

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS



Taking Liberties

Susie Raymond

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Also by Susie Raymond

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About the Book

When attractive, thirty-something Beth Bradley takes a job as PA to Simon Henderson, a highly successful financier, she is well aware of his philandering reputation and is determined to turn the tables on his fortune. Her initial attempt backfires, and she begins to look for a more subtle and erotic form of retribution. However, Beth keeps getting sidetracked by her libido, and finds herself caught up in the dilemma of craving sex with the dominant men she wants to teach a lesson.

Also by Susie Raymond:

Forbidden Fruit
A Sporting Chance

Taking Liberties

Susie Raymond

BLACK
LACE

Chapter One

BETH STOOD UP and glided across the office, her movements slow and deliberate. Behind her, through the open doorway into her boss's office, she could sense Simon watching her again. He had done a lot of that lately. In fact, it was a wonder that he ever got anything done at all; his mind clearly wasn't on his work when she was around. She grinned slyly to herself.

As she stooped over the drawer of her filing cabinet, Beth could feel his eyes burning into the back of her thighs. She straightened slowly and began to amble back to her desk. Out the corner of her eye, she surreptitiously examined him in return, admiring his well-proportioned physique and dark good looks.

Being brunette herself, Beth was usually more attracted to fair-haired men, but there was something about brown eyes that always drew her like a magnet. Simon had the deepest, darkest coffee-brown eyes she had ever seen. When he watched her, as he was doing now, it was almost as if she were being sucked helplessly into them, powerless to resist. Soon, she promised herself. Very soon now.

Once she was back out of sight behind her desk she allowed herself another quick grin and reached for the next document in her in-tray. As she resumed working her way steadily through the mound of accounts awaiting her attention, she hummed contentedly to herself. She had always been good at maths and she took quiet satisfaction at the way the neat columns of figures flowed from her pen and bowed to her will. It was all so easy, so logical. She had

been away from the financial world for far too long and it was good to be back.

Taking a short break, Beth sipped her already cold coffee and glanced happily round her domain. It was a pleasant room, if a bit on the small side. The dark wooden desk and leather chair pleased her, even though they weren't anywhere near as plush or expensive as those in Simon's office. It was a warm day and she wriggled slightly in her seat, enjoying the feel of the cold leather on the bare skin of her thighs.

She slipped her feet out of her shoes and smiled as she rubbed her toes gently along the carpet, luxuriating in its velvety softness. If she did that in Simon's office, her toes would disappear in the thick pile. She had trouble simply walking on it in her high heels. Of course, nothing was too good or too expensive for Simon Henderson. Even the visitor's couch would put most luxury beds to shame. She smiled again, then put her empty mug back down and returned to her work. Images of Simon's liquorice eyes and wide, sensuous lips danced tantalisingly in her mind, full of promise.

Five minutes later Beth finished bringing the Simpson account up to date. She leant back and glanced thoughtfully out of the window. Being Saturday, the high street was busier than usual and from five stories up she had a good view. As she watched the weekend shoppers scurrying frantically to and fro like ants with their whinging children in tow, she sighed softly. Despite the apparent bustle, you couldn't help noticing how run down and neglected the area had become in recent years. Small towns like this, with their tiny family businesses, were part of a dying era. They just couldn't compete with the huge, modern shopping malls springing up everywhere. No wonder Simon was planning to move to a brand-new business park further out from the London area. There was nothing to keep businesses here any more.

Thoughts of Simon reminded her that it was time to provide him with a little further distraction. As she reached out to gather up the stack of financial projections and investment options she had just been working on, her mind filled with the pleasures soon to come and her skin began to tingle.

‘Since you are going to be away all next week, we really need to get the Simpson account put to bed before you go.’ His words from the previous day ran through her mind. His choice of expression had not gone unnoticed. Nor had his hands, which had wandered on to her thigh before she had twisted out of his reach.

‘I know it’s a bit much to ask,’ he had added, ‘but perhaps you wouldn’t mind if we both came in tomorrow morning, just to finish up?’

