



TEMPTING

the Doctor

CASSI HART

Tempting the Doctor

Suddenly His Series

Cassi Hart

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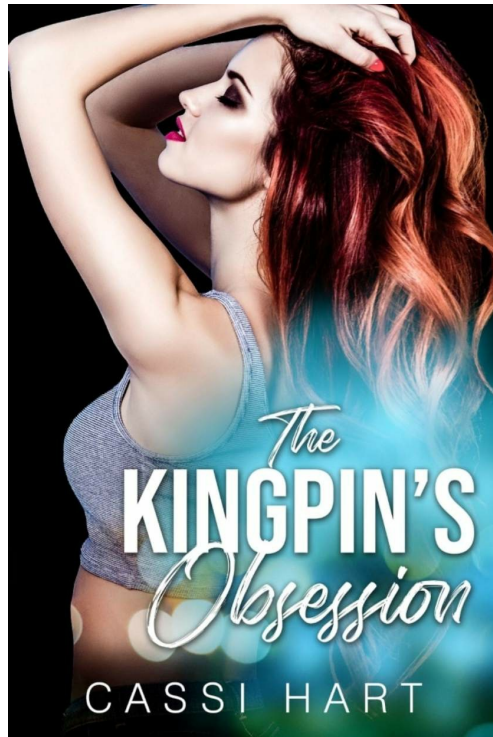
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Chapter 1

Mandy

When my boss told me that I'd be responsible for the magazine's newest series featuring the top ten most influential professionals in the city, I'd been ecstatic. It's my first opportunity to take lead on a project of this size, and if I do a good job, it could lead to the kind of recognition I've been dreaming of since I was a little girl. I've quickly come to realize, however, that being influential also means being busy. Getting a few minutes with each of these remarkable people has been next to impossible. But I've done it, with one exception: Dr. Trey Miller.

The handsome cardiac surgeon has proven harder to catch than a rare bird. I've left several messages with his office and have finally resorted to dropping by in person. It isn't a good look, to drop by unannounced, but I'll be damned if I don't get this interview for our series. It shouldn't even be this difficult; the hospital already agreed to the interview. They'd even given me an appointment time to meet with him, but Dr. Miller canceled at the last minute and has refused to reschedule.

I wait patiently outside Dr. Miller's office and review my notes while I wait for his receptionist to finish her phone call. Last year, Dr. Trey Miller was voted the number one most eligible bachelor in the city, and it's easy to see why with his strong jawline, piercing dark blue eyes, and ebony hair. He's the living embodiment of tall, dark, and handsome.

I roll my eyes when I think about the article that had accompanied his award. The man is a Harvard graduate with more awards and innovations to his name than could even be listed on a single page. He's brilliant. Yet, that article had asked him questions like, *how do you unwind after a long day*, *what's your favorite flavor of ice cream*, and *what is your favorite season and why?*

I strongly suspect that interview is the reason I can't get him to sit down with me. Still, he could at least take a moment to see that I represent a

respectable magazine. We might not be *Forbes* or the *New York Times*, but we are close.

His receptionist finally hangs up the phone and gives me her attention. “Can I help you?” she asks in a pleasant voice.

“Yes, hello. I’m here to see Dr. Miller,” I respond, matching her tone.

“Do you have an appointment?”

“No. I mean, I did, but he canceled. I haven’t been able to connect with him to reschedule, so I stopped by.” I cringe internally. Secretaries are their boss’s gatekeepers, and any good gatekeeper can catch a half-truth like the one I’ve just told. This woman, with her sharp green eyes and tight blonde bun, looks like she is accustomed to zealously guarding access to her employer.

As I suspected they would, her eyes narrow on me, and she purses her lips. “I’m afraid Dr. Miller has a full schedule today. I’d be happy to leave him a message, so he can call you at his earliest convenience.”

I bit back a scoff. I’m quite certain the good doctor’s earliest convenience will be the first of never. Pretending to be obtuse, I smile brightly at her and say in an overly cheery voice, “That’s okay! I’ll just wait here.”

She starts to protest, but I interrupt her, “No, no. It’s fine. I don’t mind waiting at all.” Then, I hurry to take a seat in the waiting room, purposely sitting with my back to her. At best, Dr. Miller will come out to tell me to leave himself. If that doesn’t work, I can at least tell my boss I’d done the journalism equivalent of a sit-in. He wouldn’t be able to say I didn’t try.

While I wait, I decide it’s probably wise to start researching our alternative picks for top ten. No matter how insistent my boss is about snagging an interview with the elusive surgeon, it might never happen. It would be best to be prepared with another feature. As I start researching a young female CEO of a local tech company, I overhear the secretary speaking to someone. My ears perk up as I realize they’re talking about Dr. Miller.

“He had me block of his schedule for tonight and make him dinner

reservations,” an unknown voice says.

“Maybe he’s going to a work dinner or having dinner with a friend,” the secretary responds.

“No way, Jane. I’ve been Dr. Miller’s personal assistant for almost a decade. The man has never once asked me to tell the hospital not to disturb him for a night, *and* he had me make reservations for two at an upscale, romantic restaurant. I’m telling you, he’s got a date,” the other voice insists.

“Hm. I don’t know, Sarah. Dr. Miller never talks about his personal life, but I think we’d know if he was dating someone,” Jane says.

“That’s because he doesn’t have a personal life. That’s not the only reason I think it’s a date, either,” Sarah says in a tone like she knows the juiciest gossip.

I’m listening intently. So far, none of what they’re saying is going to help me. I have no interest in Dr. Miller’s love life; I just want ten minutes of the man’s time.

“I think it’s a *blind date*,” Sarah whispers, though it’s loud enough to carry across the waiting room.

And now, Jane is intrigued. I hear a sharp inhale, and I’m tempted to turn around to see her expression, but I don’t want to tip them off that I’m listening. Instead, I pretend to be engrossed in my phone.

“Why do you think that?” Jane asks breathlessly. Yeah, she acted like she was above gossiping at first, but she’s totally invested in this.

“I overheard him on the phone with his mother. He kept insisting that he didn’t want to meet someone, a woman named Caroline Winters. It was right after that call that he told me to make the reservation,” Sarah says.

At this, I perk up. A blind date? If he’s never met this Caroline, he might not know what she looks like. Maybe I could...No. That would cross a line, wouldn’t it?

“What restaurant is he taking her to?” Jane asks, and I could kiss her. That is the very information I need.

“It’s that new place, Oasis. I made the reservation for 8pm, prime date hour.” Sarah added that last bit in a sing-song voice, clearly proud now that Jane seemed to agree with her assumptions.

Both women gasp when a rich, deep voice comes from further away. “Ms. Russell, if you’re quite finished distracting Ms. Berk, you both have work to do.”

“Sorry, Dr. Miller,” Sarah says. Jane is quiet, but I can imagine someone as serious as she seems to be must be mortified at having been caught slacking off.

I consider jumping up to catch Dr. Miller, but before I move, I hear him say, “Who is that in the waiting room, Ms. Berk?”

“It’s a woman who says she had an appointment with you that you canceled. She insisted on waiting to see you,” she responds.

“I don’t have time for this. Tell her to make an appointment or leave. If she refuses, have security escort her out. Our waiting room is not a holding pen for women with nothing better to do than make a nuisance of themselves.”

I grab the arms of my chair to keep myself from jumping up and giving the good doctor a piece of my mind. I definitely have better things to do than wait around for this pompous ass. Whatever reservations I’d felt earlier are gone now. I’ll show Dr. Trey Miller just how much a nuisance I can be.

Without waiting for Jane to kick me out, I stand and leave. I’ve got a blind date to crash, and I’ll need some time to prepare.

Chapter 2

Trey

I can't believe my mother thought this was a good idea. I'm pretty sure she's getting back at me for something, but for the life of me I can't remember what I did that she'd think I deserve this. She knows the last thing I want is to spend my evening, what few hours I have away from the hospital, entertaining a woman.

It's no secret my mother wants me to settle down and start a family, but it's also no secret that isn't ever going to happen. I'd thought she'd finally accepted that. Apparently, I was wrong.

The only silver lining is that she promised me this woman, Caroline Winters, and I have several things in common. According to my mother, she's a well-known stockbroker who has made a name for herself on Wall Street. I rarely pay attention to financial news, so I have no idea who she is. My mother told me to expect a blonde woman with brown eyes, wearing a blue dress. I suppose I could have looked her up online, but I didn't see the point in wasting any more time on this date than necessary.

As I walk through the doors of Oasis, a new and trendy restaurant in the center of the city, I scan the dining room before approaching the hostess. My mother had recommended this restaurant, and looking around, it's no wonder she suggested it for a date. Even I can see the romance of the place down to the smallest detail. The lighting is low, and instrumental music is playing soft enough to be spoken over, but loud enough to obscure the conversations of the patrons. The tables are intimate and spread apart, giving diners the illusion of privacy. A small candle flickers on the center of each linen covered table, adding to the romantic ambiance.

I'm immediately annoyed by what I see. This is the kind of restaurant one would take their partner to for an anniversary or to propose. There are couples everywhere; not a single table seats more than two. Caroline Winters is going to suspect I'm far more serious about this date than I am. *Dammit.*

It's too late to cancel, so like a man going to his execution, I force my

feet to carry me to the hostess stand where a pretty brunette greets me warmly. I give her my name, and she informs me that my date has already arrived, which surprises me. I'd intentionally arrived twenty minutes early, hoping for time to have a drink at the bar before engaging in this farce. It seems Caroline had a similar idea.

I follow the hostess to a table near the far wall where a woman waits alone. I nearly trip over my feet when I catch sight of her. There must be some mistake. The woman before me is as far from what I'd been told about Caroline Winters as could possibly be. This woman is breathtaking, with dark red hair that hangs in waves down her back and vibrant green eyes that seem to glow in the candle light. The only detail my mother seems to have gotten right is the blue dress. She smiles at me, and my breath catches.

What is wrong with me? I've never responded to a woman this way.

The hostess clears her throat quietly, and I realize with a jolt that I've been standing here, staring at the woman before me. I hastily take my seat and murmur a quick thank you to the young hostess. When she's gone, I turn my attention back to the beauty in front of me.

"Good evening, Caroline," I say.

"Good evening, Doct—I mean, Trey," she answers in a voice as soft as silk. My cock stirs in my pants, and I shift in my seat.

"I hope you weren't waiting long."

"Not at all, I only arrived a few minutes ago," she says with a secretive smile. "I'm so glad you were able to get away for the evening. I know your work is so important."

"Of course," I tell her. "It's my pleasure to meet you. My mother tells me you're on Wall Street?"

