

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS

A Sporting Chance
Susie Raymond

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About the Book

Ice-rink manager Maggie Lomax has a thing for ice-hockey players – the bigger and fitter the better. When a sex-charged encounter with star player, Troy, and his teammates leads her into a realm of undreamed-of sexual delights, their team manager Roland is furious. Not only is she putting his players off their game, but she's also turning Roland into a frustrated maniac, who's becoming increasingly obsessed with the lascivious Maggie.

About the Author

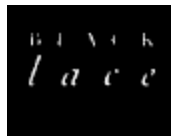
Susie Raymond was reknowned for writing the riskier Black Lace novels. She lives in Berkshire with her family. She is the author of the Black Lace titles: *A Sporting Chance*, *Forbidden Fruit* and *Taking Liberties*.

Also by Susie Raymond

FORBIDDEN FRUIT
TAKING LIBERTIES

A Sporting Chance

SUSIE RAYMOND



Chapter One

WHILE MAGGIE WAS waiting for her friend to return she glanced around at the posters on the walls. One in particular caught her attention:

THE BRISTOL HUMMINGBIRDS
V THE FAIRWOOD TROJANS
6 MARCH FACE-OFF: 7.30 P.M.

She moved over to examine the poster more closely. It was going to be a crucial match. If the Trojans could just beat the 'Birds, they would be in with a real chance of going through to the finals. What she wouldn't give to see the game live! She glanced at the squad photograph and ran her eyes hungrily over Troy, the tall, dark-skinned ice-hockey player of her special fantasies.

It was a great picture of him: his raw sexuality was practically oozing out of the poster at her. She pictured him skimming effortlessly across the rink with the perspiration beading on his forehead and running down his chest. The image was so vivid that she could almost smell the masculine odour of his body radiating towards her. Ebony and ivory. Fire and ice. What a combination. Involuntarily, Maggie rested her hand lightly on the poster with her fingers covering his hard, lean stomach. She was surprised and slightly shocked at the strength of her yearning to caress all that hot flesh and feel it pressed up against her.

‘Maggie? What are you staring at?’ The voice came from behind and made her jump. She removed her hand guiltily from the poster and spun round. Her friend was just coming out of the ladies room. ‘Come on. If we don’t get a move on we’ll miss the start of the film.’

Thirty-two-year-old Janet Nichols tossed her head so that her shoulder-length blonde hair fanned out attractively around her pretty, heart-shaped face. She hurried across the cinema foyer to where Maggie was standing and peered curiously over her friend’s shoulder.

‘Oh. It’s the Trojans. I might have guessed. Don’t you get enough of them at work every day?’ Jan rolled her eyes expressively and licked her lips. ‘Will you just look at the size of Pele’s shoulders!’ She pointed to a blond-haired, blue-eyed’ giant with biceps like watermelons. ‘Can’t you just imagine that giving you a good-morning hug?’

Maggie couldn’t help smiling. She and Jan had been friends ever since Jan had helped her to find her flat on behalf of the estate agents where she worked. When Maggie had started working as a receptionist at the Fairwood ice rink, the two of them had also become avid fans of the local ice-hockey heroes, the Trojans. Arguing over the players was a favourite pastime.

‘I still prefer Troy,’ Maggie maintained loyally, as she thoughtfully traced his outline with her fingertip. She wondered if she would ever get the chance to really know him.

Jan laughed. ‘I bet they’re the only reason you stay on at the ice rink,’ she accused her friend. ‘The pay’s lousy and the hours suck, so it has to be them.’ She squinted at the photo again and then removed her glasses to give them a quick wipe with her sleeve. ‘Unless it’s because of Justin? As a close friend of the management, I suppose you’ll automatically get a ticket to the game?’ she teased.

‘I doubt it. A home game is one thing, but this match is down in Bristol.’ Maggie hoped that Jan wasn’t about to

start trying to make something of her on—off relationship with the ice rink manager, Justin Edwards – again. It wasn't a subject she enjoyed discussing.

