



*My* VALENTINE

A DIRTY BOSS ROMANCE

C . M . S T E E L E

My Valentine

A Dirty Boss Romance

Book Four

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## Valentine

I'd been working nearly a year in my position when I'd been unceremoniously bumped up to the secretary for the boss upstairs. Unfortunately, I had two problems with that; his employees were notorious for dropping like flies, quitting, or getting fired, and I didn't want either to happen. Second, he set off emotions I thought were only in books. My heart couldn't handle being around the man, and now I was forced to be in his presence every day.

## Wyatt

A gift and a torment. Valentine was the perfect person to replace my last office assistant, but I didn't know if I could tolerate being around her safely. She unlocked something I've kept hidden away for my entire existence. Since I lost my parents, I hadn't let a soul into my life, but Valentine might have broken down that barrier. It was just a shame she was my employee now.

# Chapter One

## Valentine

The HR manager, Agnes Fletcher, approaches my desk with a smile. She never smiles, which makes me nervous. I smile back like I would for everyone that walks through the office doors because it's my job. *What is she up to?*

It's the last day before the offices close for the Christmas and New Year's holiday break. With government and public offices closed or with limited hours, the law firm decided to close for the holiday break. We'll have a full week of time paid time off since the holidays fall on the weekend.

Agnes leans on my reception desk, folding her arms and grinning from ear to ear. "Valentine, I have great news for you. After the holiday break, you're moving upstairs to the big boss's offices."

"What?" I shoot back in my rolling chair, hitting the wall about six feet behind my desk. My face falls, but I quickly mask it.

"I know. It's huge." Huge, all right. I brush loose strands of my hair behind my ear, taking a calming breath while scooting my chair back under my desk. Huge is an understatement. King size is more like it.

Working for Wyatt King isn't for the faint of heart or those with thin skin. He's a tough man dedicated to his career and the law, living at the office more than at his home. He

expects the best from his employees, which forces his underlings to flee for less intense positions.

Mr. King still has a couple of law clerks who love the law and work just as hard, but it seems his latest receptionist has fled. “Why do you need me up there?”

Agnes sighs, losing her smile briefly. “His latest receptionist quit this week, and we need someone to replace her. You were the recommendation.”

“What about down here?” If I’m going upstairs, who would take my position? Am I that dispensable?

She stands straight and waves her hand dismissively. “We can call the temp agency we use from time to time. In fact, I have to do that as soon as I head back to my office, just in case they can’t get someone in time.”

“What if they can’t get someone to replace me?” I ask, hating to leave the team without all the help I provide daily. It’s not like I’m invaluable, but I’m still an integral part of the organization.

She smiles and shakes her head, tapping her hand flatly on my desk. “Mr. King’s office needs a proper receptionist, and you’re great at your job, so you’re being bumped up. They will just have to do without you down here.”

“Um... okay.” This is a positive step and I should see it as such, but I know there’s a chance of getting canned, or worse, showcasing that I can’t handle the pressure. Mr. King is one of the city’s most intelligent, hardworking, and fiercest lawyers. He wins cases easily, or so it seems, but those who work here know his dedication and effort make it happen.

“Don’t worry. Nothing really changes except that you’ll be working on the top floor. It has fewer visitors and more calls than this floor.” As the big dogs, they don’t have time to be checking voicemails all day or letting calls go unanswered, so they need someone to handle that task all the time.

“I suppose that’s a good thing.” There can be some seriously annoying people that appear at my desk on the regular, like the delivery drivers who enjoy flirting with me. Well, only one in particular. I haven’t reported it or anything because it’s extremely causal, but it’s clear that I’m not interested in him, and he doesn’t seem to get the hint at all.

At least all deliveries for Mr. King’s office are routed from this floor and then delivered upstairs by Jason. You’d think it would be beneath him as one of the law clerks for an associate attorney, but he goes up there for meetings almost daily anyway, so it’s not a big deal.

“Yes. Mr. King doesn’t like people in his sanctuary just in case any private information is shared.” That’s why Jason does it instead of someone like me. Although it seems now, I’ve been brought into the inner sanctum. I’m afraid I don’t want to be there.

“Understood.” I try to put on a cheerful smile. Still, I can see my reflection in the glass doors that separate the reception area from the elevators, and my expression is more of a grimace.

“Relax. I promise they’ll love you up there if you keep doing the great work you already do.”



“So, when does this all take place?” I’m hoping there’s going to be a transition period, but I doubt it.

“The first day we’re all get back in the office.” As I expected, no transition time.

“Is there anything you need me to do today to close up shop here?” I have a million questions, and I’m sure I’ll forget half of them before she makes her escape.

“Talk to your bosses here and then meet with me on Monday because there are a few things we have to fill out. It’s nothing much, but it’s different working for Mr. King than others.”

“I understand.” His team is a lot more hands-on. Everything has to be done seamlessly, which means he doesn’t have time to play games with employees. NDAs and things like that have to be signed on top of the standard employee contracts.

“Good. So, I’ll leave you to your day. Have a fabulous Christmas and New Year.” She leaves with an extra pep in her step, like a weight has been lifted off her shoulders. Unfortunately, it’s been dumped on mine. She enters the elevator, turning to smile at me once more before the door closes, and I can’t help but smile back in all politeness when all I want to do is frown.

Working alongside Wyatt King isn’t something I’m prepared to do. He’s an enigma. Handsome, smart, unsociable, gruff, almost scary, and yet, we’ve only crossed paths three times in the almost one year that I’ve worked here and each time it was at a distance. I saw him, but he never saw me. Each instance, I felt my heart race out of control. It’s no wonder he

wins so many court cases. Many people probably can't even speak properly in his presence.

Throughout the day, I get downcast looks from my team, who aren't pleased about me leaving, but they know there's nothing they can do about the promotion for me. Hell, it's not like I applied to be moved upward.

"We're going to miss your excellent skills down here, but King's going to love you up there if he's even capable of that emotion," said Mr. Powell, the associate attorney. He's been here the longest and has known the boss for as long.

"Well, he'll be pleased—at best," Jason chuckles. They all laugh at the boss's expense. A part of me feels upset on his behalf even though I know he's completely uptight and everything they're saying is truthful.

Still, there's something in my gut that twists when I think about Wyatt King, an ache that keeps me up at night—longing.

When the workday ends, several of us walk toward the train station together and then part ways as we wait for our different lines. I pull out my book from my bag and start reading to forget the stress.

As soon as I get home, I call my best friend, Petra who always makes time for my calls. "Hello, my bestie. Are you joining us soon?"

"Yes. Tomorrow." I can't wait to hang out with her and her loving husband. They're a boatload of fun.

"We'll have a driver pick you up."

“Awesome. I could use it instead of taking the train. Today was rough.” My complaint doesn’t go unnoticed by my bestie.

“Oh no. What happened?”

“I didn’t have time to talk to you, but they’re moving me up to the big boss’s floor as the office assistant.”

“Are you serious? That’s huge.” I can hear the excitement in her voice, but she doesn’t know the details about the tyrant Mr. King.

“Yes, but the boss can be difficult.”

“Well, difficult can be fun.” She giggles, and then I hear Jack growling next to her. I can just picture her wagging her eyebrows while staring at her husband slash boss. “Take it easy, and I’ll see you tomorrow. We’re hanging out all this week, and we’re celebrating New Year’s Eve together. Don’t try to get out of it,” she scolds me.

I roll my eyes. “Yes, Mom.”

“How dare you,” she gasps and then giggles. My parents and I haven’t gotten along in years and they cut me off for being friends with Petra. When Petra married Jack, they tried to come back into my life, but I shunned them like they did us.

“Sorry, but I’ll still be there.”

“Good. I’m sure Jack will have some hot guys for you to meet.”

“The fuck I will.” Now, that makes me laugh.

“Just come on. I’m sure Julien will have friends for you to meet.” I roll my eyes because Jack continues to growl, and Petra laughs. She loves to rile him up because he’s going to go all caveman in the bedroom or whatever room he can get her alone in.

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My holiday break flew by in a flash. We traveled, ate delicious food and hung out with friends, celebrating the holidays like we had never before. I enjoyed the holiday, but it was over and the coach had turned back into a pumpkin and my nose was back to the grindstone.

Although I would have to say that my Christmas present was the best I’d ever gotten and too lavish. A new car. I’d never owned a vehicle before and now I had one to get to and from work which was nice, but it wouldn’t be coming in until next week. For now I’ll be taking the train which is fine because I’m not sure I’m ready to drive through the snow. Still I was just happy to be with my favorite people.

Of course hanging out with my favorite people in the entire world made the time fly and yes, Julien and Jack had plenty of friends for me to meet, but I hadn’t given any of them more than five minutes of my time because my mind kept going straight to Wyatt King and what today would bring.

Would he see me and feel the instant attraction that floods my bones every time I see him, or would he just treat me like every other employee and work me to the bone until I quit?

Only time would tell.

My hands were shaking as I made my way off the train. It wasn't the icy cold of January, but rather the nervousness of being Wyatt King's office assistant that had them quivering. Working for him wasn't a simple task, and I'm not sure I'm up for it. Not that I'd been given a choice in the matter.

As I reach the ten-story building entrance, a harsh wind burns my skin and I wish I'd worn a scarf. My cheeks are going to be flush all day now.

I barely make it through the revolving doors when I'm met by an exasperated Agnes. "There you are. We need to get upstairs quickly." She grabs my bicep and quickly ushers me to the bank of elevators off to the side of the security desk with no more explanation.

She jabs the button to the top floor like it will make it go any faster. The doors finally shut, and we rode up. It was a brief trip, but every time I was about to speak she'd mutter something to herself, so I'd bite my tongue.

Seriously, what the hell was going on today?

We barely step off the elevator to flat ground when she drags me through the glass doors to a woman I've seen before but never met. She quickly introduces me to a buttoned-up woman in her mid-thirties to late thirties as Ms. Glenda Dalton.

Ms. Dalton presses her hand to my shoulder, leading me down the corridor, leaving Agnes behind who is already making her way out to the elevators as fast as she can. "Ms. Perneti, Mr. King is at the courthouse today and won't be in until this evening, so we have a few hours to prepare

everything.” A few hours? A whole workday is more like it. “He’s a busy man and has a full caseload this month. Unfortunately, his law clerk quit joining a less fast-paced firm this morning. You and I will be putting together the required case files, including any necessary affidavits, transcripts, and statutes pertaining to the case.”

Outside the double doors, I pause. “Ms. Dalton, I’m not prepared to be a law clerk. I came here as an office assistant to Mr. King.”

She smiles, shrugs her shoulders, and then opens the doors to the large library area. “Yes, well.... things change. Consider this your crash course; you’re now Mr. King’s office assistant with temporary needs elsewhere. Set your coat and things down there for now.”

I came to answer phones, sort mail, smile, serve coffee, and be the little helper, not all these extra, advanced tasks they handle. It’s bad enough that I was already jumping up a level or two with this group versus my team downstairs. Now I’m forced to take on tasks that I’d never attempted before.

I’m overwhelmed with the amount of self-doubt that floods me, but she looks me in the face. “You are able to read and alphabetize, correct?”

“Of course,” I bite out, annoyed and frustrated by this turn of events and her snarky tone.

“Then relax; I’ll ease you into what needs to be done.” I take a deep breath and listen to her instructions, and like she said, she does just that.

When I prove myself after the first thirty minutes, I relax and gain more confidence. Perhaps this job won't be as difficult as I'd presumed.

We spend almost all day and into the late afternoon working without taking a break. Even two other clerks, Jason Maxwell and Tom Johnson come upstairs to lend a hand. They worked with me downstairs.

We've been busting out butts, and I haven't had more than a bottle of water all day. I'm exhausted and hungry. All I can think about is sinking my teeth into a giant, greasy cheeseburger until the sharp footsteps click through the marble tiles and into the conference room.

"Mr. King," Ms. Dalton gasps. I lift my head to find this six-foot-two beast of a man in all black, looking extremely fierce. Dark eyelashes highlight his killer gray eyes, screaming dangerous predator with just a gaze. His hair is a dark brown, almost black, with hints of gray streaks coming in on the sides. I swallow hard and look around, wondering if anyone can hear the sound my throat made. When our eyes meet for just a moment, I know he did.

I can't believe this is my boss.

*I'm in trouble.*

# Chapter Two

## Wyatt

A broken water main in the area shut down the courthouse for the remainder of the day which was perfect for me since the piece of shit law clerk who had just six months under his belt with my firm left earlier than the two weeks he was supposed to give me. I'd received an email this morning, but I hadn't had a moment to deal with the matter.

Unfortunately, I have a new employee starting today, so there's enough chaos going on that I might not get a lot done.

When I arrived at the office, I didn't find my new office assistant at her desk ready to greet me like I was any other client entering the lobby. It pissed me off more than a bubbly personality. In fact, her desk was completely empty and there were no signs that she had even been there. I wanted to fire her already.

Snarling, I drop off my coat and briefcase in my office before I hunt down my last remaining law clerk to figure out what's going on. I hear commotion in the reference room, so I enter and find several employees leaning over the table combing through documents and reference materials.

It almost looks like a massive cram session or a shredding party. Neither are the case, although there is just one damn problem with the scene in front of me. Hell, if I'm truthful, I have a lot to say about the sight in front of me.



“What’s going on here, Ms. Dalton?” The question is curt and pointed because my brain has suddenly short-circuited. Four sets of eyes are on me, but there is only one pair that gains my complete attention. They’re extremely gorgeous and full of awe at this moment.

