



# Crushing On You

MGP  
Lipstick

Addison Nichols

Crushing On You  
By  
Addison Nichols



Mardi Gras Publishing, LLC  
29100 N. Main St. #93  
Daphne, AL 36526

This is a work of fiction. Names, places, characters and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to any actual persons, living or dead, organizations, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

EBook ISBN 0-9787262-7-8

Crushing On You © 2006 by Addison Nichols

All rights reserved under the International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Cover art © 2006 by Teresa Jacobs

For more variety in your reading selection, please visit  
[www.mardigraspublishing.com](http://www.mardigraspublishing.com)

Celia's heart raced as Matthew held her close, assaulting her mouth with kisses. She felt him growing hard and, in an effort to relieve the pressure, started to unzip his pants. He slipped off her dress, revealing her lace bra and thong. Placing his hand on top of the fabric, he began to stroke her. Celia felt herself growing moist, as she finally managed to slide his pants down with her legs.

He leaned her back on her desk and pulled off the delicate fabric covering her heat with his teeth. Lifting her legs to his shoulders, he buried his face into her, licking her like a kitten lapping up milk. Celia moaned in delight. Her hands moved down to tousle his dirty blonde hair as he ran his tongue in and out of her. Her nipples grew hard and hot as she felt waves of pleasure coming over her. She would come any second.

Matthew lowered her legs to his waist and slid her towards him, removing her bra. Inserting two fingers into her warmth, he began to massage her. His mouth made his way to her plump breasts, suckling one, then the other. Celia ran her nails down Matthew's back. She had never wanted a man as badly as she wanted Matthew. She cried out in ecstasy as a flood erupted from her.

He withdrew his fingers and, once again laying her back on the desk, climbed on top of her. Matthew cradled Celia's head in his hands as he slid deep inside her. She opened her mouth to speak, but he quickly kissed her, using his tongue to dance with hers. The rhythm of their bodies was so natural; it was as if they were made for each other. Soul mates, destined from the beginning, finding their way to each other.

Matthew whispered, "I want you to climax with me," as he sped up his thrusts. Celia nodded, feeling her next orgasm on the verge of breaking. In one blissful moment, their love collided, resulting in a loud moan from each of them. He passionately kissed her as he remained on top of her creamy white body. Just then, there was a knock at the door.

Matthew ignored it, trailing his tongue down her body to where the explosion she had experienced began.

"Shouldn't I get the door?" Celia asked as her body quivered from Matthew's exploring tongue. She could feel Matthew's head shake from side to side, as he was buried between her legs. A loud moan escaped her lips.

"Celia." The door opened and a woman entered. "Celia, what are you doing?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Celia woke up to Amy shaking her. Amy Jackson was everything Celia Monroe was not. Amy was a thin, twenty-five year old blonde with straight hair, the bluest eyes and the most man-alluring wardrobe Celia had ever laid eyes on. She often wondered how this young vixen would ever consider a slightly overweight, thirty-five year old who dressed like her mother to be her best friend.

"What?" Celia asked as she wiped her eyes and looked at the clock.

"Have you been here all night?" Amy asked as she poured Celia a hot cup of coffee. "Matthew is not going to like this. He made you the advice columnist for a reason. He thought reporting was too stressful for you, but here you are again, pulling an all-nighter at the office. And for what, 'How do I tell my wife I'm having an affair with her brother?'" Amy read from the letter on her desk.

"Josh!" Amy called, sticking her head outside the office door. "Help please! We need to get Celia presentable before Matthew gets here."

A young man with unruly black hair entered Celia's office and closed the door. Going to her closet, he pulled out a pair of black dress pants and a blue top. He rushed Celia into her private restroom, handed her the outfit and grabbed the makeup bag from her purse like a pro. He had certainly done this task before. Celia didn't care that Josh helped take care of her, in fact, she found it very stimulating...being waited on by a man. She just hated the circumstances. Besides, Josh was very easy on the eyes. If only her eyes were fully functioning instead of still puffy from her all-nighter.