She thought about her friend's comment and wondered if she was right. She did enjoy working for Justin most of the time, and she liked the idea of being near the Trojans even if she never saw much of them. The truth was, it didn't really matter to Maggie where she worked. A job was just a job to her, a way to pay the bills. She certainly wasn't as career-minded as Jan. In fact, she couldn't understand why her friend put so much effort into her work or why she was so ambitious to get on; perhaps even open an estate agents of her own one day. Maybe, if Maggie had done better at school and gone on to college – like her friend – but she had been too impatient. At the time, a steady wage had seemed much more attractive than another three years of study. With plenty of work available, qualifications had seemed superfluous.

Jan was still staring intently at the poster. 'Well, I confess that I wouldn't mind going, but I can't see Marcus being very enthusiastic. You know what he thinks of my interest in the Trojans.'

'Didn't you say that Marcus was going to be away next weekend anyway?' Maggie reminded her. Jan's current live-in lover was in computer sales and often travelled away on business. At least, so he said. Privately, Maggie had her doubts. Jan could be a bit domineering at times and she suspected that sometimes Marcus just needed a break.

Jan nodded. 'You aren't actually thinking of buying tickets are you? Won't they all be sold out by now?'

Maggie shook her head. 'I don't know.' She ran her eyes over the Trojans again. 'I don't think I can afford it anyway. I'm flat broke at the moment. Besides, we'd have to stay the night somewhere, unless you fancy driving back after the match.' She shrugged. 'I guess we'll just have to make do with watching it on your TV.' Maggie couldn't afford

satellite or cable. She glanced at her watch. 'Come on. The film's about to start.'

The following morning Sara Williams arrived at the ice rink to start her next shift in the café and stopped by the front desk to examine the large poster. The rink was justifiably proud of their home team's success and never missed an opportunity to promote the star attraction. She was still staring when Claire, who worked part-time as a cleaner, also arrived. Claire stopped and peered over Sara's shoulder.

'I wish I could go and watch,' she commented somewhat wistfully. 'It should be one hell of a game.' Sara turned and smiled at Claire's long, honey-blond hair and lithe dancer's figure. Even though she was a good ten years younger than Sara or Maggie, the three of them were firm friends and united in their support of the local team. Mind you, it had to be said that they had never had the chance to be quite as supportive as they would have liked! In fact, since the Trojans usually trained early in the morning, before most of the staff arrived, or late at night, after everyone had left, they didn't even get much opportunity to see them other than at a game.

'It's bound to be live on Sky,' she consoled the younger woman.

Claire snorted rudely. 'It's not the same.' She stared intently at the poster and then heaved a theatrical sigh. 'I'd do anything for an evening out with any one of them,' she continued dramatically. 'Especially Pary. He could do whatever he wanted with me.'

Sara's grin broadened. Knowing Claire, she would probably die of fright if any of the Trojans so much as looked at her. She was terribly shy with the opposite sex. Perhaps it was because she was so young? Sara examined the photo again and began to wonder just what it would be like to actually meet her heroes in the flesh. Every one of

them had a body to die for. If their stamina under the sheets was anything like their stamina on the ice . . . Her cheeks began to glow. Truth to tell, Claire probably wasn't the only one who would turn into a quivering wreck in their presence!

She focused her gaze on her personal favourite. As part of their image they all had silly Trojan-sounding names. The one who was known as Ean, short for Aeneas, sort of reminded her of Mark, an old boyfriend. They shared the same dark-brown hair and almost black eyes. Mark's body had never been quite that perfect, of course.

Claire glanced round at the clock and sighed even more dramatically. 'Shit. I'll have to go and get started or Justin will flay me alive. He hates it if the locker rooms aren't swept out before the public arrives.'

Sara smiled indulgently after her friend's retreating figure before returning her gaze to the poster. What would Mark be like now, she wondered.

'It should be a terrific match.' A man's voice just behind her took Sara by surprise. She turned round quickly.

