

Changeling Press

# Celia Kyle

Office of Kink and Karma:

Love  
Me

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# Office of Kink and Karma 4: Love Me Celia Kyle

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## Office of Kink and Karma 4: Love Me

### Celia Kyle

The Office of Kink and Karma is closed. After playing matchmaker and setting up three couples, Eric D'Amore can't handle the stress anymore. In addition, his used-to-be love and plaything, Melani, has shown up pregnant. Offering to help her any way he can, he intends to send Melani to his island for the duration of her pregnancy. Except now Eric has to deal with his pissed-off brother, who also lives on the island, and doesn't want Melani there. To top it off, the assistant he hired, who Eric was sure was a man, is a woman. Can it get any worse? Of course.

Sami is all about staring and fantasizing about her new boss. Until she finds out he could be the father of her ex-boss's baby. Sami doesn't want to deal with any baby-momma drama. Besides, she's got a rule firmly in place: Bosses don't get the booty. Period. Her first job out of college showed her that you don't play where you get paid. But Eric appeals to her in so many ways. One little touch can't hurt, right?

## Chapter One

Drumming her fingernails on the marble counter in time with the tap of her foot, Samantha arched a brow at the attendant. With his slicked back, blond hair and salon styled eyebrows, the man looked like a *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy* knock-off. "Listen, Cris, I --"

"It is Cristoff, madame."

Ooh! She wanted to whip off her designer look-alike high heel and whack him in the side of the head. "I don't care if you're Chris Kringle. I'm getting on the elevator and going to Eric D'Amore's home. *Capisce?*" Samantha pointed her newly manicured nail at the stuffy, stick-up-his-ass man. "I work for Mr. D'Amore, starting today. I will *not* be late because someone pissed in your Wheaties. Understood?"

"Madame..."

Dropping her head to the cool marble, she took a deep breath. Killing the man behind the desk on her first day wouldn't go over well with her new boss. Then again, maybe it would. Maybe she'd be doing the building residents a favor by getting rid of the pompous ass.

"Cris, Cristoff, whatever, cut the 'madame' crap. You're from France just like I'm from Africa, as in, I'm not. I. Work. Here." She tapped a nail on the counter, punctuating each word. "I'm going upstairs. Call who ya gotta call, but my ass," Samantha smacked said ass for added effect, "is going up there." She pointed at the ceiling. Maybe sign language would get through to him.

As she spoke the last word of her tirade, the elevator dinged announcing its arrival on the first floor. Samantha strode around the counter toward the elevator. Nothing would keep her from getting to the penthouse apartment. Nothing. Well, nothing except a six-foot, scrawny doorman who didn't know when to quit. She could

hear the quick click of his heels as he jogged to catch up to her and slid in front of her. Only five feet separated her from the open elevator doors.

"Listen, lady." The faux French accent had disappeared and the Brooklyn borough slang she knew had been dying to come out rose to the surface.

Samantha patted Cristoff's (who she privately believed to be a normal Christopher) chest lightly. "Good boy, Cris. Be yourself, you shouldn't change who you are for a job." Sidestepping him, she actually made it another two feet before being stopped again.

"I can't let you go up there, lady. It'd be my job."

Ooh. He whined like a two-year-old. Maybe he should stick with the faux French.

"And being up there right now is my job. Like I told you, my name is Samantha Pearson. I am Eric D'Amore's new assistant and I *start work today*. How many different ways can I explain this to you? Would a French accent work? Maybe you only understand heavily accented English."

Cris stared at her, his gaze moving from her feet to her head and back again. She noticed he lingered on her breasts and her hips. What? Did women nowadays not have bodies? She knew he was checking her out and from the look on his face, she didn't measure up. *Yeah, baby, got ass, hips, thighs, breasts and flabby arms. What of it?*

"You don't look like his normal assistants."

She wanted to kick him. One little (okay, not so little) kick to the shin would give him a good jolt. Maybe it would be enough to make him think twice about saying something so rude again. "Since when does a person's appearance matter for answering the phone and getting Mr. D'Amore from point A to point B on time?"

Now Samantha had her turn to arch *her* salon (okay, at-home) waxed eyebrow at the man.

"Um..."

"Exactly." She snapped her fingers near his face, causing him to backup a step. Good. Cris had gotten too close for comfort. "Now, I'll say this once and then I'm going

to go Crouching Tiger on your ass. I'm going upstairs to Eric D'Amore's apartment. I am his assistant --"

"Crouching what?"

Good Lord. "*Chow Yun Fat? Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon?* Any of this ring a bell? How about Jackie Chan? *Everyone* has seen a Jackie Chan movie."

The blood drained from Cris's already pale face, leaving him white as a ghost. "You're threatening me?"

He sounded so scared. His voice even cracked as he said the word "me." The man sounded like he hadn't lived in New York for very long, as if violence wasn't an everyday occurrence.

"Only if you continue to keep me from going to work. Go check your list or whatever and *let me in*." She stomped her foot, punctuating each word.

"Promise to stay put?"

"No." Not just no, but hell no. But she wouldn't say that to him. Yet.

"L-look, l-lady..."

Sweat poured down poor Cris's head and she felt bad about giving him such a hard time, but going from employed to unemployed to employed again had Samantha realizing how precious a job could be. "Fine. Go check your list. I'll stay rooted to this spot." But she'd be tapping her foot, making sure Cris knew she hated being left waiting.

Cris darted around her and jogged to the front desk, snatching the notorious "list" from beneath a jumble of papers. She resisted the urge to organize his work area -- barely. He looked up, brows furrowed. "You wouldn't happen to go by Sam, would you? There's a Sam Pearson listed..."

Lord save Samantha from the nickname Mel had saddled her with when she first started working for her. Pinching the bridge of her nose, she nodded. "Yes, I also go by Sam." *As unprofessional as it sounds.*

"Well, why didn't you say so in the first place?" Cris dropped the paper back to the desk.

*Must resist the urge to organize!*

Cris smiled, and she watched as he dug through his pockets, searching for something. Finding what she assumed he'd been looking for, he walked toward her.

"Because I was having such a lovely time talking with you."

"Really?" His smile widened.

"No."

"Oh, well." He handed her a small blue plastic card. "Here's the keycard to get to Mr. D'Amore's suite. Press the button for the top floor and insert the card when asked."

Smiling, she spun on her heel and stomped toward the elevator doors. Pressing the button, she waited for the "metal box of death" to arrive again. Checking her watch, she tapped her foot as each second passed. At ten to eight, she already felt the panic of being late setting in. In her world, being on time meant arriving fifteen minutes early.

Hearing the now familiar low ding harkening the elevator's arrival, she stepped through the sliding metal doors as they opened and rolled her eyes at the marble lining every surface. Somebody had raided the local quarry all right. After pressing the button for the top floor, the doors closed with a low whoosh.

A flashing red light caught her attention and her heart rate increased. Hell no! She did not just get stuck in a hoity-toity elevator, did she? Reading the panel, she realized the elevator was requesting her access card. Sliding the card into the slot, then withdrawing it quickly, she let out the breath she'd been holding when the light ceased blinking. Flashing lights and tiny, enclosed spaces equaled one hell of a panic attack for Samantha.

She straightened her skirt and blouse, then fidgeted with the hem of her jacket as she waited for the elevator to deliver her to Eric D'Amore's apartment. The journey didn't take long as the "metal box of death" shot her from the first floor to the fortieth in no time at all.

Another soft ding announced her arrival and she jumped from the marble-lined coffin as soon as the door slid open. Of course, she landed on a marble-lined floor in

Eric's apartment. Figured. Samantha wondered if any marble was available after outfitting this building.

Taking a few tentative steps down the hall, she called out for her new employer. "Mr. D'Amore?" No one answered, not even a maid or servant of any kind. There had to be someone other than Mr. D'Amore in the apartment, right? Mel hadn't mentioned she'd be alone with him in his home. In all honesty, Mel hadn't given her many details beyond the fact that she'd be receiving a raise.

Standing in the hallway for a few minutes more, it became apparent no one would be greeting her. Heels clicking on the floor, she made her way down the hallway and came upon the living room. Well, she thought it was the living room. It had a couch, albeit one which looked to be a hundred years old, at least. Antique rugs lined the floors, held down by antique furniture on which antique vases and picture frames sat. She'd walked into old-gay-man world.

Mel said she'd dated Eric D'Amore for a while, but she didn't think her previous employer went for the old and decrepit type. A shiver went down her spine at the thought of Mel and Mr. Wrinkly-D'Amore getting it on. Gross!

