



Para-Legal

By

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It was almost six o'clock and Eliot was still at his desk. His sneakered feet shuffled restlessly as he ran his hand through his unruly hair. Lately, the appearance of wiry silver strands in his hair made it seem even more wild. He sighed softly and focused again on the deposition summary in front of him.

It was his birthday. He was 43 years old today. Not that he had anything planned. Since his divorce the previous year, he hadn't had anything like a social life. He sighed. He would have at least liked to have gone for a run or a long walk before dark. But Jamie, his paralegal, had practically begged him to stay to talk to a potential client tonight.

Jamie Pelletier had been with him for about six years. Together, the two of them held down his plaintiff's personal injury practice. She was smart, incredibly organized, and had an almost clairvoyant sense about people, which made her invaluable when it came to screening new cases. Jamie said that the young woman coming in sounded like she had a really compelling case of sexual abuse by a former employer and that her life had been made miserable since. Her new job, working at a motorcycle parts store, kept her from coming in for an interview until after six.

Jamie rattled the door knob lightly as she stepped into his office to do some filing. She was free to move around his office any time, but she didn't like to startle him. As she bent over the lowest drawer of the filing cabinet, he noticed for the jillionth time that she had an incredibly round and tight ass.

Today she was wearing a short denim skirt. It had risen up to reveal the taut backs of her smooth, bare thighs. He leaned back in his chair, turning so that he was sideways to her and put his feet up on his credenza. "I'm sorry you have to stay so long tonight," he said.

She turned to face him, her long brown hair swinging back over her shoulder. She smiled. "It's my fault we're here. I just felt so bad for this woman. It sounds like she's been through hell and, anyway, there's no way you should be meeting her alone in your office."

Jamie was fiercely protective of Eliot. He wondered if he was in love with her.

He had never really trusted his affection for her because she was drop-dead gorgeous. She studied his face and crossed her slender arms. That motion had pushed her round, soft breasts up and against the silky fabric of her blouse. Jamie had large nipples and they were clearly visible now. He pulled his eyes away, hoping that she had not caught him looking.

“You’re not doing anything to celebrate your birthday, are you?” she asked accusingly. Her blue eyes met his with a knowing, amused gleam before glancing over his lean, muscular body. “You are going to waste away in this office and never again have any fun. It’s a tragedy.”

“I love my work,” he said, giving her the same answer he gave her whenever she expressed concern or sorrow over his totally dead and rotting personal life. They heard the door to the outer office open. Jamie turned from him, pushed the file drawer shut with her sandaled foot, and walked out to greet their visitor.

He heard a breathless voice apologize for being late and Jamie muttering soothing words of welcome while offering the usual assortment of beverages. The two women entered his office. Eliot rose to his feet as the new client asked, “Actually, do you have a beer?” Eliot was about to tell her no when Jamie piped in and answered for him.

“Actually, I do have a cold six pack in the refrigerator that I was going to take home tonight. I’ll get one for each of us.” She touched the new client on the shoulder. “It’s Eliot’s birthday. This may be the only celebration he gets tonight.”

Eliot tried to keep his jaw from dropping. This was totally out of character for Jamie. Not only was it unprofessional, it was stupidly risky given the nature of the interview and the fact that this client was a complete unknown. But astonishment, coupled with the social awkwardness of having to correct Jamie in front of this new client, silenced him.

He offered his hand to the visitor. “Eliot Cohen. It’s nice to meet you.”

She put a small, roughened hand into his. There was a tattoo of a coiled black snake on the back of it. “Nina Samson.” She did not smile.

She was tiny except for her hands, which were weathered. She could have passed for sixteen. She had short, spiky bleached blond hair with black roots. Her eyes were

heavily rimmed with eyeliner. She was wearing a black tank top, no bra to hide the two little nipples poking out from her firm mounds, and she sported several tattoos; one on her shoulder, one on her wiry bicep and another on her forearm. He was trying not to stare, but did notice that all of them were black and none looked any friendlier than the snake on her hand. Low slung jeans that showed an inch of pale skin and an innie belly button, and motorcycle boots finished her outfit. Not exactly the picture of a sexual abuse victim, he mused as he gestured for her to have a seat on the couch.

