

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS



Hotbed

Portia Da Costa

Contents

Cover

About the Book

Also by Portia Da Costa

Title Page

Dedication

1. Talons and Pink Taffeta
2. Slow Train
3. Adventures with a Window Cleaner
4. The Inquisition
5. A Comrade in Arms?
6. Transformations
7. The Private Room
8. On the Trail
9. Kitchen Sink Drama
10. Suspicions
11. Connections
12. Incriminating Evidence
13. Endgames
14. Human Nature

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About the Book

‘God, she needed a man to give her some confidence back. Some validation of her own “girl power”! Alex Hendry was too buccaneer with her to do that; he had a dangerous facility for getting her into compromising and vulnerable positions. But Steven Small was someone she could make the running with. She’d done it before, and she’d do it again. “Lunch?” she repeated in the face of Steven’s flabbergasted stare. “You and me? What do you say?”’

Pride comes before a fall. But what if that descent becomes the wildest ride of your life?

Two sisters – Natalie and Patti – become rivals when they challenge each other’s daring on a dark, downward spiral where nobody is quite who or what they seem, and where transgressing sexual boundaries is the norm.

Also by Portia Da Costa

GEMINI HEAT
THE TUTOR
THE DEVIL INSIDE
GOTHIC BLUE
CONTINUUM
THE STRANGER
SHADOWPLAY
ENTERTAINING MR STONE
SUITE SEVENTEEN

Hotbed

Portia Da Costa

BLACK
LACE

Thanks to June for help with research, and to Valerie, as ever, for being the best critique partner in the world.

Chapter One

Talons and Pink Taffeta

‘AND DO YOU think she’ll come?’

The voice was powerful, yet as lush as velvet. It never failed to make Patti horny. She knew she had to reply but her throat was choked with lust and with the thrill of fear that fed it.

‘Patti, do you think that your sister will come? Just because you asked her to?’ the beautiful voice persisted, revealing no impatience or irritation, although if the roles had been reversed – as they sometimes were – Patti would have been well pissed off and shown it.

‘Y-yes, she will . . . I’m sure she will . . . I asked her, didn’t I?’ Patti stammered, feeling the blood rush to her head as she bent further over the edge of the big old sink, and tried to find patterns in the cracks that laced its enamel. A map, that was what she needed, a way through the maze. Anything to help her regain control of herself and stop her saying the first mad thing that came into her head. Anything to stop her breaking down, probably within the next minute, and grovelling for even the tiniest bit of contact. She knew full well that her companion much preferred someone with a bit of fight rather than a yes man or a yes girl.

‘I know you’ve got overdeveloped feminine wiles, Patti my love, but do you really think she’ll travel all this way, and leave the fleshpots of London – *just* because her sister asks her to?’

The voice was arch now; the burlesque note, so familiar from the onstage world outside this scummy dressing room, was dominant. But Patti knew that the tall figure moving behind her – causing wafts of cool air to tantalise her hot, naked skin – was adept at chameleon changes. She was dealing with a supreme dissembler here. A pussy tease, a prick tease, a God-knows-what tease . . . A wearer of so many false faces that the real one rarely surfaced.

‘Yes. Yes, she will! She used to live here, didn’t she? Of course she’ll come!’ Patti gasped, her body coming alive as a stiff, textured fabric brushed against her. It seemed to draw a line of flame across her tender buttocks. Her tormentor was so near now, and had come upon her with consummate slyness, making not a sound despite outrageously high heels.

‘Well then I’m impressed. You know how I love a woman who can make another woman come!’

She should have seen it from a mile away, but the double entendre still caught Patti unawares. So caught up was she in the game and her own small, but pretty stupid, lie that she giggled without thinking.

Only to be rewarded with a slash of pain and the breath knocked clean out of her.

‘Oh shit!’ gasped Patti, still smirking despite the new fire in her bottom cheek, and the hotter, wetter, much dirtier fire in her sex. She could take any amount of spanking and other abuse, but the denial of satisfaction was a truer torture. And Stella knew it.

She was such a bitch! Or *he* was . . .

Oh fuck, thought Patti, grinning despite her pain. What did it matter? Man or woman? Either sex hit just as hard!

‘I beg your pardon?’

The voice was changing again now, as the person at the performer’s core took over. The real person, the one as addicted to these power-trips as his – her? – willing victims were.

Gotcha! Patti thought as she murmured, 'Nothing.'