Taking a right through the living room, she passed by a well-stocked bar. Seemed the man had a taste for bourbon and stocked the ingredients for Mel's favorite drink and not much else. Too bad. Samantha and Mel had enjoyed throwing a few back in the years she'd worked for her and Sami had hoped she'd have the same type of relationship with her new employer. Oh well.

Weaving through Mr. D'Amore's gourmet kitchen, she walked through the opposite entryway and came upon another hallway with several open doors. Peeking her head into each room, she found a couple of guest rooms as well as a large, expansive office. Complete with two desks, she assumed the smaller of the two would be hers. Even if the decor didn't appeal to her, his home was spacious.

Not finding him in the rooms she'd searched, Samantha backtracked until she ended up in the living room once again. Stepping carefully around the ancient rugs lining the floor, she breathed a sigh of relief when her feet touched tile once again. The

last thing she needed was to have one of her heels catch on the out-dated rugs. No matter how ugly they were, she imagined they had cost her new employer many pretty pennies. On this side of the home she found a room set up as a theater, *another* office (how many did the man need?) and what looked like a bedroom. Standing with her feet firmly planted in the hallway, she called out another greeting.

"Mr. D'Amore?" She raised her voice, worried her aging employer might not hear her. She could also hear the distant sounds of a shower running and she wondered if he'd fallen and couldn't get up.

*Please don't die on me now. Please!*

Clearing her throat, she yelled louder. Maybe he had a hearing problem. "Mr. D'Amore?"

A husky male voice filtered through the sound of the running shower. "Hello? Sam?"

Damn Melani and her nickname for Samantha. "Yes, Mr. D'Amore!" Samantha leaned against the doorjamb, softly banging her head on the painted wood. Damn Melani. Damn. Damn. Damn.

"Have a seat and make yourself comfortable!"

Did he just tell her to have a seat? Great. She prayed he'd brought a towel into the bathroom with him because she did not want to see old wrinkly balls right now. Her breakfast had tasted good going down, but coming up? Probably not so much.

Stepping across the threshold, Samantha took her first good look around her employer's bedroom. It didn't scream stinky old guy like the rest of the house. Decorated in soothing shades of beige with maroon accents, it showed an understated masculinity. Samantha felt comfortable amid the large carved wood furniture. Whoever decorated the rest of the apartment apparently hadn't made their way into this bedroom.

Not far from the door, she lowered herself onto an overstuffed chair. It seemed to be the perfect size for reclining in with a good book, cup of coffee, and comfy quilt. She

wondered where Mr. D'Amore had purchased the chair. Not that she could afford one, but maybe she could get something similar if she knew the designer.

Scooting back and crossing her legs, she waited. And waited. And waited. Checking her watch, she saw fifteen minutes had passed. Placing her elbow on her knee, she propped her chin on her hand as she looked around the room. When she finally made it around to looking at the bed -- really looking -- she gawked. *Dayum, what a big bed.* She had a king-size at home, but the bed occupying Mr. D'Amore's room looked to be even larger. The man had to be huge.

Thinking of the man, and his bed, seemed to make him materialize in the room. The sound of the running shower ceased and within seconds Mr. D'Amore appeared in the bathroom doorway. Nude. *Holy full-frontal, Batman!*

Oh the lies her friends told about white men! Being a modern woman who wasn't frightened by the male form, Samantha zeroed in on her employer's goods and her eyes nearly popped out of her head. *Mr. Do-Me-D'Amore* had a long, cut, thick cock and she wondered if he knew how to use it. She knew there was nothing worse than being with a man with the right equipment and the wrong directions.

To top it off, every single assumption she'd made as she'd toured his stuffy home had been wrong. Her boss wasn't old. Before her stood a young, white image of manly near perfection, and now she knew the reason behind such a large bed. He had to be almost 6' 6". She looked from his cock, along his hips with those carved out muscles accentuating the area, drinking up the sight of his chiseled abdomen. Farther up, she wasn't disappointed; the man had a rock-hard chest as well. Mmm. Milky pale skin stretched tightly over every dip and curve of his body. Too bad he was a "suit" and her boss. If not for those two dings against him, he'd be perfect.

Just after graduating college, Samantha had fallen hard for her first employer. When things were good, they were real good, but when things went bad and he decided he'd tired of her, things went real, real bad. After that, she'd sworn off "suits" and employers. There were plenty of men who worked with their hands and didn't sign her paychecks; she just had to find them.

When her gaze reached his face, instead of a mutual appreciation, she found his mouth hanging open, and his eyes about to bug out of his head. Even with a shocked expression, she could find a lot to appreciate. He had an angular face with a strong nose. His eyes looked to be a simmering dark blue and his hair a dirty blond. Yum.

Of course, he had to ruin her perusal by stating the obvious. "You're a woman!"

She thought he would have realized that she was a woman from her voice, but maybe the sound of the shower hadn't made her easy to hear.

And then he covered up the drool-worthy body she'd been admiring. She shouldn't have been drooling anyway. Eric D'Amore was her boss, plain and simple. Since she'd just decided to start searching for Mr. Right, she shouldn't be salivating over his body or growing wet from thinking of doing the nasty with him. Nope, she shouldn't. But that wouldn't keep her from stopping at the toy store on the way home and buying something she could name *little Eric*.

"Yes, I am." Samantha rose from the way too comfortable chair and extended a hand to her new employer causing him to tighten the towel around his waist. Did she see a little tent action there? Ooh! This job just got a whole lot better.

## Chapter Two

No. Nonononono. No! It wasn't happening to him. Not again. He couldn't work with a woman. He'd proven that to himself time and again. Particularly with each of his last nine assistants. No. *Sam* had to go. Now. Okay, maybe not *now*. But just as soon as he'd put clothes on.

Taking a deep, cleansing breath, he shook Sam's hand with as much dignity as a man wearing a bath towel with a half-hard cock could. Which was not much at all. Dropping her hand, he took a step back, nearly slipping on the wet tile floor of the bathroom. Gripping the doorknob for stability, he felt his face grow hot and his cock grow hard. What. The. Fuck. His body hadn't reacted this strongly to a woman... ever.

"I'm Samantha Pearson, Mr. D'Amore. Melani told me she'd spoken to you about filling the position of your assistant." Her voice washed over him in a mix of a bird's morning song and a deep whiskey rough hum. Pure, unadulterated sex seemed to ooze and linger in her words, as harmless as they were.

"You're a woman." Score one to Eric for stating the obvious.

She smiled. No, she shouldn't smile, shouldn't ever. The way her berry-red, lush, full lips parted only made him think of slipping his tongue between them. Or his cock if she'd let him.

"Yes, Mr. D'Amore, I am. Melani typically calls me Sam, which is where a lot of the confusion comes in regards to my sex."

Did she say sex? Yes, please. No! He'd fucked and driven off all of his other assistants, and his business had suffered because of it. He needed to keep his upper head on straight and his lower one in his pants.

"I see. I was expecting a man." Score two for Eric. If he kept talking he could just give her his business. With a sex discrimination lawsuit, she'd own it anyway.

"I realize that, Mr. D'Amore, but let me assure you I'm more than capable of doing whatever it is you require. I worked for Mel for five years and I'm prepared to give you the same dedication I gave her. I promise, you'll be satisfied with my performance."

She needed to shut up. Now. Every word out of her mouth reminded him of sex, sex and more sex. Sweet sex, hard sex, outdoor sex... all of it.

Dropping his head back and closing his eyes, he willed his embarrassing erection to deflate. It didn't work. Not daring to look at Sam, he spoke to the ceiling. "Look, Sam, I'm sure you're capable..."

"Sami."

His eyes popped open. Raising his head, he looked down into her round, cherub-like face. For the first time since he'd spotted her sitting across the room in his favorite chair, he took note of her appearance.

Staring down, way down, he realized her head barely crested his shoulders. Her round face, framed by the tiniest short, dark brown curls he'd ever seen, was topped off with a rounded, yet pert, nose and adorable chin. Eric couldn't believe he considered her chin adorable, but he did. Her eyes were a pale, honeyed brown and he wanted to sink into their whisky-like depths.

Gaze wandering farther, he followed the line of her neck and straight down to her cleavage, her large breasts beckoning him to taste their smooth chocolate cream. Sam, Sami, made even a simple business suit sexy. The jacket seemed tailored to her short frame, hugging her abundant curves and showing off every inch to perfection. Her breasts gave way to a tapered waist which flared to ample hips. Sami's shortened skirt revealed her shapely legs. He wondered how it would feel to have those silken thighs wrapped around him... No! He couldn't let his thoughts go there, no matter how much his body betrayed him.

