

Forbidden Fruit

Susie Raymond

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About the Book

The last thing sexy thirty-something Beth expected was to get involved with a much younger man. But when she finds him spying on her in the dressing room at work she embarks on an erotic journey, teaching and teasing as she leads him through myriad sensuous exercises at her stylish modern home. As their lascivious games intensify, Beth soon begins to realise that she is the one being awakened to a new world of desire – and that hers is the mind quickly becoming consumed with lust.

About the Book

Susie Raymond was reknowned for writing the riskier *Black Lace* novels. She lives in Berkshire with her family. She is the author of the *Black Lace* titles: *A Sporting Chance, Forbidden Fruit* and *Taking Liberties*.

Also by Susie Raymond

Taking Liberties A Sporting Chance

Forbidden Fruit Susie Raymond



AS SHE PUSHED her arms through the sleeves of her dress and pulled it down over her head, Beth thought she heard a noise behind her. Alarmed at the idea of someone walking in on her, she tugged the hem down as quickly as she could and spun round.

The door remained closed. Puzzled, Beth took a step towards it and then stopped. She could hear the unmistakable sound of footsteps stealing away slowly and furtively. A few seconds later, she heard the door to the staff toilet slam shut. Her eyes moved down to the empty keyhole, staring back at her like an unblinking eye, and her face flamed. Surely someone hadn't been spying on her?

Staring at the open keyhole, Beth thought back to other Saturdays in recent weeks. This was not the first time she had heard footsteps outside the back room while she was changing out of her overall. Just last week she had opened the door expecting to find Mr Bailey or Jonathan standing outside waiting to come in. Yet, when she had looked, the tiny, dark corridor had been empty.

Beth picked up her things and moved forward to turn the handle. The door swung inwards. There was no one in sight.

As she walked past the staff loo, Beth thought she heard a small sigh almost too faint even to carry through the thin wooden door. Then, the cistern flushed and Beth increased her pace. By the time the toilet door had swung open, she was out in the main shop. Mr Bailey was still at the till, cashing up the morning's takings. He looked up at her and smiled cheerfully.

'You off then? I expect you're ready for your lunch.' It was much the same comment Jack Bailey made to her every day when her morning shift was over.

Beth looked round quickly. Jonathan was nowhere to be seen. Before she could say anything, the door to the back corridor opened again and Jonathan ambled into the shop. Tall and lanky, he reminded her of a young colt. His short blond hair was slightly damp, as if he had just splashed himself with water. Mr Bailey frowned at him.

'There you are, lad. I wondered where you were. How many times do I have to ask you not to disappear when I'm cashing up? I need you to be out here in case a customer comes in.'

'Sorry. I had to go to the loo,' Jonathan muttered. 'I was only gone a few minutes,' he added quickly. Mr Bailey sighed.

'Just see it doesn't happen again, that's all,' he responded mildly. He turned back to examine the shelves and paused a moment before adding, 'I need a few more boxes of cigarettes brought through from the stock room before you go to lunch.'

'OK. No problem.' With a farewell nod to Beth, Jonathan fetched the key and disappeared out the back again.

Beth hurried through the front door and closed it behind her. She turned right, crossed the railway bridge, and set off up the narrow High Street to meet her friends. As she walked, her mind was in complete turmoil.

It was a lovely day. Dry and sunny, with just a hint of spring in the air. One or two shopkeepers had opened their awnings to add a splash of welcome colour to the normally drab, rundown appearance of the street. Even so, one could not help noticing the ever increasing number of empty buildings. Dark, empty caverns with dirty windows, faded sale signs and cobweb-laden doorways. No one seemed to want to shop in the traditional way any more. Not since the

huge, sprawling out-of-town shopping centre had opened the previous autumn.

Usually, the sight of all these abandoned, unwanted shops depressed her. They looked so sad; each hiding its own unhappy tale of hopes and dreams swept away on a tide of progress. Today, Beth barely gave them a second thought.

Was she just imagining things, or had someone really been standing outside and peering through the keyhole to watch her change? If so, who was it? It was certainly possible that Mr Bailey might have sneaked in to peek at her. Somehow, Jack Bailey seemed an unlikely candidate for a peeping Tom. For a start, he had to be at least sixty years old! Besides, he just wasn't the kind of man who would ever dream of taking such liberties with his staff. It was inconceivable to imagine him spying on her.

