

# *The Good Lawyer*



*Rachel Carrington*

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## Warning

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## The Good Lawyer

What an absolutely hellacious day! Deidre blew the soft fringe of bangs out of her eyes and sank down behind her executive desk. Littered with files and papers, it only served to create a messier image. A tap sounded on her door, and she sighed. Her next appointment had arrived. She waved to her secretary and straightened in her chair, perching her wire-rimmed glasses firmly on the bridge of her nose.

"Right this way, Sir," came Beth's competent voice.

Deidre pushed herself to her feet and trying to shake off the weariness managed to paste a smile on her face just as the male version of Aphrodite strolled into her office. Good God. She stared at her client while trying not to notice the bulging biceps and impressive chest. She didn't know the man, had never seen him before, not that she knew for sure.

His face captured her attention. Mocha-colored skin, startling hazel eyes, high cheekbones and full, sensuous lips that begged immediate attention riveted her and almost elicited a soft sound of appreciation until Deidre squelched it. It was a face that could only be described as beautiful, classic and surrounded by thick, long braids that fell well below his shoulders. It was a face that demanded awareness. Irritated with herself, she said, "If you'll have a seat, Mr...." Feeling foolish, she realized she'd forgotten his name.

He smiled and extended his hand. "Eric Braxton, Miss Manning. It's a pleasure to meet you." He curled his fingers around hers and held her hand long enough to make her cream.

She cleared her throat and motioned for him to take a seat opposite her. He remained standing and the temperature in the room rose several degrees. "Mr. Braxton?"

"I never expected you to be so beautiful," he said with just a slight trace of an accent.

Deidre swallowed hard and sat back down with a loud thump. As wet as she was, she knew she would slide off the chair any moment.

He strolled toward the door with a predatory roll of his shoulders. "You've been waiting for me, haven't you, Miss Manning?"

"What are you talking about?" Her voice came out on a squeak.

Kicking the door shut, Eric pressed the lock before he approached her, his steps stealthy, controlled. "You want me, don't you? He didn't give her the opportunity to respond before he continued. "You want me to kiss you. You want to feel my hands on your body, caressing your skin, sliding over your hips, your breasts." His voice dipped a notch. "You want to feel my mouth on your pussy as I lick you." He reached out one finger and slid it around the edge of her breast. The nipple peaked instantly.

Deidre knew she should stop him. Decorum demanded that she call a halt to this blatant intrusion, but sex was in short supply in her life at present. For the life of her, she couldn't think of one good reason why she should stop. He pulled her to her feet

and her hands rested against his heart. The steady thump told her she wasn't dreaming.

"What would happen if I touched you here," his hand slid lower, cupping her through the thin material of her black slacks. She jumped. He smiled. "You would do exactly that."

Her breath lodged in her throat, and she closed her eyes, biting back a moan. She didn't want him. She couldn't want him. She didn't know him. But her body wasn't convinced.

He stood so close to her that his warm breath bathed her neck. His lips slid over her throat, up near her ear, absorbing her shivers. "Tell me what you want. Say it out loud." He nibbled at her collarbone then soothed the gentle wound with a lick of his tongue.

She tried to speak, to stop him, but no words would come. She tried to back away from him, but her legs wouldn't move. She pressed against his chest, intending to push him away, but the steady thrum of his heart enticed her palms once more and she opened her hands to feel the wide expanse of his chest.

His fingers flexed against her cunt, curling into a soft fist, before sliding up to the zipper of her slacks. Powerless to stop him, she heard the rasp of the metal teeth, felt the whisper of cool air against her abdomen before the warmth of his palm sheltered her.

His fingers slid against the waistband of her bikini panties while he murmured soothing words in her ear. His palm encountered warm skin, silky to the touch. "Do you want me to stop, Miss Manning?" His finger tickled her clit. Deidre's hands bunched against the fabric of his shirt and her head turned, her lips seeking his, giving him his answer more loudly than any words ever could. Without thought to their lack of privacy, she kissed him, moving her tongue against his, eager to taste him.

His fingers dipped further inside the slick folds of her flesh. Her juices flowed over his dusky palm and every nerve in her body jerked. She gasped against his lips as his fingers began a delicious assault on her senses. Eric's lips dropped to her cheek, his tongue sliding out to caress her warm skin. "You taste like honey." His voice came out thick, almost guttural.

Deidre felt the heavy weight of his cock resting against her upper thigh and her hand fell to caress him between their bodies. The thickness of his jeans didn't allow for much play room, and she moaned her dissatisfaction. She tugged her pants and panties down her hips and jacked her up ass up onto the edge of her desk, inviting him with to continue his explorations.

He muttered a curse word and lifted her ass up off the mahogany, pressing his thumb firmly against her clit. The muscles in her body tensed, but he dropped to one knee before she could come. Dragging one leg over his shoulder, he slid his tongue up the length of her cleft, swirling, suckling and stabbing until Deidre's knees wobbled.

"Oh...my...God," she cried. As his tongue continued to fuck her, she clawed at his hair, twisting his braids around her hands. Skin the color of cocoa contrasted sharply with her milky white thighs and the image seared her brain. She hitched her other leg

over his shoulder, too, and allowed him to push her thighs wider apart. His tongue invaded her, torturing the slick walls of her woman's flesh and she arched her hips, panting and pleading.