"Sami, right. I'm sure you're capable of performing all the necessary tasks, it's just that..."

"You were expecting a man."

"Exactly." She understood. Excellent. He could get the temptation of her body out of his home and he could begin the search for a new assistant. A *male* assistant.

Sami placed her hands on her hips. Not a good sign. "And I was expecting a job when I arrived, Mr. D'Amore. If you're proposing that this position can *only* be filled by a man when Melani assured me you've employed females in the past, I can only assume my race is the discerning factor here."

*Race?* She thought he didn't want to hire her because of her race? Preposterous. Absurd! Eric operated as an equal opportunity user and for once, he needed someone he wouldn't be tempted to sleep with. Sami did not fill that requirement. "Sami, I assure you race is not an issue."

"Really?"

"No."

"So, I have the job?"

"No. I didn't say that either."

Sami took a deep, audible breath and Eric barely resisted the urge to take a step back. It looked like she was preparing to release five feet worth of rage and he didn't want to be in the crossfire, even if he had been the cause of her anger.

She pointed a finger at him and poked him in the middle of his chest. "I. Need. This. Job. I realize that may not mean much to you, but I took Melani's word that I'd have a job working as your assistant. You want something filed, I'll file it. You want something typed, I'll type it. You want your ass wiped, I'll hire some guy with an ass fetish to wipe it for you. The point is, Mr. D'Amore, I'm what you need. Even if you don't know it yet."

He knew she was what he needed, in his bed at least. His problem was he needed someone to run his office more. For now, he'd do his damndest to keep his hands to himself. "Fine. You're hired, and a guy with an ass fetish isn't necessary. I can wipe my ass on my own, thanks."

She smiled, the brilliance nearly blinding him. "Glad to hear it." Sami winked and turned on her heel, giving him the perfect view of her voluptuous ass as she walked away, her hips swaying gently with each step.

"Wait. Where are you going?"

She paused in the doorway, the crisp white paint contrasting with the dark mocha of her skin as she leaned against the doorjamb. "I assume you'll want to dress alone. I was going to go to the office and familiarize myself with your schedule. If that's all right with you, Mr. D'Amore?"

"It's Eric, and that's fine."

Sami gifted him with another soft smile before leaving the doorway.

Looking down his body, he stared at his erection. Even after she'd left the room, it seemed reluctant to deflate. It pulsed and ached in time with his heartbeat. Dropping his towel, he turned back to the bathroom. He couldn't walk into his office with a hard-on. Rubbing one out had become his only choice.

With quick, efficient movements, he started the water flowing in the shower once again. Stepping beneath the steaming spray, he soaked his body, letting the water sluice over him, chasing away the air-conditioned chill. Grasping his erection, capturing the hardened shaft between his thumb and forefinger, he tugged hard.

Closing his eyes, he tilted his head back and let his mind wander. He mentally went through his "spank bank," searching for a woman to occupy his fantasy. Flicking through memories, he passed over the blondes, brunettes and redheads who generally fueled his desire.

None of them could compare to the lush beauty that had been before him such a short time ago. Fuck! He couldn't masturbate to his newest employee, couldn't. But the image of her mocha skin and curvaceous body wouldn't leave his mind. Eric imagined her berry-stained lips breaking into a sweet, sexy smile before she opened her mouth, swallowing him.

Eric tightened his grip on his cock, giving it a firm, solid stroke. The rough tug and milking of his erection brought his arousal forward. Those plump lips would slide

along his cock, fitting him like a glove, stretching to accommodate his girth. Sami would take him all in, swallowing when the tip of his cock reached the back of her throat. But deep-throating wouldn't be his favorite part. Just because a woman could swallow him didn't mean she could give good head.

Sami seemed like a woman who knew every trick in the book. Sure, she'd take him deep, but on the way back, as she worked her mouth along his shaft, her tongue would swirl and flick along his length. She'd play his cock like an instrument, tapping out a beat they'd both recognize. When Sami reached the tip, she'd flick just below the crown, paying special attention to the "v" just before the head. So filled with nerves, the insistent pressure and rapid beat would nearly make his knees buckle.

Eric increased his pace, using the water as a lubricant. He stroked his shaft with quick, tight jerks. His orgasm approached, but his fantasy was far from over. Widening his stance, he snaked his other hand down his abdomen, over his six-pack abs he'd worked so hard for. Sifting through his curls, he cupped his sac, squeezing the now hardened balls within. Yeah, just like that. She'd give him a tug and squeeze, reminding him who was in charge.

Sami's delicate fingers would contrast with his pale skin. One hand would grasp his hip, holding him steady, while the other cupped his balls. She wouldn't be gentle. She'd start out with a soft caress and quickly turn to a pull, with a soft pinch thrown in for good measure. Yeah, she would know what she was doing. Her talented mouth would bring him to the brink with the constant slide of her lips up and down his shaft, and then her talented fingers would send a shiver of pain racing through him, chasing it away.

Eric squeezed his sac, rolling his nuts while his right hand tugged and jerked his cock. Fully erect, the head of his cock leaked pre-come, the fluid coating his shaft as he stroked. The milky-white fluid mixed with the water as it rained down on him. Breathing heavily, he felt his orgasm rush forward, and his mind wandered back to Sami.

She'd make the blowjob last so long, longer than any of his other lovers. Over and over again, she'd bring him to the edge. His breathing would become shallow, rough pants filling the room as she slid up and down his cock. Her hand holding his hip wouldn't allow him to thrust into her mouth. He wanted to fuck. Fuck her face. Ram his cock down her throat, shooting the pearly liquid into her mouth and watch it trail down her chin. He'd own every inch of her body... if she'd let him.

He hoped she'd let him.

Sami's fingers would travel. Mouth still enveloping his shaft, he imagined a smile appearing on her taut lips as her nails scraped the tender skin behind his balls. She'd touch a place no other lover had ever stroked before. A place he'd only ever ventured to when his fantasies went dark and deep. He'd rock his hips forward a little as he shifted his legs farther apart. How far would she take it? All the way. Sami didn't seem to be a woman who did anything half-assed. Speaking of ass... The single questing digit would circle his asshole, rimming the puckered flesh.

Eric moaned, the sound echoing off the tile walls. He hadn't done this to himself in months. Had been afraid of what it could mean, really. Fingers slick with water, he pressed the tip of one finger past the first ring of muscle. It gave way easily. Just the tiny penetration brought his orgasm rushing forward, threatening to burst. The nerve endings of his body thrummed to life.

Release approaching, his movements became jerky. But it didn't slow his climax. No, it seemed to intensify, traveling along his skin like a million tiny locomotives, heading for the same destination. Eric's cock pulsed and leaked more pre-come, harkening his orgasm's arrival. The feeling, the need to come and conquer, settled in his lower back. It slid around his waist, wrapping his groin in now familiar and intensified warmth. Soon.

Tightening his grasp, he squeezed the steel-like shaft and concentrated his rough jerks on the tip where most of the nerves lay. As he slid the finger in his ass deeper, he hunched, aching to be filled further still. "Fuck yes..." He growled low, the sound mixing with the pattering of the water.

Pressing his finger deeper still, he searched for his P-spot. If women could have a “PraiseJesusHalleluahAmen” button, why couldn’t men? He’d never penetrated himself so deeply before, and if he stopped to think about it, he might have chickened out. But the woman on the other side of his apartment brought out the dirtiest thoughts and desires he had.

As he slid his finger over a soft ridge, stars burst behind his eyes. Fuck, he’d found it and they hadn’t been lying. Stroking the hard bump in time with the jerking of his cock, his orgasm didn’t wait any longer. Semen shot from the tip of his penis, painting his arm with the milky seed before being washed away by the water. He continued to jerk his cock and fuck his ass as the spasms subsided, his muscles quivering and twitching with each breath. The muscles of his ass tightened and gripped his finger in time with the remnants of his release.

Cock softening in his palm, he slid his finger free of his back passage. Rinsing and soaping his hands and body, he made sure he was clean before stepping free of the shower. He felt languid, relaxed by the explosive orgasm he’d just had. It had, without a doubt, been the most powerful climax of his life.

Too bad his cock wasn’t up for another round. But he’d be doing that again. Soon. Just as soon as he got rid of the newest star of his fantasies.

## Chapter Three

Just as Sami needed the job, Eric needed her. Badly. After spending an hour in his office, she'd rearranged his desk and hers, fielded more calls than she ever did for Melani and made a fresh pot of coffee. The room still looked as if a tornado had hit it, but at least it was a somewhat organized mess now.

