



## NEWS AT 11

...For untold moments, as Jared struggled through his news story, Tess's high heel teasing and poking and driving him to apparent distraction, she toyed with the very notion that had come to her during the previous night's broadcast. What would happen if she grabbed his crotch, stroked his cock, during his story? Would Jared entirely break stride? Would he make himself look the fool for the viewing audience? Would Howie still maintain the man's professionalism and allow Jared to continue sharing a show with her, when it was truly her show—and only hers—to begin with?

Her fingers itched to explore, and—damn it!—she could no longer control them.

Nor did she want to.

“B—back to you, Tess,” said Jared, his eyes both pleading for mercy yet demanding more.

With one hand, Tess grabbed her copy—a report on the growing problem of school security—and let her other hand descend behind the newsdesk. As she read the words before her, she allowed her free hand to wantonly roam over her co-anchor's thigh, then his crotch...

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# NEWS AT 11

BY

PARIS DIXON

AMBER QUILL PRESS, LLC

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## AN AMBER QUILL PRESS BOOK

This book is a work of fiction. All names, characters, locations, and incidents are products of the author's imagination, or have been used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead, locales, or events is entirely coincidental.

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*This one's for Catherine Snodgrass,  
my sometimes writing partner (as Caitlyn Willows)  
who has practiced more patience  
than I deserve...*

# CHAPTER 1

“You did what?” blared Tess Iverson, doing nothing to trim the unparalleled fury from her voice as she stormed back and forth across the wide office.

It took all her strength to keep from lunging across the desk and wrapping her trembling hands around the beefy throat of the fiftyish station manager. Her acerbic display—her “calling card,” she thought with satisfaction, which had always worked like a charm when making demands—had sent the program director, the sales director, and the news director out of the office, scurrying like a trio of rodents as if in fear for their lives. Tess didn’t need those peons to interrupt her current tirade, anyway, especially since the lone man sitting before her like a self-professed Buddha actually called all the shots.

“Howie, I thought you said—”

“Now, now, Tess, don’t get all bitchy on me.” Howard Jerkowitz sat back in his swivel chair, wedging a fat cigar between his fat lips, then patting his fat belly with his fat hands. With his mocking gray

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eyes, snide and condescending smile, and twin pit stains darkening his yellowed white shirt, he looked every bit the “Jerk” his last name implied. Or, as Tess amended, still smoldering at his shocking news, “Jerk-Off” seemed more appropriate.

“You haven’t even *begun* to see bitchy!” she countered, her voice rising in volume when his gaze abandoned her.

He seemed to be paying more attention to the television monitors along one full wall of his smoky office. Each monitor silently flashed broadcasts from competitor stations, while the center monitor, the widest, stayed tuned to WGSO, one of Savannah’s local stations—their station. Currently, everything from an *I Love Lucy* rerun, a kiddie extravaganza with clowns conversing with puppets, and a cooking show with a hostess that looked as if she ate every crumb of the crap she “supposedly” concocted single-handedly for the viewing audience, confused the eye. Tess focused her attention on her boss’s face, however, and wished he, for once in his life, would courteously do the same with her. After all, he had just dropped the bombshell of all bombshells, something that affected her hard-won success, and she felt she deserved—as the unqualified star of the fledgling station’s news team—his undivided attention.

“I *will* act bitchy when you go against your own promise, Howie. Indeed, just last month you assured me a sole anchor slot for at least a full year.”

“It’s not like I’m altering your contract, Darlin’. You get the same salary.”

“That’s not the point, and you know it.” The point was Tess being spotted and snatched up by a major market station. Although she had never voiced the “plan” to her co-workers, she knew the station’s Buddha knew exactly when she had in mind. Hell, everyone knew it. The framed and autographed eight-by-tens of Barbara Walters, Diane Sawyer, and Jane Paulie—her idols since youth—that graced her dressing room walls advertised her ultimate goal.



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"I remember what I promised, but numbers don't lie," said Howard, flipping through a mountain of paperwork on his cluttered desk, the garnet in his gold pinkie ring flashing and taunting her like a matador's red cape. "And the numbers say the viewers prefer co-anchors. Male and female."

"But I thought—"

"Oh, yes, your ratings are respectable. Higher, in fact, then they were before we moved you from the morning news to fill the vacant eleven PM seat. Viewers adore you, Darlin'. Or should I say, the male viewers, especially those in the eighteen to thirty-four age range. The females, on the other hand...well, they like you well enough, they trust you, but you flying solo every night is hardly the draw we need to beat the competition from the major networks. Market share is the ticket, Darlin'. The demographics—"

"Fuck the demographics! I won't have—"

"You *will* have a co-anchor, so just get used to sharing the spotlight."

For a moment, Tess seethed in trembling silence. She hated the fact that he had already approved the hiring of a male co-anchor—an inexperienced hot-shot from New York City, of all places on God's Green Earth—without so much as consulting her. Damn it! She had clawed her way to her current position, taking over the popular *News At 11* show after years of grueling field assignments and morning broadcasts. But here, a supposed greenhorn from the Big Apple sends a stupid video of his work and instantly snatches a coveted job without having to pay his dues? Talk about a double standard.

"So who the hell is this Yankee, anyway?"

"His name is Jared Cox and he's—what's so god-damned amusing?"

"It figures you'd hire someone named after a penis."

Jerkowitz flung his mushy cigar stub into an overflowing ashtray, sending puffs of gray-black soot into the air to speckle various folders

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and printouts and framed pictures of his equally hefty wife, children, and grandchildren. His bald pate shimmered with perspiration as he wagged a pudgy index finger at her, like a parent reprimanding an unruly offspring. “You had best learn to curb that tongue, Darlin’, or else—”

“Quit calling me Darlin’, damn it!” With one sweep of her hand, Tess toppled the Himalayas of reports and surveys from his desk, creating an avalanche of worthless demographics that spilled onto the stained and frayed beige carpeting. “I hate it when you call me Darlin’! And for your information, I’m *not* your Darlin’!”

“Or nobody else’s, for that matter.”

“What did you say?”

“You heard me. Damn it, Tess, you’re the best anchorwoman we’ve ever had—the best in all the South, I’m willing to wager—major network talent! But your attitude leaves a lot to be desired.” Grunting his exasperation, Howie bent to retrieve some of the reports that had landed near his feet. “No wonder you ain’t got a man in your life, Darl—err—Little Missy.”

*Little Missy?* She actually preferred “Darlin’.” “Who the hell needs a man, anyway?”

“Recently order a lifetime supply of batteries, did ya?”

A rude question normally generated an equally rude response from Tess. It might have done so in this case as well, had the question not taken her totally by surprise—or been so close to the truth.

For nearly two years, she had poured herself into her career, mostly in a desperate attempt to deal with the aftermath of a nasty breakup. Her former fiancé, a man she had dated since college, had offered her lots of flimsy promises and equally flimsy excuses when none of his promises came to pass. She had vowed then and there to never again allow a man to invade her heart, then leave it in shreds. And since that time, although she truly yearned to have a warm mouth smother her breasts in wet, lingering kisses, a hungry tongue or a pole of hard, male

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flesh inside her pussy instead of a humming plastic substitute, she had made do on her own.

Now, Howie's question hovered in the air, nearly as tangible as his swirling cigar smoke. Instead of fury, however, Tess felt a wave of stupefying mortification that left her speechless.

"Lord knows you're a fine looker, and smart as a whip," continued her boss, slamming crumpled pages onto his desktop. He huffed and puffed to catch his breath after performing the menial task. "But that mouth? That temper? That business-only mindset? No man would likely have ya."

"My...my personal life is off limits for discussion, Howie," said Tess, regaining her voice and concentrating on the business at hand.

"Well, a personal life could take the edge off of some of that—err—attitude."

"Don't you *dare* tell me I need to get laid."

"Would I have said something as crude as that?"

"You would, and you know it."

His smirk advertised the truth of her statement, whisking away his air of feigned innocence. "All right, perhaps I would, but you must admit, there's a lot to be said for a good, old-fashioned romp in the hay. Eases the pressures of daily life and calms the rattled nerves—"

"And why are my nerves rattled? Because of *your* decision—*your* news—that's why!"

"My business decision should have come as no surprise to someone who's been in the business as long as you have. Hell, you know viewership brings in advertising dollars, and without viewers, we ain't got money to keep this station afloat, not to mention your pretty little salary. So I've got to give the viewers what they want."

"A pretty boy? Huh!"

"I wouldn't go so far as to say he's exactly pretty—"

"You'd hardly hire an *ugly* boy to boost your precious ratings."

