



STOLEN
Kisses

IMANI JAY

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Stolen Kisses

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*May the new year bless you with health, success, happiness
and plenty of naughty reads!*

“It seems the workplace can be better than a dating app for making a love connection.”

SHRM

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Foreword

If you've read my other Corporate Steam books, you've met Josh and Nia before and, just like me, couldn't wait to read their story!

Well, here they are! In all their sass and sexiness...

Enjoy!

PS: for those of you who have not met them before, Josh and Nia first appeared in the two following books:

Invasion Of Privacy: A Short Steamy Curvy Girl Instalove Office Romance

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B093TQ94WC>

Swept Away At The Masked Ball: Halloween Steam

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B09FH71B1K>

Josh



The first time I met Nia Farrow, my entire world shifted on its axis. Life had been so simple up to that point. I worked hard and played even harder. Spent my spare time collecting women and nice things. My primary mission in life was to make my mom laugh and my dad proud. Take care of my grandma and my kid sister. And all was well in Josh's world. I was golden. Happy. I had good friends and a great job. I was blessed to be healthy and fucking handsome. I thought I had it all. But life's a bitch, right? The higher and the more unmovable you think you are, the bigger the lesson she teaches you.

After years of busting my ass at my job's headquarters, I received a promotion. They'd given me the position of head of human resources of our West Coast branch. The very branch where Nia is the accounting manager.

I tried. I really tried. Although our company doesn't have a non-fraternization policy, I didn't want to get involved with anyone at work. Too much potential for drama. Too many unpleasant experiences in my younger, more careless years. So I told myself Nia and I would not happen. That she might have been the most beautiful, sexiest, and on top of that wicked smart, fucking funny... absolutely perfect woman for me, but I would not go there. *Yeah, right.* It took one look at her luscious curves to know I needed to be inside her more than my next breath. And a single one of her stunning smiles, for my heart to join the chorus. For months, we played a stupid game of cat

and mouse. Teasing, flirting, toeing the line but never crossing it. Till my dick decided '*fuck it*'.

Every month-end, Nia and I meet to go over variances between budgeted and actual personnel expenses. During these meetings, I see a facet of her I love. The team leader who's entirely deserving of her responsibilities. A smart, disciplined woman. Her warm, brown gaze doesn't waver from the documents we pour over, or the monitor displaying line after line of data. When she looks at me, it's with professionalism. With a cute little frown, eyes intense, mouth devoid of the faintest trace of a smile. Her game face is fucking hot. But I noticed she popped open just one extra button of her blouse, wore lipstick that was a shade sultrier than her usual, and emphasized the sway of her hips on her way out of my office. In all innocence, I'm sure. Just to mess with good ole Josh. Because that's what we do, we tease each other. I let her have a good run with it. For the first couple of months, I ignored Nia's provocations and remained irreproachable during our meetings. Outside of those, I would send her the occasional wink, dazzling grin or flirty compliment, and she'd respond in kind. I'm a gentleman. I know how to behave, right? Yeah, my inner caveman didn't take that shit for long. I still clearly remember the day 'Neanderthal Josh' showed his mug.

About a month ago, after one of our review sessions, Nia stood from the conference table and stretched her arms. The movement pulled the fabric of her top tightly over her full tits, making my dick stand to attention and annihilating the last functioning brain cell I had left in Nia's presence. I let my eyes roam over all five feet seven of her. My brain, body and heart finally coming to an agreement. This woman was mine and the time to claim her was

way overdue. I gathered a steadying breath, rising from my chair and walked to the door. I switched the lock, pulled the blinds on the glass panel, and came to stand in front of Nia. She looked at me like she was seeing me for the first time. Like I was crazy, and she loved it.

“Josh?” she purred throatily.

“Yes, love.”

My smirk was firmly in place and I advanced till the points of our shoes met. I bent, lowering my head to the side, and pressed a soft kiss on her cheek. I saw and felt her full-body shiver. The side of my mouth hooked higher. I let the caress of my lips slowly slide down till our mouths met. It was exquisite torture. Being so close, smelling her, finally having the opportunity to touch and taste her. I felt a bit dizzy and a whole lot lucky. One of my large hands splayed at the side of her curved waist, and I marveled at how perfectly she fit in my hold. My lips tenderly parted Nia’s. I inhaled her scent and gripping her harder; I plunged my tongue into her mouth. Finally, letting myself taste her, have her. Take what was mine.

And I could tell we were on the exact same wavelength. Nia groped my ass and rolled her hips against my erection. Her tongue met mine swirl for swirl, stroke for fucking stroke, and I almost came in my designer slacks. How was she doing that? I was supposed to be the one conducting the seduction. But instead, my hot vixen ran her hands over every bulge of my muscles she could reach. She licked, suckled, and playfully bit on my lips and tongue. I slid my fingers through the big curls falling to her shoulders, and held her gorgeous face in place while I made long, slow, deep, wet, delicious love to her sassy mouth. And so it started.

Every time I pass Nia in the office hallways, I sneak us into a broom

closet or an empty conference room. Our mouths come crashing, our bodies collide and we share a few moments of bliss. Kissing, touching, moaning and groaning. But so far it's always been over our clothes. I can't wait to thoroughly know her taste, the feel of her...

Nia



A quick rap on my office door diverts my attention from the computer monitor. The instant my eyes meet Josh Browlyn's ocean blue gaze, I lose all focus. I feel myself grow flushed, my nipples painfully harden, and a throbbing begins in my nether regions. *Fuck!*

I watch in silence as he steps into the room and closes the door behind himself. When I hear the telltale click of the lock, I shake myself from my daze and let out between clenched teeth, hands balled into fists: "don't you dare close that door, Browlyn."