Which only left Jonathan. Yet what on earth would a young lad like Jonathan want to peer through the keyhole at her for? She was more than twice his age – old enough to be his mother. As it happened, Beth even knew Jonathan's mother. She popped into the shop several times a week for her newspapers and magazines. She couldn't be much older than Beth herself, if at all.

Yet Beth was convinced that someone had been outside watching her. Someone's footsteps had crept away before she could open the door. Could it have been a stranger? Beth frowned. How could anyone have sneaked into the shop and walked straight past Mr Bailey? Whoever it was, it was hard to imagine why they would be interested in staring at her. She could feel herself flushing with embarrassment at the thought of anyone looking at her in her under garments. Even before she had lost a bit of weight, they had never done much for her. She had been meaning to do something about sprucing up her wardrobe for ages.

She soon forgot her embarrassment about her clothing as her mind returned to her other, even more disturbing, thought. The toilet door had slammed shut just after she had heard the footsteps creeping away. It hadn't been Mr Bailey. He had been in the shop. There really was only one possible conclusion. Sixteen-year-old Jonathan Evans had been staring through the keyhole, watching her change.

Beth began to panic. How often had he done it before? Even worse, what had he been doing in the loo afterwards? This idea was so shocking that she could feel her whole body beginning to tremble.

It was no secret that men did that sort of thing. She had even suspected that Tony did it sometimes. What other explanation could there be for those nights when she had felt the mattress shuddering slightly beneath her and heard the sound of her husband's ragged breathing before he crept off to the loo?

They had never talked about it, of course. It wasn't that she was a prude or anything. She had always believed that she had enjoyed the physical part of their relationship as much as anyone ever did. Nevertheless, she had always been grateful that Tony respected the strict, religious upbringing her parents had imposed. Actually, he had always said that he liked her genteel attitude to sex and he had always taken her gently and patiently under the sheets, treating her body as if it might break.

As she had so many times in the four years since Tony had walked out on her, Beth wondered if he treated his new wife with the same respect and reverence. For once, however, she did not dwell on the subject of Tony's infidelity for very long. She was far too preoccupied for that.

What if Jonathan hadn't just been peeping at her through the keyhole? What if he had also sneaked off into the toilet afterwards to fantasise about the sight of her in her underwear? No! It was unthinkable. She must stop letting her imagination run away with her.

Beth smiled at the sheer stupidity of the idea. A lad like Jonathan couldn't possibly have any interest in her. He would probably be horrified if he knew what was going through her mind. By the time Beth arrived at the coffee house where she had arranged to meet her friends, she had almost managed to forget the whole thing.

Ann and Geraldine, her two closest friends, were already sitting at a small table in the far corner. As she walked through the door, Geraldine looked up and gave her a cheery wave.

'There you are,' she called, as Beth made her way across the lunchtime crowds to join them. 'We had almost given up on you. I thought you must have run off with your boss or something.'

It was a typical remark for Geraldine. Beth and Ann often teased her about her one-track mind where men were concerned. Not that their remarks had any effect on her. Geraldine was the first to admit that she had what she called a 'healthy' attitude towards the opposite sex, and nothing her friends could say made any difference.

At her friend's comment, Beth's suspicions returned. As she slipped into the chair next to Ann and leant forward to give both women a quick peck on the cheek, she was certain that her own cheeks were glowing again. Fortunately, Geraldine was too distracted to notice the guilty flush.

'Look at that young lad serving the table by the door,' she whispered in a voice loud enough to be heard right across the room. 'I wouldn't mind getting my hands on that.'

'Geraldine, hush! He'll hear you,' Ann reprimanded their friend softly as her cheeks coloured. A middle-aged man at the next table looked up and leered suggestively and Geraldine giggled.

'If he is going to walk around with a rear end as enticing as that, he should expect people to comment,' she protested. 'It's practically a public health hazard.'

Beth followed Gerri's gaze. The lad in question was probably only a year or two older than Jonathan, although it was hard to tell really. Jonathan certainly didn't look as if he were only sixteen. Of course, he was tall and muscular for his age. He was probably nearly six foot already. A picture of Michelangelo's *David* sprang into her mind and she hastily brushed it aside. What was it his mother had once said? Something about him being a top-rate swimmer.