"And he's not a boy, he's a man. Hell, he's your age, smack dab in

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the center of that important demographic. If you had just viewed his audition tape, I'm certain—"

"And he's had little experience as a reporter, let alone as an anchorman, or so you originally stated. And he starts immediately? For shit's sake, Howie, you don't even know if this Jared Dickhead and I have chemistry on camera—"

"Jared Cox—"

"Whatever! So I'll be damned if I share *my* air-time with this inexperienced transplanted Yankee until I see if we can actually work together. If he comes off looking stupid, I'll look stupid. And if that happens, Howie, I swear, I'll make your life more miserable than your wife ever could and—"

A solid knock on the open office door interrupted her threat. Her manicured fingernails digging trenches into her palms, Tess spun around on her two-inch stiletto heels, intending to slay the unwelcome intruder with a verbal onslaught.

The planned assault, however, failed before it began.

Tess blinked several times when her eyes took in the striking, six-foot-four, wide-shouldered frame of the man standing in the doorway, his Armani suit coat flung over one arm in the picture of nonchalance. She instantly noted how the stranger's white dress shirt looked like a second skin over his trim, well-developed torso, how two small darts indicated the location of his excited nipples, and how his black trousers seemed to hug his muscular thighs and the hefty bulge at his crotch. Moreover, she also noted the bareness of his left ring finger.

He stepped into the office, his stride both confident and forceful as he cut a path through the thick cloud of cigar smoke. Beneath an intelligent brow, his smoldering green eyes twinkled with amusement, while his lips, full and moist, curled upward in a smile that cut generous dimples into his chiseled cheeks.

Insane, unwarranted images rushed through Tess's mind, lustful fancies of running her fingers through the stranger's thick head of

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hair—a rich brown hue with delicate golden streaks—while her tongue darted between those kissable lips and into his mouth. His movie-star-handsome features completely took her breath away, dexterously robbing her tongue of the vitriol she had intended to spew.

“So, I finally meet the famous Tess Iverson,” trumpeted the man, his clear tenor rumbling through her like a runaway locomotive, and his wickedly warm, extravagant cologne—Chanel’s *Egoiste*, she concluded—playing havoc with her senses. “You’re even more stunning in person than you are on the billboards I’ve seen all over town.”

“Ah...I mean...yes...I mean...thanks...I...and you are?”

He extended a hand toward her. “Jared Dickhead, at your service.”

Her face came alive with a fire that would have melted Antarctica. The mortification she had felt earlier at Howie’s remark about masturbation paled in significance to what she experienced now.

“Don’t worry, I’ve been called worse,” he said, his mouth widening to reveal an Ultra-Bright smile that made Tess’s heart slam against her ribcage.

Before she could pivot away toward the wall of monitors, hoping to hide from him her embarrassment, he snatched her hand. His palm and long fingers engulfed hers, sending an arrow of warmth up her arm, then through her torso and straight into her churning belly. Her knees nearly buckled under the weight of his commanding aura and the burden of her shame.

“I hope you’ll come to find that this Yankee boy is more than just a pretty—or rather—*ugly* face.” With that, his dimples deepened in another grin that made Tess pray for the floor to open up and swallow her whole. No, a “pretty boy” he certainly was not—“drop-dead gorgeous” and “sexy as sin,” however, seemed far more closer to the truth when it came to this man’s compelling features and firm carriage, an eye-catching, mouth-watering combination of sinew and flesh and blood.

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“You—you heard everything I said?”

Humor danced in his eyes, a vibrant fawn color now speckling the green. “Of course, I heard. Indeed, I’m sure the whole studio heard what you thought about co-anchoring with me.”

She attempted to snatch her hand out of his grasp, but either his solid grip or her sudden lack of energy—or her overwhelming desire to maintain physical contact with him—prevented her from doing so. “I—I didn’t mean what I—”

“Yes, you did. And I appreciate knowing the truth. Always nice to know the obstacles and challenges one faces, wouldn’t you say?” He winked, then released her and turned toward Howard. “I’m a bit early, but thought I’d be able to familiarize myself with the studio and your operations beforehand. I apologize if it’s caused any inconvenience.”

“Not a problem in the least, my boy.” Howard stood and wobbled around his desk. He patted his new hire on the shoulder. “Always nice to find someone with initiative. How are the accommodations?”

“Couldn’t have asked for better. Thank you, Mr. Jerkowitz.”

“It’s Howie, my boy, and don’t make me have to tell ya again.” Howard smiled at Tess. “I put Jared up in a room at the Henderson House B&B on Oglethorpe Avenue until he can secure a permanent residence.”

“As if I gave a shit...” breathed Tess, suddenly realizing, with a quiver of concern, that she had just lied through her teeth. Damn it! Surprisingly, she *did* care where this hunk of a man resided—indeed, she cared a whole *hell* of a lot—and cursed herself. Thankfully, neither her boss nor her new co-anchor had seemed to notice her comment, or her increased anxiety.

Again, Howard patted the man’s shoulder. “But I’m sure Henderson House ain’t as swank as anything Jared’s used to up in New York City.”

“Nor as high-priced as in a congested Yankee city, I’m sure,” said Tess, half to herself.

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“So long as it has a shower—and, of course, a cushy bed,” said Jared, his intense gaze caressing Tess for a brief second, “I’m *more* than satisfied.”

An army of butterflies waged total war within Tess’s stomach, while a phantom finger toyed with her clit. Just the notion of this man standing beneath a shower of steamy water, or lounging on a mattress while wearing nothing but the suit in which God had gifted him, dried her throat to the point where she had to cough away the invisible sand.

“How’s about I give you a personal tour of the station, Jared?” continued Howard. “Then I’ll show you to your dressing room slash office. Right next to Tess’s, I might add.”

“Sounds wonderful.” Jared Cox turned his full attention back to Tess and arched an eyebrow. “And will this lovely lady accompany us?”

“I’m—I’m—I’m too busy for station tours—with today’s important stories, you understand!” she snapped. She hoped her return-to-strictly-business attitude would somehow lessen the tenacious fire in her cheeks, would erase from Jared’s mind the conversation he had just overheard, or evict from her head the prurient fantasies driving her mad with cravings long suppressed. “The news doesn’t stop just because we *wish* it. Hopefully, at least *one* of us will be prepared for tonight’s broadcast. There’s way too much work to do. Yes, I’m extremely busy...extremely...”

As fast as her trembling legs could carry her, Tess hastened into the hallway, attempting to ignore the chuckles pouring from the office behind her and praying her make-up girl could remove any of the deep crimson she feared had stained her face for life.

## CHAPTER 2

For hours, Tess Iverson had avoided her new co-anchor, keeping mostly to her dressing room-slash-office, and did her best to concentrate on business, or rather on the news items she planned to report once air-time commenced.

Her attempts to focus her whirling thoughts, however, proved futile.

Not only had Jared's powerful voice breached the thin walls of her dressing room, constantly reminding her of his presence, but her mind kept returning to their initial encounter. No wonder Jerkowitz had hired the damned Yankee—female viewers would indeed go ape over Jared Cox, divined Tess, especially when they caught their first glimpse of those rugged, beguiling features. Hell, the man practically had S-E-X written all over his face, and no red-blooded female, young or old, would likely find herself immune to his charms. Moreover, he'd likely attract the gay audience in droves. Wouldn't Howie love that! Shit! As much as she hated to admit it, she knew Jerkowitz had scored a major coup in hiring the man, no matter his level of experience as a news



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anchor, which pissed her off.

And the deep-throated chuckle that occasionally spilled through the wall as Jared joked with the studio employees who catered to his various requests?

Good God, just the rumble of that chuckle sent delectable vibrations through Tess's clit. It had indeed been two years since last she'd experienced a man's hands on her bare flesh, a mouth on her lips, and a hard, unrelenting cock wedged inside her needy pussy. More than once she closed her eyes, picturing Jared naked, especially when she heard his dressing room shower water running. To think a thin wall acted as the sole barrier for her to view what lay hidden beneath the expensive Armani suit. Instead of reading and editing the copy for the evening's broadcast, she found herself wishing she'd had the *Kama Sutra* at her disposal to better imagine all the things she'd love to do with her captivating co-anchor.

*Damn him!*

Not only did Jared's presence threaten to topple Tess's reign as WGBO's unrivaled star, but now finding herself wild with cravings she hadn't experienced for what felt an eternity, desires she didn't *want* to experience, scared the hell out of her. She couldn't afford distractions off the career path she had spent years in forging. Amazing, she thought, how the introduction of one simple man into her world had completely and instantly shattered what she had so painstakingly created.

And now, she took her place on the set, a wall of monitors behind her, the cameras moving into position before her. Studio lights blared with heated accuracy, promising to turn her strategically applied make-up into an undisciplined goo of running colors. Just minute's before broadcast, the additional warmth from her co-anchor's muscular body, the fresh, soap-scented, delectable musk he emitted as he settled into a swiveling chair beside her and behind the newsdesk, frazzled her raw nerves.