Josh's smile only grows wider. Dazzling me some more. The mischievous twinkle in his deep blue eyes tells me I'm screwed. *Well, not yet...*

"I mean it, Joshua. We agreed no more after last time."

Josh stops drawing the shades on the glass pane to throw over a muscular shoulder: "It's safe to say we lied, sweetheart. That statement was hasty and not very thought through," he adds, all lawyer like, then winks before completing his task.

Once done closing us to the outside world, Josh rounds my desk and comes to lean over the chair I'm occupying, effectively caging me in with one hand on each armrest.

"Hey, baby," he breathes softly, face mere inches from mine.

I can only shake my head 'no'. Battling to conserve energy for a fight, I know I've already lost. Because let's face it, my panties are damp, my clit is throbbing, my mouth watering at the thought of traveling the length of Josh's six foot plus of tall, built yumminess... The deep pools of his baby blues are mesmerizing and the rest of his face does not help. The short fuzz of dark brown hair I can't wait to run my fingers over. His heavy brows, masculine nose, square jaw, carved cheekbones, and a mouth made for sin. *God, he's handsome.* And his body? *Phew!* I used to think Josh Browlyn was quasi irresistible in his expensive suits and fancy ties. All clean cut and exuding of power. Now I *know* he is. One hundred percent.

"Missed me?" He asks in a hushed tone.

And I can only stare. At his handsome face, the impossible broadness of his shoulders. Take in as much as I can, while this craziness lasts, and try to control my breathing so I don't grow dizzy from his delicious scent. The woodsy undertones of Josh Browlyn's cologne and the enticing power of his alpha male pheromones. *Fuck me.*

"Come on, baby, just one kiss," he croons seductively, rascal that he is.

"Fuck you," I allow myself to counter before pulling him by his stupid, perfectly knotted tie and crushing our mouths together...

I plunge my tongue deep, taking Josh's mouth in a wet, dizzying kiss. I feel, more than I see, him drop to his knees and push my legs apart to fit himself between my spread thighs. His big, warm hands run over the sensitive skin. Splayed out like he has the right to touch me in this way. Like I'm his and he's doing with my body as he wishes.

Josh's long, strong fingers keep traveling under my tweed skirt, while our lips, tongues and teeth battle for pleasure. He tastes so good... so fucking good. Never has a man made me feel the way Josh Browlyn does. He ignites

my desire with a single glance, lights up my body with the barest touch, and can take me over the edge in so many different ways. Just thinking about it makes my heart beat faster.

“Josh... baby... we don’t have time,” I breathe out against his parted lips.

“I’ll be quick.... I promise.... Just wanna touch you,” he responds in kind, forehead resting on mine.

We share ragged breaths, our gazes locked, as Josh slides a long finger inside my underwear. He lets out a curse when his skin meets my damp folds, and his eyelids grow heavier. Josh starts stroking me in a long, slow, maddening motion. The pad of his finger gliding through my pussy lips and playing at my entrance. Then he pushes inside and hooks his strong digits against my inner walls, pulling moans and whimpers from my parted lips. Supplications for more, praises and demands to go faster, deeper. *This man will be the fucking death of me!*

There are moments in life when you simply know. After you sit through a major exam and get the unexplainable conviction you passed. The first time you hear your favorite song and the melody, the rush of endorphin, the joy it brings you seeps into your very being. That type of unique emotion is what I felt the first time I met Josh Browlyn. It was a regular workday, and I came in unsuspecting that my life was about to be forever thrown off its uneventful course. Rumors about the new head of human resources being a hunk had caught my attention, but I figured he was just another hot suit. Some Ivy League graduate, Armani wearing, pretty face, hotshot. *Boy, was I wrong...* Yes, both Josh’s resume and his tailored suit were impeccable. Yes, he looked good enough to eat. But the man under all that? He was edgy, intriguing... Impossibly tall, broad, and handsome. With a wicked smile, a

sharp mind and quick repartee. I fell in complete and irrevocable lust. And so began our wicked games. At first it was just flirting, throwing jabs at each other, till it wasn't anymore...

Josh



I came into Nia's office for my usual quick fix. But seeing the way she looked at me, hearing her words of refusal... I realized I'm fucking tired of playing this back-and-forth game, and my patience snapped. I want to touch her, feel her, see and hear her come. Lick my fingers clean of her juices. Not wash my hand and carry the smell of her on my body for the rest of the day. This woman drives me insane!

“Oh My God, Josh...” she moans loudly, before I plaster a large hand over her mouth.

Nia's eyes have darkened to a crazed shade of deep brown. My eyes never leave her gorgeous face. Every time her lids fall, each time they flutter back open, I'm there. Taking her in, drinking her up. Reverently watching her shake under the caresses of my long, strong fingers. My lips falling on Nia's, muffling the cries of pleasure when she gets too loud. But I never stop. The pace changes, and so does the motion. I alternate between soft, naughty pinches of her clit, deep strokes inside her fucking soaked pussy and languorous come hither movements against the walls of the tight channel I can't wait to invade. Over and over I bring Nia close to orgasm, showing her how fucking good I can make her feel. And each time she's on the cusp of climax, almost there, I slow down, withdraw just the time for the tsunami threatening to wash over Nia to recede.