The ringing vid-phone pulled Sami away from yet another task and she bit back a curse. Eric's schedule hadn't shown a teleconference call. Tamping down her frustration, she snatched the remote from Eric's desk, centered herself in front of the phone screen and pasted on a smile.

Pressing the answer button, the image of an *oh so scrumptious* man appeared on the screen before her. No, not just a hunky man, a hunky-chocolate-with-a-bit-of-vanilla-mixed-in hunky man. His skin was light with a beautiful milk chocolate tinge and he had the most startling bright blue eyes she'd ever seen. Of course, his eyes didn't compare to the dazzling smile he flashed her. Her breath caught and she almost forgot to greet him.

"Good morning, Mr. D'Amore's office," she stammered.

The man's smile widened, blue eyes dancing. "It is and it looks like it's getting even better."

Ooh, perfect sin. Why did the man have to sound like sex incarnate? His voice was a deep rumble that went straight to her pussy and he looked good enough to eat. From the glint in his eye, he probably knew it too. Sami was all for men who took care of their personal appearances, but cocky was not on her list of desired traits in a man.

Squaring her shoulders, she folded her hands in front of her. "Mr. D'Amore is unavailable at the moment. Can I place you on hold or would you like to leave a message?"

The man, whose name she still didn't know, leaned closer to the camera. "I'll wait. For you, I'd wait a lifetime."

Resisting the urge to roll her eyes, she smiled instead. A lifetime? Puh-lease. He had it going on and he knew it. Maybe his approach worked on some women, but not on Sami. "Thank you, sir. I'll..."

"Deklan," he supplied. "But you can call me Dek."

"Very well," *Mr. Arrogant Ass*, "Mr. Deklan, I'll alert Mr. D'Amore that you're waiting for his call. Please hold." Before Dek-the-dick could respond, she pressed the series of buttons which would flash an image of flowers on his screen and mute her microphone. The joys of technology. She could still see Deklan on her screen, shuffling papers, but he couldn't see her or the bird she flipped him.

"I see Dek's charm doesn't work on you." The deep rumble of her boss's voice gripped her attention. She snapped her head around, tucking her hands behind her back. Sami was batting a thousand today. First she caught her boss *au naturel* and then he catches her giving a friend or client or *both* the bird.

"Um..." She nibbled her lower lip, trying to decide how to play the situation. She could grab her things and leave with a smidge of dignity, or she could grovel and beg and promise it wouldn't happen again. She'd promise all right, but if Dek continued with his arrogant behavior, she'd let him know it wasn't appreciated.

Eric saved her from making a choice. "Don't worry about it. As long as he doesn't care, I don't. He didn't even bother with a reaction. Defeats the purpose a bit though..."

"He didn't..." She cleared her throat. "He didn't exactly *see*. He's on a screen saver. I'm pretty sure he's staring at a field of sunflowers."

Her boss looked as if his eyes would bug out of his head. "Screen saver? It does that?"

Brows furrowed, she glanced at the screen and back at Eric. "Uh, yeah." The model Eric owned wasn't that old, he should have been shown how to use it when it had been installed. "It's got a screen saver, mute, multi-member conference call

capabilities." He took a few steps closer to the screen, staring at Deklan. "You know you purchased the top of the line system. It'll do everything but wipe your ass."

Eric whipped around, a smile tugging at his lips. "You seem to have a pre-occupation with my ass. Wonder why that is?"

Thanking the Lord both her parents were black and he couldn't see the blush creeping up her cheeks, Sami held the remote out to him. "I'm not sure what you're talking about, Mr. D'Amore. If you just hit these two buttons, your associate will be able to see and hear you again. Would you like me to leave the room..."

Pulling the remote from her grasp, he shook his head. "That won't be necessary. I'm sure while you straightened the office you found your confidentiality agreement. Please sign it and... well, file it somewhere I'll be able to find it should the need arise." He shooed her away from his desk and she returned to her own, anxious to sift through the remainder of the paperwork awaiting her.

Most of what she found amounted to doodles from her predecessors. *All righty then.* Tossing most of the papers in the trash, she focused her attention on the computer and not on her boss's conversation. Nope, she wasn't eavesdropping. Not Sami, her momma had raised her better.

Clicking through the computer, she opened the email program and found it bogged down with forever-old emails and spam galore. Ugh! Sifting through a few, she found several addressed to women by the names of Muffy, Buffy and Bunny. Those poor women and what their parents did to them, naming them something so stupid. Deleting most of the trash, she was able to take time to view Eric's schedule in his email and begin preparing for her day.

And she was doing good with the "no eavesdropping" thing too. Until Dek raised his voice, yelling at Eric, "You're sending a woman here? Like hell."

Staring at the computer screen, Sami pretended to keep working.

"Dek, she needs somewhere to live through her pregnancy and I offered her the house. Can't you understand?" Eric argued.

*She? Pregnancy?* Tap, tap, tap. Pretending to type, Sami listened to their conversation. This was good.

"I don't care. Damn it, Eric, you promised. You swore the only other person who would come to the island was you. And now you're sending *her*."

Eric's sigh filled the room and Sami almost felt sorry for him -- almost. "She doesn't have anywhere else to go..."

"Eric..." Dek growled, the deep sound reverberating through her and every piece of furniture in the room. In the reflection of her monitor, she thought she could see Dek's sky-blue eyes darken into a swirling mass of sea-blue. Blinking, clearing her vision, she glanced at her monitor again and he appeared normal. Monitors couldn't be considered good reflective surfaces... it had to have been a trick of the mind.

Choosing to ignore their conversation once again, she hunted through the remaining sheaf of papers and came upon a blank confidentiality agreement. Filling in the appropriate sections, she signed the last page and set it aside. By now, she could recite a boilerplate confidentiality agreement by heart; there wasn't much need to read through the thing.

Dek's raised voice grabbed her attention again. "I won't have it, Eric. You got her preg --"

*Got her what?*

"Don't. Don't say it, don't think it and don't speak it. You'll be amenable and nice and everything in the world you're not to other people. To her, you'll be Prince Charming incarnate. Got it, Dek?" Eric's tone indicated he wouldn't take any argument.

To her, the tone, the command in his voice, skimmed her skin, raced down her spine and settled right over her freshly waxed pussy. Mmm. To have a man like Eric tell her what to do with that deep growling tone. Yum. Sami had to quickly remind herself that she needed a growly man like Eric, but *not* Eric.

"Fine." The room grew quiet. Glancing at the reflection in her monitor, she saw the TV had gone black. Dek had hung up on Eric.

Eric's sigh filled the room, a deep, anguished exhale which promptly squashed her burgeoning arousal. Oh well. Sami shouldn't have been lusting after her "suit" boss anyway.

Standing, she gathered the few sheets of paper Eric would need for his next meeting. Just as she turned to walk around the desk, she ran right into Eric's muscled chest. His male musk and heat surrounded her, enveloping her in his scent and strength he carried so easily. As short as she was, her head barely reached his chest and her mouth happened to be at the perfect level to take his nipple into her... No! No fantasizing about the boss.

Eric took a quick step back, gripping her upper arms, steadying her. "I need you to work on something for me."

"Sure thing." Snatching up a notepad and pen, she plopped back into the chair, crossed her legs and stared at him, waiting for him to begin dictating his needs. Fulfilling her boss's needs, it's what she did.

Eric stared at her a moment, gaze moving from her breasts to her legs and back again. They were back to ogling one another. This didn't bode well for her new "no fantasizing about the boss" rule. She waited for him to look his fill, arching her brow. She wanted him to look her in the eye and know she knew he'd been checking her out. When a deep red blush stained his cheeks and quickly spread to the rest of his face, she knew he'd got the message.

"Deklan is..." He ran a hand through his hair, a nervous gesture she was beginning to recognize. "He's less than thrilled about someone I'm sending to stay on my island. I need you to coordinate with whatever vendors you need to get the cabin stocked and ready for her arrival. The woman is..." he hesitated a moment, "pregnant."

She'd guessed as much from the bits of his conversation she'd overheard. "Okay. What would you like the home to be stocked with? How long will she be staying?"

"She's about six weeks along, I think. So, enough to get her through her pregnancy with scheduled deliveries of fresh food along with non-perishables. She'll need clothes too, right?" Sami nodded. "So clothes as well."

Okay, time to question the obvious. "Who is the woman, Mr. D'Amore? It would make the shopping much easier if I knew her tastes or consulted her on some of the purchases."

