of your hair around my penis and caressing myself with it until I climax.

Oh, Gwendolynne, I'm hard as a rod of iron simply thinking about it!

And I think I'm going to do something about it. Right now.

Adieu, my glorious Queen of the Library, adieu ... Perhaps you could write me a little email to say you forgive me for being such a disgusting deviant? Or perhaps you

could tell me one of your fantasies? And then I'd know that you're just as deviant as I am ...

Yours, in body and soul, especially in hard, aching body

...

Nemesis

Nemesis? Oh, please ... The man's a raving pervert, fond of purple prose and probably dangerous ... and he calls himself 'Nemesis'? It sounds like something a teenage gamer would call himself when playing online.

And yet, all the same, the note and even just the stupid word itself induce a shivery frisson. I imagine a tall dark figure, very mysterious, maybe masked even, maybe wearing leather, looming over me. Someone strong and hard and sexy, who makes me kneel and kiss his boots ... then kiss his cock.

I shake my head and it dawns on me that for the last few minutes I've been completely out of it, lost in Nemesis-land. And the worst of it is, I'm actually doing what he told me to. Well, not quite, but not far off. I'm touching my ribcage, just beneath my breast, through my cotton top.

Snatching my hand away, I make a big deal of folding the letter carefully and shoving it in the pocket of my skirt. And that makes me feel a bit turned on too, thinking of what he said about my skirt.

In a weird way, the letter *is* Nemesis and, in my pocket, he's nestling dangerously close to my pussy, just like he said. There are only a couple of layers of cotton between it and him.

Taking some deep breaths and trying to look like a perfectly normal human being, I scan all of the main Lending Library that I can see. Yet despite the fact that I feel as if I've got a neon sign flashing 'Whore of Babylon' over my head, nobody is looking at me. Everything's quiet and in the pre-lunch lull there's only a small handful of

punters perusing the shelves. It's safe to pat my pocket and think again about my new 'correspondent'.

The weird and slightly sad thing is that, in spite of it being anonymous, pretentious, kinky and slightly disgusting in a good sort of way, this is actually the nearest thing to a love letter that I've ever received. Even when we were hot for each other, my late and not particularly lamented ex, Simon, never sent me love notes or even emails. And since we split up all I've ever received are terse 'communications' about the divorce and 'orders' about selling the stupid house. He's still trying to order me about.

Well, balls to him. I've got more immediate things to worry about. Somebody who sounds like much more fun trying to control me. And occupy my mind.

Who the devil is Nemesis? And where is he lurking? And where does he get off, telling me to touch myself? Judging by the letter, he must be a library regular, and that means he's probably quite close to me. Possibly even right now. What if he's watching me at this very moment? The library's quiet. He could be anywhere ... just feet away.

Did someone turn the heating back on today? I'm too young for hot flushes, but whatever it is I'm having certainly feels like one. Surreptitiously, I flap the neckline of my top. Then stop immediately. Nemesis will go mental if he sees me doing that. I glance around and the lobes of my ears prickle as if the possibility of being watched is an actual physical force.

Is he here? Looking at my nipples through my top and imagining what's beneath my skirt? My head fills with bizarre notions of X-ray vision and me walking through the library with transparent clothes on. The way Nemesis talks about my body, he makes it sound as if he's actually seen it naked.

Oh, why did I just think that?

Nemesis isn't the only one who can have porny fantasies. I get a flash image of me lying on the floor of the Reference Library, just like he said. I'm flat on my back and there's a gorgeous man pounding away between my spread thighs. The real Nemesis is probably fat and middle-aged with a comb-over or some such hideousness, so for convenience' sake - and because he's in my mind quite a bit anyway - I substitute my current major lust object into the action: the library's pet celebrity, who's working in the special collection in our archives for a few weeks, researching a project.

Now there's someone I wouldn't mind doing all the stuff in Nemesis's letter with!

I glance over my shoulder in the direction of the Ref. That floor in there is hard. But I still seem to feel it against my bottom, as I writhe.

Nemesis isn't the only one who's mental! I've only gone and made myself start getting wet now ... Am I just as twisted and kinky as he is? I'm definitely horny, and at the same time I feel as if I've had the wind knocked right out of me. I've let myself respond to the ramblings of a pervert. Someone who could be dangerous. And sick. Someone who probably *is* dangerous and sick.

