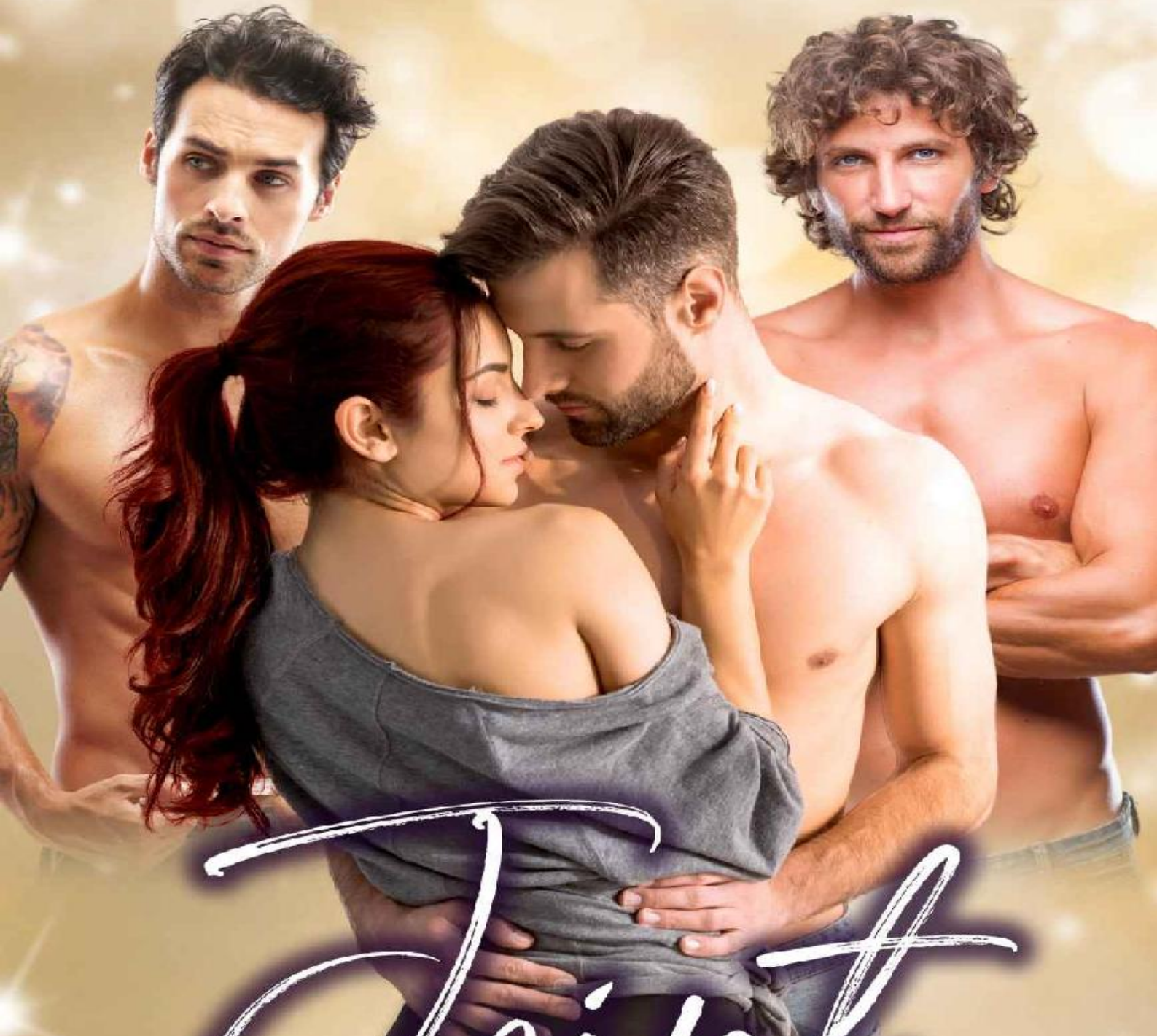


C A R M E N B L A C K



Joint
CUSTODY

LAWS OF ATTRACTION I BOOK ONE

Joint Custody

Laws of Attraction | Book 1

Carmen Black



SCARLET LANTERN
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This book contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language.

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Chapter 1

Mario

I was running late. After tossing my jacket into the back of my black BMW and straightening the cuffs of my crisp white shirt, I grabbed the little gift box out of the glove compartment with the key to Chris's little sister's graduation party and tucked it into the pocket of my sleek gray trousers.

"Hell of a party." I nodded toward the soft music, no dancing, and a bunch of guests who were way too serious as I came up to him sitting there with a beer in hand.

"Oh, you know my parents. Real party animals." Chris grinned. "Glad you could make it. I was beginning to worry."

"You know me. You can always count on me," I said, handing him the little gift box.

"Yeah, she's gonna love it. And the place is furnished and everything? Ready for her to move in?" he asked me.

"What do you take me for? You know I plan everything to the T." I squeezed his shoulder.

"Yeah, I also know plans fall apart." He tipped his beer bottle.

“Ouch!” He was referring to my failed marriage. “Too soon,” I joked.

“Yeah, you mean eight years too soon?” he countered. “You remember my graduation party? My parents were so proud. Bless them. It was less of a party and more of a networking event, and after talking to lawyer after lawyer, all I wanted to do was leave the damn snoozefest and go to a real party,” he said.

“And we did. We got so hammered. Shit. Those were the days when I was throwing back beers like it was water and still got up for work the next morning, quick as fuck on my feet.” I shuffled my feet in a little dance and spun around. “Now, pfft, forget that.” Taking off my sunglasses, I tucked them into my shirt pocket. “But you seem to be doing fine. By the looks of it, I’m guessing this isn’t your first beer since you’ve got here,” I said, taking notice of how laid back he was.

He smiled and tipped the bottle to his lips. “Nope.”

He turned to stare off into the distance as I checked my phone to see if I had any emails that needed an immediate response. Chris clicked his tongue. “Look at her. I can just imagine how much pressure Mom’s piling on to her as she’s introduced to yet another suit. And Dad’s just there endorsing whatever Mom’s saying. By the way, thanks for agreeing to be there for her tomorrow.”

“Yeah, you know, anything for you. But you know the hiring decision is up to Jared. It’s his firm,” I said without

looking up from my phone.

“Yeah, I love the man, but he can be an asshole. I guess it is his company on the line, so who he hires is of utmost importance. Although, agreeing to interview her is already a big deal to begin with. I was hoping that having him here today would get him comfortable enough with her, to see her as more than just his best friend’s little sister. Where is the asshole anyway?” Chris asked.

“And here I was thinking that you actually wanted to hang out. But it was just business.” I smiled. “You know him, all work, no play.”

“Look who’s talking. And what are you talking about? You and I hang out all the time,” he said.

“Yeah, in the offices, as your general counsel whenever there’s a problem or a deal we need to go over. We never get to kick it after work anymore now that you’re a family man, which I still can’t believe, by the way,” I said with pride.

“I know, right? We always thought it would be you first,” he said. “Ant man!” Chris yelled at a displaced Anthony, no doubt looking for a way to get out of this party and go home with the chick at the bar.

“Yeah, well, as you said, plans don’t always work out,” I reminded him.

“I don’t know why you don’t come over to the dark side, Mario. It’s too late for Chris now,” Anthony joked as he approached us, and Chris jumped out of his seat to greet him.

“Doesn’t look like the dark side is working out so well for you. Left the blonde hanging. Lost your shot.” I nodded at him.

“Look around, Mario, there’s plenty of fish in the sea, if only you’d do more than just dip your toes in.” He winked, and I groaned while laughing.

“You’re disgusting,” Chris said. “And I was just messing around. I’ve missed you guys, and of course I wanted us to hang out, it’s been too long, I was just hoping to ease the burden off my little sister’s back by introducing her to my best friends who also happen to be the most trustworthy lawyers I know.” He smiled.

“Aw, sweet.” I smiled back at him. “So, law school graduate at twenty-one, huh?” I asked.

Before this week, I didn’t even know he had a little sister, to be honest. Even though we’ve been best friends since we were in law school together. When he bought the apartment from me, I didn’t think much of it. He finally told me who it was for about a week ago. We barely got time anymore to talk about our personal lives. And it wasn’t because I wasn’t interested in my best friend’s life that I missed the fact that he had a little sister; she was fifteen years younger than he was, which made her sixteen years younger than me, and I met him in college. I wouldn’t even have noticed if she was at his law graduation party or not.

“Yup. Pretty impressive, huh?” he said before him and Anthony played catch-up until Chris interrupted their

conversation to yell, “Sis!” from across the sophisticated garden.

I was excited to meet his genius little sister because, yeah, he was right, that was quite the impressive achievement. I was twenty-one so long ago, the world was a lot different. We still had those chunky white computers. Or if you were fancy, maybe you got one with a more rounded monitor, a little smaller than the rest but still chunky with a splash of blue or some other fun color.

The laptops were way heavier, and I was pretty sure most of the social media sites that existed around that time had gone extinct. I couldn’t have even remembered the names of some of them if I wanted to. And the height of cellphone technology was the fact that your screen had color and could *maybe* log on to the internet with enough data. Flip phones? Hell yeah.

It was so funny thinking about how much the world had changed in fifteen years. I was in my third year of law school back then, trying hard not to fall asleep in the books at the end of the night. I guess that’s the thing that hasn’t changed. The amount of work. Sure, new technology had taken over some of the tasks that lawyers used to do. Which meant that the competition for lawyers was even higher since it was becoming much harder to prove themselves in an already advanced environment. So maybe the workload was far more difficult now. Although, I guess it depended on how you looked at it, having to keep up with the changes in technology, the world, and inevitably the laws. Yet some of us could still argue that it was harder back then.

It didn't matter. Nothing could change the fact that it was hard. Period. And I had a whole lot of respect for someone who could commit to that. Especially during her teen years and early adulthood when the temptation of college parties and sex was knocking at her doorstep on an almost nightly basis.

Then again, I was also juggling a relationship at the time and a job. So maybe it was easier having a family that provided everything you needed and all you had to do was study. Perhaps you could get away with a lot with less responsibilities. I knew that Chris did at the time.

I didn't know what to expect of Chris's little sister since I'd missed the whole introduction of the guest of honor, heading over here after a meeting with a client. I followed Chris's gaze to the object of his summon, ready to smile at her politely and get through the introduction before returning to my work emails. Then I froze as my eyes settled on the delicate female form in front of me, and my body had a reaction it shouldn't. It was one of those things that just happened out of the blue, before I could control it, I felt my trousers get a little tighter in the crotch at the sight of her.

Man. I hoped that the redhead across the garden in a pale pink dress a few inches above the knee—high enough to keep you interested, low enough to remain mysterious—was not his little sister. The fabric of her dress was structured, not slinky, but it seemed to be made just for her body. She wore it well.

She smiled at a bunch of lawyers in suits and excused herself. Ah, damn. I was in trouble.

She came walking toward her brother, her cheeks a shade of pink to match her sleeveless dress with straps that were about an inch thick. Sophisticated but intriguing. *Damn it.*

She seemed a little shy walking toward him, so maybe it wasn't his little sister? No such luck, the resemblance was uncanny. I guessed the shyness had a lot to do with the fact that although they were siblings, they didn't really know each other. Which was why Chris bought a whole fucking apartment to give her as a graduation gift. He figured that he had a lot of lost time to make up for, and he wanted to get to know his little sister. Even more so now that she was an adult and they could actually hang out together.

I groaned to myself. This was bad. I was not the kind of guy who got hard for any woman on any given night and knew I wanted to pull her away from the crowd and press my fingers to her soft skin beneath her dress. That dress didn't have to fit her the way that it did. The color didn't have to be so close to the color of her skin so that all I could do was think of her naked. I didn't have thoughts like these. Urges to take a woman I didn't know out of sight to bang her. That was more Anthony's jam. Although, he didn't really care, he'd bang his lady of the night out in the open for everyone to see.

I was the one that was supposed to have a good head on my shoulders. The one my best friend chose as his general counsel when he decided on a career change and launched his company.

The one who took the money left over from the divorce and made real estate my side hustle because I knew the risk was worth it.

I was not the guy who took risks that would come back to bite me in the ass. Especially after trusting my high-school sweetheart to remain faithful to me during our marriage and having that blow up in my face when I was twenty-eight; three years after we got married.

I was the guy who dated people on and off for the eight years since but hadn't settled down. Not because I had been burned by love, but because I wanted to make sure I found the right one. The one who would be worth the risk and most importantly, would be a risk that didn't turn into a fucking bomb.

And this redhead with straightened hair falling softly on her shoulders and freckles decorating her cheeks and slender nose, with green eyes and pretty, supple, pink lips would definitely be a risk that would do more than just bite me in the ass; it would obliterate me into tiny pieces. I'd better take control of my thoughts and do away with the picture I just had of biting the soft and firm pillows of her ass cheeks.

“Tiffany, these are my best friends, Mario and Anthony, they're both junior partners at my other best friend's—*who was supposed to be here today*—law firm. I know Mom and Dad are swarming you with lawyers who don't know a thing about you, trying to get you to network with partners at top

law firms to work as an associate because recruitment week is coming up, but it's a party, you should be having fun.

“You just accomplished something incredible after years and years of work, back-to-back. You deserve a break. But I know how important it is for most law graduates to book their first jobs as associates straight out of law school so I'm not saying you shouldn't network, I'm saying, why not mix the two? You can have some drinks with your big bro and his best friends who won't judge you even though you have a scheduled interview at the firm they work at tomorrow!” Chris announced.

Tiffany. Somehow, hearing her name now had an impact it didn't have earlier. Before this moment, I'd forgotten her name. But now, that name would be one I'd have to force myself to forget despite the rush I just felt moving through my spine as she glanced at me. I knew it would be seared into my brain and haunt my dreams forever because she was off-limits. I'd never be able to have her.

Her eyes opened wide with surprise and her cheeks got even pinker as she said, “Really?! Oh, thank you guys so much! Thanks, Chris.” She bounced up and down in her seat, and I did my very best to steer my mind away from her bouncing. I couldn't be having these thoughts. Ugh, I felt so dirty. It should be perfectly fine to be attracted to a woman who was twenty-one, but that wasn't the problem.

The problem was that she was my best friend's little sister for fuck's sake. And I was not the type of best friend who

could not be trusted to treat his best friend's little sister with the respect she deserved. That meant I needed to stop looking at her like a piece of meat I couldn't wait to eat. I needed to see her as the capable genius she was, about to become a lawyer at only twenty-one. Yep, that was what impressed me before and that was what I should focus on.

But what's wrong with seeing her as both? No, self, behave. Off-limits, remember?

I distracted myself by pulling out my card in response and handing it to her as Anthony did the same. And I noticed that Anthony had that look in his eye. I knew that look. So it wasn't just me, he was having feelings too.

"Mario Sharpe and Anthony Whitlocke," Tiffany said as she read the cards. "Well, it's an honor to meet you. Thank you so much for the opportunity."

I nodded at her, smiled, and tipped my glass in her direction. Acknowledging her but not giving myself away. Anthony, on the other hand, took a quick glance over her smooth milky legs that seemed to have a tint of orange, due to the freckles that graced them.

Well, there was already no chance in hell for me to begin with. For the obvious reason. But if Anthony had his sights on her too, well, that kicked me out of the running because he was exactly the kind of guy to "act now and think about the consequences later."

Like that time in college. He didn't think twice about betraying Chris by sleeping with his ex. He said that if it was

truly over between them, then it wouldn't matter. Well, it did matter. Chris beat the shit out of him, and it put a rift between their friendship for years afterward.

I couldn't imagine how Chris would react if he had caught Anthony's gaze just now. To be fair, however, Chris just seemed thrilled to have a night out after so long. He seemed to be so relaxed with us, too trusting to notice anything untoward, which made it that much worse for me. I felt so guilty. He was relaxed because he didn't think he had anything to worry about, so I decided, right then, that I wasn't going to give him anything to worry about.

"Can I get you a drink?" Anthony asked Tiffany. *Brave.* I thought as I watched him. Would he really do it? Risk his friendship with Chris again over a woman he'd no doubt forget about in the morning? Tiffany deserved better. And no, I didn't mean that I was the better choice.

"Uh ..." She paused before tucking her hair behind her ear. Chris looked at Anthony with a smile, not at all suspicious. Man, I felt sick to my stomach. But for being Anthony, he was acting a lot less suave and charming, a lot more nervous. Well, duh. Look at who he was trying to make a move at. Perhaps he had a conscience after all.

"Um, sure." Tiffany smiled, and I ignored the way my pulse reacted. Maybe it had been too long since I'd been with anyone, or maybe it was the drinks. *Or should I say "drink."* I was only on my first one, but yeah, perhaps it should be my last.

“Great.” Anthony smiled and waited, but when she didn’t say anything else, he asked, “What would you like to drink?”

“Oh!” She laughed. “I’m such a ditz. I’m, uh ... I’ve never had an alcoholic beverage before,” she confessed, and Chris laughed out loud.

“Come on. Who are you trying to trick? It’s just me, remember? I know you just turned twenty-one three months ago but we were once young. We know we didn’t wait until we were twenty-one to drink, so it’s not like I expect that you did. You’re hanging with your big bro, not Mom and Dad. I’m not going to tell them that you had a drink or two at *your* party. It’s okay, we’re *adults*. You don’t have to be afraid to be yourself around me, let your hair down. I know we haven’t hung out much and our age difference probably makes me seem less like your big brother and more like ... I don’t know an uncle, or heaven forbid, a father figure.” He looked horrified at the thought.

Both Anthony and I chuckled. I remember back in college when they used to mock me for being the “old, married dad” of the group, just because I’d been with my high-school sweetheart all throughout college and was loyal to her. It was just hilarious seeing how the tables had turned.

“Look, all I’m saying is, we’re all adults, and I know it’s going to take some time for us to bond as adults, and while, let’s face it, you’ll always be my kid sister, I won’t judge you for having a few drinks and actually enjoying your party. You

don't need to be stuffy around me. I'm cool," he said, which was the most uncool father-figure thing I'd ever heard him say.

She smiled. "Oh, it's not that at all. I mean, I'm telling the truth. I've never had a drink before, I wouldn't even know what to order. I'm not the type to party and get drunk. I've always been too busy studying," she responded.

Chris raised his eyebrows. "Wow. I mean, again, that's impressive. I didn't know. I'm sorry if I offended—"

"No, it's okay. Like you said, it's my party, and I've always wondered what all the fuss is about. What better place to enjoy a drink or two than with family?"

"Well, in that case, get her a glass of wine, something smooth and sweet," Chris said to Anthony who sauntered off toward the blonde from earlier at the bar. She seemed to be hanging on to another man's arm while smiling at Anthony and staring into his soul.

The woman kept staring at him as he made his way back to us with a glass of white wine for Tiffany, which he handed to her before saying, "Listen, it was lovely to meet you, Tiffany. Chris, it was good to see you, buddy, we need to do this more often, but right now, I've got to go," he said, smiling at both Chris and me. We shook our heads because we knew what he was saying without him having to spell it out.

He'd arranged to leave with his lady for the night, and I'd be damned, it wasn't Tiffany. Well, shit. If Anthony could exercise self-control and respect, damn it, I better do the same.

I had *no* excuses.

Chapter 2

Anthony

When Chris finally invited us for a boys' night out, I didn't expect to show up to pink balloons that said 2021, blowing in the wind like those damned inflatable mascots you see waving about in a parking lot.

I was not expecting miniature bottles of champagne dipped in glitter on the table at the entrance, labeled "Party Favors, take one!" or fancy white tablecloths over tables that seated at least a dozen people in a magnificent garden. If I didn't see the picture of the redhead in the enlarged photo, with "Graduate, Class of 2021" written on it, I'd have thought that I'd walked into a very strange wedding. I should have checked the invitation with more care, I just got excited to hang with my best friend.

I couldn't tell you the last time all of us hung out. We've all been so busy, especially Chris, who was the only one of us brave enough to start a family and settle down. Ever since my dad left as a kid, I'd realized that nothing lasts forever and committing to "forever" with someone was ridiculous. We just wanted the good times in the end, so why stick around until

they got bad when you could get only the good times and leave the rest behind? Even better than that, you could get the good times, over and over and over again, without tying yourself to any one person.

Being with one person was good for some people, I'd seen it. I just knew I wasn't one of those people. Chris was, and I was happy for him. Although, it would be nice if we could hang out more often. So I jumped at the chance to come here, but if I'd read the invitation carefully, I probably would've taken a rain check.

I'm kind of happy I didn't, though. The redhead turned out to be Tiffany Levine, law school graduate at only twenty-one years old. And my best friend's little sister. She was the much hotter version of Chris. That picture didn't do her justice. I'd never been attracted to Chris, but his little sister was a knockout.

Although, if our friendship meant anything at all, I would have been keeping my eyes off her cleavage as I sat across the table from her. Her dress rested in a straight line across her breasts, that made me a lucky man each time she reached forward for something. Man, it shouldn't have been so hard to stop staring at her breasts.

I had options as soon as I stepped onto the garden's grass, several women to choose from, and I knew it because the eye contact thing worked. Regardless of who they were with, I knew from the moment I connected with their eyes that all it would take was for me to make the next move. And maybe

that was the problem. I knew they were there, and I knew they wanted me, as cocky as that sounded.

I've had quite the sum of experiences with women. That gave me the ability to know when I had a chance and when I didn't, and with Tiffany, there was no way in hell. She hadn't looked my way once, and it felt like a kick to the gut when it shouldn't have. It was good that she didn't show interest because I didn't know how I would have been able to handle myself.

"Anthony, how nice of you to show up to Tiffany's graduation party," a female voice said from behind me when we were allowed to leave our seats and I could finally put some distance between her and me before Chris caught me staring.

I looked around to see Mrs. Levine, Chris's mom. I smiled at her, eyeing the bar for a drink and a distraction.

"Thanks for having me." I smiled as she walked away with Mr. Levine who didn't give me the same polite greeting.

I was grateful when I saw a blonde, around my age, more my speed, smiling at me over her from the bar. I could already imagine the smudge of her stunning red lipstick on the collar of my shirt. Maybe, if I was lucky, making a ring around my dick. Exactly what I was looking for, and the image drove me forward. In a way better mood, I was making my way over there when I heard Chris shout, "Ant man! Come join us." I looked to see him sitting in the back. He had gone to a separate lounge-patio area away from the crowd.

Ah hell. Blonde or Chris? Chris and I hadn't gotten a chance to speak yet and he's the reason I came, so the blonde would have to wait. I grinned at him and Mario.

Though Chris had gotten the wrinkles of fatherhood, he managed to keep a pretty groomed beard. While there were changes, his grin took me back to when we all used to see each other every fucking day, so much so we got sick of each other. Until I fucked up and had to earn his trust again.

Back then, I felt like shit running into him whenever either of us were hanging out with Mario or walking past each other at events and pretending not to know each other. Pretending to hate each other. Those years were shitty.

“Hey, glad you could make it!” He jumped up to give me a hug.

I squeezed him back. “So good to see you, man,” I told him. And it was. I loved this man like he was my very own brother, and it sucked when we weren't friends.

It was decided then.

I'd never do anything to jeopardize our friendship again. Things still weren't the same between us.

“You could've told me I was showing up to *this*.” I gestured at the decorations with my hands. “Thought we finally had a guys' day planned. I know the night thing's a bit of a stretch nowadays. How's Nicole?”

“Very pregnant. I feel like I can't do anything right, but all I want to do is help her feel better. Apparently, even just my

presence is making her irritable at the moment. She's the one that suggested I take a night out," Chris said.

"Oh, so she sent you crawling back to us because she finally had enough of you?" I raised my brows in fun.

"Funny. I know it sounds bad, but I'm glad for the break, and I'm not wasting a second without getting absolutely shitfaced, especially having to hear Mom and Dad make jabs at me about choosing another career path instead of joining the family team of lawyers. Luckily, they have Tiffany to fulfill that role now, and trust me, I know how big of a role that is. Gosh, she has no idea what she's getting into," he said looking past me to shout, "Sis!"

Oh no. No. Don't call her over here. Don't let me have to look at her in that damned dress.

Chris pulled her into a hug and lifted her off the ground. She laughed, and I tried not to focus on it vibrating against my skin, or look as her dress inched up just a little bit higher, taunting me.

Where's that blonde again? I looked around in desperation.

As he introduced her to us and her eyes met mine for the first time, I fought the temptation to do the eye contact thing. Damn it. Chris would know it for sure, and fuck, what was I doing? I needed to separate myself.

"Can I get you a drink?" I blurted, and her response was a kick to the stomach.

Sure, she was twenty-one but she hadn't started life yet, while I'd gotten my life to a point that I was proud of and took a lot of time to build. She'd never even had a drink before and offering to get her one made me feel dirty as if I was tainting her innocence. It would be strange if I just walked away, and my feet got hot against the soles of my shoes as I waited for the verdict. Should I get her a mocktail? I shouldn't have offered. Why'd I have to offer?

"Wine," her brother said. Okay, great. A glass of white wine for her and a few shots for me. I hurried away from them, knowing that watching her smile at me would be the death of me. I needed to get my dick wet fast by someone my own age, with a lot more experience and a lot less risk. And like the heavens heard my prayers, there was the leggy blonde from earlier.

Except now she was joined by a man, her arm locked into his, and by the way she leaned into him and laughed, the way he addressed her, introducing her to others, I knew they were married. I had a feel for those kinds of things. It was one of my strengths. Being able to read people, which helped me land the clients that I do.

Yet, the closer I got, the more she watched me.

I don't know, it could get tricky with a husband. Maybe I should look for another distraction.

As I handed Tiffany the drink and the tips of her fingers brushed mine, I knew that if I stayed there a second longer, I'd be tempted to throw it all away, and take her to my car to bury

my face between her thighs. *If* she would have me. We could make it our little secret. Chris would kill me this time for sure, and I would let him because I'd deserve it.

It would be a very different thing if I'd met her and wanted to date her, asked for permission and proved myself, maybe get to the fucking in the next year or so. It would be a hard sell, but I could see Chris coming to terms with it if he knew that it was based on respect and love. Chris was no idiot, though. He knew me. That was not my cup of tea. I was looking for sex—raw, filthy sex that might just be consensually disrespectful.

I wasn't looking for commitment or for anything other than one night with her after being in her company for no more than a couple hours, and that would be a solid reason for Chris to put me in the ground.

Yeah, she didn't deserve that. As Chris's best friend, it would have to be my duty to respect her and guide her. To treat her like my little sister. Ugh. No. I couldn't promise to do that, but I'd have to try because I agreed to help show her the ropes at the law firm before I even met her which meant I'd be seeing a lot of her. And if I was seeing a lot of her, I'd have to learn to control myself. Because she was a good girl. While I had no problem corrupting good girls, this one wasn't worth the trouble. So that's why I was heading out. I'd find a way to hang out with Chris again as long as his little sister wasn't there.

Maybe I was being rewarded for good behavior because, to my pleasant surprise, as I was making my way to my car, I came across the blonde in a low-cut black dress that showed off her silky-smooth skin, resting at the perfect spot above her ass. A temptation, no doubt.

Well, I'd decided that it must have been fate to find her strolling without her husband, a Manhattan in her hand. And if it was fate, everything that happened next was simply meant to be.

"I'd offer you my jacket, but I wouldn't want to make your husband jealous," I said as I came up behind her.

She turned around and smiled when she saw that it was me. "Who said I had a husband?" she asked.

"Are you telling me you don't?" I smiled.

"Maybe I do, maybe I don't." She took a sip from her drink.

I pulled myself closer to her, leaving enough space to not draw too much attention to us and to give her the opportunity to make her move if she was interested. "Well, that's too bad because I've been watching you all night. The only reason I haven't made a move is because I didn't want to make your husband mad, but if you're telling me you're single, do you want to get out of here?" I asked.

She smiled and looked around as I kept my eyes focused on her. "I can't leave," she said, and I nodded and started to walk away. "But follow me." She smiled and walked off, being careful not to touch me, and I looked around smiling. I should

have turned back because I knew it would be quite the scene if we were caught by her husband but, as I said, I liked a bit of danger, and this was the perfect amount.

We headed into the shadows, sheltered by a tree, and we knew without speaking that we had to make this quick. She tossed her drink to the side, and as our lips met, my hands were already underneath her dress, pulling at her underwear and burying my fingers into her as she moaned against my lips and pulled at my pants with desperation.

This was exactly what I needed to keep my mind from the forbidden, and I let this random woman's moans drown out the sound of Tiffany's laughter. I wrapped my lips around her breast as I milked her pussy before spinning her around and pinning her against the tree. She kept her hands up against the tree to keep her breasts from grinding into the gritty surface as I held her by her neck and drove myself into her, fast and hard while she sang consent.

I slammed my hips against her ass until we shook from our pleasure, giving me what I needed, to think of nothing else on the drive home but a bit of fun from a woman I'd never see again.

Chapter 3

Tiffany

“Sweetheart! We’re so proud of you! You did it! And don’t worry, there’s more to this party!” My mom grinned as my dad nodded along with her.

“We got you a gift, honey. Although, I should probably say that we got both you and Chris a gift since we purchased it from his dealership,” my dad said as he handed me the keys. “We decided to help him out.”

“Mom, Dad, he owns the car dealership. I’m pretty sure he’s doing well. He brings in over a million dollars a year,” I responded, and my mother gave me that look that told me I should stop talking. “I mean, you got me a car?! Yay! Let’s go see it.” I changed my tune because I didn’t want to start an argument.

Ever since Chris decided that he loved cars more than he loved the law, my parents treated him like a disappointment and pinned all their hopes and dreams on me being the one to follow in their footsteps. And I loved the law, I mean, how could I not? It was my entire life. All I knew. They got started with me early, and I guess they knew what they were doing.

They made sure I breathed and slept law so that I would never depart from it. I went to school and when I came home, I was homeschooled. I stopped going to kids' parties long before I could remember, and I was allowed to have friends but with certain limitations. It was like if I didn't satisfy my parents' requirements, then I couldn't hang out with friends. By the time I was fourteen, I was in law school, and I carried that pattern with me there. No parties and no fraternizing unless I earned it.

I was surprised I was allowed to live in the dorm and have a roommate. It gave me a sense of freedom, but I never exercised it. I never felt free because they had eyes everywhere. Most of the lecturers knew them. They were famous lawyers. If I'd put a foot out of place, they would've been told about it.

Despite all of that, however, I loved them because I knew that my life would not be what it was without them. I'm honored to be a twenty-one-year-old law school graduate and grateful I learned the value of hard work and that it paid off.

My roommate, Annie, and her friends—who later became my friends and remained friends with me throughout law school despite my unavailability—Simone and Laura walked alongside me as my parents took me out of the garden and into the parking lot. I owed a lot to these girls. They were like my older sisters. I'd always kind of felt like an only child. Even though I had an older brother, he'd already left the house by the time I was four years old, and I hardly ever saw him after that. He liked to avoid my parents, and when he'd come back

for the holidays, things were tense. He'd be there but he wouldn't really *be* there. He'd spend most of his time hanging out with his friends.

At twenty-five, these girls were like older siblings within the same age range, and that was a lifesaver at times, even if they never gave up on trying to get me to go to a party with them, get drunk, or hook up with a guy. I'd never done any of those things, and somehow, they still chose me even though most of the time we spent hanging out was in the library or my room, associating ourselves with the law and learning how to apply it. They were the ones responsible for teaching me how to walk in heels, do my makeup, and how to do my hair. If it wasn't for them, I'd have wasted a lot of money on salons and stylists in order to present myself the way my parents wanted me to. Always prepared to make a statement. Which apparently was what they wanted to do with this car.

I stood in front of the baby-blue Lamborghini that had doors that opened toward the sky. Um. I wasn't sure this was me but, then again, maybe it was. I wasn't sure who I was. I just needed to get used to it.

“Ooh! Girl! There's no way you're having this car and not taking it out on the town tonight.” Annie leaned over and whispered.

“Yeah, I say tonight's the night we get Tiffany Levine to hit the clubs with us!” Simone said a little too loud.

“Shh!” Laura slapped her on her arm. “At the rate you're going, her parents might take it back if they hear you.”

“Come on, she’s twenty-one now. Legally she’s an adult, and she’s entitled to certain rights. They know that. They’re lawyers for fuck’s sake. The girl’s gotta live,” Simone responded.

“The girl’s standing right here, and I think it’s up to me whether I want to go to a party? I don’t know. It doesn’t sound fun to me,” I whispered.

“Why would it? You’ve never experienced it before. I bet your brother knows a lot about partying. Ooh, he’s hot.” Laura bit her lip. “You think I’ve got a shot?”

“Look at those arms and those cheekbones,” Simone gushed.

“He’s married with kids.” I grinned.

“Mm, I’d call him daddy. I’d let him call me mommy.” Annie squealed and they laughed.

“Ew,” I responded.

“Oh, come on, lighten up. Okay, I get it, he’s your bro, but what about those two dudes he’s hanging with? I’d be up for them showing us a night out,” Simone said. “Damn, they’re hot.”

His best friends: Mario and Anthony. And my friends weren’t lying, they were kind of hot, I guessed. I’d only seen pictures of them, back in the day with my brother, and well, they’d gotten better with age, for sure.

I had never paid attention to whether or not guys were hot. Of course, I had crushes on guys my age, but they were all so

caught up with chasing “the paper” so that they could live life with the riches and post about it on social media. I’d get bored of the conversation halfway through if I managed to be brave enough to entertain the idea of dating them.

But my brother’s best friends seemed as if they had their lives together already, and there was a certain laid-back appeal that came with that. I doubt they’d be looking our way, though. And if they did, it wouldn’t matter. Even if I had the time, I was pretty sure I wasn’t their type, and they had far more grown-up lives and responsibilities.

“Yeah, they’re probably married too and, if not, they probably have someone waiting for them at home,” I said, turning away from the images of the men that made my cheeks burn.

“That’s a bummer,” Simone said just as my mom came hurrying up to us, taking me by the arm.

“Oh, oh, oh, oh!” she said. “Those lawyers congregating over there have some pretty outstanding reputations and even more outstanding firms. Getting your foot in there will look amazing on your resume.” She rocked on her heels through the grass, trying to get me close to them faster than her feet would let her. She was lucky she didn’t tip over at the rate she was going.

“Mom, why can’t I just intern at the family firm?” I asked.

“And be accused of nepotism? Who would take you seriously, or us seriously, after that? No, you’ve got to gain that reputation on your own,” she said.

Ironic, I thought but didn't say out loud as she whispered, "Plus, you're going to need somewhere to drive that beautiful new car to." She smiled, made the introduction, and took off.

With this group, it was a competition of who was a better lawyer and a speech about how it was just getting started. They were going on and on about how law school was the easy part and now was when the real work would start. I didn't expect that to make me feel as anxious as it did, and I began to question whether I'd ever get a break, if I'd ever get to experience anything more to life than work.

And like a call from heaven, I heard my brother's voice. Oh, thank goodness, I had an excuse to leave the conversation, although, the closer I got to my brother and his friends, I definitely wasn't becoming any calmer. In fact, I think my pulse spiked a bit more as I watched Mario and Anthony, two very different men who got more and more handsome the closer I got.

I'm accustomed to seeing lawyers with their hair cut short and clean-shaven faces, so Anthony's dark curly locks brushing the top of his collar and a full beard speckled with the faintest amount of gray giving him a well-groomed caveman look was a breath of fresh air. He wasn't overly muscular, he was slim, lean, and he had the most beautiful smile that brought out laugh lines around his eyes.

His pale skin tone appeared shaded by his dark hair on his body. I found myself nibbling my bottom lip as he looked my way. I'd been trying not to look at him this whole time but I'd

been aware of how close he sat to me back at the table. Making eye contact with him before wasn't possible because something about him felt intense, and even now, just a glimpse of his dark gray eyes made my skin buzz in an unfamiliar way. He wore a golden beige button-down shirt that was loose at the arms and his upper torso, tucked into black pants; classically relaxed.

And then there was Mario, super blond, and he sported a beard that was not overwhelming, the tiny bits of gray in his harder to see due to the fairness of his hair. He had glacier-blue eyes and kept the hair on his head cut low on the sides, coiffed on top. His skin was kissed by the sun and that white shirt seemed to be made for him, rolled-up sleeves had his veins on the inside of his firm forearms on display.

He held himself with the kind of care to ensure that his clothes wouldn't be filled with wrinkles before it was too dark to notice. It seemed as if he treated himself with care, and I wondered how he'd treat me, if that care would extend to me, if his body would be warm as he held me. *Where did that last thought come from?* My cheeks warmed as I reprimanded myself, and I couldn't even look at them.

This was stupid, they were way out of my league. All they were seeing as my brother lifted me in the air was their best friend's kid sister. But I was not a kid. I was an adult. Still, they were men, real men. Men that turned something on in me that felt primal as I found myself being willing to be dominated by either of them. Oh, no. This was inappropriate. I didn't know what to do with these thoughts. They weren't

something I had much experience with, and I'd take them with me to my grave.

I'd be mortified if they ever found out what I was thinking. If I thought this was embarrassing, I'd die if they looked at me with pity or rejection after figuring out that I had a silly little crush. I could feel my skin growing warmer and warmer, turning redder and redder, and when Anthony brought me that drink, I decided to throw caution to the wind and gulp that shit down.

"What is this?" I asked as I emptied the glass. "It's really nice," I said, turning around, trying to act normal as I searched for Anthony for an answer but he was already gone.

"Lemme see." My brother held out his hand for the glass. He emptied the droplets of the glass in his mouth. "Mm, yup, that's Sauternes. What? Did you want another glass?" he asked.

I laughed. "I don't know what that is, but it tastes great. And yeah, is that okay?"

He laughed in return. "I'll go get you one."

"Thanks." I smiled at him as he pulled himself up out of the seat, dizzy from the alcohol.

"Woah," he said as he rocked. "I'll get you another drink, but no more for me." He grinned as he made his way over to the bar, and Mario looked on after him with a smile. I knew he was just making sure that he was okay, and that filled me with warmth. It made it easier for me to talk to him.

“So ... have you always known you wanted to be a lawyer?” I asked him, and he turned around in shock as if he didn’t expect me to speak to him. The shock was soon replaced with a smile that almost knocked my socks off, or they would’ve if I was wearing any.

“I don’t know. I guess so. You?” he asked.

I exhaled with a laugh. “That’s all I’ve known, so yeah. I guess so too.”

“I bet it’s been hard. I mean, I know how it was for Chris, but I mean, I don’t know. You’re not Chris, so how’s it been for you?” he asked.

I noticed he said “I mean” twice and if I didn’t know any better, I’d think he was flustered. *Because of me? Oh, get over yourself. No way.*

“No, it’s been hard. But I love it.” I fidgeted with my hands for a bit.

“Good.” He smiled, and dang it, the warmth flooded my body once more.

I broke eye contact, looking away, hoping he wouldn’t see how hard I was blushing and turned my head just in time to see Anthony walking away with a blonde bombshell, with curves in all the right places, reminding me once again that I was not the type of woman men like them were looking for.

Chris came back with the drink, and I welcomed the coolness of the glass in the palms of my hands. “By the way, I’m rocking, I’m guessing it’s time for me to go home, jump

into a cold shower, and try to get sobered up before my wife gets home from the spa session I booked for her this evening. So, I've got to get going but I had a surprise for you," he said.

My eyes widened, and I felt a bit brighter and grateful for something else to focus on other than my foolish crush, plus I loved gifts. Who didn't love gifts? Although, if it was another car, I wasn't sure what I'd do with two. He shuffled through his pockets and produced a small, cute, wrapped purple box.

I rushed to open it. Jewelry? That would be cute. I pulled out another key. Oh no, not another car. As I fixed my face to smile and say thank you, he said, "I got you an apartment."

My mouth dropped open. "What?"

"Yeah, I was thinking that you didn't have to live with Mom and Dad while you went to work. You're grown, you should have your own space," he said.

I launched myself out of the seat and threw my arms around his neck. "Thank you, thank you!"

This meant so much to me. It was terrifying; I'd never lived on my own, but I had lived in the dorm. It wasn't quite the same, and although I didn't feel quite as free living there, I felt much freer than I imagined living with my parents would be. But this? This felt like a chance to start a new chapter for myself.

"Thank you so much!" I said again.

"It's no problem." He squeezed me into a hug. "I'd have taken you there myself, but I think I'm getting too old to stay

out past 6 p.m.”

Mario laughed, and I tried not to think about how sexy it sounded as I laughed too.

“Mario knows where it is, he could take you, or I could take you some other time. You should really come over and meet your niece one of these days. After you’re settled. It’d be nice to hang out as a family with no hidden motives,” he said.

“I’d love to meet her.” I smiled.

“Okay.” He smiled and hugged me again before turning to walk away.

“I’ll take you home.” Mario jumped up.

“No, nonsense. Stay and look out for my little sister. I’ll get a cab,” he said.

I was flushed again. There, he said it. Little sister. So embarrassing. Besides, why did he need to look out for me? Mom and Dad were here. Oh damn, that made it worse, didn’t it? I wanted to tell Mario that I’d be fine, that wasn’t necessary, but he was already off with Chris, his arm around his shoulders, saying, “Okay, well at least let me get the cab for you.”

Chapter 4

Tiffany

Well, okay, at least that was over. Both men seemed to have left for the evening, which meant I still had time to prepare myself to not be flustered at the interview tomorrow. But for tonight, I was going to avoid any more lawyer talk and find my friends to celebrate my newfound sense of independence. My own car, paid off, and my own freakin' apartment!

After wandering around, dodging my parents and the suits in search of my friends, I decided I wanted another drink and found them at the bar.

“Oh, there you are! I’ve been looking all over for you.” I smiled at my friends.

Laura’s hair was bleached at the ends and her face was rounder than ours. She was stunning and so was her figure. She wore a piercing in her nose and on her eyebrow. My parents had given me lectures about “girls like her.” I hadn’t found her to be any less than equal to me so their lectures had been one of the many things I had ignored, especially since I

saw Mom's younger pictures. She had piercings too and wore figure-hugging clothes. Dad wasn't complaining then, was he?

