



**FOLLOWING
HIS
ORDERS**

THE TEMPTER SERIES

KYLIE KENT

FOLLOWING HIS ORDERS

THE TEMPTER SERIES

BOOK 2

KYLIE KENT

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This book contains scenes of sexual acts and profanity If any of these are triggers for you, you should consider skipping this read.

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PROLOGUE

Bentley



I hold my breath with a stomach full of butterflies as my name is called. This is the moment I've been waiting for since I was thirteen and decided I wanted to be a lawyer. I knew the day my father went away for a crime his business partner committed that I was going to be the best damned corporate lawyer this country ever saw.

And it all starts today with my valedictorian speech. It wasn't enough for me to graduate with a law degree. No, I had to be the best. Every decision I've made throughout my teen years, my early adult years as well, has been to get to this moment.

It's a small stage, and I know the whole of Australia won't know who I am after this speech. They will though. Once I work my way up that corporate ladder.

"I would like to introduce Miss Bentley Johnson, the valedictorian for this year's graduating class, ladies and

gentlemen.” The dean nods in my direction.

I straighten my back and hold my head high. The crowd roars with applause. I look out, hoping to spot my mum and sister Jules, only to be blinded by the spotlights following my strut across the stage. I fake confidence the whole walk to the microphone. Shaking the Dean’s hand, I stand at the podium and unfold the piece of paper that has my speech scrawled across the front. I’ve rehearsed it a million times.

“Good afternoon. It’s not just an honour to be up here addressing my fellow graduates. It’s a dream come true to me. Firstly, I’d like to thank my family, my mum, dad, and sister for not only the sacrifices they’ve all made in their own lives in helping me to achieve my goals, but for listening to this speech over and over again without complaint.”

I stop and scan the crowd. I can’t make out many of the faces. I do, however, get caught by a pair of ocean-blue eyes that hold me hostage. Swallowing my nerves down, I look back at the piece of paper.

“When we’re kids, we’re always asked: what do you want to be when you grow up? And my answer was always a teacher or a doctor. Until I was sixteen and my response changed. Because it was then that I decided I wanted to be a lawyer. Recently, I’ve realized that being a lawyer is what I want to do. It’s my career of choice. But it’s not what I want to *be*. What I want to be is kind and loyal to my friends and family. I want to be the person who makes a difference in others’ lives. In this world. I want to be compassionate. I want to be a role model. I want to be someone my parents and family can be proud of. So, now, when I’m asked: what do you want to be when you grow up? Well, my answer isn’t as simple as a job title. I don’t have it all figured out, but I’m told I’m young and still have time. Who knows? If you ask me this question in ten years, my answer might change again. That’s the thing I love most about it. Much like yourself, who you are now and who you want to be later isn’t going to be the same from moment to moment, nor is it the same as when you were five years old. The thing I want my fellow classmates to take away from this question is this. *What you want to be isn’t*

necessarily what job you want to do. There is no right or wrong answer. So whatever you want to be, I want you all to go out and become that person.”

As I look out at the crowd, everyone is standing and applauding. And it takes everything in me to avoid those blue eyes. His eyes. Nathan Miller, my new boss. Or at least he will be the moment I walk through those doors of Christianson, Miller, and Warner. The top-tier law firm I was fortunate enough to score a first-year associate position at.

Not only is Nathan one of my new bosses, he’s also the partner I’ll be working under. Reporting directly to him. Which wouldn’t be a problem at all if my lady parts didn’t want to be working under him in a completely different way—a very never going to happen in a million years way. The man is hot as sin. I’m actually surprised I managed to compose myself enough to get through the interview with the three named partners.

The other two, Xavier Christianson and Alistair Warner, are good looking and intimidating. Nathan, though, there’s just something about him that I can’t figure out. It’s like the moment his eyes lazily roamed the length of my body, he awakened something that had been lying dormant my whole life.

My libido.

Don’t get me wrong, I’ve had sex. I’ve enjoyed sex. I’ve just never almost combusted from someone’s gaze before. Even now, standing here on this stage, knowing he’s looking at me, has me squeezing my thighs together.

Smiling and thanking everyone, I walk on very shaky legs to the other side of the platform. I need to get out of here. I need some fresh air.

PROLOGUE

Nathan

“**R**emind me again why we had to come to this thing?”
Xavier groans from the front row seat next to mine.

We’re currently at the University of Melbourne’s graduation ceremony. “We’re here because you insisted on hiring that girl up there,” I say, nodding towards the stage and the girl who, for some fucked-up reason, is making my cock hard, even though she’s wearing a long black graduation gown. I can’t see a bit of her curves under that thing. I know they’re there though. I’ve seen them.

“We’ve hired a lot of people, Nathan. We’ve never sat through an entire graduation ceremony for them,” Xavier says.

“I’ve never had to endure having a first-year work under me before, and because this was your grand idea, you can sit there, shut up, and listen,” I hiss at him. My eyes follow her as she makes her exit from the stage. Instead of returning to the

row of seats with her classmates, she heads for the side door. Why is she going outside?

“Don’t do it,” Xavier warns. And his words go in one ear and out the other.

Pushing to my feet, I cross the room and slip through that same door. It doesn’t take long to find her leaning her head against the brick wall. Her eyes are closed, her face pointed up to the sun.

“Nice speech,” I say, making my presence known.

“Fuck.” Bentley jumps, and a hand rises to her chest before she spins to frown at me. “Thank you, Mr Miller,” she says with a tight smile.

I get the feeling that either Bentley doesn’t like me very much or that I make her nervous. Both scenarios work well for me. There’s nothing I want to see more than her squirming. Preferably under my touch, but we’ll get to that.

There’s that voice inside my head that keeps reminding me that the girl’s meant to be untouchable. She’s my *employee*. If that doesn’t make her off-limits, the fact that she’s ten years younger than me should. The problem is... I’ve never been one to follow rules or orders. I’m the one meant to give them, and what I wouldn’t do to see Bentley following my orders like the good little girl she tries so hard to *pretend* to be.

Though, I have a feeling I won’t have to wait all that long to find out just how naughty little Miss Bentley Johnson really is.

“You can call me Nathan. We’re not in the office, Bentley. The normal rules don’t apply.”

“Rules?”

“Expectations, rules, whatever you want to call them?” I shrug.

“And what exactly are your expectations, Mr Miller?” she asks with a tilt of her head.

“My expectations...” I repeat her question, rubbing a hand along my jawline while I let my eyes very lazily travel from

her feet to her head. "...are that you follow every single order I give you."

I see the hitch in her breath as my words sink in.

"And if I don't?" Her voice is quiet, breathless almost.

"There are consequences for disobedience, Bentley, consequences I don't think you want to experience firsthand." My fingers twitch at the thought of bending her over my knee and spanking the perky ass I know she's got hiding under that gown.

"I think you have me all wrong, Mr Miller," she says.

"How so?"

"I'm not the typical first-year associate you can bully and intimidate to be at your beck and call."

"And what are you then? If not that?" I ask her, my curiosity getting the better of me.

"I guess you'll have to wait and find out. Excuse me. I have to get back in there." Bentley steps around me and walks inside the auditorium without so much as a backwards glance.

ONE

Bentley



“**Y**ou look perfect. Stop fidgeting already,” Jules scolds me for straightening my hemline for the millionth time.

“Are you sure? What if it’s too tight?” I ask. The dress I’m wearing is office appropriate. There are no humps or bumps showing. It’s a simple beige square-neck that reaches the top of my knees. It hugs my hips and there is a small slit that runs halfway up the back.

“It’s perfectly appropriate. Now, if you don’t hurry up and leave, you’ll be late. You do not want to be late on your first day,” she reminds me.

“Thank you. You’re the best.” I pull her in for a hug. My sister is exactly one year and six months younger than me. We’re often mistaken for twins. She’s more than just my sister though. She’s my best friend.

After our dad went away when I was sixteen, Mum had to sell our house. We moved to a new school, and a new life. One with less finery than we were accustomed to. Jules and I didn't make new friends easily. There were one or two here and there over the years, but for the most part, it's just been us. Together.

It's not always easy being the daughters of a known criminal. Our dad's trial was widespread news at the time. I think it's pretty safe to say that most people still know the published details if the case were brought up—although I don't think they'd make the connection that Oliver Johnson is my father. We're lucky that the surname is common enough.

My dad was innocent. He *is* innocent. His business partner, his most-trusted friend, betrayed him. They shared the empire they built together fifty-fifty. My dad was the CEO and Mark Kemp was the scientist behind the creations of Kemp Johnson's Cosmetics. As it turned out, Mark was cutting corners, falsifying test results. A lot of people were hurt by the age-defying face cream that Kemp Johnson launched on my fifteenth birthday. A year later, my dad took the fall for everything while Mark Kemp got off scot-free.

My father's name, *our* family's name, was smeared. In the beginning, Mum, Jules, and I received death threats from many of the victims of the cream. I felt for them, still do. Why they thought coming after us was okay, I'll never understand. Jules and I were just kids. We had absolutely nothing to do with the company. My mum never even worked there. Up until the day everything changed, she was a doting wife and mother. Now, she works as a school administrator. It took her a while to get back on her feet. My dad was her whole world.

And my dad... Well, he didn't cope with jail. After just six months of a twenty year sentence, he committed suicide. I will never stop looking for a way to redeem his name. As long as I'm breathing, I'm going to make it my mission to find evidence, *proof* that it was Mark Kemp who instrumented that whole disaster. He should have been the one locked up. Not my dad.

"Bentley? You okay?" Jules asks.

“Ah, yeah, just thinking about Dad,” I say, shaking the negative thoughts from my head.

“He’d be so proud of you, Bentley.”

“I know.” I smile. “I really do need to go. Meet me after work at that little bar near the office?” I ask her.

“I’ll be there,” she agrees, and I rush outside.

Mum stops me just as I’m getting into my car. “Good luck today, baby. Go knock ‘em dead,” she calls out and waves from the front door.

“Thanks, Mum. Talk later. I gotta go.” I wave back before shutting myself inside my car.

My nerves are kicking in as I pull into the underground carpark of the skyscraper building I’ll be spending all my time in from now on. I’m not naïve. I know if I want to be the best, I have to put in the hours. I have to put up with arrogant, cocky bosses like Nathan Miller. There is no other option. This is the top firm in Melbourne. There’s a reason these three lawyers are known as the best. It’s because they *are* the best, which is especially impressive, considering their young ages—well, *youngish*. From my research, I’ve gathered they’re all in their early-thirties. Which puts them at around ten years my senior.

The ride up the lift is excruciatingly long. Or it may just be the fact that the closer I get to the top floor, the more I think I’m going to throw up. I don’t know what’s wrong with me. Two months ago, I was addressing the whole university, giving my valedictorian speech. Now, I’m getting stage fright at the thought of walking into the office of the law firm that hired me. It makes no sense. Unless you account for the fact that I’m insanely, inappropriately attracted to my hot boss.

I have to get myself under control. It’s not like I haven’t been around good-looking boys before. Though I doubt there is anything boyish about Nathan Miller. A smile reaches my lips as I think about how he’d respond to being called a boy. His words have been haunting me for two months.

“My expectations are that you follow every single order I give you.”

My initial reaction to that was: *yes, sir*. But that's not what he meant. He's not going to order me to my knees, or tell me to spread myself over his desk with my ass in the air for him.

Have I thought about all of the above? A little too much, and mostly at night when I'm alone with my handy little buzzing devices.

It's wrong, and I can feel a blush starting to creep up my face with the knowledge that I've been masturbating to fantasies of my boss. It's mortifying really, and the only thing I can think of as I step out of the elevator and make my way to the receptionist is that *she knows*. They all know. They can tell that I'm nothing but a dirty little whore, dressed up to appear like a good girl. Or, at the very least, that my alter ego is a dirty little whore who wants her boss to fuck her six ways till Sunday. Me? I don't want anything to do with Nathan Miller unless it's learning from him. About the law, and not whatever bedroom skills he's honed over the years.

Fake it till you make it. I just need to get through this first day without *making* an utter ass of myself, and everything will be fine.

"Hi, I'm Bentley Johnson. I'm starting here today, under Nathan Miller," I tell the very pretty blonde receptionist. "*With*, not under. Well, shit... I'm going to stop now," I mumble out after I realise what I said.

"Hi, Bentley. I'm Hannah. It's nice to meet you," she says and stands. "Follow me. I'll take you to Mr Miller's office." She guides me passed a wall of opaque glass that looks directly into open office space, where people are busying themselves with the day's tasks. "Good luck," Hannah says, after knocking twice on a frosted door.

"Enter," a rough, gravelly voice yells out. I look behind me to see Hannah practically running back to her station in the reception area.

Here goes nothing. Straightening my shoulders, I push the door open and walk into the lion's den. *Fake it till you make it, Bentley*, I remind myself for the millionth time.

TWO

A stylized, handwritten signature of the name 'Nathan' in black ink. The letter 'N' is large and loops back. The 'a' is small and connected to the 't'. The 'h' is tall and thin. The 'a' and 'n' are connected. A necktie is drawn over the 't' and 'h'.

I deserve an Oscar for the performance I'm putting on, pretending that I haven't been waiting for this moment. The moment Bentley walked through my office doors. This has been on my calendar for two months now. The notification popped up on my phone this morning. I didn't need the reminder though. I've been counting down the days all week.

Now she's here, standing in front of me, and I have no fucking idea what to do with her. What I want to do isn't anything I can or should do.

"Mr Miller, I'm Bentley."

"I know who you are, Ms Johnson. Do you believe yourself to be easily forgettable?" I ask her.

"What? N-no?" she answers the question with a question, and I raise a brow at her. "No, I'm not forgettable," she says

more sternly. “It’s just that you’ve only met me twice, and I’m sure you meet a lot of people. Also, you know, I’ve heard with age, your memory starts to slip.” She tries and fails to hide her smirk.

Ignoring her little dig at the *very small* age gap between us, I push to my feet, buttoning my jacket and letting my eyes take in all of Bentley as I do. She’s wearing a skin-tight beige dress that leaves nothing to the imagination when it comes to the curves underneath the fabric.

“Let me give you the tour. We’ll stop at HR, so they can get you set up with everything you’ll need.”

Bentley walks towards the door. I’m quick to catch her steps. Reaching around her, I pull the door open and my palm automatically rests on her lower back. I feel her body stiffen. I don’t remove my hand though. Truthfully, I fucking like it there. I place gentle pressure on that little dip right above her ass, and she starts moving. I hide my smirk as she takes a huge step to the side, out of my reach. When she turns to face me, her cheeks are blushed, her eyes glassy. Maybe I’m not the only one who liked my hand on her.

“This way.” I gesture for her to walk down the hall. “This is the staff kitchen,” I tell her when we reach the entryway of the room that’s filled with complimentary baked goods, coffee, and teas.

“Is there a birthday or something today?” she asks.

“Not that I know of. Why?”

“What’s with all the food?”

“We like to keep our staff well fed. Help yourself to anything. It’s always pretty well stocked,” I explain.

“Oh,” she says.

“This is the copy room.” I wave a hand around the open space. Justin, one of the paralegals, is making copies. He lifts his head, slowly dragging his eyes up Bentley’s body. I clear my throat to get his attention. “Justin,” I grunt. Placing a palm on Bentley’s lower back again, I guide her out of the room.

“So, who’s Justin?” she asks, craning her neck to look behind us.

“Nobody you need to know,” I say.

“Okay,” she replies with a slight nod.

When we make it to the HR office, I escort her to the director. “After you’re done here, come back to my office. Yours isn’t ready yet, so you’ll be working out of mine.” I’m bullshitting. Her space was ready last week. She doesn’t need to know that though. I must be a masochist, because I’m only torturing myself by keeping her close. Even knowing this, I’m still going to keep her within arm’s reach for as long as I can.

“With you?” Bentley asks with wide eyes.

“Yes, with me. Do you have a problem with that, Miss Johnson?” My gaze bores into hers.

“No,” she says, quickly looking away.

“SIR, YOUR TEN O’CLOCK IS HERE.” My secretary’s voice fills my office.

I press the button on the intercom. “Send them in, Tracey.

Then I check my calendar and groan. My ten o’clock is with Randall Clive, CEO of the Clive Corporation. He’s beyond the age of retirement. He knows it, I know it, and his sleazy grandson, who’s presently chomping at the bit to get his hands on the family business, knows it too. Clive has been a client of mine for the past five years. His corporation is comprised of multiple business ventures. If there’s an industry for it, you can guarantee that Old Man Clive is trading in it. Word on the street is that he came to Australia with nothing, built his company up from money he made running scams. Of course they’re unsubstantiated rumours—not that I give two shits how he made his way in this world.

What I do care about is the fact that his grandson, Billy, is about to inherit the whole damn lot. Five billion dollars in net

worth. If he weren't the slimy little bastard he is, I wouldn't care. I wouldn't be meeting with Clive in an attempt to get him to put some kind of safety measures into the change of ownership contracts he's about to sign.

I happen to like Old Man Clive. I also know watching everything he's worked for, for the past seventy years go down the drain or up his grandson's nose—which is the more likely scenario—will be what puts him in the grave. I'd like to see the geezer enjoy retirement for at least a little while.

The door opens, and Tracey lets Mr Clive in before shutting it again.

“Randall, how've you been?” I ask, standing and holding a hand over the desk between us.

Randall's grip is firm as he shakes my offered palm. “As good as can be when you're on the way out,” he says.

“From what I hear, retirement is just the start, not the end,” I tell him before reclaiming my seat.

Randall fills one of the chairs on the opposite side of my desk. “From what I hear, it's a whole lot of sitting around and waiting for the man upstairs to decide it's your time.”

“That's... grim,” I say.

“It is what it is. What can you do about it? I'm sure my pending doom is not what you called me in here for, Nathan,” he says in his usual no-nonsense tone.

“It's not. The contract for the handover,” I say, picking up the manilla folder. “We need to put some safety measures in here for you, for your wife.”

“What do you mean?”

“You're only taking twenty percent of the company profits for the duration of your retirement,” I state.

“I'm aware.”

“Have you thought about what happens if there are no profits?” I ask.

“Nathan, you’ve been my attorney long enough to know that Clive Corp is not a struggling enterprise.”

“Under your management, it’s thriving. But you’re stepping down, Randall. What happens when your grandson takes control?”

“Are you saying my grandson isn’t fit to run the company he has been training to take over for his whole life?” Randall asks bluntly.

Well, yes, I am. I don’t say what I’m thinking though. Instead, I do what I do best. Bullshit my way through negotiations. “Not at all. I think he’ll do a bang-up job. However, that doesn’t mean we shouldn’t plan for the worst-case scenario. Don’t risk everything you’ve built.”

“What exactly are you suggesting, Nathan?” he asks.

“I want to add a clause. If the company profits drop below seventy percent of what they are today, an independent analyst is to run a report.”

“Fine, add it in, but we won’t need it,” Randall says with confidence I don’t feel.

The door to my office bursts open, and Bentley steps inside. When her eyes meet mine, she freezes midstep. “Miss Johnson?” I raise my eyebrows in question.

Usually anyone with the audacity to just enter my closed office, without so much as a knock first, would be on the receiving end of my wrath. That being said, I can’t help but be amused when it comes to the look of shock and horror that crosses Bentley’s face as her eyes go from me, to Randall, and back again.

“I, uh... I finished up with HR,” she says, straightening her shoulders.

“Randall, this is our newest associate, Miss Johnson. She’ll be working directly under me.” As I introduce the pair, the words play havoc on my cock. The ways I want Bentley working under me are not something I need to be thinking about right now.

Randall stands to greet her. “Miss Johnson, I didn’t know you were going into law,” he says.

“I... I... um...” Bentley is at a loss for words.

“Well, I hardly think it’s appropriate, given what your deadbeat father did. No amount of time can make anyone forget, Miss Johnson.” Randall spits her name out with so much hate.

“Hold up a minute. How do you two know each other?” I ask, walking around my desk and up to Bentley. I stand firmly next to her, making an obvious stance. I don’t give a fuck who Old Man Clive thinks he is. I will not tolerate anyone speaking to my staff like they’re trash.

“No, I don’t know her, nor do I care to. You either fire her now, or I’m walking out and taking my business with me,” Randall demands.

I stalk across the office. I will never be the man who gives into anyone’s ultimatums. Opening the door, I face Randall again. “The door’s here,” I tell him.

His face goes beetroot red, and the veins in his forehead visibly throb. “You choose her? That nobody, that good-for-nothing Johnson, over me and my billions?” he scoffs.

“I didn’t fucking stutter. Leave before I have security escort you out.” My voice rises, causing a whole heap of nosey fucking eyes to land this way.

Randall picks up his shit and stomps towards me. “You will regret this, Miller,” he says as he passes.

“Yeah, highly doubtful,” I tell him before slamming the door closed.

THREE

Bentley



“**A**nd he just kicked him out? Your boss kicked Randall Clive out of his office?” Jules asks with her mouth open in shock.

To be honest, I think I’m still in shock myself. Why would Nathan Miller choose me over what must be one of the firm’s biggest clients? It makes no sense at all.

“Yep, that’s what happened,” I confirm.

“Why?”

“That *is* the million-dollar question.” I raise my glass of pinot in the air.

“More like billion,” Jules says as she clinks her glass with mine. “But, seriously, what a fucking ass. Who does Mr Clive think he is? We used to run around with his grandchildren. We had family dinners, attended galas, all kinds of events together.”

“Well, it seems we are going to be paying for the sins of the father longer than we thought.”

If I had chosen a different career, something that wasn't so corporate, then perhaps I could have slipped more under the radar. Not been called out for being my father's daughter. I'm not ashamed. I know in my heart my father is an innocent man. I just wish the rest of the country would understand that too.

“Okay, so what happened after he kicked him out? What did your boss do then?” Jules asks.

What did Nathan do? My mind drifts back to that exchange. It happened only earlier today, but I feel like it's been a whole week since that moment. Nathan sauntered towards me. I remember my whole body shaking, but then something happened. As he approached me, the fantasies started.

I wanted him to take me in his arms. I wanted his lips to smash down onto mine. I wanted him to pick me up, carry me over to his desk, and lay me down.

Of course, none of that happened. *Thankfully*, none of that happened. I do not want to be the girl who breaks the glass ceiling on her back. That's not me. More power to anyone who chooses to take that route up the corporate ladder though.

“He just walked past me and went and sat behind his desk.” I shrug.

“Come on. There has to be more to this story. Why is your face red?” Jules asks, her eyes squinting at me.

“It's hot in here, and that's it. That's all that happened,” I say, making sure I look her squarely in the eyes.

“If you say so.” She shrugs, her fingertips plucking her phone from the table.

I sigh, relaxing into my seat, thankful that Jules is going to drop this whole conversation.

“Wait a hot damn minute!” She yells out, looking up from her screen.

My brows crease. “What? What happened?” I lean over the table, attempting to take a peek at what’s on her phone. She pulls the device closer to her chest, blocking my view.

“Nothing. So, tell me more about this boss of yours. Is he hot?”

“He’s old, Jules.” I roll my eyes.

“So not hot? That’s a bummer.”

“Definitely not hot,” I lie.

“The fact that you can sit there and lie to me so easily... Wow. Just *wow*. Do I even know you at all?” She turns her phone around, and staring back at me are the piercing eyes of Nathan Miller, with his stupidly handsome face and a slight smile on his lips.

“It’s not a lie. Attraction is a matter of perception, Jules.”

“Oh really?” She pulls her phone back and stares at the screen, before glancing up at me again, her eyes wide and a devious smile gracing her lips. “So there is nothing... not one thing you find hot about your new boss?”

“Nope,” I answer and bring my glass of wine to my mouth.

“Miss Johnson,” a gravelly voice calls out next to the table, causing the big gulp of wine I just took to propel forward and out my mouth.

“What the...?” I look from Jules to Nathan.

He tilts his head at me, running his eyes up and down my body. “Enjoy your evening,” he says and then just walks away.

“Yeah, not hot at all.” Jules fans her face dramatically.

“He’s my boss, Jules.”

“Bosses can be hot. It’s a thing.” She turns around to look behind her.

“What are you doing? Stop it,” I hiss. “We need to leave.” I stand and pick up my bag and coat from the back of my chair. “I’m going to the bathroom. For the love of God, stay

out of trouble until I return, and then we're going home," I tell her.

Once I'm in the bathroom, I turn the tap on and splash some cold water over my neck. Then I close my eyes and exhale. Today was harder than I thought, more emotionally stressful than I was prepared to handle. I knew I would run into someone who recognised me *eventually*. I just didn't expect it to happen on the first day.

"So there's not a single thing about me that you find attractive?"

I freeze, and my eyes pop open and meet the assessing gaze of Nathan Miller in the mirror. "Ah, are you lost? Pretty sure this is the ladies," I say.

"Not lost." He shrugs, his eyes trailing down my neck to the top of my cleavage.

My chest heaves up and down. I need to get away from him. I can't be trusted this close to him. Because I did lie. He's insanely freaking hot, and I'd give my left kidney to have just one night with him. Or my right kidney. Any kidney really. Heck, if he's as good in bed as I imagine he is, they can take both. Multiple orgasms is definitely a hill I would be willing to die on.

"You're not affected by me at all?" he asks. His fingertips caress my shoulder, moving their way up my neck. He tucks the loose strands of my hair behind my ear. "Because I'm very affected by you, Bentley." He leans in, pressing his body into my back.

A moan involuntarily leaves my lips as I feel the hardness of his cock against my ass.

"You sure are a pretty little liar, Miss Johnson. Because your words say one thing, but this body of yours betrays you."

My head falls back against his broad chest. I close my eyes, and my breathing increases along with my heartbeat.

"Open your eyes." His voice hardens. One of his hands wraps around my hair, yanking my head up so that I'm forced to look at him through the mirror. "You're going to watch, see

who's making you come harder than you ever have before." His other hand dips under my skirt. "Open your legs." When I don't follow his instructions, he tightens his grip on my hair. "Now, Bentley. Open them."

It's like his voice is a remote control, and my legs part, opening as wide as they'll go beneath my dress.

"Good fucking girl," he growls into my ear. His fingers slide up the inside of my thigh. "Are you wet, Bentley? Am I going to shove my fingers in your cunt and find it dripping for me?" he asks.

I shake my head. I'm drenched, but I'm not about to admit that to him. His fingers travel higher, and when he reaches my panty-covered pussy, he groans before shoving the material to the one side, exposing my entrance to him. Two fingers plunge into me and my body ignites.

"Fucking pretty little liar. You're soaked. For me. This... it's all for me," he says, withdrawing his fingers before driving them back in again.

"Oh god! I can't..." I shake my head. I can't do this. I know I need to shove him off me, tell him to go to hell, and walk out. But every time his fingers withdraw and drive back inside me, I'm closer to coming. And right now, coming seems like the only thing in the world that matters.

"That's it. I want to see you fucking come for me, Bentley. Show me how beautiful you look when you let go." Nathan's lips nibble at my neck while his eyes stay locked on mine in the mirror. His thumb finds my clit, pressing down on the hardened nub. My legs give out. I catch myself on the counter. Nathan's hand leaves my hair and wraps around my waist, holding me upright and flush against him. "Come for me, Bentley. I need to fucking see it," he whispers next to my ear.

As if his words have somehow flipped a switch, my body responds and I explode. Flying high into that orgasmic, blissed-out space. My muscles tense, my eyes close, and I scream out his name.

"Fucking breathtaking. I knew it would be," he says.

My eyes open and I look at my dishevelled appearance in the mirror. Regret instantly washes over me. “What the hell did we do?” I whisper.

“Nothing we both didn’t want,” Nathan counters as he removes his fingers from my body, straightens my destroyed panties, and pulls my dress down over my thighs. “Next time I ask you a question, don’t lie to me.”

Before I can form any kind of response, he’s gone. Out the door. Just walked right out.

Turning the tap back on, I splash myself with water again. I don’t think there is enough cold water in the world to calm my nerves right now. I just let my boss finger-bang me in the bathroom of a bar. On my first day of work. I’m going to have to quit. There is no way I can stay there. I can’t.

Can I?

FOUR

Nathan

Walking back out to the bar, I sit down, pick up my glass of whiskey, and chug it before slamming the glass on the table.

Xavier and Alistair both narrow their eyes at me. When Xavier's glare shifts from me to something or *someone* over my shoulder, he curses under his breath. I don't need to turn around to know it's Bentley. I can fucking feel her. The back of my neck prickles in her presence. My still-fucking-hard cock twitches.

"For the love of God, tell me you didn't just fuck our newest employee in the bathroom," Xavier groans, rubbing a hand down his face.

"I didn't fuck our newest employee in the bathroom." I roll my eyes. *Because I finger-fucked her in the bathroom, I silently add in my head.*

“That is a HR lawsuit waiting to fucking happen, Nathan. You’re smarter than that. You should be smarter than that. Fuck, just *be* smarter than that,” Alistair warns.

“You think I don’t know that?” I scoff, pushing my chair back and standing. “Like I said, I didn’t fuck our new employee in the bathroom,” I repeat, hoping they both get it through their thick fucking skulls and drop the topic.

Walking out of the bar, I jump straight into a cab. After I’ve given the driver my address, I pull out my phone and scroll through various emails.

I knew I wouldn’t be able to resist touching her. And now that I have, I only want to do it more. I want to feel the curves of her waist under my hands. I want to hold the weight of her breasts in my palms. I want to touch every inch of her silky, smooth skin. When you’re used to getting everything you want, always, it’s really fucking hard to deny yourself something as alluring as Bentley Johnson.

Johnson.

I should have known... Why didn’t I know whose daughter she was? I’ve read all about her father’s case. He went to jail for what he and his company did. How did she manage to get through our interview process with no one picking up on the fact that she was a Johnson, as in Kemp Johnson’s Cosmetics? I’m not sure there’s anyone in the corporate world who doesn’t know about that case. But that was her father, and the son shouldn’t be cursed for the sins of the father. Or, in this instance, the daughter shouldn’t either.

The driver pulls to a stop outside my apartment building. Handing him over some cash, I jump out of the car and loosen the tie around my neck. I need a shower, a drink, and a wank. Probably not in that order. My cock still aches in my pants while the memory of Bentley’s pussy clenching around my fingers plays through my mind, as I wait for the elevator to reach the top floor. It opens right into my foyer. I don’t bother turning on the lights in my penthouse. Instead, I head straight for the shower.

I turn on the hot water and the room steams up as I undress, throwing my clothes in a pile on the floor. Stepping into the shower, I bring my fingers to my nose. I can still smell her on them. It's fucking intoxicating. As much as I wanted to lick them clean, I refrained. I want the first taste I get of her pussy to come directly from the source.

My hand drops down and fists my cock. I can see her. Hear her. It's almost like she's here, in this shower with me. Her moans, the way her body shook as she came around my fingers...

Fuck, I can't wait to sink my cock into her and have her clamp down around it. My fist pumps back and forth, slowly. I want to savour this. I'm not in a rush. I look down, picturing Bentley on her knees, her breasts bare and on display for me. I imagine taking hold of each side of her face, pushing my cock all the way to the back of her throat. I can see the tears that would roll down her cheeks, feel her warm mouth on my cock, her tongue swirling around my tip before I thrust back in...

"Fuck!" I hiss as ropes of cum shoot out of me and all over the tiled walls of the shower. My knees buckle as I continue to pump one, two, three more times. Fuck me, if the real thing is anything like the fantasy I've conjured up in my head, I need to get Bentley Johnson into my bed as soon as humanly possible.

Finishing off my shower, I shut off the water and wrap a towel around my waist. Then I walk out of my bedroom, heading to the bar that's fully stocked in the corner of my living room, and pause.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" I ask the intruder currently sprawled out naked on my sofa.

"I thought you might want some company." Jessica smiles, running a hand up and down her flat stomach.

"You thought wrong. Get dressed and get out." I grab her coat and throw it on top of her.

"What? Why?" She pouts.

“If I wanted you here, I would have invited you. I didn’t.” I continue to make my way to the bar. Any other night, I would take her up on her offer. Fuck, maybe I should? If I fuck someone else, it might help ease this aching need I have for Bentley.

I shake my head. It won’t work. As good as Jessica is, she’s no Bentley.

As I pour myself a shot of whiskey, I hear Jessica’s clothing rustling behind me. “You know you don’t have to be an ass about it, Nathan,” she says.