Justin Edwards, the rink manager, was immaculately dressed, as always, in a dark suit and crisp white shirt. His longish blond hair was tied back in a ponytail and his pale-blue eyes seemed to sparkle with mischief as he casually appraised her trim figure.

'Are you going?' he questioned, with a nod at the poster.

Sara flushed under his gaze and unconsciously fingered her short silvery-blond hair. She knew Justin's reputation only too well. She was flattered by his interest but didn't take it all that seriously. Everyone knew about him and Maggie, although that didn't stop his eyes from roaming when given half a chance. Or his hands.

She shook her head. 'I try to get to all the home matches,' she explained softly, 'but, I haven't got the time or the money to go to the away fixtures.' Sara backed away and walked off quickly. The early morning staff would be in

for their breakfast soon and she was already running late. Besides, being Saturday, the rink would be packed with kids later, all starving and with money to bum. As usual, she and her fellow workers would be flat-out serving burgers, fries and hotdogs. Sara took her responsibilities very seriously. She might be only an agency canteen assistant, but that didn't mean she could afford to be slipshod.

Maggie finished her own shift on the reception desk just after midday. It had been a particularly hectic morning and she was feeling exhausted. Shortly after they had opened, a little girl had fallen on the ice and sprained her ankle. It hadn't been a particularly serious injury, but it was rink policy to play it safe, so the child had had to be taken to the local A&E for an X-ray. The girl had been terrified so, when her parents could not be contacted, Maggie had volunteered to go with her and see her safely home afterwards. Although he was irritated by the inconvenience, Justin had been forced to see the sense of this.

Once she had got over her shock, the child had proved to be an endearing little thing, shyly admitting her secret ambitions to be a professional skater. "Cos, it's only a dream. I'll never be half good enough."

'Nonsense,' Maggie told her. 'If that's what you really want then you can do it.'

'Do you really think so?' asked the child and her tear-stained eyes had shone with excitement.

'Of course,' Maggie insisted. When she had been about the same age, she had dreamed of becoming a doctor, but everyone had laughed at her. Perhaps, if someone had encouraged her and given her confidence in herself . . . 'You can do anything you put your mind to,' she declared firmly. 'And don't ever let anyone tell you differently.'

By the time Maggie had returned from A&E, her shift was almost over and it was hardly worthwhile relieving her replacement. After picking up her coat from the staff room, she walked back through to the main entrance and gave the Trojans' photo another long, lingering look. If only. As she was turning to leave, Justin came through the door from the rink. His eyes brightened when he spotted her.

'Maggie. I was hoping to catch you before you left. Is the kid OK?'

Maggie nodded. 'Fine. Just a simple sprain. I drove her home and made sure everything was OK with her mum.'

'Good. Thanks. Look, I'm finishing here early tonight. Do you fancy a meal at the Cellar?' The Cellar was the restaurant-cum-nightclub attached to the flashiest hotel in Fairwood. It was so popular that it was almost impossible to get in without a reservation – unless, of course, you had influence.

'We could go back to my place afterwards,' he added meaningfully.

Maggie hesitated. She just couldn't make her mind up about Justin. He was great fun to be with and he could be so sweet and attentive, when it suited him. He could also be totally faithless and unreliable. Their last row had been about him standing her up, supposedly for a business client.

It wasn't that Maggie minded him dating around. She wasn't looking for a permanent relationship with him or anyone else. It was just the way he went about it. In her books, there was nothing more insulting than being stood up; it was as if she were nothing more than some kind of reserve option.

'Oh, I don't know, Justin. The Cellar can be so loud and crowded. I'm not sure I'm in the mood.' Besides, she had already half-promised Sara that she would go with her to an exhibition of local artists' work at the town hall. Sara was a bit of an amateur artist herself and was always

talking one or the other of them into visiting galleries or attending evening classes. Unfortunately, she was the only one of the four with any real talent. Maggie's recent attempts at pottery had left a lot to be desired. She had managed to get more clay in her hair than on the pottery wheel.