“Mr. Smolinsky left for Finch & Morris this morning, so we’re cleaning up his mess.” Ms. Dalton speaks, breaking my concentration on the newest addition to my team. Her voice picks up almost an entire octave as if she’s scared of me. She should be because my mood has suddenly become erratic. My brand-new employee shouldn’t be hunched over papers.

“Did he?” I ask as if I wasn’t already aware of the situation. My eyes linger on my sudden obsession, scowling and then looking down at the papers on the desk. She follows my gaze, that’s focused on her unbuttoned blouse. Her plump breasts are nearly on display for Jason Maxwell to see. His line of sight is aimed directly in her direction.

“Maxwell, Johnson, see yourselves down to your offices now. I need to have a word with Ms. Dalton in private.” They quickly depart with their tails between their legs as they should because I’m a step away from firing them for ogling her.

“You.” I then glare at my new employee. My emotions were a riotous mix of anger and jealousy. “Fix your blouse and sit right there until I return.”

She blushes harder with embarrassment than the one already on her flushed face. I turn on my heel, quickly exiting as Ms. Dalton follows me out and into the conference room

across the hall. When I close the door, I say, “If you’re looking for brownie points, this isn’t the way to get them.”

“Work needed to be done,” she insists, daring to argue.

“Nothing was that urgent that it needed four employees, including my newest employee who has other tasks as well as two other lawyers’ clerks. If you and Smolinsky had done your job, we wouldn’t be in a rush. I don’t have another trial until next week and I have everything for this case unless something else should pop up unexpectedly.” My temples throb with the mounting irritation.

“I just wanted to make sure we weren’t set behind and the guys offered to help. They know Valentine, so they wanted to help her on her first day up here.” Those fuckers want to bed her that’s why they were eager to lend a hand. Those assholes couldn’t go a day without seeing her.

“I bet. Now, go get that shit cleaned up while I deal with Ms. Perneti.” I leave without another word.

I return to the reference room to find the beautiful assistant smiling down at her phone and typing away. A growl comes from my throat and I don’t even recognize the sound myself. Her eyes shoot upward to me standing in the doorway. “Ms. Perneti,” I snarl. “Please come into my office.”

She stands and I turn to avoid taking a second glance at her sexy legs. My dick is so hard I could cut glass with this fucker, so I walk ahead. The entire way to my office is painful, but I manage to get there without grunting.

“Take a seat,” I say, letting her move past me. While I close the door, I take that second to adjust my cock before

walking to my side of the desk and taking a seat in my favorite leather chair. “Ms. Dalton informs me that she put you in a very awkward position this morning and you have responded quite well, given your inexperience.” She didn’t say all that, but she didn’t kick her out of the room, so she must have been doing a good job.

“I’d say so,” she huffs, sounding annoyed.

“Still, I must stress to you the importance of not using your cell phone for non-work-related matters in the office when you’re on company time.” I point to the device in her hand that still has my teeth on edge.

“Sorry, sir. I hadn’t had lunch or a break.”

I check my watch, growing angrier at my law clerk by the second. “What time did you start today?” I ask, eyebrows furrowing.

“I arrived at seven thirty-four, according to security.”

“It’s after four.”

She practically rolls her eyes at me. “Exactly. I’m a bit tired and hungry. I get this is probably normal for you all, but us average people aren’t used to working to the bone without eating.”

“Ms. Perneti, all employees should still take a few minutes to break away from the assignment and clear their heads at the very least. I know that Ms. Dalton can be a bit anxious, and yes, today was an unusually chaotic day, but you should have eaten. Let us go to the conference room and continue to go over your duties while I have dinner brought up.”

“How long will we be here?” she asks, probably having enough. For Powell she never had to stay past five and as much as I’d hate to admit it, she doesn’t have to stay late here either.

“I will be here all night. You will be going home after you eat.” The thought of our time together being so short makes me miserable. “And before you ask, the company will pay for the food.”

“I could go home and eat,” she offers, annoying me. If she thinks I’m going to let her get away from me so soon she’s out of her mind.

I stand and walk around my desk, straight toward the door, not giving her another chance to debate with me. And another chance for me to breathe in her floral scent that’s driving me wild with every single inhale. “I said you will go home after you eat dinner. Will Chinese do?”

“Yes. I’d love that.” She smiles, and it’s like a shot in the chest. This woman has become my undoing, and we’ve only just met.

“Good. There’s a menu for a place we prefer in the kitchen. Also, grab a snack while you’re in there. Don’t let me hear that you haven’t eaten again.”

As a lawyer, I can read people and I know, I make her uneasy, but I do that to everyone. Although it’s only her first day, her unease could be that or perhaps she can feel the energy between us. Does she feel this sexual charge like I do? I shouldn’t even be considering that line of thinking, but I am.

“Um... where is the kitchen?” Fuck, I’m her boss. I close my eyes and pinch the bridge of my nose to get myself and this raging lust under control. I want to bend her over stuff my cock deep inside of her, but I can’t. “Never mind, I’ll find it.”

“No, I’ll show you.” I stay in front of her so she can’t accidentally get a glimpse of my bulge ready to burst from my slacks and I can’t get a shot of her round ass. We enter the kitchen and find Ms. Dalton is standing there on her phone with a cup of coffee in the Keurig.

“Oh, here is your coffee, sir,” she blurts out.

“I don’t want any coffee. Order the usual from our Chinese place and whatever Ms. Perneti wants.” I don’t have the capability for niceties at the moment. My body has run out of blood for thought and patience for strength. Storming from the room without another word so that my cock could calm down and I could readjust the hard bastard, I leave the ladies alone which might not be the best idea. I just reprimanded Ms. Dalton and if she’s already pushed out my other assistants, Ms. Perneti won’t be far behind.

I turn back and catch the edge of their conversation.

“You two... are...” Ms. Perneti asks.

“Heaven’s no. The man is made of freaking stone. I don’t think he has feelings.” Not for you, but I just discovered them for a beautiful brunette with big doe eyes and an hourglass figure.

“I’m sure he does, but....”

“They’re not meant to be discussed in the office, ladies. Now, please get your snacks and order the food so we can get back to work,” I say, ducking my head into the kitchen doorway, startling my woman.

“Yes, sir,” Ms. Dalton answers like she should and then I leave again to grab my briefcase and laptop, setting it down in the conference room before checking on the women.

“Ms. Perneti. I don’t see anything in your hands, so I’m assuming that you have either eaten in a rush or don’t follow directions well.”

She raises her pretty, perfectly sculpted eyebrow at me with a bit of sass. “I follow directions quite well. However, you were gone a total of a minute, and I was giving Ms. Dalton my order and apologizing for getting her in trouble.”

“Do you always just speak your mind?” I questioned, wanting to know if I’m going to have to punish her. Instantly the thought of bending her over my desk and flipping up her skirt while my hand makes contact with her ass comes to mind.

“Yep. My friend and I have a policy to do just that. Now, this orange is too messy, so it will have to be this banana.” She isn’t going to torture me like that so pointedly, is she? Is she aware of the effect she has on me?

Looking me directly in the eye, she bites down on the banana. Fuck, she’s a brat, and I love it. Shaking my head, I can’t hide my amusement and leave the room.

I work in my office until the food comes because I’m not sure I can be around her without slamming her against the

table and breeding her. It's insane how she flipped a switch in me and I have to try to turn it back off. I'm her employer and it would be completely unethical.

We all eat as we discuss the projects. Most of the conversation seems to go over Valentine's head. In my head she's Valentine, even though I have to call her by her last name. For my entire career, I've always maintained a professional manner, referring to employees by their last name for propriety. First names breeds familiarity and that leads to scandals and potential lawsuits. One of my bosses, when I first started, had that problem, although he was trying to screw his law clerks all the time.

As Ms. Dalton brings up the murder case I'm working on right now, I remember to remind Valentine that everything said in here is confidential. "Everything here is protected speech, Ms. Perneti."

"Yes, I'm aware of that. Although, I haven't been to Human Resources to fill out any paperwork." I turn pale and then red. It was supposed to be done immediately.

"What the hell? Do I have to do everything myself?" I reach over and press the phone on the conference table, dialing HR immediately before they leave for the day.

"Agnes Fletcher speaking."

"Ms. Fletcher, why hasn't Ms. Perneti received her employment documents, including the confidentiality forms?" I snarl into the speakerphone.

"I sent them up this morning to be filled out and submitted to me by the end of the day, Mr. King. They're on

the lobby registration desk.”

I jump out of my seat and head over to the reception desk, and there it is. A packet labeled with Ms. Perneti’s name on it and a note to be filled out by the end of the day. I storm back into the room and set them down in front of her. As I do, I create a breeze and her scent hits me again, making me hard as fucking stone and doubly angry. With a less than polite tone, I inform her, “If you’d actually made it to your desk today instead of working on this project, you’d have gotten these. I’m sorry. You can’t leave until these are completed.”

“That’s fine.”



# Chapter Three

## Valentine

Holy shit.

Day one was done, and I'd felt like I'd just been on the most brutal rollercoaster of a lifetime and then had hit a water slide right after. And now I have to go back for a repeat tomorrow.

The icy cold of the dark winter hits me, reminding me that I'm not even home yet. I groan, waiting to get to my apartment so I can relax. The train shows up just as I reach the platform which will make the trip home mercifully fast. I take a seat off in the corner all alone. It's already six-thirty, and I caught a semi-empty car, which is pretty nice and rare. I suppose leaving later has its perks. Thinking about it, I'd almost worked a twelve-hour day.

The best and worst part of the day and had been the same thing... *Mr. King*.

How am I supposed to work with a man who makes me want to scream and kiss him simultaneously? I feel like I'm about a step away from getting fired if I open my mouth because he doesn't take shit from anyone. Yet, he took it from me. In fact, he nearly laughed at my antics.

Tall, dark, and handsome describe my boss. He's everything I've ever read about in books, and I want him. Of course, I know he's a grumpy ass who doesn't like people, demands more than most people are capable of handling, but I

still wanted to crawl up his robust frame and beg him to possess me.

Ms. Dalton on the other hand bothers me in a different way. She pushes and pulls. One minute she's super nice and the next she's insanely bitchy and bossy. I find her to be a perfectionist who makes mistakes constantly. Each one she tried to put on me during our brief time working together today. Tom mentioned it once to her, and she bit his head off. I'm wondering if it wasn't just the boss that sent the assistant running out the door.

Once I get off the train, I head down the street toward my apartment and climb the stairs ready to just chill on my sofa and veg out with a good book or maybe a TV show. My butt barely hits the sofa and my feet onto the coffee table when my phone rings. I answer for my best friend even though I know she has a million and one questions about today. "Absolute shit show," I answered.

"The ride home?" his deep voice asks.

"Mr. King," I gasp, pussy throbbing while my heart races.

"Tomorrow, I'll be in court, and unfortunately we didn't get a chance to go over your schedule and duties. I don't want you handling Ms. Dalton's work. You've been hired for other matters that also needed your attention. Before I leave, I'll put a list on your desk for you to work on. I know that you were only under the guidance of the staff at the office, but I'm telling you, as your boss, to do as you are told by me—only. Do you understand me, Ms. Perneti?" I slam my thighs closed so hard that I create a slapping sound, praying these phones

are as noise canceling as they claim because I swear my pussy is making noises that he shouldn't hear.

“Yes, Mr. King.” I swear I practically purr his name like a bitch in heat.

Did he just grunt?

“Good. Now get some sleep,” he commanded in a deep voice that only sounds more intense over the phone.

“Yes, sir.” I end the call and sigh, setting the phone on the sofa while my heart nearly jumps out of my chest. I start to press the heel of my palm on my mound, aching to relieve the throbbing between my legs. Whimpering, I know that I need more, like Mr. King with his face right between my thighs, eating me while giving me commands to come just for him. My entire body throbs with arousal and I need relief.

My phone rings again, startling me off the couch. I fall on my ass, laughing as I try to get my act together. I miss Petra's call, so I call her back.

“Tell me all about it.” There's no hesitation.

“It was fun....” My voice trails off.

“Uh oh. What happened?” I explained the whole day to her, leaving out the call right now because I can't explain the rush of possessiveness I have. It's my private call, even if it was just business.

“Remember, Jack could hire you any time you want. It's not like you wouldn't fit in perfectly here and he pays really well.” That's an excellent offer and if I get canned, I'll totally go there for work, but until then I want to see Wyatt King as much as I can.

“Thanks, but I’ll stick this one out.”

“Just let me know if you need anything.” What would I do without her? She’s always been my friend even after she married that obsessed husband of hers who took up the majority of her time.

“I will. Love you, girlie.”

“Love you, back.”

After the call, I sit with little Harry perched on my lap, who is looking at me as if I forgot something, so I reach out and pet him. Suddenly, his prissiness stops. “You’re just like my new boss. Give him what he wants, and his attitude disappears. I wonder if he likes to be stroked.” Immediately I’m worked up again.

Mr. King is going to drive me insane, and his next call does just that.

# Chapter Four

## Wyatt

The second the phone went silent, I slid my hand over the bulge in my slacks, rubbing the fullness that had been begging for attention since I crossed paths with Ms. Valentine Perneti today.