'But you *did* speak,' Stella persisted, her voice almost normal now. Whatever *that* was?

'I said "shit!" because you hurt me,' hissed Patti. In defiance, she shifted her position slightly, hoping to make her backside sting less. Either that, or ease the gnawing ache in her sex.

She could well imagine the sight she presented. A pretty woman bare-arsed over the edge of a huge old enamel sink, her short skirt hitched up to her waist, and her tights and panties bunched around her knees. She pictured also, and effortlessly, the person standing just behind her. The regal figure who loved to play with pain and questions.

A fucking drag queen, thought Patti. The great and utterly glamorous Stella Fontayne. How in God's name did I get involved with a drag queen?

'Well, wash your mouth out with soap and water!' The pantomime voice had returned, and Patti could hear the rustle of fabric being adjusted. What the hell was Stella up to now? If only there was a mirror over this bloody great sink.

Why the fuck *am* I so drawn to her? To him? Without benefit of that mirror, Patti could still see the tall figure, who – wig, cocktail gown and all – had stolen her life with just one flash of her unnaturally long eyelashes. Who'd made troubles, both old and recent, seem like nothing.

Is it because of *her*? Patti thought of a certain real woman. Who was one of the troubles in a way – a long-standing one – and yet also a source of happiness.

Admit it, Patts, you know it's the truth. It'd been staring her in the face all along. Just like the grimy cracked enamel. The answer was so obvious and so tempting that it made her grin again.

I bet *she'd* never wear a fuchsia-coloured taffeta fishtail sheath dress in a million years, Patti thought, catching a

flash of hot pink out of the corner of her eye. I can't remember when I last saw *her* in anything but black.

It made sense, yes, but somehow it insulted Stella. What she felt for Stella wasn't transitional. She - or he - was a person to love for himself not a stepping stone to someone else.

'You're very quiet.' Patti felt the stiff pink taffeta scratch her skin again. Just where it was sorest from the efforts of Stella's hard but elegant hand. 'What are you thinking about, little one?' Patti felt the very tips of a set of long pointed nails slide across her backside, the touch frustratingly light yet like five streaks of acid.

She groaned, no longer quiet, her cunt contracting.

The nails retraced their track, lighter than ever, yet hotter because the nerve ends had been stirred. Patti bit her lips, felt her head go light, endured the tiny spasm in her swollen, aching clit.

'Patti?'

The voice was more revealing than ever now. Patti heard her own name sound deeper, full of real emotion, and felt her body go limp, lose strength, blown away by it. Her cunt wept, the thick slippery liquid sliding out of her like an unfurling flag of lust. She wept other tears too - but not from the pain. Confused, she turned her head to dislodge the drops, and saw again the glittering pink of Stella's costume. There was an electric crackle in the air as it slid to the floor and hit the grubby lino.

She had lovingly tacked and sewn that skirt, then fitted it closely on its wearer. *Very* closely. Precision-tailored, with only a sheer silky basque beneath. It had been fun, that fitting, and her cunt grasped involuntarily, recalling it.

Feeling the long fingernails again, against her jaw this time, Patti knew that Stella was changing even as he touched her. Not his costume this time, but his mindset. Unrestricted by the conventions of gender, he was making the best choice for the moment.

He was a man now, in spite of the exotic, whorish perfume he wore, which as ever threatened to make Patti sneeze. In spite of the red satin knickers that Patti saw flash across the edge of her vision, consigned to the floor, with the dress.

‘So, you’re absolutely convinced that your sister will come back to Redwych to visit us?’ persisted the man who still seemed to be ‘Stella’, even now.

‘Yes! She’ll come! I’ve already persuaded her, I *told* you!’ gasped Patti, fighting the hard, stiffened edge of a corset as it pressed against her bottom. Fighting the urge to churn her hips and rub herself, ‘I – I’d never let you down . . .’ She paused, and heard, through her own pounding blood, a series of tiny distinctive pops. ‘Stella . . .’ she whispered, watching ten long, hot pink ovals – Stella’s false fingernails – drop one by one on to the counter beside her.

‘I know you won’t, little one,’ murmured her lover as his fingertips, shorn of their talons, explored her labia and paddled in her juices.

‘Oh, God,’ moaned Patti, saliva rattling in her throat as if every gland in her body was open and pouring out liquid. Her clitoris felt ready to burst from the gathered sensation.

‘No, it’s just me,’ said ‘Stella’, his laughing breath warm in Patti’s ear as his erect cock forged its slow way inside her.