Maggie stared back up at the Trojans' poster. She wouldn't say no to a night at the Cellar with one of them – or going back to one of their places afterwards! She felt a rush of warmth to her loins. An evening with Justin certainly held more potential than traipsing round the town hall. Jan had agreed to go with them anyway, so she wouldn't really be letting Sara down.

Justin moved up closer behind her. 'I don't understand why you women spend all your time drooling over those boneheads,' he commented dryly. 'Don't be fooled by all the padding. They haven't got anything I haven't got.'

Maggie grinned.

'I suppose you've already bought your ticket?' Justin continued.

Maggie shook her head. 'I'm broke,' she explained ruefully. 'It must be something to do with the terrible wages you pay me.'

Justin's face took on a crafty look. 'If you really want to go, I might be able to rustle you up a couple of tickets.' He put his hands on her shoulders. 'If you play your cards right.'

Maggie stared at him in surprise. Was he offering to get her some tickets if she went out with him tonight? How could she possibly refuse an offer like that? Besides, after her thoughts about the Trojans, she was more than ready for whatever else Justin had in mind back at his flat.

'I can't afford a hotel, either,' she explained cautiously.

Justin's hands slipped down her body and cupped her breasts. 'I think I could sort that too, if you want,' he whispered, as he started to kiss her neck before moving up

to nibble her earlobe. His fingers began to tease her already enlarged nipples through her bra. Maggie shivered with pleasure, but said nothing.

Justin snorted contemptuously at her silence. He pushed her body round and pulled her hard against him. 'Well? Do you want to go or not?' he demanded.

Maggie wasn't entirely sure if his question referred to going out with him or going to see the Trojans. Or, were they one and the same? 'Are you saying that if I want some tickets, all I have to do is go to dinner with you?' she challenged him.

Justin nodded. 'And then back to my flat.' He ran his hands down her back and squeezed her buttocks possessively. 'And stay the night,' he added softly.

Maggie hesitated. He was always asking her to stay the night with him. So far, she had always resisted.

'We could discuss it better in my office,' he suggested as his left hand slid down inside the waistband of her skirt. Maggie gritted her teeth as she felt his fingers gliding over the thin material of her panties. He pulled her even harder against him so that his erection was pressed urgently into her flat stomach. She felt her own breathing quicken in response.

'Let me get this straight. If I let you have your wicked way with me, you'll get me the tickets and fix me up with some accommodation?' she teased him. Maggie's blouse was completely untucked now and she could feel his hand creeping back up her body, his fingers drawing intricate and tantalising patterns on her sensitive skin. She melted against him and savoured the little tremors of passion already rushing through her. She felt his other hand leave her buttocks and begin a slow and exciting journey around her hip towards her already damp and swollen sex. She shuddered with delight.

'If you come to my office with me, we can talk about dinner and about you spending the night with me at my

flat. Then, we'll see.' Justin pulled his hands free of her clothing, twisted her round and started to guide her towards the door to the manager's office on the far side of the corridor. Without removing his hands from her waist, he kicked the door open with one foot and steered her inside. He let her go while he pushed the door closed behind them and Maggie heard the gentle click of the lock.

'I'll need two tickets,' she pushed him. 'One for me and one for my friend, Jan.'

'I'm sure that could be arranged -' Justin grabbed her from behind and pushed his hand back inside her waistband '- if you please me.' His other hand glided down her leg and his fingers started to gather up the hem of her skirt. Maggie glanced across the room and saw herself clearly reflected in the glass front of a trophy cabinet. She thrilled at the sight of his hand revealing first her stocking top and then the lace of her panties. She trembled as his fingers slowly disappeared inside them, and her breathing again quickened as he began to caress her neatly-trimmed mound.

'Twice,' he added hungrily.

'Oh please Mr Edwards, sir, do I have to?' Maggie put on her innocent-virgin act. She enjoyed playing roles and Justin was always quick to catch on to her games and play his own part superbly. It was one of the things she most liked about him.