I turn around and lean my back against the cabinets. “I’m changing my code. In fact, I don’t even remember giving it to you. How’d you get in here?” I ask her with a raise of my brow.

“I watched you type it in.” She shrugs.

That would explain it. It’s not like I ever hide the code to my penthouse. I never thought I’d have to. “Considering you saw yourself in, I think you can manage to see yourself out.” I hear the elevator doors close as I walk back to my bedroom with a fresh glass of whiskey in hand.

IT’S TEN TO EIGHT. I’m sitting at my desk, watching the door like a wolf in heat just waiting for its prey to cross the threshold. I need to get a grip on myself. It’s not like I can ravage her the moment she clocks in.

She’s your employee.

The words are scrawled across a big yellow Post-it note that’s stuck to my monitor. Courtesy of Xavier Christianson. The writing has his cursive flare to it. Xavier, unlike me and Alistair, grew up with a gold spoon in his mouth. Not silver, literally gold. I spotted the gold baby spoons in a cabinet in his parents’ house one time when we were all there celebrating a win.

He comes from one of Australia's wealthiest families. He could have had it easy and rode on the coattails of his father. He chose a different path. He chose law. He's worked just as hard as I have, to become the best at what he does. I think he has this thing about proving to the world he can do it on his own or some shit. Whatever it is, I'm fucking glad, because he is the best criminal defence attorney this city has seen in a very long time.

Our firm is comprised of three departments: criminal law, which is Xavier's bread and butter, family law, Alistair's specialty, and finally corporate law, which is all me.

We are the best firm in Melbourne. We've all worked our asses off to be the best and gain that reputation. Thoughts of Randall Clive and the potential ramifications of losing him as a client run through my head. What impact is this going to have on the firm?

I know I made the right decision. I will never give in to a demand from anyone. Fuck that. I'll sit back and watch his company go down the drain when he hands the reins over to his cokehead of a grandson. There was no way I was going to fire Bentley. Even if it was her first day. She's smart, top of her class kind of smart. That's the sort of attorney we want working for us. And the decision had nothing to do with the fact that I want to bend her over my desk and fuck the shit out of her.

There's a soft knock at the door, causing me to look up from my computer screen. She's here. Relief washes over me. I wasn't one hundred percent sure that she'd come back. I was half-expecting to be served with a HR lawsuit the minute I walked into the office this morning. Which is why I drew up a contract as soon as I arrived. I just need to find a way to get Bentley to sign it. It covers both of us if we continue our extracurricular activities. Who am I kidding? There is no *if*, because one look at her now has my cock rock-fucking-hard.

"Miss Johnson, close the door," I instruct her.

Bentley looks from me to the door, considering her options before she steps inside and does as she's told.

Good girl. I don't say the words out loud. But it is nice to know she's a natural at following orders. I think she and I are going to have plenty of fun getting to know each other.

"Have a seat." I point to one of the chairs in front of me.

Bentley sits down, and for the first time, I wish I had a glass desk. Because, fuck, would I like to see those thighs of hers cross over each other.

"I apologise for my behaviour last night. I want to assure you that it won't happen again. I'm not that girl. I will make sure it doesn't happen again," she says, looking me firmly in the eye.

"You're really fucking beautiful when you lie." I smirk, watching the redness creep up her neck. "But let's not kid ourselves. What happened last night..." I point from her to me. "We both wanted that to happen. And it's going to happen again," I say.

"You're my boss," she whispers.

"I'm aware." I sit back in my chair.

"I can't."

"And yet you already did." My fingers click the top of my pen up and down, anything to stop myself from reaching across the desk, pulling her into my lap, and having her ride my dick.

"I-I wasn't thinking clearly."

Ignoring her comment, I drop the pen. I don't think she's in the mood to sign my contract at the moment. So I pick up a manilla folder and slide it across the desk. "I need you to proof these contracts, make sure there's nothing out of order. If you have any questions, ask."

"Wait. That's it?" She appears confused.

"That's it, Miss Johnson. You can set yourself up over there." I gesture to the sofa. I should show her where her office is, where she should be stationed for the day. I'm not ready to let her leave though. I like having her here.

“When will my own office be ready?” she asks as she stands from her seat.

“I’m not sure. I don’t have the time nor the inclination to follow up with menial matters,” I reply with a dismissive wave of my hand.

FIVE

Bentley



I look up at the clock on the wall for what seems like the millionth time in the last... ten minutes. It's only ten minutes later than it was the last time I checked. 5:45 p.m.

It's Friday, and I honestly can't wait to hightail it out of this office and as far away from Nathan as I can get. It's been one hell of a first week. I still don't have my own workspace, and every time I ask about it, Nathan either grunts something or completely blindsides me by changing the topic. He's good at that. I guess it comes with years of practicing law. I've watched him closely this week, closer than I'm willing to admit even to myself. He's good. I already knew that of course. It's the whole reason I worked so hard to gain a position in this firm.

I wanted to learn from the best. Work with the best. And here I am, wanting to sleep with the best too. Although that

fact is yet to be discovered. Did Nathan make me come harder than I ever have using just his fingers Monday night?

Yes. A big, fireworks explosion yes.

However, being good at using your fingers is not the same as being good at using your dick. I think. I've never really had a boyfriend who was good at either.

Fifteen minutes. I can hold out for fifteen more minutes. I'm not a complete wanton hussy. Despite the protest of my vagina, which is currently begging me to be careless and jump on that man like it's nobody's business. Even if I wanted to, which I don't. But let's pretend I did. I wouldn't know the first thing to do. I'm confident in many aspects of my life. Sex, sexual pursuits, is not one of them. So it's probably a good thing I don't want to follow through with my body's desire to have Nathan Miller buried as deep inside me as he could possibly go.

I look back at the clock. 5:50. Ten more minutes. I catch Nathan watching me from the corner of my eye.

"The time doesn't actually go faster by watching the clock," he says.

"I know." I return my focus to the papers I'm highlighting. I can't lie. This sofa I've been working from is hella comfy. I'd just like to not be locked in an office with him. It's like I'm being put through the ultimate test: is my will stronger than my libido? So far, my brains and self-restraint are winning out. I glance up as Nathan stands from his desk.

"I'll be back. Don't leave before I return," he says.

"Wait... It's ten to six. I need to leave at six," I tell him.

"Why? Do you have somewhere more important to be?" he asks with raised eyebrows.

"No, I just—I finish at six," I state.

He pulls a key out of his pocket. "That's okay. You can leave. I just thought you might want a tour of your office," he says.

“It’s ready?” *Why did he wait until the end of the day to show me?*

“It is, but if you want to wait until Monday to see it, that’s fine.” He pockets the key and walks out of his office, leaving me staring after him. Okay, my eyes are transfixed on his ass, on his firm ass, hugged by those custom-fitted dress pants.

Damn it! I internally scold myself and look away. Since he’s left the office, I pack up my work. I’ll take it home and finish it over the weekend. Grabbing my phone, I pull up the group chat I have with my sister and mum.

ME:

I’ll be late home and won’t make dinner. I got held up at work.

JULES:

Caught up with work, or caught up on top of #hotboss?

MUM:

What? Jules, not everybody thinks with their bodily needs.

I smile. If anyone could find a way to call someone a hussy and make it sound classy, it’s my mum. She basically just called Jules out for being ‘free’ with her vagina.

ME:

Thanks, Mum. I’ll see you both later.

JULES:

If you saw the #hotboss, Mum, you’d be wanting to think with your body too.

ME:

OMG! Jules, stop. Now I’m going to have nightmares.

MUM:

I don't know where I went wrong with you, Jules.

I drop my phone into my bag. That conversation could go on forever if I continue to engage. Then I kick off my shoes. As great as those heels look, they bloody hurt like hell. I've been waiting all day for the relief. Except it's only going to hurt worse when I have to shove my feet back into them. I need to remember to pack a pair of sensible shoes. Now that I'm going to have my own office, I can keep things like that in there. Most importantly, I can lock myself away from the temptation of my boss.

Twenty minutes later, Nathan returns. "You waited?" He looks surprised.

"I want to see this office. Get a head start for Monday." I stand and pick up my bag and shoes. I'm not putting my feet back into them yet.

Nathan looks down at my bare feet. An odd look crosses his face. *Please don't tell me the man has a foot fetish.* I can't deal with that. It would be a major turn-off for me. The idea of someone sucking on my toes is just a big, fat *no*. Not for me. I'm not kink shaming. If that's your thing, then that's fine. It's just not mine. That being said, if it's Nathan's thing, maybe it would cure me of this insane crush I have on the man.

"Do you have a foot fetish?" I ask.

His head snaps up, and that icy gaze connects with mine. "I have many fetishes. Feet are not one of them. Come on." He turns around.

I follow him through the offices. It appears mine is on the opposite side of the hall. I've walked past this door a bazillion times this week, except it didn't have my name on it like it does now. *Bentley Johnson*. In gold cursive lettering on a black plaque sits in the centre of the door.

I pull my phone out and snap a photo. Nathan smiles at me. "You ready?"

“I’ve been ready since Monday,” I say. I wait for him to unlock the door. He opens it, holding an arm out and motioning for me to walk inside. It’s small, a quarter of the size of his office. But I’m a first-year associate. It’s more than what I expected. Honestly, I thought I’d be stuck in a cubicle somewhere. “Oh my god! I can’t believe it. This is mine?” I point to my chest.

“Pretty sure that’s your name on the front,” he says, crossing the threshold and closing the door.

I’m suddenly aware of his proximity in an enclosed space. *Is it hot in here?* Shit, I should leave. I know I should make a hasty escape. Even as I watch him take very slow, very measured steps towards me, I know I should leave. That look in his eyes... It’s not professional. The way my heart is beating erratically in my chest. Even less so.

“What are you doing?” My question is barely a whisper as he stops right in front of me.

“What I’ve been dying to do since fucking Monday,” he says.

“What’s that?” I have to tilt my head up to look at him.

“This.” Both of his hands reach out and cup my cheeks. “It’s past six. It’s officially the weekend. You’re off the clock, which means... I can do this.” His lips crash onto mine. My body involuntarily leans into him and my arms snake around his neck, pulling him closer. All while my mind is yelling ‘traitor’ at me.

The minute his lips touched mine, there’s no resistance. Not from my body anyway. His tongue slips between my lips, and my mouth opens willingly, greedily. My moan is followed by a guttural growl from Nathan.

I need more. I want more.

Like he has access to my thoughts, Nathan picks me up by the hips and sits me on the desk. His hands grasp my blouse, and before I can protest, buttons are flying across the room as he splits the fabric open.

“These tits of yours, fuck me. Glorious.” He stares down at my heaving chest. His fingers unhook the clasp in the middle of my bra, pushing the straps down my shoulders. Nathan takes my breasts in his hands, his fingertips tweaking my already-hard nipples. “I need a taste,” he says, dipping his head.

My back arches, and my hands land behind me on the desk as his mouth closes over one of my peaks. “Oh god!”

His tongue circles around my nipple, his teeth grazing ever so lightly. The sensations travel directly to my core, igniting me in the best way. His free hand pulls and twists my other nipple. It’s too much. It feels like I’m going to explode. Moving his mouth across my chest, he switches up, lavishing this one with just as much attention as the last.

“Fucking amazing,” he says around a mouthful of my breast, his eyes glancing upward and locking on mine.

His lips begin to descend as he takes his time, licking, biting, sucking the exposed skin on my stomach. Then he drops to his knees, his face front and centre with my pussy. His hands land on my inner thighs and he pushes my legs open wider. When the tightness of my skirt restricts my movement, he grunts and reaches behind me. I watch in horror as he brandishes a pair of scissors.

“Ah, hell no!” I scream. “You are not cutting this skirt.” I shove at his shoulders, causing him to sit back on his haunches. It gives me enough space to stand. Unzipping my skirt, I slide the material down my legs along with my panties. I shrug off the ruined fabric of my blouse, then do the same with my bra, before I sit myself back on the desk, exactly where I was. Opening my legs as wide as they will go, I gesture for Nathan to continue.

“Fuck me. So fucking hot.” Dropping the scissors, he picks up where he left off. “I’ve been dying to get a taste of you, Bentley. Fucking craving it.” His fingers caress my inner thighs as he stares at my pussy.

His gaze alone sends little bolts of pleasure right through me. “Well, are you going to just look at it, or are you going to

taste it?" I ask him, shocking myself. I have no idea where this confidence is coming from.

Maybe it's my need to have him, my need for another one of those amazing orgasms I know he can give me. Whatever it is, I just know I want nothing more in life right now than to have his mouth on me.

"You see, the problem is... if I taste it, I'm going to like it. And if I like it, one meal won't be enough." As soon as the words leave his mouth, his tongue slides between my wet folds.

"Fuck!" My head lolls backwards when he circles my clit before he quickly pulls away. I open my eyes and stare down at him. I'm about to ask him why he stopped when he halts my words with his own.

"Eyes on me, baby girl. I want you to see what I'm doing to you. What I'm giving you." His tongue slides up again, his mouth closing around my clit.

Ever had to work on keeping your eyes open when all you want to do is shut them? It's not easy. I feel his fingers enter me as they curl up and rub on that little hidden spot he found the other night. "Oh god!" I scream. My hands tangle into his hair as my hips start moving, and I grind myself against his mouth.

When he growls, I feel the vibrations run right through me. His eyes are darkened, hungry, lust reflected in them. I can feel myself climbing. I'm so close to the edge my legs are shaking. When I feel one of his fingers slide underneath me, poking at my rear hole, I lose it. I don't know if I'm screaming his name. I do know I'm screaming something, but whatever's coming out of my mouth, I can't be held responsible for it.

SIX

Nathan

“**Y**ou know what this means, don’t you?” I ask Bentley, standing to take her face in my hands.

“What?”

“That you’re going to have to feed me this delectable fucking pussy of yours regularly now. I told you one taste wouldn’t be enough. Fuck, I already want to do it again.” I flick my eyes to her glistening cunt. Her legs are spread wide, her bare pussy on full display for me.

“Well, if you insist,” she says.

“Yeah, I’m going to need you to get on your knees.” I take a step back. “Now,” I tell her, unbuttoning my pants before I slide my zip down. “As much as I want to sink my cock into your tight little pussy, I’m not letting the first time I fuck you be on a desk. We’re going to need a bed for that.” Freeing my

cock, I give it a few tugs. “On your knees, Bentley,” I tell her again when she doesn’t move.

She’s staring at my cock as she slides off the desk and onto her knees right in front of me. The fantasy I had of her in this position does not come close to comparing it to the real thing. She’s fucking hot. No, she’s goddamn perfection on earth.

Taking a small step forward, I close the gap between us and hold my cock to her lips. “Lick it.”

Her eyes blink up at me before she sticks her tongue out, running that nimble appendage up the underside of my shaft.

“Good girl. Now wrap your lips around the tip.”

When she does just that, she doesn’t wait for any further instructions. She doesn’t need them. Because this woman sucks me in as far as she can take me. As heavenly as this feels, I stop her. “Yeah, that’s not how this works, baby girl.” I pull my cock out of her mouth. “I didn’t tell you to suck me yet. I give the orders. You follow them.”

Bentley stares up at me with her mouth hanging open in shock.

I fill the gap with my cock. “Now suck. All the fucking way. I want to feel the back of your throat,” I tell her.

She does. She sucks me in farther than before. And, *holy fuck*, I don’t know what she does next, but I feel her throat constrict around my cock as she swallows, and I almost lose control.

“Fuck, your mouth is so good, baby girl. Just like that, suck. Yes.” My hand caresses her cheek. “You are the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen. Your lips wrapped around my cock, fucking amazing,” I tell her.

She doubles her efforts. Using one of her hands, she pumps my shaft as she sucks me in and out of her mouth.

“Look at you. You fucking love this, don’t you. You love sucking me.”

She doesn’t answer, but the moan I feel vibrate from her mouth through my cock tells me what I already know. I can

see it in her eyes. She's fucking turned on as hell right now.

"I'm going to come, and you're going to take it all like the good fucking girl you are," I warn her right before shooting my seed down her throat.

Bentley doesn't disappoint. She swallows every last drop and follows up by licking my cock clean.

"Fucking perfect." I pick her up from the ground, shoving my tongue into her mouth. Our combined tastes mingle together as I kiss her. "I need to get you into a bed," I tell her as I pull back to look at her.

"Um, I should go. I need to get home." She bends down and picks up her skirt, sliding the material up her legs and fastening the button around her waist.

"No, you need to come home with me," I correct her.

"I'm not going home with you," she argues, shaking her head to further reiterate her point.

"Why not?"

"Because you're my boss. And I don't even like you." She plucks her bra from the floor, covering her breasts and adjusting the cups.

I should have used the scissors and destroyed all of her clothes. That way, she'd have to stay naked for me. "You liked me plenty when you were screaming my name and coming all over my tongue."

"I like your skill. That's not the same as liking *you*," she counters. She already has her blouse in her hands and is shoving her arms through the sleeves. She then ties the fabric together in a knot right under her breasts.

"You're not walking out of here like that," I tell her, motioning a hand up and down her body. Her whole torso is exposed.

"Maybe you should have thought of that before you popped off all the buttons."

“Come home with me. I’ll make it worth your time.” I can’t remember the last time I had to *beg* a woman to come home with me. Actually, I’ve never fucking begged a woman to come home with me. But with this particular woman, with Bentley, I just might get down on my knees and beg and plead until she agrees.

I want her in my bed. I want to be *inside* her more than anything right now.

“I can’t tonight. I have to get home.”

“Okay, tomorrow then. I’ll send a car for you,” I tell her with a definitive nod.

“I’ll think about it.” She slings her bag over her shoulder and passes me on the way to the door.

I catch her by the wrist and pull her back into me. I slam my lips over hers. I’m not ready to let her go. I also won’t keep a woman in my presence who doesn’t want to be kept. “Don’t think, just feel. You and me, we are going to create fireworks, baby girl,” I say, then release her arm.

Bentley gives me a small smile before practically running out the door, leaving me staring after her.

IT’S four in the afternoon. I’ve been waiting all day to message Bentley. I haven’t thought about anything other than her all day. I’m hoping if I can get her in bed and fuck her out of my system, we can get on with our working relationship. Each of us satisfied with the extra benefits we got. Even as I think it, I know I’m not going to want to let her go anytime soon.

In the office, during the day, Bentley Johnson is the ideal employee, the perfect good girl I’ve been trying to find. But with the way she follows my every order, she’s exactly the kind of sexual partner I need to fill my nights with too. I’ve been on countless dates with ‘good girls.’ You know the type. The ones you could take home to your mother. The ones you

can see *as* mothers. Caring, nurturing, boring. They're always boring. No matter how many good girls I've tried to date, I've never been able to bring myself to take any of them to bed.

No, I satisfy my sexual needs with girls like Jessica. Girls who want to be good *for* me, but don't mind being naughty *with* me.

But Bentley? She's both. She's everything I've been looking for and then some. Because the woman is fucking brilliant on top of it all. The whole fucking package. It would just be a lot easier if she weren't my employee. That little fact won't stop me from having her though.

Bringing her number up on my phone, I send her a message.

ME:

I'm coming to pick you up. Be ready in thirty minutes.

BENTLEY:

Who is this?

ME:

Funny... Do you have many men wanting to pick you up and bring you back to their apartments to fuck your brains out?

BENTLEY:

The list is long...

I see red. *The list is long*. Fuck that, there is no fucking list.

ME:

I hope for both of your sakes you're lying.

BENTLEY:

Sorry. I'm busy today.

ME:

We had plans.

BENTLEY:

No, you had plans, Mr Miller. I have a prior engagement I can't get out of. Have a great weekend. I'll see you first thing Monday morning.

That's it. She thinks *that's* going to stop me from hunting her down and dragging her back to my apartment like the goddamn caveman I am? The woman's delusional if she thinks I'll give up that easily.

Walking into my office, I open my laptop and log in to the firm's servers. Finding her address in her HR file is child's play. It's highly inappropriate for me to use this information for personal reasons. Then again, so is everything else I do when it comes to Bentley.

So fuck it. I pick up my keys and hit the call button for the lift. Once I'm seated behind the steering wheel of my car, I'm even more determined that I'm doing the right thing. She wants this just as much as I do. I know she does. She just doesn't *want* to want it. Which is fine. We'll work on that.

Half an hour later, I'm pulling up out front of a suburban home. And for the first time since I left my apartment, I'm having doubts. Does she live with her mum? This doesn't look like the kind of place a young woman would have on her own. It's a large brick house, with well-maintained flower beds and a little garden that fills the manicured yard.

I grab my phone from the centre console, stare up at the house, and send Bentley a text.

ME:

I'm out front. You can either come out, or I'm coming up and ringing that doorbell.

It doesn't take long before I see a curtain from an upstairs window pull back. I see Bentley's silhouette staring at me

from behind the glass.

BENTLEY:

Do not ring my doorbell. Give me five minutes.

Exactly three minutes later, a dishevelled and flushed-looking first-year associate is running out the front door of the house and down the gravel path.

“What on earth are you doing here?” Bentley asks as she climbs into the passenger seat of my car.

“Put your seat belt on,” I tell her.

She folds her arms over her chest. “No. What are you doing here? Did you not get the message that I’m busy?”

I reach over, grab the belt, pull it over her body, and clip it in. “Doing what?” I ask, starting the ignition of the car.

“Washing my hair,” she huffs out.

After pulling out onto the street, I look over at her and smirk. “I’ll wash it for you.”

“You are insufferable,” she says, despite her smile.

SEVEN

Bentley



What the hell am I doing? Playing with fire, that's what.

As Nathan leads me into his apartment, his palm resting on my lower back, I can't help but think that by kissing my boss, I'm also kissing my whole career in corporate law goodbye.

"I shouldn't be here," I say aloud.

"Want a drink?" Nathan walks farther into the living room and over to what appears to be a minibar, blatantly ignoring my protests as he goes.

"Nathan, what are we doing?"

"I'm having a drink. You haven't told me if you want one or not yet." He pours himself a glass of amber liquid.

"I'm serious. You're my boss. I'm throwing my career out the window before I've even had a chance to start it."

“We’re both consenting adults, Bentley. I mean, you’re *barely* an adult but you are one. And I’ve been one for some time now. I think, whatever we do, we can be mature about it.” He sips at his glass.

“I worked really hard to get this position, Nathan.”

“You did. And you’re not at risk of losing it.” He sips again. “I have something for you,” he says, stalking towards me and taking my hand. “Come on.”

I follow him—well, let him pull me down a hallway and into a room. An office. Releasing my hand, Nathan walks over to the desk and picks up a piece of paper.

“What is this?” I ask when he hands it to me.

“It’s an NDA and an NSA,” he says, his tone matter of fact. Like it’s just another day in the office.

“NSA?” I parrot. I know what a nondisclosure agreement is, but for the life of me, I cannot work out what NSA stands for.

“Nonharassment suit agreement.” He smirks.

“You just made that up. That’s not even legal. This...” I gesture to the bullshit document. “...won’t hold up in a court of law,” I tell him.

“Maybe. But if it makes you feel better, I’ll sign it.”

“Why me?” I ask him. “You could have any woman, fuck the female population to your heart’s content. Why go through this kind of hassle for me?”

“I don’t want just any woman. I want you.”

“What happens when you don’t anymore?” I question him.

“We will cross that bridge when and *if* that day ever comes.”

Folding the paper in half, I tuck it into my bag.

“You want a pen? We can sign it here, now...?” Nathan asks.

“I think I’ll read it properly first. I’m not in the habit of signing things without careful review.”

“And that’s what makes you a good lawyer.”

“You don’t know that I’m good yet.”

“I’ve seen your grades. I’ve seen your work this week. You’re good. If you weren’t, we never would have recruited you.”

“Thank you.” I smile, casting my eyes to the floor. I can feel my cheeks turning pink. It’s not that I’m not used to the praise. I am. I get plenty of it from my mum and sister. It’s just, coming from him, it seems like so much more than a simple compliment.

Nathan bends over, his shoulder connecting with my stomach, and then the world flips upside down. And I squeal. “What the hell? Put me down.”

A hand lands on my ass. “Nope, you’ve made me wait long enough. I’m not waiting another second,” he says.

My body flies through the air before I land on something soft and cloud-like. A mattress. *A bed*. I land on *his* bed. I turn my head from side to side. This must be his bedroom. I’m in his bedroom. I’m in my boss’s bedroom about to have sex. With my boss. I really need to have my head examined. The simple fact that having sex with my boss seems like the best idea since sliced bread shows just how insane I really am.

“You have no idea how much I’ve wanted this.” Nathan stares down at me.

“Sex?” I question.

“You. Here. In my bed,” he says, pulling his shirt over his head. It occurs to me just now that I haven’t seen him naked yet. He had me stripped bare in my new office, yet he kept his clothes on.

My eyes soak in all that golden skin. The tanned ridges of his abs, his pecs. It’s clear from how toned he is that he works out. I wonder when he actually finds the time for gym sessions.

“Well, now that I’m here, what do you plan on doing with me?” I ask him. Again, I surprise myself with my newfound sexual confidence. It has to be him. Maybe Nathan’s confidence is rubbing off on me. Or it could be the way he looks at me like I’m the best thing he’s ever seen. A meal he wants to devour over and over again.

“Oh, baby girl, the things I plan to do to you... You’ll just have to wait and see.” He strips out of his pants, left in a pair of black boxer briefs with his cock jutting out and hard through the fabric. I watch as he walks around the bed, opens a drawer, retrieves a foil packet, and throws it beside me. Climbing onto the mattress, he parts my legs, kneeling between them. My skin prickles, forming goose bumps as he looks up and down my body. “You’re overdressed, Miss Johnson. You should never have clothes on when you’re in my bed. We should establish these boundaries early on.” He smirks.

Sitting upright, I reach for the hem of my dress, pulling it over my head and tossing it on the floor. Then I stretch my arms behind my back and unhook my bra before adding it to the pile of discarded clothing. My fingers graze the top of my panties. Nathan’s hands shoot out to stop me.

“Let me,” he says, sliding the lace material down my legs. “It’s like unwrapping the best gift I’ve ever been given.”

“My vagina is a gift?” I question.

“Fuck yes, it is, and now that you’ve given it to me, it’s mine. I don’t return gifts, Bentley.” His finger slides between my folds. “This belongs to me now,” he says, shoving that finger inside me.

My back falls on to the bed, and my legs open even wider. An unspoken invitation. One Nathan accepts without hesitation.

“I’m going to fuck you until we both can’t walk anymore,” he growls, freeing his cock from his briefs.

“Are you sure you’re up to that? I mean, I don’t want you to have a heart attack or anything. I’ve heard that’s common at

your age.” I try to hide my smile, unsuccessfully.

“Are you calling me old, Bentley?”

“Well, you’re significantly *older* than I am.”

Nathan doesn’t say anything. His gaze bores into me as he picks up the foil packet. Ripping it open with his teeth, he then rolls the condom down onto his shaft. He discards his briefs before lining his cock up with my entrance. He thrusts into me, and my body tenses up. It’s too much. He’s too big. I hold my breath and brace my hands against the headboard.

Nathan leans his body over mine. His lips gently pepper kisses all over my face. “Relax, baby girl,” he whispers.

My muscles begin to loosen as my body acclimates to the sudden, sharp intrusion. I wiggle my hips upwards a little, testing out movement. “I’m okay,” I tell him.

“Fuck yes, you are.” Nathan sits back on his knees. Picking up my ankles, he rests both on his shoulders before he leans forward again. My legs fold back into me, my knees pressing against the sides of my chest, by my collarbone. This angle allows him to go even deeper. “Fuck, you’re tight, Bentley. So fucking good,” he says, gently driving in and out of my pussy.

“Mmm, god, yes!” I scream when he pistons forward, pinning me against the mattress. Whatever the tip of his cock just hit inside me lights me up from the inside out. “Again,” I tell him.

“Oh, I’m not stopping. Don’t worry,” he says, thrusting into me again.

He picks up his pace, fucking me like I’ve never been fucked before. This must be what everyone talks about when they say how good sex is, how good it *can be*. Because it’s not always like this.

This... I don’t know what it is, but it’s intense. It’s pleasure on top of pleasure. The sounds of my wetness, of skin slapping skin, of both of our grunts and moans fill the room. My legs shake and my core convulses as an orgasm rips

through me. Nathan doesn't stop. He continues to fuck me right through my orgasm and straight into another.

“Fuck!” he screams as his movements stiffen. “You. Are. Fucking. Mine,” he says, between clenched teeth, with each thrust. One final drive forward, and then he lowers my legs before his body collapses on top of mine, our sweaty limbs tangled together and our chests heaving as we each bask in the post-orgasmic bliss. That's when it hits me.

I just had sex with my boss. Not just sex, the best sex of my life, and I already want to do it again.

I'm in trouble. Nathan Miller is trouble.

EIGHT

Nathan

I should have kept Bentley's office locked longer. I don't like her being over on the other side of the building. It's Wednesday. I haven't had my hands on her since I dropped her off at her house on Sunday afternoon. We spent the weekend fucking. On every available surface of my apartment. The last couple of days in the office have been busy. I've barely seen her. I don't like it.

Picking up my phone, I dial through to her direct line. "Bentley Johnson," her sweet voice answers.

"Bentley, I need to see you in my office."

She's quiet for a moment. "Now?" she asks.

"No, next week. Of course now." I hang up the call. I'm well aware I was an ass. But, fuck, I need to see her. I need to feel her. Preferably feel her cunt choking my cock. It takes exactly three minutes for her to leave her desk and walk

through my open door. I know because I was watching the clock. “Close the door,” I tell her.

“Okaaaay.” She sits in one of the chairs on the other side of my desk.

Now that she’s here, I’m suddenly at a loss for words. I should make up some work-related reason for my call. “I want to fuck you,” I tell her.

There goes that idea...

Her eyes widen and she looks behind her like someone is going to walk in on us at any moment. “That’s not happening here,” she says.

“Here?”

“We can’t do that in the office. In fact, I think we should refrain from indulging in any form of O benefits until the weekends.”

“O benefits?” I raise a brow in question.

“Orgasm benefits,” she says.

“Right. Well, that’s not going to work for me. It’s only Wednesday, and I’m already going out of my mind here, Bentley. I need you.”

“Want. It’s a *want*, not a *need*. I’m sure you have a little black book somewhere you can use to get your needs *and* wants filled.” She pushes to her feet with an audible huff.

“Sit down. We’re not even close to being done here.” My tone is harsh, way too harsh. But, fuck, her carefree *go and fuck anyone else* attitude pisses me off. “Let’s get one thing straight. This O benefits program we’re engaged in. It’s exclusive. There are no other members in the club. No one else is permitted entry. Get my drift.”

“And if I don’t agree?” she counters.

“Then there won’t be any O benefits,” I tell her. “It’s exclusive or it’s not at all, Bentley.”

Biting her bottom lip, she thinks about her options. “Okay, well, I choose not at all. Let’s be honest. This isn’t going to

end well. We should quit while we're ahead. It was good, the best. But it's not right, and if we stop now, no one will get hurt."

I look at her in shock. Did she seriously just turn down my proposal? I have a long list of women who have been attempting to get this sort of exclusive deal from me. None have ever been successful, and the first girl I offer it to—on a silver fucking platter, mind you—turns it the fuck down.

"I object."

"We're not in court, Nathan."

"I don't care. I object to you seeing anyone else, to you getting any kind of O benefits from anyone else. I fucking object to anyone else putting their dicks into your pussy." I stand and walk around the desk.

Bentley takes a few steps back as I approach her. "You don't get to object. You're my boss. Here. In this office. But you can't tell me what to do in my personal life."

"Watch me."

"Argh... I have actual work to do. So unless you have business to discuss, I'm going to get back to it."

I watch her storm out. What the fuck just happened? How did I just lose this negotiation? I never bloody lose.

"What did you do to piss off Bentley?" Alistair asks, walking in right after my first-year stormed out.

"Nothing." I step around my desk and reclaim my seat behind it.

"Sure about that? She looked ready to rip someone's head off," he says, pouring himself a glass of Scotch.

"Help yourself," I say, my tone sarcastic.

"I will, thanks." The asshole sits down in the chair Bentley just abandoned.

"Is there a purpose to your visit, Alistair?" I ask.

"Yep, I'm bored and want a wager."

“A wager?”

“Shardonnay... how long before Xavier fucks up with her?” he says. Shardonnay is Xavier’s new assistant *and* his sister’s best friend. Besides that, she’s also the girl he’s had a thing for since she was way too young for him to be having a thing for.