Chapter Two

Slow Train

DESPITE LIVING LIFE at what seemed like light speed in London, Natalie Croft had always preferred slow trains.

They took her back to the most exciting part of her childhood. The time when – roughly fifteen years ago – she'd just discovered boys, sex and her own body. To school trips taken on slow trains and coaches, and times when the teachers' backs were turned and she'd explored and *been* explored.

As the present-day train pulled into the first station out of London, Natalie looked out on to the platform and felt the same old girlish thrill. In a lot of ways, she wished to God she didn't have to make this journey, but the train, a sense of adventure and the prospect of seeing Patti – they all seemed to combine and produce a boost of inner energy. It was a sexy feeling, but it bothered her too. Should she really be feeling horny in relation to seeing her half-sister again? Too kinky . . . You really shouldn't feel like that about someone you were related to, should you? Especially if that person was a woman.

Shit! I'm thirty! Shouldn't I be able to deal with this by now? she thought. Looking through the carriage window, she registered a dark-clad shape pass by on the platform outside, but in her heart of hearts she still seemed to see Patti.

Why do I let her get to me this way?

Natalie supposed that it was because they were half-sisters. That 'half' made a critical difference. It meant that Patti was both a mystery to her and closer than a full sister could ever have been. Natalie always felt a disturbing urge to squirm when forced to face the subtle distinctions.

An awareness of being watched made Natalie feel foolish. There was nothing she liked less than looking an idiot, and here she was shaking her head, frowning and pulling faces for no apparent reason. People would think she was a care-in-the-community case.

Looking up, she saw that the dark shape from the platform had materialised in the coach now. A tall, blond man in a long black raincoat was looking around, anxiously trying to decide which free seat to choose. It was airline-style seating here, and there were plenty of single seats, beside other commuters, but no sets of two. The black-clad man was clearly concerned about invading people's space.

Choose me! Natalie thought, then immediately wondered what had got into her. He wasn't anything special. He wasn't young, dark and confident-looking, like her usual prey. He was middle-aged, his sandy blond hair was curly, for God's sake, and he looked like exactly the kind of shy, inhibited, clerical type who still wore a vest, and either lived at home with mother or had a doting housekeeper to look after him.

Probably a teacher. Or a librarian. Or maybe even a don if he's getting off at Redwych.

And yet . . .

Without warning, the tall blond man suddenly looked her way, and, for a moment, his expression was incredibly layered and complex. Natalie saw shyness, a definite twinge of sexual attraction, and something else that passed away so fleetingly that she wondered if she was imagining things. It was amusement, she realised. Inside, he was laughing. She had no idea why but in that moment she wanted to share the joke with him.

Choose me, she willed him, and smiled, hoping she didn't look too obvious.

Her quarry hesitated. His eyes flicked to another seat, then another, as if he were teasing her. He hefted his large, old-fashioned leather briefcase, as if preparing to move on.

You fuck, stop pissing me about! Natalie thought, then thought again, as she saw a blush stain the man's fair complexion. He isn't playing games, you stupid mare. He's just *shy*!

'Excuse me . . . Are you saving this seat for anyone?'

The voice confirmed it. It was soft and diffident, the voice of a mild-mannered man who was shit-scared of women. And yet, somehow, it wasn't unpleasant.

'No, it's all yours. Go ahead,' murmured Natalie, upping the voltage of her smile. He mightn't be her type, but in an odd way he was still quite cute.

It took a few moments for her seatmate to organise himself. He had a coat, briefcase and newspaper to dispose of, and there was very little leg room and even less space on the luggage rack. To Natalie, he began to seem less cute, and more of a fussy pedant as he fiddled with first his coat – which he folded and put on his lap – then his seatback table, and finally a collection of files, books and writing implements.

Bloody hell, he *is* a teacher, thought Natalie, as her companion opened an exercise book and appeared to assess its contents for marking. And a right old tightarse too, she silently added, watching him rearrange his paraphernalia yet again, then flick through a slim volume of poetry, looking for a reference.

Then she caught sight of his bookmark.

Oh Teacher, you naughty boy, she thought, her irritation with him forgotten. He was keeping his place with what looked suspiciously like a dirty postcard: a sepia-toned photograph of two women in their underwear, one of whom was spanking the other. It wasn't particularly explicit, and

Natalie only really caught a glimpse of it, but somehow the faded image got to her. Crossing her legs, she suddenly realised she was wet.