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Could a man turn more handsome in a matter of hours? Tess wondered, finding it nearly impossible to keep from studying him.

The clothes he wore for his debut—another designer suit with a shirt that looked painted over his rippling torso—seemed created for the sole purpose of inciting her to rip them off his body with her greedy hands and teeth. Worse, the masculine combination of sight and smell made her again ponder the conversation she'd had earlier with Howard, specifically the line about “getting laid,” and once again tore her mind off business.

Yes, part of her definitely detested Jared “Dickhead” Cox—he represented everything she had long desired, but which fear for her job stability, the inbred protectiveness of her heart, had prevented her from experiencing.

The other part of her, however, acted all woman, and a horny woman at that.

She'd had one of the studio's stylists arrange her lengthy and straight molasses-brown tresses into a fancy chignon that could rival any soap opera diva's. Per her firm directives, the make-up girl had added a richer, earthier shade of shadow to her lids to accentuate the misty blue color of her eyes, a rosier shade of lipstick to her mouth to stress its fullness. The tan suit she wore, with the white blouse and marginally risqué cleavage, advertised her trim frame and perky breasts, while the thigh-length skirt and high-heeled pumps emphasized her rangy legs. All this to impress a man whose mere presence pushed every sexual button long-hidden within her.

The frightening part was, Tess hasn't realized she had done it until long after the process had ended and she'd mentally recapped her preparation.

*But he noticed, damn it!*

And it thrilled her.

Jared's hypnotic eyes scanned every inch of her body, and his mouth twisted into a delicious, lecherous smile. Indeed, his gaze turned

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so hot, that for a blissful instant, Tess could actually feel him tearing off her clothing with his eyes. And as grips and lighting techs and camera operators all scrambled to perform last-minute adjustments to the set, Tess imagined herself running her tongue over the length of Jared's stiff cock, sampling the part of a man of which she had long deprived herself. Just the fantasy of bringing him to orgasm, of having his manly cream coating her tongue made it almost impossible to breathe. And the additional notion of his solid pillar of flesh plunging into her moist canal had her fingers itching to touch herself right there, under the newsdesk, away from the eyes of her co-workers, her director, and—

"Ten seconds, Ms. Iverson!" shouted the assistant director, tearing Tess out of her lascivious fantasy world and pissing her off. Royally!

But what dove under her skin was the fact that Jared Cox scooped together the pages of his copy, allowed a make-up girl to dab powder on his cheeks, yet eyed Tess, and only her, the entire time. His intense perusal actually skewered her, made her feel more vulnerable, more exposed, than she had ever felt before. His gaze descended to her lap, to where the hem of her skirt and her bare thighs met, and he seemed to fuck her with his eyes. And not a hasty fuck, either, but a lengthy, no-hold's-barred session of animalistic carnality that left them panting and sweating and kissing and groping hours and hours after fluids had gushed from their bodies again and again and again...

Tess licked her lips and looked Jared square in the eye. Unwittingly, her mind flashed to luscious memories of her college days, when her soon-to-be fiancé, Bryant, would fuck her for hours on end during the nights she should have been studying for final exams. How quickly a horny student could forego textbook lessons when a handsome boyfriend with a muscular physique demanded attention, when a stiff pecker practically screamed to be sucked and savored and worshipped with all the gusto it deserved. Yes, in those days before Bryant offered her a future of nothing but false promises and untamed infidelity, sex

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had reigned supreme as Tess's number one pastime. It was a wonder she'd ever graduated with a degree in journalism when she had truly concentrated on a would-be degree in sexuality. If only she could relive those days, but with Jared Cox as her lover, feeding his solid, tasty tool into her mouth and pussy under she screamed for mercy and—

"Five...four...three..." announced the assistant director, then used his fingers to signify the last two numbers in the sequence.

In an instant of near panic, Tess yanked her thoughts together, tore her eyes away from her sexy co-anchor, and faced the camera flashing the red light.

"G—good evening, Savannah, I'm Tess Iverson, and this is *News At Eleven*."

Music spilled from the studio speakers, long enough for her to grasp reality and focus on the task at hand, but not without great difficulty. The music ended in three short blasts that, to Tess, always reminded her of the *Dragnet* series.

"Welcome to the news. Our top story tonight—"

"Aren't you going to introduce me?"

Not only did the sound of another voice momentarily shock her, but Tess realized she had made a terrible blunder. Damn the copy man who—no, damn *herself* for not properly reading her papers. She had written in bright blue ink a note to introduce her co-anchor, and had completely ignored it.

*But why?*

Her fragile ego, that's why, and she knew it.

She stammered for a response and looked to her right. And there they were—the dazzling smile, the sexy dimple in the cheek, the teasing light in the fawn-green eyes—the very things she knew would unnerve her to the point of distraction.

Jared leaned close to her, so close she could feel his hot breath on her cheek. "Sorry, Tess, that's the pushy, impatient New Yorker in me." He turned toward the camera and presented a drop-dead-gorgeous

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smile guaranteed to make every female viewer swoon. “Yes, folks, you’re not experiencing problems with your television set...I *am* a Yankee, and Tess was simply attempting to spare you the shock.” He issued one of the deep-throated chuckles that had earlier driven her mad with lust, which even now served to pour moisture into her most intimate place.

Thankfully, several additional quips on his part, along with his jovial aura, made it appear as if her blunder had been staged, a professional jest to display to the audience that what had once been a tense news show would now take on a more light-hearted atmosphere. He had saved her—big time—and Tess experienced a grudging respect that ticked her off.

How dare he make additional inroads to her heart! He was her enemy, her competition, a man who had the power to topple her “Q rating” with his charm, wit, and sinful good looks. A man who, with his flirtatious bantering, would obliterate the ultra-professional image she had fastidiously constructed for herself.

With every last ounce of willpower she possessed, Tess somehow kept her voice from quivering as she launched into stories about the war in the Middle East, a devastating fire in a Savannah suburb, and the scandals, mysteries, and controversies *du jour* spilling out of Washington D.C. and other various locales. How she managed, however, she had no idea, since Jared’s presence never once left her mind, especially when he took over every other story to not only make love to the camera, but glance at her for her reactions.

Commercial breaks offered no relief, nor did the weather and sports segments, when Chuck Dianté and Sammy Brent—weatherman and sportscaster respectively—gave their individual reports, especially since Jared’s heated glances continually centered on her. Not only did his saucy badinage make it ever more difficult to focus, let alone ignore, but the way he began licking his lips when looking at her made it more than obvious he craved to savor her gathering juices almost as

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much as she yearned to taste his.

Yet before she knew it, and despite her best efforts, Tess found her defenses crumbling. More than once she caught herself smiling at him, even flirting back as good as she got before she could stop herself. It nearly drove her over the edge, however, when Jared started detailing the final story of the night, a recent sex scandal to rock Hollywood. When his voice dropped to an almost-bestial grunt and his lips twisted into a wry smile when reading his copy, Tess fantasized about what would happen should she reach over and grope his crotch.

Would he break stride, she wondered, or perhaps be shocked into silence? And what if she opened his zipper and stroked his cock, even fell to her knees beneath the anchor desk and tasted his tool? Would his light-hearted aura evaporate? Would he clasp the back of her head and fuck her throat the way she wanted him to? Would he...

“Until tomorrow night, Savannah, this is Jared Cox...”

“Uh, and I’m Tess Iverson...” She fumbled with her pages—helplessly out of order—looked at the wrong camera, and dropped her pen. But what infuriated her even more, was that a simple sign-off any idiot could have ad-libbed had her tongue-tripping all over herself. So much for her well-crafted professionalism! “Good—good night, Savannah.”

“And we’re out,” announced the director. “Wonderful show, folks!”

In a heartbeat, several crew members—mostly females, Tess noted—rushed forward to shake Jared’s hand, clap him on the back, and gush praises over his “spectacular debut.”

“What about you, Tess?” asked Jared when the milling crowd of well-wishers returned to their duties. Those lecherous eyes; those sexy dimples; that intoxicating scent—damn him! “Aren’t you going to congratulate me on a job well done?”

“If the job was to make me look like a fool, you son of a bitch, than congratulations!”

“A fool—?”

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“If you *ever* do that to me again, Yankee,” barked Tess, tearing the microphone from her lapel, “you’ll wish you had stayed in Gotham!”

With that, mortified and incensed, she pushed back her chair and barreled across the set toward her dressing room. Her high heels clacked against the floor, reminding her of the nails Jared Cox had likely driven into her professional coffin with his jovial attitude and on-air flirtations. Curses spewed from her lips while her mind formulated the speech she would make before Howie’s desk the following day, demanding her boss fire the damned Yankee.