Annie wore her hair in a pixie cut and she had small, slender features. She could be a model, as anything she wore just looked as if she stepped onto a runway. Whenever we entered anywhere together, she would have people staring at her in awe. She didn't wear a lot of jewelry and kept her makeup on the more natural side.

Simone was curvier than the rest of us, something she embraced. She was blonde and had some pretty impressive boobs. All my friends were hot, and they knew it. They carried their bodies without shame and leaned into their sexuality. Even as they walked around this garden, they attracted attention from married and unmarried men and women alike.

They were the opposite of me. I didn't think I was sexy. Sure, I thought I was attractive but sexy? Before tonight, I'd have run away and hid if I thought anyone was interested in me that way. But something changed tonight, and I had thoughts that made me feel dirty. Thoughts that I needed to suppress.

"Excuse me." I leaned over the counter.

"Um, what are you doing? Don't tell me someone popped your drinking cherry?" Annie gasped and motioned toward the empty glass.

"No!" Simone clutched her neck as if she was wearing pearls.

“Nah, I bet it was just a mocktail,” Laura teased, throwing back a shot.

“Well, actually, it was a glass of sow-tierns and I’d like another one,” I said with a raise of my head, and my friends started laughing.

“You mean, Sauternes?” Simone laughed and snorted as she did. Ms. Ma’am was wasted.

“Isn’t that what I said? Excuse me,” I said, trying to get the server’s attention.

“Hey, Bartenderrr! Anotherrr glass of Sau—” *Hiccup*. “Ternes for the guest of honor,” Laura shouted over the heads of the people seated at the open bar.

“So, if you’re popping cherries tonight, what do you say we leave this borefest and you finally hit the clubs with us? I don’t know *how many* more drinks we can drink to make this party more entertaining. Who knows when we’ll be able to do this again? We’re gonna start working soon, and I’m pretty sure we’re gonna be so overwhelmed with work, we won’t have time for much else. We might not see each other again for a while. Come on, let’s break your partying virginity tonight. Please?” Annie brought her two palms together and batted her eyelashes.

I was beginning to feel the second glass of wine, and I wasn’t sure if I wanted to sleep or stay awake, but the wave of dizziness that hit me had me laughing out loud as I grabbed the third glass of wine.

“I don’t know, guys. I wouldn’t know what to wear. I don’t know how to dance, and I’d probably be a buzzkill,” I said as I swayed and laughed. “Besides, I’m having fun.” I giggled to myself. Wobbly legs were hilarious.

“You know what? You were right. My brother’s friends are so hot.” I rested my head against the cool glass and groaned.

“Oh my god, did something happen with one of them while you were gone?” Simone asked.

“What? No. They don’t want me. I’m not even sure I want them. Oh man, it was so embarrassing. I felt things I’ve never felt before, and I kept blushing like an idiot. They couldn’t get away from me fast enough, and I have to see them again tomorrow. I should get another drink,” I said, finishing my third glass. “Maybe if I drink enough, I can forget about the embarrassment. Oh, wait! I didn’t tell you!”

Simone was nodding off when she jumped awake. “What?”

Annie ran her hand through her hair and waited.

“My brother got me my own apartment! Woo!” I started yelling.

The girls laughed.

“Okay, now’s the time we better get you out of here before your parents witness you letting loose for the first time.” Annie ushered me toward the exit as the girls walked beside us.

“But new apartment?! That’s awesome. Come on, so many things to celebrate. It’s only fair that we take your *new* car to

have a *new* experience before crashing at your *new* place so that you can wake up in the morning to interview for a *new* job! You can't say no to that. It's perfect. And what better way to forget about the embarrassment than immersing yourself in music that's far too loud for you to hear your own thoughts, around even more hot guys that will make your little crush just a memory?"

We were standing next to the baby-blue Lamborghini and I thought maybe Annie was right. There was a lot to celebrate, and maybe I needed music that was way too loud to hear my own thoughts.

I didn't think drinking would be this fun, but having done it, I didn't regret it. Keep the drinks coming. The more the merrier. *They were fun*. My body swaying as if I was on a swing, I leaned against my car to support myself.

Since I was enjoying this new experience, perhaps the others would be just as fun. As a matter of fact, tonight was the night where I was going to keep doing things I've never done before. Tonight, I was going to say ...

"Yes!" I shouted.

"Are you serious?!" Laura held me by my shoulders and looked me in the eyes.

"Yes," I said again. "Fuck it."

We all started laughing at my use of expletives. And it felt freeing.

"Woooo!" Simone yelled.

“Shhh!” Annie laughed. “Come on, we’d better get going then!”

“Yes, we should,” I said as I started to feel around my body. “We should ...” I paused.

“Okay! Come on, let’s go.” Laura laughed.

“Wait, I don’t think I have my key. Where’s my key?” I asked as panic rushed through me.

“Wait, let’s retrace your steps. Where did you last have it? Where’s your bag?” Simone asked.

“I don’t know.” I started to sob. “My parents are going to kill me.”

“It’s okay, we’ll split up and look for it,” Annie said, just in time for me to hear a deep masculine voice come up behind us.

“Looking for this?” he asked, and I shrieked, his glacier-blue eyes freezing me to the spot. My lips trembled and no words came. I couldn’t speak. *I thought he left.*

“You left it by the patio seats.” He extended my small pink shoulder bag with a silver chain strap.

“Thank you,” I said, taking it and feeling my legs wobble as I felt his eyes on me. I opened the bag to find the keys to my apartment and my new car. “Thank you. Thank you so much.” I looked back up at him and my cheeks heated. It wasn’t the only thing that burned once I realized he wasn’t leaving.

He leaned against my car, next to me, and I let my mind run away with foolish thoughts. Was it possible that he was

interested? Did he have something he wanted to say to me?

I was smart as hell so of course I knew better. It was obvious. My friends were older than I was, hotter. Maybe he saw the opportunity to bring my bag over to get the chance to chat them up. And that would be the better outcome anyway because, as I told myself earlier, I wouldn't even know what to do with him or myself if he was actually interested in me. I was not sure I could handle all of him.

Chapter 5

Mario

I toyed with the idea of leaving the party after getting Chris a cab. With both of my friends gone, there was no reason to stay. But I knew my best friend's suggestion to "keep an eye on his little sister" was not just a drunken quip. There was that underlying suggestion to protect her from the additional pressure of their parents on a night like this. If I was being honest, I thought he was being a little overprotective and overcompensating for the lost time between them. He was in big-brother mode, but he needed to give her a lot more credit. She must be pretty smart to accomplish all that she had at this point.

At some point, she was going to have to learn to look out for herself. If he was always there or sending someone to be there to watch over her, "keeping an eye on her," he wasn't much different from his parents. They'd all be overwhelming her. So I didn't think it would be necessary for me to stay and do as he asked, although I'd hear about it in the morning, maybe. But I didn't think she'd need me or anyone else to protect her. She seemed capable of handling her parents, which meant I should have left, but I didn't.

I wanted to see her again. I shouldn't. I used his comment to convince myself that I was doing what my best friend asked me to, and I would leave after I made sure she was okay. Besides, it would be rude to leave without saying goodbye. Yet, when I returned to where we were seated, she wasn't there. When her absence filled me with a sense of longing, I decided to take that as a sign I should leave before the thing I needed to protect her from was my own desires.

As I turned to leave, however, I noticed a shimmer from the corner of my eye. It was her pink glitter purse, tucked into the corner of padded patio seats. Oh, she'd need that. And as orderly as she seemed, I found it strange that she would leave it behind. Well, maybe she could be reckless after all. I may not know the girl but that just didn't line up with the story I'd formed in my head of her.

Now, did I need to search the garden for her when her parents were in view? No. I could've dropped it off with them and been on my way. But that option didn't give me the excuse I wanted to approach her again. And a thrill shot through me when I spotted her and her friends standing around a pretty sweet Lambo. I was too old for this. This was ridiculous. So what? Now I had an excuse to approach her. What was I going to do with that? Nothing. Except to hand her the purse and be on my way, unsatisfied because there wasn't a chance in hell in the first place.

I needed to get a grip.

“Were you looking for this?” I asked her, and when her eyes met mine, my knees shook. I used the car to brace myself so I wouldn’t look like a fool. Within less than a minute of standing here, I could tell that these women were wasted. I didn’t want to leave until I was sure they had plans to get home safely. I did the same for Chris. Why wouldn’t I have done the same for them?

“Nice ride,” I said, in genuine appreciation of the vehicle. Of course I recognized it as one of the vehicles sold at Chris’s dealership, but I needed something to say to keep from focusing on the proximity of our bodies now that I had chosen to lean on the very same vehicle she was resting against.

“*You* look like a nice ride.” Her tall friend with short hair giggled while the other girls laughed along with her. Tiffany gasped and tapped her friend’s arm as her cheeks grew red.

I found myself laughing as well. “Smooth,” I said. “So, where are you guys headed?”

“We’re popping our girl’s cherry tonight, you wanna join us? Although my cherry’s already popped, I’d love to ride on ... I mean, with you,” the one with the bleached ends said as the other two snickered.

I heard Tiffany whisper “Oh my gosh” as she turned around and started to fiddle with her key, trying to get it into the ignition without success. She might be trying to hide the flush in her skin, and she wasn’t alone. I didn’t get embarrassed as easily anymore as I got older, but I found my own cheeks

turning red with the comment, hoping it was too dark for them to notice.

I managed to get over my embarrassment just in time to snatch the keys out of Tiffany's hand, catching us both off guard.

"What are you doing?" She turned around and narrowed her eyes at me.

"Protecting you," I told her.

She laughed. "Sir, I've only just met you tonight, and I don't need your protection, so you can tell my brother you tried but I was fine on my own." She reached for her key which I held above my head.

"This isn't about your brother, Tiffany, you've clearly had a bit too much to drink and so have your friends, no offense." I looked toward the three of them.

"With a face like that, you could offend me anytime you want," the one with some pretty impressive cleavage said.

"Um, no, actually, that one was bad," the tall one with the short hair said in response to her friend.

"Was it?" she asked and laughed.

Yeah, they were completely wasted.

"This is so annoying. I do not need a babysitter. I'm grown. May I have my keys?" she asked.

Oh, I knew she was grown. I was too aware of that, and I resisted the urge to close in on her, distract her with my

dominance. Something told me she wouldn't take kindly to that.

“No, you don't need a babysitter, but you do need someone who's going to stop you from getting behind the wheel when you can barely stand up.” I dropped the key in my pocket and watched as she considered whether she should reach in and take it out. When she made no attempts to do so, I put my hands in my pocket and straightened up.

I tried not to tell her that I expected her to be a lot more sensible than this. I mean, I kind of got it. She was under a lot of pressure, and she wanted a release. But she'd have to get that release on another night when she had a clearer mind. “Come on, let's get you guys a cab. I think it's best if you go home.” I stepped aside and waited for them to walk ahead of me.

Tiffany rolled her eyes at me, and I was filled with genuine fear that they would roll into the back of her head with how unnatural it seemed for her and how intoxicated she was.

“Oh, come on, Mr. Sexy, she's never experienced a real party before, and we don't know when we'll get a moment like this again, please?” Cleavage said.

“How about you”—the tall one pointed at me—“chaperone us then? Come with us, you know you want to.”

I didn't want to be the one to break the news to Tiffany that partying was overrated, but I supposed with a chaperone, there was nothing wrong with having the experience. And I was

definitely not doing the same thing her brother and her parents did, I wasn't forcing myself into this picture, I was invited.

I didn't see my night ending with me being a chaperone, but Pixie Cut wasn't wrong, I did want to go. And with the sexual tension that would have gone unrelieved tonight, maybe Anthony was right about me dipping my toes into the water. I mean, sure, Tiffany was off-limits, but her friends weren't. They were older, and they weren't related to my best friend in any way. Already a plus. And they were beautiful. Apparently available. I didn't expect anything to happen with any of them tonight, but I wasn't closed off to it. Who knew how the night would end up? If one of her friends ended up in my bed, maybe I'd get some post-nut clarity on Tiffany and be ready to face her at the firm tomorrow.

"Well, if we can't drive, he can't drive. He's been drinking too." Tiffany folded her arms and fixed stern eyes upon me.

"I had one drink and it's been about an hour since that drink," I reminded her. "But, you're right ..."

I heard the other girls groan as she smirked.

"But it doesn't mean I can't accompany you on the cab ride over to your destination," I said.

Tiffany rolled her eyes again as the other girls grinned, and within a split second, Cleavage and Pixie Cut each took a hold of my arms, while Body walked alongside Tiffany, moving her hips to show me all she had to offer.

On the cab ride over, I was already beginning to regret my decision crammed into the backseat with three of her friends. She sat in the front seat, snickering at my discomfort since she seemed to know the secret her three best friends had been hiding up until this point: they were actually screaming goats disguised as humans. At first, the cab driver turned up the music as they'd requested. I supposed it was a courtesy for his passengers. By the look on his face, I could see that he was considering running the car into a light pole as they seemed to know the words to each song on the radio, singing each one at the top of their lungs, and if they didn't know the words, they damn sure made up their own.

When we pulled up to the club, I gave the poor man a huge tip and moved to rub the ringing from my ears to prepare them for the pounding of the club's music. We were on our way in when they decided to pull Tiffany to the side, closer to the outside walls of the club where it was quieter, to give her a pep talk. I stepped away, not too far off, not wanting to intrude on their conversation, close enough to be able to keep an eye on them as I leaned against the wall. So, despite me not wanting to intrude, I could still overhear everything they were saying.

“We're here,” Cleavage exclaimed.

“Are you ready?” Pixie Cut held Tiffany by the shoulders and shook her in excitement.

“Hey, I know we kind of pressured you into coming but now that we're here, if you feel uncomfortable, we can leave,” Body said.

Well, that was a relief. Someone had the brain cells to offer her that option. She must have sobered up a little on the way over. Body was looking very attractive at the moment. I was thinking about how attractive she was looking when that thought was shattered with a few words.

“We know why you want to stay.” Cleavage poked and giggled. The other girls looked at Tiffany as if they knew something.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Tiffany said with a smile.

“Yeah, you do,” Pixie Cut said as she laughed.

“We haven’t forgotten.” Body grinned.

“Forgotten what?” Tiffany played coy.

“How ‘hot’ you said Blondie was. You’re secretly glad he came, aren’t you?” Cleavage said.

“Shhh.” Tiffany grabbed her by the arm and started walking with them toward the entrance.

What? Oh, damn. I wasn’t sure if this was an “Oh, no” or an “Oh, yes” moment, but I knew that whatever idea I had about distracting myself from my attraction to Tiffany by using her friends was already a no-go. Because now I knew the attraction was not one-sided, and it was going to be so much harder to resist temptation. Maybe coming here *was* a bad idea.

Chapter 6

Tiffany

Oh wow. Yup. They weren't joking about the pounding music. Man, it was crowded in here, and some people really forgot how to ask people for a dance, huh?

"No, sir. I would not like to dance," I said while snatching my arm from the random person who just grabbed it like they owned me.

Of course, he didn't hear me. He just smiled at me and stuck out his tongue. He was out of his mind. Hell, everyone in here looked like they escaped an asylum.

"Come on, let's get you another drink," Annie said, pulling me by the arm as our bodies bounced against the crowd of sweaty patrons.

Hell, yeah, I needed another drink if I was going to survive this shit. I was already ready to leave, but I didn't want to give Mario the satisfaction. I didn't know where he was, he seemed to disappear into the crowd, but somehow, I could feel his eyes on me. I knew he was still there, watching, being the protector I never asked for. Perhaps I'd never step foot in another club again, but tonight I said I wanted to party, so I was going to

party, damn it. If we ever happened to get past this line. Was it a line? Where did it begin, and how in the world were you supposed to get the server's attention when we couldn't get past the people huddled at the bar and no one could hear what you were saying?

Simone stuck her two fingers in her mouth and whistled. Maybe the bartender had superior pitch detection, like how dogs can hear those silent whistles their trainers used, because that sure got his attention. She gestured to Annie and yelled, "Shots!"

He nodded, and soon Annie came back with some tiny glasses that looked like medicine cups all bundled up in her hand.

"One for you, and you, and you ..." She handed each of us one. The girls didn't spare a second. They downed that shot before I could blink. I followed their lead, trying to ingest it in one go and ended up screaming as the liquor shot through my nose and mouth.

"What the *fuck* was that?" The girls died with laughter. "Why would you drink that?" I stuck my tongue out so that the dank air could somehow cool the scorching heat, and maybe even get rid of the bitterness. "Is that even safe to drink?"

The girls were still wheezing with laughter, trying to catch their breaths when Laura said, "I guess you're not a shots girl."

I shook my head as fast as I could. "No, I'm not a shots girl."

“That was rough to watch.” I heard a chuckle next to my ear before a pink drink in a stylish wine glass appeared before me. I turned in shock to find Mario standing so close to me, I could smell his cologne, feel his chest resting against my shoulder. And man, he smelled good. He felt good too. His chest felt solid. Hard.

“Try this,” he said as the girls all gave me that teasing look.

The back of my neck grew hot, and it wasn't just because of the heat emanating off the bodies of the people crammed in here. I turned away from my girls' knowing looks so that my cheeks wouldn't indicate the temperature change in my body, and I moved the glass to my lips in an additional attempt to hide them, in case they did.

The drink was a pleasant surprise. It was nothing like that poison I'd just tasted. If any of that poison was in this one, I was none the wiser. My eyes widened in relief as the sweetness of fruit coated my tongue, and I wiggled my body in excitement. Okay, I was in the mood to dance now.

“Thank you.” I smiled.

He leaned in and spoke so that I could hear him. “You're welcome.” My body tingled. Was he chewing gum? His breath smelled so minty, and I was enjoying the coolness of it on my skin.

“Well, now that you've got your drink, let's dance!” Simone said, tugging on my arm.

“Wait!” Mario yelled, and the bass of his voice intrigued my body. My body was like *who said that and can I have him please?*

We paused and he pulled me toward him as the tingling settled over my chest, even more specific, in my nipples. I felt so naked, I found myself slouching a little bit in embarrassment. “Look, this isn’t me trying to be controlling and overbearing. I just care, okay? Always keep an eye on your drink, even if you’re dancing with it. Someone could easily slip something in there while you’re not looking.”

Ugh, okay. Here we go again. “You don’t think I know that? You don’t think I used my phone to research dos and don’ts of the club on my way here? I’m not brain-dead.”

“I know you’re not,” he said as I turned to walk off. Before I knew it, I could feel his breath on my skin as he brought his mouth to my ear again. “Look, I’m sorry, okay? I was just trying to look out for you. It’s your first time here, and I just want to help keep you safe. Is that so bad?”

I shuddered and turned to stare into those glacier blues.

“I guess not,” I said as I downed the rest of the drink and handed him the glass. Then I was being pulled onto the dance floor, legs wobbling as I scolded my body for reacting the way it did. He’d laugh if he knew the effect he had on me. Maybe he’d even find it gross since it was clear that he was treating me like I was his little sister. *Ahh*. I was reminded why I wanted to come here and drown out these confusing thoughts about him and Anthony with the music blasting my eardrums.

Damn, it was so fucking loud, I was sure they'd be bleeding by the end of the night.

I was thankful for the moment the drink hit, proving to me that there was alcohol in it after all. The feeling of running through a field of grass and wildflowers in a flowy sundress as the wind lapped up my legs and played with my hair returned. That feeling of moving through the air without a care in the world, with no pressure. The giggles found me again and so did an appreciation for the loud music as my body moved to whatever sound I heard. I didn't care if I was in rhythm or out of it. I threw my hands up in the air, and when a pair of hands held me around my waist, I didn't care that it was some random dude I didn't know, I let his hands stay there as I danced along with him. Ooh, I was being scandalous and I liked it.

Okay, maybe not as scandalous as my friends. As I watched them, I couldn't contain the laughter that erupted from me out of shock. How in the world did they get their bodies to move like that? Their dance partners seemed to be loving the hell out of it. I closed my eyes and threw my head back, letting the music do what I came here for—silence my thoughts.

I didn't know how long I was dancing for, but I knew I was hot and sweaty, my feet were growing tired in these heels, and I was thirsty. When I opened my eyes again to talk to my friends, they were gone. Lucky for me, I was too intoxicated to panic. Instead, I set out to find them, squeezing myself through undulating hips, rocking from side to side as my body was being pushed this way and that. I came upon a black curtain

and two thick men standing on the outside of it. Above the black curtain, on the wall, was a picture of two people doing the nasty, a precursor for what was to come.

The two men stepped aside and allowed me in, and *oh wow*. I wished they hadn't because I got more than I bargained for. I yelped and shut my eyes as soon as I spotted two people in the corner going at it like rabbits. I almost wanted to apologize for intruding as I shielded my eyes with my hands. Yet curiosity had me peeking through my fingers as the sounds of moaning filled me with a sense of need I'd never felt before. I wanted to run out of there in shock of my body's response, and I was about to since I must have wandered into the wrong place anyway. My friends weren't here. Well, I just spotted Annie.

It was a strange experience seeing her in such a whole new light. Within this section of the club, the dark gray concrete walls and the thick black curtain worked to muffle some of the sound of the music. I was frozen as I watched her with her back pressed against the wall, her breasts hanging out over her dress, and heard her moan. She ran her hand through the hair of the person buried between her legs that were dangled over their shoulders. I should have looked away, but I'd never seen anything like this before, and the look of complete ecstasy on her face made me envious of whatever she was feeling.

I should have turned around and left them to it, but I found my feet moving forward, searching the room—filled with bodies slapping together as pheromones filled the air, creating a special concoction for the senses while grunts and moans blended together in a song—for Simone and Laura. It didn't

take long for me to identify and follow Simone's outstanding vocalization, but I needed to brace myself against the wall as I came upon her being pounded into the concrete by some dude as she moaned, "Yes, yes. Oh, uh, you fuck me ... so good" before she grabbed the guy's face and kissed the hell out of him as he continued to thrust himself inside of her with vigor. I was worried for her back on that surface.

I felt my legs turn into noodles, and I was about to tap her on her shoulder to ask her if she was okay but once she screamed "Don't stop" over and over again, I could tell that she was pretty content.

Not far away from Simone was Laura, with her dress up high as she bounced in the lap of someone sitting on the small protrusion that served as what seemed to be a very uncomfortable seat. Didn't seem to stop them, though, as the hands of the person hidden behind her came to grip her breasts that were facing me.

I felt a wetness between my legs that caused me to clamp them closed. That was not pee. What was that? I wasn't sure if the warm liquid seeping out of me was normal, but it had soaked my panties. Transfixed by the echo of sex and music deafening my ears, teasing my breasts and skimming the hairs on my skin, I almost jumped out of my heels as I heard a voice come up behind me. "Hey."

I spun around, catching myself just in time to suppress the yelp as I stood face-to-face with my dance partner from earlier. "Oh! Haha, you scared me."

I rested my hands on his shoulders to steady myself. “This is a weird place to find me, huh? It’s not what you’d think. It’s just, I was looking for my friends and—” My speech was cut short by him smiling and moving forward to kiss me. Instinct made me draw back. “Oh, whoa! What are you doing?”

He lowered his gaze to my lips and smirked to himself, placing his hand around my waist and pulling me into him. “Kissing you,” he said before lowering his lips again.

I put my arm between us, trying to launch myself out of his embrace. “Oh! No, thank you. I’m fine. Thanks.” I giggled in embarrassment.

He let me go. Thank goodness. I released the breath I was holding as my cheeks burned. I pressed my lips together and gave him an awkward shake of the head.

“I get it. You don’t know me. All I’m saying is, I think we had some good chemistry on the dance floor, and ain’t nothing wrong with getting to know each other intimately, here and now,” he said while gently holding the tips of my fingers.

I whisked my hand away and folded my arms across my chest. “Uhhh—” I started and was interrupted by a voice that made my legs tremble.

“Hey, babe. Ready to get going?” I’d only just met him tonight, but I recognized Mario’s voice before I even saw his shadow emerge next to us out of the corner of my eye. Babe? I wasn’t sure how to feel about it, but man, was I glad to escape this awkward as hell moment between me and “Leather Jacket.”

“Oh, yes. There you are. Yes. I, uh, I just have to go find my friends.” My cheeks were roasting from embarrassment now that I remembered where he’d found me. Oh, great and he was getting a clear view of watching my friends get fucked. Amazing. “There’s Laura,” I mumbled to myself as I walked with my head held low in quick steps toward her.

Hm. How did one get through to someone whose eyes were rolled back into their bobbing head while being jackhammered from below? I supposed the tapping would have to work.

“Uhhh, Laura?” I asked while gingerly reaching forward to give her the slightest, hesitant couple of taps.

“Fuck!” she finally said as her eyes focused on me with pure irritation.

“Sorry to interrupt but I was thinking about heading out. I was just wondering if you’ll be done soon?” I rushed to spit out the words as my toes burned a hole into the front of my pink heels.

“Oh, no. It’s ... cool. Oh, guh ... yes, yeah, uh, mm, I’ll just catch a cab,” she managed to say.

“Oh, okay.” I was too glad to move on and rush through the same question with the other two girls who told me the same thing. To leave them alone. It felt strange, like I was abandoning them, until I remembered that they had each other and they did this sort of thing all the time.

As I made my way toward Mario who seemed to be enjoying the entertainment, I couldn’t even look into his eyes

as I felt like an ostrich without sand with nowhere to hide. I felt his eyes burn into the back of my skull as I walked past him without saying a word, wondering what he might have been thinking of me as I tried to silence the fantasy that made me wish it was him who tried to kiss me instead.

Chapter 7

Mario

I was beginning to imagine that there was someone somewhere having a great laugh about this. It was like the harder I tried to resist temptation, the harder temptation persisted. It was ridiculous at this point. It felt like I was being slapped in the face with big neon lights flashing “Fuck her” everywhere I went. Seriously? A fucking sex room? It took all the willpower I had not to use the information I came upon by chance earlier to grab her and kiss her, wait for her to beg me to strip her bare and fuck her against the wall.

Even as we stood on the curb waiting for a taxi to come, I was wrestling the urge to press my luck and see if she'd allow me to have her in the alleyway. I needed to get a hold of myself. I was a mess. I couldn't tell the last time I felt this overwhelming sense of blazing, difficult-to-control passion. Oh, I was so close to forgetting I even had a friend named Chris. But fuck, I did, although, I was tempted to forget it for tonight. Yeah, no. Chris's sister was better than alleyway sex or club fucking. She deserved a bed. Shit, fuck ... without me in it because she was off-limits, *remember that, fucker?*

I needed to resist the temptation of that messy red hair now wild from a night of partying, curling at the nape of her neck, and makeup a bit messed up from the heat of the club, in a dress that was just begging to be set free from her body, and feet that deserved a foot rub. Because there was no switch I could flip to make it so that Chris and her stopped being siblings for a few fucking hours. And I valued our damned friendship.

Perhaps that was the reason I wasn't sure what to feel as I watched that dude dance with her, hit on her. I should have been furious as I watched his hands travel around her waist and ass as they danced together. I should have wanted to rip him apart when I came across him trying to kiss her, trying to fuck her. And a part of me felt those things, but the other part of me wondered what would have happened if she was down for what he was proposing. I wasn't sure if I would have stepped out of the shadows to stop them. Or leave. And I wasn't sure if it had something to do with the fact that I knew I didn't stand a chance with her or something else.

“Oh, thank goodness.” I heard her say. She hadn't looked at me since we decided to leave the club. “These shoes are killing me,” she mumbled to herself, and as I tried to get away from my thoughts to find the reason for her gratitude, I saw a taxi slowing down before us.

I opened the car door for her and didn't think as I placed my hand on her back when she stepped in front of me. It felt good, even if all I could feel was the fabric of her dress. Again, I was playing with fire. I had no right to be thinking about how good

she felt. I snatched my hand away as if it burst into flames and got into the car after her.

Sitting next to each other in the back of the cab made it hard to just be. I was being anything but normal, staring ahead, fiddling my fingers on my leg as she turned her head to stare out the window.

“Where we headed?” The taxi man spoke in a foreign accent, an attitude too chipper this late at night as his swollen, sleep deprived eyes stared at us through the rearview mirror.

I turned around to look at Tiffany and made contact with her eyes before she lowered her head and tucked a lock of hair behind her ear.

“Um, so did you want to go to your parents’ house or your place?” I asked.

“Oh, no. My parents can’t see me like this,” she said with wide, worried eyes that appeared dark in the shadowed car.

“So, your place?” I asked.

“Uh, oh, yeah. That’s right. You know where it is. You know what, that would be great. Even if it’s just walls and floor, I’d take that over my parents’ disappointment,” she said.

I smiled at her before giving the driver the address to her apartment. “It’s a lot more than just walls and floors,” I told her. “Your brother wanted it to be ready to be moved into, so I spent the whole week making sure it was furnished.”

Her head shot up so she could look at me again, and this time, she didn’t run from our eye contact. She sucked me in

when she asked, “Wait, you did?” She looked so touched by my admission, and that made me want to reach across to cup her face and taste those naked, pursed pink lips.

Shit. I was flustered. I cleared my throat as it became hard to find my voice. Then I burst her bubble. “Yeah, well, I mean, I own the apartments and he’s my best friend, so I wanted to make him happy.”

“Oh.” She smiled and her brows raised in shock. I’m guessing she didn’t know about me owning them. “Well, thanks anyway. I can’t wait to see it.” She turned to look through the window again, but I wasn’t ready to lose her attention, I was enjoying it too much.

“So, was the club everything you’d expected?” I asked.

She laughed and looked shocked that she did. “Nope,” she said, her eyes wide as if she was traumatized.

That made me laugh. “Well, did you have fun at least?” I asked through my grin.

“Um, I mean after that drink I did and then I walked into something I wasn’t sure I should’ve,” she said.

“Yeah, that was uh, interesting. I noticed you didn’t run out of there, though,” I said in gest.

“Well, of course not. I was looking for my friends,” she said in defense.

“Right.” I nodded with a playful tease, and she shook her head, hiding a smile as she looked away. I was about to say more but I thought better of prolonging a conversation about a

situation where I was having a hard time containing myself around her.

I was trying to do anything to distract myself from thinking about what I'd rather be doing with her. While doing such a good job of it, I forgot I needed to pick up my car.

“Oh, woah, hold on driver, change in plans,” I shouted a little too loud.

She turned around in fright. “What is it?”

“Oh, I'm sorry. It's nothing. You wouldn't mind if we swung by the garden venue first so I can pick up my car, would you?” I asked.

“Oh crap. Your car. My car. I wonder if my parents saw that I left without my car.” She started massaging her forehead. “I'm surprised they aren't relentlessly trying to reach me,” she said as she dove into her purse for her phone. “Oh, great, the battery died.”

“Hey, relax.” I reached out on instinct to caress her shoulder. “There's nothing we can do about what's already been done. So, here's what I'll do. We'll head back to the venue, I'll pick up your car, drop you home, and come back for mine, okay? Tomorrow, you can figure out something to tell your parents,” I said.

“I can't ask you to do that. That's too much trouble,” she rushed out, looking up at me.

“It's no trouble at all, I don't mind,” I said, diving into the magnetic circles of her eyes.

“So, where are we going?” the driver asked, breaking the moment that felt like time had halted as he stared at us with impatience.

“Oh, sorry,” I said as I gave him the address, still rubbing her shoulder. “Oh, um ...” I dropped my hand in a haste.

The rest of the drive over to the venue was agonizing, and the air inside the car felt like it just wasn't enough. I felt like I'd just gotten into a time machine and gone back centuries to a time where just holding hands with a woman got a man hard as a rock. The heat from her skin still settled in my hand, in the lines of my palm. And the car became too small as I tried to shift to relieve the pressure of my clothes against my dick, but each movement just caused more friction against the sensitive skin, and I thought I was about to lose my mind.

She was blushing red as my hand left her. Her chest heaved in a way that mirrored my disappointment at not being able to continue touching her. I turned to look out the window to keep myself from burying my head into her bosom, teasing the cushioned flesh with my tongue, my teeth, my lips, and forgetting the taxi driver even existed. I had a yearning for her body that was suffocating me. This was such a cruel game. The kind of game that could drive one mad. Things like these were normally easier than this. When two people were attracted to each other, sizzling with desire for the other, they introduced themselves, they confessed their attraction and interest, they gave it a go and saw where it took them. But we weren't allowed to do that, and it was insanity.

As soon as the driver pulled up to the garden venue, I couldn't wait any longer. I paid him and rushed out of the car. I had to leave the small temptation vessel and set my legs free to create distance between us. Necessary distance to keep my sanity from being sucked out of me. I needed the cool air on my face to steady me, the freshness of it to fill my lungs and regulate my thoughts. The quick tapping of her heels on gravel could be heard from behind me. "Hey, slow down. These things are killing me. My car isn't parked in that direction," she said.

I paused and looked around. No cars were parked in the direction I was heading in. Just trees. Where the hell was I going? After a few deep breaths, I spun around to face her, determined to be logical and to avoid looking at her, with my tongue hanging out of my mouth as she led me toward her car.

"Thanks for doing this, I really appreciate it," she said as we walked side by side.

"It's okay." I looked at her and she smiled. I was almost home clear. All I had to do was collect the car, drop her home, and spend the rest of the night trying not to think about her.

We were approaching the area where the party was held. We could see through the neatly trimmed hedges that the lights were still on as a clean-up crew dealt with the mess left over from the guests.

"It's over here." She stepped out ahead of me only to come running back as if a ghost jumped out of the trees to yell "Boo! Gotcha!"

“What is it?” I asked as my eyes widened in a panic, and I looked around the bend to see what got her spooked, only to be spotted by Mrs. Levine who was standing by Tiffany’s car.

“Oh, Mario! Thank goodness!” She looked relieved to see me as she started hurrying over.

“Shit! Shit, shit! I can’t face them right now. Please,” Tiffany begged.

Crap. Sure, she was a grown woman who didn’t have to hide from her parents, who just left law school and would be working as a lawyer soon enough, which meant she had to have the balls to stand up for herself and now would be a great time to do it. But I also wanted to help her because she looked scared shitless.

“Hedges, now!” I gritted out as I tried to hold a smile for Mrs. Levine and Mr. Levine who had looked up as she beckoned to me. As Tiffany dove into the hedges to hide, I handed her the keys to my car. “It’s parked on the street, Black BMW, license plate number 3-7-2-1.” I stepped out from the hedges to lead her parents away from her hiding place so she could get the time to run. “Hey, Mr. and Mrs. Levine. What are you guys still doing here?” I asked in a voice that was far too loud.

“We’ve been looking everywhere for Tiffany. We were worried sick. I saw the car but no Tiffany. We thought something must have gone terribly wrong, so we asked around and a few guests said they saw you leave with her and her friends earlier tonight in a cab? But I’ve been calling her

phone all night with no success, and why would she leave her car? It didn't make sense to me. I thought they must have been mistaken. Did you leave with her tonight?" she asked as Mr. Levine stared at me with a suspicious glare, which made me feel guilty about the thoughts I had about his daughter, even if they were just thoughts.

There was no point in denying that I left with them. Something told me she didn't think the guests were mistaken and she was just looking for an explanation, so I had to give her something. Even if it was just half-truths. I let out a breath. "Okay, here's the thing Mr. and Mrs. Levine. You know tonight was a big night for Tiffany," I began, avoiding eye contact with Mr. Levine, trying to get the words out quickly before he jumped to any conclusions about me speaking on his daughter's behalf.

"Yes?" Mrs. Levine asked, dragging out the question as she waited for a response.

"Well, because it was such a big night, she decided to have a drink for the first time and well one turned out to be more than she could handle." I smiled. "And her friends also had a bit too much to drink. Since I'd just put Chris in a taxi because he couldn't drive, when I saw them, I figured I'd do the same for them. I suggested that she come to you, but she was too embarrassed and said she needed to sleep it off. So I accompanied them in the taxi to make sure they got to their destinations safely and then I just hit up a club on the way back," I said, even though I hadn't been to a club in years

before tonight, but they didn't know too much about my clubbing activities.

"Okay, so where is she?" Mrs. Levine asked.

"Oh, right. She's at her friend's place, the one with the bleached hair?" I said.

Mr. Levine seemed to buy it, and I breathed out a sigh of relief.

"Oh. But why wouldn't she answer her phone?" Mrs. Levine asked, wrinkling her brow in disapproval.

"I wouldn't worry about it. Her phone probably just died," I said.

"Oh. Well, I hope she doesn't make drinking a habit," Mrs. Levine started.

"Come on, Val, it was just one drink, and she *is* of drinking age," Mr. Levine said.

Great. Once I got them talking to each other, they seemed to forget I was even there, and I was too happy they bought the story to stick around and risk tripping up on a lie. I was out of there and back to my car, jumping in to find Tiffany sitting in the passenger seat, pushed all the way back, hiding from the windows with leaves sticking out of her hair. I was thrown off by the sight of her and didn't have time to reel in my laughter. I sputtered and choked as waves of joy erupted from me.

"What? What is it?" she asked. The worry that was on her face before made way for the uncontrollable grin cracking through as she stared at me trying to gather myself.

“I just ... this night has been so fucking ridiculous.” I threw my head back against my seat as the remaining laughter shook my body before allowing myself some time to breathe and settle down.

She laughed. “So, what did they say?” she asked.

“They were worried. Some people saw us leaving the party, so I had to tell her that you had a drink, just one, don’t worry,” I said as I saw the concern returning to wrinkle her forehead again. “And I told them you decided to sleep it off at your friend’s which is why the car is still there. So, I guess they’ll take care of that.”

She sighed. “Oh, okay. Well, I guess that wasn’t so bad.” She exhaled. “Tonight was nothing like I expected,” she said.

“You’re telling me.” I turned to look at her and peace settled over me as we smiled at each other.

It dawned on me then that sexiness aside, I thought she was pretty solid. I also took note of the fact that we were alone together for the first time since I’d met her tonight. Just her and me in the silence of my car, with no one’s eyes on us. I reached forward and plucked the leaves from her hair, my knuckles brushing up against her clavicle. And she shivered, causing the heat to return at full force, and my knuckles lingered there a little longer than they were supposed to as I wrestled with the temptation to trail the back of my hand lower until they were resting just atop her breasts. I fought back a shiver as a voice in my head said, *Who would know?*

I could feel the warmth of her breath against my fingers as she stared at me, and I wanted to put them into her mouth, stroke her lips with my thumb. Blood rushed to my dick, and I pulled my hand away because I would know.

“Oh no! That’s so embarrassing!” she exclaimed, causing me to jump, and I followed her eyes to the leaves in my hand.

I grinned. “It’s cute,” I said, clearing my throat and driving off before I made myself say and do a lot more.

I was grateful as we pulled up to the apartment complex, this meant that my moments of torture would soon be eased, even if just a tiny bit through distance. Since she didn’t know where to go, I accompanied her to her apartment and only stuck around to see her reaction to the place as she opened the door.

“Wow! This is nice,” she gushed, staring at the hues of turquoise and white accents in the cushions and sofas in the living room, the blinding white of the walls and floors, massive walking space between the living room and kitchen where the LED lights bounced off the shimmering fixtures. As she headed toward her bedroom door to check it out, my knees shook, and I knew that this was the moment I needed to get the hell out of there.

“Uh, well I’m glad you like it. I’ll see you tomorrow,” I said before stepping away as fast as my feet and my willpower could take me.

“Wait, no. Mario!” I turned to look at her peeking out into the hallway. Was everything okay? Did she find a fault in the

apartment already? Her voice shook and her blush returned. I didn't expect the next few words that left her mouth. "Will you stay with me tonight?" she asked.

That sounded like sweet music to my ears. I couldn't believe it. I felt like jumping in celebration, sweeping across the floor in a few giant steps to give us both what we wanted, but my legs were frozen in place by my commitment to Chris. I should have said no and let her down easy despite how full my cock got at the prospect of fucking her in the next few seconds, but all that came out of my mouth was a stupid tremor in my voice as I looked at her in shock. "What?"

Chapter 8

Tiffany

Silence stretched between us as I waited for Mario's response. His bright blue eyes shocked me as they grew dark, and something about the way he looked at me left my breathing ragged. I wondered what he was thinking as his eyes roamed over my body, as the veins in his neck clenched and his jawbone tightened while he said nothing. I thought it was an intense reaction to my question but it warmed my bones and heated my blood.

When his legs began to move toward me, I heard short desperate breaths and realized they were coming from me. And by the time he was standing in front of me, it hit me. Wait, what did he think I meant? Did he think I was asking him to stay because of ...? Oh my. My forehead grew damp with sweat and my throat went dry.

I wish I was that bold. I wouldn't even know how to initiate something like that. The hallway became too hot as I put my arm out between us to get his attention. When my palm landed on his chest, I pulled my hand away as if the hardness of his

pecs and the pounding of his heart stung me. I'd never felt a man beneath my palm before.

I struggled to find my voice to clarify what I meant. "Um ..." I started. "I was hoping you'd stay because um, it's my first night here? And I've never lived on my own before. I was hoping to come back here with my friends, but you know how that worked out," I said with an embarrassing chuckle.

His brows furrowed as he looked down at me in confusion as if it was taking him a few seconds to compute what I was saying, then he blinked and stepped back. "Oh ... Oh! I'm sorry." He cleared his throat. "Uh ... Hm, I don't know. I should probably get going, I have to be up early for work tomorrow."

He turned to leave again and a desperate cry left my mouth, causing him to still. Even though I desired him, being scared *was* the actual reason I wanted him to stay. "I'll even give you the bed so that you can have undisturbed sleep. Please, I won't bother you. I have the interview tomorrow, but if I'm here by myself, I won't get any sleep. Please, stay."

Maybe he heard the genuine fear in my voice because he looked at me with deep understanding. "Okay. But I'll take the couch." He smiled and walked past me into the apartment. "And hey, let me show you something. The couch has a secret." He grinned as he pulled the cushions off. "When I saw the price of this thing, I thought, well it better do more than just seat people. Turns out it folds out into a bed. Voilà," he

said, pulling a whole bed frame out of the otherwise plush sofa.