And someone, whoever he is, who's certainly been close enough to me to pop a sealed envelope in the Lending Section's suggestion box. Someone who knows the library's routines and personnel too. Who knows that it's my job to empty the box, and when I'm likely to do it. Who knows the times when the General Enquiry Desk probably won't be manned.

The desk is on a little platform, just a few inches above floor level, but it's still a vantage point. From here I can scope out quite a bit of the open-plan section of the library's new building. People are starting to filter in for lunch-hour browsing, and Nemesis could be any one of them. Hundreds come in every day during opening hours.

There are several dozen in now, about half of them men, meandering round the shelves.

Over there by the sports section, there's a shifty-looking individual, a prime candidate. He's a regular and I've caught him looking at my breasts often enough. He's doing it now, the swine. Oh no, I don't want Nemesis to be him!

It's at times like these that I wish my boobs were a bit smaller. In fact, I wish that *all* of me was a bit smaller. Most of the time, I really don't mind being a curvy girl, in fact I quite like it, but ample flesh does seem to bring out the beast in a lot of men. And especially, it seems, a new breed of beast ... one who seems to be trying to make his basic instincts seem more acceptable and less gross by flinging in the odd bit of fancy talk about worship and courtly love.

Not that I've let any of the beasts get their paws on me all that often lately. Since my divorce I've been holding out for quality, not quantity. Maybe for some kind of hero. Being choosy seemed like a good idea at the time, but it's backfiring big time now because I'm just dying for some sex. I hardly dare admit it but, if Nemesis is halfway decent looking and not too deranged, I'm seriously tempted to give him a shot.

Which is the reason I'm probably not going to tell anybody else on the staff about my pervy letter. We get weird stuff in the box all the time, and the harmless items we have a good giggle about in the lunch room at break times. The sicker ones get reported to the Chief Librarian, although goodness knows what he can do about it. But they're mostly one- or two-offs and the pests quickly lose interest.

This is different, though. I just have a feeling. And this is *my* pervert too, and I don't want to share him.

I stare at the Hotmail address at the bottom of the page: N3m3sis@hotmail.co.uk.

Should I send a message? Tell him to leave me alone? Or maybe give him a shock and answer in kind? Make up the

dirtiest fantasy I can imagine, about my lingerie, or some confection of lace and satin I haven't got and probably couldn't afford? Or maybe I should concoct an elaborate story about him and *his* masturbation? I was always good at composition at school. Maybe I should tell him what I want *him* to do?

Before I know what I'm doing, I've opened the email client on my terminal.

Oh, no, no, no ... that's just wilfully stupid and dangerous. But God knows I want to. I think I probably am as perverted and strange as he is and I just didn't realise it. My fingers hover over the keys, and it's only the thought that the library's computer system is subject to random monitoring that stops me. Even so, my heart flutters madly, and down below I feel a stickiness in my knickers. The higher brain functions don't seem to be working correctly, and my body has turned into an out-of-control mass of hormones.

Sports-section guy has lost interest now, and is actually reading a book. If it were him, and he's seen me with Nemesis's blue writing paper in my hand, his eyes should be out on stalks and he should be moving in. But instead he seems to be engrossed in the history of Yorkshire rugby.

Who are you, Nemesis, you sick devil? Are you here? Now? Within visual or even touching distance?

There's no way to know. I'm not on duty in the main Lending Library all the time, so anyone could come to the box during the course of a day. And this is the Borough Library Headquarters, and we've got the Scientific Library, the Audio Visual Library, the Children's Library, the archives and a variety of specialist collections. Nemesis could be anywhere in what's a very large and quite rambling building, much of it open to the public. He could be disguised as a bona fide punter.

Breathless panic wells up again. What if he *is* genuinely dangerous? I need to get out of here, and I release an inner

sigh when I spot that the big clock by the entrance reads nearly noon. Thank heavens, I'm on early lunch today. Within minutes I can be out in the fresh air and thinking like a person who's *not* insane again.

As if she's a genie and I've summoned her, Tracey arrives promptly for her stint on the desk. It's not manned all the time, but we get lots of reader enquiries during the busy lunchtime.