She hesitates for a moment, and before she can answer, we're interrupted by the waiter asking for our orders. I haven't even glanced at the menu, so I just ask for the night's special. My date does the same, and I tell the waiter to bring us the chef's recommendation for wine.

Once we're alone again, she turns to me and says, "So, tell me about

yourself.”

I groan internally. This is one of the worst parts about a first date, the getting-to-know-you stage. Most women I’ve dated are interested in two things: my bank account balance and which doors I can open for them. So, I give the woman before me my routine answer, telling her about my career and where I went to school. All things she could learn by reading my resume.

She sighs, then stops me before I can start telling her about my past employment experience. “Tell me something about *you*, Trey. I know you’re dedicated, but surely you’re more than your career.”

I’m stunned for a moment; no one ever wants to know *me*. I think my own mother was the last person to even ask how I was doing. And honestly, I don’t know what to say. My work is so integral to me, I don’t think I know who I am outside of it. Still, I try my best to answer.

“Well, I am first and foremost a surgeon. I suppose when I’m not working though, there are a few things I enjoy. The hospital requires that each surgeon takes three days off for every ten days on-shift and two weeks’ vacation every year. I usually spend that time on research or attending conferences, but when I have the time, I like to go sailing.”

She smiles. “I’ve never been.”

“And what do you do for fun when the market is closed?” I ask.

“Oh, you know,” she hedges, gesturing nonchalantly, “I enjoy reading.”

This sparks a long conversation about our favorite books, interrupted only for a moment when our meals arrive. We both just finished the same crime thriller that’s been on the bestseller list for ages, and we both guessed the twist in the first half. She jokes about how smug she felt about it, and I admit I did too.

“I can’t just enjoy a mystery; I have to analyze everything until I’m certain I know what’s going to happen,” she says.

“In my opinion, that’s the only way to enjoy it,” I agree. Then,

recalling something my mother said this afternoon, I say, “Tell me about your dog. My mother mentioned you’ve entered him in a few competitions.”

“Oh,” she says, surprised. “Um, his name is...Baxter. He’s a... poodle.”

Now, I know that’s not right. I’m certain my mother said the dog was a collie. Suddenly, it dawns on me that nearly our entire conversation has been about me. I’ve never spoken about myself so much, and I hadn’t even realized I was doing it until now. Caroline has hardly said a word about herself.

An idea begins to form, and I quickly excuse myself to the restroom. Once out of sight of my date, I pull my phone from my pocket and do a quick internet search for *Caroline Winters, stockbroker, Wall Street*.

The images that accompany the search results are of a beautiful blonde woman in her early to mid-thirties. She’s exactly as my mother described and nothing at all like the woman I’ve just shared a meal with.

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Chapter 3

Mandy

While I wait for Trey to return from the bathroom, I'm hit with a wave of guilt over all the lies I've told to get here, starting this afternoon at his office. After eavesdropping on the conversation between his receptionist and assistant, it didn't take long for me to figure out who Trey's blind date was. A quick search online was all it took to find Caroline Winters, and only a little more digging to find her office phone number. My stomach threatens to revolt as I recall phoning Ms. Winters' office, pretending to be Trey's assistant, to inform her of a need to cancel their date.

Another quick call to the restaurant to confirm the reservation told me when the date would take place. Then, it had taken the rest of the afternoon to find a suitable dress for the evening and get ready. This might not be a real date, but I still wanted to impress Dr. Trey Miller. I was gambling on my impression of the man as too busy to bother looking up his date online. When Trey had approached me at the table, I quickly realized my gamble had paid off.

Our evening so far has been incredible. I've learned far more about the elusive heart surgeon than I needed to for my article, but I'm fascinated by everything he says, and I want to learn more. I'm equally surprised that it turns out he isn't quite the jerk that I'd thought he was. He's been polite and courteous the entire evening. I've even discovered that we share a love for mystery novels and the outdoors.

This unexpected side of his personality makes him seem even more gorgeous than he already did. I can hardly keep my eyes off him. Even now, while he's away from the table, I can feel my cheeks heating as I think about how handsome his lean body looks in his suit. He'd taken off his jacket when he sat down and rolled up his sleeves before dinner. The pulse of heat between my legs at the sight of his strong, veiny arms flexing when he sliced into his steak had me shifting in my chair.

I'm startled from my thoughts by Trey's return to the table. My breath

catches as I take in the fierce scowl on his face and the anger in his eyes. Either something horrible happened in the bathroom, or he's uncovered my ruse.

My fears are confirmed when he demands, "Who the hell are you? I know you aren't Caroline Winters. You have three seconds to explain before I have the manager escort you out."

I swallow hard as my brain races to come up with some plausible excuse. I've never been a very good liar, though, so I end up telling him the truth. "My name is Mandy Cline. I'm a journalist with *the Manhattan Chronicle*. I really am sorry for this ruse, but I tried so many times to get an appointment with you, and always canceled or didn't return my calls altogether."

I can tell he's stunned and still more than a little angry. He doesn't speak for several moments. And before I can apologize again, we're interrupted by the waiter asking how our meal has been and if we're ready for the check.

"Yes, we'll take the check now please," Trey says through clenched teeth. The waiter leaves, and I wait for Trey to say something else but he remains silent, his accusatory glare boring into me.

I can't stand the weight of that glare, and I blurt out everything that led up to this point. I tell him about the article series I'm working on, the canceled interview, that it was me in his waiting room today, and how I'd hijacked his blind date. By the time I'm finished speaking, I'm out of breath.

Trey is still quiet, though his expression is more shocked than angry now.

"Um...I-I really am sorry for lying to you," I say.

The sound of Trey's laughter has me jolting in surprise. I stare at him, unsure if he is laughing at the admittedly absurd situation, at me personally, or if maybe I've somehow broken him. It takes him a couple minutes to collect himself, and he has to wipe his eyes with his cloth napkin before speaking.

“That is the most outrageous and ridiculous thing I have ever heard. Ms. Cline, I am probably the most boring person I know. Why on Earth would you feel compelled to go to such great lengths to interview me? There are a hundred more interesting men and women in this city. In fact, Caroline Winters is one of them!”

My heart sinks at his formal address, but I suppose it’s understandable, given the circumstances. I have to remember that, despite the coziness of our evening, this isn’t a real date. Sheepishly, I meet his eyes and explain, “My editor was dead set on having you featured in the series because you never give interviews to anyone. Plus, that new bypass procedure you’ve been developing is revolutionary. You’re hardly boring, you’re the most fascinating person I’ve ever featured. I’ve read everything about you and every medical journal article you’ve ever written. And I did want to interview Ms. Winters for this series, but my editor wants to feature her in another series specifically for women on the rise.”

“So, your solution to getting an interview was to lie to both me and Caroline Winters. While I admit I wasn’t looking forward to this date in the first place, I don’t appreciate being lied to, Ms. Cline,” he says solemnly.

“I know. I really am sorry about that. I just didn’t know how else to reach you.”

“Well, did you get enough information for your article, or should I expect more surprises?” he asks.

“I did get enough, more than enough. I really am sorry, but this article is going to be amazing. I’ve read your articles about the new bypass procedure you developed in a few medical journals, and I’m going to include that in my article as well, so people know what an amazing surgeon you are,” I tell him.

He seems surprised that I’ve read his journal articles, but he doesn’t comment on it. Instead he says, “So, this is it then? We can part ways tonight and put all this ridiculousness behind us?”

I’m sure it’s my imagination telling me that he looks almost disappointed at the prospect of not seeing each other again, but the thought

makes me bold enough to say, “Well, there is a photo shoot for all the people featured in the series. I don’t suppose I could convince you to come?”

He thinks for a moment, and I’m certain he’s going to tell me I’m an idiot for even suggesting it after everything I’ve done, but he surprises me.

“I’ll tell you what, Ms. Cline, if you can tell me how my new bypass procedure differs from the standard and why it works better, I’ll attend this photo shoot for you.”

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Chapter 4

Trey

I can tell Mandy is surprised by my response. I'm a little surprised myself. When I'd opened my mouth, I had intended to tell her there was no way in hell that I would go to her photo shoot, and she'd be lucky if I decided not have my attorney contact her boss first thing in the morning. But once the words leave me, I realize how badly I want to see Mandy again, despite what she's done.

It's obvious that she feels guilty for lying, and I have to admit that I have been rather rude to her. I remember canceling our appointment. I hadn't wanted to give the interview in the first place, but that particular day had been especially bad. I'd lost a patient on the operating table that morning. He'd been an elderly man who had come in as an emergency. By the time he'd made it to the operating table, it was clear he likely wouldn't make it. Still, I'd done my best to save him. In this instance, my best hadn't been good enough, and he'd died. While logically I knew that there was nothing more I could have done, the loss of a patient is always hard. The last thing I'd wanted to do after that was speak to a journalist.

I'd ignored her repeated calls and emails requesting to reschedule because I simply could not give a damn about a series I had no interest in for a publication I didn't read. Looking at Mandy now, I felt guilty for brushing her off. She'd only been trying to do her job. I had to admire her tenacity too, even if I disagreed with her methods. Her claim that she'd actually read my own articles, which had been published in two specialized medical journals, has me intrigued. So, having thrown out my challenge, I sit back and wait for her response.

Mandy takes a deep breath and a look of apprehension crosses her face. I'm immediately disappointed. It's not the first time that someone has falsely claimed to have read my articles in a bid to impress me. I realize with a sinking stomach how badly I had wanted Mandy to be different. The waiter comes by with the check, and I debate tossing it across the table at Mandy. It seems only fair that she pay for the meal since she tricked me into an

interview.

Before I decide what to do, Mandy blurts out, “I found both of your articles fascinating, but I don’t have a medical background, so I’m probably not going to get the details right, but I’ll try.”

Curious, I nod for her to continue. What follows is a mostly correct and quite succinct summary of the new bypass procedure I recently finished developing. I’m stunned. Despite a lack of medical knowledge, Mandy seems to have an impressive grasp on what I’d written. Some of the interns I work with at the hospital couldn’t understand my articles to the level that she does. I’m equally surprised to realize how turned on I’ve become while listening to her. It’s clear Mandy is more than a pretty face; she’s got the brain to match.

My cock twitches in my slacks as my focus shifts from her words to her lips. They’re soft and full, and I can’t help but wonder how they’d feel against my own, or better yet, around my hard dick. I shake my head to clear those thoughts, but Mandy seems to interpret the movement as a signal to stop speaking.

“I’m sorry, did I get that totally wrong? I thought I understood, but I don’t really know anyone to ask about such things, so I’m sure I am way off.”

“Not at all, Ms. Cline,” I tell her. “You’ve done an impressive job understanding the procedure.

