

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS



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 renowned 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



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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.

‘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.’

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

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

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

‘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 looked