“Oh, baby, I'm so close... so fucking close...”

“You wanna come?”

She nods frantically, eyes dazed, her swollen lips parted. Her stylish silk blouse and pencil skirt, completely askew. Hair a mess, tits about to spill out of the black lace bra covering her beautiful, deep brown skin. *Fuck, she’s gorgeous!*

“I’ll make you come, but you have to do something for me,” I let out in a crystal clear voice.

“Anything, handsome,” Nia whimpers, entirely missing my point and reaching for my fly.

I chuckle darkly. *Can’t believe the woman of my dreams is trying to get her hands on my cock and i just pushed her away.* I’ve officially lost it.

“No, sweetheart.”

I tilt her chin up with a finger and push two fingers deep inside of Nia’s pussy, knuckles deep. She exhales long and loud, fingers wrapped around my wrist.

“Go out with me,” I ask in a low, soft, cajoling tone.

She’s said no repeatedly. ‘No dating colleagues, we need to stop. This is the last time’... All of Nia’s words of rejection resonate in my head.

“Yes, I’ll go out with you,” she almost yells, taking me completely by surprise.

I press the pad of my thumb to her small bundle of nerves and resume finger-fucking Nia and kissing her like our lives depend on it. And it doesn’t take long. A few strokes, a few licks and nips, and she comes undone in my arms. Shaking and moaning. Fucking magnificent. I keep caressing her till the very last tremor has receded. Kiss her tenderly. Gather her against my chest and walk us to the small couch sitting against one wall. Nia’s breathing slowly comes back to normal, but neither one of us lets go. I drop tender

kisses on the top of her hair, run my hands over her soft skin, and whisper sweet nothings into her ear. My cock is still painfully hard, and it takes all I've got to not bend Nia over the sofa, pull her skirt over her hips and bury myself deep inside her. EVERYTHING. While I'm visualizing roadkill, reciting baseball stats and presidents' names to keep my libido in check, Nia is relaxed in my arms. She sighs contentedly, running the tips of her delicate fingers along my collarbone, and ruining all my efforts by pressing kisses into the sensitive skin at the crook of my neck. But it's all worth it. Having my woman satisfied and relaxed in my arms. Finally, having agreed to a date.

“So, we're going out?” Nia whispers.

“Seems like it,” I reply with a grin.

I hear her own smile in her voice when she adds: “not sure our first date can top what you just did to me.”

And I burst into laughter. *Challenge fucking accepted, baby girl.*

Nia



When I hear my doorbell ring, I take the time to fluff my hair, re-apply gloss, spritz a cloud of Allure by Chanel and reposition the girls. The bustier of my black cotton maxi-dress does wonderful things for my cleavage. When I open the door to Josh, he leans in to kiss my cheek and I return his embrace. He's as stylish as usual, but in a more casual way in a pair of dark blue jeans fitted in all the right places. I can't see his ass yet, but the night is young. I'm keeping my hopes high... His navy v-neck sweater brings out the color of his eyes and makes me weak in the knees. He smells divine, and his bright smile tells me he's happy to see me. He's still obscenely good-looking, but at least it's not naked-time, yet. And I don't know if I'm more relieved or frustrated that my girl parts are getting a reprieve. Although the hint of tanned skin at his collar does a solid number on me... this man's neck is a thing of glory, all smooth skin and powerful lines! I feel flattered at the sight of his shaven jaw; I appreciate the effort! Although I love the rugged look of his stubble, this clean-shaven version is gorgeous in a different way...

The smell of Josh's woody cologne fills the interior of his Aston Martin. His long, strong fingers glide swiftly on the cherry wood steering wheel. Josh's attentive on the road. The street lights illuminate his profile, giving an even sharper edge to his masculine features. Soft Jazz music plays from the radio. We haven't even made it to the restaurant and just the car drive is frightfully romantic! I take in a deep breath and smooth down my dress,

resting my palms flat on my upper thighs in a self-calming gesture. Josh slickly parks a block away from the restaurant (*even his driving is sexy, damn it!*) and circles the car to open my door. I very much appreciate the gentlemanly gesture. I take the hand Josh extends to help me out, and look him in the eye. He's smiling down at me, holding my fingers gently but firmly. After he locks the car, Josh guides me through the alcove of the restaurant entrance. STILL HOLDING MY HAND... The place looks amazing. All soft candle lights and smooth music.

Josh turns to me, asking: "should we eat on the terrace?"

"Perfect!" I respond excitedly. The night is warm, and with this beautiful setting, it'd be a sin to dine indoors. He waves at the bartender standing behind a beautiful wooden counter aligned with chrome stools. Josh points his index up, showing the top floor, then two fingers. The guy smiles and nods his understanding. When we reach the terrace, a Milky Way of hung lanterns chases the night's shadows, the romantic atmosphere complete with Tony Bennett's rendering of "Fly me to the moon". There are a few tables spread out on the veranda, each one isolated enough to offer privacy. The hostess, who welcomed us upstairs, invites us to choose where we'd like to be seated. Still holding my hand (!!!!), Josh guides us to the furthest, less illuminated part of the deck, under the tall oak tree towering above the building. He pulls my chair (I'm REALLY enjoying this side of his personality!), and settles into his, giving me a tranquil smile before opening his menu. I take that as my cue to check mine, too.

"Everything looks delicious." I say absentmindedly.

"Hard to choose, huh?" Josh mumbles, eyes also scanning our options.

I focus on the choices for a few more minutes, then close the menu, resolutely putting it down. Josh raises an eyebrow: "You've decided?"