"I'll go stall Matthew," Amy said as she ran out the door.

Josh waited patiently for any requests Celia might have. Within five minutes, Celia emerged from the restroom looking as vibrant as a frumpy thirty-five year old advice columnist could.

"Thank you," she whispered to Josh as the door opened.

"Good morning, Sunshine," Matthew said as he entered Celia's office. "I'm about to send out for doughnuts, would you like any?"

"A glazed would be nice, thank you," Celia replied as she shuffled through the papers on her desk. She could not bring herself to look at Matthew after she had that wild dream about them together.

"Okay, newbie. It's John, right?"

"No, it's..." Josh tried to correct him.

"Run down to doughnut shop and bring back two dozen glazed and a dozen chocolate. Just put it on the tab. I promise you won't miss anything while you're gone."

Matthew turned and walked out of the office, making his usual morning rounds.

"How long does this newbie act run?" Josh asked as he picked up his jacket from the chair.

"At least until someone new comes along. But don't sweat it. He won't be replacing you with a younger photographer for a while. Just try not to get stressed about taking those pictures in the field," Celia joked.

"See you later," Josh replied as he left her office.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hey, Amy, come here for a minute," Celia called from her desk as Amy passed by. "Listen to this." Celia held up a letter and began to read aloud:

*Dear Celia,*

*I am in love with the most beautiful girl in the world. She's smart, funny, sexy, kind, I could go on forever. I love just being around her. She always brightens my day, no matter what kind of mood I'm in. The only problem I can find is that she doesn't know how I feel about her. In fact, I'm not sure she even knows I exist. This wouldn't be a problem if I weren't shy. In fact, you might even say that I am scared of her. Not of her, but of her rejection. I don't know what I should do. It just makes it hard coming in to work everyday, seeing her, and not having the balls to say anything to her about it. Please help.*

*Desperately awaiting your advice,*

*Crushing*

"Oh, I like that one," Amy said as she settled into the chair across from Celia. "Why can't I find a guy like that?"

"Because you're too obsessed with the guys who want sex with no strings attached," Celia said, without thinking.

"Ouch, that hurt, Celia," Amy said as she leaned back, uncrossing her legs.

"Sorry," Celia said as she placed the letter in her purse.

"Worrying about true love in this day and age is what will put you in an early grave. Why not worry about Mr. Good-enough-for-right-now?" Amy asked her.

"What?" Celia was floored by Amy's comment.

"Celia, you just need to get out. I'll swing by and pick you up around eight o'clock and we'll go to Club Zero. Then you can crash at my place. That is unless you find another place to stay for the evening."

"Amy, I can't. I've got to work." Celia said as she turned off her computer.

"Don't lie to me. You're an advice columnist for crying out loud. I'll be at your place at eight." Amy stood up and walked out the door.

"Fine, see you then." Celia said as she picked up her things and followed Amy out the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

Celia took an empty stool at the bar. She was never really one for the club scene. Amy had been asked to dance the minute she walked in the door. Who wouldn't ask a gorgeous blonde in a skin-tight, metallic blue halter dress to dance? Celia wondered if her black cocktail dress was the wrong choice.

"What'll you have?" the bartender asked as she pulled the letter and a pen from her purse.

"Margarita, extra salt," she mumbled as she struggled to get the pen to write.

"Here, use this," a familiar voice said.

Celia turned around to see Matthew Carlson. His ice blue eyes twinkled as he held out his pen to her. She smiled graciously and accepted it. He took a seat next to her.

"I hope you're not working on anything. I moved you to a less stressful job because I didn't want you to work yourself to death. And here you are, a Friday night at Club Zero, sitting at the bar, *working*." Matthew shook his head.

"I'm not big on clubs," Celia mumbled. *God, he was so sexy!*

"Here's your drink," the bartender smiled, placing it in front of her.