It bounced as he fell on top of it, and I tried not to think about the scorching heat of a few minutes ago or how he seemed to have forgotten about it. I was just glad he agreed to stay. I didn't have enough words to express my gratitude. So as much as him on a bed staring up at me with a smile was causing sensations between my legs, I couldn't even begin to fathom what to do with a man like him. All I knew was he made me feel insane things, things that made my hands shake just as they were now.

I folded my arms across my chest to hide them. That wasn't why he was here. His presence here had nothing to do with the way he played my body without touching it, and how just one brush of his hand on my skin made me desperate for him. I was just glad I didn't have to sleep here alone tonight.

After handing him the pillow and blanket, I headed to my room and closed the door behind me. I rested my back against the door as I processed everything that happened tonight, from having a drink for the first time to watching my friends and a whole bunch of other people fucking. I was experiencing a lot of firsts tonight, like feeling consistently and relentlessly horny for the first time and having one of the hottest men I've ever seen laying in my living room with only a door between us. Of course I was too chicken to do anything about it because I didn't know the first thing about sex, only that Mario made me want it, bad. I wanted to feel whatever Annie

was feeling as she gripped the hair of the person between her legs, curling her toes and sobbing in pleasure.

I stripped myself down and took a quick shower in the bathroom attached to my bedroom before lying in bed and pulling out my laptop to search the internet for help.

What does sex feel like? I clicked enter and tapped on the first article which suggested that the best way to know what it felt like was “to touch yourself.” I gasped at the vulgarity of the words. It felt so raunchy to me. So dirty, and it made me aware of my breasts that were begging to be touched, tender nipples pulsing with need, and warmth finding the place between my legs again. The article suggested ethical porn sites and provided links which I clicked on to see women touching themselves as their moans filled my room. I tapped the video in a panic, trying to pause it. Shit! Where were my headphones?! I hoped Mario didn’t hear that. I’d be so embarrassed.

With my headphones on, I breathed a sigh of relief, settling my body into the soft cuddle of my bed as I reached beneath my nightgown to cup my own breasts, following along with the video. My breasts were so desperate to be squeezed that they hurt with yearning. I wet my fingers with spit just as the woman in the video did and started playing with my nipples. This all felt good, but it was doing nothing to fulfill my aching need. I wanted more.

Soon, my fingers were between my legs. She rubbed herself, so I rubbed myself. At first, I wasn’t sure what I was

supposed to be rubbing until I felt a sensitive spot—hard, tiny, and throbbing—and each time my finger stroked it, I felt like I could cry tears of joy. I couldn't get enough, and each stroke brought greater pleasure and a growing intensity in my belly, in my back, my toes, my scalp, my fingertips, and inside me somewhere, something begged me for even more.

It was like a switch had been turned on inside of me that united certified pussy holders who experienced sexual pleasure with it as I found my moans blending with hers like wolves in a pack recognizing each other. My thoughts became filthy along with the words coming out of my mouth. Oh, they revved me up even more. I gripped my bedsheets with one hand and used my foot to push my laptop away since I no longer had a need for it.

As I shut my eyes, the memory of just a few moments ago of my palm against Mario's chest, shook my body, the brush of his finger against my collarbone, his hand in my hair, his breath on my neck. Oh fuck, I was about to explode. I began to pant, unable to control myself as I cried his name over and over again and felt my vagina contracting and releasing. Uh. Fuck. And it wasn't enough.

As my body shook, vibrating as if there would be no end, the overwhelming need to know more—like what his lips tasted like and how his mouth would feel on my skin. My palms prickled with desperation to touch him again for longer, I was yearning for more, for something to fill me up. I needed him. And now that I knew what sex could feel like, I was ravenous.

It could have been the lingering effects of the alcohol from earlier, or maybe I'd just discovered the filth of lust, but I found myself at the door. Pausing for a few seconds, afraid he'd reject me if I came on to him because he'd know once we started that I didn't know what I was doing and I'd just suck at it. But I decided I was too turned on to turn back.

Chapter 9

Mario

I thought after removing the restriction from my clothing and settling in under the blanket, I'd be able to make this paper-thin mattress work. But there was no escaping the fact that this was *not* the memory foam I'd grown accustomed to, and I was being reminded of that each time I turned. I could feel the hard metal of the bed frame against my muscles and my ass still hurt from when I fell into it earlier. It felt like a sucker punch to my ass bones. One would think with how much the damn sofa cost, the bed part would be as impressive as the couch, and believe me, the couch was impressive.

As I lay there, missing the body-contour mattress of my bed, I thought about how I'd become a sucker for this woman in one night. There was an odd kind of humor in it, and I was sure I'd be able to laugh at it after a good night's rest. I was going to be grumpy as hell tomorrow at work, there was no doubt about it.

I switched to my other side yet again and nestled into the contour pillow. Well, at least that was nice. That *was* memory foam. Oh, that felt nice against my neck. The funny thing was,

with how plush the cushions were, I'd have been better off choosing to sleep on the couch instead, but I was far too tired to get up, fold the damn thing up, and put it away. I just needed to focus on how good this pillow felt, how soft the pillowcase felt against my skin, until it put me to sleep.

If these were normal circumstances, I could have managed to get through this metal hell with how tired I was, since these days, I'd pass out as soon as my head touched the pillow after a long day. But it seemed I was a glutton for punishment as my mind was in a constant wrestling match over the woman who could not be had, who slept just a few feet away. Her door called out to me like the fruits and water that taunted Tantalus in his personal hell.

Oh. And just fucking great, I needed to pee. Now it was going to take even more fucking effort to attempt sleeping when I came back. Needing to pee during the night, who came up with that? I pulled my aching body off the pathetic excuse for a bed and swore under my breath as I made my way to the guest bathroom.

As I pulled my cock out and got ready to aim, I heard soft moans flowing through the cracks of her bedroom door. There was no way in hell I was peeing now that my cock became cement in my hand. I tightened my other hand in a fist and leaned into it against the wall behind the toilet. Fuck. I was so tempted to stroke myself, but if I started, I wouldn't be able to stop, and I didn't want to make a mess in her bathroom. I groaned in agony as my hips rocked forward out of instinct. I tried to walk over to the sink as my rock-hard balls and dick

became painful without the sweet release it begged for. I began to splash my face with cold water, hoping it would help, but it didn't, not when I heard her cry my name out on repeat. My knees buckled.

That was my breaking point. That was it. I was not a masochist. I could not stand this torture any longer. I returned to the couch and started to grab my clothes and shoes. I had to get out of there because any second longer and I'd no longer be the loyal friend her brother trusted. I needed her wet pussy clenching around my cock. I was drowning in her apartment without it. I was crazy to even be here in the first place. I wasn't a saint. I'd had excuses all night for choosing to be around her when I could've left after I first realized I was doomed, but all those excuses were just cover-ups for what I was hoping would happen, that I knew never would. It had to end now.

As I made my way toward the exit, I heard her bedroom door open. Shit, I was going to try to leave as quietly as possible, hoping she wouldn't notice.

"I couldn't sleep," she started. "Wait, where are you going? Were you leaving?"

I squeezed my eyes shut in discomfort, pausing to turn because I didn't want to risk her catching a glimpse of my bulging cock. I didn't want to offend her, even though I was pretty certain that at least one of my body parts had something to do with her inability to sleep. I wanted to tell her that I heard all about her "insomnia," but I didn't want her to think I

was creeping around like a perv with my ear pressed to the door listening to her. Oh, this was awkward as hell. I needed her to turn around and go back into her room so I could get the hell out of there.

I cleared my throat. “Yeah, you know. I was also having some trouble sleeping, and I didn’t want to wake you, but I should really get going if I’m going to have a shot at getting to work early in the morning.” My grin twisted out of sheer awkwardness as I ran my hand through my hair. “I know I promised I’d stay, but I thought if you didn’t know I was gone, you’d have nothing to be afraid of and you’d wake up in the morning to see that you survived the night on your own,” I said, rattling off a whole bunch of dumb shit I didn’t care about so that this conversation could come to an end. “I know, I’m a jerk.”

She was silent for a while so when I got no response from her, I took that as my cue to go.

As soon as I made my move to leave, I heard her swift intake of breath and the shuffle of her feet as she stumbled forward to stop me.

“No, wait!” she called after me.

The hurriedness of her voice made me think that perhaps something was wrong. Perhaps the realization that she would be sleeping here by herself began to freak her out again, but I had to leave. I twisted my neck to the side, crumpling my face as I strengthened my resistance, using my clothes to shield my deflating cock as I began to turn around. When I did, I almost

lost my breath at the sight of her and gripped my clothes against my dick as it returned us to square one.

Her nipples were hard, piercing through her rayon white nightdress, and she stared at me, biting her lip. I could see the darker tint of her areolas making a silhouette in the fabric, and I began to salivate. She looked nervous. Fuck, *I* was nervous. I was sure my upper body had turned a shade of pink that I couldn't hide with my full naked chest on display.

“What is it?” I asked, trying to sound normal as the pulse in my cock, pointing straight up at me, thumped against my belly.

Her voice fell to a whisper as her eyes roamed over me, her cheeks were also filled with blood as she said, “I'd like you to stay.”

Her voice was husky and my eyes widened because I could tell by the way she was walking toward me that this time, I wasn't imagining what wasn't there. Oh, fuck.

I should've left. I still had time to be the good guy. I was standing a few feet from the exit. I could have just turned around, opened the door, and been out of there. But the closer she got to me, the more I couldn't remember any reasons why I should leave, and Chris was the furthest thing from my mind.

All I could see was her, all I could smell was her sex, and all I could imagine was what she tasted like. My feet were not going anywhere, they were cemented to the carpeted floor, and as she came to stand toe to toe with me, my breath left my body. My vision got blurred and my fingers burned with the need to touch her.

Chapter 10

Tiffany

My throat went dry, and the wind was knocked out of me the moment I opened my bedroom door to see Mario in nothing but underpants, tiptoeing toward the exit. My legs shook, my fingers trembled, and I could hear my trembling breath as I studied him. I'd never paid much attention to the naked male form before, but as I watched the muscles in his back tense and release, toned legs and ass moving toward the door, I felt the words lunge from my mouth to stop him from leaving. Oh, dear, goodness, I needed to touch him. He looked delicious. I couldn't understand why my mouth wanted to feel him. I just knew that it did. I was overwhelmed with the need to hold him close to me, feel his skin against mine.

He was beautiful, but it was when he turned to look at me that I lost my ability to keep still. It was like he was a magnet pulling me toward him. His flat pink nipples against hardened pecs and solid abs made my body ache. The closer I got and the more of his body hair against strong legs and arms that I was able to see, turned a switch on inside me that left the nub between my legs vibrating.

Yet, standing before him, I almost chickened out. I was afraid of how he would react if I touched him, if I dared to press my palm against his naked chest, with no shirt in the way to stop me from feeling his warmth against my fingertips. I wondered if he'd push me away if I reached up to kiss him. But as I caught his eyes roaming over my body, I was disconnected from my thoughts. I could have only been driven by action as I raised myself up on my toes, my lips shaking; a chill ran across my back and I closed my eyes, leaning into soft, warm, perfect lips.

My breath shook and so did my body as my lips began to tingle from the contact. I felt that tingle all the way to my toes. My whole body was awakened by him. I didn't want to pull away but I began to panic, wondering what he thought of me, only twenty-one and his best friend's sister, kissing him. I broke the kiss and the sound of our lips detaching had me aching to press them together once again. My groin ached, and I gasped in shock and delight when his arm came around my waist, rough and hard, grabbing me against his body and crashing his lips down on mine.

I moaned into his kiss as his lips explored my body. I let him take control. There were too many things happening at once, too much to feel. The room began to blur, and I thought I was about to combust as his hands moved under my nightdress where I was bare. He cupped my cheeks, groaning in satisfaction when he discovered my nakedness. I gripped his shoulders as we began to stumble backward, and I was halfway aware of the fact that he was moving me toward

something. Soon, I tripped, falling onto a stool as my back found the kitchen counter.

“I heard you,” he growled, and he sounded hungry, desperate, as he breathed against my neck. I trembled as he moved downward, placing soft bites on the top of my breasts before pulling the strap down so that the fullness of them fell into his mouth. Oh, gah ... yes.

My cheeks warmed from his admission. He'd heard me. He'd heard how much I wanted him. Needed him. Oh my goodness, I needed him so bad, I was panting. As I felt the cool air against my damp nipple and his hand dipping between my legs to find the place I'd only just discovered, I felt a sense of thrill and fear. This felt amazing, fast, and scary because I wasn't sure what to expect, but I knew I didn't want it to stop.

“I've never ... done this before,” I breathed as he hit a spot with his finger that caused my eyes to spasm and a moan to escape me that made me blush.

“What?” he asked, moaning and indulging my pleasure until I thought I was about to start crying from how fucking good it felt. His finger slipped inside of me and the world stopped. My eyes flew open and I froze. I felt every bit of his finger inside my body, and it was new and deliciously exciting. I moaned so loud; I heard him swear under his breath as he grabbed my hips and began to pull his underwear down.

“Wait ... wait, wait,” I said, putting my hand out to rest it against his warm, sturdy chest that I still could not believe I

was lucky enough to touch. I'd never seen such beauty in my whole entire life. He was magnificent.

He paused, resting his forehead against mine, breathing heavy.

"Can we go slow?" I said, reaching up to caress his face, running my palm against the roughness of his beard, reveling in every second of it until he jumped out of my hand as if I'd just slapped him.

I looked up at him in shock. "No, no, no, don't stop," I begged, but he ran his hand through his hair and turned his back toward me. I wondered what I'd said that was so wrong, and my lips began to tremble again as I wished I'd just never said anything because my nipples were still buzzing from his touch and my vagina needed to devour him.

"You're a virgin?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, unsure about why that would be a reason for him to stop.

"Shit." He pressed the heel of his hands against his eyes, rubbing them. "Fuck, now your brother would really have a reason to kill me," he whispered to himself.

I jumped up from the seat. "What does my brother have to do with anything?"

He turned around to look at me, groaning as his eyes lingered on my breasts. He reached forward, trailing his finger along the strap of my nightdress, moving it back up to cover me, but all I could feel was the back of his finger against the

hairs on my skin. I couldn't bear the thought of him pulling his hand away, so I grabbed it and held it there. Standing apart from each other allowed me to get a view of the hardness protruding from his boxers, and tension gripped my chest as I stared at it, biting my bottom lip. My legs grew unstable.

He groaned again, trying to resist what was happening between us, beginning to turn away from me, but I held on to his hand, staring into his lust-filled eyes.

"I'm sorry, Tiffany. I can't be the one to take your virginity," he said, his voice hoarse as if it pained him to say the words.

Oh man, I heard what he was saying but I couldn't focus on it. My breasts needed to be held by him again, and that's all I could think about. "Why not?" I asked, pleading with him as I moved his hand over my nipple, hoping he'd grip me.

"Fuck," he said as his voice shook. "This is a really bad idea, I should stop."

I released his hand, a bit insulted, to be honest. "Why?" I asked again, furrowing my brows in frustration.

"Because, first of all, your brother would kill me if he knew I was the one that took his little sister's virginity. Me, the guy he trusts and would never expect this from. Second of all, as much as I want you and ache for you, your first time is supposed to be special. It shouldn't be with some random guy you've just met. It should be with someone you know and trust," he said.

I wished we could stop talking about this and get back to what we were doing, but I understood how much his friendship meant to him. I was conflicted. We wanted each other, and this didn't have to ruin their friendship. "My brother doesn't have to know. It's not his business what I do with my body and who I choose to do it with, let's start with that. Who I sleep with isn't a decision for my brother to make. Who I lose my virginity to is my choice. I'm a grown woman, I know what I want, and right now, I want you," I said, moving toward him again and placing my hand on his stomach. "But I get it, if you don't want to, we don't have to," I said, though I didn't pull my hand away.

Once I started touching him, I didn't want to stop. I just wanted to feel him beneath my fingertips as I moved my hand over his chest, exploring the wonder of his body. His breath hitched and it shook me. His hand came around to squeeze my ass. I shuddered with happiness and tilted my head to look up at him. His eyes bore into me with need. I found it hard to breathe.

"And as to your second point, I trust you," I whispered, reaching up to stroke his beard as he pulled me against his body.

My heart pounded against his chest, and my breathing returned with full force, hard and fast, crashing against my ribs.

"I've never wanted someone else the way I want you now. Don't you want me?" I asked, groaning because I knew if he

pulled away, I'd have to let him go. I'd have to be okay with never having him.

I felt his face in my hair as he took a deep breath in. "So bad. You have no fucking idea."

"Then, take me, please. I need to know what you feel like," I said.

I couldn't get the words out fast enough, he pulled me in for a kiss, and his lips met mine to shut me up. I threw my arms around his neck, trying to pull all of him into me because I was so thankful that we were back at it, I didn't want to lose another second of him. I wanted as much of him as I could take before it had to end.

My hand traveled down his spine and when I felt his ass, I tingled in surprise. Firm and round, I ran my hand over it as he pressed his thumbs into my ribs, massaging my tender bones before moving up to my nipples. I couldn't stand it anymore, and when I broke the kiss, I could barely make him out as passion distorted my vision.

I took his hand and began to move toward the bedroom, my legs wobbling as I did.

He grabbed me from behind, pulling me by the waist against his hard torso as his lips found my neck again. "Do you care about this nightdress?" he asked.

I reached up to grab the back of his neck to pull him even closer to me. "No," I breathed.

“Good,” he said, ripping the tiny straps as he tugged the nightdress downward. “Let me see these again,” he said, releasing my breasts once more, kneading them from behind, and my body writhed against him. I could feel my ass against the hardness in his boxers, and I reached behind me to grab it.

His body rocked forward, slamming into my back as I felt his hand wrap around mine to remove it from him. “Oh no, missy. You’re not ready for that yet.”

I felt his tongue in my ear, and my vagina got so slick, I moaned.

“I’m going to give you a night you won’t forget,” he growled.

“Oh, yes, please,” I said, as he kept my hand behind my back, my fingers attempting to graze him.

He laughed, and I felt the rumbling of it in my spine. “When you finally get it, it’ll be because you’re begging for it,” he said, kissing the back of my neck.

I had no idea what he was talking about because I was already on the verge of begging for it. I couldn’t imagine how much more I could need him than I did at that very moment. He spun me around, pulling the ripped garment from my body, leaving me so very naked. He smiled down at me, and I pressed my body into his, feeling a little shy from his gaze.

“You’re so fucking sexy,” he groaned, bending his knees and running his hands over my body before picking me up and wrapping my legs around his hips. I could feel the tease of his

hardness, still shielded by his underwear, against my center as he walked us into my bedroom while probing my mouth with his soft, wet tongue.

Chapter 11

Mario

A *h fuck. I was crazy, out of my fucking mind* , I thought as I lay on top of her, my hand cupping her full breast. My thumb stroked its softness, my palm grazing her nipple as I feasted on her lips. My cock strained against my underwear, pulsating against her thigh. She was too luscious to resist. She'd thrown her arms around my neck, pulling me closer to her, moaning and panting, driving me crazy. There was no way in fucking hell I would've been able to pull myself away from her, even if my life depended on it.

I thought I was about to explode as I pressed myself against her. Needing to taste as much of her as I could, I brought my lips to her neck, licking to her clavicle as she shivered beneath me with desire. I was still fighting the battle to pull myself away, but I knew at this point, there was no fucking way that was going to happen. I couldn't. I was physically incapable of doing so, joined with her like this. Everything was right. She wanted me. I wanted her. She was legal. And she was correct, her brother didn't have any control over who she slept with. I wasn't taking anything from her; with her legs spread wide

beneath me as she moved against my body, she was very much offering herself up to me.

I was doing nothing wrong when I licked her chest, settling my mouth over her succulent pink nipple. I heard her gasp, and when I remembered it was her first time, that she was responding to everything for the first time, the warmth of my wet tongue against her skin? Man, it drove me insane.

I shoved my hand into her hair, bringing my lips back to hers, feeling my hips lose control as I moved against her, knowing that if the underwear wasn't creating a barrier, I'd have been breaking my own promise to make her beg, plunging deep into her as the slickness of her pink hole, less than an inch away from my cock, tempted and threatened to suck me dry. Oh fuck. She was so perfect. She felt so good. I threw my head against her neck, trying to restrain myself from saying fuck it to my ego and pulling my underwear away to take her, drown myself in her.

I groaned. "Your brother can't know about this." The words slipped out.

She shuddered. "Can we please stop talking about my brother? I need to feel you inside me." Her breath was labored.

I kissed her to shut her up because if she kept talking, I'd have no restraint left. Her tongue fluttered against mine, and I grunted with the pressure of the blood that rushed to my tip, pushing me forward from the sensation of her. Oh shit. The impact of that wave left me dizzy, and I raised myself up on my arms, gripping the bed sheet to allow the pleasurable

intensity that just rocked my hips to settle, but I wasn't in the clear yet.

“Fuck,” I whispered against her lips as she wrapped her legs around me, grinding her wetness in frustration and reckless abandon against my erection. A moan escaped me as I sucked her tongue into my mouth. She matched my strokes with some of her own.

She held her own, and I was impressed, unable to control the blood pumping with full force against my groin as I dry humped her wet pussy. Man, it felt too fucking good hitting the top of my dick against her. My eyes rolled to the back of my head.

Fuck this. I was supposed to be the one in control, making her lose her shit. I pulled her arms away from my neck, holding them against the bed as she looked up at me with her eyes opened wide. She was shocked but she licked her lips, and I smiled as I lowered my head to her breasts, suckling as she writhed against me. I shifted as if she'd stung me, moving my hips away from her tempting sex as I pulled her nipple into my mouth, licking her skin while massaging the other breast.

I could feel her wetness against my belly, and I chuckled with satisfaction, moving to give the other breast the attention of my mouth. Her hands shot through my hair, and her fingers massaging my scalp was dizzying.

“Wow, oh my goodness,” she whispered. I looked up to watch her as she threw her head back, her pretty mouth opened

before she bit her lip and sighed as short moans kept playing on repeat.

“You’re so fucking beautiful,” I said before placing kisses against her sternum, moving lower to kiss her belly. Painful pleasure pressed against the tip of my cock as I ground it into the mattress to relieve some of the pressure.

Damn it, I didn’t know how to resist her. I paused, looking up at her skin flushed red, and noticed my hand had made temporary tattoos against her neck, breast and belly, the places I’d grabbed her when watching her reaction to me caused pleasure to rack my body. She looked so fucking decadent, I couldn’t stop myself from raising up over her to lick her from her chin down to her belly button, burying my nose into the red tuft of hair between her legs. I brought my face back up to hers.

I was still hesitating.

I was going crazy looking at her writhing body as her face tensed with need and my tongue begged for her pussy. Tug of war wrestled inside my body. Knowing this was her first time was still threatening me, but damn it, her trust in me set me on fire. I felt a huge sense of responsibility because I was positive that this was going down. As long as she still wanted me, this was happening, and there was nothing on earth that would stop me.

Every inch of her was worth this sense of responsibility. I knew that if I wasn’t going to be able to pull myself away, I needed to make sure that she felt cared for. I wanted this to be

special for her. I wanted to blow her mind, make her first-time story one that made her smile and yearn for more as she thought of me.

I knew that if I took the plunge and fucked her with my mouth, entered her sweet warm center with all of me, I had to make sure that I'd never hurt her. She shouldn't have to regret her first time with me, even if I was a stranger. She should be able to look back at tonight with fond memories, regardless of what happened afterward. So as much as I was busting out of my underpants to visit paradise in her pussy, I wouldn't get my fix until she did.

She looked up at me and her eyes were filled with wonder, need, and frustration. She was dazed, as if she was in another world. I wasn't sure why but that made me laugh a little bit. Maybe it was just overall happiness that this was happening. "Are you okay?" I asked her.

She smiled. "I think this might be the best I've ever felt in my life. I didn't know it was possible to feel like this," she moaned, stretching her body, displaying her arousal.

It was so hot watching her experience the high of being this turned on for the first time, and as I thought about being the one to give her that high, desire tormented me. I pressed my lips against hers, groaning as I reached down to stroke her and prepare her for my tongue. "Is this what you imagined as you called my name earlier?" I whispered against her ear, and she squealed.

She didn't answer. It was as if she couldn't speak as she watched my hand move against her in awe, and when I stuck my tongue in her ear, she began to spasm, soaking my finger as she found her breath and screamed, "Oh, my, goodness!"

I smiled and kissed her cheek while I began to massage her vaginal wall. The heel of my hand crashed against her pelvic bone, right between her clit and her center, grazing her clit with each thrust of my hand. She reached for my face, and I pressed my desperate lips against hers for a brief moment.

Her mouth puckered as I broke the kiss to witness her pleasure play out over her face. As I watched her rounded mouth, I wondered what it would feel like against my cock. Fuck me. I pulled my wet, sticky fingers out of her and sucked on them before sticking them into her mouth, and as she sucked on them, I lost it, pulling her tongue into my mouth and taking her bottom lip between my teeth.

She let out a gasp, whimpering below me. *Have mercy.* I grabbed her hips to still her as I rested my face between her legs. This was the point of no return. I drooled at the sight of her perfect pussy. I loved the way her skin flushed when she was aroused and between her legs was no different. As soon as my tongue touched her clit, her breath released in a hurry and her legs clamped my head before I moved to hold them open.

"Oh, no you don't," I said, kissing her thigh. "Say my name again," I spoke into her pussy, groaning and watching her as I pulled her clit into my mouth, fluttering the tip of my tongue against her tiny erection. I couldn't keep my eyes off her as

she sucked her stomach in and let it out like there was an ocean wave moving through her body.

She thrashed about, squirming away from my tongue, unsure how to react to it as she gripped the bed sheets and cried, “Yes.”

I held her in place, flattening my tongue against her, going dizzy from the taste of her juices. I devoured her as if she was a piece of fruit I’d come across after starving all my life. She jerked against my face as I cupped her ass, pressing her against my relentless strokes, taking almost the entirety of her pussy into my mouth.

“Oh shit. Please, Mario. Please. Yes. Shit, oh my gah ... fuck me.” Her voice vibrated as she lost control against my face. I rocked my hips against the bed, dick still hard as fuck, even harder now which I didn’t think was possible, and I kept on sucking, needing to prolong her pleasure for as long as I could.

When she settled down again, I wasn’t done. I began to probe her hole with my tongue to lap up the sweet taste of her, closing my eyes in ecstasy from her flavor and scent. I needed to taste her for my own pleasure, and I became discombobulated, losing sight of her. My whole body flushed with warmth while I made out with her pussy. As I opened my eyes, I made contact with hers. I didn’t look away. I watched her and her cheeks tinted pink. My balls tensed up, and I felt like I was about to explode.

As I hit that sweet spot with my tongue, her eyes rolled to the back of her head. I brought my finger to her clit, causing her to grip the sheets, and I shifted to ease up off my dick before I started to fuck the damn mattress. I reached my hand up to rub her breasts, placing little kisses against her labia and clit, before thrusting my tongue inside her again, sucking on her. I watched as she breathed a sigh of relief and licked her lips. Short breaths followed and she arched her back, stretching, raising her breasts until a whimper escaped her. I listened as the pause between soft whimpers became shorter, coming together in full moans as she gasped, "Oh my goodness." She threw her breast against my hand, her ribcage slamming against my wrist, and I held on tighter, squeezing her nipple as I drank from her, and the moans she let out had me shaking with need.

"Mario, oh my goodness, please, fuck, yes, please, uh, fu ... ah! Yes, Mario." She gasped my name on repeat in between sharp intakes of breaths. Fuck, shit. I was about to lose it. I shook with pleasure, holding in my own release. "Please, don't stop, don't sto-op, please, yes. Put it in. Now. Please," she begged, but I did not remove my tongue, nor did I stop gripping her breast as pleasure consumed us both. "Oh no." Her eyes widened and she groaned. "Please. Now! Put it in now! Please!" She shuddered.

"Put what in?" I asked, lifting my mouth from between her legs, teasing her, though I was on the verge of losing all of my self-control.

She blushed, looking down at me as I let my breath warm her clit. “You know what,” she said.

Raising my body above her, pressing my finger against her nub of flesh and gazing into her eyes, I asked, “What do you want?”

She dug the back of her head in the mattress as I worked her with my hand. I could feel her nipples stroking my pecs and I felt like she was about to drive me crazy. “Do you want my cock inside you?” I groaned when she didn’t answer.

“Yes, please,” she begged, riding my fingers, gripping my body in desperation and grabbing my ass.

I closed my eyes because I thought I would blow my load all over my boxers if I kept watching her. My hunger was raging, and I dipped my mouth to take her again. My tongue became aggressive against her pussy as I sucked the life out of her through her tight hole while my own damn pleasure swelled inside my belly. I grabbed hold of her breast again, squeezing it harder than before. She writhed against my face, breaking into sobs as her hips went wild. “Please, Mario, put it in,” she cried. “Oh my goodness, yes, yes, yes! Oh, fuck me! Yes! Please, oh my word!” she said in between breaths. My hand left her breast to rest against her lower abdomen, and that was her undoing, as well as mine. As she screamed my name in ecstasy, I almost lost my mind, pulling my boxers down in a rush and settling myself between her legs.

Her eyes flew open as she felt my nakedness against her leg. “Yes, yes,” she gasped, running her hand against my skin,

frantically trying to make something happen until she found my ass and started to pull me forward.

I felt the tip of my dick, slick with pre-cum, rest against her wet center and I groaned. “Is this what you want?” I reached under her to hold her around her waist, bringing my lips to hers, positioning her pussy so that it was at the perfect angle.

“Yes, please.” She nodded like a madwoman.

“How bad do you want it?” I asked, bringing my tongue to her lips as if I wasn’t about to lose my shit. I rested my tip against her entrance, trying not to move, but as she began to move against it, I used my other hand to hold her hips down, restraining her movement. She pressed her breasts into my chest, rubbing against me, and I was amazed at my patience as I moved my lips against her cheek.

“If I don’t feel you inside me right now, I think I might lose consciousness, please. I *need* you,” she stressed.

I kissed her long and hard as I began to rub myself against her, unable to drag this out any longer. This was it. The true point of no return. “Are you sure?” I paused, even as I could feel our hearts thumping in unison with each other, both of us anticipating the next second.

“Yes, please,” she breathed with impatience.

I gave her a quick kiss against her neck preparing myself for the plunge. “This is going to hurt a little, okay?” I said.

She nodded, licking and biting her lip as I sank my face into her neck, willing myself to take my time entering her.

Chapter 12

Tiffany

His dick rested against the inside of my thigh and the weight of it had me licking my lips as he began to massage my clit with the head of his penis. His breath fanning my neck made me dizzy and the roughness of his beard made me shiver. “Please,” I gasped. “Fill me.” I thought I might die if he didn’t.

He swore. Hearing him cuss lit me on fire. A dragged-out moan left my throat, and I moved my hand to hold his shoulder to get ready for this ride he was about to take me on. I didn’t feel like myself. I felt loose and free, while at the same time, all of these sensations were maddening. My vagina pulsed, my nipples buzzed, and my whole body felt like I was suspended in space. The tip of his dick pressed against my entrance, and I could feel myself stretching to accommodate his size. There was slight pain, and I wasn’t sure if this was the pain he was talking about because I was not complaining. I was enjoying it.

“Mm, Tiffany, you’re so fucking tight.” He moaned into my ear and my heart began to pound like crazy, from both desire

and self-consciousness.

“Is that a bad thing?” I asked.

He let out a shocked breath, followed by a deep chuckle as he pushed himself up to look at me. “Bad thing?” he asked, kissing my forehead. “Oh fuck, it’s so hot. You grip my cock so good,” he said in a low tone that moved through my bones while looking at me with an intensity that made the hair on my skin vibrate with desire.

I bit my lip, moaning once his lips met mine and he sucked on my bottom lip, driving me insane before he raised himself up again to hold my gaze as he thrust himself deeper into me. Oh! My eyes shot wide open as I felt every inch of him move within me, followed by that pain, so sharp, oh my goodness.

He stilled himself and stroked my hair, cradling my face and rubbing his thumb over my lips. “How’s that?” he asked as he let out a shaky breath. He looked so hot looking down at me with his hair now damp with sweat, hanging across his forehead. The view of him and the gentleness of his touch made the pain dissipate. As he remained still, I could feel the barrier start to come apart inside me as his penis pressed against it. It began to disintegrate, and I could feel the tiniest movement of his penis as it did. In a split second, I found myself wishing that he didn’t stop moving at all. Mm, sweet heaven, I needed more of him.

“Is that okay?” he asked since I hadn’t answered.

“Yes,” I said, breathing against this new feeling, unsure what else to expect but needing him to keep going and he did.

He took his time, though, I could see him turning red as his muscles tensed. No more pain came, to my relief. Instead, a feeling of fullness overtook me, and I stared up at the man who had now made himself a part of me, joining with me, moving inside my body.

I sighed. It was like biting into cheesecake for the first time and having every single pleasure alarm go off inside your head, soothing as it slid along your tongue and down your throat as fireworks exploded, except this time, it was my whole body, especially my nether regions. I could even feel the heat of this passion in my navel as it shot up to my breasts down to my toes and fluttered through my hair.

Damn, I thought he was magnificent before we had sex, but at this point, I had no words. I couldn't believe I got to experience this. Feeling as if heaven sent him to bless me as he glowed above me, I ran my hand against his perfect chest, moving up to his face, memorizing every single detail. He groaned, kissing my fingers as they passed by his lips, and his rhythm increased, it caught me off guard as the pressure began to build within my body. He was stirring something wicked and intoxicating within me as his dick crashed against that special spot I couldn't name; I could only feel it.

Oh my word. I wished I could bottle up this feeling and keep it forever. As his hips continued to pick up the pace, the pleasure had my toes curling as he pounded into my body, filling me with each thrust, I spread my legs wider, hoping to allow even more of him in. I felt filthy and I liked it. My tongue shot out to lick his neck as I held on to his waist,

pulling him closer so that I could kiss his chest. “You taste so good,” I moaned.

“Oh, fuck.” He shook. “You don’t know what you’re doing to me when you say that,” he whispered against my lips as he pounded into my, dare I say it, pussy. “You feel so fucking good. I want to drill you harder and faster, but I don’t want to hurt you,” he said.

Oh dear. I loved the way “harder and faster” sounded. I lost my breath, gasping and almost yelping in pleasure as a high-pitched moan erupted from me. These new sounds coming from me shocked me, like who am I? “Give me all of you,” I said, once I caught my breath. “Do it harder and faster.”

His face contorted with need as his body rocked and he groaned so loud, I thought he was about to collapse. “Are you sure?” he grunted.

I nodded, unsure but ready.

“Oh fuck.” His lips pressed to mine, and I felt a surge of electricity leave his lips and course throughout my entire body. I couldn’t prepare myself for what came next as he lowered himself on one elbow and hammered his hips into me.

“Oh shit!” I gasped, and he paused in shock.

“Are you okay?” he asked in concern.

“Don’t you dare stop,” I told him.

“Oh goodness,” he said with a low gravel, groaning as he placed sensual kisses against my neck, chin, and jaw. He took

his time at first before resuming his pounding, murmuring my name, “Tiffany. Mm. Fuck, you feel so good.”

“Oh fuck,” I said, and this time, my moan was deep and long. I couldn’t feel my body anymore, I felt like I was pleasure personified. He pulled out of me and emptied himself on my bed as my body continued to vibrate, coming down from its high.

When I was aware of where I was again, I looked at him in wonder.

“Wow,” I said as he lay on his belly staring at me.

He smiled.

“Wow,” he repeated, reaching for my hand and bringing it to his lips. “You liked that?” he asked.

“Liked it? I couldn’t get enough of it,” I said with a deep breath. My heart was bursting with gratitude for being able to experience this level of satisfaction. “I can’t believe this is what I’ve been missing out on. Why didn’t my friends tell me this was what it felt like?!”

He laughed, moving to wrap his arms around me, kissing my shoulder and snuggling his head into my pillow. I felt overwhelmed with the need to thank him as I stroked his face while I watched his eyes flutter closed with a half smile on his face.

“Thank you,” I said.

He opened his eyes to stare at me in confusion. “For what?”

“For this,” I told him as if what I meant should have been clear.

“Are you kidding me? I’m honored. Thank you for choosing me to share that beautiful, sexy body with.” He smiled as he grabbed my ass, and I giggled. “Seriously, I’m honored to be chosen for your first time.” He kissed the back of my hand before stifling a yawn. “But, let’s get some sleep, okay?” he said with a smile, and I stroked his back, watching him fall asleep, smiling at his snores before I was lulled to sleep myself.

I awoke to the feeling of something hard poking me in my back. I jumped awake in fright, feeling his arm around my waist and rubbing my eyes against the blaring sunlight bathing the room. As I reached behind me to grab whatever was poking me, my cheeks grew red when I realized what I had my hand wrapped around. I released it in shock and spun around to see Mario rousing, rubbing his eyes and blinking them open against the light. “It doesn’t bite, you know?” he said, his voice gravelly with sleep. “You can touch it.” He yawned and stretched.

I didn’t get to see it last night, I sure knew what it felt like, though. It was covered by his boxers for most of our time together, and when I finally had him inside me, I didn’t even get a glimpse of him. Now, as it was pushing the sheet up off his hips, my mouth salivated and my heart thumped against my chest as I thought about seeing it in broad daylight. I’d never seen a penis before, except in science classes. Not even

in the dark club last night. My cheeks warmed as I looked up to watch him staring at me.

“Good morning.” He smiled.

“Good morning,” I said, my voice hoarse. He moved to rest his back against the head of the bed, causing the sheet to shift, only partly covering his hips, and he looked so tempting with parts of his muscular leg and the side of his bare ass on display. I licked my lips and he groaned. My breath hitched as I reached for the sheet, pausing to prepare myself.

“I promise, it won’t bite,” he said, raising one eyebrow and smirking, even though he had that tone I recognized as his desire filled voice.

I took my time removing the sheet, and he closed his eyes against the pull of it on his dick, biting his lip and hissing as it fell away from him. My mouth fell open at the sight of him.

“You’re so beautiful,” I said to him as I reached out to touch it, admiring the veins and the darker shade of beige it had in comparison to the rest of his skin tone. It was so smooth, and it felt so warm in my hand. I was fascinated by him, losing myself in the feel of him, studying him as he grabbed my hand, and I looked up to see his face tense, his eyes filled with need. “If you keep doing that, you’re going to drive me fucking crazy,” he breathed.

That’s when it dawned on me. Of course. Duh. “Does it feel good when I touch you here?” I asked.

He shuddered, swaying his head from side to side. “So fucking good,” he said, and I smiled as I knew now that I could also make him feel as good as he made me feel.

“Like this?” I asked, moving my hand up, then down because those seemed like the only two movements that made sense. There was no pulling it from side to side. Plus, the velvet feeling of his penis in my hand as I rubbed it up and down was addictive.

He gritted his teeth and grabbed my hand again, this time covering mine with his and showing me how to pleasure him. As I got the hang of it, he released my hand to hold on to the sheets as he threw his head back, moaning in delight. I watched as his pecs tensed and his biceps danced, and I felt my heartbeat in my throat at the sight of him.

He looked like he was enjoying himself, and I wanted to make sure that he continued to. The more I continued the motion he showed me, the louder his moans became, and as I massaged the tip of his cock, rotating my thumb over the hole, a clear liquid coated my fingers and his head shot up to stare at me. His messy blond hair tangled, and his eyes were an even more shocking blue that they almost appeared silver from the sunlight causing them to somehow grow darker as he gritted his teeth.

My nipples became tender as I watched him, and my core became wet as the words escaped me in a breath, “You’re so sexy.”

He launched forward, shoving his hand in my hair and pulling me forward so that he could drink from my lips like it was the fountain of life. I didn't stop stroking him, learning from him to be relentless, and my need to taste more of him took control as I moved my lips to his neck, sticking my tongue out and indulging myself in the saltiness of his skin. I couldn't get enough of him as I kissed my way to his chest, releasing his dick so I could place both hands on his chest. "Let me taste you," I said. "All of you."

Even I was unsure what I meant as he leaned backward with encouragement, and I kissed my way down his chest, imitating the way he kissed my breasts as much as I could. I tried to tease his hard pecs with my mouth as he did for me but his were too firm, allowing me only to press soft wet pecks against him and lick around his nipples as my lips brushed up against the blond hair on the center of his chest. I shivered with pleasure, moving my tongue against his abs, placing more small kisses there, feeling his dick bounce against my breasts as I moved even lower.

He groaned when my chin brushed against the tip of his dick, and I stared at it with need and fear. I wasn't sure what to do with it, but as I thought about his tongue on my clit and his mouth making out with my pussy, I decided to start there, sticking my tongue out and licking the length of him like a popsicle.

"Oh, fuck me," he mumbled to himself, hissing under his breath as he watched me. I almost wanted to stop to ask him if I was doing it right, but as I began to kiss the tip, alternating

between my lips and my tongue, he reached forward, cupping my chin in his hand and tugging me toward his mouth. As I moved up to take his lips with mine, he threw his arm around my waist, pulling me on top of him so that I could feel his dick against the crease of my ass as he brought my left breast to his mouth, sucking on my nipple and grunting as if he needed it more than he needed breath itself.

I threw my head back, gripping his hair as he moved his other hand between my legs to stroke me. I began to shake again, panting as I rested my forehead against his. He moved his mouth over to my other breast as my moans increased in pitch. He kissed my neck, and my hips took on a life of their own, grinding against his lower abdomen.

“Fuck,” he said, resting his forehead against my chest, groaning along with me as I came. His fingers left my center, and my eyes were foggy from my release when I felt him slapping his dick against my ass. I looked into his eyes in confusion and the look on his face was so fucking hot when he said, “I want to watch you use me to fuck yourself.”

“What?” I asked, confused.

He put his hand in my hair, raising himself up to kiss me before whispering against my lips, “Impale yourself with me.”

He took hold of my hips while staring into my eyes, lifting me above his dick and moving my wet center against the tip of him as he bit his lip. “Take me inside you. Do whatever feels good,” he said, running his hands up my sides, massaging my breasts and tugging on my nipples.