She blushes prettily. “Please, call me Mandy,” she says. “So, does that mean you’ll attend the photo shoot, Dr. Miller?”

“If I’m going to call you Mandy, you can call me Trey. And that was the deal.” I pull my phone from my pocket and unlock it before handing it to her. “Text yourself from my phone. You can send me the information for the photo shoot. If I can clear my schedule, I’ll be there.”

Mandy’s shoulders sag a little at that, but she doesn’t say anything as she taps out a text to herself from my phone, then passes it back. I can understand her disappointment. My schedule is booked weeks in advance, so there’s every possibility that I won’t be able to make the shoot, but I’ll damn sure try.

After repocketing my phone, I pull out my wallet and toss a card on top of the bill. Mandy protests, but I wave her off. Yes, she orchestrated this “date,” but I don’t want to her pay for it. Paying for it myself makes it seem more like a real date, and I find that I like that idea.

Once the bill is paid, I follow Mandy out of the restaurant, and we pause on the sidewalk outside. I’m reluctant to leave her company, but I can’t think of a way to draw this out. It’s probably for the best anyway as I have a surgery scheduled early in the morning.

Mandy tucks a piece of hair behind her ear and shuffles slightly as she looks up at me. I’m several inches taller than her, so she has to tilt her head back to meet my eyes, exposing the line of her beautiful neck. It’s all I can do not to reach for her.

“So, I’ll text you the information about the photo shoot, and you can let me know if you’ll make it?” she asks.

“Yes. I’ll do my best to be there, as promised.”

“Okay. I’m sorry again for lying to you. I really appreciate this, Trey.”

The sound of my name on her lips has a jolt of desire racing down my spine. I take a step closer and lean in to whisper in her ear. “I hate to admit it, Mandy, but I’m glad you did. I’m sure Ms. Winters is a lovely woman, but I enjoyed your company, even if under false pretenses.” Her breath hitches as I pause, and my lips brush the shell of her ear. “I’ll talk to you soon.” Before pulling away, I place a light kiss on her cheek. I can feel the warmth of her blush beneath my lips. Moving away from her is the last thing I want to do, but I’ve already crossed the line with this alluring young journalist.

She doesn’t say a word as I hail a cab and help her into it. As I’m closing the door, she meets my eyes and smiles. “I’ll see you soon, Trey.”

Chapter 5

Mandy

On the day of the photo shoot, I'm staring at a line of three gorgeous men and two beautiful women, all of them immensely successful and influential in New York City. They're smiling and chatting openly with the photographer and each other. The mood in the room is upbeat and friendly. Yet, all I can think about is Dr. Trey Miller. He's late and holding up the whole schedule.

Over the past two weeks, we've texted and spoken on the phone every day. We've even developed a routine. In the morning, I send him a little joke to make him start his day with a laugh. We text on and off throughout the day, and he calls me before bed at night. I've gotten used to his rich baritone being the last thing I hear before falling asleep. I like to think that we've become friends, maybe even working our way toward more.

He'd told me just last night that, as much as he hates being photographed, he was excited to see me. Maybe that was a lie, though, since he's now over an hour late. I've texted him twice, asking where he is, with no response. I refuse to text him again.

Maybe this is payback for hijacking his date, a little voice whispers, and the thought makes my stomach sour.

Refusing to dwell on it further, I turn my attention to the professionals in front of me who *did* show up on time. Since I can't get the group shot without Trey, I decide to start on the individual shots.

I walk over to a handsome man wearing a soft navy sweater and gray slacks. He's a professor at Columbia University who has a double doctorate in chemistry and biology. I lead him over to his set up, explaining that we're going to have one of those science project volcanoes with red food coloring, vinegar, and baking soda erupting while he stands behind it. I expect him to give me a lecture on how this is beneath him, but he thinks it's a hoot. He makes all kinds of silly faces as the volcano oozes its foamy red lava, hamming it up to the delight of the photographer. Despite my frustration over

a certain missing doctor, I can't help but laugh along.

The professor continues with his lighthearted antics and begins to play with the lava that's running down the sides of the volcano. When the photographer calls a break, he walks over to me, sporting a happy grin.

"How was that?" he asks.

"That was great," I say, returning his smile. I reach up to wipe a little bit of foam from his cheek, and he blushes at the contact. Realizing what I've done, I quickly drop my hand and take a step back. Something catches the professor's eye over my shoulder, and his face pales. At the same time, the skin on the back of my neck tingles, all the tiny hairs standing on end.

I turn around quickly and lock eyes with Trey as he walks across the room toward me. I take another step away from the professor, as if I've been caught doing something I shouldn't have been.

He stops in front of me, and the expression on his face can only be described as livid. I can't imagine why he would be upset though. If anyone has a right to be mad, it's me.

"I don't have much time," he says gruffly before I can get a word out.

I count to ten and blow out a breath to hide the fury that sweeps over me. My anger is mostly at myself because, despite how infuriating he is, I'm still happy to see him.

"Maybe you would have more time if you'd bothered to show up when you say you will," I say through gritted teeth.

I turn and walk toward the wardrobe racks, and he strides along beside me, so close I can feel the heat from his big body.

"I told you I'd do my best to be here and here I am. I can't help that emergencies sometimes happen," he snaps.

I stop and look at him. It hadn't occurred to me that there might have been a medical emergency that waylaid him. "Is that why you're late? There was an emergency?" I ask.

"Yes, a middle-aged mother of two had a heart attack," he responds.

I suck in a breath, all of my anger gone in an instant. “Is she okay?”

“She is. With some diet and lifestyle changes, she’ll make a full recovery.”

“Good,” I say, breathing a sigh of relief, then lead him into a dressing room. He closes the door behind us, closing me in with him. My breathing picks up, and an unfamiliar heat tightens my core at the thought of being alone with him in a small room.

Stop it, you’re working, I tell myself.

Walking to a small table against the far wall, I pick up a pair of blue scrubs that have been embroidered with his name, and a model heart.

“We’ve got this for you to wear,” I say, gesturing with the scrubs. “Then, we’ll get some photos of you with this heart.”

With an eye roll, he begins unbuttoning his shirt and shrugs out of it. Despite my age and living in the big city for several years, I am not the least bit experienced with men. Trey is the pinnacle of masculinity, and I’m mesmerized by his rock-hard pecs and ripped abs. A light dusting of coarse dark hair covers his chest and makes a trail down his belly, disappearing beneath the waist of his pants.

Trey looks at me with a raised brow and a playful smirk on his lips. His hands go to his belt, and the movement snaps me back to reality.

“Um, I’ll just...I’ll give you some privacy,” I stammer, then go to the door. Trey puts a hand out to stop me and moves to block the door with his wide frame.

“Who’s the guy?” he asks.

“W-who?” I can barely form a thought, let alone figure out who he could be talking about.

“The nerd in the lab coat,” Trey demands. “The guy you were touching when I arrived.” He practically spits out the last few words, and I realize with a shock that his anger is jealousy.

“His name is Dr. Barnes. He’s a professor of chemistry at Columbia,” I

tell him.

Trey takes several steps forward, backing me into the table on the other side of the room. “Did you like touching him?” he asks.

“N-no,” I say. “He’s just someone we interviewed for the series. I’m not interested in him.”

He leans forward, placing a hand on the table on either side of me, boxing me in. He dips his head and brushes his lips against my ear the same way he did the night we met; my stomach flips just as hard now as it did then. “Who are you interested in, Mandy?” He places a kiss on the sensitive skin below my ear and pulls back to meet my eyes.

“You,” I breathe, desperate to feel his lips against mine. His eyes darken as he straightens but doesn’t back away.

My pussy clenches, and I can feel my panties dampen as he starts undoing his belt. He’s so close that his fingers brush my belly as works the buckle open. I drag my eyes away from the bulge beneath his fly and up his bare chest until I meet his eyes. He searches my face, drawing out a blush.

I can hear voices on the other side of the door, but they’re muffled. I’m almost hypnotized by the intense look in his blue eyes. He finishes opening his belt and pants, but doesn’t remove them.

We stand there, silent and still. Then, as if a dam has broken, we push forward at the same time. Our mouths collide, and it’s exactly what I’ve been craving since the moment we met. His tongue traces my lower lip, and I open my mouth to let him in. He lifts me onto the table and pushes my knees apart, moving between them. His hands go around my waist and under my shirt, and I shiver at the feel of his palms on my bare skin.

I tangle my fingers through his hair, the soft strands tickling in between them. I imagine them brushing the insides of my thighs and pull myself closer to him, so I can wrap my legs around his waist. My head falls back at the feel of his hard erection grinding against my core, and he traces his tongue down the side of my throat.

“Just like that,” I murmur.

With his hands on my hips, he holds me tight against his thick shaft, perfectly aligned to my most sensitive spot. I have no idea what I'm doing, but I know I want, I *need* more. He trails his lips down my neck, across my collarbone, and to my chest where he nuzzles my breasts through my top. My nipples tighten in anticipation of his tongue, and I take a big, shuddering breath, filling my nostrils with the scent of his cologne.

I slide my fingers from his hair down to his broad shoulders and dig my fingernails into his skin, hissing with pleasure when he pops the first three buttons of my blouse open. He grazes his teeth over the tops of my breasts, then pushes my bra out of the way to suck my nipple between his lips. I let out a moan that's much too loud, causing him to chuckle as he traces the tight nub with his tongue.

His warm breath against my skin makes me grind harder against his throbbing cock. I don't know if I'm grateful he kept his pants on or frustrated.

It's probably a good thing he still has them on, but when he simultaneously drags his teeth across my taut nipple and slides his other hand under the edge of my skirt, I start tugging on his waistband.

His phone dings, and he freezes with his mouth still on my breast, his hand so close to where I'm dying to have it, that I think I might actually die if he stops. He lets out a long breath and pulls his phone out of his back pocket. After looking at it, he taps out a message, then smiles at me with lust-glazed eyes.

"Nobody's dying, so I'm not leaving."

I'm more than happy about that, and it selfishly has nothing to do with the fact that nobody's in mortal danger. I pull him back for a kiss, my shaky hands moving back to his waistband while his roam up and down my sides.

The photography assistant calls for me, and with a frustrated groan, I lean back and look at Trey. I don't want to stop, but sanity is starting to claw its way back. I'm at work, for goodness' sake, surrounded by other people.

"We're ready for the doctor, Mandy," she calls through the door.

I unwrap my legs and slide my fingers down his chest to the edge of his pants where his impressive cock is straining to be free.

I raise my eyes to meet his, dark and full of the same longing.

“I think that’s a little much for this photo shoot,” I say, feeling bolder than I ever have, and run a finger along the hard length of him. “Maybe you should take a minute before your turn.”