He must have known how flimsy the excuse had sounded. The money in the Simpson account was already securely invested and would be perfectly all right for the week she was due to be away on her training course. Besides, if it had really been all that important, he could quite easily have returned to the office the previous afternoon after his lunchtime appointment with a client.

Of course, he must also have known that there would be hardly anyone else in the building on a Saturday and no clients would be knocking on their door. Whatever Simon wanted her in the office for this morning, Beth was certain that it had little to do with customer care. It would seem that her teasing over the past weeks was finally about to bear fruit. This was the moment she had been waiting for.

Beth slipped her feet back into her high heels and stood up. She smoothed down her short skirt and carefully checked her appearance. Satisfied, she walked leisurely into his office, her hips swinging from side to side.

As soon as he spotted her, Simon reached for a client file. He opened it quickly and pretended to be concentrating avidly on its contents. His face looked slightly flushed and

Beth hid her smile at the thought of what he may have been up to with his hands under the desk. Her eyes twinkled mischievously.

‘Here’s the Simpson account. I’ve completed the financial projection up to the end of the month. I think you’ll find everything in order.’

As she spoke, Beth examined his hard, athletic body and perfectly proportioned features, trying to assess his thoughts. His dark hair, normally so immaculate, looked slightly tousled, as if he had been running his fingers through it. Her own fingers itched to smooth it back in place.

‘Thank you, Beth.’ His slight smile was full of hidden possibilities and his liquorice eyes glittered in a way that made her whole body tingle with longing.

He watched her closely as she reached across the desk to place the documents on the far side in the only available space. It would have been much easier to reach from the other side, but less easy for him to reach her. As she leant over, she kept her legs straight so that her skirt lifted slightly to reveal a brief glimpse of lacy stocking top.

She took her time, pretending to tidy up a few pens and pencils and put them back into his pen holder. Finally, she stood upright again and ran her hands down her sides so that her blouse pulled tight over her nipples. Simon’s eyes narrowed and his whole body seemed to tense as he stared at her breasts. She heard him sigh gently as she turned to walk back to her own office. There was a soft rustle of clothing as he stood up.

‘What’s your hurry?’ he questioned. ‘We haven’t finished yet.’

Even though she was expecting it, Beth pretended to jump in mock surprise as Simon made a sudden grab for her from behind. She allowed him to put his hands round her waist and run them up towards her breasts until the tips of his fingers were just touching the outer curves. Although his hands were large and firm, his fingers were surprisingly long

and slim, lightly tanned and silky smooth. She twisted away and turned back to face him.

‘Don’t do that.’ She forced anger into her voice. ‘What would anyone think if they walked in?’ As she turned away again, Beth reached out and brushed a pile of papers with her hand. With a soft thud, the whole heap landed on the floor.

‘Damn,’ she cursed under her breath. Bending deliberately from the waist, she started to gather them up. She took her time, certain that he would be enjoying the view. Suddenly, she heard the sharp click of the office door locking. How in the world had he got over there so quickly and quietly? Although surprised, she pretended not to notice and continued to gather the scattered documents.

Finished, Beth stood up slowly and put the papers back on his desk. As she smoothed her skirt down over her hips again, she could sense Simon hovering just behind her. Without warning, he put his hands around her so that her arms were effectively pinned to her sides as he began to caress the swell of her breasts. Beth could feel the outline of his erection thrusting urgently into her buttocks. She resisted the urge to push herself hard against it and began to struggle feebly in an effort to escape his grasp.

‘Simon! Stop it. What if somebody comes in?’ It was just possible, albeit unlikely, that a cleaner or someone from one of the other companies with whom Henderson Finance shared the six-storey office block might come by.

‘They can’t. I’ve locked the door.’ His voice was thick with desire. His hands began to move inwards towards her already hardening nipples.

‘Oh!’ Beth gasped. She prayed that he would think her cry was caused by her shock and not because of the exquisite tingling sensation that was running down her spine at the feel of his fingers on her nipples. She increased her half-hearted efforts to escape.

