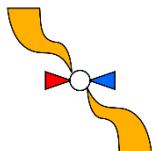


293 BB3

bncdoc.id	JY1
bncdoc.author	Steele, Jessica
bncdoc.year	1991
bncdoc.title	His woman.
bncdoc.info	His woman. Sample containing about 45851 words from a book (domain: imaginative)
Text availability	Worldwide rights cleared
Publication date	1985-1993
Text type	Written books and periodicals
David Lee's classification	W_fict_prose

<293/c>	morning having worked until midnight the night before, and giving serious consideration to finding another job. Vasey's were not the be-all and end-all, she decided, then realised that, with not another word coming from her brother Sebastian, not so much as another postcard, much less a banker's draft with his share of the mortgage, they were the only firm around that paid the sort of money she was earning. What she could have done without when she went into her office was to answer the phone and hear Jimmy Webb ring in to ask if she could do without him as he'd got an upset stomach. For upset stomach read hangover, she thought, knowing he'd been to an eighteenth birthday celebration for one of his friends the night before. But he was a most willing worker, and although she knew she was in for a tough day without him she offered her sympathy, and advised, 'Take an Alka-Seltzer and go back to bed. I'll see you on Monday.' She then, in between coping with phone calls, half of which Jimmy would normally have handled, got on with what she was paid to do. By early afternoon Leith owned that she was feeling more than a little drained. It was about two-thirty, however, when she had need to go for a file which Jimmy would, had he been there, have fetched for her in no time. Come back, Jimmy, all is forgiven, she thought with a trace of humour, as, leaving her office, she went on the errand herself. But, trace of humour or not, she was in no mood for the antics of Paul Fisher, one of the men who worked in the same department, who, regardless of her repressive glasses and old-maid hairstyle, was forever ready to make advances. They both entered a corridor at the same time, she going one way, he the other. She saw him coming and intended to give him a wide berth. He, on seeing her, had, it appeared, other ideas. For there was absolutely no need at all for him to walk so close to where she was walking or to bump into her and so catch her off balance - the end result being that he had his arms around her, as if to save her, before she could stop him. Though she did stop him before he could get further than to spin her round and begin in a supposed-to-be-seductive tone, 'If you want the thrill of a lifetime, Leith -' 'Take your hands off me!' Leith snapped, feeling sick inside as
 <p>Key: Footprint ConEn1 Footprint ConEn2 Footprint ConEn3</p>	<p>a revolting memory of Alec Ardis</p> <p>hit her. 'When I'm that hard up that I'd welcome your attentions, you pea-brained slug, I'll let you know! Meanwhile,' she pushed forcefully at him, uncaring that they might have an audience, when his glance shot over her shoulder, 'keep your licentious grubby paws to yourself!' That he let her go, and that she was free of him so easily was a great relief, but she was shaken from the unwanted experience, and as he swiftly went on his way she turned round - but only to collide with someone else. This really is n't my day, she thought when, as she pushed at whoever it was, she was again caught off balance. The hands that caught hold of her this time, though, did not pass beyond the bounds of normal assistance. Abruptly she looked</p>

	<p>up - straight into the night-black eyes of Naylor Massingham. For long seconds, his expression serious, he looked down into her large green eyes, then, 'You're trembling!' he observed . For a few moments Leith felt transfixed - there seemed to be a hint of kindness in his look. Then his glance flicked down to her mouth, lingered there for a moment - and she just knew that he was remembering those kisses they had shared. Abruptly she pulled out of his hold. 'Men!' she snapped angrily. His hands at once fell from her arms, and the only kindness in his glance, she realised quickly, had been in her imagination. For there was nothing but mockery there as he scorned loftily, 'Do n't tell me you've taken the cure?' Leith put her head in the air, took a side-step, and marched on her way. Deciding she'd had enough of her office for that week, she filled her briefcase to bulging with work she could do at home, and closed her office door at five sharp. She was just walking from the building when she saw Paul Fisher. Feeling more than ready to pass him without acknowledgement, she found, however, that he was n't of the same mind. 'Thanks!' he commented petulantly. 'What for?' she enquired coldly, not faltering in her step. 'Miss Butter-wouldn't-melt! Thanks to you, I've just had a lecture from old man Drewer - his theme being my long-term employment with this company in relation to sexual harassment.' 'Could n't happen to a nicer guy!' Leith hid her surprise to tell him sharply, and walked away from him to where she had parked her car. Quite clearly,</p>
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