“I don’t know. I think he likes her too much to fuck it up.”

“He always fucks shit like that up. He’s not capable of *not* doing something stupid. A thousand says two weeks and she’ll quit.”

“Okay, you’re on, but I think this one might stick.” I’m optimistic. Mostly because I want my friend to find happiness. I want him to get the girl he’s in love with.

“All right, only time will tell.” Alistair downs the rest of his drink before placing the empty glass on my desk. “Also, don’t fuck Bentley. She’s good. We don’t want to lose her.”

I stare at him, my expression blank. I’m not giving myself up on that one.

“Goddamn it, you already have. No wonder she’s pissed.”

“She’s not pissed. She’s fine,” I tell him.

“So you’re not going to deny it?”

“I’m not confirming it either,” I say, like the good lawyer I am.

“I’m going to have to go out on my own soon. Because, between you and Xavier, this place is a HR lawsuit waiting to happen.” Shaking his head, Alistair crosses the room.

He pauses on the threshold when I call after him, “As if you’d ever leave us. Close the door on your way out.” Then I pick up my phone and send Bentley a message. I shouldn’t have been so harsh with her.

ME:

I’m sorry if I was out of line.

BENTLEY:

You were.

ME:

Let me make it up to you.

BENTLEY:

How?

ME:

Meet me in the garage in ten.

I see the three little dots appear, the message marked *read*, before they disappear again. She doesn't respond. I head down to the garage and wait in my car anyway.

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, the passenger side door opens and Bentley's citrus and floral scent fills the interior. "What are we doing in here, Nathan."

"Are you wearing panties?" I ask her.

"Yes."

"Take them off."

"Why?" she asks.

"Because I said so. Be a good girl, Bentley, and follow my orders. I promise you'll like the rewards if you do."

She bunches up the hem of her dress, the creamy smooth skin of her thighs a beacon for my hands. As she slips her panties down her legs, I undo the button and zip on my pants. Freeing my cock, I pump it a few times before reaching into the glove box and pulling out a condom.

After I slide it down my shaft, I tug Bentley across the centre console and position her over my lap. “Sink yourself down on me, baby girl,” I tell her.

She lowers herself onto my shaft slowly. “I can’t believe we’re doing this here,” she says as she glides all the way down.

“Well, you didn’t want to do it in the office.” I smirk.

“Oh god.” Her head tips back as she circles her hips, grinding down onto me.

“You’re so fucking tight. So fucking good.” My lips meet hers, and my tongue pushes into her mouth. I swallow her moans. My hands land on her waist, lifting her up before slamming her back down again. It’s the fast, hot, teeth-clashing kind of passion. It’s fire. My spine tingles. I can feel myself about to fly. “I need you to come for me,” I tell her.

I slide a hand between our bodies, my fingers find her clit, and I pinch down on it. Her pussy tightens around my cock, milking it.

“Yes,” she groans.

My hips lift off the seat, pushing my cock as deep into her as it can get. My balls tighten and then spurts of my seed fill the rubber.

“You’re really good at sex,” Bentley says breathlessly as her body drapes over mine.

“*We’re* really good at sex. Together. Only us, Bentley,” I tell her.

“Only us,” she agrees, and I feel like I just won the lottery. No, like I just landed our biggest client, rocked it in the courtroom, stunned opposing counsel stupid, and won the case without a competent rebuttal—all at once.

NINE

Bentley



“I’m home,” I call out as I walk through the door. It’s Friday night. I’ve just finished my second week of working for Christianson, Miller, and Warner. I still pinch myself that this is my life. That I’m an actual paid attorney. A low-level paid attorney but paid all the same. And I get to work at the number one firm in the city.

I’m also screwing my boss and having the best sex of my life. I’m certain that’s going to blow up in my face. I just can’t seem to resist him. No matter how much my brain tries to fight me, my body always wins out. I need what he gives me. I crave it. Even now, I’m regretting not going home with him tonight. He offered. He practically begged me...

It’s Jules’s birthday, though, and no cock is magical enough to make me miss my sister’s special day—although Nathan’s does come close. It’s a pretty spectacular cock. The

best one I've ever seen really. And the bonus is he knows exactly how to use it.

"In here," my mum calls out.

Following the sound of her voice and Jules's laughter, I find them both in the kitchen. A big chocolate birthday cake sits untouched on the counter. They each have a cocktail glass in hand, giggling about God only knows what.

"What'd I miss?" I ask, pulling a glass from the cabinet and filling it with whatever blue concoction sits in the jug that's on the counter.

"Everything. Why are you so late getting home?" Jules asks.

Why am I late? Do I go with the fact that my boss insisted on eating me out before he let me leave the office. And who am I to tell him no? Really, if you saw how much he was salivating at the thought of licking me, you'd be spreading your legs wide and telling him to go for it too.

"Ah, traffic was a bitch," I tell my sister instead.

"Sure it was." She laughs.

Ignoring her comment, I pull the lighter out of the drawer. "Okay, I'm hungry and this cake is calling my name. Let's do this." I light the candles.

Mum and I both start singing "Happy Birthday," and as soon as Jules blows out the candles, I cut into the cake. Handing her the first slice, before I cut myself and Mum a piece.

"Your father would be so proud of you girls," Mum says with tears in her eyes.

"We know, Mum," I tell her.

"He would be," Jules agrees. "Okay, eat your cake, then go shower and put something sexy on. We're going out dancing."

"What? I thought you wanted to stay in and have a movie night?"

“You’re only twenty-three once, Bentley. We’re going out,” she says, jumping off the stool.

I roll my eyes. There goes the quiet night at home I thought I was having.

I STARE at my reflection in the mirror. The tiny pink sequin dress leaves nothing to the imagination. My nipples peak through the thin fabric. The dress is short, and my heels are high. I pick up my phone, and before I can talk myself out of it, I snap a selfie and send it to Nathan.

ME:

My sister is dragging me out dancing. I may not survive the night!

His reply comes instantly.

#HOTBOSS:

I have no words.

My eyebrows draw down in confusion. *He has no words?* The man always has words. Too many words if you ask me. Before I can contemplate a reply, my phone vibrates in my hand. The name *#HotBoss* flashes across the screen.

“Hello.”

“I’ve changed my mind. I have words. They’re: put some fucking clothes on before you go out,” he growls.

“Ah, yeah, those words are not your finest, Mr Miller. Sorry, I’d love to stay and chat, but I gotta go. Jules is calling me.” I laugh as I cut the line.

I guess he likes the dress then.

AN HOUR LATER, we're pulling into a club. "Where are we?" I ask Jules. I haven't been here before.

"It's a new club. Unhinged." Jules smiles. "It's meant to be the best."

"They're all meant to be the best. Doesn't mean they are," I tell her with an eye roll.

"Well, let's try to keep an open mind about things, shall we?" She pulls me out of the car and up to the queue.

We're reasonably early, so it's not that busy yet. We manage to get through the line quickly enough and head straight to the bar. Once we have drinks in hand, we're out on the dance floor, and it's not long before Jules has attracted an army of admirers around us.

One of them, a young hip-looking guy, starts dancing with me before he spins me around, pulling my front to his back. He's good-looking enough and doesn't give off major creeper vibes, so I close my eyes and lose myself to the music. I love dancing. I honestly don't mind who I'm dancing with and usually don't question dancing with randos. When my lashes flutter open again and I find a pair of pissed-off, piercing blue eyes staring daggers at me from the other side of the dance floor, I freeze.

I'm trapped in his icy glare. It's dark in this club, and I can still see how irritated he is. His features are set hard as stone. Before he shakes his head and I watch in horror as he reaches out and takes a tall, leggy blonde by the arm. He whispers something into her ear and then pulls her up the stairs to the VIP area.

What the fuck? What just happened?

I lean into Jules and tell her I have to pee. I need to get off this dance floor, and I need to get out of this club. As I'm navigating through the crowd of people, I look up. The VIP section has a large glass wall showcasing its various booths. I meet Nathan's gaze, and his eyes lock on me. But he's not alone. That same tall blonde is perched firmly on his lap.

Fuck him. And fuck her. She can have him and his magical cock. I don't need it. I knew it was a bad idea to get involved with someone at work, especially when that someone signs my paycheck.

I stand in the line for the ladies. My phone buzzes in my clutch. Pulling it out, I see Nathan's nickname flash on the screen. I decline the call, turn off my phone, and drop it back into my clutch. I don't need this. I don't need him. After standing in line for what seems like hours, I finally make it into a stall. Closing myself in, I sigh. It's quieter in here. I can hear myself think. The first tear falls, and I swipe at it angrily. He does not get my fucking tears. He doesn't deserve them.

What did I do? Dance with someone else?

Well, he has some hot-ass chick sitting on his lap, probably riding his dick by now. I'm being ridiculous. I know that. It doesn't matter. We weren't a thing. Not really. We've fucked, a lot, over the last week. But that's all it is. All it *was*. Hovering over the toilet, I'm careful not to actually touch the seat as I do my business. No matter how high-end the establishment, these public bathrooms are still gross. I flush the toilet and exit the cubicle. A girl is quick to run inside right after me. After washing my hands, I pull my lip gloss from my bag and reapply it.

Then I give my reflection one last long look in the mirror, reminding myself to put my big girl panties on, before I walk out of the bathroom and run smack-bang into a wall. A wall of solid muscle. Arms wrap around my waist, catching me as I stumble backwards. I look up into that familiar pair of icy eyes. His hand closes around my wrist and he tugs, forcing me to follow him along the hall—a hall that seems to get darker the farther we travel down it.

“Wait... What are you doing?” I ask.

Nathan glances over his shoulder at me but doesn't say a word. He just turns his head back around and keeps walking. Keeps dragging me off to God knows where.

TEN

Nathan

The last person I expected to see when I walked into this club was *her*. Bentley Johnson, grinding up on some guy on the dance floor—some fucker who certainly wasn't me. I was pissed. I don't recall a time I've been so fucking pissed off before. I couldn't exactly walk over to her and drag her off like I wanted. After all, I'm trying not to draw our relationship into the public eye. Not that I think we're doing anything wrong. But Bentley doesn't deserve to have people whispering behind her back about how she slept her way to the top. Which she didn't. However, that won't stop people from saying it.

So, instead of walking over and taking her with me, I reach out and grab the first woman I see. If Bentley thinks it's okay to grind her ass on some other guy's cock, let's see how she likes it when I have another woman in my arms. I bring the girl up to the VIP section with me, where I take a seat and pull the blonde onto my lap, hating every second of it. It's the

wrong girl. I should be with Bentley. I should have Bentley sitting on my lap, not some random chick I have no intention of touching.

Alistair slides in next to me with a girl on top of him while Xavier sits alone on the opposite side of us. I watch through the glass barrier, spotting Bentley easily in her little hot-pink dress. She's walking off the dance floor in the direction of the bathrooms. I look back when Lucy, Xavier's sister, approaches our booth with Shardonnay. I smirk. This should be an interesting show.

"Xav, I knew you'd come!" Lucy squeals.

"Those two wanted to come here. How many of them have you had?" Xavier asks her, while eyeing Shardonnay, his newest assistant, up and down.

"Lucy, I'm hitting the dance floor," Shardonnay yells over the music.

"Wait, I'm coming." Lucy stumbles as she tries to stand upright again. "Come dance with us, Xav," she slurs.

I grin at him. "Yeah, *Xav*, go dance with your sister and her *friend*," I say, with extra emphasis on the word *friend*.

"Asshole," he mumbles, before leaning into the blonde's ear, the one currently perched on my lap, and whispering something to her. I have no idea what. But whatever he says has the chick getting up, slapping me across the face, and storming out of the booth.

Xavier is already on his way down to the dance floor, otherwise I'd thank him for getting rid of her. She's not the girl I wanted anyway. The girl I want is down there somewhere, and now that my friends are both occupied, I'm going to go and find out where exactly she is and remind her who it is she belongs to.

I watch Bentley as she enters the ladies room. I lean back against the wall and wait for her to exit, ignoring the numerous lingering looks from the rest of the women in the line. She's taking forever, and just as I'm about to go in and find out what the holdup is, she walks out and right into me. I catch her

around the waist to stop her from falling. As soon as her feet are stabilised, I grip her wrist and drag her off into the darkness of the hallway. I know there's a supply closet down here somewhere, Alistair told me he stumbled upon it the other weekend.

“Wait... What are you doing?” she asks me.

I look back at her and all I can see is the image of her grinding her ass on someone else. I can't answer her. I don't have the words to be kind right now, and I don't want to come off like an asshole either. Finding the door, I turn the handle and thank god that it's unlocked. Then I pull her inside and slam the door closed. It's pitch black in here. I don't bother looking for the light. Instead, I use my hands to feel her out before pushing her back against the door.

“I think you forgot who you belong to, baby girl,” I growl into the darkness. Her only response is a whimper. “That's okay, because I'm going to have fun reminding you.” My hand finds her leg, trailing higher until I'm able to pull her panties to the side, where I roughly shove two fingers inside her.

“Oh fuck, Nathan. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to,” she cries out as I begin to pump my fingers in and out of her.

“You're wet. Tell me... is it because of me or *him*?” I ask her.

“You. It's you,” she says. “Oh god.”

Just before she's going to come, I pull my fingers away, unbutton my jeans, drag the zip down, and free my cock. I pick Bentley up by her thighs before pressing her against the door again. “You're not coming on my fingers tonight. No, the only thing you're going to drench with your cum is my cock.” I thrust into her, bottoming out. I don't move, giving her body time to adjust to my size.

Her arms cling tight to my neck, and her legs wrap around my waist. “Oh god,” she says.

When I feel her muscles relax, I start to fuck her. Fast. Hard. The door vibrating in its frame with each back and forth thrust. “Who. Do. You. Belong. To. Bentley?” I ask her.

“Y-you!” she screams.

“That’s right. You’re mine. This pussy is mine. This ass is mine,” I grit out, increasing my speed to the point I’m not sure the thin wood will continue to hold us. It doesn’t take long before her cunt clamps down on my cock. “Fuck! Come all over me, baby girl. Fucking soak my cock with your juices.”

She obeys so well. Her body spasms at the same time my cock shoots spurts of seed inside her. I lower her to her feet, and it’s not until I pull back and see myself leaking out of her pussy that I realise I didn’t use a condom. I drag my finger through my cum and shove it back inside her. Usually, I’d be mortified by the concept of no protection. With Bentley, I just want to do it again. I like knowing that I’m leaving part of me inside her.

“I’m on the pill,” she says, looking down as my finger slips into her cunt and back out again.

“I don’t care if you are or not. From now on, it’s only you and me. Nothing between us,” I tell her.

I WAKE up with a dead arm and a live weight on top of me. Opening my eyes, I see the cause of both, and a smile spreads across my lips as a very faint snore escapes Bentley. Gently pushing her hair out of her face, I stare down at her. She really is breathtakingly beautiful, her porcelain skin flawless. Long, thick, dark lashes flutter as she begins to stir.

I roll over on my side, so I can get a better look at her. Then I cup her cheek in my hand as my lips gently meet hers. I’ve never been so happy to wake up next to a woman before. I’ve never wanted anyone as much as I want her. I want to shout it from the rooftops, announce to the world that this girl is mine. But I know I can’t do that. I don’t want to hurt her career in any way. I’m also not prepared to give her up. Ever.

Bentley’s eyes blink open. “Good morning beautiful,” I whisper.

“Mmm, morning,” she grumbles. “How long have you been staring at me like a creeper?”

I chuckle. “Not nearly long enough,” I say.

“Maybe you should just take a photo,” she suggests with a yawn and a stretch of her arm.

“Nothing is as good as having the real thing to look at,” I reply. “What are your plans for today?”

“Apart from making the walk of shame? Not much.”

“There is no shame in what we do, Bentley,” I tell her.

“Maybe not for you. You’re not the one fucking the boss,” she says.

“Technically, last night, your *boss* fucked *you*. Not the other way around,” I correct her.

“Same thing. Oh god... seriously, Nathan, what are we doing?”

“Breakfast. We need food. I’ll cook.” I slide out from underneath her. It’s not that I don’t want to address her question. It’s just that I don’t want to address it right now.

“Are you going to make that French toast from last weekend?” she asks.

“I’ll make whatever you desire, baby girl.” I lean down, capturing her lips in mine again and letting my tongue slip through her mouth briefly before I force myself to pull away.

“Thank you,” she says.

Winking at her, I pick up a pair of sweats from the closet and then head out to the kitchen to make her the best French toast she’s ever going to have. I’m plating up the food when Bentley walks out wearing one of my shirts. I freeze, the frying pan midair as my eyes trail from her bare feet, along her legs, and farther up. Her nipples are hard, poking through white cotton.

“That shirt has never looked so fucking good,” I tell her. “Sit down.” I place a plate piled high of French toast on the

dining room table. I've already set out whipped cream, ice cream, and a bowl of mixed berries.

"This smells so good," Bentley says as she lowers herself to her seat.

"Nowhere near as good as you do." I lean down and sniff her neck, before kissing that spot right behind her ear. I sit beside her and wait for Bentley to fill her plate before I load up my own. "You know, this is nice," I say.

"What is?"

"Having you here, waking up next to you. We should make it a more permanent thing. I can clear out some closet space for you."

Bentley chokes on her food as her hand shoots out for the glass of orange juice. Taking a big gulp, she stares at me with wide eyes. "No. You can't just spring shit like that on a girl, Nathan."

"Shit like what?"

"You just asked me to move in with you."

"Technically, the words *move in* never left my mouth. I just said you could leave your clothes here. And sleep here. And wake up here. And spend your free time here. And—"

She cuts me off mid-list. "Really, that's the very definition of moving in."

"So that's a *no* then? What if I counter with an offer of multiple orgasms. Every day." I wiggle my eyebrows up and down. The sound of her laughter fills my usually quiet space. I like it. Way too fucking much.

"Tempting," she says. "But I think I'll hold out. You never know when a better offer could be just around the corner." She grins at me.

"You're a tough negotiator, Miss Johnson. It's a good thing you're focusing on corporate law. You'll do well."

Her face reddens at my compliment and she casts her eyes to the floor.

“You know, I don’t say these things to get into your panties. I’m already in them. If I thought you were a shit attorney, I’d tell you. But, thankfully for both of us, you’re not shit.”

“Well, thanks,” she says, taking another bite of her food. “But, seriously, what are we?” Her fork points from me to her.

“You want a label?”

“I don’t know. I don’t need a label. But I need... something.”

“You want to be my girlfriend, Bentley Johnson? You want to go steady with me?” I ask her with a raised brow and a smirk.

“Steady with you? Geez, how old are you? Actually, how old *are you?*” she repeats her question.

“I’m not old,” I tell her.

“How old, Nathan?”

“Thirty-three.”

“Oh, that’s not that bad,” she says.

“Wait, how old did you think I was?” I ask, slightly offended.

“At least forty.” She lifts one shoulder up and down like it’s not a big deal.

“Forty?”

“Give or take,” she adds.

“Take, a lot.” I can’t help but look past her to my reflection in the mirror that hangs on the wall.

Forty? Do I really look that old?

“Relax, Nathan. I was joking. I knew you were in your thirties. And, no, you don’t look that old.”

“Thank god.” I sigh. “Eat up. You’re going to need the nutrients. I plan on working out a lot today. With you.”

ELEVEN

Bentley



I t's Tuesday morning and these reports are boring.

Did I think being a corporate lawyer would be all fun and games? No.

Did I think it'd be *so* very boring? Also, no.

The phone on my desk rings, and I can't help but thank god for the distraction. I need something to do other than highlight errors on a report.

"Hello, this is Bentley Johnson," I answer.

"Bentley, it's Shar. The partners would like you to attend the meeting in conference room two," Xavier's assistant says.

"Sure, what time."

"Now," she says.

"Okay. Thanks." Hanging up the phone, I grab my laptop and a notepad and pen, and make my way to the conference

room.

All three partners look up at me when I enter. All three sets of eyes are unreadable. Am I getting fired? Have they found out what Nathan and I have been doing and decided I'm too much of a liability to keep on? Did I really throw my career away for a few rides on his magical cock?

"Bentley, welcome. Come have a seat," Xavier says. I look to Nathan, hoping to get some sort of a sign, anything that tells me what to expect. He gives me a small smile, but that's it.

"This isn't going to be pleasant for any of us, Miss Johnson. But we thought you would want in on the case, given your family's history," Alistair says.

I glance between them. Nathan seems pissed. Does he not want me here? But Alistair mentioned a case. He didn't say: *"We're letting you go because you're a little hussy who spreads her legs too easily for her boss."*

Okay, maybe I've put too much thought into getting fired and how it's going to go down.

"Case? What case?" I ask.

"Luke Gallah vs. Mark Kemp," Xavier says.

The breath leaves my lungs, and I swear I choke on stale air. Mark Kemp. My father's old business partner. The man responsible for hurting all of those people, the one who got off scot-free while my father was sentenced to prison time. Luke Gallah is the owner of a huge fragrance company. I didn't even know the two were in business together.

"You can say no, Bentley. You don't have to work on this case. It won't reflect on your reputation here in any way." This comes from Nathan.

When I look up at him, I see worry on his face. It's comforting that he's concerned about me. But this is something I've wanted for a long time.

"No, it's okay. What are the details? What's the claim?" I ask.

“Falsifying research documents. Gallah and Kemp were developing a new fragrance line together. Gallah is claiming that Kemp falsified reports and used company funds for personal expenses. Pretty much, he stole the research budget and handed in heaps of dodgy data,” Alistair says.

I blink. I’m trying really hard not to get excited. Maybe this is it. The chance I’ve been looking for to clear my father’s name. I mean, a man like Kemp can’t escape criminal charges twice, right? “Is there solid evidence?”

“It’s solid enough to build a case,” Nathan says.

“Okay.”

There’s a knock at the door. Nathan’s assistant pokes her head in. “Luke Gallah is here to see you, sir.”

“Thanks, Tracey. Send him in,” Nathan responds.

The man walks in and sits down, without looking twice at me. “Gentleman.” He nods at the three partners. I’m not sure why they’re all here. They don’t even specialise in the same fields of law. But who am I to question their methods?

“And lady,” Nathan corrects him, nodding his head in my direction.

Oh my god, if the world could open up and swallow me whole, I’d really appreciate that right now.

“I apologise, Miss Johnson. It’s good to see you again. I don’t think I’ve seen you since you were... what? Thirteen?” he asks.

“Sixteen,” I clarify.

“Huh, well, I heard you were working here. It’s why I came. Your father was a good man, Bentley. He’d be hella proud of you.”

“Thank you.” My voice is quiet. I’m confused. He knew I was working here and still sought out the firm’s representation? I thought *we*, my family name at least, were all classified as pariahs in the Melbourne corporate world.

“Just to ensure everyone is up to speed, I’ll summarize. Mr Gallah, you’re here because you want to initiate a suit against Mr Mark Kemp. I’ve looked over the files you’ve provided, and your case is good, but it’s not foolproof,” Nathan says.

“Right, but you can win, can’t you?”

“I can.” Nathan nods his head. “Why not just end your partnership with him and write the whole thing off as a loss?”

“He will just do this to another company. I knew something wasn’t right when Oliver went away. I just didn’t have any solid proof, of course. But I knew Oliver well, and I knew he wouldn’t have put products out into the market without conducting thorough research. He had integrity.” Mr Gallah looks at me, his eyes filled with pity.

I don’t want his pity. I don’t want anyone’s pity. What I want is to prove that my father was innocent, and that Mark Kemp is a horrid excuse for a human being and someone who should be locked behind bars for the rest of his life.

The meeting carries on for an hour or so. I take as many notes as I can while the partners talk amongst each other. After Mr Gallah says his goodbyes and leaves the conference room, I stand. “Thank you for allowing me to sit in on this case. Let me know what you need me to do,” I tell the partners.

“We’re lucky to have you, Bentley,” Xavier says.

“Thanks.”

The second I sit down at my desk, the door to my office opens and Nathan strolls in, closing and locking it behind him.

“Are you okay?” he asks.

“Yes,” I lie. Sitting in on that meeting brought up a lot of memories, ones I really don’t like to think about.

“You’re a beautiful fucking liar, Miss Johnson,” Nathan says, walking around my desk.

“Who says I’m lying?” I ask, craning my neck to look up at him.

“I do.” He drops to his knees. “I wish I could have been on your father’s case. I wish there was a way I could bring him back for you. But I can’t. What I can do is ensure that you are as stress-free as you possibly can be while working on this case.”

“You’ve never asked me if my father was guilty or not,” I comment, as if I’m just now realising that fact. Because I am. I spend so much time hoping no one brings up my father, it hadn’t occurred to me that it was odd for Nathan not to mention him.

“I didn’t need to. It never mattered to me. Even if he were guilty, that wouldn’t change how I think about you.”

“He was innocent,” I say firmly.

“I know.” His fingers slide up the inside of my thighs, pulling my legs apart. “So this stress-relief thing. I’m recommending a minimum of three orgasms a day.”

“Three? That’s a big call. Do you honestly think you’re that good?” I tease him.

“Are you doubting my skills? Really, Bentley, I thought you’d know better than to doubt me by now,” he says as his fingers travel higher. I open my legs wider, giving him full access. When he reaches my unrestricted pussy, his eyes widen. “Where are your panties? You’ve been walking around all morning bare? You sat through that meeting *bare*?” he asks.

“I forgot them,” I tell him with a shrug.

“You forgot them? How does one forget underwear?”

“When one is in such a rush because they slept through their alarm. Probably because one’s ‘going steady’ partner kept them up all night,” I tell him.

“Sorry, but I’m really not. Also, if keeping you up all night means you’ll forgo panties—which really is only a benefit for me—I’ll keep you up more often.” He smirks.

The ability to form a coherent response escapes me when his lips meet my inner thigh. His tongue licks its way up, moving across to my clit before circling around the hardened

bud. Nathan moves his tongue down my folds, pushing it into my pussy.

“Oh shit.” My hands tangle into his hair. I look down and watch him. His shoulders hunch between my legs, with the fabric of his suit pulled tight across his back.

Nathan’s fingers dig into my thighs harder. He grunts and moans as his tongue delves in and out of me. “Mmm, so fucking good,” he grunts into my mound.

His tongue moves back up to my clit and his mouth closes around it, sucking, nibbling, licking. When his fingers push inside my pussy, I clamp down around them. My hips move upwards and I grind myself into his mouth, onto his fingers. “Oh god!” I cry out.

One of his hands reaches up, muffling my moans as his tongue and fingers pick up their tempo. My body shakes as the orgasm tears through me. Nathan continues to gently lick me until my body completely slumps in the chair. Utterly relaxed.

“I think you might be on to something. That really is stress-relieving.” I smile down at him.

“Glad to be of service, baby girl.” He stands, before leaning back down to peck me on the lips. “Let me know if you need anything else before the day’s out.”

“Okay.” I sigh. “Nathan,” I call out just before he opens the door to my office.

“Yeah?”

“Thank you,” I tell him.

“Anytime. Trust me, the pleasure is all mine.” He winks.

“Not for that. Well, okay, thank you for that. But... just... thank you for everything.”

“You’re welcome,” he says. When the door closes behind him, I lean my head back against the chair. There are so many thoughts running through my mind.

Mostly the thought of making Mark Kemp face the consequences of his actions.

TWELVE

Nathan

I keep looking over at Bentley. We haven't spent a night apart all week. I know she turned down my offer to move in with me, but she's here every night anyway, so I think I still won on a technicality. I'll take it. A win's a win in corporate law, regardless of the circumstances.

I don't know what I used to do to fill my time without her. I'm having the best sex of my life with this girl. And I like her fucking company. She's so intelligent; her brains are just as gorgeous as her body.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" she asks.

"I like looking at beautiful things," I tell her.

"Maybe you should just stand in front of a mirror all day then."

"The reflection wouldn't hold a flame to you, baby girl."

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder," she retorts.

“And I behold your beauty.”

“Smooth.” She laughs.

“I really do like having you here. Are you sure you don’t want some closet space?”

“I’m sure.”

“Is there something you’re waiting for? Before that answer changes to a yes?”

“Yes, but I’m scared if I tell you what it is, you’ll do something rash. So that, Mr Miller, is my secret to keep.”

I look at her, inspect every inch of her face. “You want a ring first,” I conclude with a nod.

Her mouth gapes open. “What? How...? No, I mean... *how?*”

I hit the nail on the head. “You’re a good girl, Bentley. Of course you’d want a commitment first,” I say. I should have known. She’s the kind of good girl I’ve been going on dates with. Girls who don’t just drop their panties and choke on my cock. Except she does that also. She’s the whole fucking package.

“I can be naughty too,” she says, sliding off the sofa and falling to her knees.

I watch as she crawls over to me, settling herself between my legs. “Oh, I know you can.”

Her hands creep up my thighs. When they reach the waistband of my sweats, they slip inside, find my cock, and pull it out. “You know, I think I like not having to be good all the time with you.” Her tongue comes out and licks up the underside of my shaft while her palm clutches the base. Her other hand cups my balls, softly massaging them, as her lips close over my tip. Sucking but not taking my cock deeper.

I wrap her ponytail around my hand. “You’re fucking perfect in every way, Bentley,” I tell her. Her lips move down my shaft, then on to my balls. As she sucks one into her mouth, my head tips back. *Holy fuck, this feels too fucking good.* Her hand pumps my shaft as she sucks on my balls,

giving each one just as much attention. “I’m going to come, baby girl,” I tell her. “Holy shit.” And just as I do, her lips close around my tip as she sucks me down her throat and swallows everything I give her. “Marry me,” I tell her, rather than ask.

She laughs as she licks my cock clean.

“I’m dead serious. I’ve never met anyone like you, Bentley. I want to keep you forever,” I admit.

“Well, usually people get married because they love each other, Nathan. Not because they have great sex.”

“Is great sex not the same thing as love?” I counter.

“No, it’s not.”

“How do you know? How does anyone really know if they’re in love?” I like her a lot. I never want to be apart from her.

“Um, I’m not sure.” She stands and plucks her phone from the coffee table. Pressing a finger to her lips, she dials someone and places the call on speaker.

“Hey, sweetheart.” An older woman’s voice comes through the receiver.

“Hey, Mum, I have a question. But when I ask it, you’re not allowed to ask me any follow-up questions, just answer,” Bentley instructs, and it takes effort for me not to laugh.

“Okay, what’s your question?”

“How did you know you were in love with Daddy?”

“Well, it wasn’t like a lightbulb went off or anything. I guess it was just the fact that he felt right. I didn’t want to be with anyone else. I wanted to spend all my spare time with him. We were inseparable, happy. And the sex was fantastic.”

“Ew, okay, that’s enough,” Bentley cuts in.

“Honey, you do know how you came to be in this world, don’t you? I’m sure we had that talk.”

“Yep, Mum, I got it. Thanks. We’ll talk later.”

“Bentley, wait!” her mum calls out at the last second, and Bentley pauses to listen. “Whoever this guy is, if he doesn’t make your stomach flutter, doesn’t make your heart skip a beat when you look at him... If he doesn’t make you feel like you can do anything, be anything with him, then he’s not the one for you.”

I lean back on the sofa, her words repeating in my head. If it was a list, Bentley would check off every one of those items. Am I in love with Bentley Johnson?

Holy shit, I think I might be.

“Okay, thanks, Mum.” Bentley cuts the call and stares at me. “I’m sorry. I should have asked someone else.”

“I think she’s right,” I tell her.

“You do?” Bentley’s brows furrow.

“Tell me, Bentley, how much does your stomach flutter when you see me?”

“Like a swarm of butterflies has taken up residence,” she says.

“And how often does your heart skip a beat?”

“More often than it should.”

“Do you feel like you can be and do anything when you’re with me?”

“Scarily so...” she whispers.

“I think we both know what’s happening here then.”

“What’s happening?”

“I’m indisputably in love with you. And you with me.” I smile.

“You are?”

“I am.”

“I am,” she says, her voice hushed by wonder. “Holy shit, I’m in love with my boss,” she exclaims.

“So, does this mean you’ll move in now?” I ask her.

She laughs, that full-belly kind of laugh. “No. But it does mean that I love you and maybe, just maybe, one day I might move in.”

“That’s good enough for me.” I pick her up, dropping her onto my lap. “I couldn’t ask for a better person to be in love with than you, Bentley Johnson.”

“I am pretty awesome.” She smiles.