Clearly excited by her struggles, Simon grabbed a handful of her blouse. Beth gripped his hand in hers, as if trying to pry his fingers loose, and pulled hard. The buttons immediately began to pop out of the carefully enlarged buttonholes. Beth squealed and twisted away so that the pressure on the buttons increased. The cotton snapped on the final button and the garment gaped open.

Beth faked another squeal and placed her hands across her chest as if trying to protect her tiny white bra. Simon made another grab for her and Beth automatically put her arms out in front of her to push him away. His fingers hooked over the front catch of her bra.

‘Stop it.’ Beth twirled and tried to duck under his arm. The bra lifted up and one of her breasts popped out. ‘Oh!’

Simon’s eyes widened at the sight of her naked breast. He tugged harder and the carefully doctored stitching on the catch gave way. The bra snapped open and her other breast bounced into view.

Beth quickly covered her breasts with both hands. In the struggle, her skirt had ridden up over her stocking tops and she suspected that he might even be able to see the bottom of her silk thong. She had chosen it carefully; the elastic wasn’t very strong and she was sure that he wouldn’t have any trouble pulling it off.

Keeping her arms up in front of her, Beth took a small step backwards. Simon grabbed for her again. As she pulled away, she gave her shoulders a quick shrug so that her blouse slipped off into his fingers and her bra straps began to slide down her arms. Pretending to lose her balance, Beth stumbled back over the cushioned settee.

Her skirt rode up even more. Beth pushed herself along the cushion until her hem was up around her buttocks and the soft elephant cord was gently caressing the tops of her thighs. She pretended not to notice her skirt and concentrated on her naked breasts, fondling her swollen nipples as she tried to cover them with her hands.

Simon's eyes were fixed on the small triangle of white silk covering her mound. She could feel her breasts heaving with excitement as she stood back up, exposing even more thigh. Casually, she shook the bra off her arms. It fell to the floor beside her feet.

Simon seemed to be staring at her as if in shock. Her tattered blouse was still clutched between his shaking fingers and his face was deathly pale. For one awful moment, Beth was afraid he was about to lose his nerve and start apologising. She gazed down ruefully at herself and made a feeble attempt to straighten her skirt. Her breasts danced and bobbed tantalisingly in front of her.

She pouted seductively. 'Now look what you've done. That really was very naughty of you.' Her voice automatically adopted the tone one might use when scolding a naughty child. She noticed with satisfaction that his eyes were moving restlessly back and forth between her breasts and crotch. She leant down casually and picked up her bra.

'You've broken the catch. I won't be able to wear this again.' She dropped it in the waste-paper bin and then quickly covered her breasts with her hands again, as though she had suddenly remembered her exposure.

'You are going to give me my blouse back, aren't you?' she queried, as she held out one arm towards him and tried, in vain, to conceal her breasts with her other hand.

Simon stared blankly at the blouse still clutched between his fingers, then raised his arm as if he were about to give it back to her. Obviously, he needed another little prod in the right direction.

'Or are you going to make me work topless?' she continued. She lifted her hands and glanced down at her puckered nipples. 'It would be a bit hard to concentrate while I'm trying to cover these up,' she added.

It worked. Simon immediately pulled his hand back. Beth gazed up into his eyes. His face was flushed and his breath was coming in short little pants.

‘Not for what I’ve got in mind,’ he whispered hungrily.

Beth could hear the longing in his voice. She didn’t have to glance down to know how his penis was straining against his flies. She was convinced that all he needed was one more little push and he would lose his final inhibitions. She shivered with a combination of fear and excitement. She had been anticipating this moment for weeks.

Beth reached out for her blouse. She hesitated in apparent confusion, then quickly tried to cover herself again. As she stood shivering in front of Simon, she did her best to look nervous and indecisive. Almost absent-mindedly, her fingers began to tease her nipples again.

Simon glanced down at her skirt and Beth followed his gaze. The top button had popped undone during their brief struggle so that he could see a glimpse of her panties. Beth noticed his whole body was quivering. Another surge of desire threatened to engulf her when she saw the almost desperate expression on his face.

‘You don’t need that, either.’ He dropped her blouse to the floor and reached out to grasp the corner of her skirt. He pulled hard and the skirt opened. He let it fall to the ground beside her blouse, leaving Beth standing in just her panties and stockings. She stepped back.