My eyes shut, trying to absorb the sound of her voice over the phone and commit it to memory because that's the only satisfaction I'll allow myself. No way will I violate any ethics and toss my career away to bend my new assistant over my desk and drill her to the surface while she gives me attitude. Hell, she could be submissive as fuck and I'd still want to slide into her warmth.

The moment I stepped off the elevator this afternoon, I felt a shift in me. It was as if Valentine's scent had permeated my brain and registered in my veins before I met her. When I opened the door, she was bent over the table, looking like a honey pot meant to destroy strong-willed men, and I fought all my natural instincts to claim what should instantly be mine.

How in the almost year that she'd been at my firm had I not met her? Yes, I'd spent a great deal of time in court and with clients, so a chance encounter was unlikely, but still, I missed out on seeing her beautiful face.

Maxwell's eyes needed to be plucked from his head; if I could have, I would have grabbed my penknife and done just

that. How dare he peek at her voluptuous breasts that were made for our future children and me?

I stopped myself there; my lust halted with that thought as if it I was hit with icy cold water. Since when have I ever considered having kids? I'd always believed it would be a cold day in hell before I let that happen. Shaking that off, I get back to work, making a list of things I want her to handle.

My talk with Ms. Dalton had been clear that I'm still the boss. Apparently, I was masterful in the courtroom, but my office was in shambles. I had a great deal of work to do with regards to organizing my staff. It's one thing to have incredible skills in the courtroom; it's another to manage a group of office employees, especially when I'm never in the office.

She'd been the head law clerk and senior employee of mine on this floor. Although that didn't mean much because I had a high turnover rate. I'm aware of what that says about me and it was time to rectify that matter after I straightened out my department head.

Ms. Dalton was on her way out as well. If she thought I wasn't aware of her attempts to sabotage the last three assistants in ways that forced them to quit, I wasn't blind. Her motivation wasn't clear yet, but I needed to find out before she ruined my firm.

Intentionally, I offloaded my cases to my junior partners, wanting them to succeed and to limit needing staff I can't rely on, so that I could get a handle on things in the office.

It was already nine when I decided to call it a night because I have a big day in the courtroom. It should be a slam

dunk case, but you never know if there's some last-minute bullshit the other side will toss out and if the judge will entertain it.

As I go to turn out the lights in my office, I hear heels clicking softly in the distance, so I stop my movements and make sure to slink down the hall. There were only two people that should be upstairs and I doubt Valentine would come back.

It's pitch black which makes it all the more suspicious. Flicking on the lights, I find Ms. Dalton digging into Ms. Perneti's drawer. "What's going on?" I ask, sending her jumping and tossing some files in the air.

"I was just looking for some staples." She looks so guilty, I know she's lying.

"Here's the stapler right here." I hand it to her, but I know that's not what she's doing. "Although I'm not sure why you'd be in that drawer because your office is down the hall, and the supply room is next to it."

"I was on my way out." It's the first week of January in Chicago, twenty degrees out, and she doesn't have a single bit of outerwear in the area, so who the fuck does she think she's lying to?

Still, I play obtuse and say, "Okay. Well, I'm locking up, so hurry. I have a big day tomorrow." She scurries to her office with the stapler in hand and I'm assuming not what she was digging for. Unwilling to leave her alone, I wait with her and escort her to the parking garage. As soon as I leave the office with Ms. Dalton and she heads to her vehicle, I call security.

“Do me a favor, Rogers.” Sam Rogers is a trusted member of the team and has been with the firm since I bought this building.

“Whatever you need, sir.”

“Please check the receptionist desk on my floor. I want it scrubbed from head to toe with anything suspicious.”

“Yes, sir.”

I don’t get all the way home when he calls me back.

“Sir, we found several grams of cocaine.”

“What?”

“Okay. Pull the surveillance from my reception area for the last hour I was in the office.”

“Yes, sir.”

“And Ms. Dalton will need her ID card suspended until further notice. If she arrives tomorrow, send her home. I’ll deal with her.”

“I will. What do you want me to do with this?”

“Seal it and put it in an evidence bag. As much as I don’t want to report it, I might have to if things go south in a few minutes.”

“Yes, Mr. King.”

As I walk into my condo, I set up the recorded line and call my law clerk. She knows this line is recorded, so she picks up, thinking it’s probably a work question. “Yes, Mr. King.”

“Ms. Dalton. I’ll give you one opportunity to tell me why you put the drugs in Ms. Perneti’s drawer.”



“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Are you really going to play this game with me?”

“I swear I didn’t put them in there.”

“Well, security is running the footage from the lobby as we speak. So, this is your last chance.”

“I didn’t put them there, but they’re mine. Jason brought it up for me. It’s been very stressful, and it helps me work faster.” This explains her working like a damn psycho, forgetting that people need breaks.

“I’m sorry, but I will have to terminate you.”

“You need me.”

“I don’t need a wasted employee. Your behavior was already showing signs of deteriorating for months. I’m sorry, but I will pay for you to go to a treatment center.”

“I don’t need your damn treatment, you asshole.” Her tone changes quickly.

“Well, be that as it may. I will be in the office Wednesday, and you can retrieve your belongings then.”

I ended the call, feeling guilty for letting her get so far without noticing the symptoms. She’d been a decent employee, but I saw the decline and didn’t bother to look deeper. Still, I have a firm to run, and I can’t have coked-out employees breaking the law. I called Rogers again and checked on the footage.

“How’s it going?”

“The only thing I have is Ms. Dalton going into the drawer just before you come out of the office. She looks

insanely nervous and looking around.”

“Yes, I’ve informed her that she’s been terminated, and I will deal with the matter with HR. Also, can you pull the ID cards and find when Jason Maxwell entered my floor? I want to know his time stamp because I’ll need footage from that time.”

I can hear him clicking as a migraine builds in my temples. This day hadn’t gone anyway I’d planned, but that’s how life works, and you have to work around it. “He didn’t use his card on your floor today, but Tom Johnson scanned in at one this afternoon.”

“Pull that footage. They were upstairs together when I arrived this afternoon. Tom could have just used his badge to get into the office.”

“Do you want me to call you back when I have it?”

“Yes.” I hung up the call and went into my bedroom to strip out of my clothes. The day has worn me out. Court had been easier than a trip to the office had been. Who would have imagined that?

First, I see a creature so sensual who should be mine, then find that we’re starving her while working her to the bone. If that wasn’t enough, my favorite law clerk is doping up with another law clerk. The scandal could be huge for the firm, so we have to handle this discreetly. However, I can’t say how Ms. Dalton will act with discretion. Immediately, Valentine’s safety comes to mind, and I decide it’s best to call her back.

“Hello,” Valentine answers with a soft, sleepy tone. I’m glad she finally followed my directions and went to bed.

Granted, it has been hours since I've spoken to her.

“Ms. Perneti, please wait until Thursday to return to the office.”

“Did I do something wrong?” I hate the crushing sound in her voice, as if this is a punishment. Not seeing her for two days feels like a damn punishment, but it has nothing to do with her except to keep her safe.

“No, I just will not be there to guide you, and I'd prefer that you take direction straight from me.”

“Yes, sir.”

“I'm sorry to have called so late. Goodnight again.”

“Goodnight, Mr. King,” she says with a sleepy sigh.

Now that's a sound I can fall asleep to, except she'd be wrapped up in my arms with her head pressed against my chest.

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Thursday morning comes, and I'm impatiently waiting for Valentine to arrive. No, I must remember her name is Ms. Perneti. I can't let this hunger free. After everything that has happened in the past sixty hours, I can't afford to lose her as an employee. The media has already learned of the firing of both employees, although no details were released.

Maxwell didn't give me a hard time. Instead, he quickly disappeared to avoid prosecution for distribution, but the DA has no intention of filing charges without hard evidence and it's not clear what he put in the drawer.

Next month we'll be doing a mandatory drug test for every employee because I refuse to have this happen again, but I want to have some extra employees under my belt before I go ahead and dump more. It would seem cold and callous, but I have to think about the clients that I'm representing, and if I let my staff run around shitfaced I could easily have cases recalled for any sort of violation, especially if there's a slip of the tongue and any private information becomes public.

I caught three documents in the past month that I believed were oversights, now I know it's because she was high while working and had slipped up. Each one of those could have gotten my case thrown out, and a criminal could have been set free.

The elevator chimes as I'm putting a note on her desk with meeting notes I need drafted up this afternoon. I turn around and see her slide her card against the reader, and my heart does a flip. She's gorgeous in her large black full-length military-style trench coat with her cute knit green hat, matching scarf and gloves.

"Good morning, Mr. King." She smiles as she enters, moves right past me, and walks around the desk as if it's natural. I want her to stop and fall into my arms for a kiss like it should be.

"Good morning, Ms. Perneti. I have that document that needs typing as soon as possible. The notes for using the phone are right there, and your passwords are in that sealed envelope. I'll be in my office for the next hour. Let me know when you finish that task." I walk away in a hurry, leaving her standing there with her pretty mouth open wide. After all, I

promised to be the one to show her everything. Still, I can't do it right now because my chest feels like it's about to explode, and my slacks feel the strain of my erection pressing into the material.

She knocks on my door an hour later sheepishly.  
"Please come in, Ms. Perneti."

"Sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt. I'd call, but I'm not sure what line reaches your office."

"That's fine. I'll show you. Did you finish the assignment?"

"Yes, I have, but you didn't say if you wanted emailed or printed up, so I printed it."

"That's perfect. I need to read through it, and frankly it's better this way."

"I haven't seen Ms. Dalton today. Is she busy in her office?"

"Ms. Dalton no longer works for me. She has since been relieved of her position."

"Really?"

"Yes. Now, that's not up for office gossip."

"Who am I going to share it with when you fire everyone?" She claps her hand to her mouth.

"Well that's not the right response when I'm so quick to fire people, but I haven't fired everyone. I'm looking for a full-time law clerk and have several interviews in the next week. Please continue to do your job and don't be concerned about those matters."

“Yes, sir,” she says mouth clamped tight in annoyance. Good. She and I need to keep this a business relationship because I can’t let my feelings loose.

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Two weeks... I’m trying to hang onto my sanity, but it’s difficult. All this time I had no idea she existed and now that I do, I can’t fucking stay away from the office. My caseload isn’t any lighter than it was before, but I’m dragging it out, working longer hours the second she leaves the office for the day.

“Good morning, Mr. King. Your client will be arriving in twenty minutes. Should I prepare the coffee cart and have it brought in?”

“Yes, as per usual,” I sniped out at her accidentally. My anger should be directed at myself not at her because I’m so keyed up. It’s not her fault that I want to drag her down onto the nearest surface and fuck her until she’s too weak to stand and I don’t have an ounce of semen left in my body.

With everything going on, I held off on hiring a new law clerk and brought in a few interns for Powell, Williams, and myself. My new intern starts today which creates a protective barrier between Valentine and I, so it’s not just the two of us in the office. Hopefully, it will help me control myself.

# Chapter Five

## Valentine

“Hi, Sam,” I call out, walking into the building after a lively weekend. We had a fun time which was pretty relaxing if I didn’t miss my boss. Mr. King had been on my mind so much that I had a hard time hiding that fact from my insanely distracted best friend. After a couple of drinks, I spilled my guts that I’d fallen for my boss in just a few weeks, who was ready to toss me out on my ass for any infraction.

“Hello, Valentine. Did you have a nice weekend?” Sam asked, smiling as if I have more to tell, but unlike everyone else, I’m an innocent little flower.

“Yes. I hung out with some friends. You?” Petra and Jack were a blast; his sister brought tons of desserts to their house to taste test, making it a great weekend.

“Same thing.”

“Has Mr. King come in yet?” I asked.

“Yes,” a deep growl comes from behind me, sending a shiver right through me, hitting my pussy dead center. My back stiffens, and I straighten up.

Turning on my heel, I see my boss, who scowls as usual. I’m surprised I still have a job considering I get on his nerves every day.

“Good morning, Mr. King.” It’s been almost a month since I started working for him and it hasn’t gotten easier to be

around him without my emotions going from horny to annoyed.

“Morning, Ms. Perneti. Let’s get going before I head into court. I need some files prepared.” *Isn’t that what you have an intern for?*

“He’s working on another project at the courthouse. Next time, keep your thoughts in your head, Ms. Perneti.” He winks and moves toward the elevators while I stand there in shock, feeling like a total idiot. “Don’t stand there with your mouth open; move it.” I kick my butt into high gear and get into step with him. Once inside the elevator, he asks, “Did you have a pleasant break?”

I smiled up at him and answered, “It was a lot of fun.”

A frown forms on his chiseled face. “Good. Well, I hope you’ve come back ready to work because there’s a lot to do.” Damn, was that a loaded question?

“What’s new?” I mutter under my breath. It’s not like I haven’t done my job like a pro.

He doesn’t respond to my smart-ass remark. I don’t seem to know how to hold my tongue around him, and love pushing his buttons which could have my ass out the door at any minute.

It’s foolish and the only reason I haven’t moved out of my shitty small apartment yet. With this killer job, it came with a massive raise. I’m saving every extra penny just in case I find myself with a pink slip, even though Jack could easily hook me up with a job.



I walk to my desk while he goes to his office. Taking off my coat and hat, I hang them up in the coat closet behind me and then turn around to find him standing there, waiting impatiently. Damn, he's fast.

"Here's what I need." He hands me a list of files. I take it and read through it. It's only a handful of files that he could have easily gotten himself, but I'm sure that means he has other things to attend to before returning to the courthouse.