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Chapter 6

Trey

Well, now I'm on the receiving end of disappointment. I suppose it's better than the anger I felt when I'd arrived though. I was already feeling frustrated over the emergency that had delayed my arrival. I had promised Mandy that I'd be at the shoot, and come hell or high water, I was keeping my promise. But when I'd finally gotten to the shoot, what I saw set my blood boiling. Mandy was pulling her hand away from the face of a goofy looking young man who was smiling at her like she was the sun itself.

Mandy's displeasure over my tardiness did nothing to calm my own. It didn't help that I was just as sexually frustrated as I was angry. We've spoken every day the past week. I now wake up every morning eager to see whatever joke she's come up with that day, and I can't sleep until I hear her voice at night. But after a week of texts and late-night phone calls, I am dying to touch her. Holding Mandy in my arms now goes a long way to calming my rioting emotions. Her eyes are blown wide, and her beautiful breasts still rise and fall quickly with her excitement.

She lowers her legs from around my waist and slides off the table, pressing against me and drawing out a groan in the process. As I watch her saunter toward the door, the sight of her round ass under her swingy skirt does nothing to make my iron hard erection subside. I can still feel her soft heat pressing against my stiff shaft, and the way she ground her hot pussy against me, as eager to have me inside her as I was to be there.

With a final smile, she slips out the door, leaving me alone to finish dressing and get my libido under control.

I make quick work of changing my clothes and leave the dressing room a few minutes later, grabbing the surprisingly accurate model heart as I go. The photographer waves me over to an area that's set up like a hospital exam room. For the next half hour or so, she directs me through a series of poses. I'm barely paying attention as my eyes track Mandy's movements through room. She moves from one person the next, chatting happily. I recognize

some of the people here, but most of them are unfamiliar to me. When Mandy reaches the young professor, my teeth clench.

“Dr. Miller,” the photographer says, “could you give me a smile please? You’re looking a little more villain than surgeon.”

Her words catch Mandy’s attention, and she meets my eyes from across the room. With a small smile and shake of her head, she makes her way toward me. She stops next to the camera and gives me a cheeky grin.

She winks at the photographer, then says, “Hey Trey, are you a defibrillator? Because you are sending shocks directly to my heart.”

I’m stunned for a second, then burst out laughing. This woman is utterly ridiculous, but I can’t deny the past week since I’ve met her has been one of the best of my life.

“Yes! That’s it, perfect!” the photographer cries. I’d completely forgotten all about her, distracted by Mandy’s smile and the warm happiness she makes me feel.

Mandy giggles, and I nearly groan as the tinkling sound makes my cock jump. I can’t wait to get her on her back. Or maybe her stomach. Why not both? There’s no way I will ever get my fill of her. She is already mine; I just have to convince her of it. If the way she reacted to me in the dressing room is any indication, I’m well on my way.

As much as I want to get back to where we left off, I’m eager to just spend more time getting to know her too. I make the decision then and there to set up another date with her, a real one. As soon as we’re done here, I’m going to sit down with my assistant to schedule some time off. Since I’m obsessed with my work and have never been interested in a relationship before Mandy, I never take time off beyond the days mandated by the hospital. I’ve basically been on-call for the last four years, and it’s never bothered me before. But now, I have a reason to want time away from the hospital.

In the first quiet moment Mandy gets between takes, I pull her aside, telling her I have to get back to the hospital. She nods, looking hopeful, maybe expectant, but doesn’t say anything.

“Let me take you on a real date,” I say, taking her hands in mine.

I can feel her leaning closer to me, almost imperceptibly.

“Saturday night?” she asks, sounding as eager as I feel.

I run through my schedule in my head, then agree. That’s three days away, and I know time will drag like it’s attached to an anchor. I’ll have to settle for flirty text messages and nighttime phone calls, counting down the minutes until I’ll see her again.

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Chapter 7

Mandy

The last three days have felt like an eternity. Our texts and phone calls have continued, but ever since the kisses we shared in the dressing room, I've been dying to see—and touch—Trey again. Our calls have gotten steamier, and it's made waiting to see him that much harder.

Saturday has finally arrived, and Trey is on his way to pick me up for our first official date. He hasn't told me where we're going, only that I don't have to worry about dressing formally. So, I've decided on a simple wrap dress in a rich shade of green that matches my eyes. I'm just putting the finishing touches on my make-up when I hear the front door buzzer.

Grabbing my purse and shoes as I go, I walk to the door and press the intercom button. "Hello?"

"Hello, beautiful," Trey's familiar voice says.

I press the button to open the door and slip on my shoes as wait for him. My heart rate picks up with the anticipation of seeing him again. The moment he knocks on the door, I swing it open and greet him with a smile.

Trey doesn't hesitate to step into me and wrap me in his arms, taking my lips in a sensual kiss. It's several moments before the need for oxygen forces us apart.

"Well, it's good to see you too," I say with a laugh as I try to catch my breath.

"I missed you," he says. "Are you ready to go?"

"I missed you too. And yes, I'm ready. Do I get to know where we're going?"

Trey smiles and takes my hand, leading me out the door. "Not yet. I want it to be a surprise."

Outside, a car is waiting, and Trey helps me inside. It's a beautiful

luxury sedan with soft leather seats. Trey climbs in after me and pulls me in close as the car eases into traffic. We can't keep our hands to ourselves on the car ride, and by the time we come to a stop, I'm breathless and disheveled. I shoot a glare at Trey, and he gives me a wicked grin as I quickly try fix my dress and hair before we get out of the car.

Stepping onto the sidewalk, I realize with astonishment that we are in one of the wealthiest neighborhoods on Manhattan's West Side. With a hand to the small of my back, Trey directs me to an apartment building where a doorman dressed in an elegant uniform waits. He smiles and nods at Trey as we approach.

"Good evening, Dr. Miller. Ma'am."

"Good evening, Matthew. Please let the concierge know that we will be ready for our meal service in fifteen minutes," Trey responds.

"Of course, sir. Enjoy your evening," Matthew answers.

Trey leads me to an elevator at the far end of an ornate lobby. He punches in a code on the keypad next to the elevator doors and guides me into the car.

"Is this where you live?" I ask. It must be, but I'm still surprised. I know that Trey is successful, of course, but I had no idea he could afford a place like this.

"It is," Trey confirms. "I wanted to take you to dinner, but I don't want the distraction of waitstaff coming and going." He turns to me and puts his hands on my waist, drawing me close. "Is this alright? Would you have preferred a restaurant?"

"This is perfect," I say.

The elevator beeps, and we exit into a beautiful foyer. I have only a few seconds to take in the art along the walls as Trey guides me to a dining room dominated by a beautifully made cherry wood table. There are two place settings next to each other on one side and a vase of red roses set in the center of the table. Trey guides me into one seat, then takes the other himself.

I'm a little confused about we will get our meals, but a soft chime from

the elevator answers that question as a kind looking older man dressed in a neat black suit exits with a rolling tray. He approaches the table and stops at the side opposite us.

“Good evening, Dr. Miller. Ma’am. I have your meals and wine. May I?” he asks.

“Please, Alexander,” Trey responds with a nod.

This must be the concierge that Trey mentioned to the doorman when we arrived. With efficient movements, he places two covered dishes in front of us, then pours glasses of white wine. When he’s finished, he removes the domed lids from our plates, gives a little bow, then disappears.

The roasted chicken, potatoes, and asparagus are delicious, and I can’t help the moan that escapes after my first bite. Trey rests a hand on my thigh and squeezes lightly.

While we eat, he leaves his hand on my lap, caressing my skin through my dress, playing with the fabric, and making it impossible to concentrate on our conversation. By the time we’re finished, I’m so worked up, I can hardly stay in my seat.

Trey stands and offers me a hand. “Now that we’ve eaten, how about a tour?”

“I’d love one,” I say, placing my hand in his.

He helps me stand, then keeps my hand tucked in his as he guides me around the large apartment. Each room is more beautiful than last, decorated in a modern, industrial aesthetic. I find it suits his personality well.

My nerves begin to pick up as we reach his bedroom. The room is dominated by a king-sized bed covered with a navy duvet. This room is darker than the rest and decorated in deep blues and grays.

Trey leads me over to the bed, then turns me to face him. He puts his hands on my hips and presses his chest to mine.

“I want you, Mandy,” he says. “Tell me I can have you.”

I hesitate. Do I tell him I’m a virgin? Will he even still want me when

he knows how inexperienced I am? “I-I want you, too. But, Trey, I’ve never . . .” I trail off, uncertain.

“You’ve never what, baby?” He asks. When I don’t respond, he leans back and looks in my eyes. “Mandy, are you a virgin?”

“Yes,” I whisper, looking away.

Trey groans loudly and takes my chin in his hand, forcing me to meet his gaze. “You have no idea how hot that makes. You’ve never been touched by a man? At all?”

“Only you.”

With a low growl, his mouth lowers to mine, the lightest touch of our lips inflaming me. My hands move from his chest to his broad shoulders, and I wrap myself around him. His tongue nudges my lips apart to tangle with mine, and hot need slides down to my core.

His hair is soft under my fingertips as I pull him down to me, for the first time finding him far too tall. I’m nearly bent over backwards, but his hand is strong at the small of my back as he presses my body close to his. I slide my hands back down his chest, trying to loosen his tie and unbutton his shirt, all while being transported by the sensations of his lips claiming my mouth, his hands roaming my body, and that huge cock straining against my stomach. I finally give up with a harsh sigh and push against his chest in frustration.

He breaks our heated kiss to laugh at me. “Impatient?” he asks.

I lean back and mold my hand against the thick outline of his cock, kneading the hard bulge with my palm. I stare him straight in the eye, daring him to admit he’s not in as much of a hurry as I am.

“I want you to be my first; I want you inside me,” I say.

His eyes roll back, and he lets out a groan that I find very satisfying, but it also intensifies my need. “I concede I may also be feeling a little impatient,” he says, teeth locked together.

Then, he looks down and gives me a smile that could better be

described as what a wolf would give to a rabbit. I shiver with anticipation as he runs his fingers down the side of my throat, sliding them over my breast as he keeps moving his hand down to the hem of my short dress. I stop breathing when he nudges my legs apart and glides his palm between my thighs to cup my pussy. The heel of his hand presses tantalizingly against my clit, and I moan as I push into it.

“I can feel how wet you are through your panties,” he breathes against my neck.

He kisses behind my ear, making my legs weak. The hand that’s not teasing my pussy is firmly at my back, not letting me fall. I make a sound that’s meaningless, because my mind is blank. Every fiber of my being is focused on what he’s doing to me between my thighs.

“So, so wet,” he murmurs, his fingers nudging past the edge of my panties and stroking up my slit to spread my moisture onto my swollen nub.