Immediately, Simon made another lunge for her. Beth dodged, squealing indignantly. As she bent forward, she placed one hand across her breasts and turned her head away to hide the look of satisfaction on her face. Her other hand slipped down between her thighs and, in her excitement, her fingers began to squeeze her mound as if to try to stem her own growing passion. If anything, it made things worse.

Simon pushed his fingers under the elastic of her thong and began to peel it down over her buttocks.

‘Or these,’ he added softly.

‘No. Stop it,’ she protested weakly as she twisted away from him again. With both her hands crossed over her

breasts, Beth began to dance nimbly around the chairs and desk. Simon lumbered after her, his hands everywhere.

As soon as she reached the visitor's couch again Beth deliberately lost her footing and fell forward. Simon pounced. As he pushed his finger under the elastic of her panties, Beth wriggled back, so that they began to slip down towards her knees. Simon immediately let go of her and stood up. Without taking his eyes off her exposed mound, he raised his hand and started to undo his belt.

Beth stared up at him, mesmerised, her eyes unblinking. Yes, she thought excitedly. That's it. Tie me up with your belt. Strap my hands behind me so that I can't defend myself and run your fingers all over me until I beg for mercy. She felt another surge of longing race through her.

Simon released the catch on his trousers and slowly undid his zip. She noticed the shiny wrapper of a condom in the palm of his hand and almost sighed with relief at his forethought. She watched silently as Simon slid his pants down over his erection and his stiff cock sprang free. She wasn't disappointed.

When he saw the direction of her gaze, he smiled and ripped the condom wrapper open with his teeth. Wordlessly, he smoothed the sheath down his rigid penis. Beth shivered again as he grasped himself in his hand and moved his fingers slowly down himself, checking the fit. She had always known that it would be fun, pushing him like this. She hadn't anticipated the powerful extent of her own arousal.

As Simon grabbed her panties to finish tugging them off, Beth squirmed back away from him, still feigning resistance. She rolled off the settee and landed on her stomach on the floor. Simon bent over her and continued to pull at her underwear. Beth squeezed her legs together to try to stop him. She didn't want him to think it was too easy. Her own excitement was building urgently. Her thighs were already damp and her nipples were aching to be sucked.

Simon gave another sharp tug on her undies and suddenly they were down at her ankles. Changing tactics, Beth opened her legs as wide as she could to make it difficult for him to get them over her feet. In doing so, she totally exposed her sex lips to his burning gaze. She heard him groan and felt a rush of moisture flowing from her.

As Simon grabbed one of her legs and tugged her underwear off, Beth whimpered in mock fear and tried to wriggle across the floor. He was too quick for her. As he grabbed both her legs to pull her back, he crossed her ankles and forced her to turn over. She gazed up at him, doing her best to look helpless.

‘Please don’t,’ she whispered.

Simon ran his eyes hungrily down her naked body while his hand continued to fondle his erection.

‘You don’t mean that.’ Slowly, he leant back over her and began to tug at her stockings. As soon as he had pulled one off, he tied it to the arm of the settee and looped the other end round her right wrist. Beth immediately tried to free herself, but Simon grabbed her again and whipped the other stocking off. He knelt over her chest so that his erection was only inches away from her mouth.

She twisted and bucked under him until she felt his crotch resting on her breasts. She continued to squirm, kicking with her feet and trying to wriggle out from under him. Swiftly, he tied the other stocking to her left wrist and attached it to the desk leg. His cock was so close to her face that it was all she could do to resist sucking him into her mouth.

‘That should keep you where I want you,’ he whispered.

Trapped, Beth began to wriggle her bottom up and down in an attempt to escape. Please don’t let him see how much I want this, she breathed silently as he moved back so that he could examine her whole body.

As she continued to roll her hips from side to side, Beth made a futile effort to cross her legs to protect her mound from his burning gaze. Another whimper of desire burst from

her lips and she could only hope that he would think it was one of fear. She rolled on to her side away from him, and started to tug against the restraints holding her wrists.