"I'll have one of those, as well," Matthew said suavely.

"Better make that two," another voice said. "You weren't going to forget about me, were you?"

Celia turned around to see a steamy brunette nibble on Matthew's earlobe. She was wearing next to nothing, and about to pop out of what little material holding her oversized silicone breasts.

"Celia, this is Jady," Matthew said as the brunette's hand moved between his legs.

"Nice to meet you," Celia said politely as she downed her margarita.

"Come dance with me, lover," Jady said as she grabbed her drink from the bar.

Matthew's hand rested on Celia's leg, "Don't work too hard, okay?" He smiled, grabbed his drink, and followed his date to the dance floor.

"Can I have another?" Celia asked the bartender.

"Celia Monroe. What a surprise to see you here tonight," Josh Butler said as he sat down where Matthew had been just moments before.

As sad as she was to see Matthew go, she was more than excited that Josh took his place instead of some dirty drunk wanting a piece of ass. *He's certainly no Matthew, but nevertheless a comparable substitution.*

"Hi, Josh," Celia said as she grabbed a napkin to write on.

"I overheard a lot of people at the office talking about coming here tonight, so I thought I'd check it out. Are you working?" Josh asked, catching a glimpse of the letter.

"Yes. I'm working. I have to respond to my readers," Celia said, taking a sip of her drink.

"So what advice are you dishing out this evening, after putting back a couple of drinks?" Josh asked genuinely.

Celia was shocked that someone could actually be interested in her work. Matthew lost interest when he moved her to advice columnist. All Matthew held an interest in were top stories. Either Josh was a really good actor or he had no life.



"Well, this guy has a huge crush on one of his co-workers, and he wants to know what he should do to get her to notice him. I just find it hilarious that I am giving advice about something I know nothing about."

"What? Having a crush on a co-worker?"

"No. Love," Celia said matter-of-factly.

"You can't be serious, Celia. You mean you've never been in love?"

"Oh, I've been in love plenty of times. It's just that I've never had it reciprocated. I'm always the friend." Celia finished off her drink in a single gulp.

*How can I open up like this to Josh? What is it about him that makes me so comfortable around him? It's not natural. He has to be gay or something. Too bad. He does have a nice ass.*

"Well, what advice would you give this guy? How would *you* like to be wooed?" Josh asked. "That's how you need to look at this letter. Give advice from a woman's perspective. It doesn't matter if you've never experienced it. How would you want to experience it?"

"Thanks, Josh," Celia smiled.

"Hey, I've got plans tonight, so you can take my car whenever you're ready to go," Amy said as she slipped in between them.

"Okay," Celia replied as she slipped off the stool and almost stumbled to the floor.

"I think I'll take her home," Josh said placing his hand on Amy's shoulder.

Celia felt a tinge of jealousy rush through her as she noticed where Josh's hand was resting. Although she really didn't know why she was jealous since Amy wasn't after Matthew; Besides, Josh and Amy might make a good couple. Celia finally decided that she was just jealous of being alone and was angrier with Matthew than ever.

"Josh, I didn't see you there. What do you think of the club? Isn't it great?" Amy said as she took a drink of Josh's coke.

"It's fine, but I'm getting ready to call it a night. I'll make sure she gets home okay." Josh said as he draped Celia's arm around his shoulder.

"Okay. See you on Monday! Bye Celia!" Amy yelled as she disappeared back into the crowd.

"You really need to watch your alcohol," Josh said as he helped Celia into his car.

"I'm a horrible person," Celia began to cry.

"No, I wasn't being mean. I was just worried," Josh said as he buckled her in, then ran around to the driver's side, and climbed in. Celia was not going to quit crying unless he did something.

Josh leaned over to Celia and put his arms around her. Celia placed her head on his shoulder—a perfect fit. She was closer to Josh at this moment than she had been with any other man in her life.

"You smell good," Celia said as she started to drift off.