'Mad about it, he is,' Mrs Evans had told her and Mr Bailey proudly. 'Never thinks about anything else.'

In the light of what had just happened, Beth wondered now if that were entirely true and if it had been him peeping through the keyhole ...

'You're very quiet today, Beth,' Geraldine commented as the waitress scurried off with their orders for coffee and sandwiches. 'Your face has got that dreamy look on it. You're not holding out on us, are you? If you've got a new man in your life, Ann and I want to know all the sordid details.'

Beth smiled ruefully. 'No such luck, I'm afraid. Too much competition,' she complimented her friend. 'What chance has a timid mouse like me got with you around?'

'The quiet ones are always the worst, so they say.' Geraldine smirked, obviously pleased by Beth's insinuation. 'Though, I must admit, I can't see it myself. If you've got something to sell then you need to advertise it.' She stared meaningfully at the high-necked, loose-fitting dress Beth was wearing.

'I thought you said you were going to buy yourself some new clothes? Why do you always hide yourself like that? You've got a great body. If my waist was as tiny as yours, I'd probably wear a tape measure round it.' Beth looked embarrassed. She had never found it easy to accept compliments. Actually, she had never had all that many compliments. When she was younger, she had always been a bit on the plump side and it was only since Tony had left her that she had finally managed to shed the excess pounds. Well, it was easy to diet when you were just cooking for yourself. Joining the health club had helped too, of course. That, plus a lot more walking. The car was so expensive to run these days and parking anywhere in town was a nightmare. Still, nothing could really make up for the fact that she was fast approaching the big 'four-o'.

Ann seemed to notice her discomfort and leapt in to her rescue. 'I think Beth's dress is very nice. The colour suits her.'

'I didn't say it wasn't nice. I was just suggesting that she think about showing herself off a bit more. You know, a bit of cleavage and perhaps a belt round that darling waist.'

'When you two have quite finished discussing me,' Beth interrupted her quickly. She waited while the waitress handed out their order.

'As a matter of fact,' she added, as she prepared to bite into her cheese and tomato sandwich, 'I am going shopping this afternoon.' She shuddered again at the thought of anyone staring at her in her plain underthings. 'I've decided that it's about time I bought myself some new underwear.'

Later, after she and her friends had parted company, Beth made her way down the High Street to the only lingerie shop still trading.

Inside, she gazed in amazement at the bewildering array of under garments. She hadn't realised that there was such a variety to choose from. Gingerly, she picked up a hanger displaying a minute, lacy red bra and matching panties. She had to check the size label twice before she could believe that it was supposed to fit her. The material in the

back of the panties would barely fit over the crease, far less cover her buttocks. As for the bra, she wasn't convinced it would even hide her nipples.

She quickly replaced the flimsy items and moved on down the rack. A black lacy set caught her eye. Tony had always told her that she suited black. She picked up the hanger and turned the garments over in her hands. They didn't seem much more substantial than the red set.

She must be out of her mind. Jonathan was only a lad. She was a middle-aged divorcee, at least twice his age. If he had been looking at her at all, which was doubtful, he had probably just done it out of idle curiosity. Maybe it was some kind of a dare. Perhaps he and his friends would all be having a good laugh about it later.

Hastily, she replaced the tiny lace garments on the rack. This sort of thing wasn't for her. It was time she got back home and did some ironing. She needed to put all this silly nonsense out of her head once and for all. As she turned to leave, the young sales girl looked up and smiled at her.

'Is everything all right?' she questioned.

Beth hesitated. 'Yes, thank you.' She took a deep breath. It was now or never. She reached out and picked up the black underwear again. 'I'll take these please,' she added quickly, her cheeks still glowing.

Although she had been waiting for it, Beth jumped when the shop door opened the following Saturday morning. She quickly busied herself, pretending to rearrange a pile of magazines on the counter in front of her.

'Morning.' Jonathan closed the door behind him and began to remove his jacket. Beth noticed how his T-shirt stretched tightly across his chest as he moved. She quickly averted her eyes.