And her feminine muscles tightened with each step she took in order to keep the juices of unattained sexual release from seeping out of her crotch.

## CHAPTER 3

“Damn him!” spat Tess the following afternoon upon learning that Howard Jerkowitz had taken the day off. “Where is he?”

Howard’s secretary, a normally bubbly matron with gray-streaked, mousy-brown hair and a bosom that might have rivaled Mae West’s had it not dropped nearly to the woman’s waist and looked more like an inner tube, seemed to shrink several inches behind her cluttered desk. She gulped under Tess’s take-no-prisoners’ glare. “He said—said something about a meeting over golf, then—”

“Golf? Today?”

“Yes, with Mr. Cox.”

Skyrockets exploded in Tess’s stomach.

*If that didn’t beat all! The “good-ol’-boy system” in all its glory! That certainly didn’t take much time, did it?*

She wondered what would be next for Jared Cox. A night at the country club with Howie and the big boys, squeezing her out of the social circle? Maybe a weekend excursion on Howie’s yacht with a



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host of hired “women of the night” to entertain them? Perhaps an all-expenses-paid vacation to every luxury spot known to mankind once Jared secured the spotlight for himself, leaving her to clean up the remnants of her failed career?

She had spent the night tossing and turning, her mind consumed with Jared Cox. Certainly she had fantasized about him while touching herself with one of her favorite battery-operated devices, bringing her body some much-needed yet temporary relief. But in the solitary afterglow of climax, her thoughts had turned frantic and paranoid, all centering on her career. She had feared a friendship between the two men; too many times in the past she had seen major networks snatch up men with less talent and experience than their female counterparts for the simple fact they possessed an all-important penis! She would be damned if the good-ol’-boy system gained a foothold at this station—at her station—especially with her on the brink of getting noticed.

*Yes, damn Howard! And double-damn Jared Cox!*

“But Mr. Cox has returned, if you’d like to speak to him,” offered the secretary. “Mr. Jerkowitz, however, had plans with his family this evening and—”

Tess didn’t stay to hear the rest. Her legs had already sparked into motion, stomping a path through the vast hallways and directly to the dressing room adjacent to hers. Once she saw the closed door, where the name of the room’s occupant had been recently painted inside a gold star to match hers, she didn’t even bother to knock.

“That does it, Yankee! You and I had better get one thing straight before I—”

Her verbal salvo instantly faltered when Jared Cox exited his bathroom, his hair damp, a toothbrush sticking out of his luscious mouth, and a towel, tied at his trim waist, being his only attire. Her gaze went straight to his chest, a magnificent creation of muscle, sinew, and flesh, with two succulent, dark brown nipples seductively peeking out from beneath a wealth of curly brown chest hair. His belly, a six-

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pack of meticulously designed ridges and plains, featured a trail of hair that led to his navel, where it burst into a mini-forest before disappearing into the towel.

“Ah, there’s that famous Southern hospitality I’ve heard so much about,” said Jared around his toothbrush. His verdant, brown-speckled eyes twinkled with their customary humor. “When someone enters your space in New York City without invitation, one normally calls the cops. Shall I?”

“Sh—shall you what?” stammered Tess. Her gaze kept taking lawless detours over his torso, disobeying her direct orders to remain on his face, and she couldn’t quite wrap her mind around what he had just said.

“Call the cops.”

“Cops? What? Why? Is that some nonsensical Yankee humor?”

He shook his head and chuckled, then stepped into the office section of his dressing room and plopped down on a plush, black leather couch. He leaned back against the cushions and planted his bare feet on the coffee table. When he did, the towel crept up higher on his thighs. His long, furry legs testified to hours of jogging and would have done any professional runner proud. “So, listening to what others have to say isn’t *exactly* your strong suit, huh? Okay, I’ll try to remember that and put everything in writing from now on. I assume you retain what you read?”

“What? I mean—don’t get flippant.”

“Who’s being flippant?” he asked, an expression of bogus innocence on his handsome face. His arm muscles bulged alluringly with each swipe of the toothbrush over his shiny teeth.

“You are. And I’m in no mood to play games.”

“Oh no? Then why did you barge into my dressing room? Wanted to catch me in the shower, perhaps? Yes, I could think of a few games we could play that would work off your tension.”

Heat emblazoned Tess’s cheeks, and the notion of what she might

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have seen had she arrived a few minutes earlier gushed moisture directly into her pussy. “How dare you! And for your information, I am *not* tense.”

Again, his deep-throated laughter sent ripples of pleasure through her, hardening her nipples. “Not tense? Lady, you couldn’t pull a needle out of your pretty, round butt with a tractor.”

Before Tess could manufacture a response worthy of the insult, Jared slammed his feet on the floor and stood, turning from her.

“Don’t you dare walk away from me when I’m talking to you!” *And don’t you dare turn away from me when I haven’t come close to completing my survey of your hot body!* thought Tess, irritated at the way her mind kept dwelling on matters of the flesh.

“I’m listening,” said Jared, disappearing into the bathroom. “But do you mind if I spit out this toothpaste? We, Yankees, *can* actually do two things at once, or didn’t you know that?”

“Of course I knew that and—I mean—”

More chuckles. “Tell me something, Tess”—a loud splutter from the bathroom—“do you always get so befuddled around men, or is it just me?”

Even if she had managed to formulate and utter a reply, the sudden sound of the running tap water would have muffled it. As she had since yesterday, Tess cursed him under her breath and attempted to pull herself together. Part of her debated about fleeing his dressing room and resuming this confrontation at a later time, preferably when his bare flesh didn’t pose such an enormous distraction. The other part of her, the horny part, however, kept screaming, “Are you insane? When else might you get the chance to see this hunk in such a natural state?”

And as much as her feet itched to race out the door, the rest of her—hot, bothered, and damp with desire—definitely sided with the latter voice.

Once again, Jared exited the bathroom, making no attempt to mask his mocking smile or to cover his partial nudity. A gentleman might

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have at least feigned modesty, thought Tess, but then again, with a physique such as this man possessed, he certainly had no reason in the world to feel the least bit ashamed. Oh, God, yes, she could definitely picture him strutting about naked in her condo, giving her a private show like he did last evening in her fantasies...

"What?" she asked, suddenly cognizant that he had said something, but too caught up in her flights of fancy to have made sense of it.

"Listening really *is* a problem for you, huh? I said, you never answered my question."

"Question? Refresh my memory."

"I wanted to know if you always get so tongue-tied around men"—he strutted across the dressing room, just as he had a moment ago in her reverie, and rooted himself before her—"or is it just me?"

Her mouth went desert dry, while her heart thumped a rhythm of wanton longing against her eardrums. In all honesty, no man had ever had this affect on her, not even her ex-fiancé. Just looking at Jared Cox became an emotional tilt-o'-whirl of cosmic proportions, dredging up one feeling after another with almost dizzying, blinding speed. She couldn't seem to train her eyes to remain on his face; her gaze kept embarking on a magnificent voyage through his sea of chest hair, following the waterfall of fur that led to his belly and beyond. She had to fist her hands to keep her fingers from tearing the towel from his waist and fondling the part of him she yearned to devour. "It's not just you—I mean, it is just you and—I mean—"

"You know, Tess, perhaps if you spent more time with men on a personal level, instead of attempting to compete with them on a business level, you'd be a lot more comfortable in their company...happier...satisfied..."

"This is totally inappropriate."

"Is that so? Then why don't you leave? What's stopping you?"

"I came here to talk to you—and—and I won't leave until we clear the air."

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“About what?”

“Huh?”

He lifted his right arm and snatched her chin with his thumb and index finger, tilting her head backward, dragging her gaze from his belly button and to his face. The sexy dimples appeared in his cheeks when his mouth twisted into a lecherous grin. “Clear the air about what?”

It took her a full five seconds to realize he’d had to physically stop her from ogling his nudity, and her cheeks filled with a raging inferno of chagrin. “I want to know your intentions...”

“Regarding you?” He stroked her face with the backs of his fingers, adding extra fire to her cheek.

“Yes. Or rather, your intentions regarding my job. Do you want it?”

“I already have a job.”

“Don’t play dumb. You know what I mean.”

“Actually, I don’t. Please enlighten me.”

“You’re here to take my job. Isn’t that so? You and Howard are planning to oust me, right?”

His brows knit together. “Have you always been so paranoid?”

“I wasn’t born yesterday. I can guess what you and Howie discussed this afternoon on the golf course. He brought you to Savannah to get rid of me, didn’t he?”

Jared dropped his hand from her face. “Is that what you think?”

Tess desperately yearned for renewed skin-to-skin contact. “I don’t just think it, I *know* it.”