Jamie came in with three open bottles. Smiling, she handed them out and sat down next to Nina on the couch, leaning back comfortably and crossing her long legs toward their visitor. “Eliot, go ahead and take a swig,” Jamie said with a good-natured smile. “It’s not going to kill you.”

Eliot felt a flash of irritation. “No thanks,” he said, inwardly wincing at how priggish it had sounded. He started to add an explanation, but stopped mid-syllable when he realized that it would only sound prim and defensive. He smiled, grabbed the neck of the bottle and gave a long pull of the cold, bitter, fizzy brew. He smiled at Nina. “This is not our normal operating procedure around here. I really would like to hear why you’ve come to a lawyer.”

She did not smile back, but took a second long drink from the brown bottle. She leaned back on the couch, her outstretched arm overlapping Jamie’s. Both he and Jamie were watching her expectantly.

“It started about a year ago, actually.” She ran a hand through her black and yellow spikes. “I had been working at this company for almost five years. I started as a courier, worked my way up to the mail room, then to office systems manager, and then to personal assistant to the president. The personal assistant thing was a great promotion. I was making more than twice what I made as systems manager, and there were all these great perks. I had a huge office. I got to travel. I had my own secretary. The only problem was the assistant part.” Here she took another long swallow and gave Jamie a hard look. She didn’t speak.

Eliot cleared his throat. He always felt bad for women clients who had to describe their abuse to a male lawyer. It seemed like it was doubling the original humiliation.

“Um, I wish I could make it easier for you to tell us about this,” he said. “Take your time, and if there’s anything that you would rather tell only Ms. Pelletier, I can step out of the room.”

Nina pursed her plump pink lips and leaned forward, resting her elbows on her spread knees. The neck of her tank top drooped, revealing the pink edge of her left nipple. Eliot shifted his glance to the legal pad in front of him, and then pushed his beer bottle, now sweating condensation onto his notepad, out of his reach. He waited for Nina to consider her options.

After a silence she looked sideways at Jamie and then said, “I don’t mind telling you what happened, but maybe your secretary can help me go through it.”

Eliot looked at Jamie and raised his eyebrows ever so slightly.

Jamie smiled and turned more toward Nina on the couch, squeezed her arm and said, “Of course, I’ll be happy to do anything that will make this easier for you.”

“All right.” Nina seemed to have reached a decision and a plan of attack. She stood. “Okay. Move the couch back away from the desk a little bit.” Jamie rose and the two of them slid the couch several feet back from the edge of the desk. “You can just stay there,” she said to Eliot who was sitting behind it.

“It started out with small things,” Nina said. “Stuff that seemed like it could have been accidental. For example,” she said as she turned to Jamie, “stand sideways to Eliot like this.” She took Jamie by the shoulders and turned her to stand with her profile to Eliot. “He would do this,” she said, walking slowly by Jamie and brushing her shoulder across her breasts.

Eliot quickly glanced at Jamie’s face. This was a weird demonstration, but Jamie looked completely calm and sympathetic, focusing on Nina.

“Sometimes it would be my ass,” Nina said. “Like when I was leaning over a desk or something.” Here she turned Jamie by the waist, pushed her over the desk so that she was resting on her hands facing Eliot in his desk chair. “He would brush by me like this,” she said, making three or four swaggering passes behind Jamie.

Eliot couldn’t see Jamie’s rear end, but each time Nina demonstrated the action, Jamie would bump forward toward him, her breasts rocking gently back and forth under

her blouse.

Eliot had had enough of the demonstration. He made a face at Jamie that said, “This is too bizarre. I’m putting a stop to it.”

Jamie threw him a look that told him to remain in his seat and to shut up. She looked over her shoulder and said. “This is totally cool, Eliot. I think we should let Nina demonstrate anyway she can. Why don’t you have another drink of your beer before it goes flat? Relax.”

“Anyway,” continued Nina, “it slowly got worse. Whenever he could rub something across my tits or ass, he would.” She grabbed a legal pad from Eliot’s desk and sliced the edge of it across the front of Jamie’s blouse hard. Two things happened: the button of her blouse right at her breast line popped open, and her nipples got hard.

Eliot started to protest again.

This time Nina cut him off. “No, leave it. That actually happened more than once.”

“Oh my God,” said Jamie sympathetically. “How humiliating.”