'Oh, hello, Jonathan,' she replied breathlessly. 'You're nice and early today,' she added awkwardly.

In the six months or so that Jonathan had been working in the shop on Saturday mornings, Beth couldn't remember ever having any trouble talking with him before. As far as she could recall, conversation between them had always been perfectly natural and carefree. Why was it that she was suddenly finding it impossible to think of anything to say to him? What sort of things did they normally talk about?

Jonathan moved across the shop and disappeared out the back, presumably to get rid of his jacket. Beth followed him with her eyes. 'I wouldn't mind getting my hands on that.' Gerri's words from the previous week sprang unbidden into her mind. Compared to Jonathan, the lad at the coffee house was not such a prize. She decided that she had better make sure Geraldine didn't get anywhere near Jonathan. She would eat him for breakfast!

Startled by her thoughts, Beth was grateful for the distraction of a customer entering the shop. As she put on a friendly smile and busied herself cashing up the items purchased, she was sharply aware that Jonathan had returned and was busy sweeping the floor. As he leant forward, she noticed that he had let his normally short cropped hair grow slightly longer than usual, so that the silky blond strands curled slightly over the back of his neck. She felt an urge to run her fingers through it.

He will be breaking a few hearts before long, she told herself, as she nodded a polite goodbye to her customer. She wondered if Jonathan already had a girlfriend. Probably not. She hadn't ever seen him with anyone or heard him mention dating. As his mother said, he was completely absorbed by swimming. Or was he?

'So, what are you planning to do tonight?' she asked him brightly as she tried to push her suspicions firmly to the back of her mind.

Jonathan shrugged.

'Oh, come on. It's Saturday night. Surely you and your friends are going out to have some fun?' Perhaps he wasn't allowed out on his own at night. Maybe his mother kept him at home watching TV or something. If only she knew more about teenage boys. If she and Tony had ever had children of their own then, perhaps, she would have a better idea. As it was, she realised that she didn't even know anyone with youngsters his age.

'Don't you have a special place where you all get together?' She tried again. 'A club or something?' She was beginning to wish that she had never started the conversation.

Jonathan shrugged again and his face was clearly puzzled. 'I don't have any plans,' he told her softly.

Feeling completely foolish, Beth forced another smile. 'I just remembered something I need to do,' she told him. 'Watch the shop for me, will you? I won't be a minute.'

Out the back, Beth closed the door of the staff toilet behind her and moved across to stand in front of the long mirror on the wall. She peered at her reflection for a moment and then reached up to brush a stray strand of hair back from her cheek. When she saw how flushed she looked, she moved over to the basin and splashed cold water on to her face. After she had wiped her cheeks with a paper towel, she reached for her handbag. She took out her compact and carefully began to reapply her lipstick.

Finished, she dabbed a little powder on her nose and cheeks and inspected herself again. Her face was still red. She moved the compact from side to side and examined herself critically. She was pleased to see that the laughter lines around her eyes were barely noticeable, although she spotted one or two grey hairs sprouting among her dark locks. She pulled them out quickly and her eyes watered at the sharp sting.

She wondered if Tony's new wife had any grey hairs. Probably not. She was ten years younger than Tony. She felt the usual rush of anger and jealousy that thoughts of her successor in Tony's affections always aroused in her. She pushed them away and peered at herself in the long mirror again. She couldn't resist.

Beth checked to make sure that the door was closed and then slipped her overall off. Her new underwear really did fit her perfectly, although it certainly didn't cover anywhere near as much flesh as her old ones did. It was a good job that she didn't have a suntan or she would have white bits sticking out all over the place. She twisted from side to side and stared at her reflection from all angles.

Did the tiny panties make her bottom stick out too much? She moved round slightly so that she could see her back, then grinned. Actually, it wasn't bad at all. Her rear end was both firm and round, and her thighs were slim and shapely. Her sessions in the gym seemed to have worked wonders for her. Beth stood up on tiptoes and twirled round slowly. Everything looked much better like that. Perhaps she should wear heels more often. They weren't very practical in the shop, of course, but still. She pulled in her tummy and thrust out her chest, surprised and pleased by what she saw.

What would Jonathan think if he got an eyeful of her now? The thought shocked her. For the first time, she admitted to herself that she was actually flattered by the idea of him spying on her.