“You are,” I agree before slamming my lips down onto hers.

BENTLEY’S asleep on the sofa. She passed out about halfway through the movie. I sent Xavier and Alistair a message, telling them that we needed to talk. They both replied they’d be here in ten.

Where the fuck are they that they’re so close by?

I look at Bentley. I probably should have waited until the morning. Until we were in the office. But when I have something on my mind, I’m like a dog with a bone. And it just can’t wait. Bending at the waist, I scoop her up and carry her to the bedroom. She stirs as I lay her down and pull the covers up. “Shh, go back to sleep, baby girl.”

“Are you coming to bed?” she asks.

“I can’t. Xavier and Alistair are on their way over,” I tell her.

Her eyes widen. “I should go,” she says.

“No, you shouldn’t. Just go back to sleep. I’ll join you as soon as I get rid of them. Promise.” I kiss her forehead.

“Are you sure?”

“Positive,” I tell her. “I love you.” I smile.

“Love you.”

The words I've never said to another woman flow out of me so effortlessly. It's easy to tell Bentley that I love her, because it's the truth. Now I just have to tell my partners I've been sleeping with an employee and have absolutely no intention of stopping. Ever. Bentley rolls over, tucking herself into the blankets as I look back into the room before softly closing the door.

The elevator rings and Xavier and Alistair walk in just as I'm making my way down the hall.

"What's so important that you had us come here on a Sunday night?"

"Come in. Have a seat." I motion them towards the sitting area. I'd usually take them right into the living room, but it's a mess with Bentley's shit sprawled everywhere. I'm definitely going to have to hire a cleaner when she moves in, because I don't think she's ever had to pick up after herself in her life. I like her mess though. I like that she's comfortable here.

"Okay, are you dying?" Alistair asks.

"No." I shake my head. "I've been seeing Bentley," I tell them, ripping off the Band-Aid. They both look at each other and then back to me before they start laughing. "Shh, keep it down," I hiss at them.

"Wait... She's here?" Xavier whispers.

"Yes. She's asleep." I glance towards the hall that leads to the bedrooms.

"Okay, well, at least you're not dying." Alistair sighs.

"Um, thanks," I say.

"We already knew," Xavier adds.

"You did? Both of you?"

"Yep." They answer at the same time.

"Why didn't you say anything?"

"Because we trust you. We trust that if she weren't the real deal, you wouldn't be messing around with her."

“She’s the real deal,” I confirm.

“Good. Now you just need to make sure you keep her happy, because I don’t want to lose her. That girl has so much potential. I have no doubt she’s going to be better than you,” Xavier says with a grin.

“She is,” I agree.

“All right, well, if that’s all, it’s late and some of us have work tomorrow.” Alistair stands and Xavier follows suit.

“Thank you,” I tell them.

“You’re going to need to talk to HR, declare your relationship, and all that,” Alistair reminds me. “And get a fucking prenup,” he adds.

“We’re not getting married.” *Yet.*

“Doesn’t matter. Women only have to live with you for a few months to be entitled to half of everything.”

I knew that. I *know* that. I would never ask Bentley for a fucking prenup though. “We’re not living together,” I tell him as they step into the lift.

“Yet. I give it four weeks. A thousand bucks says I’m right,” Alistair mumbles to Xavier.

“You’re on. I give it two weeks,” Xavier counters.

The doors shut and I shake my head. Trust my friends to bet on how long it takes me to convince Bentley to move in.

I walk back into the bedroom, undress, and climb into bed. Bentley rolls over. “They’re gone already?” she asks.

“Yeah.” I wrap my arms around her and pull her close.

“That was a quick visit. What was it about?”

“I told them we were going steady.” I grin.

THIRTEEN

Bentley



My stomach twists with nerves as I walk into the office. I trust Nathan. I do. But it doesn't stop the doubt from creeping in. Is every one going to be talking behind my back? Do they all know?

He said the other partners wouldn't tell anyone, but how does he know that for sure? And what about what they think of me? I've been debating quitting all morning. Nathan left early. He always leaves for the office before I'm even awake. He says he stops at the gym first.

Quitting seems like the right thing to do. I can go to another firm, hopefully with my reputation still intact. And if I'm at another firm, my relationship with Nathan won't be put through the stress working together can cause. I want this relationship. I want Nathan. I also really wanted to work at this firm. But, at the end of the day, it's just a job. A job I can do at any firm.

I honestly think what I have with Nathan isn't something I'll ever find again. And I'm petrified of losing him. I don't want to lose what we have. I've watched my mum's heart break over and over again because she's lost her soul mate. She tries to hide her pain from Jules and me, but I see it. I've heard her crying in the middle of the night when she thinks we're asleep. I've heard her begging my father to come back.

I hate that my father gave up his life so easily. But I hate Mark Kemp even more for putting him into that position. Shit, the Gallah claim. If I quit, I won't get to work on that case. I really want to win.

I walk straight into my office and close my door without looking at anyone. I can't face them right now. I can't deal with the side-eyes and awkward glances if they do all know. Maybe I should have stayed in bed. Called in sick. It's not too late. I could go home, tell everyone I'm not feeling well all of a sudden.

The door to my office opens and Nathan walks in, closing it behind him. He stops, as his eyes inspect every inch of my face. "What's wrong?" he asks.

"Nothing. Why would something be wrong?"

"Bentley, what's wrong?" he asks again.

I huff out a breath. "Do they know? Everyone, does everyone know?" I question him.

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"I'm one hundred percent sure. Xavier and Alistair, they're named partners, Bentley. They don't get involved in gossip. On top of that, they're my best mates. They're not going to say anything," he assures me.

"You're right. I'm sorry. I just... I worked really hard for this. I don't want to be the laughing stock of the firm."

"Anyone ever laughs at you, I'll fire them," he says, his expression stone-cold.

"You can't do that," I tell him.

“I’m the boss. I can.”

“OMG. No. I don’t want any preferential treatment, Nathan. I mean it.”

“Okay, no preferential treatment. Got it,” he says, walking over. His arms wrap around my waist, pulling my body flush with his. “My cock sure does think you deserve preferential treatment though.”

“Well, he can show me all the preferential treatment he wants. You, not so much.”

“I’ll do my best,” he says as his lips touch mine. His tongue pushes into my mouth, seeking ownership of this kiss. I snake my arms around his neck, pulling him closer. Kissing him harder. Nathan breaks contact first. “As much as I hate to stop this,” he says, pecking my lips again. “I do have work to do. And so do you.”

“Right. Sorry.” I shake my head, trying to clear the lust-filled fog, and take a step back.

“I love you, Bentley Johnson.”

My heart does that flutter it does every time I hear him say those words, and I feel what has to be the goofiest smile spread across my lips. “I love you too,” I tell him.

I’VE BEEN STEWING over my decision to stay at the firm since the other day. Throughout the week, I’ve changed my mind a thousand times, but now I know what I have to do. I’ve made up my mind. Am I a chickenshit for waiting until Friday afternoon to do this? Probably, but you can’t blame a girl for wanting to hide out all weekend without facing the consequences of her actions. I know Nathan is not going to like the fact I’m quitting. But I’ll find a way to make him understand. I have to.

I’ve typed up my letter of resignation, and I’ve read over my contract. I have to provide four weeks’ written notice before I can leave the company. There isn’t a chance in hell

I'm handing this to Nathan. I walk up to Shardonnay. I plan on handing this letter over to Xavier, based solely on the fact that his name is first on the wall. And he's not Nathan.

"Hi, Shar, is Xavier free?" I ask, stopping at her desk.

"Ah, let me check." She picks up the phone.

"Bentley is wanting to see you, sir," she says. Returning the handset to the receptacle, she peers up at me, her face a little red. "You can go in," she says with a smile.

"What kind of mood is he in?" I question before approaching the door to his office.

"Ah..." She hesitates.

"I need to ask him a favour and the chances of him reaming me out and telling me where to go depend on his mood," I explain nervously. "Actually, maybe I should just ask Alistair."

"He's in a good mood. I think," she says.

"Okay, here goes nothing." I knock on the door and wait until Xavier looks up from his desk before entering.

"Bentley, come in."

I close the door, approach the chair in front of him, and take a seat. "Thank you for seeing me."

"My office is always open to you, Bentley. What can I do for you?" He seems to be in a good mood, like Shardonnay mentioned, so hopefully this won't be as bad as I thought it would be. The rumours around the office are that Xavier is an ass. I mean, I've never seen it. He's always been super polite and nice to me.

"I'm resigning. I have my letter here. This is the start of my four weeks' notice," I tell him as I pass the typed document across his desk.

"Hold up. Can you repeat that? Because I swear you just said you were resigning," Xavier says.

"I did. And I am?"

“What the fuck? No, you’re not.” His voice rises to the point I’m sure anyone in the hallway can hear it.

“I’m really sorry. I appreciate the opportunity. It’s just not working out for me,” I tell him.

“Like fuck it’s not working out for you. I’m going to forget this conversation, Bentley. We will pretend it didn’t happen, that you aren’t throwing your whole fucking career away on a whim.”

“I’m not going to change my mind. I’m sorry.” I shake my head and push to my feet, leaving my typed-out resignation letter on his desk. Then I walk out of his office with a smile and a sudden sense of relief. I’ve made the right choice for me. For me and Nathan.

“What happened?” Shar asks me as I pass her desk.

“I gave him my four weeks’ notice,” I tell her.

Her mouth drops open in shock. “Why?”

“There are other things I want out of life. This job, it’s one of them, but it’s suddenly not the most important. I can be a lawyer at any firm. Who knows? I might even start my own,” I say, and grin at the idea.

“But you love it here. You told me just last week,” she reminds me.

As I’m walking back into my office, I see Shardonnay knock on Nathan’s door. About five minutes later, the whole office goes quiet—well, apart from all three partners’ voices, which seem to be in competition over who can yell the loudest.

When I hear the words ‘quit’ and ‘you’re a fucking idiot’ being shouted, I know I have to get out of here. The last thing I wanted to do was cause issues for Nathan with his friends. I honestly thought me quitting was the best thing for all of us. I pick up my bag and turn off the lights in my office. Reaching for the door handle, I freeze when it opens from the other side.

Nathan stands in my now-open doorway, his eyes assessing me. “Going somewhere?” he questions.

“Ah, yeah. Home,” I tell him.

He steps aside and lets me walk passed him. I glance over my shoulder to see him staring right back at me. I knew he'd be pissed off. I just didn't expect to see the hurt on his face as well. I have to get him to understand that this is good for both of us.

FOURTEEN

Nathan

I look up when there's a knock on my door. "Shardonnay, what can I do for you?"

"Mr Christianson would like to see you in his office, immediately. His words, not mine," she says.

"Did he say why?" I ask. *Why didn't he just call through or come here himself?*

She shakes her head and walks back to her desk.

Standing, I pick up my phone and head into Xavier's office right as Alistair is doing the same. We share a look. Neither of us appears to know why we've been summoned. As soon as the door shuts behind me, all hell breaks loose.

"You're a fucking idiot," Xavier yells, his rage directed at me.

Alistair glances between us. “Xav, that is nothing new. What’s going on?”

“She quit.” He holds up a piece of paper and waves it in front of us.

My brows furrow. “Who quit?”

“Only the best first-year associate we’ve ever had. Bentley fucking quit. What the fuck did you do?” he hisses in my direction.

“She’s not quitting,” I tell him.

“Yeah, well, *this* says otherwise.” He gestures to the document again.

Walking up to him, I snatch the paper out of his hands and read the perfectly typed-out letter of resignation. Then I tear it in half. “She’s not fucking quitting,” I say again before depositing the pieces on his desk. Storming out of Xavier’s office, I head for Bentley’s.

Quitting, she’s fucking out of her pretty damn mind if she thinks she’s quitting our firm.

I open the door and find her standing there, her bag on her shoulder while looking like she just got caught with her hand in the cookie jar.

“Going somewhere?” I ask her.

“Ah, yeah. Home,” she says, a slight quiver to her voice.

I step aside and allow her to pass. I’ll let her think she’s leaving without a fight, only because I don’t want to cause any more of a spectacle in this office today. I can feel eyes on me from every direction as I watch Bentley walk out the doors.

Returning to my office a few minutes later, I slam the door shut and slump into my chair. She can’t quit. Where the fuck does she think she’s going to get a job that’s better than the one she has? Here, at this firm. Nowhere, there is nowhere better than us.

I won’t let her throw her dreams away because she thinks she can’t have it all. She can, and she fucking will. I’ll make

sure of it.

Shutting down my laptop, I pack up my shit. Thank fuck it's the weekend. I plan on going and retrieving my little runaway and tying her to my bed for the next few days, at least until she changes her mind about this whole quitting thing.

As I'm leaving the office, I get a message from Alistair.

ALISTAIR:

Unhinged tonight, VIP booked.

ME:

Can't make it. I got plans.

ALISTAIR:

Your "plans" already agreed to meet us there.

ME:

What?

ALISTAIR:

Just be there. 10 p.m.

I pocket my phone and head down to the garage. *Did Bentley really agree to go to Unhinged tonight?*

I should call her. We need to talk. Then again, maybe it's best if we both have a little space tonight. Cooler heads will prevail and all that bullshit. I'm so tempted to just go and drag her out of her house though. I don't recall a time I've ever been so fucking conflicted before. I decide to go home and cool off. I'm not going to text her. If she's not at the club, that's when I'll go and hunt down my pretty little runaway.

I THOUGHT, when I saw her here, everything would just fall back into place. That we'd be fine. We're not. I'm still pissed as hell. I'm stuck sitting next to her, wanting nothing more than to reach out and grab her.

I don't though. Instead, I'm trying to give Xavier unspoken messages about his PDA with Shardonnay. The man is currently facing a sexual harassment suit from an ex-employee. You'd think he'd be more careful about showing his current secretary so much affection.

"Bentley, let's dance." Shardonnay pushes to her feet. "Lucy just walked in. Let's go meet her." Xavier stands, intending to follow them. "Nope, girls only. I won't be long." Shardonnay blows him a kiss and walks off with Bentley in tow.

I swear you could cut the tension between me and Bentley with a knife. I fucking hate it. I want to talk to her, I want to sort out our issues. At the same time, I want her to fucking come to me. For her to want to work through it together. She hasn't approached me, and now we're in some sort of silent standoff with each other.

I watch Xavier as he stares at Shardonnay and Bentley.

"Relax, have a drink. She'll be fine," I tell him as Alistair slides into the seat next to him.

"Where'd Shar and Bentley disappear to?" Alistair asks.

I nod my head down towards the dance floor to answer his question.

"Well, you two fools need to get over yourselves. I didn't sign up to be mates with grumpy old fuckers," he's quick to reply.

"You're the oldest one here," Xavier tells him.

"By a month. So lighten up. The world is not fucking ending," Alistair fires back.

"Maybe not for you. Your associate didn't just quit on you. And why the fuck is she even here? Who invited her?" I ask.

“I did. Figured she needed a night out. She’s been working for your sour ass for a month. Fuck, I’d need a whole fucking brewery if I had to be either of your associates.” Alistair laughs.

“Fuck off,” I grunt.

“I’ll be back. Try not to kill each other. I don’t want to deal with the paperwork.” Xavier makes his way across the room and down the stairs. To the dance floor.

I watch Bentley dance with Lucy, Xavier’s little sister, and Shardonday. She has a drink in her hand, holding it high above her head as her hips sway. A few guys approach her and I can’t help but smile as she shakes her head and turns them away.

“I’ll be back.” I stand and throw down some cash on the table. “Actually, I won’t be,” I tell Alistair as I leave the booth. Because I plan on taking my little runaway home. It’s been hours since I’ve touched her and I’m getting fucking antsy.

I push my way through the crowd of clubgoers, and when I reach Bentley, I wrap my arms around her waist and pull her back against my front.

“It’s time to go home,” I growl into her ear.

She spins around in my arms. “I’m not sure if I want to be going home with you right now,” she says.

“Too bad. I’m taking you home. Let’s go.” I grab her hand and pull her towards the door. The fact that she doesn’t put up a fight tells me she does actually want to come home with me.

When we get out to the street, I lead her up the path. I could wait for a cab, but my apartment’s only two blocks from here. Maybe the walk and a little fresh air would be better for us. I let go of her wrist to entwine my fingers with hers. Looking down, I realise this is the first time we’ve actually walked along the street holding hands.

I like it.

I bring her hand up to my mouth, kissing each knuckle before lowering it again. “I tore up your resignation letter,” I tell her.

“I can reprint it.”

“I’ll throw out the printers,” I reply with a shrug.

“I’ll email it,” she retorts.

“I’ll shut down the company servers,” I counter.

“Why? Why are you so against me quitting? I’m doing this for both of us, you know. Not just me.”

“No, you’re doing this because you think you have to. You don’t need to quit. Tell me, Bentley, where are you planning on working? We’re the best firm in this city and you know it.”

“It doesn’t matter. I don’t want to have to choose between you and my job, Nathan. I happen to love my job, but I love you more.” She yells the last part.

“Then I’ll quit,” I offer.

“What? You can’t quit your own firm. Your name is on the wall. Now you’re just being ridiculous.”

“You know, as soon as we’re married, it’s going to be your name on that wall too, because you will be a Miller. Bentley Miller. Huh, maybe I should just call in a favour with a judge and have us married now.” I mull over the idea.

“Don’t even think about it. I can’t believe you. I can work anywhere. It doesn’t matter. I’m good at what I do, meaning I’ll be just as good wherever I decide to go.”

“I’m not losing you. Our firm doesn’t want to lose you.”

“Sometimes we can’t always get what we want,” she huffs.

“Try telling that to Xavier.” I laugh.

When we reach my building, I enter the code and guide her through the door. We’re both silent as we wait for the lift. And as soon as we step in and the doors close, I turn to her, pushing her up against the mirrored wall. I slam my lips down on her and pick her up. Bentley wraps her legs around my waist while her hands tug on the front of my shirt. She kisses me back just as fiercely.

“This doesn’t mean this conversation is done,” I tell her, pulling back from her mouth.

“Shut up and kiss me.” She yanks at my shirt again, trying to force my face down to hers.

“Ask nicely.” I smirk at her.

“No.”

“Say please,” I tell her.

She rolls her eyes and smiles. “Please kiss me, Mr Miller. Please make me come like only you can,” she adds

“See? All you had to do was say please.” My lips meet hers again. The doors open and I carry her into the apartment. We land in a heap on the sofa. “Fuck, I’m going to fuck the disobedience out of you, Bentley.”

“You’re welcome to try,” she says.

“Stand up.” I pull her to her feet. My hands reach the bottom of her dress and tug it over her head, leaving her in nothing but a pair of black lace panties. Kneeling down, I kiss along her stomach as I slide the panties down her legs, lifting each foot one at a time before pushing to my feet again. “I’m going to fuck you senseless.”

“What are you waiting for?” She raises a challenging brow.

“Oh, baby girl, I don’t think you want to poke the bear right now,” I growl into her ear.

“Maybe I do.” She smiles.

I spin her around and bend her over the arm of the sofa. She lets out a squeal. “Don’t fucking move,” I tell her. I drop to my haunches behind her and spread her legs open wider. My hand palms each globe of her ass, opening her up to me and grazing my teeth along the soft skin, before my tongue reaches out and circles around her puckered hole.

Bentley’s body stiffens. I don’t stop. I’m not stopping. I stick my tongue into the hole farther, her body relaxes, and she begins to push back into my face.

FIFTEEN

Bentley



His tongue is in my ass. Literally in my ass. I've never done butt stuff before. I didn't even know I had the kind of nerve endings that he's currently lighting up there. It feels wrong, filthy, but at the same time it feels... magical. I can't help myself as I push my ass against his face, seeking something. I'm not sure what. I just want more.

His fingers enter my wet pussy and begin to lazily stroke in and out. "Oh Jesus, oh god, oh my." My cries are muffled by the cushions on the sofa.

Nathan grunts behind me, his fingers digging into the flesh of my ass so hard I have no doubt they'll leave bruises. I don't care. I don't care about anything right now except for coming. I need to come. I need it more than I need air, and I kind of need that a lot.

"Please," I beg, again. I have no idea what I'm begging for.

Nathan removes his tongue and I feel his finger take its place. He slowly pushes a digit into my asshole. He's now fingering both of my holes. It's too much. "I can't wait to fuck this ass of yours. So fucking tight," he says, as he increases the speed of his thrusts.

"Oh god!" I scream. My legs tense up, and a light sheen of sweat coats my skin. My head shakes from side to side as my whole body explodes with an array of different sensations. Pleasure.

I blink my eyes open. I must have blacked out.

Nathan's cock is buried inside my pussy. "Welcome back to the living," he says as he drags his cock out of me before slamming it right back in. We've done this position before, but with the angle I'm at, bent over the sofa, it's deeper than I've felt him.

"Oh fuck!" I cry out. With each thrust, he's reaching a new depth. A new high.

"That's it, baby girl, scream for me," Nathan says, pumping harder into me.

"Nathan!" I cry out his name as my whole body spasms, and my pussy convulses around him.

"Fuck yes. Milk my cock. It's all. Fucking. Yours," he says between thrusts. I feel the warm liquid squirt inside me as he comes undone, following me over that edge. Nathan pulls out, turns me around, and picks me up. "Don't even think we're close to being done yet. We're only just getting started."

My eyes widen. I don't know if I want him to be joking or serious right now. On one hand, I want all the pleasure this man can give me; on the other, I want nothing more than to curl up and go to sleep.

Nathan carries me into the bathroom, placing me on top of the counter. He bends down and turns on the taps, filling up the large claw-foot bathtub. He digs through the cabinet and pulls out a bottle of bubble bath. When he squirts the liquid into the water, a lavender scent fills the air.

I smile. "Do you have bubble baths often?" I ask.

“I happen to love a good bubble bath,” he says, pulling his shirt over his head. It occurs to me that he never undressed. He managed to just fuck my brains out fully clothed while I was butt naked. Come to think of it, that seems to happen a lot with us. Nathan picks me up and sits me in the bath before climbing in on the opposite end.

“Mmm, this is nice,” I say, leaning back into the warm water.

“A bubble bath is always nice, but it’s much nicer with you in it.” Grabbing a loofah, he then holds one of my ankles in his hands, lifting my leg out of the water.

“What are you doing?” I ask, watching him run the sudsy loofah down my leg.

“Taking care of you,” he responds.

“You know I can take care of myself, right?” For some reason, I don’t think we’re talking about bathing.

“I do know that. But I want to take care of you, Bentley. Let me.” His eyes lock on mine.

“Okay.”

Nathan runs the loofah up and down my leg, before placing it back in the water and picking up the other one. Then he repeats the process. When he’s done with that leg too, he tugs on my hand, pulling me into him. I’m straddling his waist as he continues to wash me, starting from my shoulders and working his way down my arms. Across to my breasts, which he pays extra attention to. The roughness of the loofah rubbing the sensitive tips of my nipples causes tingles to go straight to my core. I grind myself down on his hardness.

“Fuck. I think you’re clean enough,” he says, standing with me in his arms.

He puts me on my feet, grabs a towel from the shelf, and then proceeds to dry my whole body before roughly running the towel over his. Taking my hand in his, he leads me into his bedroom, where he lays me down on the bed and climbs on top of me. Positioning himself between my legs. His lips meet mine, his tongue pushing through as he kisses me in a way

I've never experienced. His movements are measured. Passionate. His hand cups my cheek, his thumb caressing along my chin.

"I love you," he says, before entering me slowly.

"I love you too," I tell him.

This is different. He takes his time, pushing in and pulling back out. Kissing me deeply as he makes love to me. We've fucked plenty of times, but this is the first time we've made love. My hands roam up and down his torso, feeling the ridges and grooves of his abs.

"I love you," I whisper over and over again. A tear runs down my cheek.

Nathan wipes it away with his thumb. "I know," he says.

Picking up one of my legs, he bends it back towards my shoulder, giving himself a deeper angle. He keeps his movements measured, slow, soft as he continues to make love to me. I can feel myself making that climb. I'm almost there. I'm so close. Nathan's hand squeezes between our bodies, his fingers finding my clit. And the moment they connect, I fly off the edge.

My whole body quivers as the orgasm racks its way through my every nerve ending. "I love you," Nathan says, kissing my lips as he comes right after me.

LYING IN BED WITH NATHAN, I can't think of anywhere else I'd want to be. I love being with him. I love working with him. I love waking up next to him, going to sleep beside him. I just love him. I don't ever want to lose this. I need to find a way to keep it. Keep him.

"Do you trust me?" Nathan asks, his hand stroking up and down my bare back.

"Of course I do," I tell him.

“Then, I need you to trust me on this. Trust me when I say that you can continue to work at the firm. You need to renege on your resignation,” he says.

“You know, it’s playing dirty to bring this up when I’m basking in post-orgasmic bliss, Nathan.”

“I’ll do whatever it takes to get the job done.” He smirks before adding, “Just tell me you’ll think about it.”

“I’ll think about it.”

“Thank you,” he says, kissing the top of my head. “I’ll make you see that you can have everything you want, Bentley. There is nothing you can’t have if you put your mind to it.”

“What I want right now is French toast,” I tell him.

He laughs. “French toast. Okay. I can do that.” He slides out of the bed and walks into the closet. When he walks back out again, he’s wearing a pair of black workout shorts and no shirt.

“Actually, I’ve changed my mind. Come back to bed. What I want right now is you.”

Nathan saunters over, leans down, and presses a kiss to my lips. “Food first. Can’t have you passing out on me.” He winks before straightening up again.

“I don’t care if I pass out.” I pout.

“I do,” he says. “Come on. Get up. You can whisk the eggs.”

“I can what the eggs?” I screw up my face.

“Fuck, I knew you grew up a little spoiled, but I didn’t think it was that severe. You do know how to cook eggs, don’t you, Bentley?” he asks.

“Sure I do,” I lie.

“Such a beautiful fucking liar.” He shakes his head. “Come on, I’ll show you.”

“It’s not my fault I never had to cook, you know. My mum just happens to be the best at it, so it makes sense for her to do

it,” I tell him.

“We should have your mum over for dinner some time. I’d like to meet her,” he throws out.

“What? Why?” I ask him.

“Because she made you and I happen to love you. I want to meet her.” He shrugs.

“Okay,” I agree, though I have no intention of bringing my two worlds together just yet. My mum knows I’m seeing someone. She just doesn’t know who. Or that, that someone is my boss.

“You haven’t told her about us, have you?” Nathan asks me.

“I haven’t exactly been home much.” I try to feign nonchalance.

“Are you ashamed of dating me, Bentley?” he questions while pulling pans from the cabinet.

“Of course I’m not ashamed of you.” I’m not. I’m ashamed of *myself*. I knew better than to get involved with my boss. I *know* better too. But I’m not ashamed of him. He’s the complete package. Why he’s even still single, I have no idea. “Why are you still single anyway?” I say aloud this time. “I mean, you’re a catch? Why hasn’t anyone scooped you up yet?”

Nathan sets the pan on the cooktop and then turns around. “First of all, I’m not single. I happen to be going steady with a very beautiful, extremely intelligent woman. Second, I never allowed myself to get scooped up... before this woman came along and blew my fucking mind, body, and soul.”

Well, shit. I have no words.

SIXTEEN

Nathan

Thursday. It's been almost a week since Bentley handed in her notice. Things at the office have been fucked. Xavier's being sued by some crazy fucking ex-employee—we're all working on finding a way to make sure he wins that case.

Bentley still hasn't reneged on her resignation, no matter how many times I've asked her to. We have a meeting with Mark Kemp and his solicitors today. I'm nervous that his presence is going to upset her. But I'm also hopeful that her attendance will make her realise if she leaves the firm, she's leaving this case. And I know how much she wants to win the claim against Kemp. I know she wants to clear her father's name and get him the justice he and his family deserve.

I'm not going to lie. I'm working harder on this case than I ever have on anything else. Because of her. I want to make sure our claim is ironclad. For her. Even if she does go through

with her resignation, I will make sure I win this fucking suit for her.

I pick up the phone and call through to Tracey.

“Mr Miller?” she asks.

“Can you call Bentley? Tell her I need to see her, and then you can take an extra-long lunch break.”

“Are you sure, sir?”

“I’m sure.”

“Okay. I’ll call Miss Johnson now.”

“Thanks, Tracey.” I hang up the phone.

Tracey has been my secretary for years now. She never misses a beat. I couldn’t survive without her help. But having her hear what I’m planning on doing to Bentley, from where the woman is perched on the other side of the door, isn’t something I want to expose my aging secretary to. No, my luck, she’ll have a heart attack and then the firm will have a sexual harassment *and* a wrongful death suit on its hands. Besides, I respect Tracey and I don’t want her to think differently of me or Bentley.

Bentley knocks on my door. “You wanted to see me.”

“Always.” I smile at her. “Come in. Lock the door behind you,” I tell her before pressing the button to fog the glass walls, to give us the privacy we’re going to need.

Bentley walks in. “Not there,” I tell her right as she goes to sit in a chair on the opposite side of my desk.

“Where would you like me to sit, Mr Miller?”

“Around here.” I scoot backwards in my chair, creating a space between myself and my desk.

When she steps around and leans on the edge in front of me, I reach my hands up her skirt. “You’re not going to need these,” I tell her, pulling her panties down her legs. I lift her right ankle so she can step out of them once they hit the floor. I slide the material of her skirt higher, so it bunches around her waist, before picking her up and sitting her on my desk.

“I thought you wanted to do work things?” she says.

“I do. We’re having lunch together. Are you hungry, Bentley?” I ask her, spreading her legs. I place one foot on each of the armrests of my chair. Her glistening, bare pussy is right at eye level, and my mouth salivates at the sight. Inhaling, I can smell her aroma. I want her taste on my tongue. But I’m going to make her squirm first.

“I’m not hungry,” she says.

“I made you lunch.” I pick up the wrapped sandwiches I packed this morning. I don’t usually bring something in, but I wanted to eat with her today, and I didn’t want to waste time by going anywhere. “Chicken and avo,” I tell her, handing her the sandwich.

“You made me lunch?” she questions.

“I did. Eat.” I take a bite out of my lunch, all the while staring at the dessert that’s waiting for me. “Bentley, eat. The sooner you finish your food, the sooner I get to enjoy my dessert,” I tell her.

She promptly does as she’s told. By the time we’re both finished our sandwiches, she’s squirming on my desk. Her inner thighs glisten with her wetness.

“I don’t know about you, but I think it’s time for dessert.” I lean in and slowly drag my tongue up the middle of her wet folds.

“I agree,” she moans, leaning back while using her forearms to prop herself up on the desk.

“Get comfy, baby girl. I’m gonna be down here for a while,” I tell her before diving back in.

I lick, suck, nibble, and repeat. She’s drenched. No matter how much I lap up, she’s producing more for me. I push my tongue into her cunt, curling it and circling it around. My fingers dig into her inner thighs, pulling them as far apart as they’ll go.

“I fucking love eating you out,” I say, moving my mouth and attention back to her clit. Flattening my tongue out, I press

it onto the hard little bud. Over and over.

“Oh fuck, Nathan!” Bentley moans, before sitting up straighter and gripping my hair with her fingers. She tugs at the ends, pulling me away from her before changing her mind and pushing me harder into her mound.

I insert two fingers into her pussy and circle them around. She grips onto them like they’re a lifeline. Her inner walls convulse around my fingers and her body spasms. I look up to see her mouth open in a beautiful O-shape. I’m sure she’d love to be screaming right now, but she’s holding it in. As much as I want to hear those screams, I think it’s better for both of us that she remains quiet. Her thighs squeeze the sides of my head as the orgasm passes through her. When her legs flop down and her body relaxes, I stand from the chair. Taking her face in my hands, I slam my lips down onto hers.

When I pull away from her, I smirk. “Now that is the kind of lunch break you can only get working here. Still wanna quit?” I ask her.

“My will to quit is wavering,” she huffs out, trying to catch her breath.

I pick her up and tug her skirt back over her legs. Walking over to the bar fridge, I pull out two bottles of water and hand her one.

“Water? That’s what I get for dessert?” she pouts.

“What were you expecting?” I ask her, taking a gulp from my own bottle.

“Cake, cookies, cock. Any of the three Cs would suffice,” she says, causing me to spit out a mouthful of water.

“The three Cs?”

“Three things I can’t live without, all starting with C.”

“Do you have one of these lists for every letter of the alphabet?”

“I do. Doesn’t everyone?” she counters.