I spread my legs more, hiking one around his hip, and lean back into his strong hand, letting him hold me up as he pleasures me. Two fingers glide back down my folds and push inside me. Not gentle, but deep and hard, readying me for something much bigger and longer than his fingers.

“Are you a little more willing to be patient now, Mandy?” he asks.

He pulls away to search my eyes. I manage to nod weakly, and I can barely focus, but he traps me in his gaze while he pushes his fingers in and out of me, working my pussy as expertly as he must work his surgical tools. My body is in the hands of a master, and all I can do is hold onto his shirt and blink as he begins to circle my clit.

His hand at my back moves lower to cup my ass, and he closes his eyes, as if loving the feel of my bare skin. I’m certainly loving it. He circles his fingers harder and faster, and I grind my body against his hand.

“I need you to fuck me,” I gasp. “I want to feel your cock inside me.”

My head drops forward, and I see his cock straining, as if it may burst the seams of his suit pants. I shakily unbutton them and ease the zipper down. The wet, dripping head greets me over the top of his boxers, and I groan as

his fingers push deep inside me again. His cock pulses, as eager as I am.

“Not until you come, Mandy,” he says. His voice is strained with his own desire, but I know I need to be good, or he won’t give me what I want.

I’m so close, and just a glimpse of the tip of his cock is enough to push me over the edge. I want all of it, ramming deep, splitting me in two. He squeezes my ass while pushing his fingers deep inside me once more, then drags my juices up to knead my clit. I’m gone. Everything goes black for a split second, and then I awaken to an explosion of pleasure from his fingers are still working me. There’s a high-pitched sound that I realize is me screaming as he continues to draw out every last drop of ecstasy with his fingertips.

I’m boneless, and he gently unties my dress, letting it drop to the floor, before he eases me backwards onto the plush bedding. He strips off his own clothes, then lowers himself on top of me. He spreads my legs wide, and I wrap them around his hips as he pulls my body close to his. He tears away my panties, and I watch with breathless gasps as he wraps his big hand around his thick shaft and pushes the head of his cock an inch inside me.

I grab for his shoulders, stopping him as I suddenly begin to panic. He’s so big, he’s barely inside me and the pain is already intense.

"Shh, baby. I’ve got you. I’ll take care of you,” he whispers. His eyes are locked, dark and full of desire, on where his body is about to join mine. He pulls out and reaches into his nightstand to pull out a condom, his eyes never leaving my pussy.

As he tears open the condom with his teeth, I realize I don’t want anything between us, and I grab his hand to stop him.

“I want to feel it when you come inside me,” I say.

“Holy fuck, Mandy,” he growls, spreading me with his fingers and lining up his dripping cock at my opening. “Are you sure?” he asks.

“Yes,” I breathe. “I trust you.”

“This means you’re mine, Mandy. If I take you like this, I’m not letting you go. Do you understand?”

I nod my head, desperate to feel him sliding inside me.

“Words, Mandy. Give me your words,” he demands, tracing my wet folds with his leaking cock.

“Y-yours, Trey. Make me yours, only yours,” I pant, ready to give him anything, if he just gives me what I want so badly.

The words are barely out before he presses into me, filling my tight channel with his hard erection. I scream at the intensity of the pleasure-pain. He’s so deep, I feel his balls slap against my body as I take him all the way in. I fight to catch my breath as he stretches me to my limits.

Trey still inside me, giving me time to adjust to this new fullness. He squeezes my breasts, leaning down to suck each nipple into his mouth. I moan as he pulls back and runs his thumbs across the puckered nubs, sending thrilling pleasure straight to where his cock is thrusting in and out of me.

Slowly, he begins to move, and I tighten my legs around him as a new orgasm overwhelms me. He smiles as he thrusts into me and continues to stroke my nipples. One of his hands slides down my body to ease between us, and he strokes his fingers against my clit. All I can do is hang on as his thrusts pick up speed.

I clench around him and drag my nails down his back, overwhelmed by the sensations coursing through me. Trey thrusts hard and deep one last time, his roar of satisfaction joining my wonton moans as he pushes us both over the edge.

He collapses against me, his chest heaving. With a gasp, he kisses me, then pushes my tangled hair off my face. His head drops to pillow beneath mine, and we lie panting in one another’s arms.

“That was fucking amazing,” he says between harsh breaths.

I couldn’t agree more and close my eyes, letting the aftershocks take me away.

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Chapter 8

Trey

Mandy and I are still entwined in one another, catching our breaths, when I hear my phone ringing from somewhere on the floor. I ignore it, certain that whoever it is can leave a message. I told my assistant to forward my calls to the on-call surgeon this evening. I made it clear I didn't want to be disturbed. The only person who might be calling is my mother, and she is the last person I want to talk to right now.

She's still irritated with me for canceling on Caroline Winters. Of course, it hadn't been *me* who'd canceled, but rather the vixen currently pressed beneath me. I didn't bother telling my mother that, though.

The ringing stops, and I relax back into Mandy's body. I am probably crushing her, but she doesn't seem to mind. Her arms are wrapped tightly around my neck, and I can feel her breathing in little puffs against my ear. My cock is still sheathed in her tight heat, still hard. I have no intention of pulling out of her. I'm only giving us both time to catch our breath before I start up again.

As I move to kiss Mandy, the ringing of my phone starts up again. I groan in frustration. For whoever it is to call twice in such quick succession, it must be an emergency. It had better be anyway, or whoever is calling is going to wish they'd never been born.

I ease out of Mandy carefully. I know I'm big, and I don't want to hurt her. She whimpers a little at the loss, but is otherwise silent. Her eyes are closed, and the look on her face is one of total bliss.

Grabbing my pants from the floor, I pull out my phone, and my frustration immediately morphs into anger when I see it's the hospital calling. I had been very clear with my assistant this morning about not wishing to be disturbed.

"What?" I say as I answer, not caring about being professional.

"Dr. Miller, this is Ann Michaels from the transplant department. We

were just informed that a donor heart received this evening from a car accident victim is a match for Ronald Donovan.

Shit. Ronald has been a patient of mine for over a decade, and he's been waiting on a donor heart nearly as long.

"How long since the heart was retrieved?" I ask.

"It's been almost eight hours, sir. We already called Mr. Donovan. He's on his way to the hospital, and we have an OR prepped for your team."

Donor organs aren't viable for long. If Ronald is going to get this heart, we have to do surgery tonight. I look back at Mandy, sleeping peacefully in my bed. It kills me to leave her, but I don't have a choice.

"I'll be there in half an hour. Call Dr. Reynolds and have him come in to assist me," I tell the nurse, then hang up.

Moving quickly, I clean myself up and get dressed. I don't want to wake Mandy, so I leave her a note, asking her to wait for me. With any luck, I'll be back before she wakes up, and I can take her to breakfast in the morning so we can discuss our future together. I meant what I'd said to her. Mandy is mine now.

Two days have passed since I left Mandy in my bed and returned home to find her gone. The success of the emergency transplant surgery I'd performed is little consolation for the fact that Mandy hasn't answered any of my calls or text messages.

Enough is enough. I deserve answers, and Mandy is going to give them to me whether she likes it or not. After telling my assistant to reschedule my appointments for the afternoon—something I loathe doing—I make my way to the offices of *The Manhattan Chronicle*. Taking a page from Mandy's playbook, I tell the receptionist that I have an appointment for an interview with Mandy Cline. She gives me directions to Mandy's office, and I head upstairs, a little miffed at the lack of security in the building.

When I reach Mandy's office, she's waiting for me and quickly pulls me inside, shutting the door behind us.

“What are you doing here?” she demands.

“Well, you won’t return my calls. How else am I going to get you to talk to me, if I don’t track you down?” I ask her, struggling to rein in my own temper.

I take Mandy in. Just the sight of her soothes something in me. She looks beautiful as always, though there are circles under eyes that weren’t there a few days ago. The sight of them makes me wonder if she’s had just as much trouble sleeping as I have. “Why did you leave that night? Why didn’t you wait for me to get home?”

“I needed some time to think,” Mandy says, dragging her hand through her hair and turning away from me.

“Think about what? Do you regret what happened?” Just the thought that she might is like a knife to my heart.

“No, I don’t. But...I’m not sure this is going to work, Trey.”

“Why? What’s wrong?” I can’t believe what I’m hearing. I’d thought everything between us was perfect. I’ve never felt for anyone what I feel for Mandy.

“It’s just...you don’t have time,” she finally blurts out.

“What are you talking about? I talk to you every day. We’ve seen each other three times in the last two weeks.”

“Yeah, but you were late the second time and disappeared on me the third time. Between appointments and emergencies, I don’t think you have the time to devote to a relationship. The photo shoot and our date were both planned in advance, and something still came up.”

I can’t deny what she’s saying, as much as I wish I could. She’s right. My line of work comes with a lot of emergencies. Of course, I could back off on some things. I don’t have to be on-call nearly as much as I am. In the past, it was never an issue. I had nothing in my life aside from work.

“You’re right, there were emergencies. But you’re wrong that I don’t have time for a relationship. I’ll *make* time. I don’t care what I have to do,

I'm not letting you go.”

“Trey, your work is too important. I don't want you to resent me for taking you away from it,” she says sadly.

“Not possible,” I assure her. “Please, let me make it up to you. Go away with me this weekend. I want to spend some time with you, just the two of us, no distractions.”

Mandy hesitates, and I step close, wrapping my arms around her. “Please, baby. Just for the weekend. Let's see how things go, then we can decide what we want to do when we get home.” Not that it really matters, nothing is going to change my mind. Mandy is it for me.

She sighs heavily and meets my eyes. “Okay, just for the weekend.”

“I'll send a car to pick you at your place Saturday morning,” I tell her, then brush a light kiss across her lips.

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Chapter 9

Mandy

I catch a glimpse of myself in the mirrored doors of the elevator as it opens to take me to the roof. I think I look pretty good in tight jeans, a navy sweater, and my hair loose and flowing across my shoulders. As the elevator whisks me up, I can't contain a grin as I try to imagine where Trey is taking me. The week we've been apart has been one of the worst of my life. I was so angry and embarrassed when I woke alone in his bed in the middle of the night. His note had said there was an emergency and he'd be back, but it did little to appease my temper. I understand that emergencies happen, but Trey is far from the only cardiologist in the city. Surely, the hospital could have called someone else. I'd left his place that night, determined never to speak to him again.

Trey's career and patients would always come first for him. I couldn't fault him for that because what he does is so important. But at the same time, I want a relationship with a man I can depend on. Trey has proven to me twice now that he can't be that man. I thought it would be better to make a clean break before things become more serious and I end up with a broken heart.