“No,” Nina explained. “It wasn’t really. By then I knew what he was up to and I refused to act embarrassed because I just figured he’d get off on that. So I just left my shirt open that way, like I could have cared less.”

“Did that work?” asked Jamie.

“No way. He just moved on. Look, like this.” She leaned Jamie back over Eliot’s desk, facing him again. Jamie’s blouse was gapping where the button was undone, and Eliot was working hard not to look. But avoiding Jamie’s breasts was impossible, because the next thing he knew, Nina had moved behind Jamie and had moved her hands up to cup her dangling breasts about a foot or so in front of Eliot’s surprised face.

“He just used it as an invitation to help himself,” Nina said, parting the front of Jamie’s blouse and kneading Jamie’s soft white breasts and terra cotta nipples with her coarse red hands. Eliot lurched back in his chair, mortified at what would surely be Jamie’s totally justified anger and embarrassment.

Jamie laughed softly. “It’s okay, Eliot. It’s not like we haven’t heard of this stuff

before. Let her finish her story. We're all grown-ups here."

Eliot tried to act like a grown-up. Recovering his voice and trying to avoid looking at Nina's hands, which were still squeezing and pulling on Jamie's breasts, though more vigorously now, he asked Nina, "Well, surely you protested at that point?"

"Yeah, of course I did, but he—Jack was his name—he pointed out that I had kind of asked for it by parading around his office with my blouse unbuttoned."

Eliot's eyes were pulled down again to Jamie's breasts, where Nina was pulling hard on her nipples. The nipples were now bright red, hard and angry looking. He couldn't bring himself to look at Jamie's face. How many times had he had this fantasy about her? He was chagrined and painfully aware of the full erection straining down his right pant leg.

"It seems dumb now, but I kind of agreed with him since I had purposely not re-buttoned my blouse." Nina now appeared to be gently rocking against Jamie's hips, in rhythm with her hands, squeezing and prodding her erect nipples.

Eliot glanced at their faces. Both women's lips were slightly apart and wet, and they both had bright, and far away looks in their eyes. Jamie's expression was probably a result of concentration, he guessed. Nina's, he thought, might be a result of remembering. He roused himself. "Look, Nina, we've probably seen enough to get the picture here." He tried a short laugh. "We don't want to wear out Ms. Pelletier here, do we?"

The women's gazes shifted to his face and focused hard.

Nina looked pissed off.

Jamie looked concerned.

"Look, do you want to know what happened, or not?" asked Nina, who sounded pissed off.

Jamie shook her head gently at him as if he were a total prig, and said, "Really, Eliot, under the circumstances I think we should let Nina tell her story in the best way she can."

Fine, Eliot thought. *That's the last I'm saying. You two just go for it.* Aloud he said, "Right. Okay. I'm sorry. Go ahead, please."

“Well,” said Nina, “the tit-squeezing thing got to be routine. I mean, he would just tell me to take my shirt off whenever we were going to spend any time alone together in his office.”

“I don’t get it,” said Jamie. “Why did you keep doing it?”

“Well,” said Nina, straightening Jamie up off of Eliot’s desk and unbuttoning the rest of her blouse, “it didn’t seem like that big a deal, after he’d had his hands all over them a few times. I was trying to show him that I could handle whatever he was dishing out. Like I wasn’t scared of him or anything.” She slid Jamie’s blouse off her shoulders, leaving Jamie bare from the waist up, her two round, heavy breasts dominating both Eliot’s and Nina’s attention. “God, if I’d had tits like yours, though, I might have been more protective.” Saying that, Nina stripped off her tank top, revealing two perfectly hard, round, white half orbs with pointy little pink nipples. Nina picked up Jamie’s hands where they were resting at her sides and placed them over Nina’s breasts. “See? No big deal, really.”

“God, no,” said Jamie with an out-rush of sympathy. “You have great tits. Look how smooth and round they are. Look at your little nipples poking into my fingers.” Jamie was staring at her hands, which were gently rubbing and prodding Nina’s small hard breasts.

After a pause, where both women seemed mesmerized by the effects of Jamie’s hands and eyes on Nina’s breasts, Nina said, “Go ahead, lick them. That’s what he would do.”