Christ Almighty, woman, what's the matter with you? He's just some prissy schoolmaster with a dubious taste in postcards and you're getting the hots for him! Are you really reduced to fancying someone like him?

But it was true. As she moved discreetly in her seat, she could feel the slipperiness in her knickers, and the sensation that the lips and folds of her cunt were bloated. Already.

How long was it since she'd fucked someone? In her on/off relationship with Alan, the sex had been a bit on the sparse side lately, she realised. Not that it'd really bothered her. She'd been too busy worrying about her status at the magazine. And well I might have, she thought, bitterly remembering the reason she'd wished she *wasn't* travelling.

Take some 'you' time, Alan had said – in his capacity as editor rather than intermittent bedmate. Have a break, Nat. Get some perspective. When you come back we can look in some new directions for you.

Hah! Directions like fucking well sacking me, you conniving bastard! It's no wonder it stopped being worthwhile faking orgasms!

Natalie ground her teeth; her interest in her fidgety companion was momentarily forgotten. Management were such a set of jumped-up little shits, she thought, and Alan most of all. They wanted her out of *Modern Examiner* but they were too bloody cowardly to just say so! Well, she'd show them. She was on the trail of something. Something hot and tasty that could be sensational if her instincts were sound.

Looking down at the newspaper clipping she'd been reading, she saw another male face, one far more confident than that of the nervous academic beside her.

Smug bastard, she thought, touching the face in the picture. Whitelaw Daumery reminded her very much of

money men at the magazine, the ones who were intent trimming the financial fat, her salary included. He too was a golden-boy type: rich, successful, squeaky clean, just the sort of noble entrepreneur-cum-minor local politician that the new government lapped up and liked to reward with a fat-cat job on some highfalutin quango or other. She'd get some dirt on this whiter-than-white prick if it killed her! And where better to start than Redwych, where he lived and where she'd been born?

Not sure quite what she'd actually done, Natalie suddenly became aware that she'd knocked Teacher's elbow and made him drop his poetry book. Mumbling some apology, he bent down and tried to get it, his pale, clean-shaven face momentarily brushing her thigh. But the space between their seats and the backs of the ones in front of them was so limited that a tall man like him couldn't reach it.

'Don't worry, I'll get it for you,' said Natalie, immediately aware of some very distinct sensations. The brush of her companion's cheek – possibly even his lips! – against her thigh had restored every throbbing erg of sexual excitement that fretting about work and Whitelaw Daumery had momentarily sidetracked. And the sight of Teacher's hot, confused face made her want to do some very bad things to him. His hazel eyes were wide and popping; he was terrified!

Don't worry, Teach, I'll be gentle with you, she said silently as she reached down for his book and postcard.

In the cramped space available it was impossible to be elegant. Feeling her breasts tingle as she hunched over, Natalie had no intention of sparing Teacher's blushes, so she pressed herself comprehensively against his knees and his thighs as she pretended to search for his poetry text.

God, this is so deliciously squalid, she thought as she found but ignored the book, then made damned sure that Teacher could feel her nipples against his leg. She stared at the smeared plastic seat back, the matted carpet in the seat

well, and somehow the very grime and horribleness of it all added an extra excitement. A sudden waft of a pungent yet expensive cologne, coming from the general direction of her victim's crotch, only made her underhand actions feel sleazier. He was a clean man, a nice man, and she wanted to dirty him and grope his blameless body.

Natalie had the poetry book and the postcard in her hand now, but she was deeply aware of how close Teacher's genitals were. She had a sudden mad urge to forget her original goal altogether, and just unzip his trousers and get his prick out. It was hard to see anything really, but a seventh sense told her unequivocally that he had a hard-on. The temptation was immense, but, deciding against it, Natalie straightened up.

'Here you are,' she said blithely, revealing nothing. Let him guess, she thought. Let him imagine. Speculate. 'Tricky little devils but I managed to find them eventually.'

Teacher's face was an icon of confusion. His ears were orchid pink, his pupils dilated and he looked as if he was in deep, deep shock. 'Th-thank you. Thank you very much,' he said as he took the book and card. He looked so nervous and totally thunderstruck that the urge to outrage him was stronger than ever.

As he rearranged his belongings, she slid her hand beneath his coat.