I get the work done quickly and set it down on his desk while he's on his phone. He nods, mouthing a *thank you* before gesturing for me to close the door behind me. I follow directions and get back to work.

Sometimes, I get the feeling that we are a team working as one, and at other moments he wants me as far away from him as humanly possible. The man drives me insane, and it's barely been a month.

Ten minutes later and he's rushing out the door, adjusting his suit jacket without the files he requested. "Sir, the files."

"I don't need them after all." I rein in my annoyance and nod, doing my best to behave since it took really no effort to do the work anyway.

He leaves and I'm back to work as usual. Two hours later an advocate for a potential client arrives to speak with Mr. King, unfortunately he won't be back for another hour and she's early. "Hello, I'm his office assistant, Ms. Perneti. Can I get you anything to drink, Ms. Phelps?"

“No, thank you. I’ll just take a seat right here and wait for him. I have a habit of arriving early. Please do continue with your work. I promise I’m fine.” I try not to be jealous at how insanely beautiful she is, but she’s gorgeous. He’ll definitely enjoy this meeting.

“Thank you. Just let me know if you need anything.” I sit back down behind my desk and work, avoiding making any calls so she can’t overhear any conversations. It’s a rule that Mr. King has so that no private information is accidentally shared.

I suppose I could set her up in the conference room if I want her isolated until Mr. King arrives, but for now it’s best to keep her where I can see her.

I’d been working for about five minutes when she sighs and then asks me a question. “So, how long have you been working for Mr. King?” She must be bored.

“I’ve been with the company for a year.” It’s a little less but that’s none of her business.

“Oh, that’s fairly new.”

“Yes, well, it’s only my second job out of school.”

“Oh that’s sweet.” She gives me a faux smile before continuing. “It must be hard working for a man like Mr. King. I hear he’s a real tough boss and demands long hours from all his employees.” I happen to think he’s great.

“He doesn’t demand anything.” This woman is getting on my nerves with her dig on Mr. King.

“Interesting...”

“Is there something I can help you with?” I know that my tone is rude and I’m liable to get reprimanded, but I don’t like her line of questioning.

“No.” She sits back down and I return to my document on my computer. If I didn’t like this woman before, I don’t like her now. She smirks and then brings out her phone, typing away. Something isn’t right.

“Let me ask you,” She looks at my nameplate before continuing. “Ms. Pernetti.”

“Yes?”

“Do you know who Mr. King is seeing?” She smiles at me like she’s trying to be my best friend, but I know a snake when I see it.

“Seeing?” I get her meaning, but I still play obtuse because I’m not interested in answering her questions.

“Yes, dating? She has to have called the office at least a couple of times.”

“Ma’am, that’s not a question that I will dignify with an answer. Now, please excuse me while I finish this email.” She huffs, angrily annoyed with my response and goes back to her chair and to typing away on her phone. I’m the one who should be angry. Her questions are invasive and I start to wonder if this is a test of my loyalty to Mr. King and the company.

With every passing second I’m growing more and more pissed off. Did he set me up? Is she here to see if I’ll break and give up some gossip that I clearly don’t have?

I take a drink of my coffee and then go back to typing a little harder on the keys. “You sound annoyed over there. Could it be that you’re upset that he has a girlfriend you didn’t know about?”

“Ma’am, your questions are what’s bothering me. I’m here to do my job, not gossip about my boss.”

“What a shame. I wonder if you two have a thing going on. Or maybe it’s just you have a crush on him.”

“Are you serious? What is with you? This is a place of business not a high school.”

“If you’re going to be rude, I’m just going to leave.” She stands and walks right out of the office. Shit. Mr. King’s will fire me for sure.

I get back to work and then as Mr. King arrives he walks in with a slightly older woman and says, “Ms. Pernetti, please bring in coffee for Ms. Phelps and myself. We’ll be in the conference room.”

“Ms. Phelps?” I pale, staring at the woman who is clearly not the same lady that just left.

“Yes. I have her scheduled for a meeting, as I’m sure you’re aware. I was a few minutes late, but she was waiting in the lobby for me.”

“Sir. When you have a moment, I need to speak with you in private.” I attempt to keep my tone neutral and give nothing away in front of the woman, but I’m afraid my emotions are written all over my face.

“After the meeting.”

“Yes, Mr. King.” I nod and then head into the kitchen to prepare the coffee cart. After I bring in the drinks, I return to my desk and nervously fidget with my hands. Sam calls my desk phone. “Valentine, have you mentioned the other Ms. Phelps that arrived for the meeting with Mr. King yet?”

“No, he said to wait until his meeting was over.”

“Well, we have gotten played. Check the link I’m sending you right now.” He sends it to my company email and I’m shocked. It’s an online column about Mr. King and myself. A candid shot of Mr. King exiting a jewelry store and a picture of me at my desk while I was working. Neither of them are suggestive until you read the article.

The woman was a reporter. I’m screwed.

Then the next thought comes into my head. Who was he really buying jewelry for?

“Damn, Sam. What are we going to do?”

“I don’t know, but he’s going to be pissed off.”

“Tell me about it. I can’t believe she said these things about me. Oh my goodness. I think I’m going to be sick.” I end the call and run to the bathroom. Throwing up from the anxiety of the lies she told. She said I was in love with my boss and that I was expecting a proposal any day now.

That evil bitch deserved a punch in the face.

By the time I returned to my desk, I’d calmed down enough to stop being sick, but I wasn’t feeling good. Although Agnes was just coming through the glass doors. “Valentine, just the person I wanted to see.”

I pale. “None of it’s true.”

“I didn’t think so.” I’m almost insulted by that, but then she adds quickly. “The man isn’t known for dating anyone. He probably went to get a watch fixed or something.”

“I swear I didn’t tell her anything personal about anyone. No matter how hard she tried. That made sense why she was so damn insistent.” I try to hold back the tears.

“Come downstairs to my office for now. I can’t let Mr. King’s client see you in tears. Okay. I’ll send him a message to call my office.” I nod and follow her down with my purse.

We work on the cameras and Agnes writes up a report to file and as we talk Mr. King storms through her office. “What the hell happened? Are you okay, Valentine, Ms. Perneti?” he corrects himself.

“It’s not true. I swear I never said anything to her. I thought she was some spy you sent in to test my loyalty and I was more annoyed so I was starting to get rude to her. Then she left angry when I wouldn’t dish out any kind of gossip. I thought I’d caused a problem with a case. This is terrible.”

“Terrible being supposedly engaged to me?” he asks.

“I don’t mean that. I mean. It’s just not true and she just... well.”

“I know what you mean, Ms. Perneti. I’m not offended.” He looked offended. I supposed I’d be offended if someone looked like a wreck to because they were rumored to be engaged to me. Although I’m more worried about being fired and his actual girlfriend finding out and snapping.

“You look offended.”

“I’m more curious how she got into the building and up to my office.” He tilts his head to the side, cracking his neck and I’m doing my best to fight the instant arousal at the brutal anger in his body. I want to run my hands over his shoulders and smooth out the tension, but that’s probably what that stupid reporter noticed. Could she read that I’m madly in love with my boss?

“All I know she was here to see you for your appointment as Ms. Phelps,” I say, trying to tell him everything I knew about the situation.

“That explains why you looked so confused earlier.” He gives me a half-hearted smile.

“Yes.”

He pats the arm of my chair and says, “I will take care of this matter and have the issue retracted.”

“I’m not worried about the article as much as I am worried about my job.”

“Don’t worry about your job. People are always trying to get stories on me, but I’m sorry they pulled you into it. From now on, no one will be allowed onto my floor without express consent.” He started with a comforting smile that morphed into a serious scowl.

“Understood.” I nod. “I want to hear you say it.”

“Yes, I understand, Mr. King.”

“Now, are you ready? Did you eat lunch?” Shit, I’m in trouble.

“No. I didn’t.”

He rolls his eyes and gives an exasperated sigh. “I’ll have lunch brought in.”

“It’s not that big of a deal. I can get my lunch.”

He stares at me in a way that says *I better listen* and my panties are soaked, but I’d never admit it. “No. There might be reporters out there waiting to swarm you.”

“I didn’t think about that.”

“I suppose it’s because you’re not used to it. Please let’s return to the office and get you some lunch and I’ll make sure you’re safely escorted home.”

“Thank you.” We head back upstairs and although he makes sure I eat, he doesn’t join me, and his security escorts me home.

It’s kind of disappointing that he didn’t drive me home, but then again, that might only add more rumors to the whole situation. I couldn’t believe how silly I’d been when I asked him why he wasn’t taking me home personally.

*“Sorry, I didn’t mean to imply I would take you home. It would only add fuel to the fire, Ms. Perneti.”*

*“Oh, yes. Of course. Silly me.” I blush, turning bright red from a flood of shame.*

*“Don’t be embarrassed. You don’t know my drivers. I suppose that can be unnerving. Trust me when I say you’re safe.” He nods and I’m escorted out with his large driver through the front doors of the building and into the waiting town car.*



# Chapter Six

## Wyatt

I filed a complaint about the reporter entering my building under false pretenses and with a fake ID. A part of me wanted to leave it be completely, but I promised Valentine that I would handle it.

Although, I didn't tell the paper anything about retracting the story because she wasn't exactly wrong when it came to my feelings for my assistant.

I rolled the ring box in my hand several times as I sat in my living room, thinking about Valentine's response to the article. Was she just worried about being fired or being tied to me?

"No, she wanted me to take her home," I muttered to myself, and God I wanted to. No. I wanted to bring her home and throw her on my bed, strip her naked and fill her up.

I can't stop thinking about her and the idea of a future together. We only just met even though she's been with the firm for nearly a year. I've missed out on a year of seeing her beautiful face and sexy body. I suppose it was a good thing because I would have snapped by now and claimed her as mine.

Nothing in my life had prepared me for Valentine and the way she makes me feel. The raw emotions that slam through me the second she enters the room are hard to handle.

She's special and I want her to be the mother of my children; something I never planned to have.

After my parents' untimely death in a car accident, I closed myself off from the outside world and avoided all romantic relationships and never built any genuine friendships. Losing my parents had destroyed me as a teenager and left me with scars that cut deep.

Their killer had been a dumb teenager who'd gotten off easy with reckless driving and because of his age and his parents' money, he'd only served four years. My priority has been getting those who break the law and putting them where they belong. I told myself I'd grow up and never let people get away with their crimes.

As I sit here now, I know that I've fulfilled that promise and that should make me happy, but there's something missing in my life. A piece of me I didn't know I needed filled until last month. Valentine's day was just around the corner.

Although I shouldn't try to win her over there wasn't anything in the firm's policy against it, per se. It was just frowned upon in the public circles, but the tabloid journalist had already added the fuel, all I need is the spark.

The rest of the night, I'm left with dreams of making Valentine mine, so when I go into court the next day, I'm fucking useless, and my co-counsel had to take over.

After the judge dismissed us for the day, he said, "Mr. King, please see me in my chambers." I don't really want to meet the judge in his office. I want to get back to mine before Valentine leaves for the day.

“Yes, your honor.” I gather my things and thank Powell for handling the matter for me.

“Are you feeling well?” Powell asks.

“It’s been a rough twenty-four hours, but I’m fine.”

“I was informed about the article and although it comes off as tawdry, we all know your character. If anything, I looked at it and read a man ready to marry a beautiful woman. Given how well I know Valentine, I’m not surprised the two of you have hit it off.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I’m just saying if you didn’t fire her for that mouth of hers, you’d kiss it. She can be opinionated, but she’s brilliant and beautiful.”

“Thanks, but she’s just my assistant.”

“It’s a shame because I’m sure there are other men ready to snatch her up.”

“Thanks Powell, but if I was you, I’d stay away. She’s old enough to be your daughter. Hell, your granddaughter.” I’m practically snarling in his face.

“Assistant, my ass. You might only have yourself fooled.” He grabs his briefcase and leaves smiling.

I grab my papers and stuff them into my briefcase, and head toward the judge’s chambers. When I enter, I’m met with the reporter from my office. “Well, if this isn’t a conflict of interest, I don’t know what is. You’re going to cost me my case,” I bark at the judge.

“I’m not looking for any sympathy, but I wanted to give you some information. I was given that tip by a former employee and she helped me get inside.”

“So, what are you doing here?”

A man steps forward, pressing his hands on Ms. Banks shoulders, causing Judge Williams to growl. He releases his hold and says, “I’m Ms. Banks attorney and she wants to make a deal. If you agree not to press charges, she’ll give you the information on her source.”

I stare at Ms. Banks and ask her flat out, “A reporter giving up her source? Isn’t that grounds for immediate ostracizing?”

“Yes, well I’m not meant for jail.” I hadn’t told her that there were no charges to be filed. In fact, I’m glad I already had made a statement to that fact last night and reported that to my lawyer.

“Well, go on.”

“Glenda Dalton. She reported that you were sleeping with your assistant and that’s why you were quick to buy a ring.”

“I’m not sleeping with my assistant. She even told me where you were going to be.” I think back to the day I went to the jeweler. Had I made any calls? Sent any messages? Informed anyone of my movements?

“Thank you. Did she say how she’d know I was going to be there?”

“Yes. She had an inside source, a man named John.” My driver. He’s been with me for two years, and it’s a shame

that I'll have to fire him. First, I'll look into the matter. Although I have the legal right to fire him at any time, I don't want to be hasty.