After a moment’s hesitation, Jamie leaned down and started kissing, licking and sucking gently on Nina’s nipples.

After what seemed to Eliot like a very long silence, broken only by soft sucking and smacking noises from Jamie’s lips, Nina said, “Well, kind of like that, only you’re being way nicer. Here,” she said, as she moved Jamie’s hands away from her. “Jack was more like this,” and she grabbed Jamie’s right breast with both hands and started licking it hard, her pick tongue completely extended, making slurping noises. “I would be completely soaked when it was time to put my shirt on,” Nina said with disgust. “He liked to use his teeth,” she said, baring her lips and biting down on Jamie’s nipple.

Jamie gasped sharply, her eyes heavy, her breathing short. When Eliot looked at her face in alarm, she was flushed and totally focused on what Nina was doing and saying.

I'm staying out of it this time, thought Eliot, not wanting to seem insensitive for being sensitive again. He waited.

"Well, of course, it went further," Nina said. "One day when I was filing," she said, glancing around the room. "Here," she said, taking Jamie by the hand. "Bend over here like you're putting something in that file drawer."

Jamie bent over the same file drawer at which Eliot had been admiring her derriere previously.

"Okay. It was like this," said Nina. "He just came up behind me, slid my skirt up, and had his hands in my panties before I knew what was happening." This she demonstrated deftly, laying bare before Eliot's eyes the vision he had fantasized about every night for about six years.

He quit trying not to stare. Jamie's ass was smooth and round and pink like a peach. The perfectly rounded cheeks split where her thighs began, and there he could see the sweet lips of her cunt starting. There was a small, dark, indentation where her asshole was hidden. His erection was getting painful.

Nina started caressing the curves of Jamie's ass. "I was frozen, I guess," she said. "I knew we were going to get to this and I was torn between being furious, and wanting to show him I didn't give a shit about his stupid little fantasy." Her hands slid between Jamie's legs and moved them a little farther apart, revealing more of her cunt lips and a little more of the shadowy opening into her ass.

"But he had guessed my game, and he thought he had outsmarted me." She swung her rough hand back and brought it around hard, smacking Jamie's ass. Jamie bucked a little. "He still thought he could humiliate me." Here, she started swatting Jamie's ass in earnest, landing blow after open-handed blow on the quickly reddening cheeks. Jamie was moving her ass in rhythm with the smacking sounds.

Eliot wasn't sure, but he thought he heard her moaning a little, sympathetically, he thought.

“Well, he guessed wrong,” Nina said. “His stupid little fantasy just made me more determined not to give him the satisfaction of dominating me.”

“Ahem,” said Eliot, since it seemed like she’d paused for a reaction from him. “So, what’d you do?” His voice sounded rough and coarse. His armpits were hot and sticky, and he somehow had to get to his cock to release from the straightjacket of his now damp and tight jeans leg.

Nina released a short barky laugh. “I asked him why he needed to play his little boy fantasies with me. I told him that maybe he was ashamed of his teeny little cock, and that he needed to act like a big man with people he could bully.” As she spoke, Nina knit her brow, pursed her lips, and started really whacking Jamie’s ass hard. It was quivering now, and rocking slightly back and forth.

Eliot was sure he could hear Jamie moaning.

“So, like, duh, I’m such a fool,” Nina said. “Of course he whips out the biggest cock I’ve ever seen and shoves it up my ass.” Nina reached down, undid the snap on her jeans and yanked them down, revealing a black leather harness, which circled the hard mounds of her ass.

Eliot was heartily resisting the urge to move to where he could see the front of her crotch. He was pretty sure he was looking at something he’d never encountered in real life, certainly not in his 15-year marriage to a woman to whom sex with him had been a chore somewhere on the fun scale between washing the dishes and cleaning the litter box.

What happened next was a fast blur. Jamie cried out. Eliot jumped out from behind his desk to get to her. When he reached the two women, he could see about three inches of a bright purple dildo sticking out of Jamie’s puckered little asshole attached to a grommeted leather ring in front of Nina’s shaved pelvis. Nina’s hips were jerking forward, and she was making soft grunting noises. Jamie’s face was pointing downward toward the open file cabinet, and her long hair was hiding her face.

“Oh, God,” Jamie gasped. “Help me, Eliot.”