I never expected him to show up at my office, demanding answers. It hadn't occurred to me how much my leaving might hurt Trey. Honestly, I figured he would brush it off and move on. He is so far out of my league; he could have any woman he wants. But Trey made it clear that he wants *me*.

After the confrontation in my office, our daily texts and nightly phone calls resumed, but our late-night calls have taken a turn for the naughty. We've had phone sex almost every night this week, and while it's hot, it's no substitute for the real thing.

Trey gave me instructions to meet him on the roof of the building. When I push open the heavy door leading out to the roof, my jaw drops, and not just because Dr. Miller is waiting for me and looking better than I could have imagined in a dark charcoal suit, crisp white shirt, and burgundy tie.

He's standing in front of a helicopter.

I hurry over to him, and he pulls me in for a quick kiss. The pilot jumps out and flings open the door, and Trey helps me climb in. I'm speechless until I have my headphones on and we're in the air, high above the streets and buildings.

I lean close to him, hearing my tinny voice reverberate in the headphones as I speak. "Trey, what is this? Where are we going?"

He meets my eyes and reaches for my hand, lacing our fingers together. "It's a surprise."

I can tell we're going north, and the busy cityscape below us soon turns into woods and mountains. I'm too in awe of the beautiful scenery of the Catskill Mountains to do much but gape out of my window, but still very much aware of Trey's hand around mine.

Finally, we start to descend into an open field, the only building in sight a small house at the edge of the clearing. We land in the designated area, and after Trey thanks the pilot, he hurries me inside the little cabin. A woman in a navy-blue jacket nods at us as we enter. She greets Trey by name and hands him a set of keys. He thanks the woman, then leads me outside to car in front of the cabin. After helping me into the passenger seat, he rounds the hood and takes the wheel.

We drive further into the mountains, up a winding road, and approach a small cabin perched on the mountain side. We climb out of the car and up a long staircase to the front deck. The midday sun casts a glow on the valley below us, and I inhale sharply at the beauty spread out before me. Trey unlocks the front door and holds it open.

I step inside to a wonderland of fairy lights surrounding a candlelit table. This is so much more than I could have imagined. The cabin is small, but luxurious. A flower arrangement sits in a gold vase, its explosion of color a bright contrast to the thick cream area rug. There are gilt framed landscapes lining the walls, and through a doorway, I see a large, canopied bed, covered in velvet pillows.

As soon as I'm done gawking, I walk straight into his arms.

“Do you like it?” he says with a hint of nerves in his voice.

The fact that this powerful, and usually severe, surgeon is nervous about me liking his surprise melts my heart, and I reach for his tie to pull his face down to me.

“Are you kidding?” I ask. “I love it. It’s so beautiful.”

He slides his fingers through my hair and tips my face up, his eyes roaming. “You’re the beautiful one, Mandy.”

His thumbs move to stroke my bottom lip, and my mouth drops open as I mold my body to his. I let out a sigh at his compliment, but also at the stiff rod pressing against my stomach. I’m sure whatever’s waiting under the covered silver trays on the table is delicious, but I’m suddenly not hungry for food. Just for Trey.

Chapter 10

Trey

I wake up from the deepest, most relaxing sleep I think I've ever had in my life to find Mandy sleeping beside me. Her hair is tangled up beneath her shoulder, and I long to pull it free but don't want to disturb her rest, especially after fucking her so completely, time after time, last night. My stomach rumbles, reminding me we never did eat the special meal I planned for her, but I make no move to get up and make us breakfast.

I just want to keep looking at her. I don't think I could drag my eyes away if I tried. Her cheeks are pinkened from my stubble scraping across them, her lips swollen from my kisses. I rub my hand across my own mouth, smiling at the slight pain from where she lost control and bit my lower lip. I have similar aches from the scratches on my shoulders and can't resist gently running a fingertip along her hairline. My little wild thing. My cock throbs under the sheets, and I want to roll her over and ease into her tight pussy from behind, knowing she'll still be wet from the many times I came inside her, but the peaceful rise and fall of her chest while she slumbers stops me.

I'm glad she liked this surprise mini vacation I planned for her, but now I wish that I had asked her ahead of time to clear her schedule for more than a weekend. One of the things I like about her is her dedication to her career. It's on the same level as mine, and I don't think she'll agree to miss a day at the office. The thought of having to take her back so she can go to work is untenable. I sigh loudly, and her lashes flutter.

"Sorry," I say, finally able to stroke her cheek. I run my fingers down to her bare shoulder, marveling at her silky soft skin. "I didn't mean to wake you."

She smiles and reaches for me, pulling me in for a kiss that lingers. "I don't mind at all," she says, her hand moving under the sheets and finding my cock.

I roll her onto her back and look down at her. The sight of her eyes shining up at me, along with her eagerly parted lips, tugs at something much

deeper than my desire to bury my cock deep inside her. I lean down to kiss her softly.

“I don’t want just a quickie,” I say, forcing back a moan as my cock slides between her thighs to throb against her wet heat. “Spend the day with me. We can go back to reality tonight.”

Her brow furrows, and she bites her lush lower lip. I grind against her clit to distract her from thoughts of work and schedules. When her eyes roll back, I’m certain I’ve got her.

“Okay,” she says, reaching down between us to guide my cock to her tight hole. “Now about that quickie you mentioned a second ago...”

I drive into her, reveling in her gasp. Even more in the way her fingers grip my shoulders. As much as I love the feel of our bodies touching, I rise up to watch her perfect tits bounce with every one of my thrusts. I tweak her nipples and feel her pussy clench around me as I bring them to tight nubs. I have to lean down again to taste them, and she traps me close with her legs tight around my back. Her teeth clamp around my shoulder, and I grunt as I pound her body with my cock.

As much as I enjoy coming inside her, the thing I crave is making her cry out with the orgasms I give her. It’s remarkable how easy it is to bring her to a screaming mass of quivering jelly. The slightest touch against her slippery clit makes her clench and cry out, biting down harder on my shoulder. I feel her spasm around me and keep working the slick nub, my cock aching to shoot inside her, but I’m addicted to hearing that sweet scream and want her to come again.

She grabs onto me, crying out my name as her tight channel squeezes me dry inside her. I see stars, feel like I’ve died and been brought back to life in the space of a few seconds, then fall into her waiting arms.

Breathless and sated, I can barely kiss her neck before slumping to the side. “You’re fantastic.”

“I have no complaints about you, either,” she says.

I start to say more, how I can’t go without her after this, and that I’ll

never want another woman again. Instead, I just lie in her embrace until we're able to get up and get ready to spend the day together. I shower quickly, then head to the kitchen to fix us coffee and a light breakfast while Mandy has her turn in the shower.

When we've finished breakfast, we dress for the day. I slip on a t-shirt and jeans, then wait in the living room for Mandy to finish getting ready. My breath catches when she walks into the living room and the sunlight streaming in from the windows catches on her shiny red hair.

"You look beautiful," I say, taking her in. She's wearing a simple green top that makes her eyes sparkle and high waisted jeans. I'm glad to see that she thought to pack sensible shoes, rather than heels, even though I hadn't told her where we were going.

She looks me up and down and nods approvingly. "I like you in casual clothes, Dr. Miller."

I give her a light smack on her perfectly plump ass. "Don't start that again," I growl.

There's a shopping area not too far from the cabin at the base of the mountain, and the weather is crisp and bright, so we decide to walk once we park at the edge of town. She shyly takes my hand as we wind our way through the streets, window shopping. She comments that she needs to come back to do a feature on the place for her paper, and I get a rush of jealousy that she's thinking about work. I push it down and pull her in for a kiss that leaves her cross-eyed.

"No more work-talk today," I tell her. "I want you all to myself. If you do it again, I'll start detailing my last surgery to you."

She beams up at me. "That actually sounds pretty interesting."

With a grimace, I pull her toward the shops. We walk through the charming little town, our clasped hands swinging between us. We stop to look in all the shop windows. Every time I see her admiring something, I offer to get it for her until she finally stops and takes me firmly by the shoulders.

“Just because I like something doesn’t mean I want or need it,” she says, a mock frown on her pretty face. “I’ll let you buy me a postcard, and that’s it.”

I can’t seem to make her understand how much joy it would bring me to shower her with gifts, but I don’t want to start an argument. I have to accept that she’s independent, but I hope eventually she’ll let me give her everything. We eat lunch at a sandwich shop, striking up a conversation with an older couple.

“You two must be newlyweds,” the woman says, looking us over with warm eyes.

Before Mandy can answer, I kiss her hand and tell the woman we are indeed newlyweds. “Loving every minute of our honeymoon,” I say.

The elderly couple chuckle and wish us luck with our future as they leave.

“Why did you say that?” Mandy admonishes, her cheeks bright red.

I shrug. Because I wanted to see the old people laugh. Because I wish it were true. My heart feels like it stops beating in my chest, which is something, as a heart specialist, I know isn’t possible short of me falling over dead. That’s just what Mandy does to me, especially when I realize I’m hopelessly in love with her, and know beyond a shadow of a doubt I want her to be my wife. It’s too soon to tell her that though, so I just shake my head and shrug.

As soon as we’re back at the cabin, she wants to check out the jacuzzi on the back deck. She hurries up the steps, already pulling her sweater over her head.

This is why I think I’m in love with her, her easygoing, fun loving, absolutely daring personality. Not to mention those tits that are now free, shaking delightfully as she wriggles her jeans down her hips. I hurry to join her, peeling off my own clothes as I move.

She stands before me, a big smile on her face and nothing but a lacy thong on her curvy body. My cock pops out over the top of my underwear,

and she reaches for it as I slide my hand between her thighs. The tiny scrap of fabric that's tight against her pussy is soaking wet, and I run my finger back and forth across the smooth satin. I pick her up, and she wraps her legs around me, trapping my cock against her heat. I carry her into the hot tub, easing both of us into the hot, welcoming water.

She finds the controls and turns on the jets, and I'm almost sorry to lose sight of her beneath the churning water. After kissing her until she's panting, I grip her hips and turn her toward the edge, lifting her so she's leaning over it, her perfect ass right in my face and the churning bubbles teasing the space between her thighs. I run my finger underneath the thong, easing inside her as she presses back against me. The water slides off her back, and the damp ends of her hair cling to her skin between her shoulder blades.

I kneel behind her and have to pause with my fingers deep inside her pussy, one hand on her lower back, my cock swinging between my thighs, and just look at her for a second. She's utterly gorgeous, breathing hard as I stretch her for my cock, her pale round ass cheeks dimpled with goosebumps as she waits for me to take her from behind. I pull my fingers out of her, making her moan when I cup her mound to knead her clit. My cock aches to be inside her, but teasing her is so much more fun. She arches her back as I circle the slippery nub, pushing her thong out of the way so I can feel all of her.