“Sorry to disappoint you, but you’re woefully mistaken.”

“Then you’re saying that my name did *not* come up this afternoon on the golf course?”

“Not at all. Indeed, you were the chief topic of conversation.”

“I knew it—”

“But it had nothing to do with your job, apart from the fact that Howard wants our co-anchorship to be a success. He watched us last

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night and liked what he saw, liked the banter and the lighter-hearted atmosphere, and—”

“You’re lying. He said nothing to me about that, and I’m the star of *News At 11*!”

“Co-star, you mean.”

His revision infuriated her, and the way his fingertips momentarily disappeared in the swirling brown hair when he scratched his chest drove her mad with lust. She opened her mouth to utter additional protests, but no words would form.

“Besides, how could Howard have talked to you about the show last evening when you tore out of the studio in such a royal snit?”

“I did no such thing!”

He eyed her for a long moment, his moist lips curling into a smirk. “You really believe that? You just don’t see yourself the way others see you, do you? You’re either too wrapped up in your ‘conspiracy theories’ about your job—which is secure, by the way—or so wrapped up in playing the part of a professional diva that you either can’t see, or refuse to own up to, your actions.” Once again, he stepped up to her, his minty-scented breath hot on her face. “Who hurt you so badly? What man made it necessary for you to build the walls around yourself?”

“No man hurt me.” *Liar!* her mind screamed. “And—and my personal life is off limits.”

“To just me”—he lowered his face, his lips a mere inch from hers—“or to any man?”

Hypnotized by the twinkle in his fawn-green eyes, enflamed by the heat radiating from his impressive body, Tess battled to maintain her wits. It would be so easy to abandon her senses and mold her lips to his, dart her tongue into his mouth while her hands explored and conquered every resplendent inch of him. A host of X-rated images flashed through her mind in Technicolor brilliance. Images of feasting on this hunk of a man from handsome head to perfect toe, a banquet of

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flesh for her sole enjoyment. Images of bringing Jared to climax again and again with her greedy hands and hungry mouth, tasting his essence and slacking her enormous thirst. Images of him cramming her drenched, tingling canal with his solid, demanding cock as they spent the remainder of the evening—the remainder of eternity—rutting like wild beasts on the couch, on the dressing table, under the shower, on the...

When her mind slammed back to the moment and she realized how close she had come to falling under his spell, Tess lurched backward, and her high heel snagged in the carpet. She would have toppled had Jared not snatched her by the shoulders and protectively crushed her body against his.

In reflex, Tess threw her arms around his torso. Her hands grasped handfuls of his bare back, and for a moment, as her fingers delighted in the hard muscles beneath the soft flesh, as his chest hair brushed against her hot face and his clean, manly scent engulfed her, she regaled in another blissful fantasy. She eyed one of his tempting nipples—only a tongue-flick away—and knew if she didn't pull herself together fast, she would fall victim to her passions and likely never recover.

And she had worked too long and too hard to let that happen!

"Let go of me!" she forced herself to say, struggling out of his strong arms.

She stepped back and maintained her balance. With more effort, she tore her eyes away from him and smoothed her navy-blue skirt, pulled imaginary threads off her matching blazer, fumed at herself for allowing this man to get under her skin—anything to distract her long enough for her to catch her breath.

"Damn, woman, has anyone ever told you just how sexy you are when you're all riled and flustered?"

Unable to stop herself, Tess turned back to him and instantly realized her mistake.

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He, too, had positively reacted to their recent contact. The towel, which hung halfway down his thighs, started to tent, and from a lot lower to the floor than Tess would have imagined.

*Good God, just how lengthy of a tool does this Yankee possess?*

Too late, she caught herself licking her lips, and couldn't stop.

He undoubtedly noted her lustful curiosity, for he moved toward her, the towel lifting higher with each step he took. "Oh, yes, Howie told me a good many things about you this afternoon. And I must say, Ms. Iverson, I'm more than intrigued."

"In—intrigued? H—how?"

"What makes you tick...what motivates you...what you like and dislike...what turns you on..." He reached toward her and brushed a wisp of hair off her forehead, his fingertips like a butterfly's caress against her skin. Shivers danced along her spine, and her clit throbbed with wild abandon. "It's apparent you like me—"

"I—I despise you."

"If that were true, you would have left my dressing room long ago. Instead, you're still here, driving me wild with that becoming blush on your cheeks, with that quivering and shapely body, and the inability to tear your eyes from my crotch."

He certainly had her pegged, Tess realized, her heart galloping to a tempo that made her head hum. Even as he spoke, she could not ignore that imposing and still-growing tent in the towel. Yes, she needed to feel every inch of him inside her, needed to claw his bare flesh as he slammed into her again and again, needed to smother him in kisses she had given to no man in more than two years...

Jared bent forward as he had earlier and brought his mouth so close to hers, only a sliver of air and her lipstick separating them. His hardness stabbed her lower belly, making her whimper. "I want you, Tess," he whispered, his breath stroking her suddenly dry lips, "and it's apparent you want me. Let's see if our behind-closed-doors chemistry is as electrifying as the chemistry we showed Howard last night during



the broadcast.”

Tess closed her eyes and gulped in surrender. Her body went slack as Jared wrapped one arm around her, and she clutched his waist, her fingertips wedging under the towel. She needed to free his erection, to feel its heft and hardness in her hands, to work this handsome beast of a man into the same frenzy in which he had so expertly worked her. Oh, God, yes...yes...yes...

*Wait one damned moment!*

Her eyelids flew open, and using both hands, she touched the center of his chest. Not in passion, as she had intended a few delirious seconds ago, but in fury.

With all her might, she pushed him away from her. Jared stumbled backward a few steps, his buttocks crashing against the side of the dressing table. A medley of expressions flitted across his face, shock being the predominant.

“Now I know the plan, you son of a bitch! I figured out what you and Howie are trying to do!”

“What the—”

“Howie hired you, not based on your talent or experience, but on your looks alone. You’re nothing more than a God-damned gigolo he hired to seduce me.”

“Why would he do that?”

“To get my mind off business. Yes, he wants you to make it easier for him to control me, to keep me in line so I forsake my plans for a major network position and stay at this crummy station. He’s a slave to his marketing research surveys and demographic reports. He knows, without me, his ratings would dwindle, so he wants to keep me here in Savannah. Yes, that’s it! That’s it!”

“Are you insane?” spat Jared, his eyes narrowing in anger. “Listen, lady, I’m nobody’s gigolo!”

“Then why the endless flirtations?”

“Call *me* crazy, but I sensed a definite spark between us. I felt you

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were as interested in me as I am in you. And flirtations? Are you so 'out of the social scene' that you've forgotten what comes naturally between a man and a woman when they're attracted to each other? I am, after all, a red-blooded man and—"

"Don't I know it! One of the good-ol'-boys!"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means I'm on to you, Yankee! I'm on to you!" Tess stormed out of the dressing room, silently vowing to turn the tables on him, to make him look the fool. And, if her hastily developing plan worked, she would certainly have fun doing it!

## CHAPTER 4

When air-time approached, it seemed almost a replay of the proceeding night. Cameras maneuvered into position, make-up girls flustered about with the tools of their trade, copy-editors plopped crumpled, last-minute additions onto her pile of meticulously organized notes—Tess had experienced it all it seemed a thousand times, except for her enervating feelings for Jared Cox. Those sensations she could not ignore. Certainly, when he had taken his place behind the anchor desk a moment earlier, once again donned in a designer suit that looked painted over the rippling muscles she had viewed earlier that day, Tess felt the same fierce sexual attraction that had tongue-tied her during the previous evening's broadcast. But now, with her plan to unnerve him firmly in place, she felt more secure than she had when soloing the news show before his arrival—his invasion—into her perfect world.

Now, lights brightened, fingers counted, music blared, and Tess Iverson looked directly into the camera flashing the red light...and couldn't wait for the big news story her co-anchor had in his hands to

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report.

“Good evening, Savannah, I’m Tess Iverson, and this is *News At 11*. Our top story tonight...”

Tess read her copy, some mumbo-jumbo about the president’s latest debacle in the Middle East, and barely managed to ignore Jared’s eyes on her crotch. Like the previous night, he seemed to fuck her with his hot gaze. Tonight, however, she had purposely worn the ultra-short skirt for his benefit, and while reading the news story, she crossed and uncrossed her legs, knowing the material slithered up her thighs with every movement. The hotter he became, the better.

Once Jared grabbed his copy and launched into his opening story, Tess eagerly put the first part of her plan into action. Using the four-inch heel of her stiletto pump, she started to stroke his leg. It delighted her when he stuttered over the name of the War Secretary who had been accused of allowing nasty and insufferable shenanigans in a prison in Iraq. Jared’s eyes, normally smoldering with lust and twinkling with humor, now turned to her in shock, which, to Tess’s frustration, he quickly masked. Still, she suppressed a snicker as she watched him struggle to maintain control.