Eliot felt panicked and at a loss as to what help was called for. “What do you want me to do?” he asked, pulling her hair back over her shoulder so he could see her face.

“Unnnhhh,” she moaned. “Bring over a chair and set it down where you are.”

Frowning, Eliot grabbed a side chair and slid it up to Jamie’s side, where he had been standing.

“Sit down,” Jamie gasped.

Nina pulled a clear plastic tube out of her pocket, and was rubbing a clear gel over the shaft of the purple dildo.

Eliot sat. Jamie reached over and grasped his knee, pulling her self away from the filing cabinet. As she rotated, Nina moved with her, so that Jamie had a hand on each of his knees, her face almost against his chest, and her breasts hanging down within inches of his hands, which were resting on his now somewhat shaky thighs.

Nina was still directly behind Jamie, her eyes on Eliot, her hips working the dildo into Jamie’s ass.

“Ohhh, that’s better now,” said Jamie, as Nina started banging into her backside again. “Help me, Eliot,” said Jamie again, this time tilting her chin up so that her wet lips pressed onto his. She kissed him deeply, sucking his lips, taking his tongue in her mouth, and biting it gently. She was moaning and kissing and licking him. He could feel her naked breasts now pushing into his t-shirt. His hands were full of her breasts, pushing and prodding them, his fingers finding her nipples and pinching them softly to feel their hardness.

Jamie pulled away from his lips, rested a hand on his shoulder, and moved her other hand down to his erection. She squeezed it gently, making a little sympathetic noise. She popped open his top button, tugged his zipper down and, with the help of Eliot, slipped his very erect cock out of its denim sheath. He could barely sigh his relief when Jamie had her tongue running up and down its length, circling its crown. He held his breath.

Jamie stopped suddenly and looked at Eliot’s face, which was a mixture of astonishment, embarrassment and raw lust. “Happy birthday,” Jamie grunted, the syllables broken by the thrust of Nina’s dildo deep in her ass. “I wanted to show you a good time for your birthday.”

To his mortification, Eliot faltered. He felt himself blushing deeply. This was

suddenly way too personal. He didn't want to start something with Jamie! Well, he thought as he glanced over her smooth shoulders and back to the twin mounds of her raised ass, maybe he did. Shit. He could feel his erection slipping away.

He tried to speak, to apologize. Nothing came out but a croak.

"Eliot." Jamie said gently but firmly. She took her hand from his increasingly limp cock and gently turned his face toward her own until his dark blue eyes were staring into her own calm grey ones.

He gazed deeply there and felt his rising panic calm to stillness. For what seemed like a very long time, Jamie held him with her eyes. There was complete silence. No one moved.

Little by little, Eliot became aware of the sensation of Jamie's breath on his lips. It was calm and steady, warm and moist when she breathed out, soft and cool when she breathed in. His mind was held still by her gaze. His body tuned itself to the gentle rising and falling of her breath. He found himself timing his inhalations to catch and pull in as much of her exhalation as he could. He was hungry for her breath. So hungry. Without a thought, his lips moved to hers. This time, as he felt their warmth and wetness, he realized he was starving. He was ravenous. He was crazy with raw aching hunger.

He moved his hand to the back of her head and pressed her hard against his mouth. He was trying to devour her lips, her tongue, to drink her in. His tongue probed and prodded her mouth, pushed against her tongue, penetrating her. His hunger grew. Now his lips were tasting her lips, her cheeks, her eyelashes, her hair, her earlobes, and then back to her wet warm inner mouth. He moaned.

His cock was rock hard and back in her hands. Her lips were parted. Her eyes closed. Her head arched back to reveal the curve of her neck. He moved lower, kissing, and biting her neck. He moved his hands down to cup her breasts. Their soft weight made him gasp. He had to consciously stop himself from squeezing them too hard. He kneaded them gently, rolling her hard nipples between his thumbs and forefingers. His hunger roared up in his throat, and he pulled her, in one motion, landing her spread-legged on his lap, Nina's dildo slipping out of her ass.