“Yes, Sir!”

“What are you having?”

“The stuffed mushrooms and filet, but I’ll probably ask for potatoes instead of the vegetables, then cream pie, and coffee.”

“You’re having red meat, potatoes, *and* cream pie?” Josh puts down his menu, observing me with what looks like renewed interest.

“Uh... yes, why?” I ask, surprised by his reaction, and growing a little wary...

“Well, most women I know don’t eat red meat, potatoes, or cream pie. I like that you do.”

I smile, amused and a bit relieved. “Those women are probably in great shape. You’ve noticed my extra pounds...”

He stares at me intently, heated eyes tracing a trail down my body, like a warm finger tracing the line of my cleavage then disappearing under the table... Josh smiles lazily, and answers: “you’re alright.”

I gasp in mock outrage and bend over the table to playfully slap him on the arm. Josh chuckles, raising his hands in a gesture of surrender: “OK, no violence!”

“So what are you having, Mr. Judgy?”

“Same as my lady,” he replies with a wink.

His lady... I clear my throat and start rearranging my cutlery with utter concentration. And I think I catch Josh’s ghost of a smile.

The server returns, bringing two glasses of water. I like her: she’s been nothing but professional since we’ve arrived. She threw in a few jokes, and although she discreetly checks him out, she didn’t try flirting with Josh. Not that it would be any of my business, but I appreciate the sisterly courtesy! She takes our order; leaving with the promise our food will be ready shortly.

Josh gives me back his full attention. Dark blue eyes catching the soft light of the lanterns, sharp features highlighted, breathtaking smile in place.

“How old are you, Nia?”

I answer without hesitation: “thirty-eight, you?”

“Wow, I’m impressed: first time, a woman doesn’t give me shit about asking her age. And I wouldn’t have guessed: you look much younger.” Another appreciative once-over...

“Thank you, I guess....” I roll my eyes: “why is it a good thing that I look younger than my age? That was just sexist, Josh!”

“No, it’s not sexist: it’s a good thing you look amazing regardless of your age. I’m just surprised my first guess was off. I’m usually pretty good at placing people in the right age group.” He explains.

I smile back and reluctantly admit: “OK then, thank you.”

Josh shakes his head, amused: “Little miss feisty.”

The server brings our appetizers. I plunge my fork in the steamy mushroom stuffing, bring it to my mouth, and moan with delight as the buttery wonder hits my taste buds.

“Oh My God! This is so good!!”

When I open my eyes, I see Josh literally drinking me in... His pupils dilated; he watches me intently, eyes glued to my mouth, jaw tight, hands fisting his silverware, his mouth a thin line... He is so freaking intense. Josh takes a deep breath, then clears his throat.

The server is back with steaming plates, and gathers our empty dishes. I cut a piece of my filet, trying my best to not over-share my ecstasy, but when I look up after having closed my eyes for a second too long, Josh is staring at my lips again... Shit! He shakes his head, eyes glued to my lower lip caught between my teeth; and says low, rumbly, slowly: “you’re killing me here,

Nia.” It’s my turn to clear my throat and pretend to ignore the sexual tension building up between us.

I try bringing back the conversation to a lighter mood and ask: “where did you go to college?”

“Berkeley, Boalt Hall School of Law. It’ a family tradition. My mom runs the law firm passed down to her by her father and his father before him.”

“You didn’t want to work with her?”

“No, ma’am. I like to make my own mark in the world.”

“I like that.” I smile with admiration. “But your professional choice was mainly influenced by your family’s tradition, right?”

“Definitely, but I love my job. Thrive on it.”

“I hear you’re great.”

“My dad says I’m so stubborn that I’m excellent at anything I put my mind into.”

I laugh lightly: “stubborn is right! Mr. ‘I don’t take no for an answer’!”

His voice goes low once again, his look burning into me: “You’re wrong, Nia: I do take no for an answer. It’s just that with you I could see the genuine answer was yes.”

The shivers return all over my body. Our easy camaraderie dissolved in an instant. Our eyes stay connected a few seconds too long... and I’m saved by the return of the server with the desserts. This girl deserves a huge tip!

I give myself a sturdy mental pep talk: no moaning, eyes closing, lip biting or any other sort of delicious-food induced-slutting!! But as soon as I take the first bite of cream pie, my eyelids flutter, fighting the urge to close and shut down the world, so I can focus on the smell of brown sugar, the taste of custard, and the velvety feel of the crust on my tongue.

Josh starts chuckling as he observes my struggle: “please, don’t choke on

it. I'll just enjoy the show and try my best to restrain from participating.”

I roll my eyes and take a sip of coffee. Josh is savoring his tea, watching me over the edge of his cup.

He glances at the discreet but luxurious watch on his wrist and asks: “would you like to go get a drink before calling it a night?” I’m startled at his question: I was so caught up in our time together, I didn’t realize dinner was reaching its conclusion... Empty dishes and crumbs are now scattered on our initially impeccable table. I bite my lip, thinking I don’t want the night to end just yet, but also wondering if prolonging it would be such a good idea...

Josh



“I can’t, Josh: I’m sorry, this was a mistake... I didn’t mean to mislead you. I’m really sorry!”

My eyebrows furrow in surprised confusion: “Nia, what’s wrong? I don’t understand... You seemed comfortable a few seconds ago...”

“I’m sorry...” is all she says.

“Did I do or say something?”

“No, no!” She shakes her head with vehemence. “You were perfect. Everything was perfect! It’s just... Please Josh,” she pleads.