The effect, as she closed her fingers around his cock, was like zapping him with an electric cattle prod. He leapt in his seat, gave a muffled little gasp, and, under his raincoat, the flesh beneath Natalie's hand reared and stiffened. It felt like a small but very fierce animal disturbed in its lair, and now pressing up against Teacher's trousers trying to get to her.

Natalie felt light-headed. All was not as it seemed. Not what she'd expected. The angry erection she held had nothing to do with the mild, shy man she'd believed she was sitting next to. He felt powerful. Primal. Dominant in a way that bypassed all words and first impressions. All over again

she wanted to get down on her knees and suck his penis. But this time it was awe, not a desire to intimidate him.

Yet when she caught his eye, she didn't feel quite so awe-struck. His look of alarm stirred the seductress in her. She had him in the palm of her hand, didn't she? In every way that counted to a man . . .

Or even to a born-again boy.

She squeezed lightly and he swallowed, fear and excitement in his face. He couldn't look away and his eyes were almost black with arousal. Beneath her fingers his cock fought its containment.

The small, fierce animal wasn't so small now, and Natalie held his gaze, as excited as he was. She licked her lips, almost without thinking, and saw his eyes close, almost in a swoon. Message received and understood.

I've got to see this, Natalie thought. I've got to see him. Get his dick out. Touch him. More . . . She debated for a second, wondering if she dare unzip him here in this scummy coach, with other commuters just yards away. Glancing around, she saw there were just enough other passengers to make things dodgy, but still she was tempted. She ran her forefinger along Teacher's zip and heard him mutter something, a soft garbled plea, desperate and breathy.

You want it, don't you? Looking into his shadowed hazel eyes, she saw the answer she wanted. He was game. He would play along. He was up for it. Natalie smiled. He was so 'up' he'd probably find it difficult to walk!

And yet he'd have to. If he wanted her . . .

Releasing him suddenly, she withdrew her hand, picked up her file of newspaper clippings and fished down beside her seat for her bag to put them into.

'Excuse me.' Standing up, she kept her voice absolutely normal. This was a mind game now and she wanted him to wonder if he was simply imagining things.

'Oh, yes. Of course . . .'

Teacher stood too and slid out of his seat to let her pass, upsetting his marking in the process and sending sheets of paper cascading into the aisle. As he bent to retrieve them, Natalie shimmied by, hoping that he would pause to take a good look at her thighs. In silky black tights and a short skirt, they were impressive.

Walking away, she could almost feel hunger in the gaze that followed her. She had no doubt that his palms were sweaty and he was jumbling up his papers; but, even so, she couldn't be sure that he'd have the bottle to follow her.

But she didn't look back. Far too obvious, girl, she told herself as she locked herself into the lavatory cubicle and faced reality in an unreal situation.

If she'd thought the carriage itself was grubby, then the toilet was a new dimension in disgustingness. Everything was shades of grey, except the toilet pan, which was stained with some more organic colours that made her feel quite queasy. It was a relief to put the seat down once she'd pissed.

Running a trickle of tepid water to wash her hands, Natalie stared into the mirror, and wondered if the person she was seeing was real, too.

She looked the same. It was her handsome, if not pretty, face; her sleek, conker-brown hair, groomed into a businesslike ponytail; and her brownish-green eyes. The clothes were the same ubiquitous black she always wore: city top, short skirt, black tights and shoes.

But what she was hoping for wasn't *her* at all. She liked her sex clean and luxurious, with all the nice little trappings that money could buy. An expensive meal, good wine, clean bodies in fresh, crisp sheets. Not hard, fluorescent lighting, grey filth, and a quite unignorable smell of urine. And as a rule she liked to *know* the men she fucked!

Feeling massive second thoughts, Natalie looked around. God, there wasn't even enough room to do anything! The cubicle was tiny, and Teacher was tall, and not insubstantial.

They would certainly have to do it standing up. Do whatever it was they were going to do . . . Natalie's mind blanked as the train jerked and swayed across a set of points.

Bracing herself, she reached into her bag for a lipstick, then – as best she could – painted her mouth. Scandalous Red, it said on the end of the slim black tube, and that made Natalie grin and pull herself together. Highly appropriate, she thought. How much more scandalous could you get than fucking a total stranger on a train?

It was mad. Downright dangerous. Gross and disgusting. But even so she could feel her pussy twitching.

As she stuffed the lipstick back in her bag, there was a soft knock at the door, and, as her heart revved up, Natalie saw a fleeting inner image of Patti, her half-sister.