“No, Bentley. Not everyone is insane.” I laugh. “So what’s on your list for the letter N?” I ask, curious as to what she has to say.

“That’s easy. Netflix, Nutella, and Nathan.” She smiles.

Can’t say I’m not fucking glad I made the list.

“Well, if I did have a list, my favourite Bs would be Bentley, baby girl, and Bentley’s breasts,” I say.

“Good to know.” She laughs.

THREE HOURS LATER, I walk into the conference room. Bentley is already there waiting. I had no doubt she’d be the first to arrive. “How you feeling?” I ask her.

“Fine. You?”

“Good.” I sit down next to her. “You know, you don’t have to do this. If it gets to be too much, you can walk out,” I tell her.

“I’ll be fine. I’ve been waiting for this moment for a really long time, Nathan. I’m not going to fuck it up.”

“I don’t think you will. I just want to make sure you know that you can leave if you want to.”

“Thank you.”

Tracey knocks at the door. “Your appointment has arrived, Mr Miller,” she says.

“Great. Send them in,” I say.

“Nathan Miller, George Pecker.” Kemp’s lawyer holds his hand out as he introduces himself.

I stand to return the gesture. “This is my associate... Miss Johnson.” I introduce Bentley to the attorney while staring down Kemp, who pales a little when he sees her.

“Miss Johnson.” Pecker nods before sitting down. “My associate, William Jackson, and my client, Mark Kemp.” He

continues before glancing from me to Bentley. “I don’t see your client here, Mr Miller. Are we expecting him?”

“We are not. Let’s get started.” I open the manilla folder.

THE MEETING DRAGGED on for over an hour. Bentley held her own throughout the entire thing. Asking questions where they needed to be asked and taking notes like the diligent student she is. She didn’t miss a beat at all. I couldn’t be any fucking prouder.

Pushing to my feet while signalling the conclusion of our initial arbitration, I shake Pecker’s hand before moving on to his associate. I don’t offer the same courtesy to Kemp. I’ll never shake that man’s hand.

“You know your father couldn’t beat me. You won’t be able to either, Bentley. But kudos to you for trying, sweetheart.” The fucker grins in her direction.

“It’s Miss Johnson. And I won’t need to try very hard. This is an open-and-shut case, Mr Kemp,” Bentley fires back.

“The only thing *open and shut* about this case is your legs. I hear you’ve been opening them for your boss. Your father would be ashamed of you *if* he were here.”

I move on autopilot. I don’t think. I just do. Before I can talk myself out of it, I’m around the table and my right fist is connecting with Kemp’s jaw. He falls to the ground. “Get your client out of my office,” I tell Pecker.

“You’ll regret that. I’m going to fucking own you, fucker. You all saw. He attacked without provocation. I’m pressing charges,” Kemp spits out as he rolls to his knees on the floor, stands, and dusts off his jacket.

“I saw nothing. You?” Pecker looks to his associate.

“No, sir, not a thing.” The young kid smiles.

“What? You fucking idiots work for me.” Kemp’s face couldn’t get any redder than it is right now. He’s fuming.

Steam is practically billowing out of his ears.

“Not anymore, we don’t. We quit. Find yourself another attorney. I don’t represent scum,” Pecker says before turning around to me. “Nathan, sorry to waste your time today. Miss Johnson, I apologize on behalf of my former client,” he says before walking out the door, his associate hot on his trail.

“I will fucking end you. Both of you. For this,” Kemp seethes.

“Try it, motherfucker. I dare you,” I hiss back, positioning myself between him and Bentley, who has come to stand beside me.

SEVENTEEN

Bentley



“I can’t believe you hit him,” I yell at Nathan once we’re back in his office.

“I won’t let anyone talk to you like that. Ever. I don’t care who the fuck they think they are. No one will ever disrespect you.” He’s still pissed as he paces the room in an effort to expel some of the pent-up energy.

The door swings open and Xavier and Alistair walk in. “I’ll, ah, be in my office,” I tell Nathan.

He reaches out, grasping my wrist and pulling my body into his. “Stay,” he whispers.

I look between him and the other partners, who are presently staring at us. I know that they know we’ve been seeing each other, but they’ve never seen us together. Not like this. Touching.

“I watched it on the CCTV. You’re right hook could use some work,” Alistair says with a shrug.

“Fuck off,” Nathan grunts.

“Wait... These offices have CCTV?” I ask. Holy shit, the things I have done in here. The things *we’ve* done in here... I look up and around the ceiling.

“Not in our offices, just the conference room and main workspaces,” Xavier answers me.

“Oh, thank god.” I breathe a sigh of relief.

“Why? You been stealing pens or something?” Xavier asks me.

“No. I wouldn’t steal pens,” I tell him. “I’d steal all of your passwords, sell them to your competitors, and probably never have to work again in my life,” I deadpan.

“You know I’m still your boss. Your four weeks isn’t even close to being up,” he counters.

“She’s not leaving,” Nathan says.

“You want to fire me instead?” I smile sweetly at them. It’s a bitch move because I know how much Xavier in particular wants to keep me here. He sees potential in me or some shit. Nathan told me that Xavier thinks I’m going to be the best corporate lawyer this country has seen. I hope he’s right about that.

“I’d never fire you. Him, though, I’m considering it. Really, Nathan. You hit him?” Xavier grunts.

“You didn’t hear what he said,” Nathan growls back before wrapping his arms around my waist.

“Actually, I did. And I probably would have done the same thing. But, fuck, do you have any idea the shit that man is going to try to bring down on you, on the firm?”

“I know. I should have kept my cool. I’m sorry.” Nathan sighs.

“It’s fine. Whatever happens, we will work through it. Here.” Alistair hands him a glass of amber liquid.

“Okay, I really do have work to do. Are you okay?” I ask Nathan.

“I’m good. You?” he replies.

“I’m good. I’ll see you later,” I tell him, then leave the three partners to discuss their next steps. I head back to my office, pick up my bag, and sneak out. Once I’m safely on the street, I dig my phone out of my bag and call my sister.

“Hello.”

“You busy?” I ask her.

“Not really. What do you need?”

“You and a bucket of cocktails.” I sigh into the phone.

I’ve yet to tell her about me and my #hotboss relationship. I’m not even sure why I’ve kept it a secret from my sister and mum. It’s not like they wouldn’t support me in any relationship I was happy and safe in. They would. I guess it’s my own shame at the fact that I’ve jumped into bed with my boss. At the first firm to ever employ me. I understand the risk I’m taking with my career, even if Nathan insists that I’ll be okay. That no one will think less of me. He can’t control everyone else, what they say to each other and think, as much as I’m sure he would love to.

That was really evident today when Mark Kemp called me out. Of all fucking people, it had to be him. Was he right? Would my father be ashamed of me?

I’m not sure. He loved me unconditionally. I know that. But I don’t know if he would have approved of my relationship with Nathan.

“Bentley, are you there? Earth to Bentley Johnson!” Jules’s voice brings me back from all my negative thoughts.

“Sorry... I’m here.”

“It’s bad. I can tell. Okay, meet me at the student bar,” she says, referring to the spot that’s just around the corner from her university. It’s only a fifteen-minute drive from here.

“Okay, be there in twenty.” I hang up, pull up the Uber app, and call for a ride.

Twenty five minutes later, I’m walking through the crowded student bar. I should have insisted on meeting somewhere quieter. This place is packed. Then again, they’re all students, so it’s always packed.

“Bentley, over here!” Jules waves a hand in the air as she yells out to me.

Sliding into the booth my sister somehow managed to secure, I slump in my seat. There’s a shot of tequila waiting for me on the table. This is why I love Jules. She always knows exactly what I need. And, right now, tequila is definitely it.

“Okay, spit it out. What the hell is going on? You’re scaring me,” she says after a moment of silence.

“I’m fucking my hot boss,” I spit out.

Her eyes widen in shock. “You’re what?”

“I’m sleeping with my boss. I’m in love with my boss. We’re... going steady,” I tell her with a smile on my lips.

“*Going steady?* First of all, don’t ever say that. You’re not that old. And second, you’re banging the hot boss. Holy shit, is it good?” She whispers the last bit, like it’s a taboo thing we shouldn’t be talking about.

“It’s out-of-body, mind-exploding, orgasmic-perfection kind of good. I’ve never had sex like this. It’s like he has a handbook for my body and knows exactly how to manipulate it.”

“So you’re banging all over the office then?” she questions.

“No, mostly his apartment. Once in a nightclub,” I admit.

“You had public sex? Okay, who are you and what have you done with my sister? My sensible, never does anything without creating a pros and cons list first sister?”

Picking up the bottle of tequila, I fill both shot glasses and push one towards her. “Shot first, talk later.” I lift my glass in the air.

“To out-of-body, orgasmic bliss,” Jules says, clinking her glass to mine. “Okay, so no sex in the office. That’s good. I think,” she adds after downing her shot.

I scrunch up my nose. “I sat on his desk today while he ate me out,” I say, refilling the glasses.

“You what?” She laughs.

“He said I was dessert. And he made me a chicken and avo sandwich for lunch. How could I say no?” I shrug, like it’s the most normal response, given the situation.

“Oh yeah, then I see how you had no choice at all in the matter. You definitely had to have your pussy eaten out by your hot boss in his office.” She laughs again.

I lift my shot in the air. “To always coming first,” I say, clinking her glass.

“Oh, I bet you do.” She smirks and downs her tequila.

“I do. Multiple times.”

“Okay, so good sex, hot boss. What’s the problem?” she counters.

“He’s my *boss*.” I put extra emphasis on the last word.

“Who cares? You’re both consenting adults.”

She’s starting to sound like Nathan.

“There’s this case the firm’s handling. I can’t get into details, but our client is suing Mark Kemp,” I tell her.

“Mark Kemp? Oh my god, Bentley.” Her voice turns sympathetic. She knows how much I want to make that man pay for what he’s done. She does too, but her ideas are to hire a hitman and be done with him. Mine are a little more on the legal side.

“We had to have a meeting today with Kemp and his lawyers,” I add.

“And what happened...?”

“Kemp said he heard I was spreading my legs for my boss and that Daddy would be ashamed of me.” I can’t stop the tears from falling.

“No.” She shakes her head at me. “Stiffen that lip, Bentley Johnson. We are not going to allow that man to take any more of our tears.”

“What if it’s true, Jules? What if Daddy is up there somewhere, disgusted by me and my actions?”

“It’s not true. Daddy would be super proud of you, Bentley. You are smart, way smarter than any of us. And you’re strong. There is nothing wrong with anything you’re doing.”

“I just... I can’t help but feel like it’s wrong. But I can’t stop it either. I love him.”

“The hot boss?”

“Yes.” I nod, pulling my vibrating phone out of my bag. I see the name #hotboss on the screen and turn it around to show Jules. “I left the office without saying anything,” I tell her before placing my phone face down on the table. I’ll call him back later.

“So, what happened after that asshole basically called you a slut?”

“Nathan punched him. Got him really good too,” I tell her, refilling our glasses.

“So, gives mind-blowing orgasms, punches someone who talks shit about you, and is mouth-wateringly hot. I like him already. I think you should make him my brother.” She snatches my phone off the table when it starts vibrating again. “Hey, it’s Jules, your new sister. Bentley is currently drowning her sorrows in a bottle of tequila and can’t come to the phone right now,” she says into the receiver. I reach over the table, trying to snatch my phone back, but she’s too quick. “Oh, we’re at the student bar,” she continues. I can’t hear what Nathan tells her, but she answers with a, “Sounds great. See you soon, bro.”

“Oh my god, Jules, no, just no!” I tell her.

She smiles huge, placing my phone back down on the table as she picks up the bottle and pours us each a shot. Raising her glass, she smirks. “To new brothers, who hopefully come with equally hot friends.”

“He does.” I laugh. “But I’m pretty sure they’re both spoken for.” I have no idea if Alistair is dating someone or not, but I’ve heard rumours around the office that he is into some really out-there, kinky shit. I think I’ll keep my little sister away from that one.

“All the good ones are.” She sighs.

EIGHTEEN

Nathan

I need to put a fucking bell on this woman. My little runaway did it again. Ran away. Okay, she didn't run away exactly but she left the office early and didn't tell a soul where she was going. I really wanted to take her home, cook her dinner, and have dessert with her. Or have her with dessert. Now I'm driving across the city to hunt her down at a fucking student bar. I haven't stepped foot in that particular bar since I was a student myself. Which was a long fucking time ago.

"You might want to slow down, unless you want to add speeding fines to your list of fuckups today," Alistair says from the passenger seat.

"I haven't fucked up today."

"You lost your girlfriend. That's a bit of a fuckup." He laughs.

"I didn't lose her. She went to meet her sister."

“Right,” he says.

“Why are you even coming with me?” I ask him. He followed me out of the office and jumped into my car right as I was about to take off.

“Xavier and I agreed that you need babysitting.”

“Fuck off. He’s the one being sued. Maybe you both should be more focused on that, instead of me and my girlfriend.”

“Well, if you pulled your head out of your own ass, you’d know that the case against Xav was dropped.”

“What? When did that happen?”

“Last night. Shardonnay saved the day.”

“How?” I ask.

“She went out with Lucy, found the chick who made the allegations, and recorded her admitting that the claims were false.”

“Shardonnay’s a fucking genius. Why the fuck didn’t we think of that?”

“She got her drunk first, and it’s not exactly a legal way to gain evidence. *We* work within the law.”

I shake my head. “Sometimes I think rules need to be bent.”

“Sometimes.” He sighs. “However, it’s just a bit of dumb luck that nothing actually happened to them. They went to some seedy biker bar, alone.”

“Shit, Xavier must have had a coronary.”

“Apparently, some guy who’s way too into Lucy tracked them down there.”

“Do we know him?” I ask. Lucy may be Xavier’s little sister, but we’ve watched her grow up, so she’s kind of like our little sister now too. I’m not sure how I feel about any guy being into her.

“Dominic McKinley,” Alistair says.

“Fuck no. Lucy is not dating a McKinley.” As I say the words, I’m already coming up with ideas on how to keep them apart. Preferably a way to send her somewhere over on the other side of the world, out of the reach of Dominic fucking McKinley.

“I don’t think we get much of a say in that, mate,” Alistair replies.

“Watch me,” I tell him.

I pull up outside the student bar and look around. We’re surrounded by hordes of college idiots. Guys way closer to Bentley’s age than I am. My blood boils at the thought of her being hit on by the countless assholes in here.

Alistair’s gaze locks on something across the way. “Ah, I’ll catch up with you later. I just remembered I had shit to do,” he says and then proceeds to cross the street.

I don’t have time to worry about what or who caught his attention. He’s a big boy. He can look out for himself. My concern right now is that my girlfriend is drunk somewhere in this bar. I walk inside and scan the crowd. I can’t see her anywhere, so I head towards the bar. I hear her before I see her. Pivoting on my heel, I find her standing on a booth with a shot glass in the air.

“To hot bosses who offer O benefits,” she calls out before downing the shot.

“Having fun, baby girl?” I ask her before wrapping my arms around her waist and pulling her down.

“Hey, it’s my hot boss!” she exclaims. “Look, Jules, it’s him.” Bentley turns towards the girl still seated at the booth. Her sister, or so I was told over the phone. Thankfully, *Jules* doesn’t look anywhere near as drunk as Bentley does.

“So it is.” Her sister smiles at me. “Hi, I’m Jules.” She holds out a hand.

I shake it. “How many has she had?” I ask.

“She is right here and can speak for herself,” Bentley slurs. I guide her into the booth before sliding in beside her.

“*That* was full,” Jules replies, pointing at a half-empty bottle of tequila.

“Bentley, I think it’s time I took you home,” I tell her.

“Nope, it’s early and there’s still tequila.” She shakes her head, appearing to make herself dizzy as she reaches out and grabs for the bottle.

Thankfully Jules snatches it first. “I’ll pour. You’re just going to spill it all.”

Bentley looks at me. “You really are too hot for your own good, you know that, Nathan Miller?”

I smirk at her, “I do now.”

“And I really like your O benefits program,” she adds.

“Good to know,” I say. I have no idea how I’m going to convince her to come home with me. I need to get her out of this bar. She’s wasted.

“What if it’s true? What if I’m nothing but an easy girl who opens her legs way too wide. And what if my dad is ashamed of me?” she questions after a moment of silence. I can hear the hint of sadness in her voice. “But I really like opening my legs wide for you, Mr Miller. This is your fault, you know. Yours and that magic cock you have.”

I laugh. I know I shouldn’t but she’s not making any sense. I turn to her sister for some guidance, help, anything. And all I get from her is a shrug. “Bentley, look at me.” I take hold of her face. I can see her eyes fighting to stay focused on me. “Good girl.” I lean in and kiss her forehead. “What you and I have is real. It’s not a passing fad, and you’re not one of those easy girls. I didn’t know your father, but if any of our children—when we have them—turn out to be half as great as you are, I’ll be fucking proud as shit that they’re mine. Ours.”

“You want me to get fat and ugly?” She screws up her face.

“You could never be anything but beautiful to me, Bentley,” I tell her.

“You say that now, but wait until I have leaky boobs and my vagina is ten times the size it was, because I had to push an actual human out of it,” she says.

“We’re adopting.” I’m not risking that pussy of hers getting destroyed. Fuck that. I happen to love that pussy. I have dreams about that pussy. Thoughts of her pussy fill ninety percent of my day. It’s amazing I actually get any real work done.

“I think it’s way too early for you two to even be discussing kids. Seriously, the only thing coming out of you, sis, is going to be vomit in roughly...” Jules glances at her watch. “...seven hours.”

“Why seven hours?” I ask.

“It’s seven o’clock now. And whenever she drinks, she wakes up sometime between midnight and three a.m. to vomit. Without fail. So I’m really freaking glad she has you to hold her hair back, and I can retire from that job.” Jules smiles.

“What, no. Jules. No. He can’t see me vomit. We are not there yet. You have to take me home.” Bentley’s voice is panicked.

“Bentley, I don’t care. If I have to hold your hair back all night, I will,” I tell her. “Come on, let’s go home.”

“No, I don’t want you to see me all gross and yuck.” She shakes her head.

“I’ve licked your ass, Bentley. Trust me when I say we are as close as two people can be,” I whisper into her ear. When I pull back again, I can see the redness creeping up her cheeks. “Besides, if you let me take you home, I can give you some of those O benefits that you’re so fond of.”

“Why didn’t you open with that?” she says, pushing me out of the booth. I slide out, catching her as she stumbles after me. Then she turns to her sister. “Thanks for the tequila. I’ll call you.”

“Want a ride home?” I offer Jules.

“Aw, you’re going to make the best big brother ever. But, no, I’m fine, I actually have a late class I have to get to,” she says as she follows us outside the bar.

“You sure?” I ask.

“Yep. Look after my sister. She’s seems to be fond of your dick, so I’d hate to have to cut it off because you hurt her.” With that, the girl turns around and walks off.

“Don’t worry, I’d never let her cut *that* off. A toe maybe, but not that. It’s way too useful,” Bentley assures me.

“Ah, thanks,” I reply as I practically carry her to the car. She’s a mess. Tucking her into the passenger seat, I buckle her in before I walk around and climb into the driver’s seat. Not even five minutes into the drive, she’s passed out, with little snores parting her mouth. I look over at her sleeping face. She’s fucking perfect.

Her insecurities really came out tonight. Drinking has a tendency to do that. She works so hard at appearing like she can take on the world, that nothing affects her. But I know the truth. She’s terrified of being judged like her father.

I manage to pick her up, carry her up to the apartment, and lay her in bed without waking her. Carefully, I remove her clothes and pull the covers up to her chin. After placing a bottle of water next to her on the bedside table, I climb into bed.

I’m drifting off when Bentley bolts upright and runs for the bathroom. I look at the alarm clock. 12:30 a.m. *Guess Jules was right.* I walk into the bathroom and squat down next to Bentley, who is currently bent over and emptying the contents of her stomach into the toilet. I grab her hair and hold it back from her face.

“Argh, you’re not meant to see me like this,” she says.

“I’m the one person who can see you in any state and not judge you, Bentley. We are that person for each other,” I tell her, kissing the top of her head. I wait until her body sags against me before adding, “Come on, I’ll make you a tea.” I pick her up, carry her back to the bedroom, and lay her on the

bed. "I'll be right back," I say, then make my way to the kitchen.

NINETEEN

Bentley



Do you ever feel like everything is too perfect? That's what my life is like right now. Everything is perfect. I couldn't be happier, and that's the problem. Life is never this perfect. It's been three weeks since I handed Xavier my resignation letter. All three partners have been working overtime in an effort to change my mind.

Which is why I'm currently staring at a fruit basket. A fruit basket full of bananas. Why bananas? The card is from Alistair.

Bentley,

It's absolutely bananas that you want to leave us.

Also, don't leave us.

Alistair

I can't help but chuckle a little. It's funny, but is it enough to get me to stay? If I weren't already one hundred percent certain, it might help to persuade me. However, my mind was made up a week ago. I've decided to stay. I just have to let the partners know my final decision and hope they don't all hate me for stuffing them around.

And then everything comes full circle. Back to the perfect life thing again. So when is that shoe going to drop? Is staying what's going to tip the balance on the scale and send my world crumbling around me? Is that when the universe notices how good I have it and takes it all back? If so, what will it cost me? My job? My health? My family? Nathan?

For once in my life, I want to believe that I can have it all. I want to believe that Nathan is right when he tells me that we are going to be fine. The countless little whispers of reassurance he sends my way are giving me hope that maybe he knows what he's talking about. That we are going to be able to have it all and be okay. Then I think about my parents. They had it all. *Everything*. They were so in love. They were happy. And then they weren't.

I open the spreadsheet I created, listing all the pros and cons of staying on at Christianson, Miller, and Warner. I reread it every time my resolve begins to waver.

- **Nathan. Huge pro. We love him.**
- **Great bosses!!!**
- **Friendly coworkers.**
- **It's the #1 firm in the city.**
- **Great pay, probably too great for a first-year.**
- **Lunch meetings with dessert!!!!**
- **O benefits (enough said).**
- **I get to learn from the best.**

Cons

- **I'm dating my boss...**

OKAY, so my cons list might be a bit shorter. A lot shorter. But—and this is a big *but*—I'm sleeping with my boss! That has to outweigh all of the pros, right?

Argh, why? Why did I have to go and fall in love with my boss? Of all the people in Melbourne, it had to be him.

It would help if I could find some sort of flaw in the man. I've been searching, trust me. But Nathan cooks, cleans... He's super intelligent, driven, successful, doting—okay he overdoes this one but I like it. He's beyond good looking. He's the full package in every bloody way. Maybe that's his fault. Being too perfect could be a fault... I think.

“Argh!” I groan as I rip a banana out of the basket and peel it with a little more gusto than necessary.

“What'd that banana ever do to you?”

I jump ten feet in the air at the sound of Xavier's voice at my doorway. That guy is like a damn ninja. I never hear him approaching. “Nothing. I just... never mind. What can I do for you?” I ask him before taking a bite of the banana.

“Just thought you'd be interested in reading this.” He walks into my office and drops a manilla folder on my desk.

“What is it?” I ask.

“The firm's annual reports for the last five years. You should know what you're giving up if you leave us.” He turns around, stopping at the door. “Oh, and Nathan wanted to see you in his office about something,” he adds before he walks out.

I quickly finish the banana, throw the peel in the bin, and ignore the folder Xavier just dumped on me. I don't need to see their annual reports. I've already read them. I did that while I was still at university. Did they really think I wouldn't do my research? Those reports are public record. Anyone with half a brain can look them up.

I give Tracey a smile as I pass her. I used to stop by her desk every time I was summoned in to see Nathan, until she told me not to stop anymore. That she's under strict instructions to make sure I always have access to his office. She didn't say it in a demeaning '*I know your fucking the boss*' kind of way. She's never given me the evil side-eye either. You know, the one that says: *I know what you're doing, and you're a whore*. She has to know though. As much as I've told Nathan not to give me preferential treatment, he does. I don't see him call any other first-year associates into his office. Then again, the other two are specialising in family law and mostly hang off Alistair's every word.

Tapping lightly on Nathan's open door, I wait on the threshold. His head pops up and a smile spreads across his face. "Bentley, come in. Shut the door," he says. He probably doesn't need to tell me the last part anymore. Seeing as he says the same thing every time I walk in, it's become second nature. Nathan stands and steps around his desk, meeting me in the middle of the room. "I was just thinking about you," he says.

"Really?" I ask.

"I'm always thinking about you," he admits, before leaning in and fusing his lips with mine. He grabs on to my hips as he pushes his tongue into my mouth. My hands flatten on his pecs. I think his chest is my favourite part of his anatomy. Or his ass—besides his cock, of course—because he really does have a good butt. Nathan pulls away abruptly, the door opens, and Xavier and Alistair enter, closing it behind them. "What did you just eat?" Nathan asks me.

"A banana. Wh..." My words die off when I turn back around and look at Nathan. His lips are swollen. "What's wrong? Oh my god, Nathan, what the hell is happening?" I screech as he steps over to his desk. He pulls open a drawer and starts digging around the contents.

"Someone better tell me what's happening! Or call an ambulance... something!" I scream.

"Bentley, calm down," Xavier says.

“Calm down? Fucking *calm down*. He’s having an allergic reaction,” I yell as I rush to Nathan, who is now popping a couple of pills.

“I’ll be fine, Bentley. It’s just a mild allergy,” he says.

“Mild? Tell that to those Kylie Jenner lips you’ve just grown,” I tell him.

“I promise it’ll go down soon. Just give the meds time to kick in.” He wraps an arm around me.

“Hold on. You’re allergic to bananas?” I ask him.

“*Mildly*,” he reminds me.

I pull out of Nathan’s arms. “And you two idiots knew this?” I turn my glare on Xavier and Alistair.

They share a glance before returning their eyes to me. “Yep,” they say at the same time.

“I can’t believe you! You’re meant to be his friends, and you’d risk his life by giving me a basket of bananas. Then sending me in here after you knew I ate one?”

“Okay... One, it’s mild. He’s not dying. And two, how was I meant to know you’d come in here and swap saliva?” Xavier counters.

“Allergies get worse with exposure. Did you know that? One day, that *mild*...” I add air quotes to the last word. “...allergy could turn anaphylactic.”

“Bentley, it’s fine. I’m okay.” Nathan steps in front of me.

“Are you seriously defending them right now? They could have killed you,” I hiss in reply.

“Look at me. The tingling has already stopped. I’m fine,” he says again.

I glance back at him and pause. *Huh, his lips aren’t as big as they were*. But they still look swollen. Okay, so maybe I overreacted. Did I just imagine they were as big as his face before?

“You should go to a doctor,” I tell him. “What if it gets worse again, or your throat closes up?”

“Bentley, I’m fine,” he repeats. “Actually, I *should* see a doctor. Come on, you can drive.” He walks around me to grab his phone and keys from his desk. “You two idiots can hold down the fort,” he tells Xavier and Alistair as he clasps my hand in his.

“You’ve never gone to a doctor before when you’ve had a reaction,” Xavier comments.

“First time for everything,” Nathan says, walking past them and tugging me along behind him. “Tracey, cancel my meetings for the next two hours, please.”

“Okay,” she responds without glancing up from her computer.

Then it occurs to me that Nathan and I are walking through the office holding hands. I take a peek behind me, expecting everyone to be watching, to be gawking and whispering. No one is. Everyone is just milling around and going about their day.

TWENTY

Nathan

I hold the passenger side door of my car open for Bentley. “I thought you wanted me to drive?” she asks.

“I love you, Bentley, but you’re not driving my car. Get in,” I tell her, nodding my head in the direction of the open door.

“Are you sure you’re okay to drive?”

“Perfectly capable.”

She looks at me, inspecting my face. I can already feel that the swelling on my lips has gone down, significantly. They don’t even swell that much, just enough to be noticeable.

Fucking Alistair and Xavier... I can’t believe they sent Bentley bananas. *The assholes*. Then again, if the shoe were on the other foot, I’d more than likely do the same thing to them. My allergy is nowhere near as bad as how Bentley perceived it. Yes, my lips swell a little, and sometimes I’ll get

hives all over me, but my throat doesn't close up. I'm not at risk of anaphylaxis.

Driving out of the garage, I point the car in the direction of my apartment. I have no intention of going to see a doctor. I do, however, have every intention of going home and fucking my girlfriend into a coma. I figure if she's out cold, she can't quit the firm. I won't have to worry about her taking Xavier up on that offer he threw out to go work at Christianson Corp. Which, don't get me wrong, if you're going to be an in-house attorney for the private sector, Xavier's family business would be the place to do that. I'm not just being selfish in wanting Bentley to stay on at the firm. A huge part of my reason for wanting her to stay is for her own career development. I know I can teach her things others can't.

I'm not being farcical. I'm just being a realist.

There is a reason I've managed to get to where I am in my career. Why I've made such a name for myself in this city. Fuck, in this *country*. I have clients fly in from all over the world to work with me. Though, I admit, the other part of me that wants her to stay—yeah, that's all completely fucking selfish. I've become accustomed to our lunch meetings, to the daily dessert that she offers me.

“Hold up... You said you were going to the doctor. Why are we pulling into your apartment building?” Bentley asks.

“I'd be pulling into *our* apartment building if you agreed to move in with me,” I tell her.

“Funny. Don't change the subject. Why are we here?” she questions in a more *don't fuck with me* tone.

“We're here because I'm going to take you upstairs and fuck your brains out.” I look over at her and shut off the ignition.

“No, you need a doctor,” she argues. Ignoring her protests, I climb out of the car, walk around to the passenger side door, and open it for her. “I'm serious, Nathan,” she says, refusing to step out.

“So am I. You can either get out and walk, or I’ll carry you up there. I really don’t care which. Either way, we are going upstairs, and I am going to have my filthy way with that body of yours,” I tell her. Then, leaning in, I whisper in her ear, “I’m going to make you come so fucking hard, baby girl.”

Bentley unclips her seat belt and jumps out of the car quicker than I’ve ever seen her exit it before. “If you die on me, I’m going to bury you in a banana field,” she says under her breath.

“I’ll be dead. I don’t think I’ll care where you bury me.” I laugh.

“Fine. If you die on me, I’ll visit that banana field... with my next boyfriend.” She smirks.

That has me seeing fucking red. “If any other man thinks he can touch you, I’ll fucking haunt them into an insane asylum.”

“Great, because it seems the mentally unstable are just my type.” She laughs, entering the elevator when the doors open.

“Your comedic ability really makes me question why you chose to practice law when you clearly have a knack for stand-up,” I deadpan.

“I’d become too famous as a comedian, and I don’t want the fame. I just want to live a quiet life, settle down. Find a nice guy to marry, possibly have kids, maybe not. Buy a big house in the suburbs.”

“The suburbs?” I screw up my face. I have no intention of ever moving out of the city. Why the fuck anyone wants to live in the goddamn suburbs is beyond me.

“Yep. I want a big house, a yard, and neighbours who don’t share an adjoining wall.” She shrugs. She’s really put a lot of thought into her future.

“You’ve already found the nice guy you’re going to marry. I’ll see what I can do about a big house for you,” I tell her. I have no idea how, but surely there has to be something like that in the city. That has to be a thing, right?

“I didn’t tell you that to get you to deliver my future. I’m just saying that sometimes money and fame aren’t for everyone.”

“Says the girl who grew up richer than Richie Rich,” I say, trying to hold back my eye roll.

“Until I didn’t,” she counters.

“I’m sorry,” I tell her, because I probably shouldn’t have reminded her of everything she’s been through. Everything that happened to her family. Everything she’s lost.

“It’s not your fault. You don’t need to be sorry.”

“I know. But I am. And I am going to make sure I win that claim against Kemp.”

“*We* are going to win that claim against Kemp.”

“We?”

“Did I forget to tell you?” She lifts a brow at me in question.

“Tell me what?”

“I’m staying. I’ve decided leaving isn’t the best option for my career.”

I blink at her. *Yes, she bloody forgot to tell me.* What the hell? How long has she been making me suffer with the thought of not having her with me all day at work anymore?

“When did you decide this?” I ask.

“This morning,” she says. “Is it... Are you okay with me staying? I understand if you’ve changed your mind.”

“Are you insane? A third of this firm is going to be half yours one day, Bentley. It would be stupid for you to work anywhere else.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“When we get married, what’s mine is yours and all that.”