"So, what advice are you going to give this guy?" Josh asked, trying to keep her awake.

"Flowers," Celia mumbled between sobs, "and chocolate." And with that, Celia passed out.

\* \* \* \* \*

Celia could not remember her weekend very well. She woke up Sunday morning with a huge hangover. She fixed a pot of coffee, popped herself a couple of aspirin, and stepped outside for the morning paper.

She sat down on the couch with her hot cup of joe and began flipping through to her column. She could not remember sending anything in to the paper Saturday. In fact, she could not remember much of anything except Matthew and his big-breasted bimbo.

Just then, the phone rang.

"Celia, are you okay? You sounded horrible when you called in yesterday to tell me you emailed your column in." Amy asked.

"I'm fine. Just a little hung over," Celia answered. "Wow, I don't remember anything."

"Well, the last I saw you, Josh was helping you out of the club and was taking you home."

"Really? So, how's work going today?" Celia asked as she finally found the page.

"It's fine. You should get some rest. I'll see you on Monday. Oh yeah, great response to that guy's letter," Amy replied as she quickly got off the phone.

Celia put her cup of coffee down and began to read her column:

*Dear Crushing,*

*If you love this woman so much, you shouldn't be afraid to tell her. If you are still nervous about expressing your true feelings to her, why not send her flowers or chocolates? Every girl likes flowers and chocolate. It would be a great way to break the ice between you.*

*Wishing you the best of luck,*

*Celia*

Amy was right. It was damn good advice.

\* \* \* \* \*

Celia was busy reading emails when Amy entered with a gift bag. She was glowing with excitement as she placed the bag in the middle of Celia's desk and plopped down on the edge of her desk.

"What is this?" Celia asked, surprised as she reached for the gift.

"Only the newest romance book by your favorite author," Amy said smiling. "It came out this morning. I felt really bad about dragging you out to the club and abandoning you Friday night. I hoped this could be a peace offering. Anyway, I know how much you enjoy these kinds of books."

"Thanks, Amy," Celia said as she looked into the bag. "Don't worry about Friday," she said as she gave her a hug.

"Is it your birthday, Celia?" Josh asked as he poked his head into her office.

"No, thank God. I can't imagine getting another year older just yet," she smiled and put the bag on the floor beside her desk.

"Okay. I'm getting lunch for everyone. Do you guys want something?"

"Grilled chicken salad," Amy replied as she stood up.

"Bacon cheeseburger and fries," Celia said.

"Okay, I'll be back with them soon," Josh said as he wrote down their orders.

"Little Josh took my drunk ass home on Friday?" Celia asked as soon as Josh was out of earshot.

"Yeah, he did. He was really nice about it."

"My apartment was a mess. You know I have to clean up before anyone comes over," Celia said, as she pushed a stray red curl behind her ear.

“Oh, please, your apartment is immaculate. Don’t even tell me you were worried about little Josh finding out that you’re an obsessive cleaner.”

“I’m such a dork,” Celia said, “worrying about what a twenty-something year old thinks of my apartment.” *God, please tell me my bedroom wasn’t a disaster. I did put away the panties that were on the floor, didn’t I?*

“Celia, you worry about what everyone thinks of everything. Don’t sweat it. I’m going to run down to the Coke machines. Do you want one?” Amy asked as she headed out the door.

“That would be nice,” Celia replied. A moment later, there was a knock at Celia’s door.

“Come in,” she said, glancing up to see Matthew standing before her with a bouquet of flowers and a box of chocolates. He gave her a dashing smile.

Celia’s heart raced as he entered her office. Could this be happening? Could Matthew Carlson be bringing her flowers?

“Delivery! I was just at the front desk, and these came in.”

“They’re beautiful, Matthew,” Celia said standing up. *How badly she wanted him to shut the door and take her on her desk.*

“I know,” Matthew said stepping in closer to her desk. “Have you seen Amy? They’re for her. I thought she was just in here.”