‘Behave yourself.’ Simon raised his hand and smacked her buttocks. Beth jumped at the force of the blow and her eyes began to water at the unexpected sting.

‘Ow!’ she cried. She gritted her teeth as he smacked her again. ‘Stop it. Let me go.’

Simon ignored her. He ran his fingers slowly up the back of her legs and rested them on her buttocks. Beth squirmed and rolled on to her back again to try to trap his hand underneath her.

Simon grinned and grabbed her right breast. Beth gasped and tried to free her arms from their restraints to protect herself. She lifted her leg as high as she could to push him away. She could hear his breathing growing heavier and more laboured as she continued her half-hearted struggle. Clearly, he was enjoying it as much as she was.

‘Stop it. Untie me,’ she demanded in the sternest voice she could manage. ‘Look. I’ll pretend nothing has happened if you just untie me now.’

‘Nothing has happened, yet.’ Simon moved closer and pushed his fingers between her legs. ‘But we’ll soon change that.’

Beth clamped her thighs together as tightly as she could. ‘Let me go,’ she repeated in a deadly whisper. She did her best to ignore the tingling sensation his touch was causing.

Simon gave her a small smile and moved down towards her feet. She noticed that one of his hands was busy fondling his cock again and the sight of his bursting erection throbbing between his fingers caused her to gasp aloud. He pulled her ankles apart roughly and knelt between her feet. Slowly, he began to work his way back up her legs, forcing them wider and wider apart. She felt the fingertips of his free hand caressing her thighs softly.

Beth shuddered from tip to toe. He was so big and so hard. She lifted her head up off the floor as far as possible so that she could watch his prick throbbing and twitching in his hand. She couldn't remember ever being this excited before. Not even with Jonathan and his two friends. Her breath was coming in short little pants and she had to bite her tongue to stop herself moaning with anticipation. She waited impatiently while he ripped open his shirt and pulled it over his head without bothering to undo all the buttons.

'Don't you dare,' Beth hissed as he took his cock back in his hand and guided it towards his target. She made another supreme effort to wiggle free, but he pushed her down easily and squeezed her right breast painfully.

'Lie still.'

Beth fixed him with a cold stare, as if daring him to go the whole way. As she felt the tip of his manhood begin to penetrate her, her whole body trembled with another spasm of excitement.

'No!' She uttered what she hoped would sound like a cry of total despair.

Simon ignored her pleas and squeezed her breast even harder. 'Keep still,' he commanded hoarsely.

Keep still! Jesus. She knew she mustn't let him realise how much she was enjoying it, but how could she keep still when his cock was teasing her like that? She tried, without success, to suppress another shiver of longing.

Slowly, ever so slowly, Simon pushed himself into her. Beth wanted to shout aloud for the sheer pleasure and success of it. She gritted her teeth so that all that came out was a subdued moan.

Simon reached under her and grabbed her buttock with his free hand. As he leant forward over her and began to kiss her, he squeezed her bum with his fingers and forced his full weight down on to her. Beth gasped as he began to pump slowly in and out. His body pressed down on her and his mouth covered hers so that there was nothing she could

do but let him have his way. Gradually, he began to thrust harder and faster.

‘Oh, Christ,’ he moaned. ‘I’ve wanted you for so long.’ She sensed him slowing and changing the rhythm as he tried to prolong his pleasure. Instinctively, she tightened her legs around him and thrust her pelvis up to meet his strokes, squeezing him with her muscles. He groaned again and a feeling of triumph shot through her as he stiffened and came.

Just the thought of his climax was enough to push Beth over the top to her own release. She was sobbing helplessly. He must have known that she had enjoyed it as much as he had. Just so long as he didn’t realise that she had deliberately planned the whole thing.

Simon slid himself out and lifted his weight off her. Without saying a word he stood up, pulled his pants up and walked across the room towards the little kitchen area.

Beth closed her eyes and lay completely still, gloating over her success. She made no attempt to cover herself or to stifle her little sobs of pleasure as her mind savoured every moment of the experience. After a few minutes, she heard the sound of the kitchen bin closing and then his footsteps returning. She opened her eyes.