“I’m not taking your money, Nathan. I don’t want it. When we get married, I expect Alistair to write up the best damn prenup there is. You and your partners should protect

yourselves; you've worked far too hard to build up that firm." She smiles. "Besides, I plan on becoming partner the old-fashioned way. By working my way up. Proving to everyone how good I am at my job."

The doors open into the foyer of my apartment. I reach over and throw her over my shoulder.

"What the hell?" she screams, slapping at my back.

"I figured this was the fastest way," I tell her before tossing her on the bed. "Strip. I want you naked in less than a minute." Loosening the tie from my neck, I pull it over my head. Then I slide my arms out of my jacket and drape it over the chair in the corner of the room. I make quick work of unfastening the buttons on my shirt, removing my cufflinks and throwing my shirt on the floor. "You have thirty seconds," I tell Bentley, who hasn't moved from her spot on the bed.

She climbs off the edge of the mattress, reaching behind her back and unzipping her dress. I step out of my shoes before bending over and removing my socks. Bentley is standing before me in a matching red lace panties and bra set. She has black thigh-high stockings and a pair of black pumps on.

"Leave the shoes... and the stockings," I tell her. Undoing the button on my slacks, I pull down the fly. I remove my pants and briefs in one go, freeing my cock, which is now standing at full attention. I wrap a hand around the base, tugging up and down slowly as Bentley peels off her bra. She then turns around, bends at the waist, and slides her panties over her legs. "Stop," I tell her when she goes to stand. "Hold on to your ankles."

She looks back at me in question but follows the instruction, wrapping her small palms around her ankles. I approach her, my hand gliding down the length of her back. She's a fucking sight like this. Her bare pussy on full display for me, her legs covered in black stockings, and red lace bunched around her five-inch pumps.

"Do you have any idea how fucking good you look right now?" I ask while circling her. I want to capture this view,

engrain it in my memory, with as many angles as possible.

“No,” she says.

“You’ll have to take my word for it then, baby girl. Fuck, I’m going to be jerking off to this image for the rest of my life.”

She lifts her head to look at me. “We have sex at least twice a day. Why on earth would you need to jerk off?” she asks.

“Because my cock goes hard every time I fucking get a glimpse of you, Miss Johnson.”

TWENTY-ONE

Bentley



I can feel my own wetness dripping down my inner thighs. I'm not sure if I should be liking this as much as I am. I don't think I've ever felt more exposed, yet so comfortable in my entire life. Well, comfortable with the present company and in my own skin. The blood rushing to my head from being bent over like this? Not so much. Nathan takes his time circling me, stalking me, taking in every inch of me. He stops midstep and his hands cup the globes of my ass, pulling my cheeks apart.

"Fuck, I love this ass," he groans. The deep timbre of his voice sends shivers down my spine, and my legs begin to shake. Nathan's arm wraps under my stomach, picking me up. "I can't wait any longer. I need to be in you now, baby girl."

"Then don't wait," I tell him.

He moves over to the edge of the mattress, and keeping my feet on the floor, he lays me face down on the bed, my ass still

up in the air and on display for his viewing pleasure. “I don’t plan to,” he says, lining his cock up with the entrance to my pussy. His hand comes down on the back of my neck, pinning me in place as he fills me with one hard thrust.

“Oh shit!” I yell out, the slight sting a welcoming pain I’ve become accustomed to when it comes to Nathan and his impressive cock.

“Fuck! Bentley, it somehow gets better and better,” he says, slowly withdrawing from me.

I can feel my pussy protesting, clinging, convulsing around his cock as he pulls out. There’s not one cell of my body that wants him to remove himself, to sever the contact. If I could find a way to have us permanently connected like this, I’d do it.

I guess his jokes of marriage would do that in a way.

All thoughts vanish when he pushes back into me, bottoming out while the tip of his cock hits that spot only he seems to know how to find. Or maybe it’s just that his dick is big enough to reach it. Because if I’m honest, he is by far the largest I’ve had.

His hand leaves my neck and trails down my back, then I feel both of his hands separating the cheeks of my ass again. His thumb presses into the hole, and my body pushes back instinctively. “I thought it was just your cunt that was hungry for me. It looks like your ass wants me too. Do you want that, baby girl? You want my cock to fill this ass of yours?” he asks as he pumps in and out of me at a torturously slow pace.

Do I want that?

“I—no, I don’t,” I lie. For some reason, saying it out loud seems wrong. I know it’s the twenty-first century and I should be owning my sexual desires. In my head, I know that, yet I still can’t bring myself to say it out loud. I can, however, show him by pushing harder against him, making his thumb dive deeper into my ass.

“Such a pretty fucking liar,” he hisses before picking up his pace. “It’s a good thing your body doesn’t lie. This ass is

begging to be filled with my cock. And it will be.” He grunts as his thumb and cock work in tandem. One in, one out.

The sensations flowing through my body are intense, almost unbearable. “Please,” I cry out.

“Please what, baby girl?”

“I need to...” *What is it that I need? More? Less? I have no idea.*

“I know what you need. I’ve got you,” Nathan says, as if he can somehow read my mind. His free hand slides underneath me. His fingers find my clit and pinch.

“Holy fuck!” I yell. My body spasms as wave after wave of pleasure runs through me.

“Fuck, I love when your pussy milks my cock. Just like that. It’s all yours, Bentley.” Nathan grunts as his thrusts become more rigid before he stills. Slowly pulling out of me, he collapses next to me on the bed, my legs still daggling off the end. “I’m so fucking glad we can continue to take lunch breaks like this,” he pants.

“Mmm, me too.” I smile, my eyes closed as exhaustion creeps in.

MY EYES BLINK open slowly as I bring the blanket up under my chin. I really do love and appreciate Nathan’s penchant for quality bedding.

Shit!

My eyes pop open as I bolt upright in bed. Memories of just how I ended up in my present state flood my mind, with the remainders of his efforts still throbbing between my legs.

“Nathan!” I yell out as I jump off the bed, completely naked. Looking at the clock, I see it’s three p.m. Why the hell didn’t he wake me? I need to get back to the office.

I walk into the bathroom and throw on the robe Nathan leaves in there for me before padding into the hallway. I call out for him again, only to hear silence in return. When I reach the kitchen, I find a note scribbled in his handwriting on the counter.

Bentley,

Sorry I had to leave you. I have meetings I need to attend. You looked too peaceful to disturb. Stay here. I'll be home around seven tonight.

Yours,

Nathan

STAY HERE? He can't be serious. He shouldn't have let me sleep. Does he think I don't have work that needs tending to as well. Scrunching up the piece of paper, I throw it across the kitchen before storming back to the bedroom. I take an extra-quick shower to wash off the aftermaths of our lunch break and then slip back into my work clothes. I manage to get out the door of the building in fifteen minutes.

Pulling out my phone, I call for an Uber. Thankfully, there's a driver only two minutes away. My anger at Nathan palpitates as I wait. When the car pulls up in front of me, I check the number plate against the one showing on the app before jumping in. You never can be too careful, or at least that's what my mother has drilled into me and my sister for as long as I can remember.

I need to make a trip home. I need to see my mother. It feels like I haven't seen her in forever. I've been spending all

of my spare time at Nathan's. I have a really hard time saying no to the man. Well, right now, with how pissed off I am, I don't think I'll have a hard time saying no. I think I'll go and sleep in my own bed tonight. At home. Alone.

I thank the driver and rush out of the car when he pulls up outside the firm. I give the doorman a tight smile. It's the best I can manage right now. My finger stabs at the button for the lift. The longer I wait, the more I'm burning up about the fact that he left me behind.

Does he not value the work I do? Does he think I don't add anything of importance? Maybe I should have put more thought into my decision to stay on with the firm. I mean, if Nathan valued my position here, wouldn't he have woken me up and told me to get back to work? He is my boss after all. I know I'm a first-year, but I still like to think that I add something to the team. I take great pride in the work I do, even if most of it is proofing reports and other tasks the more senior lawyers don't want to do.

I love it though. I love knowing that I'm getting paid to do what I love. I really thought I was proving my worth, proving that the partners made the right choice when they hired me. I was up against hundreds of people for this position. They chose me, and that's something I took great pride in. Now I can't help but wonder if part of the reason I got the job was because Nathan wanted in my pants.

Surely not. If that were true, Xavier and Alistair wouldn't have put so much effort into changing my mind about leaving.

As I ride the lift to the top floor, because of course they occupy the top floor, my anger simmers. Those all-too-familiar butterflies fill my stomach at the thought of seeing Nathan. I choose to ignore them and do my best to hold on to my anger. I don't want to be a pushover, and I need him to know that my job is important too. I might not be the almighty Nathan Miller, but watch this space, because I'm determined to take his title as the best corporate lawyer in town.

TWENTY-TWO

Nathan

I had to pull myself away from a sleeping Bentley and drag my sorry ass back to the office. I wanted to wake her, tell her to come with me. That I needed her.

I didn't do that though.

Instead, I left her asleep because I didn't want to see the worry, the disappointment, on her face when she found out I'd been served. Xavier and Alistair blew up my phone, telling me I'd been served with a lawsuit from Clive Corporation. Turns out that good-for-nothing grandson of Old Man Clive is out for my blood.

Even though I told Clive where to shove his business, he took my advice and added a safety clause to his retirement plan—a handover which must have just recently taken place. I don't know the particulars of why the little fucker is trying to sue me. And I don't care. Because I know he won't fucking stand a chance of winning. I also don't want Bentley to take

the blame. It was her I chose over Clive Corp's business, and I'd do it again in a heartbeat.

"Have you read this shit? It's laughable." I throw the piece of paper I'm holding onto the desk.

"I've read it," Xavier says.

"And?" I ask him with a raised brow.

"I agree. It's laughable. The kid's grasping at straws."

I already knew that, but hearing it from my business partner, my best friend, having that confirmation is somewhat comforting.

"There is no truth to these claims, though, is there?" Xavier questions me, while leaning forward in his seat on the other side of my desk.

My eyebrows scrunch up. "I can't believe you're even asking me that." My voice rises. "You think I'd embezzle fucking funds from a client?"

"No, I don't. However, it's my fucking job as your representation to ask, Nathan."

"I'll represent myself," I tell him.

"Like fuck you will," Alistair says as he walks into my office and claims the chair beside Xavier. "Catch me up. What'd I miss?" he asks.

"Just that Xavier here thinks I'm guilty," I huff.

"No, I fucking don't. I'm just covering all the bases."

"Of course, you're not guilty. How the fuck would you embezzle funds from a company anyway. You're their fucking solicitor, not an accountant."

"I've already put in a request for a hearing date. This will be thrown out of court before we even sit down. You have nothing to worry about."

"I'm not worried," I lie. I know I'm innocent, but whenever you're being sued, there is always that chance of losing. If I lost this case, I'd be kissing my career goodbye.

“Good, because this is bullshit.” Alistair reaches forward, plucks the typed claim from my desk, and crumbles it up.

I look through the glass and see Bentley storming towards her office. She glances in my direction before quickly averting her eyes. Xavier and Alistair both turn in their seats to see what’s captured my attention.

“Fuck, she looks pissed. What’d you do?” Xavier turns back around to face me.

“I didn’t do anything. Last I saw her, she was passed out and fully satisfied.” I smirk, thinking of just how I left her. Naked, in my bed. I was hoping that’s how I’d find her when I returned home tonight.

“For someone so smart, you really can be daft sometimes, mate.” Alistair shakes his head and pushes to his feet.

“What do you mean?” I ask.

“Yeah, you’re on your own on this one.” He directs a finger my way, before pointing at his own chest. “I’m getting the popcorn ready; you get the drinks.” He gestures to Xavier, then walks out.

“Done,” Xavier agrees and follows him.

“You two are fucking idiots. Whatever’s pissed her off has nothing to do with me,” I call out after them.

I stand at the same time my phone rings on my desk. I glance down and consider ignoring it. Whoever it is can wait. Tracey can take a message. However, when I look up and see my secretary pointing at the phone in her hand, I slump back into my seat and press the intercom.

“Tracey, on a scale of one to ten, how important is this?” I ask her.

“Ten. I have Luke Gallah on the line for you,” she says.

I rub a hand over my face and sigh. I need to take this. Luke Gallah is the client going after Mark Kemp—the man responsible for putting Bentley’s father behind bars. Just the thought of what Kemp did to Bentley’s family has me seeing

red. There is nothing I want more than to see him in that green fucking jumpsuit and behind bars. Where he belongs.

WHEN I LOOK up at the clock, it reads six thirty p.m. The office is quiet. It's been a couple of hours since I saw Bentley walk in. I haven't had a chance to go and see her yet.

That phone call from Luke Gallah opened a whole new can of worms that threw me into a rabbit hole as I dug for any documentation that would confirm what he suspects is true. He's claiming that Bentley's father didn't commit suicide, that Kemp had put a hit on his former business partner. I haven't uncovered anything that suggests this yet, but if it is true, I will find the evidence needed to convict Kemp for his crimes. I've put in a request to have all of the legal files, Mr Johnson's inmate files, everything I could think of sent here. There's not much more I can do now, other than wait for the documents to make their way to me.

Standing, I loosen my tie and roll my neck. It cracks, relieving some of the built-up tension that's taken residence there. I make my way over to Bentley's office and find it empty. The lights are out. She left and she didn't come and see me first?

I pull my phone out of my pocket and dial her number. Just as I think it's about to go to voicemail, the call connects. "Hello." Her voice is strained.

"What's wrong? Where are you?" I question her.

"Nothing's wrong, and I'm at home," she responds.

"Okay, great. I'm leaving the office now. I'll be there in fifteen," I tell her.

"No, I'm at *my* home, Nathan. Not yours," she says.

Fuck, I really need to get her to agree to fucking move in with me already. "Why?" I ask, and try to keep the irritation out of my voice. She's spent every night in my bed for the last few weeks.

“I needed to see my mum. I’ll see you tomorrow at work.”

I pull the phone away from my ear to confirm that she did in fact just disconnect the call. She hung up on me. What the fuck?

Maybe Xavier and Alistair were right and I did do something to piss her off. I send her a message.

Me: Whatever I did, I’m sorry. Please come home.

The little typing bubbles appear on my screen, showing that she’s responding before they disappear and start again.

Bentley: I’ll see you tomorrow.

That’s it. *I’ll see you tomorrow?* How the hell am I meant to get through the night without having her in my bed?

TURNS OUT, I don’t fucking sleep without Bentley in my bed. I’ve been tossing and turning all night. Picking up my phone, I read the time: 2 a.m.

Fuck me, I’m going to be a mess tomorrow.

I pull up her name in my contacts and shoot her a message.

ME:

I don’t like you not being in my bed. I can’t fucking sleep without you, Bentley.

When I see the read notice automatically appear, I sit up. She’s awake too. I hit dial on her number.

“Hello,” she answers.

“Bentley, why are you awake?” I ask her.

“Because I have a demanding boss, who’s messaging me at two in the morning,” she says.

“Shit, I’m so sorry. Did I wake you?”

“No, I couldn’t sleep either.” She sighs into the phone.

“You can always come home,” I tell her. I figure if I continue to refer to my apartment as *home*, it’ll sink in that this is in fact where she belongs.

“It’s the middle of the night,” she reminds me. “I’m not getting out of bed now. Just talk to me, tell me something, bore me until I fall asleep.”

“Bore you? Are you saying conversing with me isn’t exciting, Bentley? Fuck, I’ll have to up my game.”

“No, I love talking to you.”

“What are you wearing? I was hoping I’d come home and find you still naked in our bed.”

“I’m naked in *my* bed,” she says, emphasising the possessive pronoun.

I groan. Of course she’s fucking naked. My hand digs under the waistband of my sleep shorts and wraps around my cock. “I want you naked in our bed. I want to be able to touch you, lick you, bite you. *Fuck* you,” I tell her.

“Mmm, that does sound like the perfect cure for my insomnia. If I were in your bed, what would you do to me?” she asks.

“Bentley, I want your fingers shoved inside you. Now,” I tell her. “Are you wet? Is the thought of what I can do to your body making you wet, baby girl?”

“Yes.” Her response comes out on a breathy moan. “I’m so wet.”

“Good girl. Now pump those fingers in and out. Imagine that their mine. That I’m shoving my fingers as deep into that tight little cunt of yours as I can possibly go.”

“Oh god,” she groans.

“That’s it. I want to hear you come for me, baby girl. I want to hear you pleasure yourself, knowing that if you would have just come home, it’d be me pleasuring you right now.”

“If I went to your place, I’d probably be asleep right now,” she says.

“Bentley, press your thumb against your clit,” I instruct her.

“Okay.”

My own hand is fisting up and down my shaft. My fingers coated in precum, I squeeze tighter, not ready to be done with this conversation just yet. “Bentley, rub your thumb in a circle around that sweet little bud. If you were here, I’d be sucking on it right now,” I tell her.

“Mmm, I like when you do that,” she whispers.

“You like everything I do to that body of yours,” I tell her. “I’m so fucking hard for you right now. My cock is aching with the knowledge that it can’t sink into you.”

“Maybe we can meet for breakfast,” she says.

“Deal, but I want to hear you come for me first. Curl those fingers up inside your pussy. Pump them harder, faster.”

“I can’t... oh god... Nathan....” she moans, and I hear it. The moment she comes.

My hand slides up and down my cock faster, my cum squirting right up my stomach in ropes. “Fuck me,” I hiss out.

“At breakfast,” Bentley says, and then the line cuts out.

She fucking hung up on me again.

TWENTY-THREE

Bentley



“Morning. Sleep well?” my mum asks me as I grab a cup from the overhead cabinet. I need caffeine and a lot of it right now.

“I’ve slept better.” I shrug, moving my tired-ass body to the coffee machine and pressing the buttons.

“What’s on your mind?” Mum asks. “You haven’t been around much.”

“I know. I’m sorry. I just... I met someone, but I’m not sure if I should like him as much as I do, you know?”

“Why?”

“Because sometimes I feel like, if I let myself, I will forget who I am to accommodate who he is and what he wants.” I sigh, taking a seat at the counter.

My mum finishes making the coffee I started, then places the cup in front of me. “Why do you think you’ll forget

yourself?”

“Because I want to make him happy,” I tell her.

“That’s not a bad thing, Bentley, as long as his desire to make you happy matches it.”

Does Nathan want to make me happy? I’m almost certain he does. He’s attentive—that’s unquestionable. Probably the most dotting guy I’ve ever been with.

“So does this mystery man have a name?” Mum presses.

“Um, he does.” I avoid answering her. She has no idea I’m talking about my boss.

“Is there a reason you don’t want to tell me who he is? Bentley Johnson, I swear to God, if you’ve gone and hooked up with a mob boss or a president of a biker club or worse, I will lock you in your room until you come to your senses,” she says.

“What could be worse than a mob boss?” I ask her, honestly curious as to what her answer is.

“Ted Bundy,” she deadpans.

“Good news then. It’s not Ted Bundy.” I laugh.

Mum raises an eyebrow at me in question. She’s waiting for me to elaborate.

“It’s #hotboss AKA Nathan Miller,” Jules says, butting into the conversation as she enters the kitchen.

“You’re dating your boss?” Mum turns to me, but there’s no judgement in her voice.

“Kind of.” I cover my face with my hands.

She reaches out and pries my hands away. “Bentley, is he taking advantage of you?”

“What? No, of course not,” I tell her.

“Nope, she’s taking *full advantage* of him, though. I heard he has a magic cock,” Jules adds with a grin.

“I’m going to kill you,” I hiss at my sister, who really needs to learn to keep her bloody mouth shut.

“You love me too much to do that.” She pokes her tongue out at me. Unfortunately, she’s right. I do love her too much. But I’d consider causing her some serious bodily harm. Something she’ll recover from... maybe.

“Bring him to dinner on Saturday night,” my mum directs at me, snapping me out of my daydream as I was listing all the ways I could get back at my sister in my head.

“Ah, I think he has plans already. Maybe another time,” I lie.

“You’re lying. Bring him to dinner, Bentley. If you like him as much as you say you do, then I’m sure I will too.” She leans in and kisses the top of my head. “I gotta run. I have to stop at the post office before work,” she says.

As soon as I hear the front door close, I turn my heated glare on Jules. “Really? Where’s the sisterly loyalty?”

“What? I was helping you. You were obviously too scared to fess up to earning extra benefits from the boss. What was it you called them at the bar? That’s right. O benefits.” She laughs.

“I hate you,” I groan.

“I hate you too,” she sings while pouring herself a glass of orange juice.

My phone vibrates on the table. Plucking it off the benchtop, I see a message from Nathan.

#HOTBOSS:

Morning, beautiful. Don’t forget we have a breakfast date. I’ll be by to pick you up in thirty minutes.

“Shit!” I scream and jump off the stool. “I’ve got to shower. Talk later,” I tell Jules as I run upstairs.

Exactly twenty-eight minutes later, I’m running out the front door and sliding into Nathan’s waiting car.

“Hi.”

“Hi,” he replies. His hands cup both sides of my face right before his lips descend onto mine. His tongue pushes past the seam, swirling around the inside of my mouth. My fingers grasp the lapels of his jacket. Why the hell did I go home last night and not stay with him?

Then I remember and I break away from the kiss. “Why didn’t you wake me up yesterday?”

“What?” he asks, and his eyebrows draw down.

“You left me asleep while you went back to work. I have a job too. Why didn’t you wake me up?”

“You looked too peaceful. I wanted you to have the rest your body needed.”

“What I needed was to get back to work, just as much as you did.”

“Well, as it turns out, I happen to be really close to your boss and he didn’t mind you having an extra-long lunch break.” He smirks.

“As it turns out, my boss is an ass. And *I* mind. My job is important. It might not be important to you but it is to me.”

“Your career is extremely important to me, Bentley. Don’t ever think I don’t value you and what you bring to the firm,” he says as he pulls away from my house. “Is that why you went to your mother’s last night, instead of coming home?”

Home. He continues to refer to his apartment as home. It’s his home; it’s not mine. I know it’s his way of trying to get me to agree to move in with him.

“I went *home*, Nathan. I live with my mother,” I tell him.

“You keep your things there. You live with me.” He reaches across the middle console to link our fingers together before resting our joined hands on his thigh.

“You can’t just say that I live with you and make it fact,” I tell him.

“Why not?”

“Because that’s not how things work.”

“What do I need to do to get you to move in with me?”

“Buy a new house.” I laugh. “I’m not an idiot, Nathan. The ghosts of all your girlfriends past live in that apartment of yours. It’s a bachelor pad. I’m not living in a bachelor pad.”

“First of all, I’ve never had girlfriends in my apartment *before you*. Secondly, what kind of house are we talking about?”

“I was joking. You’re not buying a new house just to get me to move in with you.” I ignore the part about girlfriends. I know he might not have had any long-term relationships, but he most certainly had women in that apartment. “Where are we going?” I ask when I notice he’s taken a different turnoff from the one that would lead us into the city.

“Breakfast.” He smiles at me. Ten minutes later, we pull up at a little nature reserve. There are no other cars here. Nathan hops out of the car and walks around to my side, opening the door. “Come on, I’m starving,” he says while holding out a hand to me.

“What are we eating? Leaves?” I ask, looking around. It’s a park. There are no cafés or shops in sight.

“Well, I’ll be eating you. You’ll be eating this.” He reaches into the back of the car and retrieves a basket.

“You packed a picnic?”

“I did.” He laces my fingers in his, leads me into the park, and settles us into a secluded little spot, where I watch as he lays out a blanket before placing the basket in the middle. “Sit,” he instructs.

Shivers run through my body at the commanding tone of his voice, I don’t know what it is, but when Nathan Miller gives me an order, all I want to do is follow it. I sit next to him on the blanket. His long legs are stretched out. As I rake my eyes over him, it occurs to me how ridiculous we must look. We’re both sitting in the park, at seven in the morning, wearing business attire. Nathan starts emptying the picnic basket, pulling out a variety of freshly cut fruits, pastries, and champagne, followed by a container of orange juice. I watch

as he pops the cork on the champagne and pours two glasses, filling them to the halfway point before topping them off with the juice.

Handing me one, he holds up the other. “To finding gems in unexpected places.” He taps his glass against mine.

I bring the delicious, bubbly concoction to my mouth. “How did you find the time to do all this?” I ask. “It looks so good.” I pick up a chocolate croissant and bite into it.

“I may have called the bakery and had them put it together for me.” He shrugs.

“Well, I love this. Thank you,” I smile.

“I love you,” he says while leaning forward to capture my lips.

“Mmm, I love you too. But, next time, wake me up,” I tell him with a glare.

“I promise I will never leave for work without waking you again,” he says.

“Good.”

“Now eat up. We have an hour and a half before we need to head to the office. And I have plans for you that don’t include food.”

TWENTY-FOUR

Nathan

I wait, not so patiently, as Bentley finishes the last bite of the croissant she's eating. I've picked at a few strawberries, but food is not what I'm hungry for. The only thing I want in my mouth is *her*. As soon as the last bit of pastry is swallowed, it's my turn.

"I need you on your hands and knees," I tell her.

"Huh?" She peers up at me through her lashes.

"I didn't stutter, Bentley. I want you on your hands and knees, facing away from me." I turn my body, kneeling in front of her.

"You can't be serious," she says with her eyes wide. "Here?" She scans the empty park.

I wouldn't bring her here to do this if I thought there was a chance that anyone else would get a glimpse of her in any

form of compromising position. “I’m deadly serious, baby girl. Hands and knees. Now,” I repeat between clenched teeth.

Bentley looks around again before she follows my instruction, positioning herself with her palms flat on the blanket and her ass directed at me, while looking back at me over her shoulder with hooded eyes. She gets off by being ordered around like this. And I get off on how much she responds to my demands. Honestly, anything she does is a complete turn-on.

“Fuck, you’re perfect.” I tug her skirt up, bunching it around her waist and revealing the round, smooth globes of her ass. She’s wearing a red lace G-string. My fingers slip beneath the thin strap of fabric, pulling it aside. Bentley’s pussy glistens with her wetness. “You’re fucking drenched,” I say, running a single digit right up the middle of her slit.

Bentley moans, and her body pushes against me, seeking more friction.

“Do you need something, baby girl?” I ask her.

“You know I do,” she says. Her head hangs low, her hair falling around her cheeks and blocking my view.

Reaching up, I scoop up her hair from her left shoulder and hang it over her right. I like being able to see her face. “What is it that you need?” I ask her, as I lean down and gently blow on her exposed cunt.

“Oh god, I need you,” she groans.

“You have me. All of me,” I say right before I drag my tongue through her slit. I close my eyes, savouring the moment the taste of her hits my tongue. I fucking love it. My fingers part her cheeks, opening her pussy right up for me. My tongue dives in, circling around inside her wet, warm hole. My fingers dig into her flesh as I feast.

“Oh fuck,” she yells out. My thumb finds her asshole, pressing inside just a little as I move my tongue to lavish her clit with the attention it’s seeking. Flattening out my tongue, I lick, suck, nibble, and repeat on her hardened bud. “Shit, fuck. Oh my god!” Bentley’s words merge into an incomprehensible

mixture of moans as her body succumbs to the orgasm my mouth is giving her.

When she falls forward onto her elbows, I stare in awe. I don't think I'll ever get enough of this girl. "Don't move. I have something for you," I tell her. Leaning over, I reach into the picnic basket and pull out the bottle of lube, followed by the little silk bag that holds the gift I have for her. I squirt the lube onto her asshole, using my finger to rub it around the rim before dripping it inside.

Bentley looks over her shoulder at me, her eyes wide. "No," she says, her voice firmer than I've ever heard it before.

"It's not what you think. *Yet*. You're not ready for that, baby girl," I tell her, continuing to finger her ass.

"Mmhmm," she says, dropping her head back down.

Removing my finger, I pull the small butt plug out of the bag, coating it in lube before freeing my cock. Then I start pushing the plug against her hole. "It's a butt plug. It's small. Trust me, you'll love it," I tell her when her body stiffens. "You need to relax though."

Bentley takes a deep breath and glances at me again.

"You trust me, don't you?" I ask her.

"Yes."

"Then trust me when I tell you that you're going to enjoy this. Let me make you feel good."

"I do," she says, and I smile.

I don't think I've ever wanted to prove myself to anyone as much as I do with Bentley. She is everything.

I push the plug past the point of resistance. And Bentley stills. Lining my cock up with the entrance to her pussy, I press the tip inside. "This is going to be fucking tight, baby girl. You're going to feel so full, so fucking good," I tell her, slowly driving my shaft into her. It's so tight, and for a moment, I think I might not actually fit, gently pulling out and pushing back in a few times before I finally bottom out. "Fuck

me,” I groan. “So good.” I wrap an arm around her waist, holding her in place. “How does it feel?” I ask her.

“Different. Good,” she says, wiggling her ass a little.

“Fuck yes, it is.” I pull out slowly and push back in.

“Oh god. I need you to fuck me, Nathan.” Bentley grinds against me. She doesn’t need to ask me twice. I draw back before thrusting forward again, harder. My pace slowly increases. The feel of her cunt squeezing my cock, the plug in her ass—it’s too fucking much, and before long, I feel my balls tighten and that telltale tingle run up my spine.

“I’m going to come. I need you to fucking come with me, Bentley.” I reach my hand around to her clit and pinch.

“Ahhhh.” Her muscles shake, her legs give out, and my body falls over hers as my cock empties itself inside her.

Pulling out, I collapse beside her. “Now that’s a breakfast date worth repeating,” I huff out between shallow breaths.

“Mmm, if that’s how I’ll get breakfast every time I don’t sleep at your place, maybe I should go home more often.” She laughs.

“Don’t joke about that, Bentley. It’s not funny. I couldn’t sleep at all last night. I need you more than you’ll ever know.”

“I didn’t sleep either,” she says, then she turns to me and asks, “Doesn’t it scare you?” Her voice is barely above a whisper.

“Does what scare me?”

“This. Us. How quickly things are happening.”

My hand, which was rubbing up and down her arm, stills. “No, I’ve never been more sure of anything in my life. I love you, Bentley, and that is a fact that won’t ever change,” I tell her. “Does it scare you?”

“Sometimes. I’m scared that I’m going to lose myself. I’m scared that I’ll lose you.”

“I promise I won’t ever let either of those things happen. I’m extremely fond of you, so you’re never going to get lost.

And me, well, I'm yours, always."

"You might change your mind."

"Nothing could change my mind," I admit.

"My mum wants you to come over for dinner on Saturday," she blurts out.

I blink. I've never met anyone's parents. I don't exactly have the best track record with my own either. So I'm not really sure how to win over someone else's. For Bentley, though, I'll do my damn best to make sure her mother likes me. "Okay. We will go for dinner."

"You don't have to. I can tell her no," she says.

"I want to. Besides, she's going to be my mother-in-law one day. I should probably meet her first." I smirk.

"Anyone ever tell you how sure of yourself you are?" she says.

"Only you." I sit upright. "Come on, as much as I'd love to sit here all day, we do actually have to go to work."

I LOOK up when there's a knock at the door. "Are you planning on working through the night?" Bentley asks before entering my office with her bag on her shoulder.

My eyes flick up to the clock. "Sorry, I lost track of the time."

"I can see that. What are you working on? Maybe I can help," she urges.

I haven't told her that I'm looking into her father's case, his death. When we made it into the office this morning, all of the files I'd requested were on my desk. I now have various documents covering the coffee table too. "Ah. I..." I don't know how to tell her.

"What?" she asks, sitting down next to me on the sofa.

“It’s your father’s case.”

Bentley stiffens and her eyes jump to mine. “How...? Why?”

“Luke Gallah called me yesterday. He believes Kemp had your father murdered.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I didn’t want to bring you a bunch of speculation. I wanted proof first.” I twist my body around to face her. “Bentley, it’s just rumours. I haven’t found anything so far that points to a potential hit.”

“Okay,” she whispers.

“Okay?”

“Well, if there is a slight chance that what Mr Gallah says is true, there must be evidence of that somewhere. I’ll help you. If we don’t find anything, well, then, it’s just a bunch of rumours amongst rich old men who have nothing better to do with their time than gossip.”

“You are a remarkable woman, Bentley Johnson. Almost perfect. In fact, there’s only one little thing that I would change about you...”

“Oh yeah, what’s that?” she questions.

“Your last name.” I smile wide at her shocked expression. “I’d replace it with mine.”