Her story about a local union strike came next, and consumed with a sense of superiority she hadn’t experienced since the moment Jared walked into Howie’s office to unnerve her, she delivered the copy with the grace and sophistication her viewers had learned to love about her. What her viewers didn’t know, however, was that the entire time she voiced her story, she journeyed her high heel up and down Jared’s sturdy leg, dug it into his beefy thigh, and nearly broke a smile when she heard his grunt of expected surprise and arousal. “And it’s back to you, Jared...” she stated, giving him what she prayed was a smile laced with pure arsenic.

The Adam’s apple jumped in his throat. Sweat broke out on his forehead. “Ah, yes, Tess, thank you...” He faced the camera, his cocky yet professional aura continually diminishing with each contrived

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swipe of her heel against his limb. “T—talks have resumed in the—the United Nations regarding...”

Tess tuned out the rest of his words, all the while watching his handsome face twist in delicious discomfiture as she continued to utilize the heel of her pump to distract him. Her mind raced like a car at the Indy 500—*You want to play games with my career, Yankee? I'll show you games!*

She applauded herself for the face of mock innocence she presented to the assistant director when he looked at her with a raised eyebrow, silently questioning her regarding what might be wrong with her co-anchor. Her slight shrug punctuated her performance. Yet despite her best efforts at professing guiltlessness, she couldn't ignore the growing fire in her crotch...her clit had begun throbbing with the rhythm of untamed and escalating desire. Just secretively touching Jared's leg with her heel sent her libido into overdrive. She loved the power she currently had over him, lusted for even more, and fancifully wondered what would happen if she used her hands to...

No! she thought, giving herself a mental slap back to reality. She couldn't...

Or could she?

For untold moments, as Jared struggled through his news story, her heel teasing and poking and driving him to apparent distraction, Tess toyed with the very notion that had come to her during the previous night's broadcast. What would happen if she grabbed his crotch, stroked his cock, during his story? Would Jared entirely break stride? Would he make himself look the fool for the viewing audience? Would Howie still maintain the man's professionalism and allow Jared to continue sharing a show with her, when it was truly her show—and only hers—to begin with?

Her fingers itched to explore, and—damn it!—she could no longer control them.

Nor did she want to.

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“B—back to you, Tess,” said Jared, his eyes both pleading for mercy yet demanding more.

With one hand, Tess grabbed her copy—a report on the growing problem of school security—and let her other hand descend behind the newsdesk. As she read the words before her, she allowed her free hand to wantonly roam over her co-anchor’s thigh, then his crotch. It shocked, yet thrilled her, when her fingers groped a steel-hard erection hidden beneath his zipper. Momentarily, she also stumbled over her copy, yet pulled herself together and squeezed her co-anchor’s enlivened cock, ignoring his half-hearted attempts to turn away from her, to pry her fingers from around his thick, lengthy tool. She released him only when she came to the end of her story, knowing a commercial break would instantly follow.

“And, we’re out...” announced the director.

Tess leapt out of her chair and dashed off the set before Jared could say a word. With her scheme in mind, she knew she would have to make herself scarce, running “imaginary emergency errands” during commercial breaks lest she face his wrath, then return to her seat with only seconds to spare. She had no fear of Jared chasing her down; after all, if he stood up, the entire crew would see the mountain that had formed in his crotch. But unlike her plan, this “errand” turned out to be an actual emergency, and anything but imaginary. If she didn’t down a tall glass of cold water as soon as possible, she felt she would explode from the heat racing through her body.

She sped into the studio’s break room just off the set and thanked the heavens when she found it empty of co-workers. With trembling hands, she opened the refrigerator, removed one of the numerous pitchers of water the station kept handy at all times, and poured herself a glassful. The liquid spilled over her fingers and chin as she rushed to cool her throat. Only after several gulps did her shaking begin to subside. She finished the glass, then braced her palms along the edge of the countertop.

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When forming her plan that afternoon, she hadn't expected her own body to react, especially with such intensity. Then again, she hadn't thought to use anything but her short skirt and ultra-high heels to push Jared to the breaking point. But when she fondled him with her hand? Good God, the Yankee was indeed hung like a bull. She yearned to see his erection up close, to actually stroke his petrous flesh instead of groping him through a layer of clothing. Just imagining what such an impressive cock would feel like deep inside her pussy made it nearly impossible for her to gather her thoughts.

But she had no other choice. She had to somehow ignore the sexual desires blasting through her tingling body and continue the plan, or risk plummeting down the ladder of success. With newfound determination, she gulped another half-glass of cooling water, licked her lips, and high-tailed it back to the set before her absence sent the director into a panic. Hearing the countdown and seeing the frenzied look on several faces, she realized she had not a second to spare.

Jared Cox, his handsome face moist with perspiration, his cheeks mottled crimson with what Tess could only describe as a marriage of lust and chagrin, slammed her with a look of pure evil. Indeed, his eyes hurled jade-green daggers of scorn in her direction, yet all the while, they still flashed with the sexual desire she had meticulously placed there.

Tess presented him with a triumphant smirk—half-genuine with her recent conquest over him being so apparent, yet half-faux, considering her frazzled nerves, the heat still coursing through her veins, indicated she had a long way to go before she successfully slaughtered him on this particular battlefield.

Doing her damndest to ignore his expression, she resumed her seat, snatched her copy, and launched into the next story the instant the Number Two camera flashed its red light.

Yet she continued with her plan. With her right hand, she lecherously slid her skirt up to her crotch—actually, almost to her

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waist—predicting Jared would focus his attention on the black lace panties she had specifically worn with her plan in mind.

He obviously did.

Almost immediately, a vague sound from her co-anchor stabbed at her eardrums, surreptitiously interrupting her story regarding a sex scandal in a local college. Tess almost laughed out loud. She had never before heard a man actually whimper for mercy. And she liked what she heard. Once again, her high-heel instantly darted out to poke that beautifully beefy thigh, bringing with it a manly grunt of unblemished frustration.

“And it’s back to you, Jared...” said Tess when she finished reading her copy, her right hand now secretly creeping over his muscular thigh and across his groin.

Her fingers again wrapped around that hefty, hard cock straining to pierce his zipper, and also like before, the action came with delectable, though insufferable, consequences. She soon found her pussy practically weeping with the juices of carnal longing, and she had to feverishly combat her urges in order to focus on the remaining stories before the next commercial break. But she did, and heaven knew how.

Thankfully, Jared’s renewed stammering over simple words and his fumbling with copy pages made the effort worth it.

When the break finally came, she leapt out of her chair before Jared could confront her and, like she did several minutes earlier, rocketed to the lunchroom. Blessedly, the room remained devoid of co-workers. Instead of pouring herself a glass of ice water like before—which she needed oh, so desperately—she focused her attention on her crotch. One swipe of a finger over her throbbing, tingling clit would push her over the edge. Just one...just one...

But would she dare? Here? In the place where she and her co-workers munched on homemade pasta salads, packaged low-carb microwave delectables, and carry-out, weight-generating “cuisine” from the local “fast-food” gods?



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She wanted to, more than she wanted to do anything else in her life. But she stopped herself—just barely—even as her hand reached for her crotch. Dear God, that proved one of the greatest battles of her life.

Her mind simply refused to relinquish the fantasy of fucking her co-anchor until both of them succumbed to breathless exhaustion. The hardness of his lengthy erection had impressed itself upon the fingers of her right hand, and she wondered if she would ever be able to rid herself of the feel.

Yet, she didn't want to. Knowing she had actually touched that cock—albeit through a layer of hateful fabric—thrilled her beyond belief. Damn it, why hadn't she tasted those moist, moldable lips, or that muscular, hirsute flesh, earlier that day when he had given her the opportunity?

Tess could have kicked herself! Stupid, stupid woman...

She used her left hand to physically halt her right hand from moving toward her groin, then gulped several deep breaths. Time to resume the plan...time to put herself through the sexual torture that would ultimately secure her position as the star of the nightly news show...

Again, she made it back to her seat with only seconds to spare. And again, Jared's eyes flashed with a combination of sweet hatred and blissful contempt.

And this time, to Tess's supreme titillation, his eyes also promised gracious and uncompromising revenge.

That look nearly undid her. But she forced herself to maintain her professionalism before the camera, even though her right hand and high heel continued its prurient foray into sexual abandon. How she managed to sit through the weather and sport's segments without shrieking her desires, she had no idea. But she knew the feel of that solid cock beneath her fingertips—of what stroking that luscious hardness ultimately represented to her career when her co-anchor continually floundered in a sea of amateurism—would sustain her

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strength.