God, would Patti do this? Natalie paused with her hand on the door's locking mechanism. Her sister was so quiet, so imperturbable, so safe, so fucking unimaginative. Which was probably why her husband had left her, vacating their pristine suburban bed after only a year or two of marriage.

Suddenly it was the thought of outraging Patti, as much as the man outside, that galvanised Natalie. She slid the lever to unlock the toilet door.

For a heartbeat, she wondered whether it was just someone wanting the loo who'd knocked, then absolute certainty kicked in and she schooled her features into a mask of non-surprise.

Her shy teacher's face was a picture. Almost every emotion a man could feel was in it. Fear. Doubt. Horror. Total lust. This man hated himself – but he was still here. He wanted her even if it meant a descent into hell as a consequence.

The door had been open for only a fraction of a second, but it seemed like an age. Hearing other travellers approach, Natalie said nothing, but grabbed Teacher by the sleeve and hauled him inside.

'I –' he began, his brow furrowing furiously as he could get no further. He seemed incapable of coherent speech – or action.

For a moment, Natalie's doubts welled up. It was the first time this had happened to *her* too, and the weight of responsibility seemed to squash down her libido.

Good God, men! They either knew too much or, in this case, too little. When was she ever going to find one who was just right? Losing her patience, she slid her hand around the back of his neck and pulled his face down to hers.

'I'm Steven . . . My name's Steven,' he gasped in the second she drew breath to kiss him.

And I'm Natalie, pleased to meet you, she thought savagely as his mouth opened to her tongue. His own tongue lay quiescent, warm and malleable, but, as she teased and badgered it with hers, she felt his hands come up and curve around her back. His long fingers spread against her through the jersey of her top.

So, not so useless after all . . .

Natalie's spirits rose as Steven's grip strengthened, and finally he fought back at her with his tongue. Pressing her body to his, she could feel the exceptional erection she'd explored back in the carriage. There was no diminution in its size or hardness – in fact it seemed even more imposing. He'd shed his jacket now, and she imagined him walking down the aisle after her, unable to disguise the telltale bulge. She wound her fingers into his thick, soft, curly hair and mashed her lips against his, conscious of smearing Scandalous Red across both their faces.

'Please . . . I . . . what do you want?' he gasped as they broke apart, the lurid lipstick like a badge of sin around his mouth.

'I want to fuck you,' said Natalie. The normal filters she imposed on her speech had vanished. She could say absolutely anything to this man. Do anything to him. She

pulled roughly at his shirt, popping off buttons, then explored his chest and pinched a nipple with finger and thumb. She felt as if she were a man and that his reddened lips had somehow reversed their roles.

Steven groaned, his pelvis jerked forward and his head tilted back. Closing his eyes, he seemed to stare blindly heavenwards as if he were a martyr being tortured.

Oh shit! Oh God, don't do this to me, you fuck! Natalie thought, her cunt shuddering at the sudden beauty of this strange, shy man. She'd wanted to dominate him, take what she wanted with barely a thought for his needs; but, in a movement he probably wasn't even aware of, he'd turned the tables on her. Enraged, and aching furiously with the need to fuck, Natalie lunged forward again, then, wrenching at Steven's collar and tie, she kissed his throat and chest just as sloppily and haphazardly as she had his mouth and face. She felt an extraordinary desire to bite, and did so, sucking on his flesh as her teeth closed and nipped.

Steven just groaned again, then bucked forward, grinding his hips in an agonised circle against her.

Oh no you don't, sonny Jim! Natalie thought, pulling back heartlessly, then grabbing at Steven's tie and dragging so he had to look at her. She couldn't believe what she was doing, and yet she was doing it. There was no way he was going to get off without her permission. He was *hers*. He was her object. He gave pleasure to *her*!

'Get it out!' she ordered, aware that her voice was a hiss, and that Steven was blinking furiously. He was obviously disorientated and the thrill of it was so immense that Natalie almost came. She really could do anything with him! Anything at all!

'What? G-get what out?' he stammered.

'Your dick, little boy . . . Get your dick out. I want to see it.'

Natalie knew the words were absurd. He was a tall, grown man, at least a decade her senior, if not a good deal more. He was possibly a teacher or some figure of authority. Yet in

her mind she'd instantly regressed him to his helpless adolescence.

And not only in her mind, it seemed.