Celia’s heart hit the ground. She gave a weak smile and walked over to take the gifts.

“She just stepped out to the vending machines. I’ll make sure she gets them,” Celia said.

“Thanks. The receptionist was busy with the phone, so I just thought I’d bring them by on my way back to my office.” Matthew turned around to leave and ran into Amy, who was carrying two sodas.

“Somebody’s got a delivery,” he said to her as they passed each other.

“Celia, are those for you?” Amy asked excitedly, putting Celia’s Diet Coke down on the desk.

“No, they’re yours. So, read the card. Who are they from?” Celia asked handing the flowers to Amy.

"I've got a crush on you. Your secret admirer," Amy read aloud from the card.

"How sweet, just what any girl would want, flowers and chocolate," Celia mumbled.

"At least we know somebody, other than yourself, reads your column," Amy joked.

"Very funny," Celia said, throwing a pen at her.

"Lunch is served! Who got flowers?" Josh asked as he placed their food orders down on Celia's desk.

"Amy has a secret admirer," Celia said as she opened her box. "Shit, I forgot to tell you no onions." She began picking the onions off the burger.

"Sorry," Josh said.

"Don't worry about it, I'll live. Now if you'll both excuse me, I have a lunch date with a book." Celia said.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Dear Celia,*

*It's me again. I just don't think she's noticing me. How can I tell if she likes me without coming right out and asking her? I know, you probably think I'm this big coward. I'm not. I just don't feel worthy of her.*

*Still in love,*

*Crushing*

*Dear Crushing,*

*You are not a coward. A lot of people have a problem when it comes to expressing their love to another person. You might not believe it, but it's a very normal feeling. This girl must be someone special for you to continue to pursue her. If you're still worried about telling her, get close to one of her friends and see what you can find out.*

*Don't give up!*

*Celia*

\* \* \* \* \*

"What do your plans look like tonight?" Matthew asked as he leaned against the door to Celia's office.

"Me?" Celia asked, as she shut down her computer.

"I don't see anyone else in here," Matthew replied with a devilish grin.

"Nothing in particular, just thought I'd rent a couple movies and go home."

"Oh, so you wouldn't want to go out to dinner with me tonight?"

"Are you asking?" Celia said as she put on her jacket.

"I think I just did," Matthew replied, handing Celia her purse.

"I think I could arrange that," Celia smiled.

"I'll pick you up at seven." Matthew turned around and bumped into Josh.

"Have a good night, John."

"It's Josh, sir." But Matthew had already turned the corner.

"Hey, Celia, do you know where Amy went?"

"I think she's already left. Why?"

"Oh, no reason. Do you know if she has plans tonight?"

"Oh, does Josh have a crush?" Celia asked as she locked her office. Josh blushed.

*It's true! He does like Amy. How can he like her? I thought he wasn't a superficial guy. What do I know? What do I care? I mean, come on, it's just Josh. Why am I getting so worked up over this? I don't care!*

"I think she said something about going back out to Club Zero," Celia said.

"Thanks," Josh mumbled, walking quickly away.

"Good luck," Celia called after him.

Celia could not believe it. She was going out to dinner with Matthew Carlson. Finally, things were turning around.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I'm really glad you agreed to have dinner with me tonight," Matthew said as he pushed Celia's seat in for her.

"I'm glad that you asked me. I don't think I've ever been here before. I hope the food is as good as you said it was on the way here." Celia said, flirtatiously twirling a curl around her finger.

"You look beautiful tonight. I love your dress, and what you've done to your hair?" Matthew asked, moving his chair closer to hers.

"All I did was let it down," Celia blushed.

"I like it. You should wear it like that more often."

“So why are we seated at this secluded table away from everyone else?” Celia asked, toying with the necklace around her neck.

“It’s my usual table.”

Celia felt Matthew’s hand on her thigh. She glanced around nervously to see if anyone was sitting close by. They were seated completely out of sight of anyone at the restaurant. Celia turned toward Matthew, spreading her legs wide.