Before she realized it, the show ended. At first, it brought a smile to Tess's lips when the director rushed forward and immediately berated Jared for his on-air fumbling.

Yet Tess also felt somehow disappointed. Perhaps she would never again have the chance to grope her co-anchor's most private parts, since undoubtedly, his befuddled performance would ensure his disappearance from her world. Yes, her world! she reminded herself, stubbornly validating her actions.

With renewed aplomb, she abandoned her chair and stalked to her dressing room, ignoring the guilt pestering her and the dampness seeping out of her crotch. She had done the right thing—the only thing—she could do to save her career, always precarious in this insane world dictated by demographic surveys and Q-Ratings.

Yes, she had done the right thing, she decided, then forced a smile to her lips while ignoring the painful ache in her heart and the quivering of her clit...

## CHAPTER 5

When her dressing room door burst open several minutes later, Tess braced herself for the onslaught she predicted would follow. Indeed, she had dreaded this moment, but she knew her actions had precipitated it, and she had already accepted the consequences. She could have locked her door, or fled the studio, but in the past—before Jared Cox—she had never been one to shy away from uncomfortable situations, heated confrontations. As she eyed the stern visages of the framed eight-by-tens of her idols adorning the walls, she knew none of those famous journalist icons would have given up this type of battle—ultimately primitive, though it may be—without a brutal fight. And the notion steadied her for what she imagined would arrive.

From the chair at her makeup table, she turned to view the unwelcome intruder, the man whose handsome face twisted in fury and looked ready to explode with ire. Tess also couldn't help but notice how the bulge in his crotch had not diminished, despite her theory that he wouldn't dare leave the anchor desk while sporting the signs of his

arousal.

“You bitch!” spat Jared, slamming the door behind his trembling frame. He turned to secure the lock.

“I wonder what Howie will think of your performance this evening,” countered Tess in a haughty voice, facing the mirror and ignoring the scarlet staining her own cheeks.

In a flurry of movement that robbed Tess of breath, Jared Cox came to stand directly behind her and snatched her shoulders. His fingers gouged into her skin, hidden beneath her blazer and blouse, unrelenting in their strength and clearly conveying his anger. His face, peering at her reflection in the mirror, signified his utter disdain, and for a moment, Tess wondered if perhaps she had pushed this Yankee beyond the breaking point.

Recalling the locked door, she almost feared for her life.

He lowered his head and brought his moist lips an inch from her ear. “Of course you know what this means?”

“Wh—what?”

“That I’m going to fuck the daylights out of you.”

That was the last thing Tess had thought would come out of his mouth, and it shocked her into shuddering silence.

“You want my big cock so badly, bitch, you’re going to get it in every way imaginable. I *promise*...” He hissed the last word, the “S” sound slithering into Tess’s ear canal, through her torso, and directly into her still-damp crotch. “In your hot mouth...between your plump tits...in your tight cunt...”

“But I—”

“Shut up. At least, for now!”

“F—for now?”

Jared’s hands released her shoulders. He snatched one arm of her swivel chair and, with dizzying speed, spun her around to face him. His lips came down toward her mouth, his hard exhales against her face making her tremble with a combination of ultimate terror and sheer

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desire. “Soon, I’m going to make you scream for mercy, bitch, then beg for more!”

“And what makes you so certain”—Tess paused to lick her lips, her mouth suddenly dry with panic—“so certain you can make me scream?”

In reply, he spread her legs, then slammed his hard crotch against her wanting pussy; for a moment of pure bliss, he ground their groins together, insufferable fabric against insufferable fabric. With every delicious stroke, his hardness delivered tingling shock waves to her libido. Despite her best efforts, Tess whimpered in need.

“I knew it!” declared Jared, pressing his zipper-shielded crotch harder against her nether lips.

“Knew—knew what?”

“You wanted to fuck me! You’ve wanted my cock since the moment I walked into Howie’s office yesterday. Isn’t that right?”

“Don’t flatter yourself...” muttered Tess, but the conviction of the words became lost even to her own ears. She fought to keep additional whimpers from escaping her throat, especially when his hand came down to join the hard-press of his erection as it stabbed her groin.

“My fingers,” said Jared in promise, “then my tongue, then my shaft. That’s what you want—what you’ve wanted since yesterday— isn’t it, bitch?”

“I...I don’t...I don’t want...”

“Tell the truth!”

“No...I...no, I don’t want...” gasped Tess, but found the lies too difficult to utter, especially when his steel-like rod continued to tease her engorged clit, now practically screaming for satiation.

As if reading her mind, Jared snatched the fabric of her black lace panties and ripped them open. Tess felt the lace being shredded from her body, with the cool air in her dressing room kissing her moist folds of skin an instant later.

Without hesitation, Jared plunged his long middle finger into her

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pussy while his thumb stroked her pubic bush, then her swollen nub. Tess gasped, her head flying backward, the feigned words of protest evaporating on her lips.

He fucked her with his finger, the tip crooking ever so slightly to stroke her G-spot with wanton determination. “Tell me what you want, bitch! Tell me you want *me*, damn it!”

“No—no, Yankee—I don’t—want—”

“Liar!” His finger dove into her heated canal again and again, bringing Tess to a frenzy of carnal bliss.

A frenzy that made it impossible to shield the truth any longer.

“God...Jared...yes...fuck me!” she howled.

His ensuing snicker would have been unbearable had it been issued at any other moment in time. But now, as Tess reeled from the torridity pouring through her entire body, as Jared’s finger continued to probe her with assured deftness, with untamed lust, she grew to love the sound of that snicker and surrendered to the sensations it provided, sensations she had long missed.

Despite her best efforts to the contrary, she found her hips bucking downward to meet his urgent finger-thrusts. Good God, she hadn’t felt so alive since Bryant had actually made love to her—as opposed to using her body for his sexual release—and reveled in the stimulation. Heaven on Earth, she thought, pure heaven...

“Tell me you love it,” demanded Jared.

“I...I...”

“Tell me!”

“I...I...I love it!”

More snickers of superiority poured from his mouth. Another finger joined the delectable foray into her dampness. “Say it again!”

“I love it, Jared! Fuck me, dear God, fuck me!”

“With the cock you played with on-air?”

With every inch of her body quivering with wanton lust, Tess could do nothing to stop from voicing her supreme desires. “Yes, with that

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huge cock! Fuck me, damn it, fuck me with your cock!”

The sound of ripping fabric smothered his laughter. It took Tess several seconds to realize Jared had torn open her blouse. An expensive blouse. But she didn't care, so long as his hands, his tongue, his erection, ventured into a territory she had considered “no-man's-land” for all these many years...

After he unhooked her bra, his lips wrapped around one of her pointed nipples. He suckled, his tongue flicked, advertising the hungry need he shared with her. Tess howled, barely cognizant enough to hold down her voice lest she give the studio personnel additional fodder for the water-cooler gossip fests. She pumped her body forward, toward Jared's gasping mouth, clasping his head in her hands, reveling in the silkiness of his hair and forcing him to continue his oral plundering of her nipple. He groaned his approval, and—damn it!—the Yankee provided her with more enjoyment than she had ever experienced. She trumpeted her own satisfaction and whispered her continual need to have his hardness inside her.

His seeking hands momentarily disappeared from her torso. Only after a frustrating moment did Tess realize he had torn down his zipper, freeing himself of the fabric that had driven her insane during air-time. Now, moist flesh met moist flesh as Jared prodded her clit with the bare tip of his erection. His cock looked magnificent in the stark light from her dressing mirror. Lengthy, fat, veiny, with a dusky foreskin partially covering a pink crown, now shimmering with pre-come. She reached down and grabbed the shaft at the base, feeling its throbbing pulse and its divine hardness, and pointed it toward the part of her that rampantly demanded satiation.

Jared seemed only too quick to oblige. An instant later, he entered her, driving his full shaft, inch after magnificent inch, inside of her, wedging his thickness against the delicate walls of her voracious vagina. She welcomed—welcomed beyond belief—each determined swipe of his hard flesh, and grasped his firm buttocks, driving him

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forward into her, calling his name like a sexual mantra with each thrust of his cock.

The walls of her tunnel engulfed his solid flesh, spreading the moisture that had accumulated since the previous day when she had first eyed him and imagined herself feasting on his glorious physique. As he pummeled her—no, *fucked* her, no other word for it—he gasped her name when she tore open his Armani shirt. Her fingers soon dove into the forest of chest hair she had viewed the previous day, now damp with perspiration and silken against her fingertips. She stroked his firm breastbone, ran her palms over his solid and pointy nipples before plunging her hands over his muscle-ridged and furry belly. Her fingertips pierced his dense pubic tangle before wrapping around the base of his firm shaft. She fiercely stroked the exposed hardness the same way he stroked her insides with his unrelenting flesh.