Eric's blue eyes bore into hers for one second, then two. She wondered what upset him about her question. Sami couldn't very well do her job without the necessary information, could she? For him to expect any less was...

"Did you sign the confidentiality agreement?" Puzzled, she nodded and passed him the completed form. He scanned it quickly, probably looking for her initials and signature in all the right places. Seeming to be satisfied, he looked at her again. "It's Melani."

\* \* \*

Sami went through the rest of her day in a daze. Following Eric's directive, she began scheduling deliveries to Eric's island. She still hadn't gotten past the fact that Melani was pregnant. And from what Deklan had said during their tele-conference earlier in the day, it was Eric's child. No wonder her ex-boss had changed so much lately. She had been fighting the onset of pregnancy. Part of Sami wanted to rush to Mel and help the woman in any way she could. But she also knew doing so would breach the agreement she'd just signed for Eric.

*Damn. Double damn.*

Trying to distract herself from her rebellious thoughts, she focused on typing the notes from Eric's last meeting. They'd been discussing a merger and a lot of important points had been raised by both Eric and the presidents of his different companies. Sami thought most of the men were pompous windbags, but some of them had good ideas.

"Well, aren't you just about perfect?" The deep baritone of almost-Barry-White washed over her and she raised her head to see the sky-blue eyes from earlier in the morning staring at her. Live and in living color.

"Mr..." She cleared her throat. Had it just gotten warm in the apartment? "Mr. Deklan. You're not on Mr. D'Amore's schedule. I wasn't..." Damn, the man in person got her flustered.

"It's Dek and I know I'm not on his schedule. His brother shouldn't have to make an appointment."

*Brother? As in "yo, you're my bro" or actual sharing of parents brother?*

Deklan slid one finger along her jaw line, and she shivered at the contact. He stopped stroking her when his finger rested beneath her chin. "Close your mouth, sweetheart. I'm not kissing you on your first day in the middle of my brother's office. No matter how sweet the invitation."

Snapping her mouth shut, she glared at Dek. The nerve. The man had a set of balls bigger than an elephant. Narrowing her eyes at him, she willed her anger to recede. As hot as the man was, he could sure use some help in the charm department.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Deklan?" she growled through clenched teeth.

"Eric around?" Dek shoved his hands in his pockets, looking around the room she and Eric shared as an office.

"No, as you can see Mr. --"

"I thought I told you to call me Dek."

She bit her tongue. Literally. "I realize that, Mr. Deklan, but while working for Mr. D'Amore, I will address you as Mr. Deklan." She wanted to add, "Get over it, jackass," but restrained herself. Barely.

"I'll just have to make Eric fire you so I can sweep you off your feet and you'll call me Dek." His smile was sinful with those full lips. She'd almost beg him to do it for a few nights in his bed, if he wasn't so damned cocky. Well, that and the fact that she knew he was kidding. What man who had the looks and a body like him would want to go out with a short and pudgy Sami? The answer: none. He wore a tight, worn T-shirt that showed off his abundant muscles and when he stroked her chin, she felt rough, work induced calluses on his fingertips. *This* was a working man.

"I think you'd have a hard time doing the sweeping with or without my job hanging around. Shall I go find Mr. D'Amore for you?" Sami stood, expecting to be sent scurrying away to find her boss.

"No, and like hell." His pale blue eyes deepened to a dark, almost midnight black.

"No to Mr. D'Amore or like hell to Mr. D'Amore?" She smiled, trying to lighten the mood. He'd suddenly gotten a bit snappy and she didn't want to be the one he snapped in half. Had he grown in the past few minutes?

"Like hell I'd have a hard time sweeping you off your feet, as tiny as you are, and no, don't bother finding Eric. I'll hunt him down." He closed his eyes for a moment and took a deep breath. "Sorry I snapped at you. Long trip to get here and all that."

"It's fine." She gave him a tentative smile. "Happens all the time."

"Yeah, well, I'm usually not that big of an ass. I'm usually quite charming."

Yeah, she just bet. She didn't know why he'd snapped at her, but his backhanded compliment put a smile on her face. He thought he could easily sweep her off her feet. Eyeing his muscles, she had to agree.

"Have dinner with me tonight? Let me make it up to you."

Taking another look at the strong arms braced on her desk, she pretended to consider his request. Hell yeah, she'd go out with him tonight. Maybe she could look past how big of a dick he was, considering how he fit her idea of the perfect man. He didn't wear a suit to work every day *and* he wasn't her boss. Related to her boss, maybe, but not her boss. "Sure."

"Perfect, jot down directions and I'll pick you up tonight around eight." He pushed off the desk and strode toward the door.

*Dayum.* A person could bounce a roll of quarters off his ass. Maybe the two men really were brothers and their mother, or father, had a taste for chocolate. "See you later..." He turned around and she noticed that his pale mocha-tinged skin blushed a light pink. "I'm sorry, I didn't get your name."

"Sami."

"Sami," he repeated. "I'll see you later, Sami." With a wink, he disappeared through the doorway. Between her white chocolate boss and his swirled chocolate "brother," Sami was on a path that led straight to heartache. Or was it a toothache?

## Chapter Four

Eric's first mistake of the evening had been the call he placed to Bunny inviting her out for the evening. The second? Dragging Bunny to the same exact restaurant Deklan had taken Sami.

With Bunny hanging on his arm and giggling at God only knew what, Eric stepped through the doorway to *Pièce D'Amour*.

After purchasing the restaurant, he'd remodeled the entire building. It was now a restaurant during the day and a club in the later hours. In addition, he'd opened it to one and all, Normals and Extraordinaries alike. After hearing what had happened on Josh's initial visit to the restaurant, he'd paid double what it was worth to ensure something like that never happened again.

Soft music drifted toward them from the club area of the restaurant. A smooth, low blues beat pulsed through the floor and up his spine, drawing him toward the sound. Nodding to the doorman, Eric led his date for the evening through the growing crowd to the VIP area of the club. Nothing like being the owner and having a table reserved at all times.

It wasn't until he'd reached his table, and the crowd parted, that he finally spotted Sami. She looked bored as she reclined on the sofa, watching the slow moving dancers on the floor. Eric couldn't hear what Dek was saying to Sami, but he could tell from her uninterested expression that she wasn't buying what he was selling.

"Good evening." He raised his voice, glancing at Sami for a brief moment before he turned to his brother. He thought he saw a mixture of surprise and relief flash across her tiny features before she tore her gaze from his. Good, he wanted her to be happy to see him. With any luck, he'd walk out with her on his arm.

Dek rose, extending a hand in welcome. Sort of. He grabbed Eric with a punishing grip and pulled him forward, talking directly into his ear. "You ass. I am so drowning you. Just wait."

Not taking Dek's words lightly, he responded with a threat and declaration of his own. "And I'll fry your brain until you're a vegetable. She's mine, Dek."

He took a step back, letting his brother look into his eyes and see the truth for himself. Eric hadn't been this attracted to a woman since Melissa's death.

With a nod, Dek pasted on his "all purpose" charming smile and pulled Bunny off his arm. "Want to dance, sweetheart?" The typical deepening of Dek's voice signaled the beginning of his brother's "charming" act.

Poor girl, by the time Dek finished with her, she'd be waking up in his bed tomorrow morning and walking crooked. Eric should have felt bad about using the woman as he had, but with the prospect of getting closer to Sami before him, he couldn't muster an ounce of guilt.

Eric had prepared himself for Sami's initial bout of anger at arriving with another woman and then passing her off to his brother. Being involved in a date switch tended to piss women off in Eric's experience. He and Dek had done it a time or two and very rarely were the women amenable to leaving with a different D'Amore heir.

Apparently, Sami was the lone woman in the world who welcomed such a situation. "Thank God." She yanked Eric into the seat beside her before downing the remainder of her drink. "You saved me. Now get me out of here."

Eric didn't have to be asked twice. Rising from the couch, he motioned for Sami to precede him through the club. Walking behind her, he got a good look at how she filled out her dress. The slinky copper material contrasted and enhanced the deep mocha of her back that was fully exposed. Unable to resist the temptation, he placed his palm on her lower back, pretending to guide her while he fought his body's response to the contact.

Arousal, white-hot and pure, shot from his fingers to his groin in a split second. The hard-on he'd had earlier in the morning was nothing compared to the one he

sported now as he shuffled through the club. Good thing he'd worn briefs for the evening. At least there was some additional fabric attempting to rein in his erection. Before today he'd never had such a physical reaction, yet here it was again. Eric didn't want to fight or question it; he wanted to sate himself in Sami's lush body.