Simon had picked up his shirt and tie and was pulling them back on over his head.

Realising that he was just going to leave her there, Beth slipped her wrists from the ineffective restraints of her stockings and stood up slowly. She was surprised at how shaky her legs still were from the intensity of their lovemaking. She couldn’t remember when it had last been quite that good, if ever.

Beth picked up her skirt and wrapped it round her. Only one button remained intact and her thigh was completely exposed. Her blouse wasn’t in much better condition. The whole outfit was good for nothing but the rubbish bin.

Perhaps she could claim for new clothes on company expenses!

Despite her earlier plans for him, Beth knew that she was too weary to even try to turn him on again. Without saying a word, she headed out into her own office. Through the open door, she could see that Simon had finished dressing and returned to his own desk. She wondered what was going through his mind.

What would he do now? Was he wondering what to say to her or what she might say to him? Would he try to pretend that he hadn't meant it to happen, that he had just lost control? Would he dare try it again? Could he do it again? Despite her weariness, her clit tingled.

It was just over a month now since the interview that had led to this job. The advert had sounded perfect. Just exactly the opportunity she was looking for. Her brief but intense fling with Alec had come to a natural end and Beth was ready for something new in her life.

Her job in the newsagents seemed completely dull once young Jonathan was no longer there and she had resigned within a couple of weeks of him moving away.

Beth couldn't believe how much she still missed Jonathan. They had had so much fun together - even if she had lived in constant fear of what would happen if anyone had ever discovered that she was having an affair with a sixteen-year-old schoolboy! Not that there had been anything dirty or sordid about it. At the time, she had been lonely and insecure after her marriage breakup and Jonathan had been, well, Jonathan had been sweet and young and very innocent, and totally consumed by his insatiable passion for her. While it lasted, what they had enjoyed together had been both very special and very beautiful. It was a memory that she would always treasure.

The real motivation for her change of career, though, was her ex-husband, Tony. Ever since he had discovered how

much she had changed in recent months, he had been finding one feeble excuse after another to visit her. He had even gone so far as to let himself in with the spare key one day while she had been in the shower.

Just because he still paid her maintenance, it didn't mean he had any rights. She regretted the way she had led him on when she had first discovered how much he now wanted her. If she were ever to be free of him, she needed to find a way to make herself financially independent and there was little chance of that while she was working in a newsagent.

It had been her best friend Ann who had come up with the idea of her returning to the financial world.

'After all, you used to earn good money once,' Ann had reminded her. 'And you've never lost your interest in financial matters. If you hadn't married Tony, you might have really got on as a career woman.'

A quick refresher course in office skills had soon brought her CV up to scratch, and then it was just a matter of finding the right company. She had hardly been able to believe her luck when she had seen Simon's advert for a personal assistant in the local paper.

Although his name had sounded vaguely familiar, it had only been when she had attended the interview and come face to face with him that she had remembered Simon Henderson.

Beth had known straight away that he did not remember her. Why should he? They hadn't seen each other for years. Not since she had married Tony and left work to become a housewife. She had been a bit on the plump side in those days and not an obvious choice for someone like him.

Simon had been the office heartthrob and all the girls had yearned after him. For a while, before Tony, Beth had been hopelessly infatuated with him. Apart from taking advantage of her to run his errands and do all his dirty work, as he took advantage of everyone, Simon hadn't even known that she existed.

She wasn't really surprised to discover that he had done so well for himself. He had an unpleasant talent for sucking up to those in power and advancing his own career at everyone else's expense. She could still remember how he had once outmanoeuvred Tony for a promotion he most certainly didn't deserve. And now, here he was, the director of his own financial advisory company. How typical of the man.

Right from the start, her interview had gone well. It was obvious that Simon was interested in more than just her experience and qualifications. He had hardly been able to take his eyes off her breasts from the moment she had walked in the door, and his pointed comments about 'needing someone who would give everything to the job' had not escaped her notice. Well, as her friend Gerri always said: if you've got it, flaunt it. She had relished how avidly he had watched her body while they chatted.