“Oh,” I breathed as I began to rub my pussy against his dick. I needed him inside me so badly, I was willing to test out his dick from this angle, even if I had no clue how to do what he asked. I began to stretch myself over him and as his wonderful hardness stretched me, his mouth fell open along with mine. We both gasped before my eyes fluttered closed. I wanted to sing songs of gratitude when he was locked inside me.

I heard his breath shake as he said, “Fuck, you feel so fuuuuucking good.” When I opened my eyes, his eyes were closed as he licked his lips, reclining as he waited. I waited. What did I do next? I paced myself. I was stunned by how I could feel every inch of him inside of me. I could almost feel him in my belly. I moaned, still unmoving, as I let myself enjoy just having him there.

His eyes opened to stare at me in a daze before he smiled, pulling himself in a sitting position with his dick still inside me. It almost slipped out but not quite, slamming back into me once he got himself situated.

“Fuck,” we both said in shock at the impact.

He moved to place his hands underneath my legs in a rush, my heart was in my chest as I stared at him before both our phones started to alarm. I could hear his phone outside my door and mine blared like there was a friggin’ fire inside my bedroom.

We both groaned in unison and laughed at each other. “We should stop,” he said, kissing my chest. “You should really

start getting ready for your interview, and I should start getting ready for work,” he said, while planting a peck on my neck, a peck that lingered before I felt his tongue slide along my skin as he growled low in his throat.

But with him inside me, I couldn't think about anything else until I was crumbling from a satisfying release around him. I began to grind my hips against his dick with the need to relieve the buildup in my body, and he gasped as if in relief.

“Yes, that's what I meant. Do what feels good to you,” he said between breaths and as the pleasure began to come to an earth-shattering climax, the stupid alarm screamed as if it needed us to evacuate the damn apartment.

“Can you reach that for me, please?” I asked in frustration, and he laughed, reaching over to grab it from the nightstand. “I'll just hit snooze, for five minutes,” I said, still rubbing myself against him and sighing as the alarm quietened.

“Yeah, five minutes sounds good,” he said, lowering his voice and breathing against my lips before kissing me. “We can get a lot done in five minutes.”

Our lips reunited and the earth shook as he grabbed my hips and began to slam me down on top of him. “Oh, my, goodness, Mario, yes, fuck, yes,” I said, each word broken apart as I spoke along with the movement of my body, and when he let me go, I set off on my own, bouncing on top of him, my titties following the rhythm.

He leaned backward to watch me, groaning. “You look so good right now.”

I closed my eyes, needing to feel him hit my spot over and over again with his pleasure stick. I lost myself, vanishing to another planet as my hips ground against him, going wild as my clit brushed against him in the process.

“Fuck, Tiffany,” he said, and before I knew it, my back slammed into the mattress as he drove himself inside of me, leaving us both shaking before getting up and attempting to go to the bathroom. We hesitated as we headed there together but we were both running late. “It’ll save time if we shower together,” he suggested.

I shouldn’t have agreed to that. That was a bad idea. We both had no self-control when it came to the other and wasted even more time in the shower before finally heading out.

We drove to Crawford & Beam together because I didn’t have time to go and pick up my car from my parents’ place, and as we pulled into the parking lot, it was hard to separate from him. We shared another heated kiss, his hand drifting up my skirt before he began to undo my top and it was agony stopping him. But we managed to break apart as he wished me luck, and I headed in before him, in a rush once I checked the time.

Chapter 13

Jared

“**M**y nephew has just completed his JD as well as his MBA from Alden University. He had the highest LSAT scores during his year, and he’s a hard worker. He’s only twenty-five but has worked as a paralegal during the summer since he was sixteen years old because he always knew this was what he wanted to do, even before he got into law school. At twenty-one, he graduated with a BA in Business Administration before going on to complete the next four years of his studies. With a focus in business, he’s got the experience to work in corporate law and with the high competition, over thirty thousand graduates looking for jobs, it helps to know someone in high places. You know I would never steer you wrong, Mr. Crawford,” one of my well-respected junior partners said.

And they were right. They never steered me wrong. They had great billable hours, won several cases, and brought in an impressive amount of clients to our company. If there was anyone I should have been considering giving an opening to, it would be them. Yet, I was sitting here, boiling, fussing with my navy-blue suit jacket, avoiding eye contact with them as I

straightened out my navy-blue-and-red-patterned tie, trying to figure out how to let them down gently because I promised my best friend that I'd give his little sister a shot. I checked my watch again, feeling hot around the collar as I made note of the fact that half an hour had passed and she was still not here yet.

In addition to that, this junior partner was not the only person coming to me with impressive resumes from people they'd like me to consider because we had just stepped into recruitment month; law school graduates were piling out of school looking for work as associates. With a floor already filled with associates not specifically assigned to any partner, only one personal associate per partner could be hired, and it was down to a few partners who were actually looking to hire an associate. It was then narrowed down since I had the final decision and was up to me as managing partner to decide who got hired.

I didn't just hire anyone. This company was more than just a business to me, it was family. It was founded by my father, and he gave too many handouts that turned around to bite him in the ass. I loved him, he was a great man, but he had too much of a giving heart that led him to being walked on. When he died, the company was left to me and my brothers. The business wasn't doing great when we inherited it, in fact, it was about to be wiped out if we hadn't done something.

Fresh out of law school, my brothers didn't have as much of an interest in a dying company, deciding we should just sell it and start our own law firms, but I thought it would be spitting on what Dad built, so I decided I'd work my ass off to save it.

When I first took my position as managing partner, I was met with a lot of disgruntled attorneys who thought that it was a disgrace to the company to let nepotism decide who was in charge of decision-making. Many attorneys who had been there for years felt that they were owed the title, and others just didn't like the idea of a young man, lacking experience, being their boss.

I had to fire a lot of entitled attorneys who helped to bleed the company dry, prove myself to the ones that actually had integrity, join forces with our other name partner to save us from bankruptcy, hire new attorneys, and basically build the company from the bottom up. It wasn't easy work, and I wanted to prove to the attorneys that mattered that I deserved the title my father entrusted me with.

I was twenty-six when I left law school and took charge of this company. It took me ten years to get it to where it was today: credible and thriving. When it began to show potential, that's when my brothers came back and took their places as senior partners, making a lot of other people mad.

For the past ten years, this company was my life. This was it. I didn't have a life outside of it, no time for other commitments, including marriage and family. And after everything that I put into this company, I wasn't going to make the same mistakes my dad did. I wasn't going to just hire people who I couldn't trust to be dedicated to this company and its clients. I wasn't going to just give out chances.

She'd gotten this chance because of her brother, because I loved the heck out of that dude so much; I was one of the godfathers for his first child, and when this place was driving me crazy and I thought about throwing in the towel, I could always count on my best friends: Chris, Mario, and Anthony, but especially Chris.

He asked me for a favor so I considered it, not just because she was his sister though. That was only one of the things she had working in her favor, but because he'd made her out to be so damn impressive. She'd been studying law all her life, started law school when most of us were still in high school at that age and just graduated at twenty-one years old. She sounded amazing, exactly like the type of person I'd want to hire for this firm, until this morning. She'd better have a damn good excuse for the reason she was late because if she thought those two factors would be enough to hire her, she had another thing coming.

My junior partner was just leaving my office when I looked up to see the inherited red hair and telling features of the Levines. She was slender, and her first couple of buttons were undone as if she had been having a great time this morning. In fact, going by the state of her hair, a ponytail a bit messed up, I'd like to say that my thoughts were pretty spot on. She was wandering around in confusion outside my glass doors, as if she was checking the name on her phone and verifying whether it was the same name etched into my glass wall.

So, she missed the interview because she decided to have some morning fun as the company's time wasn't valuable

enough to her, and she wasn't prepared enough to be sure who she had the interview with. A part of me started to think that it couldn't have been her because that was not the character of the person her brother described to me.

Oh, I was seething by the time she stepped into my office and said, "You must be Jared Crawford. I'm—"

"Tiffany Levine." When she extended her hand to me, I felt insulted. "You're late. Almost an hour late to be exact. Tell me, why is that?" I asked, claspng my hands against my abdomen, waiting for her response as I was on the verge of combusting.

"I'm so sorry," she started.

"You know what, I don't want to hear it. It doesn't matter. Because I'll tell you what I think. I think your resume is phony. I think you're using your family's name to your advantage. In fact, I think you're accustomed to getting what you want because all your mommy and daddy have had to do all your life was make a few phone calls to get you to where you are today," I said, rising from my seat, walking around my desk to sit on it as I faced her.

I hadn't even given her time to take a seat, and she stood there with what I assumed to be her resume, her smudged, red lips trembling and her red heels wobbling as if holding her fair frame was too much work. I couldn't even continue to look at her, turning away to dismiss her when she continued to speak.

"With all due respect, Mr. Crawford, I think you'll find—"

I didn't want to hear anything more. I already had my mind made up about her. I knew exactly the type of person she was, and I didn't know if she managed to have her family fooled, but she sure wouldn't be fooling me.

“Listen, Ms. Levine, even if everything on your resume wasn't paid for and you're actually smart enough to achieve all that, I think *you* would find that this is the real world, this isn't law school. The time of your clients and the people you work with matter. You show up when you say you will and you do the job you say you will do. You couldn't even manage to make this appointment to commit to an interview, and I'm supposed to trust you with a place in my company? Trust you with my clients and their livelihoods?” I shook my head at the incredulousness before continuing.

“I only agreed to give you a shot at this interview because your brother led me to believe that you were someone you're not and because I respect your brother and I know he respects me, I'm going to assume that he was blinded by some brotherly instinct to see the best in his little sister, but I'm not your brother, my company is not your law school, and the people here won't bend to accommodate you because in the real world, you're nothing special. You're just like everyone else looking for a leg up, and among everyone else, there are only a few with that extra something. They're the ones I'd like to hire and you, dear, are not what I'm looking for,” I said before grabbing a file from my desk and leaving my office, hoping she was at least smart enough to get the message.

Chapter 14

Tiffany

Damn it! What did Chris see in that man? I couldn't imagine that Jared Crawford was best friends with anybody but himself, with his upturned nose to the world like he had a giant stick in his behind causing him great discomfort. My chest tightened as my unsaid words were lodged in my throat, screaming at me to defend myself but to who? He'd walked off to hell knows where, so I was just stuck, feeling like my ribs were going to come apart from the buildup of steam rising within my body with no one to release it on. I'd never been so angry in my entire life, and I didn't know where the dang bathroom was so I could hide behind the doors until I managed to cool down. I kept my head facing my feet as they quickened me toward the exit, hoping for some fresh air when a familiar velvety tone met my ears.

“Hey, where are you heading off to in such a rush?” Mario's voice sounded from behind me.

Well, at least there was still that, I thought as endorphins began to crawl through my body at the thought of seeing him again. I spun around, relieved to have someone to talk to, only

to have the wind knocked out of my lungs when I saw that, less than a foot behind him was the shorter, although taller than me by a couple inches, less bulky but equally sexy Anthony approaching us.

Mario cleared his throat. “Didn’t see you after I put you and your friends in that taxi. Did you get home all right?” he asked, a smirk beginning to form on his face which he forced away as Anthony turned to look at him.

“Oh, yeah,” I said. I felt my cheeks and the tops of my breasts begin to heat up. I tucked my hair behind my ears. I needed to clear my throat too as I grew hoarse when I began to speak. “Got home safe and had a great night. Thanks.” I looked down to hide my own smile as the images of our experience slammed into my mind.

My head was brought back up by the smooth tone of a female coworker as she walked past us. “Hey, Anthony, nice shirt,” she said, her cheeks rosy, and she wore a cheesy grin on her face. She swung her hips, making her steps deliberate and slow as Anthony, with his hands in his loose black slacks, angled his body to check her out as she walked away.

“Thanks, Anne,” he spoke in a playful way.

Today, he was wearing a sort of dark purple which complemented his skin tone. His shirt was as I’d seen him before, loose, along with his pants as if he was a walking advertisement for a romantic holiday away in Rome, riding through the towns on a Vespa. The fabric looked soft to the touch, and I could imagine my cheeks pressing against it as I

sank into the warmth of his hug. Amongst all the structured attire, once again, he appeared as a breath of fresh air.

I opened my mouth to greet him when another woman walked by. She didn't say anything but the eye contact between them said everything. I found myself wishing he'd look at me like that, wondering what brought those smiles to those women's faces. I bet he gave them something they'd never forget just like Mario had done for me.

Now that I knew of the wonderful surprises held beneath a man's clothes, I struggled to keep myself from staring at him, trailing my eyes along his torso in wonder. I touched my tongue to my teeth as my throat grew dry, smiling in embarrassment as I brought my eyes back up to Mario's, who was chuckling at me staring at the Anthony show before us. His grin also made my knees buckle as I remembered how his now smooth and perfectly groomed hair became disheveled in my bed. How I saw the control with which he held himself now fall apart before me as we surrendered to each other.

Need tugged on my lower abdomen as I tried to remind myself of where we were. He was so hot. They both were. Man, my brother had some sexy friends. Even Jared was good-looking enough if you could manage to see past his troll-like personality. But his personality shined through far too bright, scorching souls for anyone to be able to bring themselves to look at him. I felt nothing but distaste in my mouth for him.

"So, where were you heading to? Everything okay?" Mario asked, his tone casual as he seemed to reach his hand out

toward me without thought before becoming conscious of his movement and tucking his hand into his pocket.

Anthony's head spun and he smiled at me with perfect white teeth against his dark, trimmed beard and hair that hung into his face a little, brushing against the top of his neck. It was so striking, it set my blood on fire.

"Yeah, so how'd the interview go? Are we looking at our new associate?" Anthony said, throwing his arms open wide, only as a playful gesture, but it made the thought of a hug far more tempting. I almost wanted to find an excuse to rush into the embrace, but I managed to hold myself back. Barely.

The two of them were a much-welcomed distraction, but as I fixed my mouth to speak of the events that transpired in *that man's* office, the heat of my blood no longer rose in attraction but rather resentment and disgust at Jared. "I can't stand that man," I mumbled beneath my breath, not wanting to insult his friends as the words fell from my mouth.

Anthony let out a breath of disbelief as he rolled his eyes, dropping into his hips. "What did he do now?" he said.

I looked up in shock as Mario added. "Yeah, as much as we love him, he can be a real dick sometimes. What happened?"

Oh, thank goodness. I breathed a sigh of relief, knowing they weren't judging me.

"I've never been so humiliated in my entire life, and listen, I know I was late and that was my bad." I held up one hand in acknowledgment.

“I take full responsibility for that, but my word, I’d never been spoken to with such disrespect before, never been so belittled. He didn’t care who I was or what I had to say, didn’t even take a look at my resume. No, he had his mind made up about me as soon as I walked into that office. He decided who I was and if there was ever a doubt in his mind that he was wrong about me, he excused that away with more accusations, and I just wanted to ... ah!” I said, folding my fists and shaking them as if I was pounding on a prison bar, trying to break it down so that I could escape from my thoughts and the ugly feelings I wasn’t accustomed to feeling.

“I wanted to just scream at him!” I said in a loud whisper. “I’d have thought, being my brother’s best friend and all, he’d be more willing to listen to what I had to say!”

“Oh, no. Jared doesn’t make excuses for people just because they’re his friends.” Mario shook his head, and his gelled hair wobbled a tiny bit.

“Yeah, take us for example. We’ve known him since college and we still had to work hard to wow him at the interview,” Anthony said with a shrug.

I wrinkled my brows at both of them, and they seemed to have read my mind when Mario laughed and answered, “Trust me, he’s an awesome dude. He just doesn’t want people to know it so they can exploit him.”

“Yeah, and he’s ruthless but it’s just because he cares.” Anthony reached out and placed a hand on my shoulder in an effort to comfort me, but it lingered just a little too long. I

wasn't sure, but I thought I felt the brush of his thumb massage a tender spot in the little divot there. I almost moaned out loud before he dropped his hand in a hurry, seeming agitated about how he managed to make me feel just by a touch. My heart's rhythm picked up a little in guilt as I looked at Mario.

The thing was, Mario made me tremble just from his touch too. It was okay to feel that way about two different people though, right? In the twenty-first century, did it mean you that you had to be in a relationship with the super hot guy who was sweet and gentle when he took your virginity and taught you about mind-blowing sex even though you only knew each for one day? Sure, we liked each other. I certainly loved sex with him, but we weren't committed to each other. I didn't even know if we'd ever have a moment like that again, even though I wanted to, so very much. But the fact was, he could decide after last night ... and a few hours ago, that he just wanted to be friends. So, it was okay to look or desire more with another person, right?

They were both talking to each other, breaking away momentarily to look at me with a smile, but for the life of me, I couldn't hear what they were saying as I found myself overwhelmed by the ultimate sex appeal these men possessed. The way Mario stood with his shoulders straight and professional, although he grinned with playfulness toward his friend, lighting up his eyes, and there was a slight sense of relaxation in how he rested his back against an empty cubicle filled me with an unexplainable yearning to see him crumble

from my touch again, knowing that I was able to see him beyond his structured appearance. And then Anthony, leaning into his hip without a care in the world, his shoulders shaking as he laughed. I ached to know where the wisp of hair peeking out over the neck of his shirt led to.

I forced myself to stop salivating over them and attempted to participate in the conversation, focusing on the words so I could hear them. They were still talking about Jared's good qualities. Look, I didn't believe what they were trying to sell me on Jared. I was sure he was an okay enough person, I would have hoped so, otherwise he'd have a pretty miserable life, going by the way he treated strangers who could do nothing for him. At least, in my opinion. I didn't know the guy and I didn't care to know him. But I wasn't going to insult his best friends by saying that, so I just smiled as they turned toward me again, nodding.

"I'm sure he is," I said in response to their compliments about him.

"But listen here, Jared doesn't always know what's best for the company. He's far too protective over it and can miss out on great opportunities that way," Mario started.

"Yeah, and we know how incredible your achievements are, we believe you'd be a perfect fit," Anthony added.

My heart warmed at what I thought was just their attempt to make me feel better. "Aw, thanks guys. That's nice. But Jared doesn't think so, so that doesn't matter, does it?"

“Of course it does.” Mario smiled at Anthony before turning to me with a grin.

“Because we’re going to hire you,” Anthony said with a proud smirk as he folded his arms across his chest, emphasizing impressive biceps I didn’t notice before.

I laughed in shock. “You can’t do that ... Can you?” I asked.

“Sure, we can. I’m sure we’ll find something in the bylaws that’ll work in our favor, and you’re gonna help us find it.” Mario clicked his tongue.

Oh wow. I thought about how angry this would make Jared, and on one hand, I wanted to take the job just to annoy him the way he annoyed me, but at the same time, I’d be happy to never see his turned up, pompous nostrils ever again. Yet, as I fixed my mouth to decline the offer, I couldn’t help but think about what else was on the table working under these men.

I fought against the aroused hoarseness in my throat to remain professional as I said, “Thank you so much. I won’t let you down. I’ll work so hard; you won’t regret it.”

“We won’t,” Anthony and Mario said in unison before looking at each other with surprise on their faces, laughing it off and leading me to one of their offices.

Chapter 15

Mario

“**H**ere . . .” Tiffany said, using her pen to guide her as she read. Her pretty fingers—her nails a shining translucent pink—wrapped around the pen caused an unsuspecting jerk in my pants as my mind recalled this morning. I straightened myself in my seat, trying not to look at her mouth as she spoke. I’d been wanting her since we left the car, and as I watched her sweet ass walk ahead of me, I was pulled into her force field, making it impossible for me to not find any and all reasons to stop her, speak to her, be around her.

“There shall be no hiring decisions made in absolute without the managing partner’s consent unless it can be proven that the managing partner acted in malice, without considering the betterment of the company. In which case, the decision can be put to a vote amongst partners to follow through with the hiring process. Where the managing partner is outnumbered in this regard, the authorization may work in favor of the masses,” she said, raising her eyes in satisfaction.

“That’s it!” Anthony sounded out one massive clap.

“Hmm, Jared’s been hiding this little gem from us, hasn’t he?” I smirked.

“Yeah, if I were him, I would too,” Anthony responded.

“Tell me about it.” I nodded.

As Tiffany stared at us, unable to participate in the conversation due to her having no idea what we were talking about, I filled her in. “This is a family company, and let’s just say, before Jared saved it, a lot of bad decisions threatened its very existence.”

“Yeah, my man resurrected it,” Anthony added. “But congratulations. Looks like you’ll soon be walking these floors as a new employee, just as soon as our assistants get done with drafting a rock-solid contract.” He leaned back in his chair with a smug grin.

Tiffany smiled at us. She looked so good in my office, seated around my desk, and I was jealous of my office chair for being able to kiss her softness. I needed to have her alone.

“Okay, guess that means you’ll have to become familiar with this place pretty fast. No worries, follow me. I’ll take you on a quick tour,” I said, rushing to speak as I made my way to the door, hoping Anthony didn’t invite himself to come along with us.

He rose from his seat, and I held my breath, letting it out in relief as he said, “I should probably get back to my office.”

I smiled at him in quick acknowledgment before turning my focus on Tiffany, watching her red heels approach me. *Red*

looked really good against her skin, I thought as her legs crossed over each other as she stood next to me. I wondered what those heels would look like dangling off her feet with her legs wrapped around me as I pounded her tight slick paradise. Her faded lipstick still held the remnants of our earlier passion, and her perfume hit me with a flashback to her getting dressed, standing in her bedroom in a black bra and panties as I stole a few neck kisses and her laugh rang through my ears.

Man, I wanted to touch her again so badly, and I didn't think I could wait until tonight, so as soon as we were out in the hallway, on our way to a separate floor; the floor of the associates, I led her toward the file room, which was empty during this time of the day, grabbing on to her hand and pulling her inside.

“So, this is where you'll find all the case files since the birth of this company as well as all other documents,” I said out loud for all the onlookers before locking it behind us. She looked shocked as I pressed a finger to my lips. I did a sweep check just to make sure we were alone before I walked up to her.

“I've been craving you all morning,” I said as I leaned over her, her back pressing into the door. Her look of shock faded to a look of hunger as she licked her lips. Her eyes twinkled against the yellow light that flooded the room.

“Me too,” she said, and I groaned.

“May I?” I asked, trailing my finger along the side of her face, watching her lips in desperation. Need rocked my body

as I pressed my forehead to the door to keep from eating her lips until she told me I could.

“Please,” she breathed, throwing her arms around my neck. I swore to myself as my lips met hers and yearning pulled against my cock as I pressed myself against her. Staying near the door was not the smartest idea in the book because I knew she got loud. She drove me wild when she got loud, but we wouldn’t be doing a good job of hiding if all anyone had to do was press their ear up against the door after they watched us come in here together.

With hesitation, I pulled my lips from hers and the smacking of wet lips detaching caused my cock to throb. “Come with me,” I said, and it almost hurt to speak.

I took her in between boxes of files so they’d muffle her moans from the outside as I slid my hands up her skirt. As predicted, her sounds of delight reverberated over my body, and I grinned. “Fuck, I love the way you react to my touch.”

“I love the way you touch me.” She moaned, pressing herself against me as I rubbed her ass, bending my knees to press my tongue into the dip of her cleavage and up to her neck. She rubbed her breasts into my chest when I kissed her lips, and I let out a feral grunt.

She shuddered at the sound of it and begged, “Please.”

I didn’t need anymore encouragement as I tugged on her underwear, pulling them over her heels and shoving them in my pocket before I buried my mouth beneath her skirt like it was my cheat day and I could allow myself to indulge in a bit

of sugar. I sighed from the taste of her, taking my time to savor every flavor of her as she writhed against my face, pressing her hands into my shoulders, trying to hold herself up while her knees shook. Her squeals of delight brought my dick to life, but I still had to remind her where we were.

I grabbed her around the waist and as she yelped, I melted into her. “You’re gonna have to be a lot more quiet,” I whispered against her lips as I set my cock free. “Otherwise, people might catch us.”

She uttered a soft “fuck,” and I realized the thrill of getting caught excited her even more, just as it did, me. I pressed my lips against hers as I drove myself into her, silencing her moans and I was so glad I decided to do that as my groans filled her mouth. The sensitivity of us moving against each other, with the hanging threat of being discovered over our heads made me shudder with desire, and I had no choice but to move slowly within her as each movement made me feel like I was about to explode into tiny little pieces.

She pulled my tongue into her mouth, surprising me as she sucked on it with hungry moans broken up into breathy segments as my hips picked up speed, thrusting into her. With each thrust, her arms came around my neck to grip me harder and her nails dug into my back while she held on as if she needed our bodies to be stuck together indefinitely. I gripped her hips tighter, slamming myself into her, no longer able to keep our lips together, needing to breathe. She attempted to be quieter, though, she failed as throaty moans escaped through her gasps, and it was so fucking sexy, I couldn’t keep myself

from kissing her neck and cheek as I rested my face against hers.

I felt her hands moving beneath my chest, and when I raised myself up to look, I saw that she was unbuttoning her blouse. I hissed at the sight of her black bra but nearly fell over as she pulled it down and her milky breasts hosting pink protruding nipples sprung free. “Oh fuck, shit.”

My eyes began to roll into the back of my head at the sight of her nakedness against disheveled clothes and the feeling of the tip of my dick grazing her walls on repeat. I was about to come undone, I knew it. With her nipples staring me in the face, I knew she wanted my mouth there, *I* wanted my mouth there, so I pulled myself out of her, sucking on those nipples and rubbing her breasts with my hands, staring up at her face as she watched me.

“I could do this with you all day,” I said, kissing her on her chest. “But we don’t have all day.” I spun her around and placed her back against my chest as she let out a shocked gasp. “Hold on to this,” I told her, pointing at the bar separating the rows of boxes as I bent her over, massaging her ass. “Spread your legs.” I used my leg to guide her legs apart and hissed at the perfect view of her rounded ass, asshole, and pussy.

“You’re so beautiful,” I murmured before sinking to my knees and tongue-fucking her asshole for a few seconds because I couldn’t help it. Her gasp made me wish I could see her face, watch her cheeks redden in desire. She whimpered soft utterances of encouragement, and I followed up with my

hips, pressing my cock into her warm, plush pussy. She shuddered as a long moan escaped her. I gripped my fingers into her hips as I rode her to heaven.

“Mario,” she cried in pleasure. “Mario.” She inhaled. “Yes, please,” she continued.

She sounded as if she didn’t know what was happening but she liked it, and I felt this primal need rush through my body as I grabbed onto her neck from behind, pulling her up to me so I could grip her throat as I whispered in her ear. “Shh, shhh.”

Her eyes flew open, and at the sight of frightened pleasure on her face, her mouth rounded as silent breaths escaped her, I stuck my finger in her mouth, rested my other hand on her belly, and pounded into her until we were both trying so hard not to make a sound as we came all over each other. Shaking, I released myself into her. She rocked forward as if losing the feeling in her legs. I held her against my body and used the shelf before us to help keep us standing.

“Oh, my goodness. Ooh! That was amazing,” she said as I continued to move my dick inside her, feeling the wetness of both our orgasms slip over me. It was still hard but slowly deflating. She still shook with every tender thrust.

I began to shower her face, neck, and back with kisses before spinning her around to kiss her mouth. “You’re amazing,” I said, spanking her ass a little as I continued my kisses down her neck. I couldn’t get enough of her. Even now, I wanted more but I had to be satisfied because we’d been

missing in action for too long. People would start to put two and two together soon. I rained kisses down her neck as she rubbed my back, moaning and holding me tight until my cock returned to a place where it was safe enough to walk out again.

I remembered her panties in my pocket and took them out with a grin, sniffing them before putting them between my teeth as I tucked myself back into my boxers. When she walked over to me with a confused grin, taking her underwear from my mouth, I stole a quick peck from her lips, and she laughed.

I watched her wiggle back into the panties and tried not to let myself lose control again. After I was done sorting my clothes out without a mirror, I turned to her to ask, “How do I look?”

Her cheeks went full on red as she came to wrap her arms around my waist. “Perfect.” She smiled up at me.

The compliment warmed my cheeks as I kissed her forehead and found myself looking away from her as I blushed too. I felt so ridiculous as flutters danced in my stomach but I liked it, and I found myself chuckling before clearing my throat.

“You know I had an ulterior motive for bringing you to the file room,” I started.

“I think I figured that one out.” She laughed.

“I mean, other than just for fucking our brains out.” I held onto her hand before she walked away, moving to re-button her shirt for her as she watched my hands with a heated gaze.

“I mean, now that I’m technically your boss, your timing here is perfect because I’ve got a lot of briefs that need proofing,” I said.

She looked at me as if she wasn’t sure whether that was an innuendo or not and I laughed, too hard, at the look on her face. She was confused but willing. In between a chuckle, I said, “I mean, actual documents” before cupping her face and kissing her nose. “Stay here, I’ll go get them and grab that contract for you. I might need you to do some fact-checking on previous cases mentioned too.”

“Yes, boss.” She smiled as she reached up to run her fingers through my hair, fixing it back into place while I rested my hand on her waist and smiling back at her. She smoothed out the lapels of my suit jacket and straightened my tie. I didn’t know why those simple actions made me swoon the way they did. I returned the favor, smoothing her hair back into place and kissing the rest of her smeared lipstick off her cupid’s bow as she giggled at the odd placement of a kiss. I figured we were just finding reasons to keep touching each other.

Chapter 16

Tiffany

My body felt wonderful. I didn't know the first day at work could be so amazing. They did not prepare us for this part in law school. I kept drifting in and out of daydreaming as I thought about his touch, his mouth, his cologne ... mmm, *focus, Tiffany*.

I'd managed to let myself get lost in the briefs before me when I nearly jumped out of my skirt as I heard, "What the hell are you doing here?!"

I looked up with my heart pounding in shock and grimaced as soon as I saw the grinch himself. If only I could've shut my eyes and wished him away. The day had managed to turn around for me after our unfortunate meeting this morning. I'd started to believe that things could only get better but here comes Mr. Fee Fi Fo Fum, ready to ruin it once again.

His hooflike feet pounded the floor as he approached me. "I'm sure I'm not losing my marbles here. I distinctly told you that you were *not* hired, so why the *hell* are you sitting in my filing room *working*? Are you so unaccustomed to the word 'no' you've decided to work here anyway?!?"

I rolled my eyes. “You’re really starting to get on my nerves,” I mumbled under my breath.

“Excuse me?!” he exploded. His eyes were so wide I thought they would fall out of his head and bounce like little ping pong balls on the floor toward me.

I tried to hold onto my words, but I couldn’t. Not when they’d been simmering inside me from earlier, waiting to be spilled out onto him.

“You! You’re starting to get on my nerves with those accusations, when you don’t know a thing about me. All I’ve ever known is law. Law has been my life since before law school and all throughout it. Everything I’ve earned is because of my hard work and dedication to the law. So, you think you know me, but you don’t. And, yes, I had a celebration for the first time ever yesterday after graduating and I got a little carried away, did some things I’d never done before and for the first time in my life, had some fun and missed an appointment, but that doesn’t define me or take away from the years of my life before I made one mistake: being late this morning. And I could’ve explained that to you if you weren’t such a bitter grump with a stick up your ...” I caught myself as he stared at me, scoffing at me in what seemed to be satisfaction before telling me to leave.

“You have less than sixty seconds to grab your things and leave before I call security to get you thrown out,” he said, as if nothing I said meant anything at all.

Ooh! There were coals beneath my feet, pinching me to jump up and throw as many insults at him as I could. I wanted to make him as mad as he made me, wipe that smugness off his face, and I thought of just the thing to thrust his way. I didn't stand from my seat. No. I managed to stay seated.

Instead, I held his gaze as I spoke. "You could still get a heart attack in your midthirties, you know? You should really learn to relax some more. I'm going to assume there's been some kind of misunderstanding here. Maybe you didn't get the news, so let me just be clear. I am a new employee of Crawford & Beam." I smiled, crossing my hands before me.

He rubbed his hand across his mouth as his eyes widened. "You're either dumber than I thought or delusional as hell. Okay, well, I'll just call security," he said moving toward the landline on the desk I was sitting at.

I clamped my hand down on the phone. "Fine, but before you do that, I think you'll find that I was hired by Mario and Anthony—"

Before I could even finish speaking, he began to laugh out loud. "They don't have any authority to hire you."

I cut him off before he continued, riling me up even more with his mocking. "Maybe so, but the fact is that I've signed a contract which legally binds me to this company in the form of an employee. Since I was not employed by you, but rather by two of your partners, I think you'll find that your issue is with them, not with me. So, I suggest you go and sort that out, instead of standing around glaring at me, trying to cower over

me. As for me, I have a lot of work to do for my bosses, and I'd like to get back to it, so if you don't mind, please leave. You're disturbing me."

I lowered my head to the briefs, effectively dismissing him. Except, it wasn't effective at all. He was still standing there.

"I think you're forgetting something here," he said, leaning over my desk, looming his shadow over me so that I couldn't ignore his presence. Heat crawled up my back in disgust, and I wished I could push him out of my space as he threatened to suck all the oxygen out of it. I closed my eyes, tapping my pen against the papers. "They can't pay you without my approval, so you must be working for free," he finished.

I could hear the smile in his voice as he began to straighten, and I couldn't let him leave feeling proud of himself. I wanted to grind his gears because if he was going to ruin my day, I was going to ruin his. I didn't know I was this petty but there was something about Jared Crawford that got under my skin.

"You know, Jared, I don't know you, but I've heard how you single-handedly saved this company, so I'm going to guess that there was once a time in your life where you were pretty sharp. Hey, maybe you still are and you're just having one of those rough mornings where you're off your game? Because, once again, you're wrong. I'm an employee of Crawford & Beam. An *employee*, just like every other employee at this company, and I'm entitled to all of the same benefits. I think you'll find something in your bylaws to back me up." I raised my eyes to his and smiled.

He didn't have a comeback this time. Well, it was about time he shut up with his confidently uninformed comments. I watched him straighten his tie as he stood up taller, trying to conceal his shock, and I smiled with satisfaction as he stormed out of the file room.

Chapter 17

Jared

“*I’m entitled . . .*” That’s when she should’ve stopped talking because that was the only thing she was right about. The nerve of that one! I knew I was right about her. Not only did she not have respect for other people’s time, she didn’t have respect for her superiors. In what world would she think talking to me like that was okay? Did she think that would fly in *any* law firm?

Oh, anger coursed through my veins as I thought about how much I wanted her gone and she just sat there, as if she had all rights to be there, in *my* firm. She was insane. She had to be. Although, I had to give her credit for not allowing herself to be walked all over, to argue her case and stand her ground. That surprised me. I didn’t know she had it in her, by the looks of her. Regardless, I was sure that trait could serve her better elsewhere, but not at my firm, especially as she was a guest here, refusing to leave. We were the furthest thing from a great personality fit.

And what were Anthony and Mario thinking?! Were they out of their minds? Unless they thought this was some kind of

funny ass joke, it wasn't. Did they think I wouldn't fire them because we're best friends? I hadn't personally looked through the bylaws in years, but I'd remember seeing a clause like that and would've erased it if I had. It made me start to wonder if something like that did exist, and if it did, perhaps that's how my father ended up in the mess he was in. He was outvoted when it came to hiring some dodgy people.

It didn't matter though. Anything could be argued against. Fine, they found a loophole to make her stay. I'd find one to make her leave. Tiffany Levine was going to learn to respect my decision. She was leaving by the end of today whether she liked it or not, and I didn't care who was upset about it.

And I hoped with everything in me that my friends were just playing a practical joke on me. Otherwise, they were going to have to learn to *never* go behind my back and make such important decisions again. I felt a spasm in my chest, accompanied by a sharp pain, brought on by stress. I stormed into Mario's office but he was out. So was Anthony, and I turned to the clock to see that it was lunch time.

Needing to put a cap on my frustration made things so much worse for me as my chest tightened harder than I thought was possible. I was about to lose my shit. This triggered me, and for some reason, even though I knew everything was under control because I had it under control, I was still flipping out on the inside as I feared a repeat of the past making an appearance. It could've been decisions like those that cost my father his dream, and to think that all it would take was a clause I overlooked to risk the same happening to me. It was

too much to handle. I needed to get rid of Tiffany, like my dad needed to get rid of those dodgy employees, but without the people responsible for hiring her in the first place, what I needed more right now was an escape. Thank goodness I didn't have any meetings within the next hour.

“Hold all my calls for the next hour,” I said with a crooked smile at my assistant. “I'll be at the pool.”

“Everything okay?” the curvaceous brunette asked. She knew I didn't make it a habit to head to the pool during the day. It was part of my routine to go in the mornings, very rarely in the evenings, to get my exercise in. But during the day? No. She knew something was up.

“I'm okay,” I reassured her as she looked at me with worried eyes, and I hurried toward the gym housing the company's pool. I remember when we got it installed. The older, more experienced people thought it was a waste of the company's money, but it wasn't just the company's money, and I thought it was a wise investment. It had been my safe space at this place, and I was so happy I made the decision.

I already went for a swim this morning and didn't have any extra trunks or briefs. I was desperate though, so *fuck it, I'll just go commando later*. No one had to know. And I jumped into the massive clear and pristine salty water in my boxers, feeling the warmth of it hug my skin. We kept the heater running in here because I learned my lesson in the first few years of having it, that it took a while to warm up and it could get pretty frickin' cold at the drop of a hat.

One guy was just leaving the gym, and I was grateful to be alone here. It was open to employees throughout the day because not everyone had the same work hours, but I was so relieved it was empty now. The quiet was perfect. I made a dash for it in the laps across the thirty meters of water until my lungs were heaving from exhaustion before I allowed myself to just float on my back while the pressure eased off. I didn't leave the water until I was well and satisfied, when my legs and arms felt like happy noodles.

I got dressed and left the pool, with a smile on my face this time. That pool was magic, and this time, when I strode into Mario's office, I was in good enough spirits to fake a laugh and clap so loud, he jumped, spinning around to look at me. "Very funny," I said.

Mario twisted his mouth, trying to disguise his smile.

"Meet me in my office," I commanded as I narrowed my eyes at him with half a smile. "Tell Anthony to do the same."

Chapter 18

Mario

Anthony and I were smirking at each other as we stood across from an impatient Jared, glaring at us as he waited for an answer.

“I feel like I’m in trouble and being called to the principal’s office,” I joked.

“Pfft, you? You never got in trouble. You wouldn’t have a clue what that would feel like,” Anthony responded.

I rolled my eyes. “Oh, yeah. ‘Mr. Bad Boy,’” I taunted him as he laughed.

“What the hell is wrong with you two?” Jared’s voice rumbled through the office.

“Come on, man, loosen up, it’s not that big of a deal,” Anthony said with a grin as he sat down in the wheeled chair in front of Jared’s desk.

“What were you both thinking?” Jared retorted, leaning forward on his desk as Anthony let the chair swing from side to side without a care in the world.

“We were thinking that maybe you weren’t having the best day and had a lapse in judgment,” I said as I also took a seat, hating the way it moved backward with me.

Jared scowled at us both. “This is all just a big joke to you, isn’t it?” he asked.

I felt the need to speak up for Tiffany as I let myself become serious for a moment. “No, Jared. Actually, it isn’t.”

Anthony spun to look at me, surprised by the change in my tone but he didn’t disapprove. “Yeah, man, come on, she’s your best friend’s little sister. What’s the worst that could happen if you hire her?”

“Listen, we get it. You’re hyper careful when it comes to hiring people because you don’t know who you can trust. I know you’re looking at us two right now and the alarm bells are going off in your head over whether you can even trust us still. You’re probably even wondering if you should fire us,” I started.

He lowered his gaze from mine, looking down at his tie and straightening it out. Okay, then. Wow. Bastard really thought about it. But was I surprised? I meant it, I did understand him. It still jarred me a little thinking about how easily I could’ve lost my job if Jared decided to be impulsive. “But I think you know deep down in your heart that we did not make the decision we did with any intention to harm you or your company. I think you know that we care about you. And because we care about you, we care about Crawford & Beam.

I think you would also know, if you cared to look at her credentials, that she's an amazing fit for us," I continued.

"Yeah. And look at it this way, it's nice to know someone in high places so Chris, *our best friend*, I seem to have to keep reminding you, thought of you. She's just trying to get her foot in the door, and she has merit," Anthony added.

"Does she? Where the heck was she? She turned up over an hour late to the interview looking like, excuse me for saying it ..." He lowered his tone. "... looking like she had a late night and morning rolling around in bed with her lover."

Crap. He could see all that on her? I felt like I swallowed something sharp as I tried to clear my throat in silence so as to not appear suspicious.

"And besides, she's still got a lot of growing up to do. There are plenty of capable *adults* with plenty of merit, looking to get their foot in the door as well. Do you know how many people I considered rejecting because I thought she was as great as you guys say she is? And for the love of all that is good, can you please stop talking about her like she's this abandoned little puppy on a doorstep with no hope in the world unless I save her? Her family are the Levines for heaven's sake. I think she'll be okay." Jared waved his hand away, without any sense of guilt.

"I don't know why you had to enunciate the word 'adults' like that. She's twenty-one and graduated from law school with honors. She *is* a capable adult, first of all. Second of all, you've experienced nepotism, you know how hard it is to

work through that,” I responded, a bit sensitive from his argument.

“Yeah, and the key point is that *I worked through it* because life isn’t easy and at the very least, *law* isn’t. I was grown up enough to understand that. And if she’s so freakin’ great, then she won’t have any problems being hired at any number of firms,” he said.

I scoffed and was about to speak as Anthony took the words right out of my mouth. “You really are a pain in the ass, you know that, right?”

Jared stared at us, and I saw the shift in his eyes marking the moment he decided to stop acting like a spoiled little brat, leaning forward to level with us. “Look, it’s sweet what you guys are doing. I get it. You care about Chris, and you care about his sister. I care about Chris but I’m not taking the risk with his sister. I’m just being honest with you, she feels unpredictable and careless, and from a business standpoint, I would be taking an unnecessary risk hiring her,” Jared responded.

“Well, she’s hired.” Anthony shrugged.

“And she’s the opposite of careless, I’d say. What she managed to achieve takes a great deal of determination, dedication, and care,” I added.