I scrutinize her lovely face for a few beats, trying to read her, then I nod resolutely before confessing: “Nia, I think you’re gorgeous, smart, funny, and simply all kinds of amazing... I’d like to get to know you, and I want you in my bed. I have never felt such a powerful pull for a woman. And I’m not only talking about our incredible chemistry. I see the same thing in your eyes... Where is this coming from, sweetheart? I honestly don’t understand. We were having a great time. You were having fun, you were relaxed. I don’t know you well enough to read this reaction. You’ve got to help me out, here. Give me something to work with...”

I pair my soft-spoken words with a light touch on the back of her hand that’s resting on the table. I look at our hands: her smaller, smooth-skinned and velvety chocolate, fingers with their pastel nail polish resting on the

white tablecloth; my big hand, with just a single finger extended to graze Nia's skin.

"I feel something special, too."

I hold my breath, not making a sound, not wanting to scare her off, handling her like a wounded wild animal.

"But I can't, Josh. I'm sorry."

I slowly shake my head, then take her hand: "did someone hurt you, love?"

When I look up from our joined fingers, I see the server is back with the tab. I pull out my credit card and throw Nia a stern look when she attempts to reach for her purse. She raises her palms in an appeasing gesture, offering me a sad little smile. After I've paid and she's thanked me, to which I respond with a brief nod, I rise from the table and help her out. I clasp her hand as we walk to the car, my step just long and fast enough that she has to trot behind.

I slide into the driver's seat and grip the wheel with both hands. We just sit like that for a while: me, looking straight ahead, my knuckles whitening on the dark wood I'm gripping, the car still parked in the dark street... Then I twist to face Nia, and frame her face with my large hands, softly. My thumbs caress her cheeks, my long fingers gently cradling her head, weaving through her soft curls.

Eyes never leaving hers, I whisper: "I want to try something, honey."

The storm has receded. Slowly, I bend my head toward hers, and before she can pull away, my lips land on her delicious mouth in a light caress.

I detach my mouth from hers, watching Nia carefully, and ask: "OK?"

She stares back at me, panting. My lips are tingling from the touch of hers. I'm all at once terrified and fascinated! She nods. I crave her intimate touch, the warmth, the emotions, the physical pleasure... I bring my mouth

back to Nia's. This time I drop millions of tiny delicious pecks all across her mouth, lightly parting her lips. Then I lift my head again, but this time I don't verbalize my interrogation. Just watch Nia, waiting for her ascent. She nods again. I'm lost in a wonderful maelstrom of satisfaction and yearning. I come back to her mouth and this time her soft, wet lips meet mine and we kiss, open-mouthed... At first it's very tender, then we explore each other's mouth more passionately. And finally... finally, I give her a brief swipe of my tongue. I can't help but sigh deeply at the amazing sensation born in my mouth that spreads throughout my body and ignites a deep hunger in my core. Her lips, her tongue, all parts of her mouth I taste, feel so soft, taste so good... This kiss is unlike any I've experienced before. Even with Nia. It's completely different from our stolen moments at work. Those were all passion and fire. This... this is tender, bittersweet. It almost feels like a goodbye. But I won't be defeated that easily.

"That I can work with," I let out.

"What? Josh, no: I'm not trying to get you to convince me! Listen and understand: this will not work. Whether because you're an asshole in disguise or I'm going to be the one sabotaging it! I am never attracted to good men!" I raise a challenging eyebrow and Nia backtracks: "OK, that's not what I meant: even good guys end up walking all over me, disrespecting me, using me... I don't handle attachment well, Josh. I give too much, lose myself..."

"Nia, I have played the field since I was a teen, had my fair share of girlfriends and hookups, but I never cheated, lied, or consciously mistreated a girl. Straight up: I want to date you, not just fuck you, and leave. Anyway, that wouldn't be practical," I add wistfully. I look her straight in the eye, my expression fierce: "I'd need to fuck you way more than once."

Nia gasps, shaking her head slowly: "you can't say shit like that, Josh..."

“Just did, babe,” I respond softly, running my fingers through her hair and bringing my face closer for a kiss on her forehead... tender, sweet.

“Will you please drive me home?” Nia asks.

And she sounds exhausted by all the events and emotions of the night.

“Will you please let me take you out again?” I retort.

She hesitates for a beat before breathing out: “please take me home, Josh”.

I sigh, throw her one last longing look, set a strand of her beautiful curly hair behind her ear, then start the car.

Nia



'You're a fucking coward, Nia Farrow,' I repeat to myself for the hundredth time since my date with Josh.

I'm sitting on my bedroom windowsill, eyes lost into the starry night, comfy in my flannel pajamas, a warm mug of tea in hand. Tonight's New Year's Eve. And instead of being out at some party or traveling back East to spend the holiday with my family, I'm here. Alone. Pondering on my life, my choices. The same questions keep bouncing in my head. Give this a shot? Open my heart to a man and take a chance on a situation that's already complicated? Josh must think I'm braver than I am!

But what if? What if it worked? What if Josh and I could make it? What if we could be what each other needs?

I sigh and shake my head, a self-deprecating smile on my lips. I'm hot for this man, and he interests me, intrigues me. I might give in to my desires. Take a bite, see if I want more. If I can even handle more! But, a relationship? At that thought, my stomach clenches.

I take a deep breath and a fortifying sip of tea. Calm down, you're not embarking on a commitment to your lifelong love. Right?... Just thinking of the possibility of shagging your hot colleague on a possibly regular basis...