'Yes, my girl. You do. If you want those tickets, you will have to do whatever I tell you.' His finger pushed down between her sex lips and unerringly sought out her hardened bud. The palm of his hand began to squeeze her mound rhythmically. 'Everything I tell you to,' he added softly.

Maggie took a deep breath. 'What do I have to do?' she whispered, hoping that he would be explicit. It always drove her wild when a man told her exactly what he was going to do to her.

‘First, I’m going to finger you until your juices run down your legs, then you’re going to strip naked for me.’ His finger started to probe deeper into her and Maggie could feel his pelvis thrusting into her buttocks. She shivered again and closed her eyes.

‘You are going to pose for me in every position I can think of, so I get to see you in all your naked glory.’ She could hear his breathing getting heavier as his own imagination ran away with him. His hands squeezed her even harder and another tremor of longing shot through her.

‘Then, you’ll have to touch yourself while I watch you.’ He tweaked one of her nipples painfully. ‘I might even have to spank you for being such a naughty girl.’ He pinched her nipple again and grinned as she cried out. ‘Or, maybe I’ll hand you around to all my friends? Better still, maybe I’ll invite them all to come round and watch you play with yourself? After you’ve stripped off for them, maybe I’ll hire a girl so that the two of you can entertain us?’ He was really getting into his fantasy now. Maggie felt herself becoming ever wetter.

‘How would you like to sit on their laps and rub yourself on their hard pricks until they lose it inside their pants? Oh yes, you’d enjoy that, wouldn’t you?’ he emphasised the question by squeezing her mound even harder with the palm of his hand.

Maggie pretended he was talking about the Trojans. ‘Yes,’ she gasped, helplessly. ‘Yes, I’ll do whatever you want.’

‘Perhaps I’ll sell your body to them. Then you’d have to do whatever they wanted, wouldn’t you?’ His breathing was almost as ragged as her own now, and his cock was as rigid as an iron bar against her buttocks.

‘First, you’re going to kneel in front of me, with your knees apart, and unzip me,’ he continued hoarsely as he gave her mound another hard squeeze. ‘You’re going to drop my trousers and pants and take hold of my cock.’ He

emphasised each word carefully. 'You're going to take me in your mouth and suck me dry.'

Maggie half-opened her eyes and again looked at the reflection in the glass. 'No. Please sir, don't make me suck your cock,' she pleaded softly.

'Worse than that, Maggie. You are going to put your hand between your legs and finger yourself. Right in front of me so that I can watch you.' He pushed his finger deeper into her. 'I don't want any faking, Maggie. I want to see you climax.'

His voice was becoming more and more strained as his arousal deepened. Maggie felt him tug her panties down to her knees and pull her skirt up. As he guided her back against him, she discovered that he had also unzipped himself. She couldn't contain the soft moan as she felt his burning cock nestling between the cheeks of her buttocks. What if somebody came looking for him? Well, it was a bit late to worry about it now; she doubted if she could stop him even if she wanted to.

'Oh yes,' she whispered, as he began moving up and down against her. She tightened her muscles around his hardness and stared at the reflection as he tugged her skirt even higher, exposing her mound. She glanced up and saw him watching her watching them both. His face was flushed with excitement and the memory of his words made her clit tingle even more urgently.

Justin pushed her forward and thrust harder against her. 'When I'm finished with you, I'm going to pass you around to all my friends,' he breathed softly. 'Women as well as men. You'll have to please them all.'

'Oh please, no,' she whispered. 'Not women, too.' Maggie felt his movements grow more urgent at the sound of her pleading, and her own breath caught in her throat. 'I'll do anything you want if you just promise not to give me to your female friends,' she begged.

‘You’re already doing what I want,’ he whispered. ‘Maybe I’ll make a video of you screwing my friends. Would you like that? A film of you going down on another woman?’

‘No. Yes.’ Maggie felt faint as she gave in to the images he was conjuring up in her mind. She imagined a room full of men and woman all running their hands over her naked body at the same time, while Justin watched and wanked himself. Her legs trembled and she felt another trickle of lubrication run down her thighs.