Standing outside the restaurant, waiting for his car to be brought around, he questioned Sami. "So, Dek not what you expected?"

Sami turned toward him, anger etched across her features. "You could have warned me he was a pompous windbag who cared only for himself. Or that he has like... eight hands." She threw her hands up, running them over her body to indicate his brother's penchant for trying to feel a woman up.

Anger seared through him, dousing his arousal and replacing it with rage over his brother making moves on his woman. Fuck, he already thought of Sami as his. Sure, he'd told Deklan she belonged to him, but he didn't really believe the words at the time. Now, confronted with the prospect of Sami being harmed or upset in any way, he had to admit the truth. She belonged to him. Only him. Forever.

His cock's uncontrollable behavior and his deep sense of possession and need to protect the tiny woman proved the conclusion he'd been avoiding since he saw her sitting in his favorite chair like she belonged. She did belong. To him. Sami, with her endless curves and sassy attitude, was his soul mate. He never thought he'd have another after Melissa, but the proof stood before him.

Eric's fury over his brother's behavior warred with the shock of his newest realization. The fury won. "I'll kill him." The valet pulled his car up. Thrusting his keys at Sami, Eric shrugged off his jacket and shoved it at her. "Hold this. I'll kill him and be back in a few minutes."

Sami's tiny fingers wrapped around his bare forearm as he rolled up his sleeves. "Wait. Why are you killing him? I want to kill him for being such a jerk, but not tonight." She sighed and for the first time, he noticed how tired she appeared. "I just want to go home, Eric."

She said his name and looked so tired with her pleading eyes that he gave in to her request. Taking his jacket and keys back, he ushered her toward the car and waited as she slumped into the seat. Closing the door softly, he jogged around the car and slid behind the driver's seat.

"Where to?" He wanted her to say "home" and follow the direction with an invitation into her apartment, but he didn't think that would happen.

"Home. It's only a few blocks. I could have walked, but I appreciate the ride."

Sami crossed her legs, sending the hem of her dress riding higher on her thigh. He tore his gaze away from the tempting flesh and focused on the road. "So, how bad was Dek?" He watched her out of the corner of his eye as she nibbled her lower lip. "You can tell me, Sami. What did the ass do now?"

"Nothing really." She sucked her lower lip into her mouth. "He was just... an ass. And grabby. A grabby ass if you want to know the truth. Do you know he had only planned on taking me to dinner before ushering me home where I was expected to open my legs for him?"

"What?" Thank God he'd pulled into the parking garage for Sami's building. He swung into a space and parked the car. "He planned what?"

"Yeah." Sami turned to face him, exposing more leg. "He was going to wine me, dine me and then fuck me." She raised a finger. "His words, not mine. The ass."

The urge to murder his brother was growing. Sibling or not, a man didn't treat a woman that way. Their father had raised them better.

"Are you sure you're related to that poor excuse for a man? I mean the blue eyes are similar, but otherwise..." She raised her eyebrows, waiting for his response, he supposed.

He'd have to address the racial differences between him and his brother at some point. Now was as good a time as any. "We shared the same father and Dad... Dad had a hearty appetite for women. Dek's mother was bla..."

She waved him off, stalling the rest of his explanation. "I know *that*. The ass did manage to explain about his mother and your dad and everything. I just can't believe

you share the same father. You must take after your mother.” She nodded as if her declaration solved the question in her mind and opened the car door.

Caught by surprise, it wasn’t until the click of her heels on the concrete reached his ears that he sprung into action. Jumping from the car, he jogged to catch up to her. “What are you doing?”

“Walking to the elevator and then to my apartment. What are you doing? You don’t have to walk me upstairs. I’m a big girl.”

Placing his palm on her lower back, the same zing of sensation shot through his fingertips. He leaned down, marveling at the difference in their height, and whispered in her ear. “Yes, you are, and I love that about you.”

She laughed, a deep warm chuckle which traveled up his arm. “Boy, you are crazy.” She shook her head. “But you do know how to make a girl feel better.”

She gifted him with a dazzling smile, similar to the one he’d witnessed that morning. “I probably am and I didn’t say that to make you feel better. It’s the truth.”

The arrival of the elevator ended their exchange. Nodding to the occupants of the elevator as they left, he ushered Sami into the enclosed space, thankful they were alone again. The doors closed and they stood, side by side, not speaking.

Finally, Eric broke the silence. “Sami?”

“Huh?” Her breathing was quick and shallow. Did she feel the attraction too?

“What floor do you live on?”

She cast him a quick, startled glance before pressing the button with a shaking hand. Sami must have felt the same nervousness that thrummed through him. Her unease at the inevitable made him feel a bit better. At least she was as unsettled as he was.

The elevator lurched into action, rising higher in the building. Floor after floor lit up as they rose, the pace of Sami’s breathing picking up the higher they went.

Sliding an arm around her shoulders, he pulled her against him. “Sami? Are you okay?” Nervousness was one thing, but she looked as if she were on the brink of a panic attack.

The elevator lurched, and she whimpered and leaned against him, burying her face against his chest, nodding and breathing deeply against his jacket. He slid his other arm around her waist and pulled her against him. Could she feel his erection? Probably. But she didn't shy away. Instead, she seemed to squirm closer, gripping the fabric of his jacket and pressing her cheek against his chest.

Resting his chin on the top of her head, he inhaled the sweet fragrance of flowers which seemed to surround her. It wasn't a cloying, store-bought scent, but seemed to come from Sami herself.

The elevator jerked again. Eric shifted his feet, bracing himself just in case the machine wasn't done yet. Sami burrowed beneath his jacket as if she were trying to crawl into his skin. His cock, now throbbing hard, pulsed with every beat of his heart. If she didn't quit squirming, he'd come in his pants.

Now prepared for the elevator's antics, he didn't budge when the elevator shifted and ground to a halt. The lights dimmed and Sami screamed as she tried to jump into his arms.

Embracing her, Eric managed to keep Sami from climbing up his body. "Sami. Sami!" he yelled to get her attention. Looking down into her face when she stilled, he found her eyes squeezed shut and her mouth in a tight line. "Sami," he brushed a curl off of her forehead, "it's okay. I've got you. You're okay. Understand?" She nodded, eyes still shut tight. "I'm going to grab the phone..."

Eric reached for the door containing the phone, but Sami plastered herself to him, stalling his efforts. Shuffling toward the phone with a petrified Sami, he managed to open the panel and pull the phone out.

The phone connected him to the building's security guard. "We're stuck in the elevator." He cast a glance at Sami. Tears leaked from her eyes, and slid down her cheeks. "How quickly can you get us out of here?"

"Sir, it may take a little..."

He cut the guard off. "I don't care what it costs, I want out of here as soon as possible."

"Sir..."

"Get this hunk of metal moving." He slammed the phone on the receiver and focused his attention on Sami. She trembled in his arms. He hugged her tighter, pulling her closer to him and backed up until he hit the wall.

Her breaths were coming in soft, shallow pants as he held her. A panic attack if he'd ever witnessed one. "Sami, I'm going to slide down the wall now. Do you think you can sit with me?" He spoke in low tones, not wanting to frighten her with loud speech or quick movements.

She nodded.

Getting them to the ground with relative ease, he froze when she settled on his lap, arms twined around his neck. Pressing a kiss to her forehead, he held her close. "It'll be okay, Sami. It'll be okay."

## Chapter Five

Hell no, it wouldn't be okay. Didn't the fool realize they were trapped in the "metal box of death" and the thing had finally found a way to kill her? Just when she'd accepted that working men could behave just as badly as "suits," due to her horrible date with Deklan, God had decided to bring her home. Perfect.

Tightening her hold on Eric, she squeezed closer to his chest. Maybe if she managed to fit onto his lap, he'd take the brunt of the impact when they plummeted to their deaths. Shifting to get more comfortable on his firm lap, Sami felt something hard pressing against her ass.

Arousal began to mix with her panic attack. Maybe if they got through this alive, she'd take care of *little Eric* for him. It was the least she could do since he'd saved her from his ass of a brother.

His warm breath fanned over her ear. "Maybe I'll take you up on that, beautiful."

Burying her face against his neck, she groaned. Dear Lord, he'd better take her to heaven now. Attraction aside, she must have spoken aloud and made a fool of herself. And he'd called her beautiful. Maybe it'd been a long time since he'd been with a woman. That could explain his erection pressing against her behind and him calling her beautiful. Sami was many things and beautiful wasn't one of them.