“Thank you for that information.” I grab my things and walk to the door. As I grab the knob, I add, “Oh and Ms. Banks, I hadn't planned on pressing charges. You should have checked first. I let the matter go, but you aren't allowed anywhere near my property again. Have a good day.”

I left the judge's chambers and went back to the office, sitting in the back seat of my vehicle with John driving. An uncomfortable feeling fills me. For now, I need to devise a plan to catch him in the act of betraying me. All that matters now is that I get my Valentine fix like the addict I've become.

When I make it up to the tenth floor, I find Valentine smiling at my newest intern Clark Williamson who is handsome, smart, educated, and comes from a wealthy family. He's a rising star, and he's completely into my woman.

“Am I interrupting something?” I ask, staring at Valentine, trying to gauge her reaction to my arrival.

“Of course not, Mr. King,” she says with a snarky glare.

“Here's your mail and your messages.” She stands and hands them to me right past Williamson. For a brief moment our fingers touch, and I fight the urge to pull her in.

“Thank you, Ms. Perneti.”

“You're welcome.”

“Williamson, Powell will be taking over the Spencer V. the State of Illinois case so you will need to be working with

him for the next few weeks.”

“I thought that was your case?”

“It was, but I’m lightening my load. We’re hiring a few more lawyers, clerks, and interns in the next few months, so I need to focus on that matter. Everything you’ve gathered for me, please take down to him first thing in the morning.”

“Yes, Sir.” He’s really a great intern even if he’s in prime shape and interested in my woman.

# Chapter Seven

## Valentine

“Come on, you have to find a man already. Valentine’s Day is in just two days, and you’re a twenty-three-year-old virgin,” Petra, my bestie, says, holding up several color palettes in her hands.

“Do you need to shout it to the world?” I hiss, slapping her thigh lightly while we sit on my living room floor looking at baby room designs for her. It’s only her, me, my cat Harry, and her husband, who is in the kitchen, being my guardian angel right now.

“We’re in your tiny apartment with your adorable cat, my hubby, who is busy under the sink. Seriously, if you weren’t smoking hot and young, I’d say you’d have the makings of a cat lady. Keep it up and you’ll be getting there.” She smirks, teasing me hard today because she wants me to be as happy as she is with Jack.

Before she married him, we both didn’t even mention it. Petra wants to spread love everywhere now that Jack has stolen her heart and there’s a baby Jack on the way.

“Easy for you to say. Dating isn’t easy these days. It’s not like you can meet the man of your dreams just by bumping into him at a coffee shop, the store—”

“Or at work?” she says, cutting me off. I know exactly where she’s going with this, and she’s not going to let up until

she's made her point. I should have never let it slip during a drunken night that I have a massive crush on my asshole boss.

"People meet people there too," I offer, hoping to stop her pressing. It's how she met her amazing husband.

"Yeah, like your fine ass boss?" she adds, nudging me with her elbow.

"Whose boss is fine?" her husband growls from the kitchen doorway. He's fixing a broken pipe under my sink because my landlord is useless, and I don't have a man whom my dear friend constantly reminds me of daily.

"Mine, darling," she says, winking over at him. It's so cute the way he loves her effortlessly. They've been married nearly a year and are completely obsessed with each other. He was her boss, but their romance is for another time.

"Good to hear," he grunts with a warning. She just rolls her eyes because she doesn't give anyone else her attention but him. She's only there to boost my love life or lack thereof.

"Anyway, Valentine. Are you ever going to make a move on that man?" she asks the second he's out of the room.

"Nope. He's my boss and completely out of my league besides he's kind of the grumpiest man in existence. I don't know if you've heard. He's kind of a big deal and always on the news as the pain in the ass lawyer with a winning record, gorgeous face even though he looks like he eats people for lunch."

"Maybe you can get him to eat you for lunch." She wags her brows, shaking her bottom on my carpet. I want to laugh because apparently being pregnant makes her extremely



horny. Not like she wasn't already insanely all over him when they first got together, but now everything triggers her mood.

“Woman, leave the girl alone.” He scowls at her, shaking his head. Then he turns to me with a smile. “Valentine, it’s all fixed.” With quick movements, he gathers their coats, while addressing his wife. “It’s time to go and leave your friend alone. I have some plans for you and a spanking to give you for even mentioning that Wyatt King is fine.”

“What are you talking about?” she says, throwing her hands up, trying to lie while her face gives her away. She’s grinning from ear to ear about her punishment.

“Don’t lie, woman. You’re terrible at it and I’m only going to make your ass redder. So, let’s get going before I fuck you on the hood of the car, so everyone knows you’re taken.” She stands with his assistance and then he slides her cute jacket on, even zippering it for her.

“Maybe you should stay away from King. Men like him are pure animals. They have this brooding exterior and poof... they let it out, and bam, you’re naked, married, pregnant, and orgasming every damn hour.” She rolls her eyes as he scooped her up in his arms, carrying her out of the apartment like she can’t walk on her own two feet. I’m sure it’s because he wants to touch her all over. He’s equally obsessed as she is.

“Have fun,” I call out as they leave my apartment. Locking the door behind them, I let out a sigh.

Leaning against it, I think about my boss, Wyatt King. If he only saw me as more than an employee I’d be in heaven

because the man does something to my body with just the sound of his voice, but that's all fantasy.

He literally growls at me on a daily basis while he gives me orders. Most of his commands come out as barks before he heads into his office. The rest of the day, he sends me emails, and yet I can't wait to see him again.

An hour after they left, and I was chilling with my kitty, Petra shoots me a text.

***Petra: Shit. I can't find my Valentine's Day card. Did I leave it at your place?***

I go around and look, spotting it under the sofa where she hid it before Jack came into the room to bring us something to drink.

***Me: I have it. I'll drop it off after work tomorrow.***

***Petra: Awesome. Love you!***

***Me: Love you too.***

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"Meow," Harry Pawter purrs, rubbing his body across my face, waking me up. I turn my head and groan, pushing him off me before he finds a way to get comfortable on my chest.

He meows again, nudging his head against my elbow.

I grumble and lazily sit up as I rub my eyes. "It's too early, kitty." I grab my phone and check the time. Oh my goodness. It's not too early. I missed my alarm, and I'm going to be late if I don't move my ass. Tossing off the covers, I hit the ground running. I stuff everything into my bag, including

her card because I know I can't forget that since I promised, and she'd do anything for me. She wants to have it for tomorrow morning when he wakes up of course.

It's only five fifty in the morning, but my boss gets to the office by seven which means I need to be there before he does. "Shit. Shit, shit." I slip on my favorite gray skirt with my white blouse and matching gray suit jacket and heels. I know it's only forty today in Chicago which is technically warm for this time of year, so I grab my peacoat and slip it on, so I don't completely freeze from my apartment to my car.

Goodness. I'm so grateful for Jack fixing my sink. The pipes were partially frozen with the freeze we had the day before and one busted. Thankfully it was one that was just under the sink and not one that could lead to massive flooding.

When I get into my car it's freaking cold, and I wish I had warmed it up first, but I don't live in the best neighborhood. Besides, I read it's better for the engine to just drive instead of idling. Still, I keep the heater off until I'm sure the car is warm. I don't care how early it is, I turn up the radio because I need some music on to wake myself up. It's better than coffee sometimes.

I arrive at the building at six-thirty and breathe a sigh of relief, hoping I don't have a speeding ticket waiting in the mail next week after flying down the highways like a mad woman. I wave to the security guard, not even waiting for a greeting because I don't want Mr. King to see me just getting in.

I rush through the elevators and through the doors only to slam into my boss, carrying a bouquet of roses sending our

things flying. “Oh, my goodness, I’m so sorry,” I mutter as he catches me from falling on my ass. For the first time he has his hands on me. My body firmly pressed against his even through our layers of clothes.

“Be careful, Ms. Perneti,” he growls. The man growls a lot, but that’s to be expected. He is after all the grumpiest bastard in town and that’s hard to do considering we live in a fucking metropolis of millions of people.

He sets me on my feet and I can’t make eye contact with him because my pulse is still racing from the intense rush of desire that flooded me with the simplest, least romantic touch.

“I’m terribly sorry,” I apologize again. “I didn’t mean to bump into you.”

“Obviously,” he mutters.

Confused by his tone, I want to duck and hide somewhere, maybe let the ground swallow me up whole. Instead, I remember that I’ve just knocked down our belongings. I drop down to my knees and begin picking up the mess, including the ruined petals. He helps me, snatching up his documents in haste.

“These are for you.” I look at him, stunned by the fact that he’d bring me roses. Thrilled, pleased, and shocked.

Reading my expression, he quickly responds, “Oh, they’re not from me.” My face turns purple with utter embarrassment. Could this day get any more messed up?

“Of course not. I hadn’t expected you to send me flowers. I’m just surprised that he would send them here,” I

lie, tossing out an imaginary boyfriend. I hope he doesn't think it's Clark. We're friends, but he's not my type.

“Yes, well this isn't the place for it.” He's quick to snap back.

“I'm sorry.” I take them from him and wonder who the hell sent them because I don't have a boyfriend and I most certainly don't get roses.

I pluck the card off the holder and read it. “Valentine, Happy Valentine's Day, my love.” I blush because he saw this.

“Get in the office. I have a full day and don't have time for you to be acting like a lovesick puppy.” Dang, he seems angrier than normal. I knew this would happen if I was late. God, I hope he doesn't fire me.

“Yes, Mr. King.” I head in as he holds the door open for me, and I walk straight to my desk to see another bouquet of roses. Shit. I'm not sure where all of these are coming from, but I won't say anything in front of him. I reach for the card, but he growls behind me, causing me to jump.

“Ms. Perneti, enough with the love notes from your admirers. You have a job to do.”

“Yes, sir. Excuse me.” He's standing so close that I can't move around my desk without our bodies brushing against each other. The first touch had been unnerving, but this would break me. I might accidentally cling to him. He has no idea how I wish these beautiful red and white roses were from him.

My crush on Wyatt King is so massive it's ridiculous.

“Of course.” He steps back and walks to his office.  
“Don’t cause any more interruptions, Ms. Perneti, and you know the rules. No uninvited guests into my office.”

“Yes, sir.”

# Chapter Eight

## Wyatt

If she hadn't bumped into me, I would have had to make another excuse as to why I smashed the fuck out of those roses. Who the fuck is this prick? I've worked with her for less than two months and I've never seen her with a boyfriend. Never has there been any sign of a significant other mentioned or seen not that we would have spoken about anything other than work.

I've done my best to keep everything professional and always have with my assistants, but never has it been so complicated as with her. Valentine has come into my life, stolen my sanity, my sanctuary, and my ethics. Every single day I've fought a battle with myself to go after her only to have lost.

The large fucking arrangement on her desk came from me, but she doesn't know that because I didn't want to freak her out. I wanted to see her reaction and then some stupid fuck had to leave her roses at the front desk. I hoped to get rid of them once I reached the office, but then I remembered my bouquet and what if the prick called to ask if she got them. She would believe the enormous one came from him.

Jealousy ripped through my chest, thinking about this invisible prick. I knew I should have kept a better eye on her. I should have watched her like a hawk instead of keeping my distance.

Storming into my office in an attempt to get myself under control, I toss my leather satchel on the desk, realizing that I never closed it after it spilled out onto the front hall.

As the content are strewn onto my desk, I find a pink envelope that wasn't there before. Immediately, I know it's not mine, but I don't stop myself from opening it because it's to her lover and I want to find him and end him. Fuck, how the hell could I have allowed this to happen?

Easy, I'm a fucking prick who doesn't allow people in. Since the death of my family at sixteen, I haven't let another soul get close to me. Feelings were for the weak, love for the foolish and here I was feeling the brutality of it all over again. The lost love.

I read the words and crumbled up the card. Angry, violently jealous, hating this Jack fucker, ready to kill him.

I press the button on my phone, summoning my assistant. "Ms. Perneti, come into my office... now."

"One moment, please," she answers over the speaker. What the fuck? I don't like that she's making me wait. My blood boils at the way she's taking too long. I look at my watch, and it's only been maybe twenty seconds, but it's too much for me. Since when have I been so damn impatient with her? Standing, I march to my door and throw it open.

"Now," I bark, sticking my head out of my office door to see her talking to a large man in a suit. I recognize the asshole, but I'm not sure where from. Immediately, I hate him.

"Sorry, here's the keys," she tells him without answering my question and then she gives him a big hug.



There are no words for the way my emotions are overwhelming my rational mind.

“I’ll see you later.” He winks and walks out through the glass doors to the elevators.

“In my office now, Ms. Perneti.”

“Yes, Mr. King.” She walks toward me with her head down, knowing that I’m displeased, but she should have answered me instead of ushering her lover out of here before I could rip his heart out. I let her walk past me and then step in the room behind her, closing and locking the door.

“We have a problem. A serious one,” I state with an even tone, hiding the turmoil inside me.

“We do?”

“Yes. Today you’ve managed to not only break the rules about outside, unapproved guests in my office, but you’ve special deliveries as if this is your home, Ms. Perneti.” I want to punish her for not falling at my feet in love with me when I’ve given her no reason. Why can’t she see that I’m better than that fucker she’d chosen over me?

“I can’t control who sends me flowers. Besides, I didn’t let him go into your office,” she snipes at me.

I pin her with a glare, and she gasps, knowing immediately that she’s spoken completely out of turn. I’m only pissed because she’s right. I can’t control who sends her flowers. Not yet, but I will.