She heard voices in the shop and pulled her overall back on quickly. She really should get back out there. Mr Bailey didn't like Jonathan to be left alone for too long.

By mid-morning, the shop was quite busy and the time passed quickly. After Jonathan had finished sweeping the floor, he disappeared out the back to make a start on the stocktaking Mr Bailey had asked him to do. This afternoon, their mild-mannered, conscientious boss would probably go through it all again to make sure Jonathan hadn't missed

anything. As usual, he would tell the boy that it saved him doing it twice himself, rather than letting Jonathan think he didn't trust him.

'I'd appreciate it if you would keep a bit of an eye on the lad,' Mr Bailey had asked her when Jonathan first joined them. 'Give him the benefit of your experience. I would like to think he does more than just pass the time while he is here. Learning how a small business is run will be good experience for him when he leaves school. At least, that's what he told me when he asked me for a job here,' he had added with a small grin. 'Cheeky young devil. Still, with him here to give you a hand, at least it will give me a few hours to myself on a Saturday morning once the papers are out.'

What else was Jonathan trying to learn about while he was here? Beth wondered, as she remembered her suspicions. Assuming, of course, that Jonathan was actually guilty of spying on her.

The more she had thought about it, the more ridiculous the whole idea had become. Why, Jonathan was almost too shy even to talk with her. It was hard to imagine him in the role of lecher. 'The quiet ones are always the worst.' Geraldine's remark taunted her.

Just then, Jonathan came through from the back with an armful of stock Mr Bailey had told him to put out on display. Beth quickly turned her attention to tidying up the counter. She watched him surreptitiously as she worked, enjoying the way his muscles flexed and rippled under his shirt as he moved.

The shop door opened and Mr Bailey walked in. He greeted them both warmly, then headed out the back with a heavy box. Beth glanced at her watch. It was almost one o'clock. Another couple of minutes and she could go and get changed. She was meeting the girls again in half an hour to go and see the new Spielberg film everyone was raving about. She had been looking forward to it for days.

That was probably why she felt so restless. She fingered the strap of her new black bra.

Supposing Jonathan had been guilty. What if he tried to take another quick peek at her in a minute? What would he think of her new, skimpy underwear? She felt a strange shiver of excitement at the thought. She pushed it away quickly. At least she wouldn't have any reason to feel ashamed of herself if there were a peeping Tom at large. It was funny how she was more upset at the idea of not looking her best than she was at the notion that someone might be spying on her! Well, it was rather flattering and her new under garments did make her look and feel good. No doubt, she had just imagined the whole thing anyway.

A few moments later, the door to the back opened and Mr Bailey returned. He walked round behind the counter and began to fuss absent-mindedly with a display of cigarette lighters. Beth looked at her watch again.

'I'll be off in a minute then,' she muttered. 'I'll just go and get changed.' As she hurried towards the doorway, she saw Jonathan straighten up and follow her with his eyes. His face was flushed and his eyes seemed much too bright. She felt suddenly very conscious of her new underwear, as if he could see right through her overall. She turned her back quickly before he could see her face.

Beth closed the door of the staff room behind her and pulled her overall over her head. She strained her ears for the slightest sound outside, but could hear nothing. She lowered her arms and stood shivering in her lacy black bra and panties. Deliberately pulling her stomach in, she turned slowly and reached out for the dress folded neatly over the back of the only chair.

She thought she heard a faint creak outside the door and her heart started hammering. She picked up the dress and stood upright again, facing the door. When she glanced down, she could clearly see the outline of her nipples poking against the sheer material of the bra. She held her breath. The floorboard creaked again. Now that she was listening for it, it seemed much louder.

Suddenly flustered, Beth pulled the dress over her head and quickly smoothed the soft material down over her breasts and hips. Outside, stealthy footsteps headed rapidly down the passageway and she heard the loo door close with a soft click.

Someone was watching! Someone had been crouched down outside the door with their eye pressed to the keyhole, ogling her body. A wave of indignation swept through her. It had to be Jonathan. Mr Bailey would never behave like that. Dirty little sod. How dare he! Who did he think he was? Hadn't his parents taught him any manners at all? Somebody ought to give him a good hiding. Crafty little bugger. Looking as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, when all the time ...