Then a memory of his call with Deklan that very morning entered her mind. She knew just what to say to end his teasing. Desperate times and all that... "Are you sure Melani, the mother of your child, won't be a tad upset at you for taking up other women's offers? Especially that of your new assistant." At least anger helped her work through her panic. If she stayed pissed, she'd forget about plummeting to her death at any second. "I may be many things, Eric, but I'm not a home wrecker."

His arms tightened around her waist. "Not that it's any of your business, but Melani is not pregnant with my child."

"Not my business?" Oh *hell* no. "You just told me you'd take me up on an offer to take care of *little Eric* and you're saying it's not my business? I think it's very much my business." She wouldn't look at him, face still pressed against his chest. The panic attack lingered and she couldn't force herself to let him go, but she could still yell at him.

"Fine. It's your business," he conceded, "but she's not pregnant with my child."

How many times had her girlfriends heard the same thing? "I'm not your baby's daddy." Yeah, right. So, it had to have been an immaculate conception. *Whatever*. "Did you have sex without a condom?"

"Yes."

*Idiot*. "Then excuse me for thinking it's your child." Sami could hear his heartbeat increase to a rapid beat against the inside of his chest. Good, he could be as pissed as he wanted as long as their argument kept her from thinking about being locked inside the stupid deathtrap.

"Just because we made love..."

"Fucked."

"Made love, without a condom, doesn't mean I'm the father of her child."

"And I've got a bridge in Brooklyn to sell you." Did he think she was an uneducated idiot?

"I'm sterile."

If she could pale, she was sure she would have. As it was, she felt the blood drain from her face and managed to peel it away from his shirt long enough to look into his eyes. Yep, he was telling the truth. The man shot blanks. "You're not the father."

"That's what I've been telling you, beautiful."

No, he shouldn't be giving her compliments or nicknames, they just confused the situation. Eric was the boss and she was the employee. Period. No cutesy nicknames or terms of endearments needed. "Since when I am beautiful?"

He smiled, flashing those perfectly straight, dazzling teeth that probably cost his parents a pretty penny to straighten. "Probably since the moment you were born. But I've thought you were gorgeous from the moment I laid eyes on you."

Nope, she didn't want sugary compliments. "Whatever." She would have waved off his comment if she could have forced her hands to release his jacket. "If you're not the father, who is?"

His smile died. Good, maybe they could get back to arguing. Her panic and fear were returning with a vengeance and a good round of bickering would make it go away. She hoped.

"That's something you should discuss with Melani."

"I made reservations and arrangements for the woman all day so she could stay on your island. Your *island* for God's sake, and you can't tell me who fathered her child."

Eric's hand slid along her waist, over her shoulder and cupped her cheek, tracing circles on her cheekbone. "No, because she didn't tell me and I didn't ask. It's her business. She came to me for help. Out of my remaining affection and love for her, I helped her and will continue to until she no longer needs me."

Oh. Well. He loved her. There went Sami's dreams of getting freaky with her boss. Not that she should have been entertaining those dreams. He was her boss and she was his employee. Their roles in life hadn't suddenly changed because he'd rescued her from the date-from-hell with his brother and held her in his arms now. Hard-on or no hard-on.

Releasing her hold on his neck, she reached for the railing, preparing to lever herself from his lap. His arms tightened around her. "Where do you think you're going?"

"Off you, my *boss*, who's in love with another woman." She managed to raise her ass from his lap a few inches only to be yanked back down.

"You're not going anywhere." He nuzzled her neck, lips and tongue laving the sensitive skin below her ear, before traveling down her neck to her shoulder. "I've got you where I want you and I'm not letting you go," he growled against her skin.

Tilting her head to the side, Sami thought where he wanted her seemed like a good place to be. His talented mouth and lips rained kisses on her exposed skin while his cock pressed into the flesh of her behind. His hands roamed, squeezing and kneading her hips and thighs as he skimmed her leg. When his fingertips grazed her thigh, a jolt shot through her, up her leg and straight to her pussy. The long unused muscles of her heat clenched as if searching for something to grip.

Eric's fingers slid higher and Sami held her breath. She needed to make a decision, fast. Either she'd stop him and she would continue to work for him in a slightly tense environment, or she'd let him continue and go looking for a new job once their night together was over. Since Sami didn't see herself as a trophy wife and couldn't stand up against the type of beauty Melani possessed, she knew what they shared would be a one-night affair.

Prepared to search for a new job come morning, Sami widened her legs for him and allowed Eric to slip his hand higher on her thigh. His fingers slid higher and higher, inching toward her now dripping pussy. Her own juices coated her labia and soaked her panties -- arousal burning hotter than ever before. She held her breath as he slid closer to where she needed his touch the most.

Eric's lips danced along her jaw, his mouth coming closer to her own as his fingers approached her heat. He captured her lips in a searing, passionate kiss while his fingertips grazed her silk-covered pussy. His tongue flicked the seam of her lips and he didn't have to ask twice. She opened for him, his tongue tangling with hers as his fingers stroked her folds through the silk of her panties.

So good. So right. He rubbed and teased her nether lips while he ravaged her mouth. She rocked her hips against his hand, searching for more friction. Just a bit more and she'd come. She swallowed Eric's groan when she pressed and shifted against his erection. She was ready to come. Her orgasm approached, the telltale tingles slid along

every nerve from her pussy to her feet and back again. She'd never had a toe-curling orgasm, but she hoped she'd be on the receiving end soon.

Tongue swirling, she explored every inch of his mouth, then sucked his tongue, showing him what she could, and would, do for him if given the chance. He moaned again, relaxing his tongue as she tugged on it with her suction. His fingers wiggled around her panties until she felt his skin against hers. The sensation of his fingertips flicking and circling her clit nearly overwhelmed her.

Tearing her mouth away, she panted against his neck. "Fuck. Yes. Right there. Gonna come."

Eric nipped the top of her ear. "That's it, baby. Come for me. Come on my hand."

Sami rocked forward, searching for more pressure, more contact, just *more*. And he gave her what she silently begged for. His thumb traced circles around her clit, tiny throbbing circles, while his finger found the opening to her pussy. Without hesitation, he thrust into her heat. She cried out, screaming his name and clutching his shoulders as he fucked her with his finger.

Sami's orgasm roared through her, catching her off-guard as wave after wave of pleasure ripple through her body from head to toe. Her muscles contracted around his finger's invasion, milking the digit for all it was worth. Eric's thumb never let up, circling and flicking her clit with every heavy breath she took. It wasn't until she slumped against his chest, sated and exhausted, that he eased his assault on her still throbbing cunt.

Panting, she whimpered when he withdrew his hand from her pussy. Raising her head from his shoulder, she stared open-mouthed as he licked his fingers clean of her juices. "Delicious."

Oh, Lord. She did not taste delicious. She didn't know *what* she tasted like exactly, but her exes had never praised her for her taste. Which is why they were now her exes. Embarrassed, she laid her head against his shoulder again, burying her face in his neck, causing him to laugh.

"Now you're embarrassed?" he said softly.

She nodded, unwilling to look him in the eye. She would not look at him. Nope, he could stare at the top of her curly haired head until the cows came home, but she wouldn't look him in the eye.

The lurching of the elevator forced her to overcome her embarrassment in a flash. Dwindling arousal gave way to outright terror as the "metal box of death" came alive. They began moving and Sami's pulse increased, her heart beating a hole in her chest. Scrambling from Eric's lap, she jumped to her feet and backed into a corner. Any minute now they'd plummet to their death. At least she'd gotten a great big orgasm before she died.

Eric's broad chest filled her vision as he stood before her and she clutched the front of his shirt. "We're gonna die!" she wailed as the elevator moved, irrational fear overpowering her senses.

"We're not going to die." The ding of the elevator announced their arrival. "We're at your floor, Sami." He stroked her upper arms. "See, we didn't die. Now, let's get you home."

She peeked around his hulking body and confirmed that the doors had opened to reveal her floor. Dashing around him, she leapt to the solid ground of the eighteenth floor and as far away from the stupid "metal box of death" as she could.

Sami didn't wait for Eric to follow her. Hell, maybe the elevator jumping into action was a sign from God telling her to keep her legs shut and stay employed. If that was the case, she was listening to the big guy upstairs and following his orders. Striding down the hallway as fast as her short, chubby legs could carry her, it wasn't long before she was standing in front of her apartment door. Fiddling with the keys, she shoved them into the numerous deadbolts and managed to get the door open.