Stepping closer to her, I take a deep breath, and then speak clearly with each word pointed, “This entire floor is my office, Ms. Perneti. Don’t interrupt me again.” Running my

fingers through my hair, I have to calm myself down before I fucking drill her to my desk right now. “How long have you been here?”

“A month and a half.”

“And in that month and a half, not once you mentioned a lover, boyfriend, and since there’s no ring on your finger, a husband, but today you decide to throw that discretion out the window. Flaunting your relationship in my face,” I bite out, letting the bitter sting of jealousy show.

“What? Flaunting...”

“What did I say about interrupting me?” I press my fingers to her mouth. Her eyes widen, and she closes her lips as if kissing my hand. It feels good, but I still pull back.

“Better.”

“Sir, it’s....”

“What don’t you get, Valentine? Did I tell you to speak? Are you all about fucking breaking rules today?” I clench and relax my fists and then slide off my suit jacket, setting it on the coat rack beside the door. “You can answer me now, Ms. Perneti.” I undo my cuffs, rolling up my sleeves as I walk around to stand in front of her.

“I didn’t mean to break any rules,” she stammers, looking at my forearms and then back up to my eyes. Lust screams in her pretty blue eyes, and I wonder if my sweet little assistant has a hidden side to her. Never once has Valentine given me any sign that she wants me, but now her eyes are tracing my body, and her tongue slips past her lips like she’s mesmerized by what she sees.

I snap my fingers, grabbing her attention again. “What should I do about all the rule-breaking?” I ask, knowing I’d love to take her over my desk and shove my cock deep inside her, fucking her cunt and make her forget that asshole.

“Please don’t fire me,” she mutters, shaking off the hazy look and returning to the professional I see every single day.

“If you weren’t such a damn excellent assistant, I would have. You’re here to work, not fuck around with your boyfriend.” The phone rings, interrupting our very inappropriate and unethical talk, shaking me out of the lust-filled haze and making me remember my position as her boss. One of a few reasons I never gave into the desire to make her mine.

“Answer it now,” I snarl. She runs to my desk and picks up my desk phone. I growl, knowing she’s touching my receiver. My dick hardens to the point of pain in my slacks. I adjust it so that my zipper doesn’t break.

“Mr. King’s office.” She frowns. “Yes. I got it, and I’ll meet you when I get off.” I reach over and snatch the phone from her, ending the call.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” I shake my head, losing my patience with her.

“Sorry, sir. It’s a romantic holiday tomorrow, and well, my....” Like I hadn’t noticed. It’s the one I’d wanted to be special for us.

“Enough.” I lose all restraint. I walk around the desk and stand in front of my sexy assistant. With her hip against

my desk, my hand wraps around her hair, fisting it hard, I pull her close and slam my mouth onto hers. She's frozen still for a moment, but then her hands land on my chest, heat, and energy roaring through me. "Fuck, I shouldn't be doing this, but I want to make you forget him. I'll make you forget about him. Make you forget everyone who came before me."

# Chapter Nine

## Valentine

He thinks Jack's my boyfriend. I don't correct him because I'm afraid he'll stop. If territorial behavior is spurring him on, I'll take it. I'll gladly take whatever this man wants to give me. My hands ride up the hard planes of his chest up to his strong shoulders and it's hard to believe this hot bastard sits behind a desk all day.

From the second, he said I was flaunting my relationship in front of him, my heart did a flip. Has he been wanting me?

"Mr. King," I moan against his mouth as I try to catch my breath. He drags his mouth down my jaw.

"Wyatt," he growls, biting on my throat. he sucks hard down on my shoulder, and I wonder if he's left a mark there.

"Wyatt," I repeat, tilting my head to give him more room as he lifts me up and pins me to his desk. I'm panting as he grabs my blouse and tugs, sending the buttons everywhere. God, he's so hot, lost in his need for me to the point that he's forgotten all about his schedule. As his assistant, I should remind him, but I don't want him to stop.

"You've been driving me insane, Valentine. He gets to touch what's mine, and that's unacceptable. Fuck. I'm going to make sure you forget all about him." He yanks down my bra and his tongue swipes over my breast. I'm so turned on I could come, so I rock my hips forward, letting my aching pussy

grind against his hard ridge. Wow, his tension isn't the only thing he's been packing. His cock is massive behind his slacks.

“Calm down, Valentine. I don't want you coming too soon. You need to be punished for betraying me. You're mine, fuck. God, I'm going to tear apart your pussy and teach you what happens when you make me angry.”

“You're always grumpy,” I remind him, pulling his shirt free from his waist. I have my hand on his bare skin at his waist and I've never felt so turned on.

“You've made me fucking horny all day long for almost two painful months.” He raises my skirt, nudging my panties to the side with his strong fingers. “You let that motherfucker eat your pretty cunt. Does he make you come? Do you think of me while you come?” His fingers slide along my folds. I moan and press my hands onto his desk.

I can't answer him because I think of him as I come to my own hand or the little vibrator in my drawer at home, but I've never been with anyone else and especially not my best friend's husband.

I shake my head, and he growls, kissing me fiercely. “You're mine. It's over between you. You'll never see him again.” I have to see him again.

“But.” I want to explain that I've only belonged to Wyatt, but he silences me with his mouth on mine in a deep kiss. When he pulls off, I know to be quiet.

“You're going to come just for me.” He grunts and pumps his finger into me, flattening his palm over my mound as he works my core. “Do you hear me, Valentine? You're

going to come for me.” He works a second one inside, stretching my virgin hole as best as he can, and I want to cream for him. My entire soul wants to come just for this man. When his mouth latches onto my peak, sucking onto my hard nipple, I do, soaking his fingers.

“Wyatt,” I scream, my voice vibrating his name until I start to calm down.

His mouth slides over my throat as he whispers, “So fucking sexy, Valentine. You’re my Valentine. No one else’s.” He releases his cock from his slacks, and I think he’s going to take me right there and now, but he keeps my panties to the side and jerks his seed onto my wet, pulsing heat like he’s marking his territory. So savage.

I want to scream because I want to be his in every way, and I’m scared this is all he’s going to give me when he comes to his senses. A soft sigh, unwillingly escapes my lips and I try to hide my embarrassment.

Cupping my face, his eyes meet mine. “When I fuck you for the first time it’s not going to be on my desk. It’ll be where I can spend time worshipping that pretty pink slit.”

He slaps my panties over my mound, patting his seed into my pussy. “That way you smell like me all day long. I have a meeting to go to and when I return, we’ll be finishing what we started. Don’t think of going home to that asshole or so help me God I’ll destroy him.” He tucks his semi-stiff cock back inside his pants, zipping them up. “Do you hear me?”

“Yes, Mr. King.”

With a growl, he grips my face firmly this time while staring deeply into my eyes. “Wyatt. I’ve just nudded all over your cunt and made you come. You call me by name, do you understand?” The darkness in those gray eyes are pure fire.

“Yes, Wyatt.” When he gets all bossy, I want to climb him right now and forget about all meetings and the fact that he’s only acting out of a sense of jealousy.

“Good. Now, I’m going to be heading out. Don’t leave the office,” he commands. I want to drop to my knees and say *Yes, Sir*, but I remain under control even if my pussy’s fluttering with submissive need.

“What about my blouse?” I ask him.

I can’t just walk around with an open top. Well I suppose I could drive home and change my clothes, but Jack has my keys and he’s supposed to drop them off in about an hour. I look at my watch. Shit, he’s probably at my apartment right now. If I can call him, he can probably get me an extra shirt.

“Sit here until I get back.” I look up at him, twisting my lips and arching my eyebrow up like he’s a bit crazy.

“I have work to do.”

“I’ll bring in your computer. Don’t take any calls from that asshole. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Mr.... Wyatt.” That’s fine because he should be coming up here, so it’s not taking calls. What if I call him, though? I could ask him to bring me a blouse from my closet.

“Don’t roll your eyes at me. After this fucking card, I swear on all things that are holy that I want to destroy him.” I



take the envelope and read my bestie's card to her husband and gasp, turning beet red, knowing he thinks I was talking about blowing someone else and not several Baby Jacks. It's a teasing inside joke between the two of them.

*My sweet Jack,*

*I love you more and more every day. You're my king,  
and I can't wait to give you several BJs. Love,*

*Your only Valentine*

Oh, my goodness. He takes it from me and shreds it violently.

I want to argue, but Mr. King's going to be pissed when he learns that it's not my card, and that I gave Jack the keys to my apartment because he forgot to grab her Valentine's day present at my place yesterday. That's all.

Wyatt grabs everything he needs for his meeting and brings his lips down on mine once more before leaving his office.

Quickly, I dash to my desk and grab my coat, wrapping it around me as I pick up my cell and shoot a text to Jack asking him to bring me a white blouse. A minute later, he sends me one back with a picture. Normally, I wouldn't ask him, but that's where the present was hidden anyway, he was going in there.

***Me: Perfect.***

***Jack: On my way.***

He arrives twenty thirty minutes later and I'm wrapped up in my coat, hoping there's no signs that I've been ravished.

He hands me the top. “Hey, thanks.”

“What happened to your shirt?” he asks.

“I spilled my water all over my blouse and it’s now see-through.” I turn red because I’m lying, but he believes me.

“Oh shit. Where’s that asshole boss who’s clearly got the hots for you?” he asks, looking toward his office.

“He doesn’t,” I argue, knowing Jack’s right.

“Bullshit. He wanted to kill me. Trust me; as a man madly in love with his wife, I can tell you that he was so ready to beat my brains in. I’ve looked into him since you started working with him, and I don’t see a problem with the guy. He does have a fucked-up past.”

“What do you mean a fucked-up past?” I question, an ex-wife and kids I don’t know about. A pang of jealousy hits me.

“His parents died in a car accident, leaving him orphaned as a teen and alone. He became isolated and the grumpy asshole you see. So far, all I’ve been able to dig up is that he’s antisocial and a dick but nothing else. He seems to have a thing for you. I didn’t need to look that up, though. One minute in his presence and the guy’s crazy about you. If you don’t want him, I’d walk out now and not come back. If you want the guy, I’d do what my wife did. Drive him fucking nuts and you’ll be complaining about being pregnant in no time.”

“Thanks, Jack. I’ll happily complain if he really wants me and wants that. It’s one thing to want to get laid and want to marry someone and start a family,” I say.

“Trust me,” he says, sounding confident.

“Now, go ahead and change before he comes back.”

“Tell Petra I’ll have to call her later.”

“I will.” He winks and leaves. Jack’s a great guy. I’m so happy for Petra. I had my doubts about him at first, but I was more than wrong and happily so.

I only have a few minutes to switch clothes, so I quickly change in the general floor bathroom near the elevators. I come out to find Wyatt staring at me with a scowl. “Your boyfriend couldn’t stay away from you for an hour? What did I tell you?”

I think about Jack’s words and have to test him. If he wants me, I’ll find out right now. “Listen... I’m your employee. I’m nothing more than that. Jack has nothing to do with my work for you. In fact, I quit,” I snap.

“Good, it’s best that you don’t work here anymore.” Before I can storm away to grab my things, he grabs my waist and pulls me to him. “I can’t focus when you’re near me. All I can think about is you, Valentine. Please tell me you’ll leave him for me.”

The vulnerability in his eyes shuts down all the teasing, tormenting I planned to put him through. As much as I want to see how badly he wants me, if he cares for me, I don’t want to hurt him. “He’s not my boyfriend.”

“What?” he barks, and I’m scared by the anger in his voice. “What is he to you?” he bites out.

“A friend.”

“Oh.” I push past him and go to my desk to gather my things, doing my best to control my anger and pain. Wyatt

stands at the entrance of the law office doorway, watching me like he's waiting to escort me out on my ass.

“So, I guess now that you know he's nothing but a friend, you're done with the jealous tendencies and you're going back to pretending I'm not anything to you?”

He tosses his head back and laughs. It's a deep guttural chuckle that hits me straight in the core. He storms toward my desk, pressing his palms flat on the wood surface. “Woman, I'm glad I don't have to kill him. For a minute, I assumed he was your fucking husband that you might have not mentioned. No, I've canceled the rest of my schedule today and tomorrow. We're going home and I'm going to fuck you until you understand that you belong to me.” He grabs my purse and coat and then hands them to me. “Put them on and let's go.”

“Wait. Why didn't you tell me that before I lost my shit this morning? What about the card? The flowers?”

“First, you didn't allow me to explain who Jack is. Second, the card was my friend's, and it was to Jack who happens to be her husband and now I have to explain to them that my boss assumed I was giving Jack BJs and he shredded it.” A tinge of pink fills his pale cheeks. “Jack had given me her Valentine's Day present to hide. He forgot to grab it at my apartment yesterday when he was over fixing my sink, so he came to grab the keys from me. I asked him to grab a blouse for me. I had my jacket on and said I spilled water on my shirt making it see through. He believed me and not that my boss tore my blouse to shreds.”

“The flowers?” he asks, challenging me.

“Honestly, I don’t know who sent the flowers. I don’t have a boyfriend.”

“No, you have a fiancé and these...” I point to the enormous bouquet on her desk. “... are from me.”

“What? Why?” He takes my hand and slides a huge diamond ring on my finger. “How? I thought you were in a meeting right now.”

“I bought it that day in the picture.” I stare up at him in confusion. “You’d come into my office to take notes and Henderson came in with his client, but the fucker couldn’t take his eyes off you. I warned him to stay away, but he said you being my assistant didn’t make you unavailable.”