He ignored me, responding to Anthony as I tried to fix myself in the seat and reprimand myself for being so damn obvious.

“So, what are you trying to say? She’s hired and I can’t do anything about it?” Jared growled. That one hit something within him.

“I’m saying, it’s going to require a bit of legal work firing her, since we didn’t add a probationary period to the contract, valid for one year, so you’d have to legally give her two-weeks’ notice and compensation for those two weeks. Then she could argue wrongful termination.” Anthony shrugged. “I mean, sure, you could win. We know you could. It’s not rock solid or anything, but do you really want the hassle?”

“And this could be argued as extortion.” Jared cocked his head to the side.

“Really?” Anthony asked.

“And technically,” he said, piping up as he pulled a tennis ball out of the drawer and began throwing it up in the air. “I didn’t sign off on the contract, so it’s moot anyway.” He laughed and spun his chair slowly, tossing the ball toward me as I caught it, with a smile on my face.

He thought he had us. I shook my head. “Only problem is, Jared, it didn’t need your signature.”

At that moment, his assistant knocked on the door. On my way to the office, I’d asked my own assistant to have Tiffany’s file ready for Jared. He looked toward the door in confusion as his assistant called out. “Mr. Crawford, is it okay if I come in?” she asked.

He turned to look at us and at the sight of my dashing smile, if I may say so myself, he knew something was up. “Sure,” he responded.

“Hey, guys.” His assistant smiled at us before handing him Tiffany’s file.

“Hey, Melissa.” Anthony and I smiled at her as she turned to leave.

Anthony looked at me with a question mark on his face as Jared read through the file. We weren’t joking when we said “rock-solid contract.”

“You sons of bitches,” Jared said, leaning back into his chair in defeat.

“Hey be careful, my mama ain’t a bitch.” I laughed.

“My mama’s kind of a bitch,” Anthony said and as both Jared and I turned to look at him as if to say “dude, have some manners,” he laughed with such joy and threw his hands up in the air. “Hey, she’d agree with me. She wouldn’t mind that I said it.”

Jared and I shook our heads as Anthony looked at us with an expression on his face as if he was questioning *our* morals.

“You two are something else,” Jared said, pushing the file to the side.

Anthony sighed and crossed his hands behind his head while he crooked one foot on top of his leg. “Doesn’t it feel good losing to your best friends?”

“Haha,” Jared mocked. “Easy for you to be so lax about it, isn’t it? You don’t have anything on the line. This isn’t your family’s company at stake. You didn’t risk losing everything, committing your entire life to this firm, did you? Don’t ever make a decision like this without me again. Okay? I mean it. Next time, I’ll fire you.”

Ugh. I wanted to hug him. He was so stressed, he’d probably beat the shit out of me if I tried. So I got up and took tentative steps toward him before I moved to stand behind him and gripped his shoulders.

“Dude, you’ve gotta learn to trust a lot more. Having your guard up? It protects you, sure, and I’m not saying to let it completely down. Do what you gotta do. But your guard also isolates you. It entraps you and everyone starts to look like the enemy, man. Look at us, dude. Do we look like your enemies? Does Tiffany? And fine, let’s say we were. We’re not,” I reminded him with a pat on his shoulder, knowing the wheels were turning like crazy in his mind as I spoke.

“But let’s say we were. Remember how capable you were in bringing this place back to life? It wouldn’t take one mistake to send it crashing down again. So say this was a mistake, trust that you’d figure out a way to fix it if the need arose. You’d stay on top of things because that’s who you are. You’re more than capable. So stop worrying as much as you do, and start trusting a lot more, okay? Because I promise you, Anthony and I don’t have any ill intentions toward you. We love you, man, trust us. Trust that we wouldn’t hire Tiffany if we didn’t trust her, right?” I looked toward Anthony.

“Yeah, dude. Have a little faith.” Anthony picked up the tennis ball and threw it toward Jared. He caught it, and Anthony grinned as he came around the desk to give Jared a shake and ruffle his hair. “Look at you, dude, you have more gray than all of us. Your head looks eighty years old, don’t let your body catch up to your head.”

Jared ran his hand through his hair in a rush. “My head does not look eighty,” he said in shock.

Anthony crooked his neck. “It does, my man. People think you’re a grandpa.”

I started laughing.

“Which grandpa have you seen that looks like this?” Jared stood up and ran his hand over his chest, flexing beneath the suit. “I tell you what, that’d be a sexy grandpa.”

“Yeah, pops, I hope I look as good as you do when I get to your age,” Anthony said, making his voice fine and tiny, prompting Jared to slap him upside the head.

“Get out of here.” Jared pushed a laughing Anthony.

“Alright, alright, sexy grandpa. Be careful now, you don’t want to pull something,” I said, patting him on the back before he turned around to swipe at me as well. I laughed and dodged him without putting a dent in my suit as all of us left his office with a grin on our faces.

Chapter 19

Tiffany

I had read the same line about ten times, I wasn't even exaggerating. My vision was blurred from the rage in my blood as I kept thinking back on Jared, barging in here and pounding his chest like he bought into the whole alpha-male ridiculousness. I was reconsidering whether I wanted to work here after a show like that. I wasn't looking forward to that kind of spoiled-brat behavior every day in a work environment.

But he sparked a fire in me that made me glue my feet to the ground. Having him bark at me and belittle me the way he did made me want to stick around just to see him take back his words. He probably wouldn't though. Maybe he was one of those people who thought he was always right regardless of the facts staring him in the face, and fortunately for him, facts don't always matter for a lawyer. I didn't think he'd have it in him to apologize if he found out he was wrong about me, and I didn't care for an apology from him anyway.

Ugh. He was such a frustrating person. I'd never met someone who made my blood boil quite like he did. Whatever,

I'd just keep my head down, do my work, and stay out of his way. And I'd look forward to the bonuses of working here: hot sex in the file room with Mario. Maybe even Anthony, if he even cared to look my way. Hm. I wondered if it would feel the same with Anthony or would he touch me differently? What would his voice sound like all deep and husky?

I crossed my legs and was startled by the pressure against my clit. I uncrossed them in a rush because I really didn't need this kind of a distraction right now. Anthony and Mario were going to need these briefs soon.

Chapter 20

Jared

I didn't like it but the guys were right. Tiffany wasn't going anywhere. I turned my lips up at having to admit that to myself. I was imagining the look she'd have on her smug face when I'd have to walk past her around here. Well, she wasn't going to have anything to lord over me in my own space. She needed to be reminded about who was in charge. And since I was now going to be paying her, on top of everything, best believe I was going to get my money's worth.

I grabbed a pile of documents on a court case I had coming up in a few weeks. I was going to break the tasks up and assign them to different associates before her ass got here but the "oh so amazing Tiffany" had waltzed her way into my firm, and well, she just got lucky with her first assignment. I didn't care what Mario and Anthony had her working on. If they could go behind my back, I could go behind theirs. We'd see who really won.

As far as I was concerned, this was her only assignment. Maybe she'd just have to learn to rearrange her time.

Since she wanted to work here so bad, she was going to work.

And we'd see if she was as amazing as everyone had made her out to be. I was also hoping that she'd realize what she'd signed up for was not what she wanted to do and would walk herself out of here, but that was my secret.

Documents in hand, I entered the floor of the associates and watched as the less experienced lawyers in oversized suits and too tight shirts walked around with papers in hand as others piled on their desks. They didn't notice me, or if they did, they didn't let me know until our eyes made contact and they stopped what they were doing for no less than a second to say "Good day, Mr. Crawford" and got back to it.

I searched the cubicles for Tiffany and rolled my eyes as I remembered she was in the file room. I paused, counting to ten before stepping into the mostly brown room with organized boxes layered on rows of shelves several feet away from the door. Buried in the back, not yet visible, was Tiffany. I should've asked my assistant to drop these off at her desk and regretted not doing so with each step I took.

My face froze in irritation as her head tilted up to find me there. I waited for a smug smile to reach her lips, but she seemed just as irritated to see me, which grinded my gears.

"Why aren't you at your cubicle?" I asked her, my voice louder than it needed to be as I was certain she could hear me in this almost empty room.

She dropped her head back to the files in front of her. “I’m still waiting to be assigned one,” she said in a monotone.

“I hope Mario or Anthony aren’t waiting on me to do that,” I said in a gruff tone.

Her head shot up to glare at me. “They’re working on it. Don’t tell me we’re doing this again? I’m going to have to ask you, if you don’t need me to work on anything for you, to please stop invading my space. It could be considered harassment.” She lowered her head again.

My mouth fell open at her cadence and her audacity. A pile of expletives threatened to be hurled out of my mouth at her. Who in the world did she think she was? Threatening me in my own building when I didn’t even want her ass in here? But damn it, I gritted my teeth as I thought, though I’d never say it out loud, that she was right.

She was an employee so I couldn’t let the fact that I couldn’t stand her cause me to behave in an unprofessional manner. I couldn’t start screaming at her like my mama chasing us around the house with a slipper, telling her to get out again. First of all, I would be mortified if my voice got that shrill, and second of all, my employees would’ve thought I’d gone mad. Tiffany Levine was not going to be my ticket to the psychiatric hospital. So I swore to myself instead, under my breath, as I released the documents and files in a thud on the desk before her, rubbing my forehead thinking about how many more swims I was going to need in that pool with her working here.

Her head jerked up in shock from the grating impact as the table rocked a little bit, scraping the tiles.

“Client got fired from their job due to being diagnosed with schizophrenia even though they’d worked there for several years without any complaints before the diagnosis. They’d always had the illness and the diagnosis has not made them incapable of performing their job at the same level as always. Now they just know and are being treated for that illness. Company denies the claims that the client was fired due to the diagnosis, citing other reasons which don’t line up with the client’s performance.

“There’s no proof yet, working in the client’s favor so this is all the information we’ve gathered on the client’s performance and contribution to the company throughout the years: every complaint, every bonus, every promotion, every idea our client has ever had that the company has benefited from, whether the client has called in late and why, if there were any disputes and how they were handled. They’re all here. I want you to go through these with a fine-tooth comb to find anything that can be used in the client’s favor.”

She picked up the file on top and began to read the information, looking up at me, about to nod her head in acceptance of the task but I wasn’t done yet.

“When you’re done doing all of that, I want you to conduct additional legal research. Get comfy with these boxes of files because I want you to dig up similar cases throughout the years where the mentally ill plaintiff has successfully sued a

company for firing them due to this same reason. Then I want you to find cases where an employee was fired for any other reason and managed to win their case against the company.” I turned to walk away.

“Okay, when do you want it?” she said. Her combative tone raised the hairs on the back of my neck.

I didn’t need any of this any sooner than the weekend which was a few days away, but her reaction wouldn’t be satisfying enough if I had told her that. “I want to see what you’ve found from the additional research in the morning.”

Her face went slack, and she caught herself in the moment before her mouth dropped. I felt so damn good as I watched her stifle an audible shudder. Heck, I got all warm and fuzzy inside. She cleared her throat as her skin flushed red. “I don’t think I’m going to be able to—”

“Excuse me?”

She began to narrow her eyes at me, but I walked toward her. “Listen, you said it yourself. You’re an employee. You’re being paid by this company. My money is in this company which means you’re being paid by me. When I give you an assignment, you get it done. I don’t want to hear ‘I don’t think I’m going to be able to.’ What do you think this is? Do you think I’m asking you to do me a favor? You work for me. I don’t care what you have to do to get the job done, but I better have it no later than tomorrow morning,” I told her.

It was hard for her, I could tell by the tension pulling at her eyes and how one brow spasmed as she fought the need to say

something smart. She didn't have a comeback. Not this time, and I fought a smile as she said, "Okay."

It was soft, as if she thought whispering it would make her response non-existent. I couldn't help myself, throwing in another dig before turning around. "The days of law school are long behind you," I said, suppressing the need to whistle in pure happiness as I smiled while walking away.

It felt like a fucking weight was lifted from me because I was back, baby. Back in charge and Tiffany Levine now knew that. The fact that she hated it was the icing on the cake.

Chapter 21

Tiffany

I stared at the towering paperwork ahead of me, added on to the smaller stack of briefs I was enjoying pacing my time with, and my head hurts. I didn't see how it was going to be possible for me to deliver my work to Mario and Anthony by the end of the workday and have enough time to work on Jared's assignment without staying up all night and morning. And he didn't expect me to. I knew what he was trying to do. I could see right through him.

He was furious that he hadn't gotten rid of me, and now he was hoping to scare me away by overwhelming me with an impossible amount of work. Either that, or he was trying to kill me, hoping I'd drop dead around my desk from exhaustion. Regardless of what he was trying to do, I knew, with how little he thought of me, that he didn't assign this to me because he entrusted me with this task. He didn't think I had it in me to get it done.

If I was being honest, in all my years of law school, I had worked on piles of research, worked throughout the night and lost sleep, still wouldn't have traded it for anything. But with

the documents blocking my view of anything beyond them, I feared this one may have had me beat ... if I wasn't so determined to let Jared eat his words.

Even if he couldn't admit it out loud, if I got this task done, somehow, by some miracle, there was no way he could deny, if only to himself, that he was wrong about me. And that would haunt his thoughts because he was too proud to admit that he was wrong, I could tell. Ooh, it would sting him, making him lose sleep at night, and that would be worth every second of sleep I lost working to get this done.

So that was it then. I let my fury with the man fuel me. I would become like a ballerina, dancing gracefully on chapped and bloody feet concealed behind pretty delicate slippers as they smiled through the pain, convincing everyone that they were okay. I'd always wanted to do ballet when most of the ones who were my age would get dressed in tutus and tights to dance around like little angels, but I didn't have time. I was far too busy rushing home for even more school about the law. I began to see that we had more in common than I realized back then. In fact, I thought in many ways they were stronger than I was, and those dancing angels would be my motivation today.

I picked up one of Jared's files and began to work on it alongside Mario's and Anthony's briefs, determined not to be distracted by anything from that second onward. Even if Mario showed up naked, dripping in body oil, glistening before me like a Greek warrior, I would put on shades to shield myself from his dazzling aura. I didn't care if Anthony realized he was madly in love with me and came in here to profess his

love, requesting to take me atop the paperwork on the desk, papers flying everywhere as he breached me. Both those sexy ass men would have to wait until I proved whack-ass Jared wrong while managing to deliver them their proofed briefs on time.

Time ticked on by, and there was no way of being able to tell what time it was since there were no windows in the filing room. The lights stayed on all throughout and the AC was the freshest air I'd been able to breathe as my body began to droop after being upright and determined to begin with. I'd started out motivated and still was now, even as my eyelids grew heavy and my brain felt like mush. I was not allowing myself a break. I didn't have a single second to spare unless I was willing to admit defeat. And I was not.

But when my phone rang, I jumped in far too much joy, gasping at the chance to be given an excuse to take a break. I needed to at least check to see who was calling me, just in case it was an emergency. My phone started to hop, skip, and jump out of my uncooperative fingers as I rushed to answer it, not even stopping to check the caller ID.

"Hello?" I asked, the roughness of my voice startling me a little.

"Hey, Sis! I heard you got hired! Congratulations!" Chris screamed into my ears. "Let's go out, have some drinks, and celebrate tonight!"

The request sounded like an explosion of fireworks that went off when I wasn't expecting it. In my head, I became a

dog looking at the people around it like “why didn’t you tell me the world was ending?” or a cat dashing for cover. The invite was made in good fun but there was *no* way I was drinking on a work night, not after learning my lesson from last night. I didn’t know what to expect of myself with liquor now that I had tried it, and I didn’t want to give Jared a reason to think even less of me, although that bordered on impossible since his perception of me was already at the bottom of the barrel.

“I’m sorry. I’m working late tonight,” I responded as my heart pounded at the thought that each passing moment of this conversation was time I could never get back, time that I could be using to get this assignment done. I stared at Jared’s pile which I was only a quarter of the way through, finding tiny relief in the fact that at least I was done with Mario’s and Anthony’s briefs.

“Aww, listen to you, working woman. Come on, I’m sure Jared wouldn’t mind you taking an early first night off to have a drink with your brother and his friends,” Chris said.

I scoffed at the mention of Jared’s name, not even giving myself time to think about what hanging out with Chris and Mario would mean. “Good luck with that, that guy can’t stand me. And the feeling’s mutual,” I said. “You have him to thank for me working late. Thanks for the invite, but I’ve really got to get back to it if I have any chance whatsoever of meeting his ridiculous deadline.”

Chris paused for a while before chuckling a little, even though I couldn't begin to imagine what in the world was so funny. "Don't worry, I understand. We can do it some other time," he murmured. "Congratulations again!" he yelled.

"Thanks." I smiled into the phone although I didn't take long to disconnect it. I heard the disappointment in his voice and that made me feel bad, but I didn't even have time to feel at the moment.

I glimpsed at the phone right before the screen turned black and threw myself out of the seat in a rush, nearly tripping over the shoes I had kicked off to give my stuffy, aching feet a break. Oh crap. I didn't realize that it was six thirty in the evening. I was supposed to be done with these briefs an hour and a half ago. I didn't want to let Mario and Anthony down when they were the ones I had to thank for giving me a chance here.

I grabbed their completed paperwork, feeling washed with guilt as I shoved my feet into my heels and hurried out of the filing room. It was the end of their workday. Chances were they'd already left, although I was hoping, like most people here, they were working overtime. I hurried to Mario's office, but I couldn't find him, checking with his assistant to find that he had in fact left the office. I dropped my head in embarrassment, feeling like I let him down.

I started to rush through the hallway, hoping to locate Anthony's office since I hadn't been there yet. I was reading

the names on the glass doors when I almost dropped the files I was holding after being frightened by his voice.

“Tiffany!” he beamed out.

I spun around to see that I almost missed him as he was leaving his office, locking the door behind him. My heart nearly leaped forward and pounced on him in relief.

“Oh, thank goodness!” I started. “I thought I missed you. I’m so sorry,” I said as I hurried toward him.

“Hey. I was just heading out to meet up with your brother to celebrate your first day as a working lawyer. You ready to go?” he asked.

“Huh?” I blinked.

“I could give you a ride if you want,” he suggested.

I scolded myself inwardly for my thoughts going where they went with him standing there, looking so relaxed, smiling as if his intention was to weaken me at the knees. Now I understood my friends’ reactions to Mario last night. I would be willing to go for a ride with him ... on any night other than tonight. Not that that’s what he was offering anyway. Since when did my mind grow so scandalous?

Chapter 22

Anthony

I had been trying to play it cool all day around her, trying hard not to let my eyes wander over her body. However, with her back turned to me as I was coming out of the office, noticing that it was just us two in the quiet, dimly lit hallway. I couldn't fight the temptation to indulge my eyes for a quick moment, taking in the subtle curve of her hips and ass. I'd been a good guy all day and it was agony as I tried to keep my eyes occupied by all the women I'd already slept with in this building, many of them still willing to go again.

Yet it was Tiffany that stood out among them, the one I couldn't have. It was as if she shone with an electric bubble surrounding her that would shock the hell out of me if I got too close. Fuck, each time she smiled at me, my pulse raced a little faster, rushing to the base of my dick, which was why I didn't let my eyes linger over her delicate frame too long. I'd have lost the game I was trying to play, of pretending that I wasn't bothered by her very presence.

I was trying my best to maintain self-control, going as far as agreeing to hang out with her and her brother tonight, getting

drinks to prove to myself that I wasn't just a raging sex hungry mongrel who couldn't keep it in my pants, who couldn't be the respectful person my best friend needed me to be.

But drinks seemed to be off the menu tonight. She was shaking her head so hard as she pushed the files at my chest, I thought she might have whiplash.

“Oh! No, no. I have so much work to do, I told him I had to cancel. I'm just so glad I was able to catch you in time to give you these,” she said in a rush. She had bits of hair sticking out in places as if she'd run her hand through it several times. My fingers itched to reach out and smooth them back in place, caress the bags that had gathered beneath her eyes. But I turned my attention to the files she handed me instead.

I gave them a quick once over, scanning the pages at the speed of light before nodding, indicating how impressed I was with her work. “Very good,” I said, looking up at her as she smiled and began to hurry away.

“Hold on,” I called after her. “I don't understand. I mean, you're done, right?” I asked, holding the files up in the air. I thought about asking if Mario had assigned something else, but I knew that unless it was urgent, he wouldn't have, not on an important night like this where she could be out celebrating her first day of employment.

She touched her forehead, and I noticed her fingers shaking a little as she did. She was more than just a little bit stressed. “So far from done, you have no idea. Jared asked me to work on something for him. He wants it done first thing in the

morning, and I'm not even halfway through it," she said, clicking her heels away from me in a hurry again.

"Of course he did," I said to myself before I found the next words leaving my lips. "I can help you," I yelled at her departing back.

Her heels squeaked on the tiled floor as she came to a quick stop, spinning around, looking far too apologetic as she held her hands up as if begging me to forgive her for nothing at all. "No, no, it's okay. I couldn't ask you to do that. Really, you're kind. But don't let me stop you from enjoying a night out with your friends after a long day at work," she said.

Look, I enjoyed a drink, a bit of partying and hanging out with friends. I'd choose to do that even if I didn't have a long day at work. But I had to be honest with myself here. The height of the night would have been the fact that *she* was there, letting her hair down around us. Sure, Chris got another night off which was rare so I should be more inclined to go and hang out with him, but I had to say, standing here, right now, hanging out with Tiffany sounded far more tempting.

"Trust me. I don't mind at all." I placed my hand on my chest and smiled. "Besides, if I can help you finish up here, maybe we'll get to go have that drink after all." I flicked my eyebrow up, hoping she'd accept my help. I mean, other than the fact that my pull to her was animalistic, as if her silent pheromones were beckoning me to her, I could see that she was a nervous wreck, and I knew Jared was trying to break

her. I couldn't watch that happen to her. So my offer to help her was genuine.

She laughed. "Oh, no. I've learned my lesson about drinking before showing up for work the next day." She paused, and I thought that meant she wasn't open to accepting my help. I wasn't going to force her to. It was a bad idea; it would've been too close for comfort anyway.

Maybe I was being given another chance to not put myself in a situation where I could potentially fuck up my friendship. Plus, how cocky was I, huh? There was no telling whether she was even attracted to me.

Yeah, when I thought about it, I realized I was being given grace to get the hell out of here and go grab a drink with my friends, have some safe fun. I was capable of that.

I dropped my office keys into my pocket and was about to tell her good night when she said, "But I mean, the help sounds amazing. I wouldn't want to put you out though."

I was far too happy to hear that answer but I played it cool, closing my mouth that had a big old cheesy grin on it. "Okay then." I tamed my smile, walking to catch up with her as she led me to the file room.

"Uhhh, you know what? I think I might go for that drink after all," I said, turning on my heels and pretending to storm out of there at the sight of how many fucking folders were on that damn desk. I couldn't even see the desk.

She looked disappointed at first, reaching out after me until she saw that I was messing around and laughed along with me. It was a tired laugh but it pleased my cells. “That’s a crap ton of work. How in the world is one person supposed to finish this?”

“I’m guessing he’s not expecting me to,” she said with a shrug.

“But you’re determined to?” I asked.

She nodded. Well, fuck. We better get to work then.

“Have you eaten?” I asked.

She looked up as if just remembering that she was supposed to. “No, I haven’t,” she responded, shaking her head.

I pulled my phone out. “We’ve got a long night ahead of us. We’re gonna need food and a shit ton of coffee,” I told her as the restaurant picked up my call and I placed our order.

I turned to face her with a smile, reaching out to pat her slouched shoulders. “Don’t worry. We’re gonna surprise the pants off Jared in the morning.”

“Oh, thank you so much!” She ran into my arms and at first, I froze. I wasn’t sure what I was allowed to do, whether this was far too compromising. Reaching out to touch her shoulder seemed risky enough as it was but as the heat of her body settled into mine, the most natural feeling in the world, my arms came around her waist to embrace her.

I wasn’t certain if it was just because of where my mind went when it came to her, but she smelled of sex and peaches.

It made me dizzy and I liked it. But as my body began to like it too much, I dropped my hands from her in a rush, breaking the hug as I moved away to pull up a chair at her desk.

When I opened one of the files, I shook my head. “What is it?” she asked.

“Oh, nothing.” I turned to her. I recognized the case, and I knew Jared didn’t need this load of damn work completed by tomorrow morning. I tried hard not to roll my eyes because I didn’t want her to catch it and think it was directed at her. Jared was bent on getting her to quit, but I didn’t want her to go anywhere. So, game on, Jared.

Chapter 23

Tiffany

We'd returned to Anthony's office where there was a lot more space, plus I was tired of being around the stuffy boxes. Next to us were empty take-out containers and a couple empty coffee cups. I was laughing at something funny Anthony said as I propped up my head with my hand, my hair now loose around my shoulders after taking it down from the ponytail that was beginning to make my head hurt. I massaged my scalp with the tips of my fingers, sighing in relief that he chose to help me out tonight. Hours had passed and we'd gotten so much work done, we were more than halfway through the piles of work before us. A feat I was sure I'd never have been able to achieve without him.

As my laughter silenced, leaving only a smile, my eyes began their descent over his body, from his dark hair that still managed to glisten under the not so bright light and his eyes reddened from lack of sleep as he skimmed the pages of documents before him. An unexpected rhythm jerked within me as my eyes settled on his fingers, slender with dark hair laid flat atop his knuckles. His fingernails were neatly trimmed and so clean. They shone as though they'd been professionally

buffed. I had an immediate flashback to last night as I caught a glimpse of him putting his hand up that woman's dress.

My cheeks were on fire and the vibration between my legs began again as I felt the pressure of my thighs against my labia and hood. Oh no. I promised myself that there would be no distractions until I handed Jared the completed work and got the satisfaction of seeing the shock on his face. Although, if we got done earlier than expected, perhaps instead of the drinks, we could have a sip of something else.

I tried to clear my throat without drawing his attention as the heat in my body attempted to choke me, as my nipples hardened with the tension in the air. Which was perhaps one-sided. Here I was acting like just because he offered to help me, he'd be interested in having sex with me. I needed to tame my arousal. I didn't know what this beast was inside of me that was awakened by Mario. It was like I couldn't get enough. My sexual needs roared as if they were impossible to satiate.

Anthony must have felt my eyes burning into his skin because he turned to look at me, examining me as I lowered my head, hoping my hair would hide my flaming hot cheeks. "What is it?" He laughed.

"Nothing." I cleared my throat once more, straightening my legs out underneath the desk, only to end up kicking him in the shin. I was just glad my heels were off, or else that would have been far more aggressive than it was.

"Oh, I'm so sorry." I laughed in embarrassment and tucked my hair behind my ears, though I still couldn't make eye

contact with him. Not unless I wanted him to see that I was clumsy because I had the hots for him. He was still laughing but he wouldn't take his eyes off me as if he was waiting for a different answer.

Like, come on, give me a break. Look away! I need some time to hide the fact that I have a crush on you. When my eyes met his, I was frozen into his gray eyes, and I was sure my face gave my secret away with how much I began to fidget. Blood shot through my nipples like electricity, its pulse beating an odd rhythm against my chest, and I felt it in my crotch like it was a second heartbeat.

“Come on, what is it?” he asked again but this time, he was leaning forward and his voice was a lot softer. When I was brave enough to bring my eyes back to his, I saw the heat that resided there. Oh, he definitely saw my reaction, and I couldn't believe that he was staring at me that way when I wasn't even sure he was interested to begin with. My lips parted as I gasped, knowing I was in trouble as his eyes moved to my mouth. I knew I mused about him confessing his attraction to me earlier, but I thought it was just wishful thinking.

My chest heaved as I waited with need for him to come closer. No more words were being exchanged. It was so quiet in the office, except for the sounds of our breathing. The tip of his nose had flushed along with the bit of his cheeks I could see above his facial hair. He brought his eyes up to mine again, and I licked my lips in anticipation.

He went for it, placing a single kiss on my lips. One that lingered and had us both coming apart from the needed contact. When he pulled his lips away from mine, he looked me over once more as if needing to confirm that I was okay with it. I was more than okay with it. He turned a switch on inside me that made it hard to keep working without more than just one kiss. I couldn't stop staring at his plump red lips. My panties were already wet. I leaned forward for more.

“Yes,” he breathed against my mouth before taking me, this time with less hesitation. Firm lips coaxed and pulled mine until I was moaning into his mouth.

“Fuck, yeah,” he groaned. I felt his hand move across my face and dip to my blouse where he began to undo the little buttons. His fingers moved as if they were taunting me. I pulled him by the collar of his shirt until he was on the edge of his chair. I heard the back legs slam against the floor as his hands reached beneath my bra and squeezed.

“Uh.” I detached my lips to breathe. He began to move his face against my skin. I couldn't think straight. I was lost in the feel of his smooth palms and rough fingertips antagonizing my nerves.

His groan was a little different from Mario's for sure, more guttural and it made me want to start grinding on the chair. I nearly came when I felt his hand against my thigh. Every single moment felt surreal. It felt like I was living in one of my fantasies, dreaming something that wasn't happening. I imagined having this with him, but I still could not bring

myself to believe it was happening even as every touch had me gasping in desperation and delightful shock.

He groaned as though he approved of my reaction, moving his hand under my skirt even farther until I could feel him touching my panties. I held my breath as he shifted them to the side, and my clit was erect and needing his attention as his fingers began to move against me. Oh, fuck. I started heehawing to his touch. It was the only way I could describe the swift inhales and exhales that escaped me. It sounded like I was wheezing. It felt so good that I started to ride his fingers. I thought the sounds I made would turn him off, but he smiled down at me with his eyes as he teased my lips with his tongue and my labia with his fingers.

“Uh-huh,” he moaned as if he was agreeing with me while he proceeded to drive me mad.

He started making quick circles around my entrance but not dipping his finger into me. The quicker his finger moved, the more I wanted to fling my hips against it and penetrate myself with it.

“Uh!” My moan increased in pitch as my eyes flew open. And he hadn’t even gotten to my clit yet. I wanted to ask him what the fuck he was doing to me, but I couldn’t speak as my hips began to thrash about, banging against the chair as pleasure hit me so hard I thought I would break it and also start crying.

He brought his lips against me but didn’t kiss me. I could feel his breath on my skin as if he was taking his time to

breathe me in.

“Fuck,” he murmured against my neck, as if he’d reached his breaking point. Kissing me with such quickness, I felt like he left each spot he graced with his lips far too soon, leaving me even more hungry for him before his mouth came around my nipple. A soft chuckle erupted from him as he licked one and then the other before sucking them into his warm, wet mouth, teasing them with his teeth. “So that’s why you were late?”

“Huh?” I moaned as he licked the tops of my breasts, running his tongue up to my ear.

“I smell your lover all over you,” he said.

I shivered at the memory of Mario this morning while the bristle of Anthony’s beard poked the skin of my cheeks and neck. My hands found his hair and I pulled it as his lips and tongue began to move against my neck, needing to keep him there, basking in the feel of him while recalling Mario and me in the file room earlier today. I gasped and moaned when he hugged me against his body. Pulling me flush against his hard torso.

“Did he fuck you in the car as he dropped you off?” he asked. “How was it?”

He stood up and put his hands under my legs, lifting me off the chair and hiking me up over his hips. My skirt had ridden up so far, his hands were touching the bare skin of my ass, massaging it before he spanked it so hard I nearly fell out of his arms.

“Oh!” I moaned, pressing my lips firmly against his, so hard I thought the smashing of our lips together might draw blood. The sting of it had more juices flowing from between my legs to join the warmness his finger just drew.

“How good did he fuck you?” he asked in short pants. His voice became a smooth blend of high and low pitched as he dipped his hand between us to find my entrance again. I thought this time he was about to stick his finger in but he just brushed up against me, still teasing me, not lingering for longer than a second.

“Fuck,” I whispered against his lips. “Please.” He kept his hand away from my center. Yet the tease reminded me of Mario’s hard member thrusting inside of me, his tongue, his fingers. Oh! With the combination of memories and the way Anthony just turned my body into a frickin’ drum banging on that damn chair, I could almost feel myself being filled up by the ghost penis of either of them, both of them.

“So fucking good,” I cried, answering his question while rotating my hips against his hips, shuddering when some friction grabbed onto my flesh, increasing the pleasure that had my lower body freaking out again.

He grabbed me hard. So hard I felt his thumb against my hip bone as he held me still, confining my movements. I still managed to move my crotch against him though. As slight as the movements were, I grasped onto every ounce of pleasure I could gather, whining and moaning, wondering why he wasn’t in me yet.

“Is that a problem?” I almost sobbed, hoping with desperation that it wasn’t. That he wouldn’t stop touching me, kissing me. Wishing he’d still want to fuck me, even if I’d already experienced platinum-level fucking from another lover.

“That depends,” he said, sticking his thumb into my mouth before following up with his tongue, biting and pulling on the bottom part of my lip. My breathing came out in short gasps as I waited, licking his neck when he pulled his mouth away from mine.

“Will he have a problem with this?” he asked. “I don’t have anything to worry about, do I?” One of his sexy grins followed that question and my entire body was starving for him, opening up wide to consume all of him.

I shook my head.

“Mmm,” he groaned, kissing my lips with aggression. “Maybe I can teach you a thing or two to take back home to give loverboy a few lessons, something to remember me by.”

“Oh, he doesn’t need any lessons,” I whispered against his lips, and he laughed, releasing me.

Oh crap. That was probably what I shouldn’t have said to the man I wanted to run through me now, that the man I was already fucking was a magician with my hungry vagina. I thought I screwed it up as he sat down, looking up at me with my skirt straddling my hips and my breasts spilling from my shirt. I felt so exposed now, so cold from the AC. Yet the way his curls were messy from me tugging at them and how he

leaned back in the chair, spreading his legs, looking at me with those fuck-me eyes, I couldn't help but bite my bottom lip as I suppressed a moan.

He didn't seem angry. He had a smile on his face as he rubbed his hand over his beard. "If he fucks you so good, why are you here, doing this with me?" he asked.

I walked toward him, needing his mouth and hands against me again. I was desperate to be touched by him so even though my legs wobbled as I moved to stand between his, I leaned over him so I could risk the chance of my breasts brushing up against him again and told him the truth. "Because you're so sexy and impossible to resist."

I didn't know where that confidence came from. I didn't even know if that's what I would call it. All I knew was that as I stared at him, I couldn't think about anything else other than feeling him move against me, and I needed him to do something.

A sound I was not expecting, escaped him. It sounded like a grunt and a growl. Which both excited and frightened me as I noticed how dark his eyes became, looking at me as if he wanted to tear my clothes off me. At this point, I wished he would. I'd go home in tattered clothes. I didn't care. He reached for my arm and pulled me into his lap. I was too happy to throw my arms around his neck.

He pressed his hands against my ass, pulling me closer against him so that I could feel how hard he was beneath his pants. My eyes rolled to the back of my head at the thought of

him inside me. I pressed my center against the hardness, sighing and moaning. “Yes. Please,” I begged as I kissed his ear, biting his earlobe with the waves of arousal that shot through my body.

He swore, taking my lips with his. Hard passion overwhelmed us as his hand came up around me to grip the back of my neck before grabbing on to the roots of my hair while he pulled my head back and slammed me down against his pants, in repetition with his other hand on my hip.

My already teased entrance was set on fire, and my strained neck revealed to his lips and tongue caused me to grow more frustrated as he hammered the outside of me while my inside cried for him, leaking so much of its tears all over his pants. “Please, I can’t take it anymore.” I pulled my hair from his hand and grabbed him by the neck. His eyes flew open. He looked at me with a slight smirk and a challenge, gripping me by the waist and throwing me on the desk, sweeping away some of Jared’s papers, but I was sure I was sitting on some of them, leaking my juices all over as Anthony stood before me, unbuttoning his shirt.

“Yes,” I cried, pulling at my shirt with the same amount of desperation he pulled at his. I heard the thread pull away from the fabric of my blouse as I forced it over my head, unhooking my bra, and watching as his hand stilled on his buttons. My breath caught in my throat at the knowledge that his bare chest was within arm’s reach. As he groaned, moving forward to place kisses on my exposed breasts and neck, I satisfied my curiosity by shoving his shirt over his shoulders and trembled

from excitement when I felt the coarseness of his chest hair against my tender nipples. I threw my head back. Oh. Something else that was different. I felt like a new level was unlocked between my legs.

He scooted my bottom forward on the table as his arms came around me, holding me while his mouth made its way across my skin, his fingers wandered across my back, and the chill of the AC counteracting the heat in my body caused a thrill to pass through my nerves, shooting to my toes.

“Oh, damn,” I said as his tongue grazed my navel, halting at the waistband of my skirt. There was no need to remove my skirt, but as he made eye contact with me, pulling the zipper down in the back, I let out a slow and shaky breath when the pads of his fingers brushed up against my lower back. He backed away now as he tugged the skirt over my hips, and I got to see the fullness of his chest hair.

Thick and dark, it coated his pecs, leaving a patch that trailed down the center of his stomach, beneath his waistband. I reached out in wonder to touch his flat pinkish brown nipples that peeked through the brush.

“Wow,” I gasped as I let my hand explore, the texture of it tickling my palm. He froze and stared at me. The more of him I felt, the more excited I got as my fingers dipped through the hairs. I felt the urge to grip them, and I did. He groaned and I brought my eyes up to his, staring at his lids lowered in ecstasy as he bit his lips.

I was enjoying discovering this new territory. It was so different from the one I knew before and the eroticism of watching him enjoy the slight pain pulled low on my groin. He grabbed my hand and held it still against him when he couldn't take it anymore, biting down on the inside of my palm before kissing it, licking up my wrist and arm, tossing it around his neck.

"I should stop," he breathed while pulling me against his chest, rotating his hips against my crotch.

"Oh, no, please don't," I begged, shaking my head in protest, running my hand through his hair and holding on to his face so he could see me pleading with my eyes.

"Fuck," he murmured, kissing my neck. "I want to fuck you so bad." He kissed my lips and, this time, it didn't bruise them. It was slow, tender, and I imagined him doing the same between my legs. "But ..." he said.

"No, no. No butts." I shook my head. "Please, Anthony." I reached for his waistband and unbuttoned his pants as he released a shaky breath, bringing his forehead against mine and groaning, yet not moving to stop my hands as I undid his zipper.

"We should get back to work," he said, knowing damn good and well that neither of us were interested in working right now.

"You must be out of your mind," I rushed out, and he laughed so loud before grabbing me and kissing me. I wrapped my legs around him, hooking him in place. "Please, I want

you,” I said as his lips left mine. “Please,” I said in succession, following up with soft kisses against his moist lips as his pants fell to the floor.

Chapter 24

Anthony

Fuck. If her lips tasted like maraschino cherries, I couldn't even begin to imagine what the juices from her pussy tasted like. Oof, she was dripping with temptation, and it all happened so fast, I lost my head. Of course I wanted it to happen, but I didn't think it would. At least, I was trying my best to not give into my urges. But damn, I didn't know Tiffany Levine could lose control like that. I didn't know Tiffany Levine had a thing for me like that. Because if I'd known, this would've happened yesterday. I'd have had *her* against the tree instead.

Once our lips touched, I was done. Any shred of control I had left, decimated. Mm, her body felt nice pressed up against mine. I could smell the sex of her previous lover on her and instead of repelling me, all I could do was picture her fucking and being fucked. And now that I was able to find my head again, I knew I'd gone too far.

Now I didn't have to imagine it, I knew what she looked like when she came because I made her come, from teasing her hole, promising myself not to enter her with anything, not

my fingers, not my tongue, not my dick because in some dumb part of my brain I thought that I would be able to get away with saying that I didn't have sex with her. That part of my brain was telling me to walk away with the knowledge and memory that I got to touch her, I got to taste her lips and feel her nipples against my tongue. Oh, fuck. I shook a little.

As I closed my eyes, feeling our hips gyrating against each other, I kept replaying every gasping sound she made as my lips brushed against her skin, my tongue darted out to tease her nerves, and even when I so much as fucking breathed too close to her. I wasn't the only one going the fuck out of my mind with need and desire here. She wanted me just as much, holding me hostage with her legs.

My hooded dick warmed as pre-cum leaked from it, slipping against my boxers. It was so fucking hard, man. I'd fucked some sexy ass women, and I couldn't remember the last time my dick was this hard. She was sopping wet for me, and I was standing here torturing us both by withholding from each other what we wanted. I was insane.

My heart pounded with the decisions and the potential consequences bouncing around in my brain. Chris could kill me when he found out. I may have to uproot my entire life and relocate to keep this secret because something told me that one night with Tiffany wouldn't be enough, even though a part of me thought that it might. And maybe it was the fact that my fucking balls were about to explode that made me feel like I'd never be able to get enough of her to fulfill this need within me, reduce the ache of lust.

Perhaps all I needed to do was bust a nut and the idea of it would no longer be this forbidden thing hanging over my head, following me around, haunting me, taunting me that I couldn't have it. If that was all it would take, then sure, I was a lawyer, I've argued many cases, gotten fucking criminals off the damn hook, I was sure that I would be able to figure out a way to hide this from Chris. Right? As long as it wouldn't ever happen again, I could continue my life here as if it never happened to begin with.

She kissed my neck, and I groaned against the need to spread her legs and find a reason to permit myself to fuck her. As I groaned at the loudness in my head and tension in my chest, she kissed my cheek.

"Stop holding back," she whispered, before digging her fingers into my hair and kissing me. I sighed. I loved the way her nails moved against my scalp.

Fuck it.

I wasn't going to find a reason to allow myself to do this and somewhat make it okay. I knew that it wasn't okay to fuck my best friend's twenty-one-year-old little sister straight out of college when I was nearly forty. Not because she wasn't legal, but because her brother wouldn't approve and he was my best friend.

If I had a fucking sister, I wouldn't want Chris, Mario, or Jared anywhere near her and again, that wasn't because they weren't great people. I didn't want to think about any of my fucking best friends who I'd seen at their best and worst, how

they'd been with other women, breaking their hearts, turning around and fucking my little sister who was just getting her life started. Only to leave her heart broken as they went ahead and lived their old ass lives as usual even if she *was* old enough to make her own decisions. I'd want to beat the shit out of them. So I got it. But fuck, she wasn't *my* twenty-one-year-old little sister, *thank fuck*.