'You OK?' she enquires, and it dawns on me that I must look as flustered and slightly off my head as I feel.

'Yeah, I'm fine,' I lie, fabricating what I hope is a normal-looking grin. 'I was checking the catalogue and the system went a bit weird again, and I thought I'd cocked something up ... But it seems to be OK now.'

We chat for a couple of moments on routine library business, and I think I've fooled her into believing that this is just another in a never-ending series of mundane and uneventful mornings. I feel guilty not telling her about Nemesis, though. She's a friend and, under normal circumstances, she'd be the one I'd have a laugh with over all this.

Two or three minutes later, I'm heading for the back door on my way out to get some air. Clarkey, the building's maintenance manager, and the visiting techie from Borough Hall who's supposed to be upgrading the computers were in the lunch room. Is Nemesis either of those two, I wonder? Greg, the computer nerd, is young and bright and cute, but yuk, the thought of Clarkey sending me sex notes makes my stomach curdle. Mind you, I hardly think he'd have 'greedy famished senses' for anything other than the enormous meat pie he was shovelling down his throat and, judging by the scarcely legible notes he tapes to the staff cloakroom's water heater when it doesn't work, I'm not sure he could manage copperplate handwriting.

Security is tightish at the library, as we've got some rare and precious documents in the archives, but after my usual wrangle with the keypad and the deadbolt I manage to get the door open and launch myself outside, with the intention of heading for the small urban garden beyond the parking area, for some thinking.

But just as I'm hurtling out, someone else is hurtling in, and I run smack into a dark, bespectacled, heavily laden figure. He isn't moving fast, but his arms are full of his briefcase, a pile of books, several newspapers and a rolled-up map and we cannon into each other, sending his paraphernalia flying everywhere.

And I'm blushing again. It's only our semi-resident, semi-superstar eccentric academic I've gone and barged into. The adorably fit and lovely but rather bookish and haphazard Professor Daniel Brewster.

'Oh dear! I do beg your pardon,' he apologises as if it's entirely *his* fault and not mine for forgetting to look where I'm going due to woolgathering about perverts and blue notepaper. We both swoop down, fielding the books and papers, and, as I pick up several volumes that I know he really shouldn't have removed from the archive, I'm struck again by how scrumptious he is in a distracted, studious way. His curly black hair looks as wild as a gypsy's and as usual there's that gorgeous, swarthy hint of stubble darkening his cheeks. If he didn't have the rather etiolated look of someone who stays inside poring over books all the time, he could easily pass for an earthy Mediterranean sex-machine. Apart, of course, from the seriously studious glasses and the superannuated tweed jacket.

I get the shock of my life as I look up from retrieving a few sheets of typed paper, to meet the dark eyes behind those elegant specs ... and find them locked on to my cleavage like a pair of targeting lasers. It's clearly visible in the dip of my V-necked top.

Is *he* Nemesis? The notion makes me rock on my heels and nearly tumble over backwards.

Every part of me starts to tingle but, when he blushes a darker crimson than Nemesis's lurid underwear fantasy, it's seems unlikely that he's the man himself. Especially when, having been crouched down on his heels to sweep up his books and papers, he promptly *does* tumble over backwards on to the concrete path. All from the shock of having been caught staring at my ample bosom. I've only gone and knocked a minor TV celebrity, whom I just happen to fancy something rotten, over on to his arse! It's all your fault, Nemesis, for making me crazy!

'Oh, I'm so sorry!' I exclaim, graciously taking the blame for him falling, even though I didn't knock him over; he fell over while gazing at my breasts. Which he's still doing, his brown eyes on fire. His ears seem to be feeling the heat too, because the lobes have acquired a very fetching touch of pink. I suddenly wonder what it would be like to gently nibble them.

What? I don't know what's got into me these last few days but, what with Nemesis and Professor Hottie McHotstuff here, I seriously think I'm turning into a sex maniac.

Hauling in a deep breath, I reach out to help him rise, thus improving his view of my boobs, but he springs up with an unexpected athleticism, snapping to his feet in an almost panther-like leap.