Her initial reaction, once she had recognised him, had been to leave. He had always been an arrogant bastard; he certainly wasn't her ideal choice for a boss. It irritated her that he so obviously did not remember her at all. He must have noticed from her CV that they had once worked for the same company. Even though she had only been a junior member of the team, she would have thought that he might have shown some spark of recognition.

It was such a good job, though. Just what she was looking for. Jobs like this were few and far between. It was only after she had actually received his job offer that Beth began to realise just what an opportunity she had for a bit of extra fun. As she sealed the envelope with her acceptance letter inside, Beth made herself a promise. He might not remember her now but, by the time she had finished with him, Simon Henderson would certainly never forget her again.

Thirty minutes later, Beth had finished the last of the outstanding work in her tray. She gathered up everything that required Simon's immediate attention and headed back into his office. While she waited for instructions, she stood well within range of his hands and began to fiddle awkwardly with her gaping clothes, deliberately drawing attention to her semi-nakedness.

Simon pointed to one of the letters. She was pleased to see that his finger was shaking.

'What have you done about this?' he demanded, obviously doing his best to ignore the state of her clothing. His voice was shaking even more than his finger.

Beth leant over the desk and let her skirt open wide. Simon's eyes homed in on her thighs. She leant over further and her left breast partially flopped out of her blouse.

'I sent confirmation yesterday,' she replied, then jumped with surprise as his hand began to slide gently up her leg. She made no attempt to pull away.

Simon spun his swivel chair round to face her and put his knees either side of her legs. One hand started to caress her thighs while the other played with her pubes. Beth pursed her lips and struggled not to react. Although she could clearly feel the muscles of her bottom tightening and relaxing at his touch, she doubted that he would notice. She gasped with shock and pleasure as he pushed his finger on to the bud of her clit. She was afraid even to look at his groin in case her face gave her true thoughts away.

'It was entirely your own fault earlier,' he told her, as he continued to explore her.

Beth closed her eyes and prayed that he wouldn't stop. She said nothing.

'You've got such a fabulous body. I get a hard-on just thinking about you.' He lifted the hem of her skirt, pulled her down on to his lap and began to kiss her neck.

Beth could feel his erection rising up urgently underneath her. One of his hands was fondling her sex, the other her

breast. The goosebumps were springing up all over her skin at the feel of his lips. It was almost impossible not to show him how much she was enjoying herself. God, he had wonderful fingers.

‘You didn’t really mind, did you?’ he whispered.

Beth found she was having trouble breathing again. She tried not to so much as move against his fingers, lest she involuntarily gave him the answer he wanted.

‘I’m sorry, Beth.’ He removed his fingers. Beth almost collapsed with a mixture of relief and frustration; she had been so close. She melted into his lap. Before she could say anything, he put his hand under her arms and lifted her up off him.

Beth tried to stand but Simon twisted her round and continued to push her forward so that she fell across the desk. Instinctively she stuck out her hands, pushing everything on to the floor. Passively, she allowed him to manoeuvre her into position.

‘I have to have you again.’ Simon pulled the hem of her skirt up and tucked it into her waistband, then put his hand under her crotch to lift her up. Beth lay across the desk with her buttocks twitching. He slid his hands down over her hips and pushed her legs apart.

Beth obediently opened them and stood on her toes to give him the best possible access. She knew she was already damp with desire. He must realise how ready and willing she was. Had he been apologising for what he had done, or for what he was about to do? Beth felt a tinge of apprehension mingling with her desire.

‘Please, not again,’ she whispered softly, determined to play her role to the end.

Simon stood back, staring at her apparent surrender. Beth stifled a small whimper as her climax began to build up inside her again. She was sure that, if he so much as touched her there, she would come. She wouldn’t be able to help herself. She whimpered softly again, pleased that she

seemed to have mastered the art of turning her groans of pleasure into sobs and whimpers of surrender.

'You do understand, don't you?' She heard his zip open and his trousers fall to the ground. 'Tell me you don't mind.'

Her whole body was shaking with her desperate need. Just get on with it, she begged him silently. She could barely breathe. Every muscle was trembling and twitching. She couldn't hold off any longer.