TWENTY-FIVE

Bentley



My hands sweat. I don't know why I'm so nervous. I'm bringing the people I love the most in the world together. This is a good thing. I keep mentally telling myself that it will be fine. *We* will be fine. My mum and Nathan will like each other, Jules will limit her desire to embarrass me, and dinner will be great.

"I've never seen you so stressed. We can turn around if you're not ready for this," Nathan offers.

"No, it's fine. I just... I don't even know why I'm so nervous. I just want you guys to all get along, I guess."

"I will be on my best behaviour, Bentley. Scout's honour," he says.

"Were you even a boy scout?" I ask him.

We've had a few conversations about our childhoods—his was the polar opposite of mine. His parents struggled with

addiction. Nathan was an orphan at seventeen when his mother and father both overdosed on the same night. He was quick to shut the discussion down, not wanting to go into details. I can't even pretend to understand the challenges he had to overcome to get to where he is today. I may have been dealt my own life-altering hand, but I always had my mum and Jules.

Nathan was alone. What he's accomplished, he's done it by himself. He doesn't have to do that anymore, though, because now he has me. As this thought pops into my head, I'm questioning why I haven't just caved and moved in with him already. I don't want to be apart from him. That one night I spent at home this week was hell. Although the breakfast date he took me on afterwards was heaven.

"I was never a boy scout, but for you, I'll be whatever you want me to be." Nathan winks in my direction.

"I bet you would." I laugh. "Just don't listen to Jules too much. She will be going out of her way to embarrass me. Anything she tells you will be highly exaggerated or just plain fiction."

"Noted." He nods his head. "You know I'd still love you anyway, right? No matter what anyone else thinks, Bentley, there are two people in our relationship. You and me. And what we think is all that really matters."

"I know. I just... I want you to like my mum. I want my mum to like you," I tell him.

"You're mother raised *you*. I'm sure there's not much to *not* like. Also, it's me. She's going to love me. Most ladies do," he says with a grin.

"Arrogance is not a good look on you, Mr Miller," I tell him.

"I object. My arrogance has won me many cases."

I shake my head and smile. He's right. His confidence is attractive, and I've seen it work in meetings and depositions. He really is amazing at what he does. "So, are you going to tell

me what you and the other partners have been working on in the conference room for the last few days?" I ask him.

He glances at me in his peripheral. "Work stuff," he says, evading my question.

"Anything I can help with?"

"No."

Okay, I guess whatever they're all working on together is on a need-to-know basis. And I'm not someone who fits into that category. I get it. I'm a first-year. I don't expect any kind of preferential treatment because I'm Nathan's girlfriend.

"You don't have to tell me what it is," I say aloud. "But know I'm here if you do need to talk about anything. I just want to be there for you as much as you are for me," I tell him.

Nathan is quiet as he pulls to a stop out front of my mum's house. Turning the ignition off, he twists in his seat to face me. One of his palms cups my cheek. "You are fucking amazing, Bentley Johnson, and I love you," he says.

"I love you too." I smile before crashing my lips to his. "Come on. Eat quick, because I already can't wait for you to take me home and fuck me into a coma," I tell him.

"Fuck, Bentley, you can't say shit like that to me. How am I meant to meet your mother with a boner?" He groans as a hand reaches down to adjust his pants.

"You always have a boner," I deadpan. It amazes me how he's always so ready.

"Not always, only when I'm around you, or thinking about you, or thinking about thinking about you. So, basically, you're right... pretty much always."

I open the door and climb out of the car. Nathan scowls at me as he makes his way around the other side but doesn't say anything. I know he likes opening the door for me, but being an independent woman and all that, I can open my own doors. I join my hands with his and walk up to the front of the house. I pause, suddenly nervous all over again, before grabbing the knob, opening the door, and leading Nathan through the foyer.

“We’re here,” I call out.

“Dining room,” my mum replies as she appears in the hallway and gestures us forward.

“Hi, Mum. This is Nathan. Nathan, my mum, Shirley.” I wave a hand between them.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Mrs Johnson.” Nathan holds out a palm to my mum.

She ignores it, embracing him while bypassing the handshake. “Likewise, come here.”

I watch as Nathan awkwardly returns the hug before pulling away. His hand finds mine. He entangles our fingers together again before offering me a reassuring squeeze.

“You’re just in time, Bentley. You can help your sister set the table,” Mum says.

“I’ll help you,” Nathan offers, gripping my palm even tighter. At first, I thought the gesture was for my benefit; now I’m thinking it’s more for his.

Is the ever-cool Nathan Miller nervous?

I tilt my head up and peer over at him. Yep, he’s nervous. It’s a look I’ve not seen on him before. And, for some reason, his nerves put my own at ease. “Come on, I’ll get you a drink first.” I pull him towards the dining room, where there’s a small wet bar.

Jules is setting plates down on the table when we enter. “Hey.” She glances up and smiles.

“Hey, how are you?” I ask her, as I walk straight to the bar and pour a glass of whiskey before passing it to Nathan.

He looks around the room, then quickly downs it in one go. “Thanks,” he says as he hands the glass back to me.

Jules and I both laugh. “You do know you’re like a gazillion years old. You don’t have to sneak alcohol,” my sister tells him with a grin.

“A gazillion?” Nathan parrots with a raised brow.

“You’re not that old. But she’s right. You don’t need to sneak a drink. Want another?” I offer.

“No, thank you.” Nathan is rigid. He’s standing close to me, but I’ve never seen him so stiff.

“Relax. You’re okay,” I tell him.

“I am relaxed.” He smiles but it falls short.

“Come, sit down. I’ve been waiting for this moment my whole life.” Jules points to a chair where she’s already placed a table setting. “I have so many stories for you. *So many*,” she repeats, placing extra emphasis on the last two words.

“No, you do not!” I hiss at her. “Muuuum!” I call out at the top of my lungs. “Control your feral child!”

Nathan looks at me. He’s fighting the smile tugging at his lips. His brows are raised, his eyes wide. Leaning in, he whispers in my ear, “You have nothing to worry about. Me, on the other hand, I’m fucking hard as a rock. Did you really have to wear that dress?” he whispers.

I look down at my *very plain* white sundress. It’s absolutely nothing special. “Yes. And do not listen to a word she says,” I warn him.

Mum walks in, carrying a plate with a roast lamb sitting on top. Shit, she really went all out for this dinner. I feel bad for not being here earlier and helping her.

“Is there anything I can do to help?” Nathan offers my mum.

“Yes, keep those two from murdering each other and that one from deafening the entire neighbourhood.” My mum nods her head at me.

“Me!” I exclaim, pointing to myself. “It’s her fault. She’s purposely trying to embarrass me.” I point to Jules.

My mum places the roast in the middle of the table. “I think you’re doing a bang-up job of embarrassing yourself right now, Bentley,” she throws over her shoulder before marching back out of the room.

Her words sink in. Oh god. She's right. I just acted like a petulant child. In front of Nathan. What is it with little sisters bringing out the worst in you?

I sink onto the dining room chair. "It's okay. Take a load off, Bentley, I'll finish this," Jules says, sarcasm dripping from her voice.

"Thanks. Appreciate it," I respond with a smirk.

Nathan sits next to me. "Relax. I happen to think you're adorable," he says to me, not so quietly.

"Oh my god! Please tell me you have brothers or equally hot friends," Jules says to him.

"No brothers, sorry." He shrugs before adding, "Or friends either."

"But Bentley said you had hot friends."

My face heats up. "Jules, seriously?"

"What? You did say that." She lifts a single shoulder.

"You think my friends are hot?" Nathan turns his glare on me.

"Objectively good looking. Not hot," I clarify.

"Ever thought of going out on our own. Creating a firm with just the two of us. And no objectively good-looking partners?"

"Stop it. You know that I don't think about them like that. Those thoughts are solely reserved for you," I tell him.

"Thank fuck. I'd hate to have to bury my best friends," he says, leaning in to peck me on the lips.

"You two are making me sick—way too cute."

"Thanks." I beam at my sister.

Mum enters the dining room again with an oven dish of baked veggies. I stand up. "I'll be back," I tell Nathan. Heading into the kitchen, I collect the bowl of peas and corn, and the gravy boat. Mum appears at my side and grabs the

salad bowl. “Were you planning on feeding an army? There’s only one of him. I don’t have a harem, Mum,” I tell her.

“A harem? Let’s hope not. Also, I didn’t know what he’d like,” she says and pivots on her heels, making her way back to the dining room.

I place the dishes in the middle of the table and reclaim my seat next to Nathan. There is more food here than what any of us could possibly eat.

“This looks fantastic, Mum. Thanks,” Jules says.

“It does look good, Mrs Johnson. Thank you for having me,” Nathan adds.

“You’re welcome, and please call me Shirley.” Mum smiles.

We all load up our plates and dig into the food.

“So, what are your intentions with my daughter, Nathan?” Mum asks, breaking the silence.

“My intention is to marry her,” Nathan replies without missing a beat.

I choke on the peas I just shovelled into my mouth, and end up coughing and sputtering while trying to regain my composure.

Nathan’s hand slaps my back. Then he picks up a glass of water and hands it to me. “You okay?”

“Yep,” I say, and try to swallow around the lump in my throat.

TWENTY-SIX

Nathan

I'm lying in bed naked with Bentley wrapped in my arms. Who would have thought post-sex cuddling could feel so damn good?

"Clive Corp is suing me for misconduct of funds," I tell her.

Bentley sits up. "What?"

"The Clive Corporation... It just got passed down to the grandson and he's suing me, claiming I've embezzled funds from their company."

"They can't be serious. That's ludicrous," Bentley exclaims before climbing off the bed.

"What are you doing?" I watch on as she starts picking up the articles of clothing I stripped from her body a few hours ago.

“I’m going to go and give Billy a piece of my damn mind—that’s what,” she huffs in response.

I hop out of bed and take hold of her arms. “No, you’re not. We have this handled, Bentley. It’s going to be fine. The case won’t stick. Xavier is running lead on it, and he already has a hearing booked with Judge Hunter,” I tell her. “Also... *Billy?*”

“That tweeby piece of shit who took over Clive Corp.”

“I know who he is, but how do *you* know who he is?” I ask her.

“I grew up with him. We went to school together.” She shrugs. “He’s always been a slimy bastard.”

“That he has.” I pull her down on top of me. “Come back to bed. It’s going to be fine.”

“So that’s what you’ve all been doing in the conference room?” she asks.

“Yeah.”

“Thanks for telling me.”

“I don’t want to hide things from you, Bentley.”

“Good, then don’t,” she says, snuggling back into her rightful spot in my arms.

“Go to sleep. We have a big day tomorrow.”

“Even if we don’t win, I appreciate how hard you’ve worked on this,” she says, referring to the Gallah vs Kemp case that starts in the morning.

“WE’RE READY, Mr Gallah. This is going to be an open-and-shut case,” I tell him. The man is looking paler by the minute.

“I know. It’s just... what if it’s not?”

“I don’t lose, and I have... personal interest invested in this claim,” I say as my eyes meet Bentley’s. As much as I

wanted her to be my second chair, I couldn't have her up here. The case hits far too close to home for her. I needed someone who wouldn't get emotions mixed up with fact.

That's why Xavier is sitting in second chair and Bentley is sitting in the first row behind us. We weren't able to find any evidence that pointed towards her dad being murdered or anything suggesting that Mark Kemp had organised a hit. When I look to my right and see the slimy bastard, though, I have no doubt that he did it. This isn't a criminal hearing. It's a civil suit, one company suing the other. And if this is the only way I can ruin Mark Kemp, then so be it. If we win this claim, Kemp will basically be bankrupt. His reputation will be up shit creek and he won't be able to repeat this to any other unsuspecting business owners. It's not putting him behind bars, where the fucker belongs, but it's something.

“ALL RISE! The District Court of Melbourne is now in session. The Honourable Judge Grant is presiding.”

“I DON'T GET IT. That was almost too easy,” Bentley says as we exit the courthouse. The evidence I submitted to the court was pretty straightforward. I don't know why anyone doubted me really. Within two hours, the judge ruled in our favour, and Luke Gallah was awarded five million in damages.

“This isn't the end.”

I turn around when the threatening tone sounds behind me. “I'm pretty sure it is, actually,” I tell Kemp. I don't usually engage with the opposing side. But this guy really gets under my skin.

“It's not over. I will ruin you. All of you. You think your daddy just couldn't take it and killed himself. Idiots, you really have no idea who you're fucking with.”

“You're wrong. I don't think my father killed himself. I know you had a hand in it. I also know you hired someone to make it look that way,” Bentley says, stepping up beside me.

Mark Kemp sneers at her. “I did, and there’s not a damn thing you can do about it. You don’t have a shred of proof, sweetheart. Just like when you all start dropping like fucking flies. No one will suspect a thing. I’ll make sure of it.” He storms off.

I wrap an arm around Bentley. She’s shaking. “You’re okay. I won’t let anything happen to you.”

“We need to go to the police,” she whispers.

“Let’s go back to the office. We can call someone to come meet us there,” I tell her.

“No, we need to go now.” She pulls a recording device from her bag. “I turned this on when we left. I just had this feeling... something told me he wouldn’t be able to help himself...”

“You recorded that whole conversation?” I ask, and she nods. “You’re a fucking genius, Bentley Johnson.” I lean down and kiss her. “Come on, let’s get out of here.”

“I’ll take that.” Xavier plucks the recording device out of Bentley’s hands. “You two take an early mark.”

“Wait, no, I want to come,” she argues.

Xavier looks from Bentley to me. I nod my head. If she wants to be there to hand this over, then I’m not going to stop her. “Okay, fine, but afterwards, you two are going to take off for the weekend.”

“Why?” Bentley asks.

“Humour me. I have a little cabin on the Gold Coast. It’s beachfront. You’ll love it. I’ll have the jet ready to take you straight there,” Xavier says.

“Thanks, we’ll take it,” I answer before Bentley can refuse the offer.

BENTLEY IS quiet the whole way to the police station. Once we're there, I take hold of her hand. It's shaking. "I know this is a lot, Bentley, but you're not alone. I'm here. I'm not going anywhere," I tell her.

"I know. Thank you. It's just... he didn't give up. He didn't choose to leave us behind," she says, her voice cracking at the end.

"No, he didn't."

"I spent so many years being angry at him because I thought he made a conscious decision..."

"That's not your fault," I say and tug her into my arms.

"I know."

We follow Xavier into the police station. This must be an odd change of position for him; he's usually the one getting people off on criminal charges. Guilty or not. He's never the one presenting evidence to have someone arrested.

Bentley's hand is firmly gripped in mine. I know she must be going through a myriad of emotions right now. I'm hopeful that this might give her and her family some kind of peace, knowing that her father didn't choose his fate.

"Xavier Christianson for Detective Anderson," Xavier says to the front desk clerk. At the mention of his name, the clerk immediately picks up the phone, presumably calling through to the man in question.

"Does he always have that effect on people?" Bentley whispers.

"Most of the time," I whisper back.

"Who is Detective Anderson?" she asks me.

"No idea."

"Usually a pain in my fucking ass, but in this instance, he's the best man for the job," Xavier says, looking over his shoulder at us.

The side door opens with a loud buzzing sound. "Christianson, it's not often that I'm paid an unexpected visit

from the other side. What can I do for you?”

“I have a case I want you to look into. One with a defendant I’m not interested in representing.” Xavier’s lips tip up at one side.

“Well, call me intrigued. Come on through.” The detective holds the door open. We’re led into an office, where he sits behind the desk and gestures to a set of chairs. “Have a seat.”

“This won’t take that long. Mark Kemp was responsible for putting a hit on Oliver Johnson. He was caught on tape, admitting to the crimes before leaving the courtroom this afternoon.” Xavier places the recording device onto the desk and presses play.

After a moment, the detective hits the pause button and asks, “How did you come across this?”

“I had the device in my pocket when he approached us,” Xavier tells him. “I trust that you will do what you need to do with this information.”

“I’ve been looking for a way to bring that fucker down a peg or two. This will do it,” Anderson replies while leading us to the front of the station.

“Thank you.”

Bentley hasn’t said a word. I chose to let Xavier handle this, considering he seems to know the lead homicide detective. When we step outside the building, there’s already a town car parked and waiting.

“The jet’s ready. You two are all set for a weekend on the Gold Coast.” Xavier smiles and urges us to go.

“Why don’t you grab Alistair and come with?” I suggest.

“Let me check with Shardonay. You go ahead. I’ll call you.”

TWENTY-SEVEN

Bentley



Nathan's invitation for Xavier to join us on this little impromptu trip to the Gold Coast—which the latter had organised, mind you—has turned into an all-in trip. Everyone is here: Xavier and Shardonnay, Alistair, and Lucy.

Xavier's little sister Lucy also happens to be best friends with Shardonnay. I'm happy they're here. I get along well with both of them. As much as I'd love to be on this plane alone with Nathan right now, because I just know he would have given me a ticket to the mile high club if we were, I'm also happy to have some girlfriends around.

I spent so much of my time at school studying and worrying about grades that I didn't make any real connections with other girls. Jules was my only friend, which is kind of sad, but also she's freaking awesome so I don't mind.

We've just landed on a private airfield on the Gold Coast, one I've been to before with my parents. Back when I was a

one-percenter like the Christiansons. I don't think I miss the luxuries though. I did for a while when everything was first taken away. But I grew to not need materialistic things.

"You okay?" Nathan asks me, his hand gripping mine and holding me back from climbing into the limo with everyone else.

"I'm good. Are you?" I counter.

"I get to look at you in a bikini all weekend. What could be better?" He grins.

"You could be looking at me naked all weekend?" I fire back.

"That would be better," he grunts.

"Come on, lovebirds, the sun's going down and there's an ocean calling my name," Lucy yells out.

We slide in and the limo takes off. Shardonday hands me a glass of champagne, which I gladly accept and clink against hers and Lucy's.

"To a weekend of sun, champagne, and orgasms." Lucy laughs.

I take a sip of the sweet, bubbly liquid. It's heaven, the coolness exactly what I need to combat the Queensland heat. I thought it was hot in Melbourne, but the southern state has nothing on this northern one.

"Lucy Christianson, I do not need *or want* to hear any more talk of orgasms out of your mouth," Nathan scolds her.

"But you like orgasms." I smile at him innocently while the rest of the car bursts into laughter.

"I like watching *you* orgasm. Lucy does not do those things. She's far too young," he says.

"She's only two years younger than I am, and I was having orgasms two years ago." I shrug. The growl that emanates from Nathan sends shivers down my spine.

"You know what? I'm with Nathan on this one. Lucy does not have boyfriends," Xavier adds.

“No, she just has extremely hot, seriously obsessed stalkers.” Shardonday laughs.

“What?” all three men say at once.

“Never mind. Here’s to a great weekend.” Lucy holds up her glass, while Shardonday and I clink ours with hers again.

I’M WATCHING Lucy dive under the waves and disappear before she comes back up for air. There’s a nice, cool breeze blowing and alleviating the sticky, humid heat. I left Nathan up in the house with Xavier, Shardonday, and Alistair. And just like the ocean water repeatedly crashing on the sand, events of today crash on repeat through my mind.

My father was murdered. He didn’t leave me. He wasn’t weak.

“I’m so sorry, Daddy,” I whisper as I squint up at the sky. I’m sorry that I doubted him. I’m sorry that I didn’t fight for him harder—not that there was much I could do at sixteen. And I’m sorry for all of the years I wasted resenting him for a decision he didn’t even make.

I don’t need to look to know that *he’s* just sat behind me, his legs stretching out on each side of mine. I lean back into the solid chest and breathe in the scent that is uniquely Nathan. Cinnamon and cedar.

“Thanks for bringing me here,” I tell him.

“It was Xavier who brought you, but I’ll take the credit, baby girl.” His lips press against the top of my head. “How are you feeling about everything? It was a big day.”

“I’m ashamed I spent so many years angry at my father for something he didn’t do. I’m scared of how I’m going to bring this up to Mum. It’ll reopen wounds that haven’t even healed yet. For Jules too.”

“I’ll be with you. You don’t have to do this alone,” he says.

“Thank you.”

We sit in silence, watching Lucy in the water for a while. “Where is she going?” Nathan asks when she storms up to a silhouette a little way down the beach.

“Who knows?” I shrug.

Nathan’s body stiffens when Lucy reaches the figure, only to trek farther along the shoreline with the mystery man. “Shit, I should go and stop her.”

“She’s an adult, Nathan. Leave her alone.”

“She’s a kid. And she’s like my little sister. I’m not about to let her just walk off into the sunset with a fucking McKinley,” he says and stands.

“How did you know who that was?” I ask him.

“I can recognize that arrogant McKinley stance from a mile away. That family is fucking crazy and Lucy does not need to be getting mixed up with them.”

“Lucy is a big girl, and if you go chase her down, the only thing you’re going to do is push her towards him more. Don’t you know anything? Girls always want the bad boys they’re not supposed to have,” I tell him. I can see the wheels turning in his head. He knows I’m right; he just doesn’t want me to be right.

“Are you telling me you want a bad boy, Bentley? Someone you shouldn’t have?”

“I’m dating my boss, Nathan. It doesn’t get much more wrong than that.” I laugh.

He reaches out, taking hold of my hands, and pulls me to my feet. “You’re about to see just how good wrong feels,” he says, tugging me towards the house.

I follow Nathan inside, through to the bedroom we’ve occupied for the weekend. He leads me straight into the bathroom. I stand there silent, anticipation rolling through me. Because I know, whatever we’re about to do, it involves more than showering.

As soon as Nathan is satisfied with the temperature of the water, he turns to me. “Why aren’t you naked yet?” he asks.

“Ahh...” I have no idea how to answer that.

When he raises one eyebrow, I find my hands immediately reach up and pull on the string of my bikini top. The material flutters to the floor as I unbutton my denim cut-off shorts, pulling the zip down slowly, then slide the shorts and my bikini bottoms down my legs at once.

Straightening up, I kick my pile of clothes to the side. “Your turn,” I tell him.

Nathan’s lips tip up in one corner as he reaches behind his back and yanks his shirt over his head, then quickly removes his shorts. His hard cock springs free, pointing right at me. My mouth salivates. I want it. I want it so damn much. My hands land on Nathan’s chest, and I push him backwards into the shower. Dropping to my knees, I grasp his shaft, sliding my hand up and down his length, before I bend forward. My tongue delves out and licks the precum from the tip.

“Oh fuck, baby girl. I want your fucking mouth wrapped around my cock. Now. Don’t fucking tease me,” Nathan growls. His hand grips my chin, holding my face still as he positions his cock on the seam of my lips.

“I want you to use me, Nathan. I want you to take what you want,” I tell him.

Nathan’s eyes glaze over as he nods slightly and pushes his cock passed my parted lips. He slowly thrusts forward as I close my lips around him and hollow out my cheeks. “Fuck, you feel good. So fucking good,” he says.

Flattening out my tongue, I suck harder, wanting to please him. Wanting to be everything he needs. When Nathan pulls out and then thrusts in, he hits the back of my throat. I try to relax my muscles. It doesn’t help much, and I end up gagging before he pulls out a little. He repeats the process, over and over.

I suck, lick, and suck. Savouring the feel of him in my mouth. The hard tiles dig into my knees but I don’t care. I push my discomfort aside because when Nathan growls and grunts, I feel like I’m on top of the freaking world. My chest

fills with something... Pride? Excitement? I'm not sure, but I double down on my efforts. One of my hands cups his balls, massaging them.

"Swallow it all," Nathan warns right before my mouth fills with his cum.

I manage to take most of it, only allowing a little bit to spill out of the corner of my mouth. Releasing his cock, I use my index finger to scoop up the spilt cum from my chin and lick it clean. I don't want to waste anything that he's giving me.

"Fuck me." Nathan reaches down and pulls me to my feet. His lips slam onto mine as he pushes my back against the tiles. "I fucking love you," he growls, briefly breaking the kiss before he dives back in. His tongue duels with mine. My arms wrap around his neck, pulling him as close to me as he can get. Nathan's hand finds my core, and his fingers thrust into my wet pussy. "I want you to come. You're always meant to come first, Bentley," he grunts, as his lips move along my neck before he bites down on the tender skin right near my ear.

"Oh god." My legs buckle.

Nathan's fingers piston in and out of me. There's no gentleness to his movements at all. It's hard, fast, rough. And I freaking love it.

"Are you going to come for me, baby girl? Are you going to give me what I want?" he asks. His lips continue lower, locking on to one of my nipples. His tongue swirls around it before his teeth clamp down.

"Shit!" My body quakes, as pure bliss streams through me, and my head leans back, hitting the tiled wall.

"So fucking beautiful." Nathan releases my nipple, his eyes catching mine. There's so much love in their depths I nearly drown.

I don't know if I'll ever get used to the feeling of being adored, treasured, and wanted. Having Nathan Miller's undivided devotion is something else. The man could literally pluck any girl out of a crowd, and he chose me.

TWENTY-EIGHT

Nathan

Looking at the clock, I see it's midday. I've never hated Mondays more than I do today. Partly because I wanted to stay in that little blissful bubble I had with Bentley over the weekend in Queensland. We flew back in last night and went straight to her mum's house. She broke the news to her mum and sister about her father's murder. There was a lot of tears all around.

I ended up sleeping there with Bentley last night, because she didn't want to leave her mum, and I wasn't about to leave *her*. To say it's awkward to wake up in the morning at your girlfriend's mother's house is an understatement. Also another first for me.

The second reason today sucks so fucking much is because I have to be in court for this fucking lawsuit Clive has issued against me. I trust Xavier. I know he's fucking good and I have no doubt he'll have this claim thrown out within minutes.

We've been over the documents; discovery was short and quick because there isn't anything incriminating submitted from the other side. I honestly have no idea how they even managed to get an attorney to take the case.

There's a tap at the door before it opens and Bentley walks in. A smile immediately graces my lips. "You're a sight for sore eyes," I tell her, raking my gaze up and down the length of her.

"You saw me two hours ago." She laughs.

"Two hours is a long time to not be looking at you."

"Smooth," she says, leaning her ass on the corner of my desk. "Are you sure you don't want me to come with?"

"I'm sure. Besides, you have a shitload of your own work to do. I hear your boss is an ass. You probably don't want to give him a reason to reprimand you." Then again, that could be fun, now that I have the image in my head. Bentley bent over my desk, ass up on display and pinkened by the slap of my palm.

"Get those thoughts out of your head. I can work overtime tonight if you want me to be there. I don't mind," she offers.

"I have much better plans for you tonight, Bentley. I'll be fine. I won't even be that long. I'll be back before you know it," I tell her, and stand to place a kiss on her lips.

"Okay, but you'll call me if you need to, right?" she continues to urge.

"Always." I kiss the top of her head and pick up my keys, wallet, and briefcase.

"Okay, well, I'd say good luck but you don't need it." She follows me out of the office and we walk in step down the hallway.

"I'll see you soon," I tell her as we part ways.

“YOU CAN GET me off on the charges if I knock the fucker out, can’t you?” I murmur to Xavier.

“I can, but I don’t want to have to,” he says.

“Well, if he keeps looking over here, you might just have to,” I tell him.

We’re sitting in the courtroom, listening to the clown of an attorney present their case. It’s almost laughable, and I can tell by watching the judge’s face that he’s thinking the same thing.

“He’s trying to egg you on. Ignore it. You’re smarter than that,” Xavier hisses at me.

I roll my eyes. I might be smarter but that doesn’t mean I don’t want to get up and knock some of his teeth out of his mouth.

“Mr Christianson, your turn,” the judge, one we’ve both been in front of many times, says with a bored tone.

“Your Honour, this won’t take long.” Xavier steps in front of the counsel table with a handful of papers.

“Let’s hope not. I have a golf game to get to,” the judge mutters under his breath.

This is the kind of case I would normally close outside court. The difference is there was no way I was settling or coming to any kind of deal with the little fucker suing me.

“AND TO THINK YOU DOUBTED ME.” Xavier chuckles as we exit the courtroom an hour or so later.

“Not for one second,” I tell him. I never once doubted his ability to practice law. I doubted that my luck was going to continue, that someone like me could actually have everything.

I don’t talk about my past; it’s not pretty. So when shit like this happens, it always feels like the other shoe has finally dropped and I’m going to lose it all. I don’t care about the

money, the job—*I used to*. They were what I worked so hard for. Now, the only thing I don't ever want to lose is Bentley.

That thought has me pulling out my phone and scrolling through my contacts to find the real estate agent I've been dealing with for the past few weeks; he's been trying to find me the kind of house Bentley wants.

"I need to make a call," I tell Xavier as we walk side by side towards the courthouse exit.

"Ben, it's Nathan Miller. Any luck yet?" I ask him.

"Mr Miller, I was about to call you. I've just had a property land in my hands. It's not listed yet, and when it does go on the market, it won't last longer than two days. If you want, I can meet you there today."

"What time?" I ask, glancing down at my watch.

"Thirty minutes. It's in Toorak. I'll flick through the address," he says.

"Sure, I'll meet you there." I hang up and pocket my phone. "We need to make a detour on the way back to the office," I tell Xavier.

"Where to?"

"To look at a house." I press the button, unlocking my car.

"Why are you looking at a house?" he questions while sliding into the passenger seat.

"Because Bentley won't move into my apartment, and I fucking want her to move in with me."

"You're buying a house on the off chance she'll move into it with you."

"Yes." I shrug.

"Sounds like a solid, foolproof plan and a great use of funds," Xavier says, his tone dripping with sarcasm.

"I thought so too." I laugh. I'm more than aware of how fucking crazy I am. I know I'm going out on a limb here,

buying a house I intend to live in with Bentley, a house we can grow a family in.

“IT’S FOUR BED, five and a half bath. Three living rooms, a games room, a theatre and a gym,” Ben says, unlocking the door to the most suburban fucking family home I’ve ever seen.

I hate it, which means Bentley is going to love it. I’ve been told sacrifices have to be made in relationships. And if I have to live in this over-the-top, showy, suburban nightmare to be able to have a future with Bentley, then I’ll do it. With a damn smile on my face.

Walking through the door, I stop in the foyer. There’s a staircase to the right, and as I look up at it, I can see my whole future play out. Right here, in this spot. I see me fucking Bentley on that staircase. I see Bentley pregnant, walking down the stairs. I see our kids running up and down it their whole lives as they grow into adults. I don’t need to see the rest of the interior. This is meant to be our house.

“I’ll take it,” I tell Ben.

His jaw drops. “Ah, do you at least want to look at the house first? It’s an impressive foyer and all but still. Plenty more to see.”

“Give us the tour,” Xavier says from behind me.

I follow Ben through the house, vaguely listening to everything he’s saying. Xavier is the one asking questions about the structure, building, amenities, and so on. Me? I don’t care. Each room I enter, I can see us in it. Our family that isn’t here yet, but it will be.

“Okay, so I’ll put in your offer and have the papers drawn up,” Ben says, locking the door behind us as we exit the house.

“Sure. I want as quick of a settlement as you can get us,” I tell him.

“I’ll be in touch.” He nods as he makes his way to his car.

“Are you sure about this?” Xavier asks me as soon as I pull away from the property. “You hate suburbia,” he reminds me as if I don’t already know that.

“Bentley loves it though, and I love her. So I will love it here,” I reason with him. I don’t admit that the more I walked through that house, the more I fell in love with it. Or rather, what it represented.

Now I just have to wait for settlement and to move Bentley in with me.

Bentley



Have you ever woken up and still been in a dream?

That's my life every day I wake up next to Nathan. I still haven't officially moved in with him, but most of my clothes have managed to find their way into his closet. My makeup is scattered across his bathroom counter every morning. It's been four weeks since the chaos of our lives settled down. There are no pending lawsuits against either of us. Mark Kemp was arrested for the murder of my father two weeks ago and is currently sporting a green tracksuit behind bars. Right where he belongs. I know there's still the matter of the trial and everything that my family and I will have to live through.

But, for now, everything is perfect.

My fingertips trail across the hard ridges of Nathan's chest and abs. I really can never get enough of touching him. Nathan's hand grips mine. "If you want to run your hand up

and down something, you can run it up and down this,” he says, lowering my palm to his cock.

I fist the base. He does not have to ask me twice to touch it. If I’m honest with myself, I’m a little obsessed with the damn thing. After months of having it, I still want more. All. The. Time. My hand slides up and down. He’s already hard but that’s not surprising. He’s always hard.

“I really like your cock,” I tell him, rolling over his body so I’m straddling his waist.

“He really likes you too, baby girl.” Nathan grins.