"You're going to torture me again, aren't you," she gasps, grinding against my hand.

"And you're going to love it," I tell her.

Her head drops forward, and she nods. "You're right."

I press down on her back, guiding her to lean further into the side of the jacuzzi. The position raises her pussy higher, and I stare at her soft pink folds. I have to taste her, so I lean forward and bury my face in her core, lapping at her clit and folds, before pointing my tongue and sliding inside her. She cries out and reaches one hand back to fist my hair. Her grip is tight, and my scalp stings, but it only spurs me on. Mandy begins to thrust against my tongue, riding my face and finding her own pleasure until she's screaming

my name, her whole body shaking.

I move to a standing position behind her and rub my cock between her cheeks while I reach around her front and continue to work her clit with one hand. “That’s right, let me make your perfect, wet little cunt feel good,” I say close to her ear. She shivers and groans, lifting her ass to stroke my cock. “Let me make your slippery clit swell while I touch you.”

She’s breathing hard, and as I slide inside her, I’m about to burst as she clenches around my shaft. I press harder, not sure who will break first. Her hands grip the edge of the hot tub so hard her knuckles are white.

My own release inside her is almost instant, but I manage to hold on long enough to tip Mandy over the edge again. As soon as her body begins to quake beneath me, I release, and it’s as if a dam has burst when I shoot my seed. An almost endless torrent fills her until I’m limp against her back.

After I can see and breathe again, I pull us into the water to warm our chilled bodies. The sun has started to set without us noticing, and after resting her head on my chest for a while in the soothing bubbles, she looks up at me, a questioning look on her face.

“I know,” I say, my bliss evaporating. “It’s almost time to go, isn’t it?”

“As much as I love this, I have to get back to reality,” she says, running her hand down the side of my face.

I nod, knowing it as well as she does, and not liking it one little bit.

Chapter 11

Mandy

Reality returns with the impact of a hurricane. As happy as I was during our getaway to the mountains, I'm equally as sad to return home. The past 48 hours have been perfect, but they weren't real life. It's easy to believe Trey and I could have a committed relationship when we're far from our jobs in a place with little to no cell phone reception. But the closer we get to the city, the more I worry that what we had at the cabin isn't sustainable.

Trey is an important man with an important career. People rely on him literally to save their lives. How can a relationship with me compete with that? And do I even want it to? I'd feel horrible if he refused a call from the hospital to spend time with me, and it cost someone their life.

He notices how quiet I am, and once we're in the car headed toward my apartment, he takes my hand in his.

"Tell me what you're thinking," he says.

"I had a wonderful time this weekend. Everything was perfect," I begin.

"But?"

"But none of it was real. We were living out a fantasy. I want to be with you, Trey, but I still don't know how that's possible."

"Will you at least give me a chance to show you?" he asks, and I hate the vulnerability in his normally confident voice.

I don't answer right away, as I really think about what he's asking. Giving him a chance to show me how great we could be together means putting my heart at risk. If I'm being honest, my heart is already at risk. I've fallen in love with Trey. It's already going to crush me to say goodbye, letting this continue will only make it hurt that much worse when it inevitably ends.

"I'm sorry, Trey," I tell him, tears streaming down my face. "I can't."

It's been a week since I said goodbye to Trey, and it feels like I've lost half my soul. I'm sitting in my office, going through my notes and typing up the article about him. It's so hard to look at the images of his handsome face, knowing what I lost, what I threw away. I regretted saying goodbye almost the moment the words left my mouth, but I kept telling myself it was for the best. Every night, I pull up the text thread between us and torture myself by reading our old messages. I miss him so much, it's a living ache inside my chest.

Taking a deep breath, I force myself to focus on the note my assistant left for me, informing me that one of Trey's patients had called asking to speak with me.

I wanted to have quotes from past patients for the article, but I know I couldn't ask for patient information due to privacy laws. So instead, I phoned Trey's office and spoke to his receptionist. It was the same woman whose conversation I'd eavesdropped on weeks ago, and it took every ounce of restraint I had not to ask her how Trey was doing. Instead, I asked her if she could reach out to any of his patients who she thought might want to be quoted for the article. She told me she had a couple people in mind and would pass on my information so they could call me if they were interested.

Dialing the number on the message, I sit back and wait. It rings twice before a soft, feminine voice answers, "Hello?"

"Hi, is this Amy Dawson? This is Mandy Cline from *The Manhattan Chronicle*, returning your call," I say.

"Oh, hi! I'm so glad you called." Her voice is cheery and enthusiastic. She sounds young, and I'm curious how she came to be a patient of Trey's.

"You were a patient of Dr. Trey Miller's?" I ask.

"No, no. My father is his patient. His name is Mike Dawson. Dr. Miller did his heart transplant a couple weeks ago."

A couple weeks ago? Trey and I were together then; he never mentioned performing a heart transplant to me.

“When was this?” I ask.

“It will be two weeks ago, Saturday. Poor Doc had to do the surgery in the middle of the night. You see, my father’s donor heart came from someone who had been killed in a car accident, bless their soul. Donor organs are only viable for a short time and—” Amy breaks off as she starts to cry.

“It’s okay. Please take your time,” I assure her. “I’m sure that was so difficult for you to experience. Your father is okay now, though?”

Amy sniffs a few times, then continues, “Yes, thanks to Dr. Miller, he is doing great so far. My dad had congestive heart failure. He’s had so many surgeries trying to buy time until he could get a donor heart. We waited almost ten years. I’m so thankful Dr. Miller was able to come in that night so we didn’t miss our chance. There aren’t many doctors around here who could have done that surgery successfully. I don’t think my dad would have trusted anyone else.”

“That’s amazing,” I tell her, though my mind is racing, and I’m barely able to listen. “And you called so I can quote you in the feature we’re writing on Dr. Miller?”

“Yes! Please, my dad wants people to know his story. He wants everyone to know that Dr. Miller didn’t give up on him. He promised almost a decade ago that he’d do everything he could to make sure my dad got to see me graduate, and he kept that promise. I’m graduating in three months, and thanks to Dr. Miller, my dad will be there,” she says, her voice thick with happy tears.

“I’m so happy for you, Amy. Thank you for sharing your story. I’ll make sure that everyone who reads this article knows what a wonderful man Dr. Miller is.”

We chat for a few more minutes, and I promise to send her a copy of the article when it’s finished. After I hang up, I sit at my desk, staring at the wall. The night Trey left me alone in his bed is the same night Amy’s father had his heart transplant.

I’d been hurt at waking up alone while Trey was saving someone’s life. Guilt swamped me. I’d given Trey such a hard time over it; I’d broken

up with him after an amazing weekend getaway because I'd been afraid that he wouldn't be able to balance a relationship with work. Had I let my fear overshadow the truth? Sure, he'd have to make tough calls, and saving someone's life would—and should—always come first. But hadn't he proven that he could make me a priority? He never failed to answer my texts, even during the work day when I knew he was busy, and he never missed calling me before going to bed each night.

The more I thought about it, the more a new fear settled over me. Trey had deserved a chance, and I hadn't given him one. Instead, I'd thrown him away, breaking both our hearts in the process.

I look at the document on my computer screen where I'd started to write the article about Trey. I need to get back to work and finish this, so the world—or at least our subscribers—can see what an amazing man Trey is. Then, I'll find Trey and beg him to tell me I'm not too late.

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Chapter 12

Trey

I'd like to say that after Mandy said goodbye, I threw myself into work and forgot about her completely. That would only be a half-truth, though. I did drown myself in work, but it hasn't done a thing to distract me from the ache in my chest. For the first three days, I was a bear to be around. My staff gave me a wide berth, and even my mom said she could tell something was wrong, though thankfully, she didn't pry. By the fifth day, my sadness had turned to anger. How could she do this to me? To us? I had done everything in my power to prove to her that I could make her a priority, and she still didn't believe me.

Now, on the eighth day since I'd last seen Mandy, my anger has morphed into determination. Mandy is mine. Hadn't I told her on our first night together that there was no going back, that once I had her, she'd be mine? Hadn't she agreed? It seems she needs a reminder of the promise she made me.

I call my assistant, Sarah, into my office, telling her to bring my schedule and my contract with hospital with her. She rushes in, a look of trepidation on her face. I'm not the easiest boss on a good day, but her wariness makes it obvious just how horrible I've been acting lately.

Together, we review my contract and my schedule. I've been working far more hours and on-call weekends than my contract requires. In fact, I've accrued so much sick time and personal leave, I could easily take off the next six months if I wanted to. We draft new office hours and a letter informing the director of cardiology that I will no longer be available on weekends. The cardiology department is fully staffed with skilled doctors, many of whom I helped train. They can take their turns in the on-call rotation.

Sarah seems practically giddy when I tell her that she'll have weekends off and my clinical hours will be cut, allowing her to be home in time for dinner with her husband and children. It hadn't occurred to me how much my long days were impacting my staff. Even if Mandy doesn't come around

when I show her the changes I've made, it will be worth it for my employees to have a healthy work-life balance, something I've never given much thought to before.

As we're wrapping up, I sense a presence in the hall outside my office. Looking up from my desk, I freeze in shock at the sight of Mandy standing in my doorway. My receptionist, Jane, hovers behind her, wringing her hands.

"I'm sorry, sir," Jane says. "She just burst through the door. I couldn't stop her."

"It's okay, Jane," I tell her without taking my eyes off Mandy's. "You can go back to your desk. Sarah, we can wrap this up later."

Both women leave, and Mandy steps into my office, pulling the door shut behind her. It reminds me of how I'd barged into her office over a week ago, and I can't help but smile at the memory. Mandy looks breathtakingly beautiful standing in front of me. I get up and move around my desk quickly. I reach for her hands, and she doesn't pull away, which I take as a good sign.

"Mandy," I say, brushing my thumb across her wrist. I hear the slight intake of breath, and I can feel her pulse quicken. My own pulse races.

"Trey," she says but then seems to falter. She takes a deep breath and starts again. "Trey, I'm so sorry. I've missed you so much, and I realize now how stupid I've been. You showed me so many times that you could make this work, and I let my fear get in the way."

"Shh, sweetheart," I tell her, placing a finger over her soft lips. "You were right."

"What? No, I—"

"My work schedule would not have made a relationship sustainable. I've been working nearly seven days a week for years. I hardly ever take any time off; you would have grown to resent me in no time."

"There's nothing wrong with being focused on your career," she says, and it's so different from what she'd said the last time I saw her, I have to laugh.