He started to fondle her buttocks again and Beth felt the tears welling up in her eyes.

'You've got a gorgeous bum, Beth.' As Simon bent forward and ran his tongue over her buttock, she felt both his hands still stroking her. He kissed the other cheek, then bit it gently. It was the final straw. With a deep, low-throated moan, Beth climaxed. Exhausted, she collapsed down over the desk, her legs almost too weak to support her.

Seemingly oblivious to what he had done, Simon pushed her further on to the desk and guided his cock into her. Beth was so numb she hardly felt him penetrate her. She was so wet that there was no resistance as he slipped effortlessly in and out of her with his thighs slapping rhythmically against her.

He pushed her against the desk with his hands, groaning and pumping faster and faster. Startled, she found herself responding yet again.

'Please,' she sobbed. 'Oh God.' For the first time, a feeling of panic swept through her. Surely she couldn't survive another orgasm so soon? She was afraid that, if she came again, she might actually pass out from the pleasure. Tears were running down her cheeks as she tried to wriggle out of his embrace. There was no escape and that knowledge increased the intensity of the experience.

'Please!' she panted as another climax tore through her.

Simon continued to pump harder and harder, his breathing ragged. His fingers were everywhere, squeezing and pinching her exposed flesh. One hand fondled her

bottom and breasts alternately; the other held her hip, pulling her hard on to him. His thighs slapped loudly against her buttocks and he grunted loudly at every stroke.

As his climax approached, he began to groan urgently in time with his thrusting, increasing the pace as he slammed in and out of her. Finally, he gasped and rammed himself into her as deep as he could. Another gasp and it was all over. He slumped over her, totally spent.

Beth wasn't sure how long it had lasted. It had seemed like hours. She was so weary that she didn't even notice him withdraw. She was still lying there with her skirt up over her bottom when she heard him say goodbye. She fell asleep over the desk.

A police siren woke her. It took a few seconds for her even to remember where she was, then a rush of elation swept through her at the extent of her success. She could hardly believe what had happened, or how much she had enjoyed what he had done to her.

She groaned as she stood up and tried to ease the aches from her cramped muscles. She was so stiff she could hardly walk. Gingerly, she made her way over to the kitchen area and gratefully gulped down a glass of cold water. She began trying to rearrange her tattered clothing. It was a futile effort.

Had he any idea how much she had enjoyed herself? She almost writhed in shame as she remembered the way she had responded to his caresses. That wasn't quite what she had planned.

It was bad enough knowing what a conceited, arrogant bastard he was. She might not have seen him for years, but she could still remember all the office gossip of his many conquests. Even in the few weeks since she had started working for him, she had already seen how he behaved with some of his female clients and how they fussed and preened themselves for his benefit. She certainly hadn't expected to

discover that he had anything to be conceited or arrogant about!

As she finished dressing, Beth was already contemplating her revenge. She knew she was being somewhat unreasonable, since it had been she who had led him on, but, somehow, when she got back from her training course, she was going to find a way to teach Simon Henderson a lesson he would not soon forget.

Simon took his time driving home. His thoughts were in utter turmoil.

He had known from the first time he had seen Beth that he had to add her to his list of conquests. He had always had a bit of a thing for brunettes. Beth's long, dark hair was complemented perfectly by her golden-toned complexion and those deceptively innocent hazel eyes. It was strange that he didn't really remember her from when they had worked together before. Why hadn't he had her years ago?

God, she had a fabulous body. Tall, slim and firm in all the right places. If he hadn't known that she was 38, he would have guessed her to be in her late twenties, early thirties. Next to her, his fair-haired wife seemed dull and mousy.

He remembered the way she had whimpered and struggled helplessly against him, pretending that she didn't want him to, when all the time . . . The memory inflamed him. Beth had been every bit as good as he had anticipated, maybe even better. He had loved that innocent little-girl act she had put on for him; loved the feeling of power and control it had given him.

As he felt himself hardening, he wondered if he should go back and take her again. She had probably already left by now. His wife would have to do. Maybe he would rip Marie's clothes off and take her into the garden; she hated doing it outside. The very thought of it made his cock throb urgently.