I position his cock at the entrance of my pussy. I’m wet. I’ve been lying awake for a while, replaying the events of last night. Every time with Nathan is like a new adventure. I sink myself down onto him slowly, his cock stretching the walls of my pussy. “Mmm, always feels so good,” I moan as I impale myself on him.

Nathan’s hands land on my hips; his fingers dig into the already bruised flesh. “So fucking good. Ride me, Bentley. Use me to get yourself off,” he says.

I circle my hips and grind against him. I lean forward, my hands land on his chest, and I rise up before slamming back down. I repeat the motion, increasing the speed. My fingernails claw into his skin, and a light sweat coats my body as sensations overtake me.

“That’s it. Milk me. Fuck! I can feel your pussy convulsing around my cock. It’s. So. Fucking. Good.” Nathan’s hips piston up into me as he holds my body still.

I feel the warmth of his seed coat the walls of my pussy before his body relaxes. My own body drapes over his as I catch my breath. “I hope we always have sex in the mornings,” I mumble out.

“Always,” Nathan says.

“WHERE ARE YOU GOING? This isn’t the way to the office?” I ask Nathan as he turns in the opposite direction, away from our usual route.

“I have something to show you.”

“What?” I ask.

“You’ll see.” He looks over at me with a little trepidation in his gaze.

Is he nervous? That’s odd.

Fifteen minutes later, we’re pulling into a driveway of a really big, really nice house in Toorak. “Who lives here?” I ask Nathan.

“Come on.” He evades my question, getting out of the car instead. He’s around my side before I have time to open my door myself. I swear he walks extra quick to beat me to it.

“Thank you,” I say, taking his hand as he pulls me from my seat. I look up at the house, my hand shielding my eyes from the sun. “It’s really pretty,” I say.

“I’m glad you like it. It’s yours,” Nathan tells me with a shrug.

“What?”

“I bought it. For you. For us.”

“You bought a house?”

“Yes. Come on. Let me show you.” He tugs on my hand but my feet stay firmly planted to the ground.

“Nathan, you can’t just go around buying houses like this,” I tell him.

“Pretty sure I can, because I did,” he counters.

“Why?”

“Because you said you wanted a house, you wanted the suburbs. And I want you, so I bought the house for us to live in. For us to grow old in.”

The way he says it like he's not insane at all is almost comical. I'm in shock. "You bought us a house," I say out loud, my eyes glued to the property in question.

"I did."

I blink away the tears from my eyes. I know I just said he was insane, but this gesture is... well, I don't even have a word for what it is. Perfect. Everything. "It's beautiful," I whisper.

If I could have plucked a house out of a magazine, this would be it. It's two storeys, with white siding and pale-pink shutters. There're even flower beds under the windows. It's like a real-life dollhouse. It's so perfect.

Then I'm swept off my feet. Literally, my feet leave the ground as Nathan picks me up bridal-style. "Oh my god, what are you doing?" I ask him as he takes large strides towards the front porch.

"I'm carrying you over the threshold." He smiles down at me.

"I'm pretty sure that's what you do *after* you get married."

"Well, I'll do it again then too." He shifts my weight into one of his arms, as he digs into his pockets before pulling out the keys.

"Need me to hop down so you can open the door first?" I offer.

"Nope." He struggles getting the key into the lock. After a few misses, he finally gets the door open. Kicking it wider with his foot, he carries me through the door and puts my feet down on the floor.

I spin around in a circle, a huge smile on my face. "This is yours?" I ask him, still in shock.

"It's *ours*," he says. "You are moving in with me here, Bentley," he adds more firmly.

"I love it." I squeal and jump into his arms. My lips crashing onto his.

Nathan takes over the kiss. His tongue delves into mine. I hear the front door slam shut and then I'm being picked up and carried over to the stairs. "I'm glad you like it," he says, breaking the kiss. "Come on, let me give you the tour."

I follow him from room to room, as I envision us living here, us filling this big house with a little family. I can't wipe the smile from my face. "It's perfect. What made you choose this one?" I ask him.

"Every room I saw, I wanted to fuck you in it," he says.

"Romantic." I smirk.

"I thought so." He shrugs.

"So which room are we starting with?" I ask him, and before I can brace for it, I'm swept off my feet again.

"The kitchen."

"Why the kitchen?" I raise a brow in question.

"You're my favourite fucking meal, so it makes sense to have you in the kitchen."

WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE...

Bonus Epilogue

Two years later

A stylized, handwritten signature of the name "Nathan" in black ink. The letter 'N' is large and loops back, with a small graphic of a necktie integrated into the vertical stroke of the 't'.

Bentley just left my office and I already want her back in here. Our little lunchtime meetings are the highlight of my day. I'm stuck staring at my computer, skimming through a report I really don't care to be reading.

I look up when Xavier plops himself into the chair across from my desk. "Come on in," I say.

"I own a third of this office." He lifts one shoulder into a half shrug.

I laugh. "What can I do for you, Xavier? Unlike you, some of us do actually work around here."

"Yeah, I have a favour to ask you," he says.

My brows scrunch down. He never asks me for favours. "What is it?"

"I need you to negotiate a contract for me, for Christianson Corp," he says.

"Why? You have a dozen corporate lawyers over there." Christianson Corp is his family's multi-billion-dollar company.

“This contract is different. Lucy brought it to me. She wants to go into business with an interior design guru from the States,” he explains.

“I’m still not understanding why you need me? And since when is Lucy interested in interior design?” I ask. His little sister is studying for her MBA at university. She’s never been interested in interior design before.

“It’s a new thing. Apparently, it’s *her passion*. Dominic has connections with this woman in the States and has set up a deal with them to collaborate on branding.”

“Okay, so, once again, why exactly do you need me? Seems pretty straight forward.”

“The woman is the wife of a mobster—mafia prince or some shit like that.”

“Say again? Because I swear you just said Lucy is going into business with the fucking mafia?” My voice rises.

“They’re friends of Dom’s, and when it comes to him, no one can talk sense into her.”

“Well, how about you just say no?” I suggest. “We are not letting her go into business with the mafia.”

“It’s too late for that. She was about to sign the contracts. I only just managed to talk her into waiting and letting you review them first.”

“Fucking hell,” I hiss. “Fine, send me the documents, but I don’t agree with this already.”

“Thanks. Also, I’ve scheduled a meeting with the Valentinos for tomorrow at eleven. It’ll give you time to read through the contract and come up with any counteroffers.”

“You’ve scheduled a meeting. Anything else I need to know?”

“Yeah, Matteo Valentino, the husband—he’s also a good fucking attorney in New York. Not only does he know his shit when it comes to laws and contracts, he also knows how to make you disappear like you never fucking existed in the first place.”

“Well, fuck, guess I’m looking forward to this meeting then.” The sarcasm drips from my voice. Xavier drops a folder on my desk and leaves the office. I can’t believe he’s letting Lucy get mixed up with the fucking mafia. That never ends well for anyone. I hit the button on my intercom. “Tracey, reschedule my afternoon meetings. Something’s come up.”

“Sure thing, boss,” she replies.

Now, to see what the hell this genius fucking mafia prince attorney has hidden in the fine print. There’s always a way to read between the lines for someone who knows what the fuck they’re looking for.

I’VE FOGGED over the glass of the conference room to give us some privacy. I also made sure Bentley was too busy to come to this meeting with me. I do, however, have Xavier sitting next to me. Lucy and Dom are seated opposite us as we await the other parties.

“Mr Miller, I have a Mr and Mrs Valentino here for you.” My secretary sticks her head in, announcing their arrival.

“Thanks, Tracey. Send them in.” I stand, buttoning my jacket as the two Valentinos enter the conference room. I thought I’d seen arrogance before, but this Matteo Valentino takes that look to a whole new level. I school my features and hold out my hand. “Nathan Miller. It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

For a moment, I think he’s not going to return the gesture as he sizes me up. “Matteo Valentino. And this is my wife, Savannah,” he says before taking my palm in his.

“It’s nice to meet you, Savannah,” I say, shaking her hand as well. Which, judging by the growl that emanates from the man beside her, wasn’t something her husband approved of. “Please have a seat.”

“Dominic, Lucy. How are you?” Matteo asks as he pulls out a chair for his wife before taking his own.

“Good, I’m excited,” Lucy says.

“How was the flight?” Dom asks.

“Fucking long,” Matteo answers.

“Right, let’s get started, shall we? I’ve gone over the contract, added changes, which you’ll see are tabbed.” I hand each party a copy of the document.

The room is silent as everyone reads through the paperwork. I see Matteo’s lips curl when he picks up on the one major change I made. It was well hidden—the clause basically stated the entire agreement could be terminated by the Valentinos at any time with all profits, ownership of designs, materials, and so on reverting solely to them. In other words, Lucy could do all the hard work of setting up, making the business successful here in Australia, and they could swipe it out from under her, leaving Lucy with no legal recourse to stop them.

Matteo looks up at me. I’m not sure if he’s trying to intimidate me into backing down from the change I made, which really just deletes that whole clause. If that’s the case, it’s not going to work. I don’t care who he is. I will not let Lucy be taken advantage of.

“Is there a problem?” I ask.

“Nope, just wondering how you managed to pick that up. I must admit this is a first.”

“I’m good at what I do.” I shrug.

“Hold up... What are you talking about?” Dom asks, flipping through the pages.

“Your *friends*,” I say, emphasising the last word, “added a clause that would leave Lucy with nothing if and when they decided they wanted to end the arrangement.”

The expression on Dom’s face morphs into something feral. I knew the kid was one step away from the asylum, but this look takes him five more past the door.

“You tried to fucking rip her off?” he growls, pushing to his feet with his palms spread out on the table. Before I know

what's happening, Dom and Matteo both have a gun pointed at each other. And all I can think is *thank fuck* I fogged over the glass.

"If you're as smart as I'm told you are, you'll drop the gun, Dominic."

"If you were as smart as I thought you were, you wouldn't have tried to rip off my fucking girlfriend," Dominic growls.

"It's business," Matteo says with a shrug.

"Yeah, funny you say that, because I'm in the farming business. And you know what we have in the farming business, Valentino? Pigs... heaps of hungry fucking pigs."

"Okay, stop. Put the damn guns down now! Both of you. We all know neither of you are going to fucking shoot. Matteo, we don't kill family." Savannah stands to move in front of Matteo.

"Savannah, get the fuck out of the way. Don't put yourself in front of a gun," he hisses at her.

"Please, he's not going to shoot me. Are you going to shoot me, Dominic?" Savannah turns and asks him.

"No, but your husband? Yeah, I just might," Dom answers.

"No, you're not," Savannah hisses. "Fine. I didn't want to have to do this, but you leave me no choice." She sighs as she pulls out her phone.

"Who are you calling?" Matteo asks her.

She smiles wide and puts the call on speaker. "Aunt Reilly."

Both Dominic and Matteo groan at the mention of the name.

"Anyone else feel like they're in a really bad mafia movie right now?" I mutter, my eyes jumping from person to person in the room. Lucy glares at me. "Nope, just me I guess." I shake my head.

"Dom, please put the gun down. We can talk this out. Rationally," Lucy says, before standing in front of him.

He's quick to push her behind his back. "This is me being rational, babe."

"Right, my bad," Lucy grunts.

"Hey, Savvy, have you landed?" a woman's cheery voice fills the speaker.

"Yes, I need you to talk some damn sense into your nephews," Savannah says.

"Which ones? And what have they done now?"

"Matteo and Dominic are currently in a standoff with guns drawn on each other. Neither will listen to me."

"Fucking hell, Matteo, put the gun down."

"Zia Rye, this really doesn't concern you," Matteo answers.

"Matteo, don't make me call your mother and tell her she has to bury a son," she says.

"What makes you think I'm the one who will die here?" Matteo asks her.

"Because I know both of you. And sorry, babe, but Dominic's got that psychotic McKinley gene going on." She laughs.

Dominic smiles. "Thanks, Aunt Reilly."

"It's not a compliment, Dom. Now, either you both put the guns down, or I'm going to have to call in reinforcements. In the form of your mothers."

"My mom would tell me to shoot first," Matteo says confidently.

"Usually, but not when it's family."

"Fine, I'm getting bored anyway." Matteo lowers his weapon and holsters it.

Dominic smiles at him, which is odd. He never smiles. And this makes twice in one day. "If you ever try to fuck my girlfriend around, I will shoot you. Family or not," he warns Matteo before dropping his own gun.

“Next time, we’re not bringing them,” Lucy tells Savannah.

“Deal,” Savannah replies.

I’m so fucking confused. I thought the McKinleys and the Valentinos were just friends? Now I find out they’re family.

“Right, now that you’ve decided to be adults again, I have better things to do. Oh, and Chase and Hope are in Melbourne. Make sure you pay them a visit, Matteo,” their aunty says before disconnecting the call.

“Fucking Chase,” Matteo groans.

“Be nice,” Savannah says.

“How exactly are you two related?” I ask, pointing between Matteo and Dom.

“We have mutual family. *We* are not related, just share two cousins, an aunt and an uncle.”

“Right.” Because that clears it up for me. “Let’s finish this then, before someone ends up bleeding out on my carpet,” I say.

“I like you. You’re hired.” Matteo grins at me.

“Hired for what?” I laugh.

“I have a lot of business here in Australia. I’m firing my current team and you’re taking over,” he replies like it’s a done deal.

What the fuck? How the hell did I just get myself mixed up with the mafia?

AFTERWORD

SNEAK PEEK OF *FOLLOWING HIS COMMANDS*:

CHAPTER ONE

Dani

Heartbreak. Humiliation. Hatred.

Those are the three H words loving Hunter Jameson evoked within me. In that exact order. First came the heartbreak, while I was standing at the altar in front of both of our families and all of our friends. Then came the humiliation of being the jilted bride. Something I never, ever thought would happen to me. Third was the hatred. That feeling is reserved for him and him alone. My so-called high school sweetheart. The one I thought I'd spend the rest of my living, breathing days with. Hunter-fucking-Jameson.

Is it too much to hope he and his new bride get hit by a bus?

I should be over that whole ordeal by now. I *am* over it. It was six months ago. Practically a lifetime really. I don't usually dwell on it too much these days. In fact, I barely give Hunter a passing thought. It's just when I'm forced to see his sickeningly perfect wedding snapshots all over social media—yes, the jerkface went and got hitched today—it's hard not to think about that awful day. Especially after he left me at the altar because (and I quote): *You're just not the marrying type.*

“Okay, that pint of Ben and Jerry's really isn't going to solve your mental breakdown,” Eloise says before snatching the tub of sweet cream and cookies from my hands.

“I agree. It's only going to make you sadder. But *this...*” Daisy adds, holding up a bottle of tequila. “This, my friend, will make everything better!”

I groan. “I don't think tequila and me are a good idea right now,” I tell Daisy, who clearly isn't listening because she continues to pour us four shots.

“You're not in the right frame of mind to make responsible decisions, which is why we're here to make them for you.” Claire places a plate of wedged limes in the centre of my coffee table with her declaration.

“I really appreciate you all being here and putting up with my overdramatic ass. Once again,” I tell all three of my best friends.

“Nonsense, there is nowhere else we would rather be,” Daisy says, and then proceeds to hand me a shot glass.

I take the tequila, hold it up, and lick my left hand as Eloise pours a generous amount of salt on the spot.

“Lick, shoot, suck!” Daisy yells out, and all four of us follow her instructions.

My nose scrunches up as I suck on the lime. I don’t know why I ever think tequila shots are a good idea. They’re horrible, but then as the burn runs its way down my chest and warms my body, I’m already thinking a second shot is in order. Maybe drinking myself stupid is the distraction I need to forget about Hunter-fucking-Jameson... and his stupid, ugly-pretty wife.

Yes, ugly-pretty is a thing. It’s where someone is physically pretty, but you find them ugly just because you want to. In my head, it makes sense.

“Okay, another!” I say, slamming my glass down on the coffee table while the girls all cheer. Raising the second glass, I yell out, “To friendships that will never end,” and we clink our shots together.

“Hear, hear!” Daisy says. “Now, lick, shoot, suck.”

Following her lead, I take the shot and look around at my friends. I really am so grateful for my girls. I’ve collected them over the years and I plan on keeping them.

I met Eloise in second grade. We’ve been inseparable since that day I told Nicholas Kelsey off for pulling her hair. At the time, we didn’t know that a boy pulling your hair meant he liked you. Eloise found that out when she dated Nicholas from eight to ninth grade. Thankfully, she outgrew Nicholas’s immaturity real fast. *He*, however, spent the rest of high school pining after her. Not that I can blame the guy. She is fucking gorgeous. With long, ashy-brown hair, tanned skin, and curves that belong on a 1950s poster, Eloise is every man’s wet

dream. Even if she's not interested in dating right now; she's way too focused on her career. Eloise is a real estate guru. One of Melbourne's most sought-after agents. She's selling the kind of houses we could only dream of owning.

Then there's Daisy. We collected her in our senior year. She had transferred to our school after being kicked out of her last three. She was rebellious, still is in a lot of ways. Although she settled down during that year, ended up getting into college, and now works as a youth counsellor, helping other young girls who are struggling through life. She has a sort of passion for her job that I've never seen in anyone else. Looking at her, you'd think she'd be better suited on the catwalk. Daisy is model tall, leggy, while her blonde hair is cut into a long bob that ends at her shoulders. It's her eyes that I find to be the most beautiful physical attribute of hers, though. Pale blue. They're uniquely her.

Last, but not least, there's Claire. We added her to our little friend group in our first year of university. Claire is the smartest of us all, academically. She graduated top of her class last year at uni and is now employed by a top-tier finance firm while working her way up that corporate ladder. Whereas I opted to graduate with a diploma in paralegal studies, rather than complete the four-year law degree I had my heart set on.

And why the sudden change? Hunter-fucking-Jameson. He'd convinced me that I'd be wasting my time doing the full degree when we were going to be starting a family as soon as we were married. Hunter was old fashioned; he wanted me at home, raising the kids, while he brought in the paycheck. I was blinded by my love for him, or at least at the time, I thought it was love. I'm not so convinced now. Either way, I let him talk me into believing that I wanted that dream too. That I couldn't wait to start a family with him, raise perfect children, and be the perfect wife.

In a lot of ways, being dumped at the altar saved me. Because, deep down, I know I would never have been satisfied with that life.

"We need to go dancing." Daisy pulls me to my feet. "Let's go!"

“It’s Sunday, Daisy,” I tell her.

“Precisely why we should go. It won’t be as busy.” She pushes me towards my bedroom. “Put a sexy little number on, and come dancing with me, Dani.” Daisy sticks out her bottom lip.

Eloise and Claire are quick to agree with this insane idea. Me? Not so much.

“We all have to work in the morning. I have a new job I’m starting tomorrow. I cannot be hungover.”

“Like you’ve ever been hungover in your life. Get dressed or I’m dragging you out in that.” Eloise waves a hand up and down my body.

I look down at my very worn sweatpants and tank top. “Okay, but I’m coming home early,” I warn them.

“This was the best idea ever!” I slur to Daisy with my arms wrapped around her waist. We’ve been on the dance floor for the last three hours. The club is busy but not packed, like it would be on a Friday or Saturday night.

“I told you so,” she says.

“Another drink.” I take her hand and pull her towards the bar.

We’re stopped by Eloise and Claire at the edge of the dance floor. “Come on, I’ve got a place I want to show you. You’re going to love it,” Eloise says.

There’s a little niggling in my brain that’s telling me she’s up to no good. The warning is fogged out by the—I don’t know how many—vodka and Red Bulls. “Sure, let’s do it,” I say with an excitement I didn’t know I had. Five minutes later, we’re walking down an alleyway. “Is this the part where you murder me? Because, if that’s the case, don’t get any blood on these shoes. They’re really expensive,” I tell Eloise. Our arms are linked as we hold each other upright.

“I’d remove your shoes first. Don’t worry.” She winks at me. “Okay, promise me you’re going to keep an open mind,” she says, stopping in front of a red and white door.

“Why do I need an open mind?” I ask her.

“Because I want you to experience this just once. Who knows? It might inspire you to get the duster out and clear those cobwebs.”

“Huh?” I’m so confused.

That confusion only gets worse as she opens the door into a darkened corridor. I look to Claire and Daisy for help, but neither of them will make eye contact with me. The sign above the counter where Eloise is talking to a half-dressed girl reads: *Fire & Ice*. I rack my brain, trying to figure out if I’ve heard of this place before. I’m coming up blank.

“Okay, you’re all set. Follow her.” Eloise points to a random girl. “She’s taking you to your treatment room.”

“Oh, are we at a spa?” I ask.

“Of sorts.” Daisy snorts behind me.

“Just go and watch. That’s all I’m asking you to do. Trust me,” Eloise pleads.

“Okay.” I hold up my hands in surrender. I do trust my friends. They would never lead me astray. I follow the scantily clad girl into an equally dark room.

“Take a seat. The show will start in a few,” she says before closing the door behind her.

I sit down and face a window. There appears to be a room behind the glass. It’s too dark to see much, but I can see a bench, a sofa and... a bed? Is this some sort of weird theatre?

Two minutes later, the lights in the room come on and three people enter. A lady wearing a silk dressing gown and two men wearing... nothing. Absolutely nothing.

My mouth hangs open. They don’t look at me. Do they know I can see them?

The lights dim a little and one of the men undoes the girl's gown. I should get up and walk out. I don't think I'm meant to be watching this. Yet I'm stuck to my seat, dying to see what's going to happen next.

Each man takes one of the woman's breasts in their hands before their mouths suck in her nipples. My own nipples harden and my legs clench together. As I continue to watch the two men worship this woman, show her undivided attention, I can't help but wish I could swap places with her. One man drops to his knees, as his tongue licks along her centre. The other man stands behind her. He wraps her hair around one of his fists, pulling her head back while his tongue delves into her mouth.

I let out an involuntary moan, right as a body fills the seat next to me, and I realize I'm not alone.

CHAPTER TWO

Alistair

I don't frequent this place often, only when I'm bored and in need of no-strings entertainment. I have, however, been here enough times to know that *she* doesn't belong. The girl I'm watching take in the threesome scene from the viewing lounge. I saw Juliet escort her here and I was quick to follow. I can't say why I'm pulled to her, other than the obvious. She's fucking stunning and has an innocence about her I'd like to destroy.

I can see her chest rising in falling in the little pink dress she's wearing. Her nipples erect and poking through the thin material. My cock hardens at the sight of her. Her strawberry-blonde hair is pulled up into a high ponytail, and I can imagine it wrapped around my fist as I hold her in place and fuck her from behind.

Fuck me. I walk to the sofa and take the seat beside her at the same time she lets out an audible moan. Good, she's already turned on.

She jumps when she notices she's no longer alone. "Oh shit. Oh my god!" she squeals.

My hand reaches out to grab her wrist when she goes to stand. "Stay. Watch," I instruct her.

What she does next will determine if I pursue this further or not. I don't have the time or the inclination for a woman who isn't submissive to me. I know she might not belong here, but every female is either a natural submissive or not. When she immediately reclaims her seat, my lips tip up at the sides. I have my answer and my cock hardens at how easily she follows my command.

"I shouldn't be here," she whispers.

"This is exactly where you should be. Sit. Watch," I tell her again. "It's only going to get better."

She returns her gaze to the window. The men are currently tying the woman to the Saint Andrews cross. The room gets

darker before we see the lights of the electrical wands they're about to start using on the woman's body.

"What are those?" my neighbour asks me.

"Electric wands. Keep watching," I remind her.

She glances at me before turning back to the window. I see her wince the moment the first wand connects with the woman's nipple. "Doesn't that hurt her?" she asks.

"It's a pleasurable sting."

"Mhmm," she says distractedly as she continues viewing the show.

The lights, the sounds the woman's making, it's an erotic scene. That's not what has my cock begging to be released. No, it's the reaction of the gorgeous creature next to me.

Her eyes are wide, her cheeks tinted pink, and those fucking nipples poking through her dress are hard as fuck. I look down at her lap and see her squirming.

I could help ease that ache she has between her legs. "You like watching."

"I don't... I haven't done anything like this before," she whispers.

"But you're intrigued?" I ask her.

She bites on her bottom lip before nodding slightly.

"You know that need you have right now? I could help you out with that," I tell her, keeping my eyes firmly glued to hers as I wait for her response.

"How so?" she questions, and interestingly enough, she doesn't deny that she's horny as hell.

"Come home with me." I stand and hold out my hand to her. I could take her to a private room here, fuck her, and leave her plenty satisfied. I don't want that. I want her wringing my sheets between her hands, on my bed. I want to take full advantage of her lithe little body over and over again.

It takes everything in me to school my surprise when she places her hand in mine and follows me out. I was expecting her to tell me to go to hell. I'm not stupid enough to take this chance for granted. I link my fingers with hers and lead her down the corridor and out a side door. My car is only a little way down the street. Once we reach it, I open the passenger side for her. She climbs in and pulls her phone out of her clutch. When I jump into the driver's seat, she snaps a photo of me.

"Need a picture?" I laugh.

"I'm sending it to my friends, along with your licence plate number." After she's done tapping away, she looks over at me and smiles. Her whole fucking face lights up. "You know, on the off chance you decide to murder me and cut my body up into a million pieces."

I start the ignition and pull onto the street. "There are many things I want to do to your body. Chopping it up is not one of them. You're safe with me," I tell her.

"Good to know."

"So do you have a name?" I ask her.

"I do."

"You're not going to tell me?"

"Nope. I like the mystery better," she says.

"Okay."

"Nice place," she says, walking farther into my penthouse.

"Thanks." I drop my hand to her lower back. There is no point in making small talk. We both know exactly why we're here. Leading her into my bedroom, I start undoing the buttons on my shirt. "I want you naked and spread out on my bed in the next two minutes. Leave the heels on," I tell her.

I see her body shiver and she reaches behind her back to unzip her dress.

“Stop!” My voice is harsh but it has the intended effect. Her movements halt as she looks at me and waits. “When I give you a command, I expect a verbal acknowledgement.”

“What?” she asks before dropping her arms to her sides.

Closing the gap between us, I grip her chin and tilt her head, forcing her to look at me. “*Sir*,” I tell her. “I expect you to answer me with a: *yes, sir*.” I release her jaw. “Now, let’s try again, shall we? I want you naked and on that bed in under two minutes with the heels on.”

She blinks her eyes at me. I can see the indecision running circles in her mind. “Yes, sir,” she replies, the sound barely a whisper before she reaches behind her back again and unzips her dress.

My cock strains at hearing those two little words. “Good girl,” I praise her when her dress hits the floor.

As my eyes rake over her body, I groan, feeling like a teenage boy about to get his first fuck. My cock is way too excited at what we’re seeing. Full perky breasts, sporting delicious pink nipples. A flat stomach, curved hips. Her pussy is still covered by a scrap of white lace. Fitting, considering I’m about to be her first proper fuck.

My shirt slides off my shoulders and I undo my belt, the button on my trousers, and my fly. My perfect nameless little girl hooks her fingers into her panties and slides them down her legs. She then proceeds to climb into the middle of the bed and lies down. I’m shocked at how well she follows commands. I wonder if she is a submissive, and I just haven’t seen her in that club before? But that wouldn’t explain the innocence that’s emanating from her every pore.

I pull my trousers down, my cock springing free, and stand at the edge of the bed. “Fucking beautiful. Do you have any idea just how gorgeous you are?” I ask her.

She shakes her head from side to side. Raising an eyebrow, I wait for her to realise her mistake. “No,” she says. “Sir.”

“So fucking good. Tell me, little girl, have you been a submissive before?”

“A what? N-no,” she says. Again, I raise a single eyebrow and wait. “Sir,” she quickly adds.

“Good girl.” I kneel on the bed. “You’re a quick learner. A natural.” My fingers run up the inside of her parted thighs, pushing them open wider. Her bare pussy is glistening with her juices, so fucking inviting. “I don’t know where to start,” I admit.

Leaning over her, I suck one of those rosy-pink nipples into my mouth. There is so much I want to do with her, to her. I need to rein in my imagination. I’m not trying to scare the poor girl.

Her back arches off the bed. “Oh god.” One of her hands lands on the back of my head, holding me to her nipple.

My tongue flicks the hard little bud; my teeth graze the peak. My other hand pulls and twists at its pair. “Mmm,” I moan into her flesh. I have the desire to kiss, bite, and suck every inch of her skin. I think that’s exactly what I’m going to do. “I want you to lie perfectly still. I need to taste you. All of you,” I say, picking up her right hand. I suck her pinkie into my mouth, followed by the rest of her fingers, before I trail my mouth up the length of her arm.

I leave a few bite marks on her pale skin as I go. Reaching her neck, I spend longer sucking and nibbling on that sensitive part right under her ear. Her body is writhing beneath mine. There is nothing still about her. I’m not going to correct her behaviours right now. I’m too lost in the sensation of her. My mouth moves along her collarbone, towards the other arm, repeating the process right down to her fingers.

“Mmm,” she moans, her hips lifting slightly off the bed.

I reposition myself, placing my thigh between her legs, right at her pussy. “So fucking good,” I groan as my lips travel along her torso.

She grinds her pussy against my thigh, her wetness coating my skin. “Oh fuck!” she screams out.

Right before she's about to make herself come, I move my leg. Sitting back on my hunches, I pick up her right foot.

“Argh.” Her head falls back onto the mattress in obvious frustration.

I chuckle as I kiss my way up her leg, and when I reach the apex of her thighs, I blow slightly on her pussy, causing her to shiver. Moving to the next leg, I kiss along the length of it and back up. This puts me where I want to be. My tongue slides between her wet folds, from bottom to top. Slowly, gently.

“Oh fuck!” she says.

I repeat the process, taking my time to devour everything that she is. I insert a finger into her, and a groan leaves my mouth at how fucking tight she is. I need to make her come quickly, so I can get my dick inside her. Sucking on her clit, I pump two fingers in and out of her at the same time. Her legs clamp around my head, and I feel her pussy convulse around my fingers, sucking them in deeper. Trying to keep them there. I can't fucking wait to feel her wrapped around my cock. She lets out a guttural scream as she comes.

Sitting upright, I shove my cock into her before she has a chance to recover from her orgasm. “Ow, fuck.” She tenses while I'm still buried balls-deep inside her.

My cock is begging me to move, to fuck her like she deserves to be fucked. But I wait. As soon as I feel her relax, that's when I start to move. Slowly at first, then I increase my speed.

I fuck her, thrusting in and out, giving her everything I've got. Her tight, warm, wet hole sucking me in with each thrust. I need more. I want to be deeper. Picking up her legs, I place them over my shoulders. Her hips lift slightly off the bed. This gets me better leverage, and judging by the noises and the wetness coating my cock, she fucking loves it. I fuck her until she comes again. Pulling my cock out, I fist it, spilling my seed all over her stomach before collapsing next to her.

The sun's rays dance through the curtains, as my eyes slowly blink open and the room comes into focus. I can still smell her, the girl I found last night. Rolling over, I reach out an arm, only to find an empty bed.

Sitting up, I look to the floor where I know her clothes were left in a pile. They're gone too. So are her shoes and her bag.

My body falls back on the mattress as I drape an arm over my eyes. She fucking snuck out. *God damn it*, I really wanted to have her again this morning.

MEET THE AUTHOR

Where can you meet me?

Do you love meeting authors and getting your favourite books signed?

I have a number of events lined up for 2023.

June 3rd - **AUTHORS AT THE ARMOURIES - Leeds UK**

June 9-10th - **BALLGOWNS AND BOOKS EVENT, Sydney Australia**

July 8th - **RARE LONDON UK - Pre-order your signed copies for this event here!!!! [RARE PRE-ORDER](#)**

I'd love to meet you at any of these events!!

ALSO BY KYLIE KENT

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[Chased By him](#) (Chase & Hope's Story)

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McKinley Ranch Duet

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Sick Love Duet

[Unhinged Desires](#)

[Certifiable Attraction](#)

Legacy of Valentino

[Remorseless Devilette](#)

[Vengeful Devilette](#)

ABOUT KYLIE KENT

Kylie is a hopeless romantic with a little bit of a dark and twisted side. She loves love, no matter what form it comes in. Sweet, psychotic, stalkerish it doesn't matter as long as the story ends in a happy ending and tons of built in spice.

There is nothing she loves doing more than getting lost in a fictional world, going on adventures that only stories can take you.

Kylie loves to hear from her readers; you can reach her at: author.kylie.kent@gmail.com

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