Matthew’s hand moved smoothly up her leg, pushing her dress up as he went. He was shocked to find no material shielding her from penetration. He kneeled on the floor in front of her, burying his head between her open legs, and kissed her. She moaned as he moved his tongue in and out of her. She tried to stifle her moans to avoid causing a scene. Matthew sensed this and looked up at her deep brown eyes.

“Don’t worry, nobody can hear you. They won’t disturb us until I let them know we’re ready. Please don’t be quiet; it takes away half the fun.” He smiled before burying his head once more.

Celia slipped out of her shoes, stretching and curling her toes in rhythm to the motion of his tongue gliding inside of her. Feeling herself grow moist, she arched her back as a loud moan escaped her lips. She was on the verge of coming. Matthew scooted her closer to him and held onto her ass as she exploded into the most earthshaking orgasm she had ever experienced.

“Celia, I must say this is the best dessert I’ve ever had at this restaurant,” Matthew said as he lapped up her juices. “You don’t mind if I have some more, do you?”

Celia’s breathing quickened as Matthew stood up and helped her onto the table. He quickly unzipped his pants and buried himself inside her warm, moist body. Unhooking the strings around her neck to let the top of her dress fall and expose her swollen breasts, he began kissing her neck.

She clung to him tightly as he continued to thrust his hardness inside her body. His hands groped and kneaded her breasts and his tongue found the way into her panting mouth. She had never experienced this much pleasure. She could taste herself on his tongue. She began to quiver.

“Hold on, I’m not finished with you yet,” Matthew whispered as he made his way to her tender breasts. He began to suckle one, as he continued driving deeper inside her.

She did not know how much longer she could last like this. Matthew, sensing she was not able to hold on much longer, suckled the other breast as he picked her up and pinned her against the wall.

Celia wanted to come; she needed to come. All of this energy inside of her made her body ache. She moaned as Matthew quickened his thrusts. She was almost there. Then in one deep thrust, he slid her down the wall into him, and she felt a refreshing spring of liquid run down her legs. Celia fell into his arms.

"I better clean this up," he said as he sat her down on the table and began to lick up the sticky liquid between her legs. Once he had cleaned her of every last drop of cream, he sat in back in his seat.

"Are you ready to order?" he asked as he started to button his pants.

"Not yet. I haven't had my dessert," Celia said as she slipped off the table and onto the floor in front of him.

"You didn't think that I'd forget about your needs, did you?" Celia asked as she slipped his pants down and began to lick his hardness. Matthew's eyes rolled back in his head as Celia's tongue went up and down his shaft, and then flicked across his head.

Celia took his cock into her mouth, sliding up and down. Matthew placed his hands at the back of her head, grabbing her red curls and helped her find the rhythm he needed. He thrust himself deep in her throat while Celia dug her nails into his ass for traction.

The thought of pleasing Matthew made Celia work harder. Within minutes, he could stand it no longer. She drank his juices and ran her tongue over his cock once more, just in case she had missed a drop. Matthew moaned as she gave his head one last suck before climbing back into her seat.

"I think I'm ready to order now," Celia said as she took a sip of water.

"Celia, you haven't even looked at the menu," Matthew said opening his own.

"Have you not heard anything I've said? You've been in outer space for a while now." Matthew felt her head. "You don't feel hot, are you feeling well?"

Celia was so embarrassed. *I've got to quit reading these damn romance novels.*



"I'm fine, really. What were you saying?" Celia asked, trying hard to focus on Matthew.

"I asked you to dinner tonight because I was hoping you might know if Amy likes me."

"What?" Celia was in shock.

"Well, I took your advice and sent her flowers and chocolates, but I was afraid to put my name on them. You know...interoffice relationships."

"You've got to be kidding me. You're *Crushing*?" Celia was beginning to feel sick. She had been giving love advice to *her* crush about another girl. Not just any girl. Amy.