‘You’ll let me watch you licking another woman. Yes?’

‘Yes.’ She would too. She knew she would. What she really wanted was to be made to do it, so that she had no choice. It was one of her darkest fantasies to be virtually raped by a whole group of men and women.

Justin groaned helplessly as the first burst of his climax splattered across her lower back. Maggie felt him spurt again then again, directing his flow over her buttocks and thighs. She could hear his laboured breathing and see the wild look in his eyes as she stared round at him. She pushed her mound hard on to his hand and let her own pleasure engulf her.

Spent, Justin pulled her limp body up and pushed her over the chair. She felt his hands smearing his spunk all over her buttocks and thighs. She lifted her skirt higher to make it easier for him.

‘It is supposed to be good for the skin, isn’t it?’ He smiled cheekily at her as he stood up and began to tug his clothes back on.

Maggie started to get up. ‘I think I need a shower.’

‘I’ll see you tonight then. About eight o’clock?’ Justin started towards the door, then stopped and turned his head to whisper in her ear. ‘You can keep yourself hot and juicy for me,’ he commanded softly, ‘but you’re not to climax until I say you can.’

Later, as she brushed her short brown hair and pondered over what to wear, Maggie contemplated how much she had enjoyed earning her tickets. The whole concept of virtually selling herself like that thrilled her. Maybe she could acquire a couple more tickets this evening. She knew that Claire and Sara would both love to go to the match too.

Maggie threw the dress she was holding to one side and picked up another one. It was short and tight fitting with a slit up one side and a low V-neck. The soft, silvery-grey material matched her eyes perfectly and gave her skin a warm, healthy glow. She remembered how Justin's eyes had bulged the last time that she had worn it.

Maggie slipped the dress over her head and pushed her feet into matching silver sandals. As she gave her face a final quick scrutiny in the mirror, the doorbell buzzed. One thing you could say for Justin: he was always punctual. Unless, of course, he failed to show at all. Remembering his unforgivable sin of standing her up, Maggie resolved to give him a hard time that evening. Given the way she was feeling, she decided, that shouldn't be too difficult. Smirking to herself, she picked up her jacket and bag and hurried to the front door.

'Ready?' Justin eyed her up and down and whistled softly. 'Very nice.'

Maggie smiled and gave him a swift kiss on the cheek. She caught a whiff of his expensive aftershave. 'You don't look so bad yourself,' she told him generously. It was true. Justin might not be a Trojan but his body was in pretty good shape and his silk shirt and well-tailored trousers fitted him like a second skin.

She savoured her memories of what he had done and said to her in the office and wondered what he had in store for her later. Would he dare keep any of his threats? If so, would she go through with it? She'd never been with another woman before. Well, not properly, only the sort of

adolescent playing around most young girls experimented with at some stage. Still, she knew that a lot of men fantasised about it. Now that she thought about it, it was perfect for her. She'd always been a natural tease and, although men thought they controlled her, it was usually they who ended up desperate and panting for it by the time she was done. This, of course, was just the way she wanted it.

'Is that all I get?' he complained. 'A peck on the cheek?' Justin put his arms around her and pulled her closer to him. He put his lips against hers and forced them apart with his tongue.

Maggie snuggled tightly against him, savouring the moment. She put her hands behind his head and ran her fingers along his ponytail. She loved long hair on men. It was so sensual. Her pelvis was hard against his groin and she could feel the outline of his cock through the tight material of his trousers. She closed her eyes and conjured up an image of the dark Trojan who was never far from her mind. She hadn't forgotten Jan's words and the thought of pushing herself against Troy's huge prick caused a sudden rush of moisture between her thighs.

With a soft moan, Maggie plunged her tongue deep inside Justin's mouth. She wriggled her hips, pushing herself eagerly against him. Justin's body stiffened slightly and she felt his penis twitch against her as he started to respond. His hand slipped down to the small of her back, pulling her body even harder on to him and she felt her breasts flattening against his broad chest. She marvelled at the sheer strength of his arms.