Jamie arched her back, thrusting her pelvis against cock, her breasts taut and

straining against his t-shirt. He shoved his hand under her naked ass and lifted her up to where he could feast on her breasts, squeezing, licking, biting, gorging himself on her. And then he was inside her. A sensation flooded him, washing over his cock down his thighs, up through his belly and his chest, and out through his toes and fingertips. It was relief. Overwhelming relief. He had been starving, wasting away, drying up, emptying, dying. And when Jamie's warm pussy slid down around his cock, wrapping it in its warm juices, he knew for the first time in months—years—that he was alive, that he was going to live.

He paused, panting. He looked into Jamie's eyes. Her gaze was soft, but there was something wicked in the way her brows arched. Amusement lurked at the corners of her lips. She was all there with him. He could feel every part of her vibrating under her skin. And he knew that she could feel all of him—he had no place to hide.

Jamie pressed her lips against his and kissed him deeply. Slowly, she began to rock her hips back and forth, sliding along his rigid, pulsing cock. She moaned. The sound, which he felt deep in his throat, almost made him come.

Gently, he pushed her off his lap and lifted her up onto his desktop. He lowered her down so that she was lying on top of the paperwork strewn there, her legs dangling off the edge. Eliot drew first her left foot, and then her right onto the edge of the table so that Jamie's feet were spread and her knees were propped apart, her legs open. Eliot, on his knees now, had a perfect view of her delicious cunt. Its pink lips were glistening, and they curled open right at the opening of her warm pussy. Eliot grasped Jamie's hips and pulled her toward him. The warm, sweet, salty smell of her pussy filled his nostrils. Again, the hunger swelled in him and he was thrusting his tongue deep into her, running his tongue roughly up and over every nook and cranny, sucking her lips, rimming the opening to her ass.

Jamie was moaning, her pelvis moving in short, choppy jerks. "Oh God, it's too fast Eliot," she gasped.

Eliot paused, breathing in her scent, tasting her on his tongue and lips. He kissed the inside of her thighs, and moved back to her center, slowly this time, letting the tip of his tongue find her clit. He moved along its sides ever so slowly, up and down, back and

forth, each time just brushing her hard little knob with the sides of his tongue. He moved slowly, lazily, as if there was nothing in the world to do but slide up and down her channels, breathing and drinking her in.

Jamie's movements slowed and stopped. She became incredibly still. Eliot might have stopped, but there was a quality about the stillness that excited him. He shortened his strokes, ever so slightly, and stiffened his tongue.

Jamie gasped.

Eliot resisted the urge to speed up, instead focusing on the sensation of his tongue against her now throbbing clit.

Suddenly Jamie's hips thrust her pussy hard against his mouth, she grasped his head with her hands and pushed his head down so that he could ram his tongue up into her.

He tongue-fucked her hard and fast.

She was shuddering now and alternately gasping and moaning. She pulled him up and onto her, her hands searching for his cock. When she touched its pulsing hardness, she gasped again and tipped her pelvis high to receive him.

When he slid into her, it was as if she unleashed what had been held in her stillness before. She thrust her pussy hard against him again and again, sucking him into her, clasping his ass, burying her face in his neck, alternately moaning and laughing. It was as if every part of her was expressing her delight in him.

Eliot wasn't going to be able to hold out any longer. He closed his eyes to try to collect himself. When he opened them, Jamie was there beneath him, her eyes half-closed, her lips parted, her breasts glistening with sweat, her cunt swallowing and releasing his cock. He slowed his pace, trying to prolong this incredible feast. His birthday feast.

Suddenly a voice, a little husky and with an unmistakable edge of sarcasm, spoke. "Don't blow it *now*, Eliot."

Oh Shit. Nina! He had totally forgotten her. But where was she? Eliot glanced up. Nina was standing, fully clothed, next to the office door, an unlit cigarette drooping from her right hand and her strap-on-dildo dangling from her left.

Catching his eye, Nina cheerfully offered, “If you’re a good boy, and take your time, you can fuck her sweet little ass.”

That was it. Eliot felt the surge come from deep in his belly, and then he was exploding into Jamie, coming and coming and coming. He could hear his own voice roaring out as his thrusts brought waves of pleasure so sharp they were almost agony.

Slowly, slowly the force of his orgasm subsided, and he found himself collapsed on Jamie, his head cradled against her neck, her hand stroking his damp hair, her lips brushing his ear.

“Well, maybe next time,” Jamie said softly.

Eliot thought he heard Nina laugh before the door closed behind her.