"No. I'm not the guy that's been writing in. I would never have the guts to put my feelings down on paper. However, I did read your column and you gave excellent advice. So I took it."

"I have to go," Celia stood up quickly and walked out of the restaurant.

"Celia, wait," Matthew yelled as he chased her down the sidewalk.

"Go away, Matthew," Celia yelled back at him.

"Your purse, you forgot your purse." Matthew caught up with her at the street corner.

"What should I do?"

"Go home, Matthew. That's what I'm doing," Celia said between tears.

"I drove you here. How will you get home?"

"I'll stop a cab. Thanks for getting my purse, now just go away."

"Celia, what's wrong?"

"You! You 'promoted' me to advice columnist just to give my reporting job to Amy. You don't care about my feelings. You don't care about anyone but yourself," Celia screamed at him.

"Celia, I promoted you to advice columnist because I was worried about you. You're a good reporter, but you were always at work. Don't think I didn't notice. I wanted you to have a life outside of work. Besides, you're great at what you're doing now. I didn't mean to hurt you. Now, please, let me take you home."

As Celia turned and cried into Matthew's chest, his arms wrapped around her. This was not how she had pictured tonight going at all.

Agonizing silence loomed, with the drive home. Celia was relieved when she saw her apartment ahead. The car stopped and Matthew came around to let her out.

"I could never picture myself with you, Celia. You're too good for me. You deserve so much more. I'm just looking for mindless sex," Matthew said as he helped her out of the car.

"Then you and Amy will be perfect together. She's at Club Zero. Go buy her a drink. That's what she likes."

"Thanks, Celia." Matthew kissed her cheek.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Celia, you will never guess what happened Friday night." Amy said as she entered her office.

"What?" All the anger Celia had felt towards Amy had disappeared over the rest of the weekend. If Matthew just wanted a booty call, Amy was right up his alley.

"I was at Club Zero and," Amy stopped as Josh entered with their lunches.

"They really need to hire someone to run for lunch, instead of having the new people do it. I mean, they could have you in the field a lot more than they do. Your pictures are much better than Archie's." Celia said as she opened her box.

"No onions," Josh said smiling.

"Thanks." *He remembered! He is going to make someone one hell of a boyfriend.*

As soon as Josh left, Amy closed the door.

"Okay, continue," Celia said as she took a bite of her burger.

"As I was saying, I was at Club Zero and guess who I ran into?" Amy asked excitedly.

"Matthew?"

"Well, yes, I did see him, but that's not who I'm talking about."

"Okay, who was it?"

"Josh."

"I forgot about that. He asked where you might be Friday night. I guess he found you then?"

"So guess what he wanted?"

"A free ride," Celia joked. Amy threw a pen, which hit her on the forehead.

“Ouch! Okay, what did he want?”

There was a knock at the door. It was Matthew.

“Celia, they need you up front at reception,” he said smiling.

“Couldn’t they just call?” Celia asked as she walked out of the office.

When she reached the reception desk, she found the most beautiful arrangement of pink and orange tulips and a box of dark chocolate truffles, her favorite.

“These just arrived for you, Celia,” the secretary said. “Who are they from?”

Celia looked through the bouquet and on the chocolate box.

“I don’t know. I can’t find a card.”

Celia carried her gifts back to her office. *Matthew*, she thought. *Just thanking me for helping him get into Amy’s pants.*

“Funny,” Celia told Matthew as she sat her flowers on her desk and sat back in her chair. “Real funny.”

“What’s funny?” Matthew asked.

“Thanks for the chocolate though,” Celia said as she quickly finished her lunch so she could dig into her truffles.

“Celia, I didn’t send these to you. I wouldn’t do that and you know it,” Matthew said. “Although I do appreciate your help with everything,” Matthew left the office quietly.

“Celia, will you just listen to me!” Amy cried as she shut the door behind Matthew.

“Sure. Truffle?” she offered Amy the box.