'No, no! It was my fault,' he corrects, sounding both mortified and slightly irritated. He bends down again to scoop up more of his maverick paperwork, and then as he looks up from his search, his face is almost parallel to my crotch and only inches away from it. He doesn't tumble over this time, but sort of starts backwards as if proximity to my pubic parts has zapped him. The action's more like a startled gazelle this time than a sleek feline predator.

This whole episode is rapidly turning into a mini-farce, so I thrust the pretty professor's papers haphazardly into his hands and dash past him, flinging a smile and another 'sorry' and a 'see you later' over my shoulder as I run across the tarmac in the direction of the garden.

2 Time Out with Professor Hottie

WHAT A LUDICROUS pantomime that was! As if I wasn't shaken up enough by Nemesis and his erotic ramblings, now I'm all of a lather over Professor Hottie again. I've been fancying the famous Professor Daniel Brewster since well before he became a temporary feature attraction at the library several weeks ago, when he arrived to research a new book and a possible television series. His popular history documentaries are frequently repeated on UKTV and, even though I've seen them repeatedly, I always watch them when they're on.

Now, though, I don't look back, and I keep moving at a trot, trying to pretend that none of our little prat-fall ballet on the back step happened. I don't stop until I reach my special place, a secluded bench in a small shady arbour, well out of the way of the main park area where people gather for lunches. Very few people seem to have found this little haven, which is sheltered by several large trees and a high hedge, so it doesn't get the sun. That probably explains its desertedness. Most folk round here still seem to be devoted to the active pursuit of melanoma. So this is a place where I can find peace and quiet, uninterrupted, in the middle of the day.

Not that I'm feeling in any way peaceful today. And my brain isn't quiet. It's whirling with the choice phraseology of Nemesis's missive and action replays of me almost exhibiting my breasts to Daniel Brewster.

I pull my bottle of water out of my bag, and gulp some down. It's icy, fresh from the fridge, and its cold bite on my tongue calms me down. Something clicks into place like a

camera focusing. I look round, taking in the greens of the leaves and the dull grey of the gravel. This, and the fresh air, is real and normal, far from the heated world of explicit letters and speculation about handsome, quirky men who are way out of my league.

A few more sips and I feel centred again. Not ready for my sandwiches yet, but I'll tackle them shortly. For a while, I just sit feeling very Zen, at one with nature and all that. Then, just as I decide it's time to eat and sort out my blood sugar, I catch sight of the edge of those sheets of blue paper poking out of the side pocket of my bag. I slide them out and unfold the written madness.

Words leap out at me.

Do you take that dark juicy berry of a nipple and tweak it this way and that while you begin to squirm in your seat as you get wet and turned on?

Reading it makes me want to do it, and as I glance up momentarily I'm back in my murky parallel world of irrational lust. I'm not wearing one of those white blouses that Nemesis clearly has a fetish for, but, almost without conscious thought, I suddenly reach up and cup my own curve through the soft cotton of my top.

My nipple is hard, and doubtless, if it were exposed to the air, it *would* be dark and firm like a juicy berry. I give it a little strum through the layers of fabric – top and bra, cotton both – and a silvery flutter flies through my body. I'm convinced that Nemesis is a man, but he certainly seems to know all about the connection between tit and clit. I'm already hot between my legs, my pussy heavy and congested, even though it's the words that are getting to me most, not the touching. Words, and the sight of a dark-haired, slightly geeky but very beautiful man in a fluster of embarrassment.

I wonder if Professor Hottie's earlobes have cooled down yet?

I stare at the cool, green façade of the hedge that faces me – but I don't see it. Instead, I'm imagining a scenario, doing a Nemesis, I suppose. In my little drama I dropped this letter when I ran into Daniel Brewster, and somehow it got into his papers. He's reading it now as I sit here and dream about him.

I see those cute earlobes get even pinker, his dark eyebrows shoot up to his hairline to be masked by the kiss curls dangling on his forehead. He takes off his elegant frameless glasses and polishes them, and then wriggles in his seat, just the way I'm doing. Which is weird, because Nemesis's letter is written to a woman, and he's a man ...

My fingers are damp where they clasp the blue pages. I know that if I had half a brain cell I'd shred this correspondence and ignore any further similar ones. That's the sensible thing to do. Sex nuisances are like plants: they die off if you don't water them with a response.