What was he doing now? Surely, he wasn't ... She couldn't even bring herself to put words to what she was thinking. It was too shocking. Beth was shaking like a leaf. She could feel the droplets of perspiration trickling down between her breasts. She was sweating all over. She could even feel a cold dampness between her legs. How dare he upset and humiliate her like this? Why, she had a good mind to march right out there and tell him what she thought of his behaviour.

The lock on the loo door didn't work. As soon as she remembered that, the look on her face changed from indignation to shock. If she gave the toilet door a good shove, it would swing open. She could catch him in the act. What better possible way to punish him? He would be so humiliated and ashamed of himself that he would never dare behave so badly again.

Beth took a small step towards the closed door. An image of Michelangelo's statue formed in her mind again. Jonathan was so tall and muscular. Was he fully mature all

over? She had never actually seen Tony like that. They had both always undressed separately or in the dark.

As she placed her shaking hand on the door, Beth swayed slightly and felt suddenly dizzy. She closed her eyes. She couldn't do this. She would die of embarrassment if he were, well, misbehaving.

But she wouldn't be as embarrassed as he would. Someone had to teach him a lesson. It was her duty to put a stop to this. Beth opened the door and walked out determinedly into the dark passage. Out in the shop, she could clearly hear the sounds of coins clinking as Mr Bailey cashed up. So, it was Jonathan.

She stopped outside the loo door, placed her ear up against it, and held her breath. Was he still in there? What was he doing? Her heart began thudding painfully.

It was a standing joke among those who worked at the shop that the only way to guarantee any privacy in the loo was to sing or whistle. Months previously, one of the screws had come loose and fallen out of the catch so that it was impossible to push the bolt home properly. It was something Mr Bailey was always meaning to fix but, somehow, never got around to. After so long, it was so much a part of the routine that no one really minded.

'In fact, it wouldn't be the same, somehow,' Mary, the woman who worked three afternoons a week, had once commented. 'I would miss the dulcet tones of Mr B singing "Moon River" at the top of his voice.' Everyone had laughed at the comment and, so far, the lock had remained unfixed.

Beth certainly couldn't hear any singing or whistling now. As she continued to strain her ear, however, she thought she could make out a much fainter noise. A kind of urgent moan. She stiffened. No one ever entered the loo if the door was closed without knocking first, just in case.

Before she could lose her courage, Beth raised her hand and gave the door a sharp push. There was a gentle click and the door gradually began to swing open. Her eyes widened.

Jonathan was standing in front of the loo. His body was turned sideways to her, facing the long mirror. He appeared totally oblivious to her presence. His jeans and pants were down round his ankles so that she had a clear view of his long bare legs and the swell of his left buttock. Its smooth skin was startlingly white against his sun-kissed limbs. Her senses were so heightened by her emotional state that she could even see the individual hairs on his legs. Soft and blond like threads of finest gold silk.

Breathlessly, she glanced at the mirror. Despite the fact that it had not been cleaned for some time, she could see the reflection of his body quite clearly.

His left hand was holding the bottom of his T-shirt well up above his hard, flat stomach. It was also clutching a small scrap of white cloth, maybe a tissue or a hankie. His eyes were tightly closed and his face was screwed up in a grimace, almost as if he were in pain. She lowered her eyes.

His right hand was wrapped round his fully erect penis and he was moving it up and down so rapidly that Beth could hardly follow the motion. As she watched, mesmerised, his mouth parted slightly and he made a soft grunting sound, whether of pleasure or pain she could not tell. His hand slowed and stopped. The fingers began gently kneading and squeezing the tip and his gasps became more urgent. He began pumping again as his buttocks tightened and loosened in rhythm with his movements.

All thoughts of catching him out and teaching him a lesson fled from Beth's mind. She was powerless to move, unable to take her eyes off the tantalising movements of his right hand and the shockingly erotic vision of his clenched fingers slipping up and down over his hard, erect penis.

The door reached the end of its swing and the handle banged loudly against the wall. Beth jumped and let out a small gasp.

Jonathan opened his eyes and spun round, his face filled with panic. Frantically, he reached out to push the door closed again. The cloth slipped from his fingers and fluttered to the floor. Jonathan made a grab for it and lost his balance. He let go of his cock and placed his other hand on the mirror to steady himself.