I can't keep hiding from life. Can't eternally avoid taking any risk. Josh might be a rascal, but he's special. And he feels a lot like he's my rascal. I think. No, I know I want to give this thing between us a fair shot. The way he

looks at me, the way he touches me. His kisses, his hands on my body. I don't want any of that to stop. And I want more. Everything.

Work? We'll manage. Others have done it before us. And life? I think what life has had in store for me all this time looks an awful lot like a certain tall, dark and handsome lawyer.

"Browlyn," Josh answers in a stern tone.

Oh shit, I didn't think he would pick up! I can hear chatter and music in the background.

"Hi Josh, it's Nia. I'm sorry to call you this late on New Year's Eve. I was just gonna leave you a voicemail."

Silence. Did I lose him?

"Uh... Josh? Are you still there?"

"Yes. Yes. How are you Nia?"

"Hm... Much better." I take a deep breath. "I wanted to apologize for the other night."

"No apology needed, sweetheart. I understand."

"No, I insist. It was... cowardly."

"You have your reasons..." he pauses for a beat. "And you're right. I can't force things. What I feel for you Nia..." another break. "What I feel for you is so plain and certain, if you don't share that... there's no point."

Wow. Joshua Browlyn, take my heart and run with it.

"Josh?" I call with renewed assurance.

"Yes, Nia."

"You're not gonna go all deep philosophical love on me, right?"

He chuckles, but it's edged with sadness. "I'm not gonna go anything on you, babe. You made yourself clear."

“Well, about that...” it’s my turn to mark a pause.

“Yeah?” there’s more than curiosity in his voice. Hope maybe...

I say in one long sentence without taking a breath: “I’m scared we might not work, or you’ll tire of me, or all you want is to hit it, but I’m falling for you and if you still want me, I really, really want you.” I hold my breath, waiting for an answer that’s not coming. “Josh?” I inquire in a small voice.

“You at your place?” he asks, instead of responding to my declaration.

Oh My God, what have I done?

“Uh... yes,”

“See you in ten.”

“Josh, I don’t get it. I just told you...”

He interrupts me. “I heard every single word you said. I’ll be there in ten. I’m not falling for you, sweetheart. I love you.”

I gasp!

“Yeah,” he continues, tone still abrupt. “And don’t fucking bother with panties.”

On that note, Josh hangs up without a goodbye... I stare at my phone for a few seconds, a big, goofy smile taking over my features. He loves me! And, yes: no panties...

Epilogue



“What did you think of me the first time you saw me?” I ask his intense eyes, then turn mine to the tips of my fingers tracing Josh’s hairline, the arc of his heavy dark brows, the ridge of his straight masculine nose, the curve of his full lips...

Josh nips at my fingers, pulling a screech and a fit of giggles out of me. He grabs me by the waist and turns us around, laying me on my back. Now he lies on top of my body, the bed sheet still pulled over our heads, the bright early afternoon sunlight basking us in its curtained glow. With Josh’s weight, his warmth, his eyes... I feel surrounded, owned. He rests his chin on the back of his hands that lay flat on my chest, his gaze a vibrating thing, a scorching caress across my skin. I raise an eyebrow, silently insisting on getting an answer to my question, refusing to cower under the burn of his fierce look. A tiny smile tugs at the corner of his mouth, a knowing grin, for Josh takes pleasure in drinking me in, the sight of me, the feel of my body, and loves the way his attentions turn me all shy and self-conscious. It amuses him to tease me and get me out of sorts. The bastard! Josh’s smile turns soft and nostalgic at first, then it morphs into a wicked grin.

“What?” Now my interest is really picked, it isn’t mere curiosity anymore.

“You’re going to say I objectified you.” he smirks.

My eyebrows reach my hairline! “Did you objectify me?”

“No, I don’t think so.” he responds, a thoughtful look on his face. Then more firmly: “I didn’t, but you might see it that way...”

When I roll my eyes, Josh frames my face in his large hands, appeasing me with a soft look, a tender touch of his lips on mine. I melt a little under the heat of his indigo eyes, start squirming, even pant a bit from the combined effects of his delicious mouth, tender gesture and mind-boggling stare.

“I thought you were beautiful,” he continues, “intriguing.”

“You did?” I breathe out, hypnotized by his incandescent gaze.

Josh nods ever so slowly, seductive smile firmly in place. “That gorgeous brown skin...” he drawls low and close to the crook of my neck. “I wanted to know if you’d be the same shade all over” he trails wet kisses down my throat, “if you had any beauty marks” more nuzzling, “if you’d blush under my touch...” a sharp bite.

“Josh!” I exclaim, not sure if it’s from the delicious torture of his teeth or his words, his admission to the fact that he had lustful thoughts about me on our first encounter... “So you finally admit you hit on me!” I accuse, bringing back one of our endless bickering points.

Josh’s rumbly chuckle blows a warm caress over my right nipple. “I told you a thousand times I wasn’t, Nia. You, on the other hand...”

I give him a light slap on the arm. He lifts his head from my breasts, grinning devilishly, and asks: “did you really think I was flirting? At work? In the break room? While introducing myself to a new colleague?...” He raises a disbelieving eyebrow.