But the words and my collision with Daniel Brewster have got a grip on me and I just can't sit still. My mind is a jumble of Nemesis and silk and touching myself and the image of the divine professor, all blushing and tumbled on the ground, limbs akimbo. My body is hot, full of strange energy and blood in dangerous places. Surreptitiously, I part my legs, pressing my sex down against the hard park bench and spreading and opening it. But I'm not getting the pressure I need on my clit, and I bite my lip at the gnawing, sudden need.

Dare I touch myself? Right here, right now? Not just my nipple, I mean, but down there, down below, in my pussy?

What do you think of that, Nemesis? I've escalated the game and you'll never know about it. How's that for brinksmanship, pervert?

There's no one around. I've never ever seen anyone here. Theoretically, I should be able to do it. But still it seems impossibly crude and slutty to touch myself, out here in the open. And it's weak-willed too. I'm giving in to him,

and I feel as if he *would* know, although God knows how. Since my split from Simon, letting men manoeuvre me into doing things is no longer a part of my playbook. I don't think I'd even be inclined to do what Professor Hottie wants me to do, if he were here. Although I don't know ...

This is all getting exceptionally weird. And all I'm sure of is that Nemesis would come smugly in his boxer shorts, or whatever he wears, if he knew I was squirming around on a park bench, desperate to touch myself between my legs until I orgasmed.

In stealth mode and glancing around warily, I slide my hand from the rounded curve of my breast, down over my waist and my hip to my thigh. There's plenty of territory to cover but, as Nemesis obviously likes my acreage and Professor Hottie certainly isn't immune to my boobs, that's not a problem. In fact I'm beginning to see the advantages of my ampleness.

Even more sneakily, I begin to inch up the folds of my skirt with my fingertips, keeping it bunched so it drapes over my wrist and hand. With a degree of dexterity worthy of a conjurer, I craftily slide my fingers across my bare thigh, then wiggle them inside the boundary of my knicker-elastic.

Almost there. We approach the heart of the matter.

I flick at a wiry pubic curl then start to forge into the forest, searching for its hot, magic centre. As soon as I part the lips, the tips of my fingers are saturated. I'm swimming with juice, and it's a shock that there's so much, even though I knew I was pretty excited.

My clit gives a single hard deep throb as I reach it, saying 'hello' so intensely that I gasp.

I'm part horrified with myself, part bursting with excitement. I've never been much of a thrill-seeker and a risk-taker until now, but it suddenly seems as if I'm making up for lost time. I'm dancing on the edge of madness and, if I stopped to think about it, I'd probably run a mile back to

the safety of the staff lunch room. But I've no time to think. I just feel.

After a tentative stroke or two, my entire body pulsates with captive energy. I'm an overflowing well of sexiness and every slight qualm I ever had about being curvy, chubby, plump or whatever you want to call it disappears. Every inch and every ounce of me is 'goddess' – just as Nemesis told me.

I gulp in breath. My legs tense and I push my heels out across the path, bracing myself. I'm desperate to climax, and even begin a little flutter – and then to my horror I hear something I've never heard here before. The sound of footsteps, swiftly approaching along the gravel.

I just manage to whip my hand out from under my skirt, and shuffle up straight into some kind of normal sitting position, when a familiar figure in tweed jacket, blue jeans and running shoes rounds the corner. It's Professor Hottie – and he's almost caught me touching myself.

'Oh, hi!' he says uncertainly. He blinks behind his spectacles and offers me a crooked, cautious smile. Then he purses his lips and darts forwards, and I have to edge along the seat. He compels me to allow him to sit down.

'I'm so glad I've found you, Gwendolynne. I was anxious to apologise to you for earlier.' He taps his long fingers against his denim-clad knee as if he's filled with unresolved energy, like me.

I'm so dumbfounded that it's difficult to grasp words from the swarm that buzz around me. But what can I say when my brain is still off in masturbation-land?

My new companion still seems acutely embarrassed and pulls off his glasses, whips out a large pristine white handkerchief and begins to polish them with almost manic fervour.

'But why? It was me who knocked you over.' Amazingly, I've captured a few of those words. But they come out rather more abruptly than I would have liked.