“It’s Josh. Josh likes you. He found me Friday at Club Zero and asked if I would talk to him. He actually did most of the talking. I just listened, but he really likes you.”

Celia almost choked on her truffle. She grabbed her Diet Coke to chase it down.

“Little Josh? Twenty-something year old photographer, Josh? Josh, who was in here just a few minutes ago, bringing our lunch?”

“Yes.”

“You’re lying. He doesn’t like me. He hardly says anything to me,” Celia stammered.

“Josh has liked you since he’s started working here. He’s just been scared to ask you out because of your age difference. He doesn’t have a problem with it; he just thought you might. Josh is *Crushing*.” Amy said.

“Whatever. Why would Josh like me?” Celia said as she felt her face growing red from embarrassment. Her heart was beating fast although she could not figure out if it was from excitement or anger at the cruelty of the joke. *Could he really like me? A guy really likes me? There has to be something wrong with Josh. It’s just not true. Forget about it.* Nevertheless, the feeling in her heart did not go away. Celia would not allow herself to even seem happy about it, just in case the joke was on her. It had happened before and it sure as hell was not going to happen again.

“Don’t say anything. He didn’t want me to tell you. He finally had the courage to do it himself, but I couldn’t keep this to myself. Please be surprised when he asks you.”

“Fine, if and when he asks me. I will pretend to be surprised.” Celia said sarcastically.

“Okay. Good. Have a great day. And by the way, thanks for Matthew,” Amy said as she slipped out of Celia’s office.

“You’re welcome.”

Celia picked up her lunch box to throw away and noticed a letter lying beneath it. She set the box to the side, picked up the letter and began to read.

*Dear Celia,*

*I finally did it. I took your advice. I just hope it doesn’t turn out badly. This girl means everything to me. She is the reason I come in to work in the morning. If she would let me, she could be the reason I wake up in the morning. I want to thank you for everything you’ve done to help me build my confidence. Now I hope that I get the chance to see into this woman’s heart and fill her every desire. She definitely deserves it.*

*Crushing on you,*

*Josh Butler*

*P.S. If you say yes to this relationship, I’m downstairs waiting in the lobby.*

Tears filled Celia’s eyes. She grabbed the letter and rushed out of the office towards the elevator. The elevator seemed to be stuck on the first floor, so she took off her heels and ran down the stairwell.

Opening the door, she saw Josh standing by the elevator waiting. She walked quickly towards him, wrapped her arms around his neck, and kissed him.

"I guess your answer's yes?" Josh asked as he pushed her into an open elevator and closed the door behind them.

"Yes," Celia said more confidently than she had expected. One look at Josh and she knew that he was the one she had been in love with all along. Now was her chance. Celia did something she had never done before – she made the first move. "Stop the elevator," she whispered in between kisses.

He then hit the stop button and began to take off Celia's top. He unfastened her bra and exposed her breasts to him. He began to suckle one and then the other. Celia began to grow moist. She tore his shirt off him, exposing his ripped torso.

He slid her panties down, as she unbuttoned his pants. Josh then lifted her up against the elevator wall and thrust himself inside her. She moaned as he rocked her back and forth in rhythm to his thrusts.

His green eyes peered into hers as he kissed her passionately. His hands held her curly hair out of her face, while hers ran up and down his back. They came simultaneously.

"I love you." Josh said as he pulled out of her and slid her gently to the ground.

"Pinch me," Celia replied as she clung to him.

"What?"

"Pinch me. Make sure I'm not dreaming."

"Celia, you're not dreaming. If anyone is dreaming, it must be me. I never thought that I would have you."

"You'll always have me, Josh. As long as you want me," Celia said quietly as she tousled his unruly black hair.

"Celia, I will never let you go."

They quickly dressed and made their way up the elevator to the third floor. Josh kissed her all the way up.

*This is so much better than my romance novels, Celia thought to herself. This could be the start of true love.*