And with her bare breasts, bouncing off and on my chest as she rubbed herself against me, creating maddening friction, and as my fingers hooked around the waist of her panties, I'd reached the breaking point.

Fuck it, man.

Listen, I didn't know whether this would happen again; whether this was a one off so I couldn't come up with some kind of fucking plan on the spot to figure out how I was going to hide it from Chris. I couldn't tell the fucking future.

All I knew was what was happening before me, now, as I trailed my finger along her waistband and beneath the black lace to rest in the puddle there as she gasped and breathed against my neck her desire for me to keep going. The only fucking thing I could spare a brain cell to focus on was this very moment as I thought about my very hard throbbing dick, replacing my finger at her center, entering into the warm spa of her vagina as I massaged the fuck out of it.

Tomorrow would have its consequences, I knew that. But fuck, tomorrow wasn't even promised. I was alive now. She was alive now. We were here, sharing this experience now, and

I was not about to walk away from it. I knew it was convenient for me to think that way. When tomorrow came, I'd take the beatings of tomorrow. But her red hair flowing over her shoulders, skimming over the top of her breasts, her freckled milky skin with a hint of orange undertones, her much brighter pink nipples, and her dripping wet pussy felt worth it, in the moment. Maybe in the morning if I ended up lying on the floor after Chris beat my brains from my head, I'd think otherwise, but now?

I began to lay her backward on the files of papers that we were going to have to work like hell to reorganize, and she nodded her approval in desperation. Her bare breasts pointed toward the ceiling along with her knees as she took her time to open her legs before me, and I felt a wave of energy shoot through my spine at the sight of her, and the knowledge that I was about to remove my own dumb barriers, stepping first out of my boxers, before pulling her panties over her legs and flinging them across the room.

She shook in anticipation as I spread her legs wider and spotted her red tuft of hair. I tugged on it, just like she did my chest hair, and I used it to pull her pussy upward so I could see it in its splendor before spitting between her legs and rubbing it with my fingers as I bit my lip.

"I want to taste you so bad," I said, but I didn't know if she heard me as she tossed her head about.

I wasn't sure who her lover was before me, and it clawed me within because her pussy looked so fucking sweet. So

plump from desire, almost red from the blood that rushed there. Damn, it looked so fucking good, I was salivating. I leaned over her as I put two fingers inside of her, hearing her loud, sexy moan that came from the back of her throat as I juttet soft repetitive pressure against her tight fucking sweet hole.

It was driving me crazy watching her tongue dart out of her mouth to touch the top of her teeth as she rocked her hips against my hand.

“Mm. Fuck, you’re so hot,” I said, hurrying to suck her already tender nipples. They’d met my mouth before, red and full, staring at me. But they’d never met my tongue as I finger-banged her, bringing her to her next orgasm before I decided to fuck it all to the wind and dip my mouth at her center after I tasted the sweetness of her from my fingers.

Her moan grew deeper as she began to gasp. “Thank you, thank you, oh fucking, thank you!” she yelled, and as I looked up, she had her arms gripping either side of the desk as her chest heaved. That made me crazy. I sounded like a lawn mower, sucking and tugging on that pussy with all the strength I had in my jaw and tongue, so fine with passing out as I used up the air in my lungs.

She went silent. Her eyes turned over inside her head and her chest and abdomen arched before she started to grind the fuck out of my mouth.

“Yes-yes-yes-yes-yes,” she said in quick repetition that increased and lowered in pitch. “Yes!” She let out a

resounding one followed by short sobs.

I grunted, pulling my mouth from her pussy and climbing over her like an animal, settling myself between her legs, rubbing my dick against her clit as I leaned over to take her mouth with mine. She grabbed my back as if in a panic. It was as if she would freak out if I didn't put it in. Fuck, the taste of her on my tongue was just as sweet as I'd imagined, and with the way she was freaking out right now, I knew it would all be over too soon if I plunged myself into her.

“What is it that you want?” I asked.

“You! Inside me, now!” Her breathing was growing more and more impatient.

“Yeah? Is that what you want?” I grinned.

She sobbed. “Yes, please, I beg you,” she said.

I kissed her, sucking the fuck out of her tongue before cupping her cheeks so that her gasping mouth stayed open, and I began to back up off the desk, leading her with me, pulling her forward with a soft hand still gripping her jaw.

Standing with my dick pointed at her, I grabbed her ass and pulled her off the desk. “Why don't you get on your knees and let my dick know how much you want it?” I asked, encouraging her to her knees until my dick was brushing up against her cheeks.

She looked terrified which shocked the fucking shit out of me. Not what I was going for ... at all. “Are you okay?” I asked, almost jumping away from her.

“Yes, yes.” She shook her head. “It’s just, I’ve never done this before,” she said.

My eyes flew open, and I started to back away. “Fuck, you’re a virgin?!” I asked, and now I was the one who was filled with terror as I fought the frightening shrill that injected my voice.

She laughed. “No! Oh, no. Definitely *not* a virgin.”

Thank fuck, I thought to myself, allowing my body to relax in relief when I reminded myself of the smell of sex on her before I even touched her and our conversation about her lover.

Ooh, that was a close call. I wiped the sweat off my face. I couldn’t fuck virgins. I preferred to avoid the attachment issues that came with that. The thought of sleeping with a woman who didn’t know that a fuck was just a damn fuck was just too much to handle. Man, I needed a few seconds to collect myself and take note of how fucking grateful I was because for a second there, I thought about risking it with her, going against my fear of the eyes of a woman who was no longer a virgin because of you. Oh, it was horrifying! Whew, fuck, I was glad that wasn’t the case, that she was a woman that knew what this was. She had to. I was her second lover today, at least.

“But you know, I don’t know what you want me to do ...” She cleared her throat, staring at my dick.

I thought I had static in my brain from what she just said. Huh? I lowered my brows at her. “What? You mean you’ve

never sucked dick before?”

Her eyes widened but she never took her eyes off of it. She shook her head. Well, that was a first. I'd never heard that from an experienced woman before, yet she was experienced. She was full of surprises, that was for sure. Maybe she just didn't like it? I found myself becoming a bit insecure at the thought that she might have been repulsed by the idea of it, dropping my hand instinctively to cover myself. But her breath hitched when my hand moved over it in a subtle stroke and it jumped against my palm.

“Do you want to?” I asked her, my voice hoarse.

She nodded, swallowing as she watched it coming toward her. I grinned at her willingness.

“Well, I guess I am teaching you something to take home to loverboy after all,” I teased, rubbing the tip of my dick against her parted lips. “Wider,” I said before putting a little bit inside and shuddering as I felt the heat of her breath against the tip of it, preparing me for what was to come.

“Flatten your tongue and hide your teeth,” I said, bringing my hand around the back of her head.

“Wha ...?” she asked with my dick still in her mouth, and I laughed, pulling myself out of her. This was too much, and I needed to thrust, but I wasn't going to risk thrusting against her teeth. I was so fucking aroused, I was about to bust.

I pulled her up off her knees and kissed her. “It's okay, we can do that some other time. Right now, I need to be so deep

inside you, I can't wait a second longer," I said as I spun her around and bent her over the desk, reaching inside my desk drawer for a condom. I ripped the packaging in a rush, pulling it over my sensitive, bulging penis, shuddering before bridging her gap with a bit of me at first.

We both spoke in unison.

"Oh," I groaned, closing my eyes as her pussy gripped me on the way in.

"Yes! Oh. Yes." She shook against the desk and her arms came around my waist to pull me further and faster into her.

"Oh, you fucking little ... you like that, huh?" I said, grabbing her arms and holding them against her back as I shoved myself deeper inside her until my balls were slapping her.

Her loud moans filled the room and my knees weakened to the sounds of it. I growled, slamming her hips against the desk, taking care not to hurt her but needing so much to fucking disrespect the shit out of her body as my hands echoed along with her moans, bouncing off her ass. She screamed and began to throw herself back against me.

Damn, her ass was a fucking work of art. I caressed the parts where my hands made marks, wanting to soothe the sting. I pressed my weight into her back in order to place tender kisses on the back of her neck, brushing her hair out of the way so I could see her reddened face and plumped lips from all the kissing and biting as she panted and moaned, shaking each time I plunged myself inside her.

“Fuck,” I groaned, staring down at her and reaching my hand around the front of her neck to pull on it while I kept her flat on her belly, still holding her two hands behind her back.

Her gasp of shock and wheezing breath nearly sent me over the edge. I spun her around so I could look into her eyes as my dick slammed into her pussy and out of it and into it again. I kept my hold on her neck, watching her eyes cross, noticing her smile of ecstasy and throwing my head back.

Chapter 25

Tiffany

The slow, creeping current rippling against my bladder, flooding the soles of my feet, the tips of my toes, and teasing my nub with a flutter contrasted with the pressure of his body slamming into me, his hard member crashing against some maddening, delightful ache that seemed to keep increasing from desire. I couldn't catch my breath due to the pressure of his hand against my larynx. All the pressures and contrasts in my body were building and the waves were growing larger, smashing against me harder as his hair stuck out around his head, flopping against his face, beating him as he was beating pleasure into my vagina.

He dropped his hand to my breast and squeezed it, putting more gusto in his thrusts as his hips sped up. Oh my word, the world was spinning as jolts of electricity started to pass from their slow pace into rushing thumps against my lower abdomen.

“You're so good ... at ... taking ... this ... fucking dick,” he breathed, and my quivering walls applauded us in pride.

“You feel so good,” I responded, biting my lip and throwing my head back as I felt my soul trying to leave my body.

“Yeah?” His voice shook as he pressed his hands into my ribs, tipping on his toes so that he could angle his dick directly over me. He plunged down, causing my body to jerk and dance. He no longer just crashed against the pleasure fortress within me, instead he was causing an eruption. I could feel the liquid in my body rumbling up to the surface as we gasped, leaning over me so that I could feel the weight of his body against my chest and belly. “Tell me how much you like it,” he groaned, clutching my head as he grinded himself even farther inside me so I could feel his pelvis knocking against my pelvic bone.

“I ... fuck ... I ... love it ... oh my goodness, I fucking ...” I panted, my voice rising further and further in pitch. My eyes squeezed shut as I felt myself approaching the ultimate explosion.

He gripped my hair and pressed my forehead against his. “Look at me when you come,” he said, staring into my eyes as I fought to keep them open, staring into the darkness of his before he let out a feral groan, kissing me with such fervency, I began to scream into his mouth, when suddenly I felt his hand pressed against my lips, silencing me. Oh, damn! My eyes rolled back inside my head. I began to meet his thrusts only to have him pull himself out of me as I shook, crying, “No! Please, come back.”

His hand gripped my jaw again, and I squeezed my legs together, rotating my hips to hold the pleasure captive, reaching for him, needing him to fill me again, convulsing from the confusion of his sudden leave.

“Shit! Shit! Fuck!” he shuddered, gripping the desk and looking around the room like a maniac as I stared at him in bewilderment.

Soon, my clothes were thrust at my body. “Get dressed,” he said. “Your brother is coming.”

“What?” My voice shook because that was the last thing I wanted to hear when I was still craving the stretch from Anthony’s gorgeous member.

He must have seen the look of absolute loss on my face. He hurried forward with his clothes bundled against his body, holding me by the back of the neck and kissing me so that I trembled.

“I promise, we’ll finish up another time, in private,” he groaned as his eyes swept over my body, licking his lips in temptation and disappointment, filling me with desperation to have him jammed inside me again.

“Promise?” I asked as he nodded, and I heard Chris’s voice coming toward us. That got me flying up off of that desk and into my clothes as soon as I could before I heard the rumble of Mario’s laugh, the silkiness of his voice. Oh. Shit.

“Do something to your hair,” Anthony whispered, panic in his eyes as we were rushing to pick the papers up off the floor

and put them in some sort of an organized pile. “You look like you’ve just been fucked or been through war,” he said, and my labia vibrated as I began to run my hand over my hair as fast as I could, trying to locate my hair tie, feeling like any moment now my life was just going to come crashing down at my feet.

“Me? You look like you’ve just been electrocuted,” I threw back at him before he laughed in surprise without looking at me, his hands moving to steady the papers and finish buckling his pants.

“I mean, I kind of was.” He shrugged, searching his office before grabbing a bottle of water and wetting his fingers. He ran it through his hair. “Nothing like pussy juice and water to tame these curls and reset them into place,” he teased in a whisper while handing me the bottle.

I blushed and wet my hands as well and ran them through the slight tangles of my straight hair. I didn’t want to be dripping wet when they walked into the office. If it was just Chris, I wouldn’t care as much to be discovered. I mean, I’d be mortified if he caught us in the act, I’d probably just drop dead from that, but I wouldn’t care if he knew about us. It wasn’t his business who I had sex with.

But Mario was with him, and I couldn’t begin to imagine what he would think of me. I didn’t want to lose him even though we’d only known each other a little over twenty-four hours at this point. I still wanted to have the passionate, hot, soul-feeding sex I could have with Mario and this type of

rough and rude, mind-blowing sex with Anthony. I still wanted the earth-shattering experience I could have with both of them.

He didn't have to know about Anthony and me, or at the very least, he didn't have to find out about it this way. Oh, what was I losing my mind about? It wasn't like we were committed to each other. How did sex work? Why was I overwhelmed with this sense of guilt and the need to tell him? *I had to tell him.* I groaned to myself as I shoved my feet into my shoes. I'd tell him, at some point.

Anthony rushed to sit around his desk, clothed, and I followed his cue just in time to turn around at the sound of Chris and Mario opening his office door.

“Figured, since you couldn't come to the bar, we'd bring the bar to you!” Chris held up a few bottles of alcohol and so did Mario, grinning at me and shrugging. Well, at least he was sober, from the looks of it. Chris had gotten a few drinks in for sure.

As they walked over to us, I could see the questions shooting off in Mario's head, and I moved forward to take the drinks from him so we could talk.

“What are you doing in Anthony's office?” he whispered, looking between Anthony and me as if he was beginning to connect the dots.

I chickened out. Now was not the time to tell him. I broke eye contact to find Chris listening in on our conversation. I cleared my throat, tucking my hair behind my ear. “He was just helping me complete this tower of work Jared piled on to

me at the last minute.” I gestured to the disorganized files I hoped they didn’t open to read and check. “Thanks to him, I’m almost done. I’ll have it ready for Jared in the morning as he requested.” I rushed to speak in case they also offered to help me. I couldn’t have that.

“He wanted you to complete all that by the morning?!” Chris gasped. “What an asshole!”

I laughed in relief. “Such an asshole,” I agreed just in time to hear Jared’s voice startling the shit out of me. I was beginning to grow far too comfortable with cussing, I realized.

But it was fun.

“So that’s what we’re doing now, Chris? Badmouthing me behind my back?” Jared grinned, and I turned away from his pearly whites.

Okay, great. Earlier, I lost my cool with him and almost said something rather inappropriate during our argument but now he happened to walk in on me calling him an asshole. Great. I mean, at this point, he’d have reasonable grounds to fire me on. The stakes were higher now as an employee. It wasn’t just him who would have something to lose as I baited him earlier. It wasn’t just the quality of my work that could affect my employment here, it was also the quality of my conduct.

Whatever, it was a private conversation that he walked in on this time. It wasn’t like I was screaming at him, calling him an asshole to his face. So I should be safe on that front. He shouldn’t be walking in on private conversations.

Him and Chris hugged for a bit, having a quiet chat together as if they were catching up before Jared pulled up a seat and sat down. Whoa there, what was he doing? I thought my brother and Mario were here to see me. Who invited him?

Well, duh. Of course my brother did, but why would he come when we couldn't stand each other? I thought he couldn't bear to be in the same room with me, as I did him. I rolled my eyes. Gussed he couldn't resist my brother's invite, and we both had to just deal with the other's presence.

I turned my snarling gaze away from Jared to find Mario's eyes burning into my skin, and when our eyes met, he smiled, winking at me, thinking that our secret was the only one in the room. Oh, I couldn't bear to keep looking at him, knowing he didn't know the truth. I turned my eyes away in guilt. I knew he wasn't my boyfriend but that wasn't the point. I cared about him, and he deserved to know that the woman he was fucking was also fucking his best friend because I was looking forward to finishing up what Anthony and I started. I just hoped it didn't make him want me less or cause any drama.

Chapter 26

Mario

I couldn't keep my eyes off Tiffany, but it seemed like she could keep her eyes off me. In fact, it was like she was making great efforts to.

I'd left the office early, hoping to meet up with her and Chris at the bar. When I heard she wasn't coming, it was a huge disappointment, to say the least. I decided to make the most out of it with Chris because hanging with my buddy was always a good time. But when he suggested showing up at the office to surprise her with the drinks, I was in my car driving us over here before either of us could blink. I was thinking of ways to excuse ourselves from the group with so many places to sneak away into this large building.

Yet, when I showed up, I wasn't too sure she was happy to see us, me included. I took one look at Anthony and thought, damn. He'd done it, hadn't he? He made his move. And by the looks of it, she didn't turn him down. I was almost certain something happened in this office, and that's when I saw it; that black lace panty I had in my mouth earlier peeking out from behind the accent chair where Chris was sitting.

I rubbed my hand over my face. They could've at least done a better job of hiding it. A feeling I found hard to distinguish between anger and fear rumbled in the pit of my stomach. The thought of being replaced in the blink of an eye filled me with the fear that I wouldn't be able to spend the night in her bed again, rolling around in her sheets, my face in her thighs, tongue on her skin. I wouldn't have showers with her sweet pussy and ass drenched with water, pouring off her body into my mouth as I drank from her.

I'd never have the privilege of pulling her to the side and seeing her willing eyes and nods as I took her in secret in some room at this firm, in the car, day or night, on our lunch break, at the restaurant, anywhere our bodies desired. Those moments would have been taken away from me, and there would be nothing I could do about it. I'd had less than twenty-four hours with her, and I worried that I wasn't enough; that she'd found something better with Anthony and had no need for me. I had my shot and I lost it.

The thought was maddening, but if that was her choice, then I'd respect it. I had to. It was her body that she chose to share with me. She could choose not to, and I wouldn't be entitled to it. Ugh, it was agony, thinking that at the snap of a finger, everything that I'd been imagining and hoping for on my way here just got thrown out the window. Oh, I had to know if I was just going out of my mind with unnecessary worry. I had to find out from Anthony if something happened. With all the women Anthony slept with at this firm, I lied to myself, staring at the panty bunched up, comforting myself with the

thought that the familiar-looking underwear could have belonged to any number of women. Maybe it was there before tonight and I just hadn't noticed it until now.

I approached Anthony, the lie playing the role of a sense of security the closer I got to him with my drink in hand. I needed to remember where we were and who we were with. This was not the time and place for a show of my ego. No one here could know that I'd slept with Tiffany. Not Chris, of course, and also not Anthony because if something did happen, as my gut was shouting out to tell me, busting through the facade I'd created in my mind to act as a shield, then he'd have a reason to blow my secret, even if we were best friends. We'd never been attracted to the same girl. This was new to me.

"Hey, can I talk to you for a minute?" I spoke low, coming up next to Anthony as Tiffany looked over at us both in shock before turning her head away to refuse the drink Chris had poured for her, explaining something to him I wasn't sure about.

Anthony looked up at me, swallowing a sip of whiskey as he nodded. "Yeah, sure thing, bro."

We took a step just outside his glass walls, and I fought my jealousy, fixing my face to ask, "So, what did I just walk in on?" I put the glass up to my mouth to hide the curl of my lips as I saw his eyes lingering on Tiffany. "Hey," I said to get his attention.

“What do you mean?” he asked, one hand in his pocket, so casual as he raised his drink to take another sip.

“Yellow chair, back leg. Look on the floor,” I said.

His head spun around so fast, I could almost hear his neck pop as his face reddened at the sight of the underwear on the ground and Chris sitting on the same chair, his feet only inches away from the evidence. I saw his eyes widen before he turned around to look at me with a cool expression, although he almost choked on his drink, taking quick, worried glimpses at Tiffany. Chris noticed us looking at him, and I saw him start to make a move toward us.

“Must be Anne’s.” Anthony cleared his throat just as Chris came up behind him.

“Hey, stop ogling my kid sister.” Chris landed a playful blow to Anthony’s shoulder with just enough oomph to warn him.

It felt like little spiders were crawling up my spine as I saw the protective look in Chris’s eyes.

Anthony jumped in shock, rubbing his shoulder with the knuckle of his thumb still wrapped around the glass in his hand. “I wasn’t ogling her,” he said. “Besides, she’s not a kid. She’s a grown woman.”

Anthony said that last part under his breath as he took another sip to silence his words, but oh, Chris heard them loud and clear, moving to stand in front of Anthony to look into his eyes.

Something he saw there caused Chris to hand me his drink before he gripped Anthony by the shirt, startling him, and his glass of whiskey fell, crashing against the tiles, causing everyone to look around at us.

Oh, fuck. I backed away. Maybe it was because Chris had a little bit too much to drink. Or maybe he saw the same look in Anthony's eyes that he had back in law school when he hooked up with his ex, but his voice grew deep and threatening. "I don't want to have a fall out with you again, Anthony. We've come a long way, but I will if I find out you're messing around with my little sister. Because then you'll be messing with me, and I won't hesitate to beat the shit out of you."

"Dude," Anthony said as he tried to pull his shirt out of Chris's hold without success. He placed a hand over his knuckles and looked him in the eye. "Chris, listen to me. You have nothing to worry about. I'd never do that to you, man."

Chris's hand loosened, releasing him as Anthony turned to shout toward the group. "Everything's okay, guys. Just a misunderstanding." He smiled, but I could see the sweat on his forehead.

Guilt coursed against my skin like sandpaper, and I took Chris's words as if he were holding me by the neck, threatening me, because I knew for sure that even if in some strange world Anthony was not guilty and he had just been innocent in helping Tiffany and that pair of underwear in the

corner just happened to belong to one of his other hookups, that I for sure was one billion percent guilty.

My perspective shifted in that instant and jealousy seemed nothing more than just a frivolous thing. I was also now fine with the whole dodging of eye contact. Tiffany was on to something. I was going to be dodging eye contact throughout the rest of our night in this office together because that had become my means of survival.

I tucked my head into my glass and backed the fuck up, going to sit next to Jared who was taken aback by the accusation, shaking his head, no doubt thinking that if Anthony had hooked up with Tiffany, he'd crossed the line this time. I imagined he thought that she would be the one woman in this office that Anthony could've found the restraint not to sleep with, knowing that it was his best friend's sister. And I looked anywhere else but at Tiffany, knowing that he was unaware that next to him, sat someone who'd been the insane one to do it.

Chapter 27

Christopher

I didn't know what to believe as I released Anthony. My brain was foggy from the alcohol and the red I saw when I caught Anthony even glimpsing in Tiffany's direction. Anthony had only two rules when it came to hooking up with a woman: that she was an adult and she was willing. That was all it took. And I knew that once those criteria were met, nothing, not even friendship would stop him from going for it.

So when he responded with "she's an adult" after I was trying to remind him that despite the fact that I knew all that, I didn't care how old she was, she was still my kid sister, I freaked out because I knew that for him, one criteria was already met. Plus, I wasn't stupid, I saw the way she looked at him at the party. I was just glad he didn't seem to notice and got out of there. It was fine if she had a crush. I could admit that he was a good-looking dude, but I also knew him.

I got a flashback to my ex and him, they were both adults and she was for sure willing. He didn't waste any time getting in there. But she was just one of the many women I'd seen go crazy over this man, and when I said crazy, I meant crazy. So

many women in college who thought they were in a relationship with him, only to find out that he was messing around with anyone at the time who was interested in him. Some of them dropped out of college due to the heartbreak of losing him, and he didn't give a shit. Didn't seem to show a drop of remorse once.

Anthony had some great qualities but valuing a woman for more than sex was not one of them, and I didn't want my sister getting caught up in that. So I hoped he was telling the truth because if our friendship didn't matter to him so much that he would dare to touch my sister, our friendship wouldn't matter when I dared to touch him with a fist so hard the only thing he'd be kissing would be the floor.

Tonight I wanted to celebrate Tiffany, once again, sure. But yesterday it was her graduation party and today was an employment celebration. I wasn't going to let anything ruin it, and since my mind was too foggy to think straight, I'd take Anthony at his word for now and hope that he meant it. Nevertheless, as I stared at my sister, bogged down with the work Jared piled on her, knowing they had a rocky start, I figured I'd solve two problems at once.

The first problem was to keep Jared from taking advantage of her readiness to work here. I wanted them to find some common ground and find a way to work together. That would also get rid of the second problem: having her turn to Anthony for help when she was overwhelmed. If Anthony hadn't made his move yet, I didn't want to give him more opportunities to do it.

I also knew within the first few months of leaving law school and working as an associate before I quit, I needed a mentor. At the time, Mom and Dad were kind of like my mentors. I left their law firm and chose to work with Jared when he needed me, but when I decided to leave law, everyone at their firm seemed to find joy in my parents' disappointment. They had it to say that if I'd earned my place instead of getting there due to nepotism, then I'd appreciate it more and wouldn't have let my parents down.

My parents hadn't forgiven me for that and decided to be different with Tiffany, getting her all the contacts she'd need but refusing to have her work at their firm until she'd proven herself on her own. They'd still be willing to mentor her, but from experience, having your parents as acting mentors could be a lot less helpful than you'd imagine.

"Look, Tiffany, that was out of line. I hope I didn't embarrass you," I said, apologizing for my outburst with Anthony earlier. "It's just that I worry, you know. I know you're not a kid anymore and you can take care of yourself, but I know Anthony, and trust me, as much as I love him like a brother," I said, turning to Anthony. I meant it. I did see him as kind of a brother. All of them were like brothers to me. That added another layer of weirdness to thinking about him and her. But this time, I said it, hoping to communicate that level of weirdness to Anthony as he looked at me. "... he's a heartbreaker. I've seen him. He's smooth but he's made a lot of women cry. I don't want that to be you, that's all." I shrugged, speaking loud enough for Anthony to hear.

He came across and sat next to me. “You don’t have anything to worry about. I was just helping her out with work, right?” he asked her.

She nodded. “Yeah, but that was uncalled for Chris. I know these are your friends, but I also have to work with them,” she said, looking at Jared. “I don’t need you to come around here, treating me like a kid and giving certain people more reasons to think less of me.”

She was furious. And she was hurt. That hurt me. Guilt punched me in my gut, and I reached for her hand. “I’m sorry. I’m being a control freak like Mom, aren’t I?”

She rolled her eyes and nodded, but she didn’t pull her hand away. I knew I was but also knew from the way she was looking at him at the party, that she fulfilled the second of his criteria. I could see it even now as she glanced toward him a few times. She liked him, and it wouldn’t take long for him to work his charm on her.

Tiffany was a special breed though, right? Just because he charmed her and she liked him, it didn’t mean she’d sleep with him, would she? I should’ve backed off, but I just wouldn’t be able to forgive myself if I’d let one of my best friends break her heart. So I found a way to work the whole mentorship thing in the conversation.

“Congratulations, though, on being employed. I didn’t know I should’ve brought orange juice so you’d have something to cheer with.” I smiled at her and cringed when I replayed what I said. I hoped she didn’t think that I said that because I was

still referring to her as a kid, but she grinned and I sighed in relief. Good, okay. Well, she didn't hate me.

“And Jared, thanks for giving her a shot,” I said, tipping my glass toward him. He shot Tiffany a look and the smile he gave me was forced and faked. I didn't know what was going on but it seemed the tension behind them was worse than I thought.

“What's up with you two?” I asked. “I know being a hard ass is your personality, Jared, but what is up with you and my little sister? I mean, she's sweet and hardworking. What's got you looking like you got a stick up your ass?” I asked him.

He tipped his glass in my direction. “You really are siblings,” he said.

“Huh? What does that mean?” I asked, brows lowered in confusion.

“Nothing.” He drank from his glass, and I turned toward Tiffany who was holding her head low, pressing at her temples.

“Okay, here's what I think. And don't worry, you can reject it, Tiffany. Not trying to control you here,” I said, knowing I was lying.

I was making the suggestion as my last-ditch attempt to not give her a need to be around Anthony, alone, late at night in his office like this. “I just think you could use some help. It's helpful for every associate lawyer to have a mentor who can teach them the ropes and Jared is the type of lawyer who strives to win. He's got a solid determination and passion that

feeds into all areas of his life, including his job. It's that passion that makes him so dedicated. And you, Tiffany, you're also filled with passion. It's your passion that drives your integrity, your desire to learn and grow. I think you guys have a lot more in common than you realize. And I think he'd be the perfect fit as your mentor."

Tiffany's mouth dropped open and her pupils jumped in fright. Jared looked at me like he wanted to throw me out of the window.

"Come on, guys. I think if you got to work with each other, then, Jared, maybe you'd get to appreciate what she brings to the table. Maybe start to see her as an asset. And you, Tiffany, will learn to see the Jared we all love, hiding beneath his stone-cold armor, plus you'll have someone to turn to when you need help," I suggested, hoping that if they thought about it, they'd soften to the idea of it. But as they both turned their heads away from each other, I could feel that my idea might be a sinking ship.

Chapter 28

Tiffany

I would have rather been run over by a car than be subjected to Jared as my mentor. But I was trying to hold back from directing verbal venom toward him as my boss, so I wouldn't say that, even though it was on the tip of my tongue. I glared at Chris. If I was a cartoon character, fire would be shooting out of the pores of my skin right now. I wouldn't want any of Jared's "lawyering skills" rubbing off on me.

Why would I want to be mentored by a lawyer who had the personality of a brick wall, who was super possessive of what was his, like he was a little child fuming over another kid who had borrowed his toys?

He walked with his shoulders and body so tense as if he was on the verge of exploding all the time and didn't know how to be a charismatic person who made other people feel good around him. No, thank you. I didn't need Jared turning me into some shell of myself by the end of my time working here. I already feared it happening just by being touched by his very existence.

It was funny with what Chris was trying to do because Anthony would be the perfect mentor. A lawyer who didn't take himself too seriously, had charisma for days, and was disarming. I bet in a courtroom he was underestimated, not viewed as a threat until he whipped them with his exceptional capabilities.

I tried not to smile at Anthony as I thought about what else he was exceptionally capable of doing. He knew how to have fun outside of work, made people feel good around him, and I wasn't talking about the sex. Oh, he made me feel more than just "good" around him, he made me soar with him inside me. Okay, this was not the time and place for my nipples to be too tender for my bra.

Aside from the fact that I wanted to be bent over Anthony's desk again with my breasts and hips pressed up against the hardness of it as he jolted my body with his amazing people skills, Anthony would be the kind of lawyer that marveled me with how he managed to be so good at his job, as his help indicated to me tonight and also managed not to be an ass about it. I almost wanted to suggest Anthony to Chris to see if he'd start sputtering and glitching, if sparks would start shooting off his body as he backfired like a car, combusting into the air. But I couldn't risk turning my brother into dust particles.

"I'd like to respectfully decline your offer," I said.

Jared spoke just in time as the words left my mouth. "That might have been the worst idea you've ever had."

We both looked at each other and looked away as Jared took a gulp of his alcohol. I envied them all here getting drunk. I knew it would make my night a whole lot easier to endure but I learned my lesson. I'd only drink when I didn't have work the next day. Lucky bastards.

"Look at that, I'm bringing you guys together already. You agree on something," Chris said in a weird sort of disappointed excitement.

I shot him a look just as Jared shook his head.

"Okay, fine. But you do need a mentor, don't you? How about Mario, or do you guys hate each other too?" he asked.

My eyes shot up to Mario's glacier blues that I'd been trying not to stare into all night because they made it hard for me to hide how I felt toward him. Now I was the one who started to glitch as I thought about how perfect that arrangement would be. I fought a smile as I looked away, not needing Chris to start analyzing that too.

"Oh, no. We get along great," he said, giving Chris a pat on the shoulder. "I'd love to mentor your sister."

I kept my head lowered, pressing my lips together to hide my widening smile. There was no way I could look at Mario now because I was sure he'd have a look on his face that would cause me to just give everything away.

"Great!" Chris clapped his hands together, making me jump a little bit. "So, what do you think, Tiff?"

Okay, heaven help me. What did I think? I thought that was the best idea he'd had all night. Oh, Chris didn't want to know that I was thinking about all the excuses we'd have to spend time together, under his direct watch and tutelage. Sign me up. I fought the warmth in my cheeks and forced a poker face as I raised my head. "If you insist. I guess I'm okay with it. As long as it's not putting you out."

I was fighting hard to appear casual about it as I saw a smile creeping onto Mario's face, which he covered by swiping his hand over his beard. "It's no problem at all," he said. "I can make myself available to you."

I knew there was no doubt about that. The temperature of the room just got a thousand times hotter. I needed a shower and Mario in my bed to celebrate our newfound partnership. Well, it wasn't that new. My abdomen clenched with need when I thought about how good he mentored me last night. I ran my hands over my skirt, claspings them in a rush as the fibers teased my palm, sending currents racing through my body at the thought of just how good he was at guiding me, showing me what I needed to know. I'd never have traded having my first time with such a gentle, patient and dedicated mentor.

"Perfect!" Chris said.

Oh yes, it was. He looked so relieved. He had no idea that Mario was just as much a distraction for me as Anthony was. And he didn't have to know because who was going to tell him? It wasn't going to be me.

“Thanks for doing this, man.” Chris returned a pat to Mario’s shoulder before piping up, heading toward the champagne and popping it open like Mario popped my cherry last night. “Let’s celebrate!” he yelled.

“Oh, yay. Great,” Anthony said, his tone sarcastic as he turned a quick smile away from me.

With Chris focused on the pouring of the champagne, Anthony trying not to make eye contact with me, and Jared trying not to look at me at all, Mario and I had our first lingering stare of the night. I could see where his mind was going through the lust in his eyes, and I was more than willing for him to take my hand and guide me to wherever he had in mind.

He smiled at me, and I spasmed as pleasure took hold of me. I bit down on my bottom lip and was about to clench my thighs when I saw Mario’s eyes drift between my legs, widening as we both realized I was not wearing any panties.

I felt like such a bad girl, so sly and risqué as I kept my legs open for a bit longer, taking delight in watching his eyes turn dark. There was a flash of confusion across his face for a while, but it didn’t last long as he adjusted himself and crossed his own legs to hide what I was sure I was hoping to see as I felt my pelvic muscles clench and my center flood with liquid.

I remembered earlier, the feel of Anthony’s hardness in my mouth and as I thought about what Mario was trying to conceal, I felt saliva pooling in my mouth at the thought of doing a lot more than just tasting his again. Okay, this was a

problem. I threw my legs together, squeezing as I stared at him. He loosened his tie. We were gonna have to get out of here soon and head back to my place.

I could already see us in the shower, in my bed, and a replay of this morning in my head as I closed my panting mouth to swallow and turned my gaze away from his. Because all anyone had to do at this moment was take one look at us and our secret would be blasted into little pieces and it was too perfect to ruin, too much fun to hide.

Chapter 29

Mario

Well, okay. I could get over the fact that Anthony fucked her, even if he lied to me. It was clear to me now that it was her underwear across the room on the floor. But I had him to thank for Chris assigning me to Tiffany, so it all worked out in the end. By the looks of it, her desire for me hadn't waned. Therefore, I hadn't lost her. All I did was gain a valid excuse to be around her and have private "talks" with her away from everyone else without drawing any suspicion. So, thank you, Anthony.

I couldn't believe my luck and I wasn't complaining. Not with her sitting across from me grinning with her legs opened just enough for me to see the red hair beneath her skirt. I licked my lips and smiled back at her. Damn, my cock was hardening already, and I couldn't blow the shot I'd just been given. I crossed my legs to hide it, forcing it back down with pressure because even though I was tempted to exercise my mentorship privileges at the moment and pull her aside, I'd rather have her tonight with no disturbances, her face pressed into the shower wall as water washed the day off of us, if she wasn't too tired to go again. And by the looks of it, she was

not. It took so much for us to break eye contact with each other as Chris came toward us with drinks, causing us to straighten ourselves up and “act normal.”

Tiffany yawned and stretched, raising her breasts up and whether it was done on purpose, she had me adjusting again and laughing at myself for acting as if I’d never seen a woman’s breasts before.

“Guys, as much fun as this has been,” she said, her tone dripping with sarcasm, “I have to get up for work early tomorrow, so after this drink, can we call it a night? I’m so tired.”

“Oh, right, yeah, you must be because of Jared over here.” Chris play-punched him as Jared shoved his hand away with a devilish grin. “Alright, alright, we’ll get out of your hair.”

“And I’m going to need someone to take me home tonight, because I still haven’t picked up my car from Mom and Dad. And Chris you’re far too drunk to do it,” she said.

I dropped my head to hide my smile as she glimpsed in my direction, only for a second as she trailed her glances around the room to act as if she was talking to everyone.

“Why is your car at Mom and Dad’s?” he asked.

“I had too much to drink last night and couldn’t drive it home,” she said, flustered.

“Oh, okay. You’re right. I am too drunk to drive.” Chris laughed. “I don’t think any of us are fit to drive you,” he said, crushing my hopes and dreams in his fist without a thought.

“Looks like you’re going to have to be our designated driver since you’re the only one here who hasn’t had a drop of alcohol tonight.”

“Uh ...” she stammered. This was not going to plan, but perhaps we could still make it work? I hoped.

“Nah, I’m good. I’ll just sleep it off at the office,” Jared said, getting up and stretching before grabbing Chris into a hug. “Kiss the family good night for me.” He walked out the door and it was just us four heading to the elevator. It was painful walking next to her and not being able to touch her.

“You can drop Chris off first, I’m in no rush to get home,” I volunteered, and she smiled up at me, about to agree when Anthony jumped in.

“Yeah, and you can drop me off last,” he said, smiling at her. I wanted to kick him in the back of the knee. This was going to take some getting used to; sharing her with someone else because I was all for her fucking who she chose, I felt lucky and honored that she was choosing me too. It didn’t mean I wanted someone to jump in and take her for themselves, leaving me starved, plus I was sure Anthony could find another lady to fill his bed as usual. I had no interest in anyone else.

Chris did the job for me, elbowing him in the stomach. “No, we’re dropping you off first.” Satisfaction never felt so good. Okay, I was lying, satisfaction had felt better but this moment was up there with the rest until Chris said, “I’m in no rush to

get home either. In fact, it'd be nice for you to stop by for a bit and hang out with your niece for a few minutes," he offered.

Ah, hell. Tiffany and I both looked at each other. Yeah, there was no way she could turn down that offer, that would be so fucked to abandon her brother's request just so that we could be together. She smiled at him and nodded, though disappointment arrested both our faces.

Until we dropped Anthony off.

I was riding shotgun and Chris was in the back. It was pitch dark in the car, and Chris had gone silent. Tiffany met my eyes with hers. We were both still burning with desire for each other. I needed to touch her but I couldn't risk us being caught. I turned to check on Chris and saw that he was lying down in the back. "You good there, bro?" I asked him. No answer. He was asleep.

Her head was facing forward when I made my move, resting my arm next to hers on the arm rest, brushing up against her. I got her attention, and when she turned a quick glance at me, I smiled at her. It was my turn to be dropped off, and I didn't want us to hurry, not when I realized we had an opening. "Drive slow," I whispered.

"Huh?" she whispered back.

I checked the backseat once more to make sure that Chris wouldn't catch me as I leaned over fast to whisper in her ear. "Drive slow, I want to touch you, and I don't want you to drive off the road." I breathed a laugh against her ear. "Do you want me to touch you?" I asked.

“Yes,” she responded in a soft breath, licking her lips, and when I shifted back into my seat, I saw her brows furrow in need which sent a rush of blood to my cock.

I checked on Chris one last time before sliding my hand over to her side and resting it against her leg before using my fingers to bunch the material of her skirt upward. I heard her release a shaky breath as I took my time touching her skin, barely brushing my finger against the tiny hairs on the inside of her thigh, moving it farther up until I felt her fluff. She let out a moan and I pulled my hand away, my heart pounding as my life flashed before my eyes.

I waited to hear if Chris had been woken up as she looked at me as if she wanted to pull the car over and climb into my lap. Wrong place and wrong time. We’d been given a golden ticket. We couldn’t blow it now. Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea at all. I kept my hands to myself for a while until my cock straining against my pants was too hard to bear. I looked over at Chris and he had turned his body. He was now facing the back of the seat as the lower half of his body hung over the edge. I took a deep breath in and out before turning toward Tiffany and putting a finger over my lips to tell her to be quiet. She nodded.

Filled with fear and desire, I spat on my finger and reached over the armrest, going straight for her crotch, feeling around until I felt her hard clit throbbing against my finger. She bit her lip, hard as I fluttered my finger across her, gauging her reaction and sounds before continuing.

She held those sounds in like a boss, exciting me, and I picked up my speed, my mouth dropping open with hers as she gasped and her eyes drifted closed. Oh shit. Nope. Well of course she didn't know what to do, she'd never done this before. She was so taken up by trying to be quiet, she forgot to focus on the road. We couldn't die at the risk of pleasure though, so I grabbed her hand against the steering wheel, keeping the car leveled as she turned to look at me.

Eyes on the road, I mouthed. And she gasped in shock, fighting to keep her eyes open as she battled with the pleasure in her body, her eyes wide along with her mouth as she leaned forward, biting down on the steering wheel hard as she came, shaking against the seat as I grabbed the wheel again, so tempted to kiss her.

The risks of fucking dying, being caught, and being so fucking attracted to each other that we decided to risk it all, had my cock protruding as more than just a bulge, it was standing, hurting as the tip of it rubbed against my zipper. I pulled away from her in a rush, unzipping my pants before reaching for her hand and pressing it against my erection. I sucked in a breath as the contact sent a buzz rushing through my body.

I saw her mouth drop open in shock at how hard I was. I brought her hand to my lips, kissed her fingers, sucked one into my mouth before dropping it back to my cock. She remembered our lesson and began to move her hand against me. I sighed, throwing my head back against the seat and being grateful that I could at least close my eyes.