I smile playfully and counter: “never know with you.” Which wins me another bite... ensues a wrestling match, inevitably concluding with a passionate kiss. Our lips caress, mingle, hold, grab, tug, our teeth graze, nip,

bite... our tongues lick, lap, poke, swirl, tangle. Our whole bodies seeking friction from one another in a full length caress. Hands roaming over any skin they can get on, grab, knead, stroke, fondle. I'm burning, melting, swelling, loving, feeling Josh in every inch of me. I feel him hard and heavy, poking between my legs, rubbing at my inner lips, and I'm so wet it feels like he could slide in just with the roll of his hips. The sensation is amazing. Waves of pleasure start building an intense fire in my sex. A surge of prickling heat travels from my toes all the way up to my head. The exquisite sensation fills my core, the friction of Josh's cock rendering me crazy with pleasure. It's at the same time an amazing sensation and not enough. I know I could come from just this but also crave to feel him inside me. I long for the first push, the moment when my lips will be parted, my pussy stretched by his invasion, my inner muscles rubbed by the head of his cock. I love what we're doing right now and at the same time, the anticipation is killing me! My head trashes left and right, incoherent moans, hisses, grunts, all sorts of cries, and dirty supplications escaping me. I hear my voice but it resonates as foreign, afar. The only thing keeping me rooted to the here and now, my sole anchor to the present moment is Josh's blazing look. Although my lids are lowered, I can feel the force of his famished perusal. He's drinking in my every breath, feeding on each of my shivers, fueling and inflaming my madness!

"Look at me, doll," he whispers softly over my parted lips. I try to flutter my eyes open, but the intensity of my abandon keeps me adrift. "Nia, open your eyes, love," Josh says directly in my ear, his voice gravelly and unsteady. This time, I manage to give him a dazed look, his burning eyes adding to the intensity of my sensations. "Look at me when I slide into you", he rumbles, his lips hovering over mine, his tongue peeking out for one delectable sweep. At the same time he's fucking my mouth, Josh starts

pushing inside me, and I dissolve in almost sobs. It's too much, too intense, too raw, too good, the sensations putting me on edge. His large cock parts the lips of my sex and starts pumping, in and out, inch by single exquisite inch, stretching me, stroking all the right places, and creating a maelstrom that has me wondering if it has ever been this good, how come every single time he gets into me each sensation feels different, better, grander... Our mouths are locked in the most sensual and dirty of kisses. It's wet, swirling tongues, and noisy smacks. Josh gets on his knees, holding my legs up high, rests the crooks of my knees on his shoulders and starts fucking my pussy with deep, long, gyrating strokes. He reaches a spot deep inside my sex that starts a completely new array of sensations. Our eyes still locked. He's licking and grazing at the insides of my legs, making me tremble furthermore. A second wave passes over me: I turn from a melted puddle to a brazen flame, gorging in the sight of Josh, his tanned skin, his strong, long body, the ripple of his muscles, the outline of his veins, the dark brown of his taut nipples, his pink, wet parted lips, the light stubble on his jaw, his eyes mirroring my passion, my insanity in this beautiful and extreme moment. I relish the feeling and the sight of his grip on my legs, watch the tip of his glistening pink tongue pass over his lips, his strong white teeth bite down his bottom lip... I part my pussy lips, reaching for my clit, staring Josh in the eye as I roll the sensitive bud between my fingers, I love seeing the hunger of his desire invade his features, cloud his sharp gaze. He lets go of my legs and grabs my ass cheeks, gripping so hard, so deep, his long fingers part my crease and graze over my anus. Now the movements are no longer stretched, sensual, slow, measured. Josh's rhythm speeds up, gets messy, deep, hard, accompanied by slapping noises from our bodies' collision. I circle his waist with my legs, crossing my ankles at his back, pulling him in, pushing myself up, meeting his fierce

thrusts with my own. My fingers have left my clit, now I'm pulling at my nipples, rolling, and rubbing, fighting to maintain our eye contact as I sense my orgasm gain ground. "I need you to come, love," Josh grinds out through clenched teeth, demolishing me with the fire of his eyes, the grasp of his hands, and the force of his plunges. "Almost there, baby..." I manage to breathe out. "Now!" He growls back, his balls slamming against my ass, one hand still playing with my puckered hole while the other rubs my clit like only he knows how... and my body obeys his command. I dissolve in a hot, white explosion, my vision annihilated, consciousness having left my whole body. All that remains of me in that instant is the shattering pleasure submerging me. Then the impossible occurs. A second rush hits me as I feel Josh contract above me, his cock stirs inside me, his eyes compel my gaze, and I watch him come apart, joined in this impossible whirlwind. Our whirlwind. Our love. Everything life has in store for us. *Yeah, it's definitely gonna be a happy new year!*

THE END

MORE MIDNIGHT KISSES!



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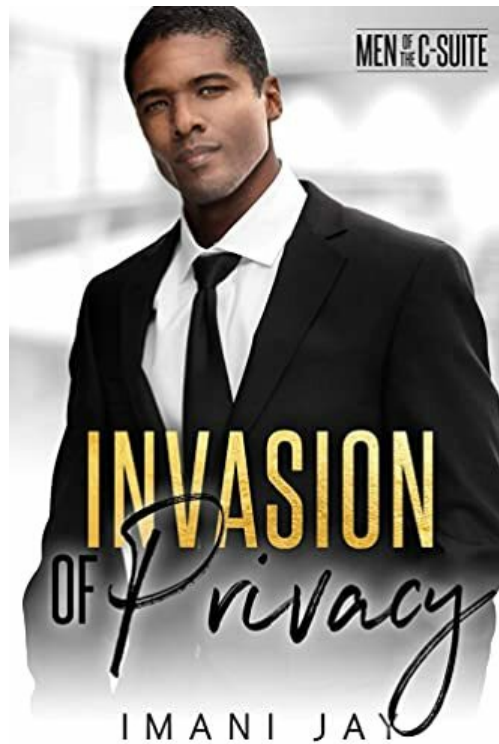
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Invasion Of Privacy: A Short Steamy Curvy Girl Instalove Office Romance

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B093TQ94WC>

Absa

Byron Willis, the head of our legal department? He's insufferable, but also wicked smart and hot as hell. I hate that I'm so attracted to him, because this working girl has no time for distractions!