'You're a bit overdressed for what I've got in mind,' he told her, as he pulled his lips from hers and started to nuzzle her neck in a way that was guaranteed to drive her insane. Her legs started to tremble and a flame of lust ignited like a pilot light in the pit of her stomach. She could

see the longing in his eyes and hear his breath rasping as he struggled to keep himself under control.

‘Take your knickers off,’ he ordered her, as he released her body and stepped back to watch.

Maggie put a look of fear and disdain on her face. Slowly, as if reluctant to comply, she pulled her hem up to her waist and spun round on her heels. She leant forward and slipped her fingers through the elastic. Gradually, she slid her panties down over the bulge of her buttocks, taking care to ensure that the hem of her skirt remained well up out of the way. She straightened slowly, sliding her fingers round over her hips and on round towards her mound as she turned back towards him.

Justin was watching her avidly, his face frozen and his eyes unblinking. As she grasped the elastic at the front and began to roll the material down over her crotch, she heard his urgent sigh.

‘Now your bra,’ he demanded hoarsely.

Maggie stepped out of her panties and tugged the shoulders of her dress down. As she undid her bra, her breasts dropped free and Justin bent his head forward and nipped her right nipple with his front teeth. Immediately, she felt both nipples harden. Maggie had big nipples and she knew from experience that they would not go down again for ages now. What’s more, Justin knew it too.

Grinning, Justin nibbled her other nipple and then pulled her tight against him again and started squeezing her buttocks. She could feel his cock straining against his clothing. If she didn’t stop him soon, it would be too late. Teasingly, she pushed him away. She didn’t want things to go too far, just yet. She wanted to tease him until he was horny and desperate. They had the whole evening in front of them. She certainly didn’t want him sated so soon.

‘Come on,’ she whispered. ‘I’m starving. I haven’t eaten anything since breakfast.’ Her voice sounded shaky, even to her own ears. She realised that she was more turned on

than she had been for a long time. She loved this game, loved it when a man lusted after her like this. She watched his face as he tried to cover his disappointment. His breathing was fast and erratic and she examined the longing in his eyes anxiously, wondering if she had already gone too far. She heard him swallow as he regained his self-control.

‘OK then. Let’s get going before you get me too excited.’ Justin tugged at the crotch of his trousers to loosen them and Maggie felt another erotic thrill at the thought of what was causing his discomfort.

Outside, Justin helped her into the passenger seat of his almost-new MGF, and Maggie savoured the way his eyes darted up her skirt as she swung her legs in, and sank back on the soft leather.

For once, he drove slowly, only lifting his hand from her thigh to change gear. Maggie could see that his trousers were still too tight across the groin area: a situation she did her best to encourage by placing her hand in his lap and gently tracing the outline of his zip with one fingertip. By the time they reached the club, they were both flushed and breathless and she could feel her heart thumping erratically in her chest.

Justin parked the car in one of the very few remaining slots and moved slowly round to open her door. Maggie noticed that he was having trouble walking and that he had to stop to adjust his trousers again. This vivid reminder of his physical arousal made her squeeze her own thighs together tightly. She took her time climbing out, deliberately smoothing her skirt over her thighs to remind him that she wasn’t wearing any underclothes.

As they headed for the door, Maggie could see Justin glancing repeatedly at her still-swollen nipples poking proudly through the thin material of her dress. She shivered with a mixture of excitement and cold as the raw

February wind cut through her clothing and chilled the dampness between her legs.

As they passed a convenient clump of spindly bushes, he grabbed her arm and tugged her into the scant seclusion provided. His tongue found her mouth again and his hands were soon all over her naked thighs and buttocks. She could sense an unaccustomed intensity to his caresses that made her weak with longing as she eagerly curled her tongue around his. It was only when she heard the sound of his zip opening that she found enough will-power to push him away.

‘Behave yourself,’ she whispered shakily, as much to herself as to him.

