

*Sabotage at RKO Studio* is two novels in one -- both taking place in 1933 Hollywood. Here, the main character's alter ego has an encounter with the secretary who comes by one day a week to type up his notes

---

*The next morning, I got to my office early and was surprised to see the blonde secretary there, already sitting at my desk, typing and still looking like a million bucks.*

*I stood there, looking at her. She normally only came around once a week, on Mondays. I was surprised to see her here again, but not in a bad way. I'll admit, I was dying to get to know her better. It hadn't taken me long to realize that a dame like her could have any man she wanted, and she probably did. I was still holding up pretty well. I might not be the vision of young manhood I was a decade ago in my college days, but I wasn't exactly a tin of cat food -- yet.*

*She didn't look up at me as I entered. Either she hadn't heard me, or she heard me and wanted me to think she hadn't heard me. I guess my feelings were a little hurt. I wasn't used to being ignored -- not by a dame, and especially not by a dame like her.*

*"I thought you were done yesterday. When I got back, you were gone," I said to her, trying not to act like I was glad she was here.*

*She turned her head and regarded me a moment. She turned back to her typing.*

*"I thought you were done yesterday, when you didn't get back before I had to go," she said, her voice accompanied by the clacking of typewriter keys.*

*"I thought I was done, too," I said, honestly.*

*She finished typing and pulled the sheet of paper from the machine with a flourish. She placed it, face down, inside the same folder that held my original notes, closed the folder and rose from the chair.*

*"Now, I'm done. If you'll excuse me," she said, organizing her steno pad and pencil and grabbing her clutch purse. "I'm expected in another office."*

*She walked around the desk and started toward the door.*

*I was standing just inside the door.*

*She stopped as she approached me.*

*I didn't move.*

*She didn't move.*

*I looked into those somehow-familiar blue eyes and tried to find the source of their beauty.*

*She looked back at me, but I could see she was merely trying to find a way out of the office.*

*"Are you sure you're done?" I asked her, softly, wondering why she had come back a second day.*

*She looked at me.*

*"Did you want me for something else?" she said innocently, or maybe not so innocently.*

*The rumbling in my pants told me that I definitely wanted her for something else.*

*"Yes," I said to her, wanting to grab her shoulders and pull her toward me, push my mouth against hers, my body against hers, my rumbling against the part of her that could soothe it.*

*She stood there, still looking up at me, still not understanding what it was I wanted. Was it so hard for her to figure it out? Or did she figure it out, all right, and just not have any interest in me at all?*

*No, that couldn't be it.*

*"I thought, perhaps," I found myself starting to say, "we could go out for a cup of coffee sometime, or maybe something a little stronger. I know a nice little speak."*

*She turned her eyes from me, made like she was looking for something in her purse.*

*"We secretaries have been specifically warned against fraternizing with any of the studio staff -- actors, producers, grips."*

*She was giving me the old brush off, but it was okeh. I kinda liked it. I kinda liked listening to her deep, throaty voice and watching her lips move and listening to the sounds as they made their way from her mouth to my ears. It was comfortable, somehow, soothing.*

*"I'm not really staff," I said, honestly. "I'm just a contract employee. Hired for a specific job."*

*She turned her face back toward me.*

*"Oh?" she asked, in that sultry voice of hers. "And what job would that be?"*

*I happened to look down and notice that her nipples had begun to get hard. I guess she did understand me, after all.*

*"I was hired to investigate," I said, quietly.*

*"Investigate what?" she said.*

*"Problems," I said, softly. "Do you have a problem?"*

*"No, I don't."*

*"Well, I do," I said, and with that, I did just what I had wanted to do. I grabbed her shoulders, tightly, pulled her toward me, pushed my lips against hers and started kissing that luscious mouth.*