Just as she neared the brink of climax, however, Jared pulled his slick erection from her grasping tunnel. He plummeted to his knees and dove his tongue into her heat. Tess gasped in near delirium while his moist extremity delved between her tingling folds, flicked over her bulging clit, fucked her nearly as thoroughly as his solid penis. She grasped handfuls of his hair and urged him onward, bucking against his mouth and groaning her supreme pleasure. One swipe of his tongue, another swipe, then another...her eyes watered and her throat closed to ecstasy.

Damn it, how had she existed these past two years without such adept gratification?

No answer arrived as sudden ardor blasted through her veins, creating a bodily earthquake no Richter scale could withstand. Juices flooded from within her, the dam of carnal deprivation finally being breached by one so expert at his oral craft. Jared's fingers roamed her thighs while his tongue devastated her; his thirst for her essence obvious in the way he sucked at her tender folds, lapped up her outpouring with reckless abandon. Stars appeared before her eyes,



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bursting in a haphazard frenzy until they consumed her sight. She closed her eyelids to the erotic phenomenon, praying for her senses to return unscathed, yet also pleading for the luscious sensations to continue for all eternity.

Just as she crashed back to Earth, Jared climbed to his feet and drove his solid shaft into her pussy once again. Tess groaned, her open mouth rushing toward his torso. She licked his hair-covered chest, took an untold moment to suckle each of his large, bronze-colored nipples, and caroused in his frantic thrusts, quickly accelerating with dizzying speed.

Yet once again, just as Jared catapulted her to the brink of a second release, he withdrew from her. The middle finger of his left hand acted as a substitute for his erection, while his right hand grasped the back of her head. With all his apparent might, he forced her head down toward his crotch.

“Suck me! Taste the cock you’ve hungered for!”

Without protest, Tess wrapped her lips around the crown of his penis. Instantly, the salty flavor of his juice and her own moisture bit into her tongue. She sucked with wild abandon, her tongue tracing as much of his lengthy meat as possible, her lips nibbling at his thick foreskin, her mouth thirsting for so much more than the continual outpouring of pre-come dripping from his slit to coat her throat with its salty sweetness.

As she sucked his throbbing hardness, she heard the feeble crashing and banging of items from her dressing table hitting the wall and floor, a debris of tissue boxes, eye shadow pallets, and lipstick tubes he swatted aside to clear room for whatever he had in mind. Tess didn’t care; indeed she reveled in the notion of him taking her any way he so desired. She sucked him even harder, hoping to convey to Jared her necessity for his hot seed. Whether he released his essence in her mouth, in her pussy, between her tits, she didn’t care, so long as she felt its creamy warmth before she went insane with need.

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He yanked his cock out of her gasping mouth and viciously snatched her upper arms. Before she could make sense of the situation, Tess found herself kneeling on the swivel chair, her elbows securely planted on the makeup table, and her new lover's rigid shaft skewering her from behind with almost brutal alacrity. Indeed, his frantic thrusts, so animalistic in their fervor, conveyed without question his manic lust for her. She rhythmically lunged backward in an effort to fill herself with as much of his delicious shaft as possible, and for the first time in recent memory, rejoiced in the solid flesh filling her channel as opposed to a battery-operated plastic substitute.

Jared's fingers, gingerly probing her anal cavity as he slammed into her heated tunnel, caused a series of ecstatic moans to build in her throat and spill from her mouth, which seemed only to increase his fiery lunges into her capricious dampness. He snatched her hips in his firm hands and ground his crotch against her, his cock performing a maniacal dance inside her pussy while his crisp pubic forest tickled and teased and tormented her anus, making her scream heretofore suppressed urges.

"Fill me with that hard cock, damn it! Fuck me harder! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

He slammed into her and stopped, his hands grasping her waist, the crown of his erection probing her insides in a delicious circle. "So you like it?" whispered Jared, his breath hot on her neck. "Tell me how much..."

"I...I like it..."

He pulled out of her almost to the hilt, then fully speared her again, waggled his hips, and teased her hole with his solid flesh, his bulbous crown drawing glorious circles inside her womb. "Tell me the truth, damn it!"

"Okay, okay...I love...love it, damn you!"

With that, he fucked her with renewed energy, reached underneath her to stroke her hard clit, and eyed her in the mirror. "Feel this Yankee

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cock, bitch! Love this Yankee cock!"

"I...I feel it...I...I...love it..."

Again, his lunges stopped without warning. He bent down and put his mouth next to her left earlobe. "I forgot one of my promises..."

"Wh...what?" she gasped.

"I promised to fuck your beautiful tits."

With that, he withdrew his shaft for her pussy and spun her around to face him. With both hands, he sandwiched her breasts around his vein-laced cock and thrust his hips upward, over and over and over again. When Tess replaced his hands with hers, grabbed her breasts and ground her pliant flesh around his solid pole, Jared reached down and stroked her clit, making her scream in madness.

His subsequent grunts and small screams, however, drowned hers. Just as his middle finger brought her to another enervating and mind-numbing orgasm, his cock began to spew between her tits, his creamy, pearly-white offering creating rivers of warmth within her cleavage. Her right thumb captured some of his generous load, and without thinking, she brought her hand to her lips, lapping up the salty-sweet fluid. Damn it, if this Yankee didn't taste more manly than any other lover she'd had...more delicious than Bryant...tastier than any of the lovers she had sampled before him...

Jared snatched her face in his hands, clutched her cheeks with what initially appeared renewed anger, then quickly turned to passion when he saw what she savored on her tongue. His mouth came down over hers, his tongue thrusting into her mouth and jousting with hers.

Once he broke the smoldering kiss, however, he studied her, his jade-green eyes again twinkling with good humor and mischief. "So you can actually withstand the taste of a Yankee?"

Tess smirked, unwilling to give him the answer she sensed he craved. She stroked his still-hard cock, fascinated by the darker-hued foreskin slipping over the dripping, reddish crown. "I can learn...learn to live with it."

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“Live with it?”

She lowered her head, her tongue flicking out to taste the drop of seed forming at the slit in his cock. She smacked her lips and smiled. “Yes, live with it, although I can’t promise I’ll change my on-air habits anytime soon.”

“Really? After what happened tonight on-air, is that a dare?”

“We’ll see, Yankee”—again, she licked the tip of his cock, capturing another drop of his salty seed—“yes, we’ll see...”

## PARIS DIXON

Paris Dixon was born and raised in the “steamy South”—Savannah, GA., to be exact—an undisclosed number of years ago. According to Paris, having grown up in a city filled with countless historical homes and avenues where hanging moss lazily sways from live oaks did much for her vivid imagination, especially after majoring in history in college. Her period of focus has always been the antebellum era of American History.

“The decades prior to the Civil War,” says Paris, “have always fascinated me. This was a time when dresses became wider, tempers ran shorter, and a horrific institution called ‘slavery’ was the norm. I’ve often wondered what might have occurred within the walls of some of Savannah’s grand estates and plantation houses when a combination of humid-heavy summers and society’s strict mores played havoc with the urges of handsome young gentlemen and their nubile ladyloves. As personal accounts of the period clearly indicate, courting lovers of the era were wont to raise a glass of mint julep on their shady verandahs and complain about the weather while batting eyelashes at one another in the company of matronly chaperones. But what happened during these heat-filled summers when these passionate young adults with raging hormones decided to ditch these observant sentinels in favor of some ‘alone time’? Unfortunately, I suspect some of the more fascinating history of mankind never made it into the history books.”

Paris is the award-winning author of several historical erotica books and the forthcoming *Cry Merci* (scheduled for release in 2005 by Amber Quill Press). Additionally, both of her short contemporary erotica stories, *Lechery For The Devil*, *Morning Ritual*, and *King For A*

Day, are now available, as well as her paranormal erotica novella *Passion Knows No Boundaries* and the novel *The Essence Of Magic*. Other stories of erotic romance are either coming soon from Amber Quill Press or are in the works.

Additionally, Paris sometimes collaborates on various books in the erotica genre with award-winning author Catherine Snodgrass under the pen name Caitlyn Willows. *White Lies* is available now, while the novels *Déjà Vu* and *Treasure Hunters* are scheduled for release from Amber Quill Press.

Paris loves to hear from her readers, so feel free to email her at [parisdixon@hotmail.com](mailto:parisdixon@hotmail.com). You can also visit her website at <http://bythunder.org/ParisDixon/index.html> or join her newsletter by emailing [parisdixon-subscribe@yahoogroups.com](mailto:parisdixon-subscribe@yahoogroups.com).

\* \* \*

***Don't miss King For A Day by Paris Dixon,  
available now from Amber Quill Press, LLC***

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