When they pushed through the Cellar door the heat hit them like a wall. As they stumbled down the narrow stairwell, blinking in the subdued lighting, Justin gripped her tightly round the waist with his fingertips teasing one of her nipples. Maggie clamped her thighs together, as tightly as she could, and hoped no one would look up her skirt as they descended the stairs.

Although it was still quite early, they soon discovered that the popular club was already packed and humming. Justin forced a path through the swaying bodies on the dance floor as he led her over to the tiny ‘reserved’ table in the far corner. A perspiring waiter appeared almost immediately, and he and Justin exchanged a few friendly words before Justin ordered two glasses of white wine.

Maggie was acutely aware of the way the waiter was staring at her, almost as if he could see her nakedness under her dress. She wondered if Justin had said anything about her to him. They obviously knew each other. The neckline of her dress was low enough to give him a good view and she made a conscious effort to stop herself from crossing her arms to cover up. He must have been able to see her nipples. She examined his crotch surreptitiously,

wondering how he would react if she let her hem slip up any higher over her naked thighs.

As the waiter left, Justin sat back and opened the menu.

‘What do you fancy to eat?’ he asked. ‘Maggie? Wake up!’

‘What?’ The sound of her name pulled her back from her fantasies. ‘Sorry. I was miles away. What did you say?’

‘Food. You said you were starving. What do you want to eat?’

Maggie realised that the waiter had already returned with their wine and was hovering over them expectantly, his eyes everywhere. Her stomach was doing little flips as the after-effects of her arousal still coursed through her veins. ‘Eh, um.’ She glanced down at the menu and remembered the blue-black sheen of Troy’s skin. ‘Stuffed aubergine with cheese sauce.’

Justin raised one eyebrow, then looked up at the waiter. ‘And I’ll have a steak and salad. Rare, with lots of mushrooms.’

While they waited for the food, they sipped their wine and chatted about work. Justin, who was a dynamic and ambitious manager, had recently introduced a new quality management programme at the rink. He was anxious to discuss ways in which he could encourage the casual staff to get more actively involved.

Maggie tried to show some enthusiasm, but her heart was not really in it. Although she could appreciate what he was trying to achieve, it was harder to imagine how casual part-timers like herself and Claire could be motivated to give the same dedication to their work as Justin did to his. Jan would appreciate his point of view, but then Jan was as ambitious, maybe more so, as Justin was.

Besides, Justin wasn’t exactly making it easy for her to concentrate. Her mind was far too engrossed in the feel of his hand – which had somehow contrived to find its way on to her thigh under the table – to worry about anything else. She marvelled at the casual way in which he managed to

carry out a perfectly normal conversation while his fingers crept relentlessly up her leg. By the time the food arrived, she found that she was no longer hungry – at least, not for food. She pushed her fork around her plate, absent-mindedly tracing suggestive patterns in the thick white sauce. The purple-black skin of the aubergine seemed to taunt her.

‘I didn’t think that was really your sort of thing,’ Justin said and nodded towards her plate. ‘Do you want to try something else?’

‘No. This is fine, honestly. I guess I’m just not as hungry as I thought.’ She gave up on the meal and pushed the plate away from her.

Justin finished polishing off his steak and took a swig of wine. He stood up. ‘Well then, since you won’t want a sweet, how about a dance?’

‘Why not?’ Maggie greeted the idea enthusiastically. She was still feeling keyed-up and restless. Dancing would be a great way to bum off some of her excess energy. She stood up slowly, carefully rearranging her dress, and took his outstretched hand.

The dance floor was now so crowded that it was virtually impossible to do anything more than stand in one spot and sway in time to the music. Justin pulled her against him and slipped his hands down on to her buttocks. Maggie sensed that he was keen to recreate the thrill of their earlier embrace. That was just fine with her.

She hugged him tight, her own passion quickly mounting at the feel of his cock pressed into her stomach. Her head was reeling with the effects of the wine, the heavy atmosphere and the unsettling images in her mind. She was practically willing him to lift her hem and expose her nakedness to everyone. Excitedly, she thrust her crotch harder against his, grinding her hips against him in an effort to provoke him still further. She felt an