“It is a problem when I allow it to consume me. But my career isn’t where my focus lies anymore, Mandy. I’ve been thinking about nothing but you for the last eight days.” I press my thumb into her wrist, feeling the hard, quick pulsing of her blood rushing through her veins. “Tell me you haven’t been thinking about me.”

She swallows hard. “I have been thinking about you,” she admits softly. “All the time.” Her eyes lock with mine, and they’re bright and shiny. “That’s why I’m here, Trey. I don’t want to just be thinking about you anymore. I want to be with you, whatever that looks like, whatever it takes. Please, tell me I’m not too late.”

“You’re not,” I say quickly. “You’re all I want, Mandy. I don’t want you settling for whatever scraps of my time I can give you, either. That’s what I was just working on with Sarah when you arrived. We overhauled my schedule. I’m cutting back on my clinical hours and informing the hospital that I will no longer be on-call on weekends. I’m also taking some long-owed vacation time. I want to take you sailing, traveling, anything you want to do. Short of the most extreme emergencies, my free time is for you.”

Tears fall from the corners of Mandy’s eyes, and she blinks rapidly. “That’s amazing, Trey, but I can’t ask you to do all that. You love your career, you’re saving people—”

“I love you more, Mandy. Say you’ll give me a chance to prove to you that you’re the most important thing in my life.”

“I don’t have to give you a chance,” she says. “You’ve already proven that. I love you, too Trey. There’s nothing I want more than to be with you.”

Epilogue

Mandy

Five years later

I lie back on the chaise lounge, my feet buried in cool, wet sand, the shade of the beach house creeping across my chest as the sun sinks toward the horizon. I hear a shout of laughter from the shore and tip my head up to see Trey, running with our son, Marcus.

I'm utterly calm and supremely happy. Three whole weeks of this bliss. Ever since Trey left the hospital last year to open a private practice focusing more on prevention, I can't believe how much better our lives have become. Most days, I can pick Marcus up from preschool, meet Trey at home for dinner, and spend the entire evening together as a family.

I start to doze to the sweet sounds of my happy family and the lull of the ocean, when our nanny comes down to collect Marcus. I sit up and stretch, ready to go to dinner at the swanky restaurant in town that Trey picked for our anniversary celebration. It's not kid friendly, but I don't mind getting some alone time with my husband. We'll have plenty of time to do family things now that our summer vacation has started, and we're in this secluded, seaside town we fell in love with on vacation two years ago.

As the nanny and Marcus stroll past, he veers off from her to barrel into me, covering me in wet sand. I heave myself off the lounge chair and swing him toward the sky, breaking out in a grin at his infectious giggles. I kiss his salty forehead and send him off for his bath, then head down to the shoreline where Trey is trying to rinse all the sand off his arms and legs.

I join him, and he laughs to see I'm just as covered in sand as he is. I take in his powerful body in nothing but short swim trunks. The sight of him still lights me on fire, and I wrap my arms around his waist. He sweeps the wet hair off my neck to kiss the spot that always covers me in goosebumps.

"Hi," he says near my ear, pulling me close so our bodies press together.

I sigh at the feel of his hard cock against my bare stomach and wind my fingers through his hair.

“Hi,” I answer back, standing on my toes to kiss my husband.

My lips part, and his hands roam down my back to the edge of my bikini bottoms. He wraps his hands around the globes of my ass and groans when I grind against his erection. The feel of his body next to mine while the water laps around us and the cool breeze wafting over our heated skin makes me close my eyes and just hold onto him, trying to capture the moment forever.

An unexpected wave knocks us off balance, and we tumble into the water, laughing and paddling as the wave lands us on the sand further up the beach. Trey rolls onto his back and pulls me on top of him. I wrap my legs around his hips to straddle him and lean over to kiss his face, grinding my pussy against his shaft.

“We’re going to get arrested one of these times,” he says.

“I don’t care,” I say, pushing harder against his throbbing length.

Suddenly, Trey sits up, then stands, taking me with him. He scoops me up and carries me to our beach tent. The area in front of our summer house is private, and no one is around, but it’s better to safe than sorry, I suppose. He lays back on the blanket, settling me over him once more and pulling at the ties of my bikini top.

My tits tumble out, and he moves so one is at his lips. He sucks my nipple into his mouth as he slides his hands down my sides to nudge his fingers under my bottoms and grip my hips. I rise up, circling my hips in a way that I know makes him wild. He reaches to tweak my nipples and watches as my head lolls back. I moan softly at the feel of his cock throbbing against my wet core. With my head still thrown back, I reach down and wrap my fingers around his erection, stroking my thumb across the head through the fabric of his swim trunks.

“You’re so beautiful,” he says, squinting up at me against the setting sun. I squeeze his cock as I grind against him. “And so cruel,” he groans.

“Make me pay, then,” I say, my soft words almost carried away in the breeze.

He keeps one hand firmly on my writhing hip and pushes my bikini bottoms roughly to the side, revealing my smooth mound. He runs his fingers down it to ease between my legs, finding the slick, swollen nub. He smiles wickedly at my sigh of pleasure as he circles there, but I want to feel him inside of me, filling me completely.

My head drops forward as I lean down to grip his shoulders, all my focus on how good he’s making my body feel. He eagerly works my clit, greedily pushing his fingers into my tight, slippery pussy until I’m moaning and grinding against him.

“How’s that?” he asks, watching his fingers disappear into the wet crux of my thighs and getting harder by the second. “Had enough?”

“It’s never enough,” I gasp, shaking my head. “But don’t make me wait anymore. You know what I want.”

Five years of marriage has taught us exactly what the other wants. Pulling his trunks out of the way and holding my bikini bottoms to the side, he lift my hips and brings me down on his cock, both of us grunting at how amazing it feels when he’s deep inside me. I ride him with abandon, even out here on our beach. He knows exactly when to draw his fingers back to my clit. My whole body shivers when he strokes me, and my pussy spasms around his cock, dragging him along with my orgasm. He keeps circling my clit until I have to press my mouth against his shoulder to keep from shouting, my ass bouncing fast and hard as I draw every last drop of his seed into me.

I roll off of Trey to lie on the blanket next to him, and he draws me into his arms.

“I could stay like this forever,” I say, lifting my head to kiss his chin.

He kisses my sunburned nose, and I think he’s about to agree when we hear Marcus shouting from the balcony.

“I guess it’s time to get ready for dinner,” he says.

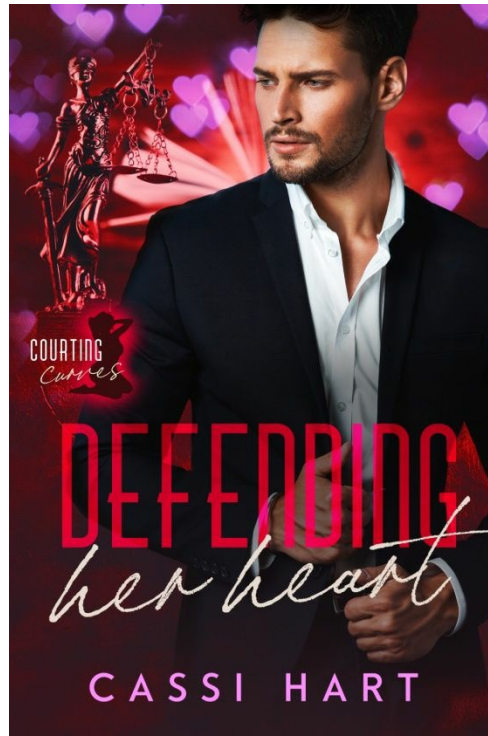
I hurriedly adjust my top and peek around the edge of the tent to wave up at Marcus, then look at Trey. “We seriously need to control ourselves.”

We both burst out laughing, knowing that’s never going to happen. Trey jumps up and pulls me to my feet, and we run, hand in hand, toward the house, our son, and our perfect life together.

~The end

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Up Next...



Nora

After one broken heart too many, Nora has had it with love. This newly reformed romantic isn't giving Cupid any more of her time. She's ready for a fresh start, if only she could get that pesky little breaking and entering charge dropped. Unfortunately, to do that, she has to put up with her brother's domineering best friend, Lucian Cohen. The older attorney has her in his sights, and he's determined to clip her wings, but Nora is equally determined to live up to her last name.

Lucian

Lucian has one last nerve, and Nora Wilde is dancing on it. As a corporate attorney, Lucian loves order and routine. He doesn't have time for love, but when his best friend's little sister gets herself into trouble and he's tasked with bailing her out, he begins to rethink his stance on relationships. Nora has been allowed too much free rein, and Lucian is just the man to tame her wild ways.

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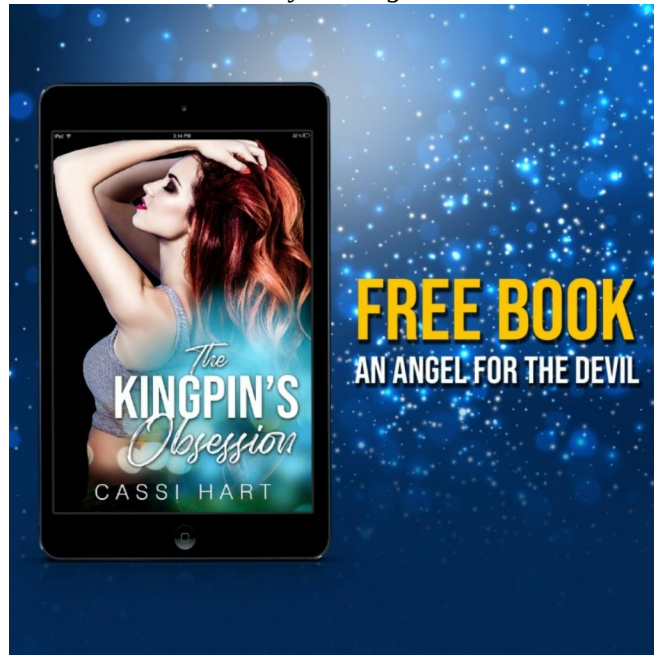
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The Kingpin's Obsession

Alice

I saw something I shouldn't have, and my life is in danger.

The police won't listen, and I have no choice but to seek help at Benedetti's, a bar known for its criminal clientele. But I'm barely inside the door before a dark eyed devil drags me back out and demands to know why I'm there. I shouldn't trust him, but I don't have a choice when he's the only one willing to help me.

Too late, I learn who he really is, and now I'm left to wonder... when this is all over, will he save my life only to break my heart?

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About the Author

Cassi lives to write brazen OTT, insta-love, short stories, about possessive alphas and the women they love. Stories that will leave you satisfied, and maybe blushing a little. Cassie loves pedicures, being pampered in any way possible, her darling golden Princess, amazing coffee, and traveling to anywhere warm.



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