She started off slow and I was already so aroused, I had to fight my hips from rocking since Chris's head was behind my seat, and I couldn't risk jerking the car so much I'd wake him. I shivered as her fingers placed soft touches against the harder, more sensitive veins of my cock. Damn, I twisted my head to the side, biting down on my lip to keep sound from escaping my mouth. Shit. My throat was growing tighter and tighter as air became less available to me. I had to clear my throat and straighten my body so I'd be able to breathe again.

"Fuck," I whispered as subtle tremors started to climb my veins and muscles. I turned my head to look at her and she had a smile on her face, eyes focused on the road while her hand worked me into a state of psychosis. The more my pleasure increased, I thought I was ascending off the seat, about to bust through the top of Chris's closed up convertible, and I had to grip the door handle to keep from fucking flying away.

"Fuck, yeah," I groaned beneath my breath, biting down on my knuckles as I felt like my heart was just going to thump out of my damn chest. I couldn't control the movement of my hips as I imagined her weight on top of me, my cock crashing against her.

"Tiffany," I said in breathless pants, shooting my feet out against the padding in front of the seat, grateful it made a soft thump. I turned again to look at her, dropping my eyes to her skirt that I'd hiked up and her bare legs triggered a flashback of my face being between them. "Uh, fuck," I whined as I struggled to suppress the massive groan that was about to erupt from my throat. Fucking hell, it was hard as fuck to stay

quiet when the only thing my body wanted to do was echo the building explosions being set off in my body.

Ah, shit. Her pussy flashed into my mind's eye like water in a desert, and my face clenched, my cheeks filled with air as I held my mouth shut. I could feel the veins popping out of my neck as my pleasure advanced to yet another level. "Fuck, give me that fucking pussy," I whispered, unsure if Chris was hearing and thinking that if he did, this moment would've been fucking worth it.

I looked over at her again and now her face was also tense with need as she licked her lips and she started going crazy on my dick, jerking me off so fast, I thought it would fall off. I shook, grabbing her to stop her before it did. "Slow," I breathed before removing her hand so that I could spit in my hand and coat my cock with it making my fantasies about fucking her wet pussy more organic.

I brought her hand back down on top of me, keeping my hand over hers, guiding her. Holding her hand while I essentially jerked myself off felt like we were a team of some sorts. It grounded me into the reality that she was there with me, snapping me halfway out of my psychosis while the other half drilled the pussy I wished was gripping my dick the way that she was.

I was about to moan so fucking loud. But I caught it, gripping the door handle once again, plastering my head to the seat, closing my eyes and trying to control my breathing as I moved my hips in slow, tender thrusts against her hand. If I

really let go, I'd be fucking the shit out of her hand and Chris would be choking me out from the back of the car.

The pressure of holding myself back caused me to start sweating so hard I thought I might pass out. My hand rushed to my shirt buttons to undo them so that my pores could absorb some kind of air. I heard Tiffany utter a soft "fuck" as her hand left my dick for a brief moment to run along my abs and chest. I grabbed her hand and kissed it. She stroked my lips with her thumb before dropping it back to my cock and rubbing me off so fucking good, I'm pretty sure my eyeballs touched the front of my brain as I pressed my lips together and exploded on my abdomen.

Even then, after coming, I could not stop shaking, jerking against her hand, as my hips threw themselves forward, and I tried to hold them back. "Ohhh shit," I whispered to myself as my body started spasming, and I couldn't control it. I just had to let it do what it had to do and cross my fingers. That orgasm lasted a good fucking minute, rocking the fuck out me, I needed a few minutes to feel myself in my own body again, to feel my legs again. Shit, how was I going to manage to leave this car without collapsing in a pile outside of the door?

I sat with my head back on the seat, panting until my head, arms, and legs didn't feel as if they each weighed one hundred pounds each. I heard her groan as I started to button my shirt. She was looking at me, biting her lips, as if she was disappointed that it was over. I ran my hand through my damp hair and exhaled. I couldn't wait to get her alone again, but for now, this would suffice.

Man, I wished I could lean over, kiss her neck and tell her thank you, but it would take too much effort for me to move right now. My numb body would be knocking against everything, clumsy as fuck, prompting Chris to wake up, wondering what the fuck all the commotion was about. And if I started kissing her, I didn't know if either of us would know when to stop.

Within minutes, we were approaching my house, and she gasped at the sight of it. It was large, had manicured lawns, a remote-controlled gate and security system on the outside of it that could be accessed with facial recognition.

“That’s your house?” she asked.

It was funny to see her expression since I’d seen her parents’ house. Mine was a lot less impressive.

“Yeah, maybe one day if you’re lucky, I’ll invite you over,” I whispered, feeling my body moving toward her smiling face and having to pull myself back when I heard Chris’s voice scaring the shit out of me.

“Are we home yet?” he groaned and stretched in a groggy voice. “Oh, shit. We’re just getting to your place?” he asked, squinting at the time on the dashboard as I pulled my hand away from Tiffany’s. “Was there traffic or something?”

Damn it. I was so close to getting a kiss good night. I was ready to risk it. But I shouldn't be complaining because we got away with a lot.

“Something like that,” I said to Chris as I opened the car door. “Get home safely, have a good night, and thank you.”

I directed my gratitude to Tiffany who grinned in return. “My pleasure.”

Hell, what a day. I was already looking forward to tomorrow and seeing her at work as I headed inside for a shower and the sweetest of dreams.

Chapter 30

Tiffany

I hopped out of my baby-blue Lamborghini at six thirty in the morning at the offices of Crawford & Beam. The chirp of my car alarm preceded the clicking of my baby-blue heels across the pavement as I made my way toward the towering reflective buildings that were almost as tall as skyscrapers. I tried to see if matching with my car would help it to feel more like me. Chris had dropped me off at our parents' house to pick it up after I'd spent the night at his, getting to know my niece and his pregnant wife, learning to be a good aunt and sister-in-law. Even though the car came from his dealership, he still whistled upon seeing it again, marveling at its beauty. It was beautiful, just a bit flashy for my taste, said the girl in a bright yellow work dress to compliment the baby blue hues, a.k.a. me.

It was two hours earlier than I had to be there, but I was trying to rewrite my first impression since Jared and I got off on the wrong foot yesterday. I had no intentions of leaving, and I did not want to have that short time period on my resume to stir up questions at other interviews, so I was going to have to try to get along with Mr. Grumptity Grumpelstiltskin. That

and after last night's fun, I needed to get in earlier to reorganize all the papers Anthony and I had flung across the floors when he was on top of me, playing some kind of hocus pocus magic on my mind and body. Magic that I was hoping to be involved in again sometime soon.

And I needed to review the work that we'd gotten done, finish up what we hadn't, and hand it in to Jared. With any luck, I'd hand it in even earlier than he'd expected so I could get to witness the even bigger shock effect playing out on his rigid features. I felt refreshed and ready to go as I returned to Anthony's office to collect the papers. My pulse raced with the hope that I'd run into him, but alas, when I got there, he wasn't in yet, of course, because it was so early. Not that it stopped his assistant from being there or the few associates and attorneys that were getting their morning coffees, having chats here and there while the keyboards of others sounded like the stages at a tap-dancing event.

Thanks to Anthony's assistant, I was able to grab a few files to take back to the file room when she stopped me. "Ms. Levine, Mr. Whitlocke asked me to let you know as soon as you came in that your cubicle is now ready."

Mm. Mr. Whitlocke. Why did hearing his last name said in such an official way tickle my spine the way it did? I fought against the heat in my cheeks, though, I wasn't sure I was able to hide it since my body was the ultimate traitor, always blazing a startling red, telling on my emotions. It was not the greatest thing for a lawyer to have such a physical sort of

visual effect, but lucky for me, I hadn't stepped foot in a courtroom yet, so I still had time to learn how to hide it.

In fact, I thought I did a pretty good job around the office and my brother, given the circumstances. I feared, though, that standing here, not expecting to hear his last name said in that way since none of the people we were around referred to him as anything other than Anthony, I was caught off guard and wasn't able to hide it from his assistant in time. I was sure she saw the heat in my skin, but she had no reaction to it whatsoever.

Of course, she didn't. I wasn't the first woman in this office to blush at the sound of his name. I mean, if I were her, I'd be rolling my eyes on the inside as yet another of his conquests stood before her, giddy from something so silly as the name she heard every single day for as long as she was working with him, I mused. Yet, I didn't mind being seen as Anthony's conquest, especially since I thought that it was the other way around.

"Thank you." I smiled at her as she led me there. After several trips in and out of Anthony's office, I now had my previously bare desk rocking from the weight of the files piled on top of it. I didn't waste time getting to work because I had a goal, the look on Jared's face, a framed picture in my mind's eye, motivating me as I read through and made notes before typing out my findings.

It had taken a little bit over an hour for me to get everything done. I surprised myself. Thanks to Anthony, we ended up

getting quite a bit of it sorted last night. I needed to remember to find him when he came in and give him a special gift of gratitude. Buzzing from excitement, I gathered the end product and flew out of my seat with my chin up, shoulders held straight and back, as I made my way toward Jared's office. Joy and victory quickened my steps, my heart thumped the drum beat of a celebratory song. I was almost skipping down the halls, except I wasn't as I tried to hide the satisfaction pumping through my veins.

His office door was just a few feet away, my feet sped up so much, I was basically running forward only to find that his office was empty and closed. It was like that window cleaner advertisement where the poor bird landed face first into the elusive glass.

"Ms. Levine." I heard from behind me, causing me to jump. In my single-minded journey toward Jared, I hadn't seen that his assistant was sitting right there.

"Oh, my goodness! Good morning. I'm so sorry ..." I started, feeling so rude for not acknowledging her before.

She waved me off. "It's okay. Mr. Crawford has that effect on people." She smiled.

Yeah, hearing his name said in such an official way had the antithetical effect of hearing Anthony's name. I hid my disgust and breathed in relief. "Thank you, Ms... ."

"Oh, just call me Melissa." She grinned.

His assistant was just the complete opposite of him. Smiley, friendly ... human. She helped to relieve the weight from my shoulders. I held out the document I was holding, but before I could open my mouth, she eyed it with a pause followed by another sweet smile. "If you wait an hour or so, you'll be able to hand it to him yourself," she suggested.

I smiled in return, trying to prevent my face from scrunching. I had so much tension and anticipation building inside me from the thought of handing it in before time that the thought of waiting sounded excruciating. She saw the look on my face I was trying to conceal.

"Sweetheart, I'd love to take that from you, but I wouldn't be helping you out. With Mr. Crawford, it's best if you put it on his desk or hand it to him yourself. If you give it to me, well he might not get it in time, and well, that wouldn't make him very happy. Besides, if it goes missing, I don't want to be responsible for that and feel the heat of him breathing down my neck," she said with a raise of her hand. She paused, looking at me with pity before she continued, "Okay, listen. If it's that urgent, you'll probably find him at the pool at this time of the morning." She made a motion as if she was zipping her lips and throwing away the key.

"Oh, thank you so much, Melissa," I whispered with a grin before setting off toward ... the pool? I spun back around. Mario didn't end up taking me on the tour he promised, but I wasn't complaining about the tour he provided. I'd heard about the infamous pool, but I'd never set eyes on it.

“Um, where is it?” I asked and she smirked while letting out a breath as if to say “you poor soul” before giving me the directions.

Off I went, marching toward the gym, trying not to look at the sweaty bodies pumping weights as I busted through the room with the pool, swinging the doors open, ready to stun him but ended up being stunned, myself.

The pool area wasn't packed. There were a handful of people in there as I searched for Jared Crawford. With a couple other people in the water, at first, I wasn't sure who was who until his head popped up and down on a breaststroke, and I felt myself rock on my heels from the shock of his physique. Through clear water, I could see the outline of his broad, strong back. I'd never taken the time to look at Jared Crawford long enough to notice anything other than his attitude. But now as he wasn't turning his snarling nostrils up at me, I found myself speechless by what he'd been hiding beneath his suit.

He rose out of the water after reaching the end of his lap, pausing to take a breath and pushing his wet hair off his face. I found my eyes moving over his chest and wide shoulders, strengthened by years of swimming, it seemed. His pecs were hard and strong, wider than the other two guys', still a dream to look at. *Oh, snap out of it, Tiffany*, I scolded my mind. Dream? Really? The only thing Jared Crawford was capable of were nightmares.

For a second there, I almost forgot how much I couldn't stand the man. Beneath those strong arms and that delightful chest was the same man who couldn't tell his anus from a hole in his face. I would not be wasting another second gawking at him as if he were worth a second look.

I was here to give him these darn papers and that's what I was going to do before heading back to my desk to celebrate the shock I'd been anticipating, not reeling from the shock I didn't expect. My heels clicked as I moved from the corner of the pool I would never be able to enjoy because of this same Jared Crawford who was intent on working me to death. I dodged water puddles, hoping I wouldn't slip and fall as I made my way over to meet him at the edge while he was finishing up his last lap. I tapped my heels and cleared my throat the closer he got, turning my head away from his back muscles rippling along with the splash of the water as I tried to get his attention.

Chapter 31

Jared

Soft blue high heels over beautiful feet. Those were really high heels. Impractical to wear heels by the pool. They should've taken them off before they stepped in here. Silly but a treat to look at. I swept my hair off my forehead and rubbed at my eyes to get the water out. Dangerous for me to be losing my breath after just having caught it.

Slender ankles moving up smooth, curved calves. I gulped. Okay, we were entering even more dangerous territory because I was guessing that whoever it was that was standing before me was someone whose paycheck was my responsibility. We were off the clock, I noticed, looking at the digital display of the time above the pool. I still had a half hour before I had to come out of the pool and start getting ready to go up to the office. But we were still in my building, our place of work where I was still in a position of authority. I couldn't be raking my eyes over whoever it was.

My heart raced as I tried to pull my head up fast enough to avoid catching a glimpse of anything else I shouldn't. Too late. Her yellow skirt hem had me by the throat. Man was I glad her

legs were held together. The water was cool enough, yet sweat formed on my forehead as I began to back up so I could put an end to this ordeal. I whipped my head upward just in time for her heels to start clicking and her throat to start clearing in impatience.

Tiffany Levine?!

“What the hell are you doing here?” I yelled at her. The words hurried out of my mouth in such a haste I was unable to control the volume as I got the attention of the other people in the pool area.

Soon, they were clearing the room, to give us privacy I supposed. I felt so apologetic as I watched them leave in discomfort. That made me furious. Damn it! Thanks to her, relaxation itself had just picked up its feet and ran out of the room along with everybody else. Wonderful. So there was nowhere I could go to escape her. She’d found my safe space too.

“Well?!” I asked as she stared at me in irritation and what seemed to be embarrassment.

She waved the document she held in her hand in my face. “What is that?” I asked.

“The work you asked me to complete,” she answered, looking at me as if I had early onset dementia.

My brows arched. There was no way. I schooled my face as I noticed a gleam in her eyes.

“Couldn’t it wait?!” I glared at her.

She glared back and leaned her body on one hip in defiance.
“No.”

I narrowed my eyes at her as she stood there, refusing to leave. Her usual game, I should've expected that. Fine. I knew that it was impossible for her to have finished all of that before the beginning of the workday after we'd been in her office the night before, distracting her.

At least, that was my reason for being there anyway. The others were celebrating her employment here and well, I wasn't encouraged to do the same. I was hoping my presence would rile her up and we'd stick around long enough to keep her from getting work done, prolonging the amount of time she'd need to complete it so I could tell her to her face this morning that her failure to complete the task within the assigned time was proof that she wasn't cut out for the job. I hoped to break her and have her choose to leave.

Now she was standing in front of me, all smug? Waving papers in front of my face that I had no doubt was filled with errors, thinking she'd managed to get another one over on me. I'd have preferred to wait until after my morning relaxation routine, when I was suited up and ready for the day to look through her incomplete document and prove that she was ahead of herself but since she was being so stubborn, two could play at that game.

I gripped the edge of the pool, hoisting myself up out of the water, standing on wobbly legs as water splashed off my body onto the concrete. I was about to reach my hand out to demand

the documents when I found her eyes lingering on my package. Her mouth dropped open wide as she gasped. Redness filled her cheeks, neck, and ears before she spun around, breathing heavily from the shock. I dropped my head in a panic, thinking that something shifted out of place to cause her reaction. But nothing was out. I wasn't flashing her in any indecent way. She was just reacting to my regular, covered package.

Wait. It hit me. Her reaction wasn't one of distaste or irritation. It was one of desire. My shaft jerked as if to say "good guessing there, Sherlock. Took you long enough," and I found myself overwhelmed with gratitude that her back was facing me and everyone had left as the jerk became a pounding, growing ache that I was trying to fight. My desire roared within me, begging me for her body, and I detested it. I didn't have many partners to begin with, but I wasn't desperate enough for Tiffany Levine.

"Documents," I growled at her, reminding myself of my contempt for her, hoping to tame the growing hunger thickening my wood.

But she couldn't turn to look at me, handing the file to me over her shoulder. I could see that she was also struggling, and it felt like a strange sense of bonding, knowing that we were both fighting this. I moved in closer to her, *not too close*, I warned myself. I could see how heavy she was breathing by the movement of her body.

Some invisible force seemed to be tugging me forward as my resistance made her even more tempting. I stepped in even closer, so close I could smell her perfume. My breath hitched as I stared at the zipper in the back of her dress, wondering what would happen if I pulled at it. I wondered if she'd want me to. I wondered why I wanted to. I wished I could see her nakedness, feel it against my hands.

I jumped back in shock, thankful I didn't trip over the edge of the pool and splash back inside of it in embarrassment as I thought about how close I was bringing myself to the possibility of being accused of harassment. I was too close for comfort anyway, and if I reached out and touched her, she'd have all rights to file those charges.

No fucking way. I wasn't going to pass my place, first of all, and second of all, I wasn't going to give Tiffany Levine a reason to get me fired from my own company. I could only imagine. I stepped all the way back, grabbing the documents from her hands.

Chapter 32

Tiffany

My breath trembled as I waited for him to take the document from my hands. I let out an inaudible gasp as I felt his presence advancing me, hearing his needy breathing the closer he got to me, feeling a bit of it brush up against the side of my neck. I fought against a shudder as my knees shook. I almost moaned out loud as my nipples hardened against my bra and my clit danced in excitement at the possibility of having contact again. I heard his breath hitch as he stood behind me and I closed my eyes, waiting for him to touch me, wondering what my reaction would be if he did.

In that very second, the thought of him touching me was all-consuming, but at the same time, I wasn't sure if I wanted to let a second of desire cloud my judgment. Jared Crawford was a mean man, and if he touched me, if I let him, I had no doubt he would find some way to use it against me. I didn't trust the man as far as I could throw him. Even worse, if I became a fool for him because of his touch, because I gave myself to him, I feared he'd use it to control me.

I should have spun around and thrust the document at his chest, storming out of there but the need within my body echoed louder than my fear. I almost wanted to close the gap between us by backing up an inch or two, giving us both a reason for our bodies to fall into each other. I waited for a kiss on my neck that never came as I heard his feet slap against the concrete as he walked backward, and I felt the document leaving my hand in a rush. I wasn't even mad as he grabbed it. All I felt was the loss of what might've been if either of us had made a move.

I closed my eyes and pictured the brief moment he stood before me, almost damn naked. How in heaven's name did this man manage to pull off a speedo so well? The black fabric sucked the curves of his phallus, and I couldn't even begin to imagine how well it hugged his ass. The waist of it was flush against his flat lower abdomen, and for the brief moment I allowed my eyes to look, I noticed how narrow his waist was in comparison to his shoulders and how firm his abdomen was as water dripped off the ridges. I also noticed where a faint dark trail led. He probably shaved it since he swam in speedos at work and didn't want to feed into the imagination of people like myself.

I still couldn't turn to face him because it'd be quite the game of me trying to pretend I wasn't staring at his dripping wet, hard body. I'd have to stare at the ceiling the whole time.

I took note of the fact that as he stood behind me, document in hand, he was silent.

There were no desperate pants, no closing into me, just silence except for the sounds of the pages turning. Anxiety did a good job of kicking desire to the curb as I was reminded of Jared's judgment and wondering what he must have been thinking as he read through the document. I folded my arms in front of me as I played his demeaning voice over and over in my head. I bet he was belittling everything about my work, picking up on every single error, ready to throw them in my face. I didn't know what I was thinking being attracted to him.

It was like someone poured gasoline inside my brain and struck a match. Flames of insecurity were set ablaze within my body and there was no way to put it out. I pressed my hand against my arm, itching with the need to turn around and defend my work, stare him down, and be ready with a retort before he could fix his mouth to say anything, but I was trying hard to make a good second impression and hold my tongue. I was trying hard to respect him as my boss so he couldn't find a legitimate reason to fire me. Although, if he disrespected my work, I'd be tempted to push his ass in the pool.

Seconds ticked on by and I forced composure in the deafening silence. My stomach rumbled, and I began to think about breakfast. My mind started to wander to Mario and Anthony, whether they'd arrived yet. I remembered my niece's laugh as I sang her a goofy lullaby to put her to sleep and how Chris, although drunk as hell, treated his wife with so much respect as he rubbed her swollen feet. I was set adrift in my own little world when I heard Jared's voice from behind me, startling me.

“Thanks,” he said, and I waited for the “but,” but nothing followed. I thought I must have been too lost in my thoughts, I might have missed something. Regardless of whether I did or not, I never expected to hear the word “thanks” coming from Jared’s mouth. It didn’t sound sarcastic. There had to be a catch.

“That’s it?” I asked, looking over my shoulders.

Chapter 33

Jared

“**T**hanks,” I said, flipping the file jacket shut, hoping that would send her on her merry way and I could have some time to recover from my reaction to her body, the smell of her perfume I never noticed before now lingering in the air around me.

I looked up and waited for her to walk away, but instead, she turned her head to look over her shoulders, and I never noticed how pretty her freckles were before or even that she had any.

“That’s it?” she asked.

The caveman inside me, the uncivilized part of my brain linked to times when the people we evolved from roamed the earth, awoke within me and pushed me forward with the need to know what else she wanted, if she wanted more of me.

I swiped my hand over my graying beard, pausing in my gait, and let out an exasperated breath. Even if I could spare a few moments to throw away my disdain for her and cross that line of professionalism, if she’d allow me to, there was yet another line standing between us. One that could never be

crossed. The personal line between best friends, and there was one thing I couldn't stand even more than entitlement and it was betrayal. I could never cross that line, at least, that was what my mind and morals screamed at me.

My hormones and instinct on the other hand, challenged me, making me question whether I was the dignified man I thought myself to be. It made me wonder if I was a man of honor and righteousness, taunting me with the parts of myself that could be untrustworthy, nothing more than a lousy hypocrite. And my hormones and instinct made me wonder about those things because I found my feet moving toward her again, and this time, I was doing nothing to stop them as I stepped around her, standing in front of her, making her see me, though she tried to hide.

She gasped as her eyes began to drift lower. She caught them though, just in time to turn her head away, staring out at the pool as she bit her bottom lip for a second, making it blush as red as her cheeks. Oh, hell. There was that jerk again. This time it slammed into me, pressing against my ribs, and I suppressed a groan from the impact, waiting until I could find my voice to speak.

“Did you want something more?” I asked, and my voice was hoarse. She turned to look at me, eyes wide open as if in shock, but she didn't fix her face in disgust from the question. I noticed her breathing increased again as her concealed bosoms began to rise and fall in quick releases. She swallowed and she connected her dancing gaze with mine. Our eyes fixed

on each other for a lingering moment. Neither her nor I rushed to look away.

I gulped as I waited, as I watched her lips begin to part, trembling as a hoarse breath escaped her lips. “No,” she said.

Yet, she didn’t look away. She didn’t walk away. We just kept staring at each other. Maybe I should’ve walked away but I didn’t. I didn’t want to. What I wanted to do was ask her again, ask her if she was sure as I made my tone more suggestive. I wanted to walk toward her so she could feel my breath upon her skin, I could feel hers upon mine, ask her if she wanted to reject me again—tempt her.

But I couldn’t do it. Not when I thought about Chris and how he reacted last night when he thought something might have happened between her and Anthony. Was there something between her and Anthony? If there was, could I have been misinterpreting her genuine fear and embarrassment for desire. I shuddered from the thought, pulling myself away and dropping my eyes from her. I heard a breath escape her. Was it a breath of relief?

Oh, fuck. Maybe I was desperate.

Maybe I was the only one feeling this insane desire.

Oh, shit. Now I was the one who was embarrassed. When I brought my eyes up to hers again and found her still staring at me, I shot back an impatient gaze.

“Good,” I said. “Because if you’re looking for me to stick a ‘Good Job’ sticker on your work, you’re out of luck. I’m all

out.” I scoffed. “This isn’t law school, and I’m not your third-grade teacher.”

She narrowed her eyes at me, and I noticed the shift in them, answering the question I just asked myself. It was desire and fear that were in her eyes before. I knew it was because I just saw it fall away as it was replaced with fury. She stared daggers at me before storming past me, the hot air from her body nearly knocking me off the pool’s edge as her heels clunked with anger toward the door, which she opened with vigor and would have slammed shut behind her if it wasn’t a swinging door.

I stared at her back, furious with myself for missing that chance, furious at her for coming in here in the first place and messing with my serenity, and grateful that nothing happened. It was for the best that I’d missed that chance. It was for the best that I pissed her off. It would do us both a favor if we remained furious at each other, at least then, I wouldn’t risk the chance of betraying my best friend.

I sighed, my brain a mess of confusion as I carried the document to my locker, to put it in my briefcase and head to the showers to douse myself in freezing water, hoping the chill would burn any desire for Tiffany out of my skin. I wasn’t having much luck with that. As soon as I turned the shower off to start soaping my body, the slipperiness of my hand against my skin shot another bolt of lightning to my shaft, and this time, with no one to witness it but me, it was able to spring free. This was not the time or place for this. I turned the

freezing shower on again but the heat in my body posed too much of a challenge.

The doors in these showers were made for the privacy of all our employees. They were full length doors, no legs or the tops of anyone's heads could be seen beneath or over them and the latches weren't shaky and fragile. I was locked in here, and there was nothing stopping me from going for it. It was my best option if I was going to be able to walk out of here without an angry boner.

I turned the shower off, shivering as I brought soapy hands to my boner again. I rested my arm against the shower wall and propped my forehead on top of it, closing my eyes, and all I could see was Tiffany's legs in those soft blue high heels and the hem of her yellow dress resting on her knees. With the advantage of my imagination, I could envision those legs open, paint my own picture of what it looked like between them as I stroked myself.

The thought of her coming into my office late yesterday flashed into my mind. I remembered the smudge of her lipstick and the mess of her hair, telltale signs of her being kissed, being fucked. I could conjure up a fantasy of what her lips felt like, of what her tongue would feel like against mine.

I bit down on my lip to keep my groans inward as my hands sped up against my shaft, pulling sweet pleasure from its pores. I wondered what she looked like when she was being penetrated. My hips began to move forward with my imagination as I gripped myself tighter, humping my hand. I

went wild with the thought of her panting and gasping in my mind. Her rounded mouth when she saw my package for the first time was given new animation in my thoughts.

“Ah, fuck,” I whispered, low enough so that no one could walk in and hear me. It felt like I was going to explode, and I tried to put a lid on it, making the impact of my orgasm that much stronger as I gave it that final stroke that set my entire soul on fire. I started spraying bullets of sperm against the shower wall like a machine gun. My body shook so much, I wondered if I’d triggered a seizure as I humped the phantom pussy before me.

My body collapsed against the wall, and I was soaked in sweat as I stared up at the ceiling, thinking about how Tiffany Levine managed to not ruin my relaxation time after all. In fact, she amplified it so much I could fall asleep at this very moment. Oh, this was not good. What had I gotten myself into? I could not be having these thoughts.

Chapter 34

Tiffany

“Well, look at this gorgeous sunflower.”

I smiled at Mario’s compliment as he stopped to lean against my cubicle.

“I’m not sure if that’s a compliment or you’re just mocking the color of my dress,” I said, looking down at the papers before me even as the smell of his cologne sent flutters up my spine.

“It is a compliment. I like sunflowers,” he whispered.

“Oh, do you now?” I asked, looking up to see him grinning at me, and I sighed at the sight of him. So hot.

I pressed my cheek in my hand, my eyes tired from the amount of reading I was doing, glad for the short distraction. “Well, aren’t you a sight for sore eyes,” I returned, smiling back at him.

“Oh, yeah? You know, you look like you could use a break.” He lowered his voice and a wicked smile crept up his face as he tilted his head toward the file room.

My cheeks heated when I remembered just how horny I was for him last night, how horny he was. I could still feel him in my hand. I remembered just how bad I wanted him inside me, I was ready to risk it all. Oh, he was a temptation standing there in a midnight-blue suit, as if we almost coordinated by accident. But I'd have to resist the temptation.

"I'm sorry. I can't. Apparently, Jared took the document I gave him into a meeting with the judge and the competing lawyer, and what we found wasn't enough to prove that the client was fired due to the company's bias. So, we're back at square one. At least this time he didn't give me an impossible deadline," I revealed.

"Well, that's good news, huh? That means you don't have to rush. You'll have time to take a break?" He raised his eyebrows in a suggestion.

I giggled. He made a good point. Choosing between work and maddening pleasure in the file room? Come on, of course I wanted to choose him and his heat pounding my tight flesh, but a part of me felt bad about the rushed product, even though it was Jared's ridiculous deadline that caused me to rush. My pride wanted to make sure that I didn't overlook anything this time.

"I want to. I mean, I really do. But ..." I said, waving at my workload. Gosh, why did I have to think "load," now all I could think about was his load, leaking down my leg, causing me to come twice as hard.

“I mean, if you’d rather not ...” He shrugged and began to walk away. I groaned, wanting to reach for his hand and pull him back. He turned around, smiling, and I was thankful that he was just joking as I waited for him to give me an excuse that wouldn’t leave me feeling like I was neglecting my work. “But as your mentor,” he began.

I dropped my pen on my desk, clasping both of my hands underneath my chin. “Mm-hm? I’m listening.”

He allowed himself to speak a little louder as he remembered that the mentorship thing gave us something to hide behind and that made our exchange a whole lot kinkier. I bit my bottom lip as he turned a smiling head away from me.

“As your mentor,” he said again, and I closed my eyes, letting the sound of the word “mentor” tease my skin. “It’s my duty to help you figure out how to balance your work and your life. Because, look, if you’re looking for your workload to ease up so that you can get a bit of spare time, that’s not going to happen. Look at the field you chose.” He gestured.

“You make a good point.” I nodded.

“You’re a lawyer. Long hours are part of the job,” he said before dropping his voice a lot lower. “But does that mean that you should suffer without a bit of fun?” he asked, lifting one eyebrow. “Your work will suffer if you don’t find time outside of it to live a little, and your life will suffer if all you have time for is work,” he said. “So, I guess what I’m really saying is that if you come with me, I’ll be helping to improve your quality of life and work,” he said.

I burst out laughing. “I mean ...” I started.

And he kind of stopped playing around as he started to bargain with me. “Okay, look, I promise you, all I’m asking for is a few minutes and we’ll come back out, and I’ll help you get your work done,” he groaned.

I smiled. “You know, you already sold me on the whole ‘improving my quality of life and work’ bit, but if you’re throwing in the help too, I mean, you just sweetened the deal.” I rose from my chair. “To make sure it’s a fair trade,” I said, whispering as I stood in front of him. “I’ll pay you extra well so you don’t forget what you’re working for.” I grinned, unsure if that made sense. I was far too hot and bothered to think straight plus I wasn’t quite so versed on sexy talk yet.

“Trust me, I know what I’m working for, and I can’t wait to put in the work.” I heard him murmur behind me, and I fought the giggles as we walked past everyone, trying not to attract their attention.

As soon as we were in the file room, Mario shut the door behind us and pressed his body against mine, kissing me softly, biting on my bottom lip and pulling me forward as he pulled his lips away. I groaned low in my throat as I moved toward his jacket and his hands found their way beneath my dress.

“I haven’t been able to stop thinking about last night,” he said against my lips, cupping my head once I’d set his arms free of his jacket.

Somehow, that didn't just flash me back to our moment in the car, but I was also bombarded with the images of Anthony and our hot sex being interrupted by him and my brother, plus the guilt I felt for not saying anything to him. His lips on my neck had me panting as his hands moved to pull my underwear down. I wondered if now was the best time to say something to him, if I should wait until he'd sexed me so good I found it hard to stand to say anything. I felt his hand cup my exposed labia and it was that exact moment my conscience decided that it would be unfair for me to let him continue without confessing.

I gripped his wrist, breathing so hard from how much I wanted him to keep touching me, afraid he'd be mad at me if I said something. "Wait," I said, staring at him, wondering if I should just override my conscience and keep going.

"What is it?" he asked, pulling his hand from beneath my dress and holding me around the waist as he stared down at me with hungry eyes.

I gulped, caressing his cheek before dropping my hand to his chest, hoping this was not the moment when I lost him. I didn't want to risk not kissing his lips again. I nibbled my lip and decided to be brave regardless because a part of me felt like I owed it to him. "I know we've just met," I began, fiddling with the lapels of his shirt, avoiding eye contact with him.

"Yeah?" he groaned, leaning down to try to see my eyes with a subtle hint of worry in his tone.

I dodged his attempt to check in with me, closing my eyes. “And I know you’re not my boyfriend, so it shouldn’t really matter,” I continued.

He cleared his throat. “Okay?” he asked, sounding a lot more worried now.

“But I have something to tell you,” I said.

I heard him take a deep breath and felt his thumb stroking my lower back. “Right. What is it?” he asked.

I pushed through my fear to look up into Mario’s eyes, my brows attempting an upside-down arch as I confessed. “I slept with Anthony,” I said, holding my hands to my chest, bracing for impact, waiting for his arms to fall from my waist, to hear the door shut behind him as he stormed off, to have him never want to speak to me again as I stayed in here a blubbering mess, regretting saying anything.

But he still hadn’t moved. He was still holding me and looking into my eyes. In fact, I thought I saw a smile making its way onto his lips.

“I know,” he said, raising his brow.

I froze, staring at him, speechless before trying to find my voice. “Wait, how ... what? When? Did he tell you?” I asked, mortified.

He laughed. “Hell no. He wouldn’t tell me that and risk me saying something to Chris. I’m not dumb, Tiff, I saw the state you guys were both in last night. I put two and two together. Got four,” he said with a head shrug.

I couldn't believe he was laughing. I felt like there was a twist somewhere, about to jump out of the file boxes at me. "So you're not mad?" I asked, my voice a sound of wonder.

"No," he groaned, moving in to kiss me again.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

One of his hands came up to cradle my cheek as he murmured against my lips. "I'm sure," he said with a slow, sensual kiss.

"You still want me after?" I asked, dizzy from his kisses.

"Oh, you have no idea," he said, gripping my ass, before his hands moved to the back of my neck and he undid my zipper.

I shivered with need, moaning as he peeled the dress off my shoulders. "Goodness gracious," he said beneath his breath, leaning forward to kiss my chest, placing his mouth over my sheer nude bra, sucking the nipple through the fabric.

I moaned, gripping his hair and throwing my head back. The dress fell to my ankles, and he swore when he saw that I was wearing matching sheer panties. He dipped to his knees, sucking and licking against the fabric of my panties and the slight coarse material on my tender clit had me breathless as I held his head there, rubbing myself against his face. He growled, licking up my belly before bringing his lips to mine again. I couldn't keep myself from moving against his body, needing him to get naked too.

"How was it?" he whispered in my ear.

"Huh?" I asked, confused from desire.

“How was it when he fucked you? Did he fuck you as you deserve to be fucked?” he asked, unclasping my bra and groaning as he slid it off my body, looking into my eyes.

I let out a breath of impatience. “It was so fucking hot, but I didn’t get to finish,” I gasped as his eyes grew wider for a moment before he smiled.

“Well, that’s a shame,” he said, sucking my breast into his mouth. I bit my lip and my moans echoed in the room. “I bet there’s so much pent-up desire just lurking within you, begging to be released now, isn’t there?” he asked, placing a teasing kiss on my breast as he trailed his fingers lower, dipping into my panties and stroking my center.

“Oh, dear,” I said, grabbing both sides of his head and holding his gaze captive as my body began to writhe against his fingers.

“I bet you’re begging to finish, aren’t you,” he said, driving me close to the edge, then stopping. Ah fuck! I could have cried.

I might have sobbed as I asked, “Can you help me finish?”

He groaned, unbuckling his belt and undoing his zipper as he nodded, taking my lips with so much passion I thought I was going to faint.

“Oh, you know I can.” He smiled at me, pulling my hand forward so that I could feel his naked, pulsing, penis. I gasped and started to remove my panties in a rush. He shook his head, stopping me.

“First, I’m going to need you to get on your knees and apologize. Can you do that for me, Tiffany Levine? Can you suck me into your mouth and show me just how much you’d like to make it up to me?” he asked, stroking my lip with his thumb before putting his finger into my mouth, groaning as I sucked on it.

My center throbbed and my nipples ached at the thought of the thicker part of him against my tongue. I nodded. “Yes, please.”

Chapter 35

Anthony

I missed Tiffany by a few seconds as I entered the associates' room to find her and Mario heading into the filing room together. Damn it. I'd been dealing with clients out of the office all day, thinking about the moment I'd come back here so I could see her again, finish up where we left off, and be a little more discreet this time. But with Mario taking his mentorship duties way too seriously, hanging around her, there was no way I was going to be able to be discreet. After last night's debacle, if I showed up in the file room, asking for a minute with Tiffany, I was sure to raise suspicion.

I couldn't risk that because I knew Chris meant his threats, but I hadn't been able to get my mojo back, thinking about how I hadn't brought her to climax, how my sperm froze up into my balls after being interrupted. I couldn't stop thinking about how I hoped to steal her away once Chris had gone home, only to have him ensure that I was the first one to be dropped off. All I kept remembering was how I wished I'd gotten her number or her address so that we could arrange to end the night giving us both what we craved.

I was almost tempted to skip all my external meetings today just for a moment with her. I couldn't stop thinking about her to the point that I couldn't even bring myself to look at another woman until I knew Tiffany still wanted me and still needed my body pressed against her.

I was tight with tension as other temptations walked by me while I stood by her cubicle looking out of place, tapping on the side of it. I moved to her swivel chair instead. I'd make myself comfortable as I waited and give her an even better surprise when she came out to find me here. I was hoping I could steal her away on her lunch break, take her somewhere it was unlikely for us to be interrupted by anyone we knew. I spun around in the chair, my eyes plastered on the ceiling as I waited. Turning to pick up her pen, I tapped it against her desk until I was aware of the noise I was making, which might have been distracting, and I dropped it.

I checked my watch. I was sure I got here at noon because I wanted to make sure I didn't miss her. Twenty minutes had dragged on by, and I couldn't sit by her desk waiting any longer. I marched my way over to the filing room, stalling outside as I thought about how Mario might react. Fuck, damn it.

Maybe they wouldn't be much longer. *I can wait a few minutes more*, I thought, tapping my foot outside the file room, about to start whistling from the nerves when I noticed how odd it must look for me to be lurking outside the file room, with no file in hand, just standing there. I was either making the associates uncomfortable because they thought I was there,

watching over their shoulders, ready to breathe fire down their necks, or they were uncomfortable because I looked out of place as hell.

I swore under my breath. I thought about turning around and trying to find her later, but I had already waited so long, I was growing frustrated. “Fuck it,” I swore under my breath as I made my way toward the door, turning the knob and walking inside.

The first thing I heard, as soon as I stepped through the door was the voice of a woman asking, “How did I do for my first time?”

“Perfect.” I heard the deep husk of a voice reply before a gasp followed.

I closed the door behind me, unsure of what my ears were picking up on as blood pounded my veins. Okay, I knew what my ears were picking up on, but I was filled with disbelief. There was no way Tiffany and Mario were in here working away without hearing the obvious sounds of two people fucking a few feet away from them. But there was no way it could be them, could it?

I made small steps forward before I heard a deep, high-pitched moan and a low-pitched groan. My feet advanced in a hurry, dipping around shelves to see if I could find them. Of course, everything began to click into place. Yesterday when I’d come up behind them grinning at each other as if they’d known each other forever but he’d met her on the same night I did. Every moment he’d jumped forward to defend her with

Jared. Sneaking her away for a private “tour” of the place which he failed to invite me on even though we both got her the job.

“Uh, Mario, yes, please, don’t, stop.” I heard Tiffany’s voice clear as day. I knew that voice of pleasure. She’d sounded that way with me last night. I wasn’t sure what to feel as I came upon my best friend’s bare ass pumping Tiffany full of himself while her eyes rolled into the back of her head and she dug her nails in his back, grabbing him in desperation.

I froze for a moment, watching them as my mind tried to catch up with what was happening before me. Soon her eyes fluttered open and fright registered in them for just a second until they were replaced with lust and need. Her moans grew louder as she kept staring at me, saying everything she needed to say with her eyes. I shuddered at the inflation of my dick and rubbed my hand over the bulge. She groaned as soon as I touched myself, biting her lip as Mario thrust deeper inside her, hitting something that made her spasm, made her eyes cross.

I swore to myself, unbuckling my pants, unsure if this was proper behavior, but fuck, she wasn’t asking me to leave. It was kind of odd being turned on by watching my best friend fuck the girl I also wanted to fuck, so well she was red and plump, hanging on to him, begging him for more. She licked her lips as my hand stilled on my boxers. It felt strange to just start touching myself without my best friend’s knowledge, but man, I wanted to. I was about to clear my throat or say

something just to get his attention when she shuddered against him, crying my name.

He paused, looking at her before saying “Tiff?” in such a tone of pity I felt sorry for him. As her body stopped shaking, she tapped him on his shoulder and pointed at me.

He jumped in shock, still holding her against him as he cursed under his breath. “Enjoying the show, asswipe? Are you just going to stand there?” he barked.

I felt actual shame but managed to shrug it off. “You’re her lover?” I asked.

He pulled himself out of her and she groaned. “Guys, calm down,” she said before turning to Mario. “I thought you said you were okay with this.” She rested her hand against his shoulder.