I remember that day very well. It had been a week after I started. Without any help available, Wyatt asked me to lend a hand, and I had to assist with the meeting. My top had been a little snug and both the client and Henderson were eyeing my chest. Wyatt growled many times, but I thought I wasn’t doing a good job. Now, I know the truth.

“Oh. So apparently it only takes a man to show any interest in me for you to act. The report had been sort of right. Is that why you were so grumpy by my reaction?” He chuckles again and the sound is music to my ears. Seriously, the sound might be my favorite in the whole wide world.

“Any interest in you? Do you know how many men show interest in you? It’s been a daily fight with myself to behave like the ethical man I should be and the animal I feel like seeing you looking like the sexy goddess sitting there every single day.”

“I wouldn’t have noticed. I only noticed the grumpy boss who grumbled every single day, being short with me when all I wanted to do is please him, so maybe he’d see me as special.”

“Fuck, you’re more than special to me. Val, I want you to the point of pain. I need you now.”

“Take me now. I don’t need to wait anymore. Show me the animal.”

# Chapter Ten

## Wyatt

I don't give a fuck about anything else but getting her naked this very second. As much as I'd love to drill her on her desk like I've imagined often, someone could come up from another floor and see right through the glass doors. If anyone saw my sweet Valentine unclothed, I'd rip their fucking eyes out.

Picking her up, I carried her toward the conference room.

"Where are we? Oh..." she says as I burst through the doors, slamming them shut behind me with my foot. I nudge the lock and then push a chair in the way. Luckily the blinds are closed, and the room doesn't have cameras because this is where confidential information between clients must be discussed.

Smiling, I lay my woman on the conference table, lifting up her skirt, rubbing her pussy through her soaking wet panties. I've waited for what feels like forever for this moment. Starving myself for years had been easy until I met Valentine and then it was like I became ravenous.

"Take off that blouse if you plan to wear it ever again," I growl, ready to tear it to shreds if I don't get her naked.

"Yes, I'd like to have something to wear out of here, please." She quickly undoes the buttons, freeing her blouse from her body. I'm about to nut, looking down at my woman

splayed out with her legs spread wide, skirt around her waist, bra and panties are the only things keeping me back from her hole and ample tits. Not for long. Sweat builds along my brow as I attempt to pull my pants down.

“You’ll be wearing my cum, but I’m afraid that won’t be acceptable enough. The thought of anyone seeing you naked will send me over the edge. Now it’s time to make you mine. Say it, Valentine, say it. Say you’re mine.” The possessive side I never knew I had comes to the forefront, and I demand to hear it from her parted red lips.

“I’m yours, my king.”

“That you are. Now it’s time to seal our contract.” I line up my cock with her hole and press the tip at her entrance. Rubbing the head through her sopping wet folds, coaxing my way until I push through inch by inch, claiming my woman.

Fuck.

I bottom out in her, knowing that I’ve just taken on our conference table. A powerful feeling runs through me, and I want to rub it in Henderson’s face and every single bastard who has ever given my woman a second glance. She’s mine and mine alone. No one can have her but me.

I lean down and taste her lips, attempting to calm my racing heart, but it does no good. I want to nut instantly. Slamming my eyes shut, I press my forehead on her shoulder and take a deep breath.

My brain feels hard-wired to the pulsing of her walls. Every contraction of her slick tight womb sends signals down my spine, gripping my balls tight against my body, demanding



I give her my seed. Once I'm under a modicum of control, I stand straight and cup the back of her neck with one hand and her hip with the other.

“Are you okay, my sweet little Valentine?” I growl, letting her know that I'm about to destroy her little hole while I take my woman.

“Yes, Wyatt. I need you to fuck me. Show me the animal.”

“Are you sure?”

“So sure. I need you.” Those words seal her fate.

Shaking my head, I grin with devilish intent. I flatten my hands on the table, leaning over her slight frame and fuck into her, sending her body rocking forward. The massive table shakes with every thrust, but it's not enough.

I hook her leg around my arm and pump in steady motions while my cock drives into her. Our heated flesh slapping together, echoing in the large room. Sounds of our passion mix with my pounding heart vibrate in my ears as I work in and out of her cunt.

“You feel so fucking incredible. You're doing so good taking my big cock in your tight, newly broken into pussy.”

“Oh my goodness, Wyatt. Take off your shirt.” I pull to undo the buttons and lift the rest over my head along with my undershirt. She presses her hands on the table, lifting herself to sit up, riding my dick while reaching for my chest. I spin us around and sit on the conference table and let her ride me.

“Whoa, oh... I'm going to come,” she cries out. She throws her head back while her breasts press into my chest.

The pebbled peaks rub nicely along my bare skin. Damn, I'll forever need to have her naked when we fuck. I love these tits. Dropping my head, I suck them into my mouth, one at a time. Moving from one to the other, I give one a squeeze while licking and biting.

“I'm coming on your fat cock, Wyatt,” she shouts, clenching and clawing as she comes.

“Good, coat my cock in your juices because I'm about to fill you up. You're about to get all my load. I want you to be good and bred. You're going to give me a family I didn't know I wanted, Valentine. Only you. You're the only woman I want a family with. I've waited a lifetime for you,” I roar, shooting my seed all over her womb, spraying her walls as if I didn't nut earlier. Fuck, like I didn't come twice this morning.

Since she was hired to be my office assistant, I've jerked off twice a day, needing to see a fucking doctor for the damn carpal tunnel in my wrist. Now, I'll make sure that Valentine helps me recover properly.

We get dressed slowly, stealing kisses every time our bodies get close to each other. I sit her on my lap as we take a nice break in the conference room. The office phone rings, and I don't want to answer it, but then it could be important. Valentine makes that decision for me, pressing the button on the conference phone. “Mr. King's office.”

“Hey, girlie. Did you get the roses I sent this morning?” a woman on the other line asks.

“It was you?”

“Yes, girl. Come on. You know you did me that favor with Jack, and I ended up in Vegas and his wife within days. I thought your boss needed a little push. Did he notice?”

“I noticed,” I growl, squeezing my woman tight.

“Oh yeah. Woo-hoo,” she cheers on the other end of the line. I don’t know who she is, but she’s clearly rooting for us.

“Yeah, I suppose Petra we’re even. Except he did ruin your V-Day card for Jack. He thought it was from me.” She starts roaring with laughter.

“Oh shit. I’m so glad he didn’t attack my hubby. Well, have fun, and Vegas does quick drive-thru weddings.” She ends the call with a laugh.

“I love her,” Valentine says.

“I have to admit, I like her too. Her plan sure as hell worked, and Vegas works for me.”

“Me too.”

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At the end of the day, we go to my condo and have dinner. There’s a lot to discuss, but one thing is getting married. I want her married to me instantly. Vegas sounds like a fabulous idea, so I bring it up again. “How about you invite your friends and family?”

“Petra and Jack, are the only people I consider my family.” That answer sounds suspicious, so I ask, wanting details.

“Your parents died?”

“I wish they did.”

“That’s a fucking terrible thing to say,” I bite out. I get pissed when she says that because it hits home harder than I care for.

“I’m sorry. I don’t mean it like that. Well, frankly I don’t want to talk about it, please.”

“Don’t say something you don’t mean. What I wouldn’t give for my parents to be there to see me marry you.”

She turns pale and then pushes away to stand. “I’m not going to argue with you about my family. You don’t know them. Not everyone has a wonderful family.” I don’t want to argue about this. I shouldn’t have gotten bothered by her comment.

“They can’t be that bad. I’m sure they want to see you happily married and that’s what we’re going to be doing.”

“Ugh. You just don’t understand.”

She storms out of the room without helping me understand, so I decide to give her a minute. Then I hear the front door slam shut. I’m on my feet and running after her because there is no way in hell, I’m letting anyone come between us. If she feels that strongly about her family not being at our wedding, that’s all I need to know.

Her coat and purse are gone. Fuck, she left. I grab my coat and keys because I’m going to bring my woman back no matter what happens. I chase after her, but she’s nowhere to be found. What the fuck?

I fired John yesterday after learning he did tell Ms. Dalton my business because he was sleeping her, and they

were trading information for sex. I run to my nearest vehicle and start the engine. I hope to fucking hell nothing's happened to her. Her vehicle was still at the office, so she had to call a cab or take the bus.

My drive to her apartment feels like an eternity even though it's only fifteen minutes at this time of night. She's not answering, but that's when my cell rings. "Hello," I snarl at the unknown number.

"Hey, King, she's here."

"Jack?" I questioned. After learning that he's married to her best friend, I got over my jealousy.

"Yes." He gives me the address. I end the call and speed over to their condo which isn't far from mine. She probably walked there, and I missed her.

When I get to the door, he opens it before I can start banging on it. He steps out, crosses his arms, and says, "So tell me what happened."

I explain and he says, "Really, these women are cute, but sometimes they need a good spanking. Just so you know, you might miss your parents like I miss mine, but Petra and Val had shitty parents. Petra's tossed her into foster care, and Val's disowned her for being friends with someone like Petra because she was poor and in foster care. They've been on their own since they were sixteen."

"Why didn't she just tell me that instead of running away?" I ask, wanting to pull my hair out. Seriously, I would have just told her it was fine and then found a reason to destroy her parents.

“Because we all know how fucking messed up you are about family. Hell, it’s a big deal to you.”

They all had a fair point, but she changed that.  
“Valentine’s all that matters to me.”

“Then tell her and make up while I’ll take my wife out for some ice cream.” He winks.

“It’s twenty degrees out.”

Shaking his head and patting my shoulder. “Rule of thumb, my friend. Never tell a pregnant woman it’s too cold for ice cream.”

He opens the door and says, “My Pet, it’s ice cream time.”

She smiles widely and says, “Tell Val to come with us.” She stops when she notices me. “Never mind.”

She points her finger to the left, grinning from ear to ear. “Good luck. If you’re not good to her, Jack’s got a lot of hot friends she’s met already.”

Jack growls, but mine is louder. “I will rip their throats out. She’s mine and will always be.”

I head toward the bedroom, open the door, and there she is. Her head lifts up, and I instantly see the tear-stained cheeks, breaking my heart.

“Fuck, Valentine. I never meant to upset you like that.” I sit down on the bed and then take her hand in mine.

“No. It’s my fault. I shouldn’t have freaked out. It’s just....” She wipes her tears with the back of her other hand. I

take out my handkerchief and brush it along her soft cheeks. I love this woman so much that her pain is mine.

“What? You can tell me anything.” I set down her hand and cradle her face.

“I didn’t want to cry in front of you.”

“Cry in front of me? Sweetheart. If you have any tears to shed, I want to be the one you come to so I can wipe them away.” I press my lips to her cheeks, kissing her softly. “I love you so much. You’ve made me feel things I didn’t know I could. Yes, I loved my family, and yes, it’s a shame that my family was taken from me, but we don’t all get good people in our lives. I didn’t know what the story was. I was just assuming you had a small tiff.”

“No, it was a big one, and yes, I wish I had loving parents that wanted the best for me. The ones I got want the best, but they don’t love me. They love the status. I assure you that if we get married, and they learn of it they will suddenly make an appearance in our lives.”

“There’s no ifs we’re getting married and they can try all they want, but they won’t be anywhere near you unless that’s what you want.”

“I have all the family I need.”

“Well, how about a few babies of our own?” She licks her lips and my dick jerks in my pants. “We’re all alone right now.”

“Then we should get started on that, Mr. King.”

“That’s wise. I need you filled with my babies, and I don’t think you got enough earlier.” I scoop her off my lap and

toss her onto the bed. Quickly, I strip off her clothes, and she helps me with mine.

“I always knew you were hardworking, Mr. King.” Her hand wraps mostly around my girth, giving it a good stroke.

“You’re so dedicated,” I growl, thrusting my cock in her hand. “But this project is going to need a different approach.” I take it from her hand and push it into her wet slit, feeling the insane tightness as I take her pussy again.

I grab her hands and bring them over her head, pinning her to the mattress as my knees brace my body. “You’re mine, Valentine until the end of our days. Don’t ever run from me again. I won’t let you get away again and I might just take some advice and spank that pretty ass until it’s nice and red.”

Her walls flex, loving the threat a little too much. My palm makes contact with her plump tits, giving them a firm squeeze. “Mine.” I bend down and suck on her semi-hard nipple until it’s completely stiff in my mouth. Valentine moans and thrashes about with every pump of my hips.

“I’m so close, Wyatt.”

“Don’t come yet. I’m not done playing with your body.” I turn my attention to her other breast, sucking and squeezing the supple meat, wanting to mark her as mine while driving my cock deep into her depths. Every slam of my hips is caught by her tight sheath, clamping down on my length, trying to keep me trapped deep inside. It feels incredible, and I can’t stop the lust that sends my pace into overdrive.

My hand comes to her throat, and I give her a squeeze while my thumb rubs her jawline. “I need you more than I



need to breathe. Marry me, Valentine.”

“Yes,” she cries out.

“Good girl. Now come.” She claws at my shoulders, pussy fisting my cock violently as her orgasm ripples through her tiny frame. “So sexy, now it’s time for the King to fill the Queen with his seed.” I pump one more time, unleashing jet after jet of hot cum on her walls, coating them and hoping one of my guys takes root soon.

We lay there wrapped in the covers until exhaustion wins and we fall asleep.