Beth gazed in open-mouthed wonder at the sight of his erection thrust out towards her like an accusing finger, pointing. She found herself staring in amazement at the long swell of his cock and the soft roundness of his testicles nestled at its base in their bed of silky curls. She had never seen a man like that before.

When he saw her standing there, Jonathan gasped with horror. He crouched down as far as he could and raised both hands to cover himself. As he clasped his erect cock again, the look on his face changed from horror to despair. Frantically, he grabbed himself as hard as he could, but it was too late. With a small jerk, his swollen penis reached the point of no return and a spurt of hot, sticky fluid burst from its shiny smooth tip to dribble through his fingers and run down his knuckles. His face relaxed completely and he groaned aloud.

Still unable to move or speak, Beth stared, transfixed, as his cock jerked and spurted in his hands and the semen began to ooze through his fingers.

Jonathan's moment of ecstasy passed and the sheer horror of his situation appeared to overwhelm him. He tried to crouch even lower to reach for his pants and jeans. He raised his bottom slightly as he struggled frantically to pull them up. His feet became entangled and he lost his balance yet again, stumbling backwards.

At that moment, Beth suddenly realised where she was. Scarlet with embarrassment, she began backing out of the doorway. Her breathing was ragged and her heart was thudding. What should she do? What could she do? In

desperation, she blurted out the first words that came into her head.

'I'm sorry. I should have knocked first,' she whispered hoarsely as she turned and fled.

BETH HAD NO memory of the journey home. Her mind was a complete blank from the moment she had fled from the loo until now, as she leant back against the inside of her front door with her heart thumping.

She must have said goodbye to Mr Bailey. She must have crossed the bridge, walked up the High Street and turned along Raleigh Avenue. She must have gone by the house where Jonathan lived with his mother, and then on down past the park fence and round the corner until she had come to her own home. She remembered none of it. Her mind was completely filled with the images of what she had just seen.

All thoughts of meeting Ann and Geraldine had been swept away. By now, they must have realised that she was not coming and wondered what had happened to her. She would have to worry about that later.

Weak at the knees, Beth headed into the kitchen and filled the kettle. What she needed now was a good, hot, strong cup of tea and two aspirin. While she waited for the water to boil, Beth perched on a kitchen stool with her elbows propped up on the work surface and her throbbing head resting in her hands.

Confused images of Jonathan's erection and taut, white buttocks flashed through her mind. She closed her eyes. She could still see every detail. The pictures were so vivid that she could almost smell the dampness of the corridor, the sharp aroma of the toilet cleaner and the perspiration of her own body.

She trembled visibly as she remembered the strange sounds Jonathan had made as his semen had pumped from him and seeped through his clenched fingers. Oh God, the look on his face when he had spun round and realised that she was standing there watching him! Like a fox turning to face a ravenous pack of hounds bearing down on him, or a trapped fly sensing the vibrations of an approaching spider. Whatever must he have been thinking?

Although Beth knew little about the opposite sex, the look on Jonathan's face had made it quite clear how mortified and humiliated he had been by her presence. He must have felt much as she would have done if he had walked in and caught her taking a pee. Despite the fact that she had failed to reprimand him verbally, as she had intended, she was quite sure that he had been well and truly punished for his behaviour.

'Quite right, too. He should be thoroughly ashamed of himself, the dirty little sod,' she muttered aloud. At least she needn't worry any more about him peering through the keyhole at her in her undies. If his expression were anything to go by, he would probably have trouble looking at her at all in future.

All things considered, everything had probably turned out for the best. She made the tea and sat back down. As she remembered the words she had whispered as she fled, she felt another rush of embarrassment. Of all the stupid, pointless, inadequate comments to have made ...

Mind you, under the circumstances, it was difficult to imagine what words might have been any more appropriate. 'Feeling better now?' Or perhaps, 'If you're quite finished, maybe I could use the loo?' She giggled softly at her thoughts and then frowned. Perhaps she should have stood her ground and given him what for. Maybe she should have told him just how dirty and sordid his actions were.

The trouble was, it was difficult to apply those words to what she had seen. Although she had been half expecting it, the sheer impact of what she had witnessed had quite