“You knew?” I looked at him in shock. “That’s why you were so bothered by the underwear.”

“Anthony, if you don’t mind, could you give us a second?” she asked, stroking his shoulder in a way that was so tender, I felt like I was intruding on a moment with a couple and I was the outsider.

“Don’t worry about it. I’ll just leave,” I said, buckling my pants and turning to walk away.

“No, wait! Stay,” she said.

Both Mario and I stilled and stared at her in confusion before Mario asked in shock, “Wait? So you want me to leave?”

She shook her head quickly, grabbing his face and turning it to her. “Don’t you dare go anywhere without making me finish like you promised,” she said.

He licked his lips staring down at her nakedness before pulling away from her attempted kiss. “Well, you won’t have any problems finishing now, Anthony’s here,” he said, walking away.

“Mario, stop, please. I don’t want either of you to leave,” she said, looking at us both.

Mario paused and turned to face her in frustration. “What is it that you want, Tiffany?” he asked.

Her eyes lingered on his body, dropping to his dick which he was hiding from me. She turned her gaze upon me, making no efforts to cover herself as her voice shook. “I ... um ... I think I want you both,” she said.

Mario and I turned to look at each other with wide eyes before turning back to her and asking her in unison. “What? Now?”

She nodded. “Are you sure?” Mario asked, lowering his voice to say “You just lost your virginity a couple nights ago. Are you sure you know what you’re getting yourself into?”

“I guess I’m ambitious. Besides, you mentored me through my first time, I trust you to mentor me through this too,” she said. “I trust you both.” She turned to look at me with those glassy eyes as I took note of the fact that Mario took her virginity on the night of the party. Well, hell, I never saw that

coming. Mario Fucking Sharpe was a surprising fucker. That explained their tenderness toward each other, and it explained that whole blow-job moment. Sheesh.

“Mario’s right. You’ve got to be sure about this,” I said to her.

“I’m so sure, and if one of you don’t start fucking me right now, I’m going to lose my mind. I might need a few minutes to help myself out if I have to, although I really hope I don’t have to,” she said, and I groaned.

“Oh, fuck,” I whispered as my dick hardened. I turned to look at Mario to see if he was up to doing what she proposed, or if I was going to have to ask him to leave soon.

He looked at her again as if confirming with her once more before nodding at me and shrugging with a smile. We both started walking toward her.

Her eyes lit up and her lips turned up into a smile as she reached for Mario who was already naked. He moved to kiss her, and I hurried to get out of my clothes. This was better than any rendezvous I’d hoped to have with her. I couldn’t believe my luck as I kicked my fucking dangling pants off my ankles.

Mario dropped to his knees and buried his mouth between her legs, drinking from her like she was sweet nectar, and the muscle memory of my tongue recalled the taste and feel of her. She bit down on her bottom lip, moving her body against his mouth, and I moaned, pulling down my boxers. My dick slapped against my stomach, staring up into my face as I made

my way over to her, forcing my shirt from my body. I groaned when my lips touched hers.

She panted into my mouth against the pleasure Mario was pulling from her body, her moans were being muffled by our kisses and the feeling of her breath against my face gripped my fucking balls so hard, I thought they were going to start ripping from how full they'd become. I reached for her hand and placed it against my tender dick, shuddering as her hand closed around it.

"Fuck," she whispered as she gripped it. I pulled her tongue into my mouth, sucking on it as she pumped my dick into her hand, drawing pants from me. I released her tongue and lips so I could catch my breath, just to hear her scream "Yes!! Mario! Please, yes!"

She let go of my dick and grabbed onto his head, shaking as he was relentless with her. The pure look of pleasure racking her body made my hips rock. I wanted to increase the sensation for her as much as I needed to feel her body in my mouth, dropping my lips to her nipples, sucking on them as Mario kept sucking on her clit. "Oh, yes, yes, yes, oh, my, oh my, oh, fuuuuck," she said. "I'm going to come again." She groaned, squirming and convulsing.

Mario stood up and wiped his mouth before bending her over so her ass was facing him. "Come here," he said, pressing himself up against her as she begged him to enter her.

I reached forward to caress her face before kneeling to give her a kiss. "I'd like to feel myself in your mouth," I whispered.

“Uh!” she moaned as Mario thrust himself deep within her. She sobbed in ecstasy. “Fill my mouth.” She nodded.

Say no more. I didn’t think about her experience as I thrust myself into her willing mouth. The warmth of it closing around my throbbing dick felt like she was helping me carry a heavy load. I sighed in relief as her mouth mimicked a warm bath after a long, cold day.

“Mm, yes.” I took my time moving against her mouth, opening my eyes to watch her take it from both ends, and I groaned with the pressure to hold myself back as she moaned with each thrust Mario slammed into her.

“Fuck,” I said as my hips sped up, and I fought to restrain them, not wanting to overwhelm her with too much too soon. “Oh, fuck, you’re better at this than I expected,” I said, pulling myself out of her mouth as I found myself being brought close to the edge.

I hadn’t even been in her mouth for more than a couple minutes and I wasn’t a minute man. I had endurance, but fuck, watching her legs splayed as she was bent over taking long and slow thrusts, hearing her singsongs of desire with my dick in her mouth as I ran my hand over her back, gripping the softness of her skin, and trying to have self-control almost proved too much for me to take. This wasn’t my first threesome. But it was my first threesome with Tiffany Levine, and damn, she held me in awe.

She caught her breath before answering with swollen lips and flushed cheeks. “I’ve got a great ... uh ... teacher,” she

breathed as Mario smiled, gripping her ass and plunging deeper and faster into her hole.

She was quite the fucking work of art, I thought as I inserted myself into her mouth again, waiting for my turn to bury myself into her wet and stretched pussy.

Chapter 36

Jared

“Mr. Crawford, did you forget to call back the opposing counsel’s leading attorney for the discrimination case?” Melissa asked me. “They’re on line two. Says they’ve been waiting on your call since twelve thirty. Is everything okay? Would you like me to tell them you’re not available?”

Melissa had reminded me at 12:25 to give that attorney a call since I’d missed their call earlier. They’d asked me to call at twelve thirty. A mere five minutes apart, yet I forgot. It was now after 1 p.m. Ever since this morning’s run-in with Tiffany, I was unable to think about anything else. It wasn’t like me, and Melissa was looking at me like she was concerned. “No, no. Everything’s fine. Send the call through for me, please,” I said as she nodded and walked away.

I cleared my throat and prepared to speak to the lawyer on the other end of the phone asking me to drop the case. I was not paying attention to what they had to say, but it was not just because I had no intention of dropping the case, it was because despite what my outside environment had looked like since

this morning, my inner world was responsible for me sporting a consistent semi-boner which I had to hope was not on friggin' display. I had to excuse myself several times today to go to the bathroom with a cup of ice that I had to dump over my crotch after removing my clothes so that I didn't walk out of there looking like I was experiencing incontinence. It was more than a fucking hassle. Damn it.

The call ended and there was nothing standing in the way of my mind drifting again. I was restless, tapping my hand on the desk, running my hand through my hair, frustrated with the fact that I was going to have to go back to the bathroom for the fourth time with another cup of ice. My body needed to learn to control itself.

I needed to get laid by someone that was not Tiffany Levine. I was only able to rationalize that my partly chosen abstinence for the past seven months was what was responsible for me becoming so easily aroused and unable to think of anything else but sex after not thinking about it for so long. I'd been busy, okay. But now I was irritated by the fact that she was the one to reawaken my desire.

Why did it have to be her? It couldn't have been some other woman with more of a penchant for reality, someone who knew what it was like to care for something they built, who knew what it meant to struggle and overcome that struggle. It had to be Tiffany Levine? The one who was accustomed to everything being handed to her on a silver platter. She was the furthest from "my type" even if my body seemed to disagree.

That call however gave me an excuse to head down to Tiffany's cubicle to see how far she'd come with the discrimination case. I was certainly not heading down there because I finally got the reason I was looking for to speak to her again, even though I'd just reassigned her to redoing the research for this case two hours ago. I knew she couldn't have reached far with it, yet my feet were happy for a reason to locate her without trying to make uncomfortable conversation with her about anything else other than her work.

The thought of conversing with Tiffany in a civilized manner both gave me the ick and made me nervous for some reason. Although, what that reason was, I couldn't bring myself to imagine. I could hear the echoing of my heart banging around in its chamber the closer I got to the associates' floor. My palm was sweaty for no reason as I tried to steady myself. I allowed myself to focus on the questions I'd come up with to ask her for the discrimination case to dissolve my boner.

I took a deep breath as I left the elevator and turned into the associates' large office, showing up at the cubicle I had approved at Anthony's request for Tiffany, only to find the desk empty. There were the nerves again, tapping on the inside of my wrists, pounding my stomach as I stood there, all the words I'd planned to say lodged in my throat as I stared at her empty chair. My body grew hot as I felt stupid for being disappointed.

The thought that I'd come this far only to turn away forced me to face the truth that the only reason I was down there was

because I'd wanted to see if she'd still have the heat in her eyes when I stood before her, to be able to see whether she'd been struggling all day like I had to keep her mind off our encounter.

No, it was improper for that to be the truth. It couldn't have been. The rumblings in my body had to have everything to do with the fact that her lunch time should've been over fifteen minutes ago, yet she was not seated at her desk. It had to do with the fact that I wanted to see if she'd made progress on her research so I could have enough material to present a stronger case. I moved forward with a much better friend in emotion than insatiable hunger, anger.

After asking a few of her colleagues whether they'd noticed what time she stepped away from her desk, I found out that she'd gone to the filing room with Mario over an hour ago. Over an hour ago?! What was she doing in there with Mario when I gave her a task to complete? Whatever task Mario wanted her to complete for him should come second to mine, since I'd assigned this task to her first. Sure, I hadn't given her a deadline, but I thought it was understood that I'd need an urgent response from her.

I stormed toward the filing room, ready to remind her who was paying her salary and why she should learn to prioritize my assignments first. I bust the door open and stormed forward, my blood pounding in my ears when I heard the most erotic sounds coming from somewhere in the filing room. Afraid the rest of my employees would hear what was happening and become distracted, I rushed toward the door

again to lock it because whoever the hell that was making those sounds had been foolish enough to leave the damned door unlocked. I wondered if anyone else had walked in here before me and rumors were already spreading throughout the building.

My mind was no longer on Tiffany since I figured she probably left the filing room a long time ago and no one noticed. My mind was on whoever was disrespecting my office and their place of work. I stormed forward with every intention to fire whoever it was when I came upon the sight of three people, full on, stark naked as if they were in their bedroom and not at work.

I recognized those three people.

Blood rushed through my body, turning my brain into gas, causing a flood that begged a response from other parts of my body that I could not pay attention to because I couldn't feel any parts of myself anymore. I watched Tiffany sobbing as she came from Anthony drilling her from behind and Mario sucking on her breasts and rubbing her clit, kissing her lips and neck.

I'd gotten my question answered. The question I had when I pleased myself to thoughts of her and imagined what she'd look like when she came. Now I knew that she shook. Her body spasmed and her face tensed as if she was begging for more, crying at the thought of her pleasure coming to an end while needing it to stop short circuiting her. Her skin flushed

red, so red you could see it most in the color of her face, her neck, and her nipples, from where I was standing.

I knew that she held on tight as though if she didn't, her feet would leave the ground and she'd just float out of the room. I knew what she sounded like now and that her voice trembled, rattling from the impact of her body's tremors. I knew her breaths came out in pants and her moans were throaty and high pitched. I knew her body moved like water, as if waves crashed through her, and I knew all that because I was standing in the file room of my building where all of us worked with a fucking full-fledged hard-on in my pants, watching her get fucked by my two other best friends who had the same reason not to fuck her as I did.

And they were all so naked. So sweaty. So breathy as if they'd been doing this for quite a long time. As if they weren't at fucking work?! I felt dizzy and out of breath as I wondered when and how Mario and Anthony came to be having sex with our best friend's sister, first of all, and next, what the hell they were thinking doing it in the middle of the file room, here of all places?!

Had they lost their minds? Had I? Was I dreaming or did I walk into an alternate universe?

When I could manage to find words to speak, they came out in a roar, loud enough to shake the room, and I was just glad that we were all hidden behind the file boxes which helped to suppress the sounds of them having a grand old time when I was outside.

Those boxes aided me now as I yelled, “What the *fuck* are you doing?!”

They all jumped as Anthony slipped out of her, she shivered and jerked from his sudden detachment, and Mario’s hand stilled on her body as the three of them turned to face me with a look of shock on their faces. Yet none of them moved to get dressed and cover themselves. Perhaps it was the shock that froze them, but my mind was so fuzzy from all of this, I was beginning to think we’d been abducted by aliens and they’d replaced the humans before me.

Chapter 37

Tiffany

My body was still buzzing as it came down from its high, begging to be on top again. It took me a good minute to realize that Jared Crawford was standing in front of me, staring at me naked. I had a flashback to his concealed member in his speedos this morning, and I shook my head against it, clearing the fog as I looked around in shock, trying to locate my clothes before jumping behind Mario and peeking out at Jared over his shoulders.

Oh, he was mad. His veins were protruding from his face as he narrowed his eyes at us. His voice boomed and shook the files on the shelves. I knew for certain that I'd lost my job now. There was no coming back from this, yet the only thing I could think of as I stared at him was that he'd managed to ruin my day, my fun, once again. I almost wanted to clap in applause for him for walking in at this moment, being right on cue as always. I should've expected it. Of course, it was Jared "Crush Your Dreams" Crawford.

I used Mario's body as a shield as I grabbed up my clothes in a huff. Just a few more minutes and we'd have all had our

big climax and Jared chose now, of all moments, to discover us. I didn't even care about my job anymore. I was just frustrated. Sure, I'd managed to orgasm several times already, but it didn't mean that I wanted to fall off this peak. I was so close. I pulled my dress up over my hips, not stopping to put on any of my undergarments as I shoved my feet in my shoes and ran my hand through my sweaty, tangled hair, knowing it was time to accept my losses.

There was no way I was going to be able to walk out of here without attracting the attention of everyone on the outside of this room, not after he roared at us and no doubt was ready to chase us out, well at least, chase me out of the room like I was a rabid dog. I wasn't going to give him the opportunity.

I didn't have time to fix my hair or do something to my face before storming out, and I was just going to have to deal with the embarrassment of everyone knowing that I was in here enjoying the slap of these two guys' dicks on my face. I cut my eyes at him as I stormed past him, mumbling under my breath. "You could've at least let us finish," I said.

"What the fuck did you just say?" he barked. Oh, yeah. The professionalism was definitely lost now. We were no longer boss and employee.

I spun around. "I *said*, you could've at least let us finish! Geez, I was this close," I groaned while pressing my two fingers together. "... only to be interrupted again. Have you always been such a party pooper?" I asked.

He was stunned. His eyes widened and his mouth slacked before he started laughing in irritation. “You really are entitled, you know that?” he asked.

“And you really are a pain in the fucking ass,” I said, spinning around on my heels, mourning the loss of a sweet climax.

He grabbed me by the arm just time for me to hear Mario and Anthony run forward. “Hey, hey!” Mario said, grabbing Jared by the shoulder, and Jared held his hands up, motioning for him to calm down and wait.

“Why are you so fucking infuriating, huh?” he asked, and his tone had dropped several levels. His face was still tense, but it softened just a bit as his eyes changed to that deep darkness that let me know his true feelings. Oh, shit. I might have just finished as I felt my legs quiver and my sex flood with need but I was ready to come again.

He pushed me up against the shelf and pressed his body against mine. I had never felt this kind of burning passion before. It was different with the other two. This made me angry that I wanted him closer.

“Why are you so cocky and full of shit?” I whispered.

A moan rushed from my mouth as he gripped me around the waist, grunting. He pulled me up against his hard body, and I licked my lips as I crashed into him.

“You’ve invaded my thought since this morning, I haven’t been able to do anything but think about you and what you

look like beneath this dress. What is it about you, huh?” he asked, grabbing my face and breathing against my lips, holding himself back from kissing me as my heart thumped against his abdomen in resentment for how much I needed his lips against mine.

“Well, now you’ve seen it,” I whispered. “Did you like it?” I asked, moving forward to kiss him as he held my head away from his and sucked in his breath. “There’s only one problem,” I panted.

“What?” he whispered against my lips.

“You’ve had your curiosity satisfied, and I’m still aching with the need to know what you were hiding beneath your speedos,” I said.

He groaned and swore before his lips attacked mine. It was rougher than any kiss I ever experienced. Aggressive and impatient, and I felt like I was going to faint with the instant rush his lips injected in my body.

I started reaching for his shirt but he held both my hands together in one of his, bringing my arms up over my head as his salt-and-pepper hair brushed up against my neck. I heard the buckle of his pants coming undone, and I stuck my leg out to wrap it around his, needing to touch him and bring him closer.

“So, you want to finish, huh?” he asked. “Those two fuckers didn’t satisfy you enough?” He smirked.

Gosh, I hated that fucking smirk that looked so unlawfully sexy right now. “Oh, they satisfied me over and over and over again,” I said, looking over his shoulder to watch Anthony and Mario staring at us, stroking themselves. Oh, gosh. I shuddered. It was so hot. “Mm, they were just about to satisfy me again before you walked in and ruined it,” I said, licking my lips.

“Is that right?” he asked. “Do you want me to leave?”

I didn’t answer him. I didn’t want to admit that I wanted anything from him.

He gripped my face, hard enough to send shock down my spine and soft enough not to bruise me. “Tell me you want me to stay, I want to hear you say it,” he said against my lips.

And my pride went out the window. “Jared Crawford, I want you to shut the hell up for once and let this,” I said, getting my hands free and gripping his hard, throbbing rod, watching as his body shook, “... do the talking,” I finished. “Are you ready to do that for me?” I asked.

“So fucking stubborn,” he growled as he pulled up my dress, lifted my leg, and slid right on in.

I was so slick and stretched, it felt like his key found the perfect hole.

“Oh, hell.” He trembled before he started to move. He wasn’t tender and loving. He was hungry and reckless; and I was loving it. It was like he was the final puzzle piece that made this whole thing make sense. All three of them together

completed the puzzle. He hit a spot that was his to hit, and I clutched onto his shoulders, biting down on them as the pleasure built so high it was impossible to come down from.

I screamed in delight before his lips crashed down on mine. “Shut the fuck up,” he whispered, and I had another orgasm, shaking so hard, my body was growing exhausted, but he was still going, and I did not want him to stop. Not when his dick managed to revitalize me once again.

I looked for Mario and Anthony who were no longer behind him only to feel their breaths on either side of my neck. As I turned my head, my lips locked onto Anthony’s as Jared continued to drill me. I felt Mario’s hand come around my nipples, tugging on them and massaging my breasts. He was hard again, though he’d already reached his climax.

“My turn,” Anthony said, exchanging a look with Jared. “You interrupted my flow when you burst in here,” he said. “What do you say, Tiff? Do you want me in you?” he whispered against my lips.

I looked between him and Jared. “Oh.” I shuddered. “Is there any way I can have you both in me at the same time?” I asked.

Anthony grinned. “Oh, I just love how adventurous you are. Yes, there is but Mario was right. You’re gonna need some time before you get to that level,” he said. “Right now, I want to be inside you so hard, so fast, I can’t wait until you’re stretched out.” He spoke against my neck.

I bit my lip, nodding. “Yes, please,” I gasped as Jared pulled himself out of me and Anthony slipped inside within a second.

“Oh, shit,” he said, slapping his balls against my vulva as the ache of his imminent release crumpled his face. “Fuck.” His hips went crazy as he held me, and I wrapped my legs around him so that he could go even deeper. My eyes rolled over in my head as I felt the warmth of him against his condom turn up the temperature inside me.

As if his orgasm sent out a call to the other guys, Jared threw himself inside me again at my consent, bending me over as he filled me with his semen after which Mario followed with renewed stamina. He took me from behind, holding on to my breasts with one hand, working my clit with the other as he pressed his dick inside me and kissed my neck. Oh, shit, each of his strokes sent shivers through my body. I felt tears come to my eyes with how good he felt. He took his time building me up before drilling me. We both came at the same time, as I felt his cum and my juices leaking down my leg.

Mm. I was going to need a long rest of sleep after this.

Chapter 38

Jared

My chest was so tight, I forgot how to breathe. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't take full breaths. My head ached and my stomach burned with the need to throw up from anxiety. I had severe heartburn as I pulled at my tie, trying to keep it from strangling me. I had freshened up and returned to my office. All while I was doing that, I was trying to keep myself from giving anything away, trying to appear as though it were just a normal day, but it wasn't just a normal day.

By the time I'd dodged the confused looks on the faces of the associates as we exited the file room, one by one, and the look from my assistant when she noticed that I left for the day and returned in a fresh suit, I was unable to sit still in the "security" of my office. Not when the glass walls would allow everyone to see how much I was sweating. I told Melissa that I'd spilled something on my suit and went home for a quick change. She seemed to buy it, or at least I hoped that she did. Chris used to work here, and I couldn't risk any of this getting back to him.

Oh, shitty shit, shit! I took a deep breath and spun in my chair so that I was facing the window and could hide a little bit as I fisted my hands and pounded my lap. What the hell was I thinking? What the hell were *we* thinking? I mean, how could Anthony and Mario do that to Chris? How could I? I rubbed my forehead with force as if doing so could push the memory of her moans out of my head, the pictures of her face as she came. I exhaled again, swiping my hand over my mouth. This couldn't happen again. No matter how much I wanted it to. And oh, I wanted it to, so bad. I wanted to pull her away and have her all to myself for a night or two, as irritating as she was.

Damn it, Tiffany Levine came into my life and shook everything up. I was quite content. And she had to come in and cause a mess. I'd done without sex before, I could do without it again. If I couldn't, perhaps this moment caused me to slip because I'd been denying myself for too long. Lesson learned. I'd find someone else to satisfy these urges because from now on, things between Tiffany and me needed to remain professional.

Oh, who was I kidding? I was avoiding seeing her after she made me come so hard, I saw fucking stars afterward. If I saw her again, I wouldn't be able to control my body's reaction to her. I'd need to put myself in her, and if she let me, I'd do it again. And again. She'd just given me some gift that I didn't know I needed but now couldn't live without. At least, that's what it felt like in that room with her.

Ah, she was so fucking frustrating! She made me doubt I was the man I always thought I was, and I didn't want to doubt that anymore, but with her around here, it was only a matter of time till I messed up again, slipped myself inside her. Gripping the handle of my chair, I thought about how smooth it was to enter her. How easily she accepted me. How soft, warm, and wet she was. How much she made it hard to resist her even though I tried, I genuinely fucking tried. Oh, how the sensations quickly shifted from my super sensitive tip, shocking the shit out of my shaft as I tried to hold it together, chasing the thrill that kept toying with me. Ah, damn. Fuck, I already wanted her again, right now, in this office, on this chair. This couldn't work out.

There was no way Tiffany and I could continue to work under the same roof together, although this time I had more of an incentive to keep her here. But that would be only for my benefit ... and hers, if this wasn't just a one-time thing for her. There my mind went again, hoping that she'd want more when I couldn't have more. It was not an option. It couldn't be on the table. The decision was clear. I'd have to fire her. I'd have to fire her because she tested my self-control. Because she revealed the sides of myself to me I'd rather not admit to.

I was so close to saying, fuck it. There was no harm or foul in two consenting adults having a bit of fun. I was so close to taking the risk and deciding to hide it from Chris. That's what I was talking about when I said she exposed me to my own reflection, and damn it to hell, I wasn't going to give into the traitorous part of myself. Because even if I had to hold on to it

by a thread, I was still a man of dignity and integrity. I still honored and respected my best friend, and I knew he would not approve. Family was off-limits. It was never said but it was certainly implied. We were too old for bro codes, so it was more like a code of honor.

So, the decision was clear. Tiffany had to leave. I had to fire her. Because my dignity and integrity would not suffice for too long around the woman whose center embraced me with such warmth, I wanted to live inside of it. The woman who frustrated me so much, our hatred for each other fired me up. If she stayed willing and stayed here, one day, very soon, I would toss that integrity out the door for another moment with her. I was already thinking about doing so within the next few hours.

Yeah, she had to leave, and she had to leave now. This time, I had reasonable grounds on which to fire her. I pressed a crooked finger against my lips as I made the decision, clearing my throat against the need in my body, already feeling relief from the aching desire at the thought of letting her go.

I could've asked my assistant to make the call, but the phone stared back at me with the temptation of hearing her voice as I reached for it.

“Hello, Crawford & Beam, you're speaking with Tiffany Levine, Associate Lawyer, how may I assist?” she answered.

I tried not to react to her hoarseness no doubt due to the screams and moans of pleasure that put pressure on it earlier. “Ms. Levine ...” I started and I heard her gasp.

Shit. Fuck. The thought of her having that kind of reaction to my voice was something I never thought about before, and now it made me want to throw away my decision and plead with her for her company again. I took a deep breath, hoping to clear away the husk that settled in my throat.

I failed. “I’m going to need you to come to my office, right away. It’s urgent,” I said.

“Is it now?” she asked, and I hissed. “How bad do you need me to come?” she whispered, and I shook.

I was sure she could hear my tremorous breathing over the phone as she giggled. Damn it, Tiffany.

“Just get to my office, now,” I growled, hanging up the phone and trying to bring my breathing back to a normal rhythm.

Oh, she was trouble, that one. I was going to have to take a page out of Anthony’s book and find me a woman for the night if I had any chances at all of getting her out of my head.

Chapter 39

Tiffany

The click of the dial tone came just before I was about to say “Yes, sir, I’m coming.”

The man really needed to learn a bit more manners. The stubborn part of me almost wanted to remain seated just to make him mad that I wouldn’t jump at his beck and call. And ooh, I’d learned to appreciate making him angry because that sex was something I never expected sex to be. Oh, trust me, I wasn’t complaining when it came to either of my lovers but that angry sex? It had me licking my lips for more.

The other part of me, the part of me that was already aroused by the sound of his voice, was already jumping out of my seat in excitement. I didn’t expect him to be ready to go again so soon, but I wasn’t going to be the one to stop him. I hopped in the elevator, fighting the smile that crept on my face at the thought of all these secrets and how fun sneaking around was.

After our sex, my hair was a complete terror, but I tried to sort it out as much as I could in the file room before rushing to the ladies room for a shower and trying to use the hand dryer

for some sort of blow-out. I was lucky that I'd chosen a loose braid down my back to begin with, so it wasn't hard to replicate that with a mirror. I learned after Mario and Anthony that low maintenance hairstyles were going to be my best bet coming to work.

As the door to the elevator opened on his floor, my heart pounded. Desire hurried my feet forward. Ooh, he made me nervous, and this time, I wasn't completely loathing him for it. I saw him sitting at his desk, busy with something on his computer, and I swooned at the freshness of his suit and hair. I didn't see him after we left the file room. He looked as good as new, as if nothing ever happened between us. I was impressed and confused over why he'd want to mess up his suit now and how in heaven's name we were going to be able to fool around with big glass doors and windows surrounding his office.

I smiled at Melissa as I entered his office. Her head lifted in shock at the pure thrill on my face, a stark contrast to this morning when I thought about having anything to do with him. Oh, how time had changed and all it took was a few hours.

I closed the door behind me because the good thing this glass had going for it was that it was soundproof. Then I looked up over the windows and walls. I was thrilled to find that there were blinds.

"Hey, you." I smiled at him, moving to pull them closed.

"What are you doing?" he asked, following my hands with his eyes.

“Giving us some privacy, silly,” I said.

“That won’t be necessary.” He began to fidget with his tie.

I crooked my brow. “Oh, you like an audience? That’s good to note but we’re at work,” I whispered. “Pretty sure if we exposed them to us, they’d sue us.”

I began to walk toward him. “You know, I’m still a little sore.” Standing before him, he looked up at me as I said, “But I’m sure you could warm me up and have me ready to go again in a minute.” I smiled at him and sighed as his hands rushed to my hips to grip my waist and grope my ass, pulling me against his face as he buried his nose in my dress. I could feel the bridge of his nose against my vulva, and I dipped my hand in his hair, biting my lips at the thought of him lifting my dress.

The sound of his wheeled chair crashing against his bookshelf caused me to open my eyes just in time to find him standing in front of me, bringing his lips down upon mine. It was the same kind of hard, desperate kisses, and I moaned into his mouth.

I gasped as his hand started moving up my back and shivered from the anticipation of him undoing my zipper just as I felt his lips and beard against my neck. I tilted my head against his face and moaned a little louder this time.

“Shut the fuck up,” he whispered before grabbing my face and kissing me as if he was about to go off to war or something. Like this was our last potential moment together. I grabbed him back, biting his bottom lip as he groaned and

spun me around. I felt his breath on the back of my neck, and I waited for him to pull the zipper on my dress.

“No,” he grunted. “That’s not why I called you in here,” he said, walking backward away from me, almost tripping over the leg of his chair before he sat down in it and straightened his tie.

I patted my cheeks, feeling the heat of my skin against the pads of my fingers. “Oh.” I giggled. “I guess I got a bit too carried away,” I said, straightening my dress and moving toward the visitor’s chair. “What is it that you wanted—” I was about to take a seat when he cut me off.

“You’re fired.” His words were short and unfeeling. It felt like the room started to glitch as I tried to focus on what he just said because he couldn’t have said what I thought he just did.

Not after we ... “Excuse me? I don’t understand.”

“What’s not to understand? You’re fired,” he repeated.

My skin was on fire again, but this time it was not from desire but from the thought of being made a fool. “On what grounds?”

He chuckled and shook his head as if in disbelief.

“I don’t know what it is that you find so funny,” I said, glaring at him. “On what grounds are you firing me? Was the sex that disappointing for you?” I mocked, reminding him that he’d just been inside me a few hours ago.

He scoffed and grimaced. “You’re unbelievable.”

“Me?! You’re the one who just fucked me and you’re now firing me. I should’ve known better than to let you touch me, get anywhere near me. Of course, you’d do this. This is some kind of sick, twisted game of power to you, isn’t it?” I crossed my arms over my chest to give me some sort of comfort as my self-esteem crumbled.

“This isn’t a game,” he responded. He seemed appalled by the idea that I would’ve called it that. “This is about ...” he stammered.

I looked at him in confusion. “What? What is it about?”

“It’s about respect, damn it. You’ve disrespected my authority since the moment you’ve walked in here and then I walked in on you, Anthony, and Mario using my office as a brothel. You have no respect for my building, for my name, or the law, and you don’t get to sleep your way to the top. What? After you slept with the junior partners, you thought you’d give it a shot and sleep with the managing partner too?” he yelled at me.

I looked at him, stunned, unable to speak for a while until I shook my head. “I think you must be brain-dead. Do you suffer from short-term memory loss? I think if you dig inside that little brain of yours, you’ll remember the fact that I was walking away from you and leaving the room when you pulled me back. You wanted me, just as much as I wanted ... whatever, that’s not the point. The point is that you’re a hypocrite. You’ve disrespected your place of work just as much as I did. Admit it, you walked in there and you liked

what you saw. You got hard. You wanted me and you had me. Now you're going to fire me, and you know why? It's because you're a dick. You're a dick because you thought you could get through to my defenses and shoot me down," I said.

"It wasn't that deep." He shook his head. "Listen, I keep having to tell you that this is the real world, Tiffany Levine, and sometimes a fuck is just a fuck. I'll admit it. I walked in there, I saw sex happening, I got aroused, and had a lapse in judgment. I shouldn't have joined in. But I didn't conspire to do anything with you. You just happened to be there and I ..." he paused.

"You what? Took advantage of the situation? I would've walked out of the building and never looked back because I honestly figured I'd lost my job. Why'd you stop me and fuck me, only to fire me? Why couldn't you let me go?" I grew emotional, but I couldn't let him see me cry. This fucking Jared Crawford will never manage to soften me to him again. I cleared my throat and continued, "And as far as law and the real world, you're going to stop disrespecting the thing I've worked my entire life for if it's the last thing you do."

"Fine, pack your things up and go," he said.

"Fine, you know what, I'll do just that. Not having to see your stupid face again or hear you critique my passion again is just the thing I'm looking for. It's perfect. I'll do better without working for your ass anyway," I said, spinning around from him as my tears started to fall.

Damn it, I didn't want to walk out of this office a blubbering mess, but I couldn't help it. I needed to get the hell out of here and the tears were coming whether I liked it or not. I rushed from his office before he could get a chance to see them.

I rushed past the eyes of questioning onlookers and their rumbles of speculation, dashing toward the elevator, rushing toward my cubicle and bumping into a concerned Mario and Anthony. I couldn't hear anything they were saying as I grabbed all my belongings in a rush, falling apart as I dashed out the front door.

I was vaguely aware of someone shouting after me as I made the run toward my car in my heels, opening the door and slamming it shut as I jumped inside. I pressed my foot on that gas, unable to put Crawford & Beam, precisely Jared Crawford, behind me soon enough.

Chapter 40

Tiffany

“I heard what happened.” Mario stood by my door with his blond hair falling into his face. He’d ditched his midnight-blue suit jacket and stood before me in a pale-blue button down, no tie, rolled neatly at the elbows, tucked into those midnight-blue pants. His top buttons were open, and he looked down at me with an apology in his eyes even though he had nothing to apologize for.

I shrugged and stepped aside. “It was bound to happen. Jared couldn’t wait to get me out of there to begin with, and I gave him a valid reason.”

“I’m so sorry. I shouldn’t have pulled you away to the file room ...” he started.

“You didn’t pull me away. I followed you there because we both wanted each other,” I said, turning to brush my thumb across his lips. “It’s not your fault.” I smiled.

He pulled me into a hug. “How are you doing? I know you left the office crying.” He placed gentle strokes down my back, comforting me, and I sighed into the hug.

“I’m okay. It was just the shock and me being foolish enough to not see this coming,” I confessed.

“You weren’t foolish.” He placed a kiss on top of my head, and I smiled before releasing him and heading over to the couch. I was in an oversized, dark green sleep shirt and short pajama bottoms. I folded my legs under me as he joined me, resting his hand on my thigh. “You know, even though we joke about the mentorship thing, as your mentor, I can hook you up with some recruiters and provide you with some stellar recommendations,” he said, lowering his tone at the last part and wiggling his eyebrows.

I laughed and reached forward to cup his face within my hands, squishing his cheeks. “Why are you so cute?”

“Just cute? I thought you said I was hot before,” he asked, looking at me legitimately offended which made me laugh even harder.

“Oh, you’re still hot,” I said, raising one brow and leaning over toward him.

“Ah, you’re just saying that to spare my feelings,” he said, clutching his chest in fake protest, tossing his head from side to side as it fell out of my hands and rested on the back of the couch.

I couldn’t help running my hand through his silky strands as they flopped about on his head, and the moment felt so tender and relaxed, my heart swelled with gratitude as I climbed into his lap.

He lifted his head to look into my eyes, taking his time to gaze into them before raising his hand to release my hair from the messy bun at the back of my head. My hair cascaded around my shoulders, and he raked his fingers through it, brushing his thumb against my forehead, and I shivered. “You’re going to be okay. Don’t worry about it. You’ll see, in no time, law firms everywhere will be begging to have you.”

“I’m not worried,” I said, placing my palm between the opening of his shirt and stroking his chest.

“You’re so beautiful,” he said as his hand stroked my shoulders and brushed the hair off them.

“You’re so tender,” I said.

“Would you prefer if I wasn’t?” he asked, crooking his brow.

I shook my head. “No.” I smiled. “You’re perfect as you are. This is perfect,” I said, leaning forward to kiss his soft pink lips. It was slow. Slow enough for me to feel the tingling in my scalp, down my neck, and over my back like there were hands running over me even though his hands were around my waist.

We took our time tasting each other’s lips as if it was the first time I was sampling his flavor, and I was brought back to a few days ago. The first night we kissed. It seemed so long ago. So nostalgic. I tried to squish my body even closer to his as I worked his buttons free. He groaned and pulled his lips from mine to kiss my jawline before looking me in the eyes.

“We don’t have to have sex, you know? I know you’ve just lost your job, and I’m quite content with just being here with you like this, kissing, touching, even just holding you,” he said, stroking me and the back of his hand brushed against my breast, making me wet.

“I know.” I smiled. “That’s what’s turning me on.”

He chuckled. “Well, I mean, if that’s what you want, I’m up for that too.” He grinned before toppling me over on the couch until I was lying on my back and he was on top of me.

The swift movement made me grin as I wrapped my legs around his hips, moaning as he leaned over me, grinding against me as our kisses, though still slow, grew more passionate, more necessary and impatient.

I began to undo the buttons on his shirt again and he leaned up, finishing it up himself before peeling his shirt off. Maybe it was the fact that we were back in my apartment but seeing him remove his shirt made me shy like the moment I’d walked in on him trying to leave in nothing but his underpants.

I reached out to stroke his abs in wonder, and he sucked in a breath, biting down on his bottom lip as he reached for my shirt, raising it so that he could place kisses on my belly and up my sternum. I shivered as he paused between kissing to tug at it. I raised and pulled it over my head. I wasn’t wearing a bra so my breasts jiggled before him.

“You’re perfect,” he said, cupping them in his hands before lowering his mouth to them.

I squirmed. “Your lips are healing,” I responded, moaning as I held onto his head. He wasn’t rough or aggressive, and it was exactly what my tender nipples needed. Just the warmth and softness of his tongue. The stresses of the past few hours fell away, and Mario opened the gates of that flower field again where I was running free as my hair blew in the wind.

“Good, because I can’t keep them off your body,” he said, pressing soft kisses on different areas of my body. I didn’t know the inside of my elbows were sensitive but I found out. Some places made me laugh more and he paused to look at me. “You’re so damn beautiful.”

“You said that already,” I smiled.

“Well, I’m saying it again.” He grinned, picking me up off the couch and carrying me into my bedroom where he dropped me on the bed. As my body bounced against the mattress, I giggled again, stopping when I noticed his hands moving to undo his pants. I bit on my index finger watching him until he caught me staring and I smiled.

He laughed. “You want to take a picture?”

“Trust me, the image of you is seared into my mind,” I responded.

“Ooh, when did you get so smooth?” he asked, stepping out of his pants.

“I’ve always been this smooth.” I smiled sweetly before he was crawling onto the bed toward me, silent as he stared into my eyes and got to work removing my shorts over my hips.

I bit my bottom lip and reached for his face as he moved to settle the warmth of his body between my legs.

I felt his hardness against my thighs, and it felt right, like it belonged there. This whole moment felt special, and I found myself thinking about how there must be something about the one you lost your virginity to after all. This felt like we were making love even though we hadn't started yet, and it was ridiculous to even think that far after just a few days, but I wasn't sure how else to describe the sense of calm and peace that settled over my body, feeling safe with him.

He gripped my hips and pulled me lower so that he could line up with me, and I locked eyes with his glacier blues as he slipped inside me. We both shuddered as I felt him stretching my walls, moving against my nerve endings. I wrapped my legs around him as if encouraging him to not pull out again until we were both satiated.

His pulses were rhythmic, and he only broke eye contact to kiss me as his pumps grew a little faster and just hard enough to keep me in a state of ecstasy while surrounding me with comfort. I could have him inside me forever like this and I'd never have another complaint again. We were brought to our releases quicker than usual and I fell asleep holding him as he dozed on my chest. Only to wake up again like the morning after our first night with his hardness pressed up against my back.

This time, I knew what it was and backed into it, waking him up. He moaned and laughed, pulling me toward him and

burying his sweet prickly beard against my neck. I giggled. It was dark in my room now which meant our bodies must have been spent and we'd been asleep for a couple of hours.

“Ready to go again?” he asked, and I nodded. When he brought his fingers to my center he groaned. “Oh, you are ready,” he said, pleased.

I moaned and rubbed my bottom against him. He lifted my leg and rested his legs in between mine before I could feel his hardness breaching me. My phone started blaring and dancing again on my nightstand. Okay, this was too reminiscent of the first time. I groaned, reaching for it, about to put it on silent when I saw a message come in from Anthony.

I opened it up and gasped at the context, flying to sit up in the bed.

“What is it?” Mario asked in shock, flying up with me.

“Jared is being investigated for sexual harassment because of me.” I turned to look at Mario, wide-eyed.

“What?” he asked, concern wrinkling his forehead.

“They saw me run from his office in tears,” I said, showing him the message that Anthony sent, explaining everything. “Shit, this is so bad!”

I hopped out of bed and started to search for something to throw on. “Where are you going?” Mario asked.

“To fix this. As much of an asshole as Jared Crawford is, I can't just sit around and have him charged for something he wasn't guilty of. Just because we both made a mistake that I

vow will *never* happen again, it doesn't mean he has to suffer for it."

"I'll come with you." Mario jumped out of the bed and got dressed again and we both rushed to the office where I burst into the building and asked where I could find Jared.

Mario and I were both a nervous wreck in the elevator, tapping our feet, wondering how long it was going to take before I was rushing off the floor and bursting into a meeting room where all the partners and Jared gathered. He turned to look at me in shock and a hint of worry wrinkling his face. Shame on him for thinking he had anything to worry about. He just couldn't accept the fact that I wasn't who he thought I was. I cut my eyes away from his and turned to face the room.

Everyone stared at me with their mouths wide open. Some people looked at me with pity. I couldn't stand it and rushed to speak.

"I'd like to clear up any rumors going around that Jared Crawford sexually harassed me. Jared Crawford and I have never been involved in anything sexual. The only reason I ran out of there crying is because Jared fired me. I didn't see it coming. I felt blindsided, but he found a legitimate reason to let me go so he did. I felt like a failure and ran out of there crying. That's all it was. Please don't let this man suffer because of a misunderstanding. I might not be able to stand the man, but he shouldn't be held guilty for something that he didn't do."

With that, I left the building without a backward glance, going back to my apartment with Mario to finish what we started.

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With a penchant for a nice glass of red and a good steamy story, Carmen Black can usually be found either writing at her computer or snuggled under a blanket as she binges one of her favorite TV series. Either way, her four-legged fur babies, Crash and Chloe, are always by her side as she crafts wicked tales of unconventional love.