Obedying her immediately, Steven attacked his belt and the zip of his trousers with a surprising degree of dexterity. Natalie suddenly wondered if he had been deceiving her all along, and this was a game he played all the time; but then his look of pure, horrified lust dispelled that impression. As he reached inside his jockey shorts she almost expected him to say, 'Sorry, ma'am . . .'

The penis he drew out from between his flies was nothing like a boy's. It was a splendid animal, just as big and sturdy as she'd hoped for. The glans was slippery, ruddy and swollen, gleaming with pre-come. Natalie saw Steven's fingers curl round it, lovingly familiar.

And you're a wanker, too, aren't you? she thought, feeling totally evil.

'Don't just fucking stand there,' she said, edging back, feeling the reinforced glass of the opaqued-out window behind her, 'Help me! I want it inside me!'

Abandoning what was clearly his favourite toy, Steven acted swiftly, once again inspiring suspicion. His cock swaying, he dipped down, took up the hem of her skirt and raised it to her waist. About to help him, Natalie changed her mind, dragging up her top and clasping her own breasts through her thin black satin bra. Her nipples were hard as fruit stones, and as she twisted them a jolt of sensation shot straight to her clitoris.

'Hurry!' she gasped, more an entreaty than a command this time.

Steven hesitated, faced with her tights, and then began skinning them down her legs. When he reached her feet, he pushed her harder against the glass, then swiftly lifted first one foot then the other, and flung away her shoes. A second later the black tights followed, landing, Natalie noticed

distantly, in a pool of indeterminate fluid on the floor of the cubicle.

Aware of her bare feet treading in the same substance, the hard feel of the glass against her back, and the rank smell all around them, Natalie could never remember wanting a fuck this much in the whole of her life. Impatient with her novice lover and the constraints of her clothes, she dragged down her panties, consigned them to the same dubious fate as the rest of her things, then reached out for Steven's erection to pull it towards her.

The way he bit his lip, his face setting into a hard mask of concentration, made her fear the worst and expect a spontaneous jet of semen. But then the danger seemed to pass and he stayed hard, following her lead and letting her position him just as she wanted him.

'For Christ's sake help me!' gasped Natalie, fighting for purchase against the slippery glass. She still wasn't sure that they were going to be able to manage it, but Steven seemed to catch on, reaching down to take hold of himself, and with his other hand lifting up Natalie's thigh for access. Then, using the weight of his body, along with a lot of jiggling and nudging, he pushed inside her.

And now it was Natalie's turn to raise her eyes to heaven. Penetrated, she reached down to touch her clit and felt as if it were she, and not the train, who was rushing along a track, hurtling towards an unknown, yet also familiar, destination. Her pussy spasmed almost instantaneously, needing nothing from her partner in the way of staying power, expertise or even the slightest bit of movement. He was simply an object, a bar of flesh, around which to contract.

As she climaxed she heard him sigh and say, 'For Christ's sake, please tell me your name! Who *are* you?'

Natalie Croft.

Thirty years old; hair dyed the colour of polished wood; slim, outstandingly flexible body – and a truly marvellous fuck.

Welcome home, Natalie Croft, Steven Small silently bade the black-clad young woman as he watched her disappear in the taxi that had so conveniently drawn up in front of her just a moment ago. Let's hope we'll be seeing each other again soon, my dear.

He'd told her a little white lie, of course, when he'd said he was getting a lift, but it wouldn't do for her to start putting two and two together at this stage of the proceedings. At least not about him, he reflected wryly, thinking of her reading material on the train. Those newspaper clippings suggested an unforeseen yet intriguing complication.

And someone's been lying to *me* too, he thought as he turned on his heel and made for his car in the station car park. Natalie Croft was a journalist, and, from what he'd seen in the brief time before the journey had begun to get interesting, Steven deduced that she was back in Redwych, her home town, on the trail of a story. About Whitelaw Daumery, of all people.

Steven swore savagely to himself. He despised Daumery, and knowing as much as he did about the man, recent developments had almost made him sick to his stomach. He had no problem with acquisitiveness, or even bending the law to breaking point; and, with secrets aplenty of his own, Steven encouraged and admired games of deception. Rampant hypocrisy, however, was the one thing he could not tolerate. Whitelaw Daumery deserved to tumble from the complacent pinnacle on which he'd set himself up, or, if not to fall, to at least get no enjoyment from his new, high-profile status.

'Fuck him!' murmured Steven, consigning Whitelaw Daumery to an insulated mental compartment and returning his attention to a far more pleasant topic.