"Fuck me," she demanded. "Fuck me hard." She tipped her hips and inhaled the musky sent of her own sex. Eric stood, unzipped his jeans and released his massive cock. A tiny drop of moisture beaded on the top and Deidre swirled her finger over the dampness and brought the taste to her mouth.

His hand fisted in her hair and he yanked her head back. "You really want me to fuck you, don't you? You want me to make you come so hard you can't breathe."

She squirmed against the desk. "Yes. Yes." She frantically pushed her slacks further down legs and hitched her hips back up onto the edge of the wood. Then her hand returned to his cock, rolling over the taut skin, rubbing the dampness with her thumb. She urged him closer to her pussy, squirming her hips atop the littered desk top.

He slid her closer to her, settling himself between her splayed thighs. He tested her sheath with his fingers, stretching her lightly to accommodate the thickness of his cock. Then, his eyes met hers and he thrust into her, the warmth of her body closing around him, welcoming him. With slow, steady movements, he took her, increasing the pace with each passing second, drinking in the sight of her flushed face, the way her hands curled around his wrists while her body bucked beneath his.

Skin met skin, slapping rhythmically, fast and furious until faces flushed and breaths became labored. His balls struck her heat with each push and Deidre almost screamed at the sheer pleasure. Just as she'd imagined, he was thick and every pulsating inch of him stroked the walls of her damp flesh, teasing, inviting until she did scream, long and low.

Eric silenced her with a kiss, his tongue dancing erotically with hers, mimicking the actions of his cock. Every muscle in his body strained and she met his thrusts, lifting her hips off the desk to push his penis against her clit. Another scream bubbled low in her throat. Instead, she closed her eyes and held on.

"No. Don't close your eyes," he instructed hoarsely. His hands gripped her waist, raising her even higher, giving him better access to the damp width of her feminine core.

She obeyed his command, meeting the hazel-eyed gaze above her. "I'm close," she whispered. Her hands clawed for a hold, moving against his shirt, his hair, anything to link her to reality.

"I know." His fingers tightened against her skin and leaning forward, he thrust into her once more, driving her over the edge, into a shattering climax that he silenced against his lips. His own release came within seconds and he rested his weight on his elbows, breathing hard.

Hot, damp and replete, Deidre sagged against the desk top. "Oh my God." She did close her eyes then, contentment warring with disbelief. "I've never...I don't usually..." She didn't know what to say.

He covered her mouth with his index finger. "Don't. You don't need to explain. I know you don't make a habit of this."

Her hands cupped his face. "I've never done this before." Her face colored. "I mean, this, yes, but never in my office and certainly never with my staff just outside my door."

He chuckled lightly. "Let's just hope the intercom wasn't on."

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"Deidre, sweetheart, are you in there?"

She leaped to her feet just as her husband pushed open the door to her office. He took one look at her flushed face and damp skin and his eyes began to twinkle.

"You were having that fantasy again, weren't you?"

She adjusted the neckline of her blouse. "What fantasy was that?"

He walked toward her slowly, his blood dragging through his veins like thick sludge. His heart began to beat rapidly and his pupils dilated. He breathed in the smell of her sex and knew she'd been masturbating behind the desk. He saw the papers strewn across the floor where her foot had kicked them.

"The one where I take you in here with your secretary right outside the door."

She began breathing harder. "You're a client," she whispered.

He reached for the top buttons on her blouse. "And I lick you until you scream."

"But you shouldn't."

Eric opened the last remaining button and flicked the catch of her bra. Her breasts spilled out into the bright light.

"Beth could walk in at any moment," Deidre warned him.

"And that's just the way you like it." He yanked her slacks down her hips and lifted her in his arms.

"Where are you taking me?"

He nuzzled her neck with lips. "You've been a very bad girl." He heard the quick intake of her breath.

"Are you going to spank me then?"

"Is that what you think I should do?" He sat down on the leather sofa and lowered her across his knees. Her damp pussy wet the knee of his jeans, and his cock grew even harder.

She squirmed, grinding her clit against his kneecap. "Actually, I think you should fuck me, Mr. Braxton. After all," she managed to roll over so she was lying face up, her breasts exposed, "it's already been three hours since we last..."

He captured her lips, lifting her until her thighs could straddle his hips. "You always have the best ideas," he murmured.

Sex steamed up the windows, and when Eric left his wife's office thirty minutes later, he wore a smile.

Deidre wore her usual business-like expression which revealed nothing.

Beth hid the vibrator in her desk drawer and wondered if Mr. Braxton would return the next afternoon.



### **About Rachel Carrington**

Rachel is a multi-published author of fantasy and paranormal romance as well as editor-in-chief of Vintage Romance Publishing ([www.vrpublishing.com](http://www.vrpublishing.com)). She's been writing for well over twenty years, and though her main focus has been erotica for the past year, she has written contemporary and mainstream romances. In addition to writing fiction, she has had several articles published and teaches online classes which deal with the subject of writing and/or running a small company.

Rachel lives on the East Coast and readers may visit her on the web at [www.dawnrachel.com](http://www.dawnrachel.com).



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