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It’s morning when I wake up alone. Freaking out, I’m out of bed in just my boxers and then into a living room that’s not my own.

“Get back in there and put some clothes on before my wife sees you and I have to kill you,” Jack snarls.

“Where’s Valentine?”

“The women are making us breakfast.”

“She shouldn’t have to.”

“Shut up. It’s Valentine’s Day and they want to do something special. Let them because if you make my wife cry, I will kick your ass.”

“You could try, but I wouldn’t dare try to hurt her feelings.”

“I assure you the fucking wind blowing her hair the wrong way will do it now.” He shakes his head.

I return to the bedroom and put on my clothes and go looking for a bathroom. Once I'm good, I hunt down my runaway fiancée who has disappeared for the second time in two days. She's asking for a spanking.

I enter the kitchen and there she is with a face full of flour and there's a man standing there helping my future wife. I snarl and then a woman puts her hand on my arm. "Chill, he's mine. I'm Marilyn, you must be Mr. King. That's my husband, Julien."

She walks past me and to the man who pulls her in for a kiss. "Could you not do that in front of me?"

"Please, Jack. I'm a grown woman."

"You're still my little sister," Jack gripes, pouring himself a cup of coffee. She sticks her tongue out at him and then he does the same. There's a sweet bond between them that they have even as adults.

That is what I was missing. When I lost my parents, I didn't have that extra person to share that experience and pain with. "Girls, thanks for your help, but let us handle this." Marilyn waves off Petra and Val, shoos them away from the counter.

"Our pleasure," Petra and Val say like twins. They giggle and toss their aprons.

"Julien and Marilyn are pastry chefs," Jack says.

"Oh, that makes sense," I muttered, staring at my soon-to-be wife who looks so damn sexy, sauntering into my arms. "Happy Valentine's Day."

"Happy Me Day."

“Yes, I could spend all day celebrating you,” I grunt, nuzzling her neck.

“Hey, didn’t you two get enough last night? Please, give it a break,” Marilyn huffs and then giggles.

“Please. Since when is it ever enough?” Petra says.

“Never,” Jack says, dragging his wife into his arms.

“Well, we’ll be relaxing while we wait for our meal. Thank you.”

“Relaxing my ass. There are plates to be set.”

“Fine. I suppose, as the hosts, we’ll handle it. Go talk and play kissy face.” She waves us off; frankly, I’m not objecting to that offer. I need to get my hands on Valentine.

The second I have her out of the kitchen, I pick her up around the waist, and she wraps her legs around me.

“After breakfast, we need to head home and shower. I want to spend the day worshipping you.”

“Sounds wonderful to me.”

After a delicious breakfast and some amazing company, I am pleased that my plans for us were altered. Although a day in bed with Val would be better, I’m happy that I got to know her friends. We drove to her apartment to pick up her little kitten and his things while packing a bag of clothes for the week. For the rest of the holiday, I spend my time between Valentine’s legs, celebrating my queen.

# Epilogue

## Wyatt

Six weeks later...

We enter the offices as husband and wife without a care in the world. It feels great to have her at my side, knowing that she's mine and only mine.

"How was the honeymoon, sir?" Rogers asks as we enter my building.

"Let's just say I almost planned to retire, but Valentine would send me back to work after another week, I'm sure of it."

"No, after two," Val teases, nudging my side.

"Welcome back, Mr. and Mrs. King." Williamson approaches with a smile on his face, and I instinctively slide my arm tighter around her waist. Six weeks of marriages and I'm still excited to hear her called Mrs. King, especially by my competition.

"Thank you," Valentine says. "We have an extremely busy day. Mr. King's schedule is packed, so if we have the files set up in the conference room by nine, that would be great. I'll get the coffee and breakfast prepared for the meeting."

"Yes, ma'am." He heads to the elevators first while we speak to Rogers, and I get some information on the status of the building while I was gone. She takes my hand and leads

me to the elevators away from my staff and hits the button before anyone else can join us.

“Wife, that was fucking sexy,” I growl, pinning her to the elevator wall.

“Yes, sir?” She gives me a saucy look, reaching for my cock and giving it a nice tug. She’s so fucking lucky that I stuffed her tight cunt before we entered the building because I still have a bit of self-control right now.

“Yes. It was very hot. Now, you’re going to get thoroughly fucked the second our day is over, but for now, like you said, we’re busy.”

“That’s fine.” She pats my cock and steps out from around me and exits the elevator. “Besides, I have work to do, and we’re having dinner with Jack and Petra tonight.” She taps her card on the sensor, unlocking the door.

I hold the office glass door open for her. “Sounds good, baby. Give me a kiss and I’ll let you get to work.”

She shakes her head and walks right past me. Scoffing, I grab my wife’s wrist and pull her back. “Mrs. King, is there a problem?”

“No, but I know the second your mouth is on me, we will have a problem.”

“I never see that as a problem.”

“That’s why I love you, Wyatt. You make me feel so special.”

“That’s because you are. You’re everything to me, Valentine. I wasn’t kidding when I told him about retiring. I

love you so much you're all I can think about."

"Well, soon that will change."

"Never."

"Yes." She presses my hand to her stomach and my brain processes what she's telling me. Our family has already begun.

All meetings will be postponed for twenty minutes while I congratulate my wife privately in my office for the next twenty minutes with a special breakfast.

When we finally step out there's a call from Rogers that I need to take. I'm about to grab it when Williamson smiles and informs me that he's taken care of the breakfast as well as the rest of the setup. "Also, Mr. King, there is a man on the phone for Mrs. King as well."

"Who?" I snarl, feeling irrationally jealous of every man that wants my wife's attention even if it's business related.

"It's a Mr. Perneti."

"I'll handle it, Wyatt." She looks at my intern and asks, "Is it on the recorded line?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Good. Excuse me." She comes to me and kisses my cheek. "Don't forget your call and remember I'm a big girl. If I can handle you. I can deal with my father." She saunters away with authority and pride in every step, taking the call in one of the meeting rooms.

“Okay, I’ll be in my office. Please excuse me and thank you.” Williamson nods and walks away while I head into my office and close the door.

I hit the line and take the call. “Wyatt King speaking.”

“Mr. King, I know I have no right calling your offices, but I wondered if your offer for Glenda was still available.”

“John, I heard about the DUI. If that is what she truly wants, my offer stands. She needs help not punishment.” Everyone thinks I’m a total bastard, but I’m not heartless. For all I know, I could have pushed Ms. Dalton into using cocaine.

“Thank you. Her attorney will be in contact with you in order to get her into the facility. She either goes into rehab or jail. I love her and I just want her better.”

“Understood.” As much as I can’t trust either of them again, I respect loving someone enough to be willing to sacrifice for them. “Send them my way.” After the call is over, I go look for my wife and find her welcoming the meeting attendees. Damn it, our conversation will have to wait for the meeting to end.

It takes two hours before we have a moment alone. I pull her into my arms and give her a brief kiss before releasing my hold.

“What happened?”

“They learned of our marriage. Suddenly they wanted to see if we could repair our relationship.”

“Did you tell them to fuck off?”

“Something like that...” The tone in her voice makes me wonder. We’re interrupted so I don’t get to ask her again.

Later when I’m working in my office by myself, I decide to replay the call and I hear what she says. *“Valentine, dear. It’s been so long. We heard you married and you didn’t even tell us.”*

*“Why would I? We haven’t spoken since you tried to call me when you found out Petra married a billionaire.”*

*“Well, she slept her way to the top,” her father accuses. If Jack heard that shit, the fucker would have a fist in his face before he could get another breath out.*

*“Are you jealous?” she asks with a laugh in her voice. I can just picture the grin on her face as she asked.*

*“Why would I be? That’s nonsense. Can we not fight, my sweet girl?”*

*“Sweet girl? What happened to my old nickname, trashy whore? Go eat a bag of dicks, deadbeat.”* She ends the call and I want to smash his head into the wall. He called her a trashy whore? I could murder the man for such an insult. No wonder she was so upset about mentioning her parents. Those assholes are something else.

I find my wife and kiss her like I’ve never kissed her before, thanking her for the strength to stand on her own when abandoned by those who were supposed to love you the most. “What was that for?”

“Being amazing and mine.”

“I’ll show you how amazing I am when we get home.” She bites down on her bottom lip and then shakes her ass as



she moves over to her desk, grabbing her coat and purse. I'm grateful I didn't schedule my court cases until next week because we aren't coming into the office tomorrow.

# Valentine

Ten years later...

My feet ache, but I don't say anything as we stand at another event. I hate these things. Although they are a must for my darling husband.

At five months pregnant, all I want to do is go home, soak in the bath, and get a massage from my husband before he licks me from head to toe and then dominates me with his huge cock until I pass out.

My other babies are with their favorite aunt and uncle, playing with their cousins for the night. They were kind enough to keep them overnight while we went out for Wyatt's big night. He's receiving an award from the city for his good deeds and I get to be here for it.

I take a seat and see a woman I remember. She's gotten much older, but she's still as beautiful as I remember. "Well, look who it is. I guess I was right after all."

"You were about right about part of it."

"I'm sorry that I wrote the article in the first place. I learned a big lesson about how I got my stories. I quit being a reporter after that."

"Smart. Writing gossip that's not verified could be dangerous."

"You two look extremely happy together."

"We are. I have to ask. Did... well, was it that obvious that I was in love with him?"

“No. I got the gossip from his former employee. I just added the fluff.”

“Oh. Good.”

“Girl, there’s nothing wrong with being in love with the right man.” She smiles and then wraps her arm around the arm of a man who approaches her. “Congrats. I’m still sorry about it, but it worked out in the end for everyone.” She waves as she walks away.

Wyatt approaches and looks back at the woman whose name I can’t remember. “You’re smiling, beautiful. I could have sworn you looked tired a minute ago.”

“I just love you so much, Wyatt.” He wraps his coat around my bare shoulders, kissing my throat.

“That’s good because I love you and can’t wait to get you home.”

“Let’s go,” I moan.

“Why?” he arches his brow, sliding his hands lower until they caress my hips.

“So you can debrief me....” We have the house to ourselves tonight, so I plan to spend the evening making love.

“Sounds good to me.”

“Me too.”

He fulfills all my desires for the night and for the rest of our lives. With Wyatt and the little family we made, my life is complete. THE END

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## **Best Friends Series:**

Always You \* His Dirty Secret \* Sleep Tight

## **Bianchi Crime Family:**

Married to the Mob \* Captured by the Mob \* Owned by the Mob

## **Cavanaugh Security Series:**

Protecting Macy \* Securing Blake

## **The Cline Brothers of Colorado:**

Whatever it Takes \* Finding Paradise

## **Dirty Boss Series:**

My Pet \* My Cookie \* My Flower \* My Valentine

## **The Falling Series:**

Falling for the Boss \* Falling for the Enemy \* Falling Hard

## **The Fiore Family:**

Christmas with the Beast \* Christmas with the Boss \* Christmas with the Sheriff

## **Gimme Series:**

Sugar \* Luck \* Rain \* Cream \* Heat \* Love

## **The James Family:**

No Choice \* No Way Out \* No More Waiting

## **Keepsakes:**

Keeping Blossom \* Keep in Mind

**The Lamian Wars:**

Bound \* Reveal \* Release

All Hallows Eve

**The Middleton Hotels:**

Built for Me \* Built to Last \* Built Strong

Built Over Time \* Built Overnight

**Nothing but Trouble Series:**

Taking the Bait \* Taking the Mafia Princess

**The O'Connell Family:**

Claiming Red \* Burning for Claire

Claiming Abby \* Reminding Red

**Obsessed Alpha Series:**

Stone \* Cole \* Graham

Theo \* Maddox \* Alessandro

Tony \* Cormack \* Cameron

**Reynolds Ranch Series:**

Lara \* Tobias

**A Rocky Start Series:**

Rocky Waters \* Her Rock \* Rocky Start

**A Rough Hands Novella:**

My Miracle \* Nailing my Wife

**Say Something Series:**

Say Uncle \* Say Please \* Say Uncle: Doggy Style

*Second Generation:*

Say Yes

**Sister Switch:**

Testing Her Professor \* Assisting Her Boss

**A Steele Christmas:**

Mason's Winter \* Perfectly Wrapped \* The Company You Keep

**A Steele Fairy Tale:**

My Gold \* My Forever \* My Property \* My Prince Charming

**A Steele Riders Family Novella Series:**

Holiday Knockout \* His Siren

**Steele Riders MC Series:**

Boomer \* Mick \* Jackson \* Doc \* Beast \* Ghost

Wrench \* Blade \* Boss \* Cowboy \* Law

**Southern Hospitality:**

Down South \* Gone South

**Sweetheart's Treats:**

Sweet Surprise \* Doctor's Orders, Sweetheart \* Sweet Surrender

**Twin Sin:**

Stalk Me Please \* Sinful Intent

**White Wolf Ridge Series:**

Turner

**Wolfe Creek Series:**

Wolfe's Den \* Beta: Her Alpha

Raging Kane \* Written in History

**Standalones:**

Buying Love \* Conquering Alexandria \* Ecstasy Captured

Grant's Deal \* In Heat \* Intense

Killer Abs \* Love Discovered \* Loving My Neighbor

Mrs. Valentine \* My Christmas Gift

Rainy Days \* Stormy Nights \* Red Hot Nights

Room Service \* Scarred \* Sharp Curves

So Wrong \* Standing There

The Mobster's Virgin \* The Wedding Guest \* Unexpected