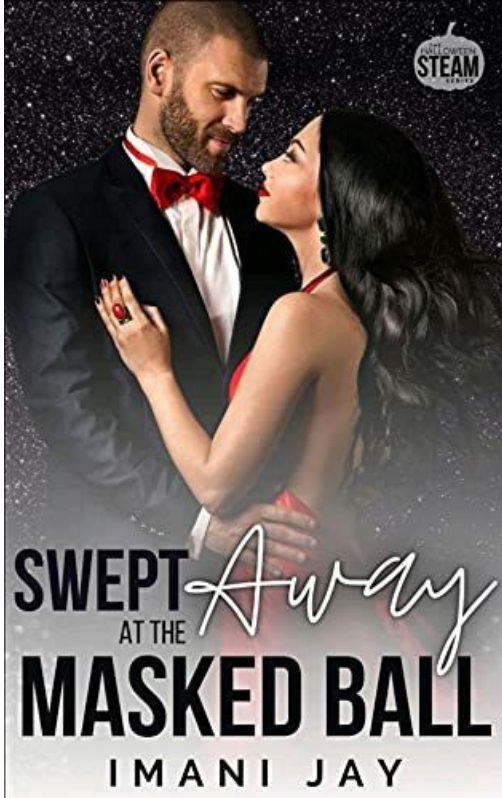
Byron

Absa Diop, our company's controller? She's effin perfect. My dream girl. Intelligent, beautiful, sexy. Now, if only she would give me the time of day...

A company retreat away from the office might just be what these two need.

No cheating or cliffhanger, and guaranteed HEA. Enjoy!

Men of the C-Suite is a steamy collection that features executive-level alpha males ready to sweep you off your feet (and maybe onto their desk)! If power suits and dirty talk are your thing, get ready to devour this hot new series from your favorite group of romance authors.



Swept Away At The Masked Ball: Halloween Steam

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B09FH71B1K>

JAWAL

Eli Thompson is my coworker and office husband. We always joke about how, given the chance, we'd do each other in a heartbeat. But it's all for fun, right? RIGHT?!

ELI

She's the most beautiful woman I've ever laid eyes on. Fun, smart... my dream girl. But she's also my colleague and friend. We can't jeopardize our relationship, right? RIGHT?!

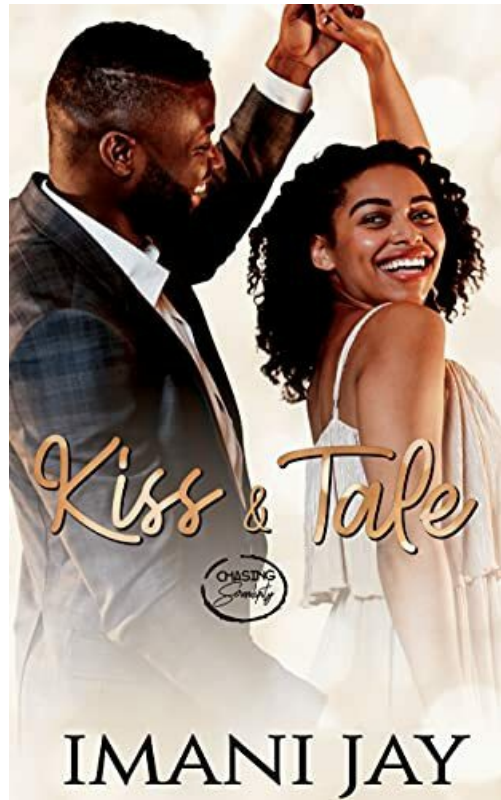
Everything changes on a magical night of beautiful gowns and dashing tuxedos...

Read along to find out if these two flirty officemates will stop at one steamy taste or jump all in!

This is a short, fun office romance, where a curvy girl finally gives in to her attraction for her hunk of a colleague. There's minimal drama, no cheating, no cliffhanger, and the HEA is absolutely guaranteed. Enjoy!

This October, twenty-three of your favorite contemporary romance authors are bringing you a month filled with sexy-spooky Halloween steam. Get ready for over-the-top love stories sure to set your spine —

and other parts *wink* — tingling. Brew some cider, grab your favorite blanket, and snuggle up with these hot shorts. The Halloween Steam series is sure keep you warm and cozy all autumn long.



Kiss & Tale: Chasing Serendipity

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B097GKN4MY>

Josh Freeman is tall, dark, handsome, a billionaire... and my boss!

He's also a workaholic who won't take no for an answer when I refuse to work weekends. But everything comes crashing down when my boss pins me to a wall and kisses me senseless. Now, I'm trying to get things back to normal and forget anything ever happened between Josh and I. I try reminding myself this isn't a fairytale and this Cinderella will not win the heart of the Billionaire Prince Charming. But it's harder said than done, especially when serendipity keeps throwing us in each other's arms...

This book is part of the Chasing Serendipity Serial Anthology.