The moment she stepped inside she breathed a sigh of relief at being safe in her own home -- for exactly one second. Eric pushed against the door with his palm as she attempted to close it, locking up for the night. "What are you doing?"

He smirked. The man had the balls to smirk at her and wink before putting more of his weight behind the door, forcing it open. "I'm coming in, Sami."

"No." She pushed back against his weight. True, he probably had a foot and fifty pounds on her, but she wasn't a small fry. She'd give as good as she got. "You're not coming in. I like my job. Okay, I like *having* a job and I'm not about to lose it now that you've gotten a taste of chocolate and decided that a walk on the brown side is in order."

She pushed harder, but he wouldn't be dissuaded. "*Taste of chocolate? Walk on the brown side?* Is that what you think is happening here?"

Sami stopped trying to get him out of the doorway long enough to give him an "Are you kidding?" look. "If that's not what's happening, what is? First, your *brother*, who thinks he's God's gift to black women, tries to get into my panties and then you get your hand there. It's not like this is anything beyond attraction, Eric. Let's just quit while I still have a job to go to in the morning." *I'm so going to Hell for that lie.*

His finger trailed along her jaw line and she fought the shiver that threatened to reveal itself. "I like the way my name sounds on your lips, Sami. But do you know what I like even more?" She shook her head, mesmerized by the deep timbre of his voice and the tingles his finger left in its wake. He bent his head, brushing his lips across hers in a sweet, chaste kiss before pulling back. "I like being able to read your mind and knowing that what you feel is more than a simple attraction, because I feel the same way."

## Chapter Six

Okay, his admission hadn't come out the way he'd hoped, but there wasn't a damned thing he could do about it now. Taking advantage of her shock, Eric slipped into her apartment and shut the door behind him, flipping the locks before turning to face her completely.

Sami backed away from him, her heels catching on the hallway carpet, sending her sailing toward the ground. Eric managed to grab her before she landed -- barely. The two of them still ended up tangled on the floor, arms and legs entwined. Eric's cock noticed their proximity, too. It hadn't deflated completely from their encounter in the elevator and it filled to bursting again with Sami back in his arms. It throbbed in time with his heartbeat, pulsing a staccato rhythm.

She squirmed in his arms and he tightened his hold. He'd lived the last few years of his life convinced he'd never have a chance at happiness with another person, and yet his body now told him differently. Sami was Eric's chance at love and he wouldn't let her go, not after he'd lost love once.

"Sami," he growled. She wouldn't be getting away.

Her eyes, filled with fire and an emotion he couldn't place, bore into his. "You can read my mind, hot shot? Tell me what I'm thinking."

Opening his mind, he went searching through her thoughts. Hurt and anger mixed with a good dose of fear were at the forefront of her mind -- all of it stemming from his admission of his abilities. Those were emotions Eric had been familiar with for many, many years.

Delving deeper, he sought out the thoughts she would have liked to stay hidden from him. More fear lurked, but this time it was a different type. Fear of rejection and being hurt lurked. Her insecurities about her body weren't far off. And there, smack

dab in the middle of it all was worry that she was a plaything, a dip in the dark side of the pool before he took off with someone like Melani. Added to that was a deep-seated worry that he'd use her and then discard her like a man in her past had.

Pulling out of her thoughts, he focused on the beauty before him. He couldn't imagine being this close to anyone else ever again. True, he didn't know her or her morning habits, but his powers and his body had never been wrong. The woman in his arms was to be his forever. He just needed to soothe her fears and convince her of that now.

Holding her close, tucking her head beneath his chin he sighed. "Sami, what am I going to do with you?"

She didn't struggle against him any longer, which he was grateful for. Though he was sure her thoughts were pinging around that cute little head of hers, he resisted the temptation of reading them. Even though he'd delved into her mind once before, he would try his best to stay out of her thoughts now. One of her most prominent fears had been how vulnerable she'd be with him reading her mind. She wouldn't have a reason to fear that any longer.

The growling of her stomach answered his question. "How about I feed you?"

Without waiting for an answer, he pulled his arm free of her grasp and rolled to his feet, pulling her up behind him. Striding toward her kitchen, he left a sputtering Sami standing in the hallway. His cock still throbbed with her being so near, but now he needed to spend time *with* her and not *in* her. At least until she made a move indicating she wanted more. While her thoughts had been a jumbled mass of emotions, one thought rang true; she didn't trust his intentions.

"I think you should leave. You read my mind, right? Then you know I want you gone." She stood in the kitchen's entry, leaning against the wall, arms crossed and foot tapping. Any other time, any other woman, and he would have tucked tail and run. But with Sami, he realized, things, at least in the beginning, would be a fight.

"No, you don't." He closed the gap between them and drew her into the circle of his arms, making sure she could feel his desire for her. Leaning down, he whispered in

her ear. "You want me here and so does that sweet pussy of yours. But you're afraid, Samantha, and I'm going to prove to you that there's nothing to fear." Leaning back, he brushed a quick kiss across her lips, only trusting himself the briefest moment of contact before releasing her.

"You're wrong."

He turned away, opening her fridge. "No, I'm not, but if it makes you feel more comfortable, we can pretend."

"I want you out of my home."

Eric ignored her. Her fear of being hurt was talking and he wouldn't acknowledge her reaction. "How about some eggs? Looks like you've got some ham in here too. I make a mean omelet..." He turned around, ingredients for his omelets in hand and waited, a teasing smile on his lips.

"Fine," she grumbled. "But you're doing the dishes."

"Deal." He bit back his smile. She didn't know it yet, but he'd already won. He'd wormed his way into her home and now he'd never leave.

Twenty minutes later they sat down at her kitchen table to eat. She'd taken a few minutes to change into flannel pajamas and he'd never seen a more beautiful sight. Wrapped in the oversized pajamas, she looked more at ease. The makeup she'd worn had been washed off, allowing the glowing, healthy skin to shine through. He didn't know why she bothered with all the makeup and tight clothes. Her natural beauty outshone the department store's cosmetics easily.

They talked about her parents and his as they devoured their meal. She spoke fondly of her siblings and friends, and before he realized it, they'd finished eating. Sami leaned back in her chair with a sated sigh. As he watched her toy with her napkin, he felt content for the first time in a long while.

"Dishes."

Brow furrowed, he didn't understand what she was trying to tell him. "What?"

"Dishes. You stayed and cooked, and the deal was you'd do the dishes."

"What do I get for doing the dishes?" He wanted to tease her a little. He'd steered clear of sexual innuendo during their meal, but he felt a little daring now that they'd spent time together.

"You got to stay." She pointed a finger at him.

"I'd like to renegotiate."

"Nope. Wasn't part of the deal." She laughed, a clear, high lyrical sound.

"Come on. How about one kiss for every dish?" He waggled his eyebrows. Indecision flitted across her face, her smile dying a little, and he regretted pushing her. *Dumbass*. He stood, gathered their plates, and brushed a quick kiss across her temple before striding to the kitchen sink. "I'm kidding, beautiful. Let me get these dishes washed and then I'm out of here."

Aware that she watched him like a hawk, he willed his cock to calm. Being close to her made it stand-up and wave "hello" and every time he thought it had calmed, it would spring to life again.

Wiping his hands on a towel once the dishes were clean, he turned to face Sami. She sat in her chair, just as he'd left her when he rose and she hadn't said a word while he cleaned up. Part of him wanted to peek into her mind to see what she was thinking, but he resisted. They had to build trust at some point, right? "What are you thinking?"

She raised an eyebrow at him. "Don't you know, oh big powerful man?"

He shook his head. "Just because I can read your mind doesn't mean I will, Sami. Not unless you tell me it's okay. I'm not a little kid stealing answers from the teacher's mind anymore. I'm an adult who understands the power he can hold over people. Why do you think I work from my home and not in an office?" He didn't wait for her to reply and supplied the answer himself. "I don't want anyone to ever question my ethics in business. Keeping as much distance as possible between me and everyone else ensures that I could never be charged with insider trading or corporate espionage."

Tossing the towel aside, he closed the distance between them with a few steps. Running a finger across her forehead, he tapped her temple. "I'll never go in here again without your permission. You have my promise."

After pressing his lips to hers in a quick kiss, he stood and strode toward the door to her apartment. His cock felt as if it'd burst. He yelled his goodnight over his shoulder just before he closed the door. "Have a good night, beautiful. I'll see you in the morning!"

Standing outside the door, he took several deep, calming breaths. Eric had barely made it out of her apartment. Any longer and he would have thrown her on the kitchen table and fucked her senseless, her will be damned.

\* \* \*

Sami needed *little Eric* and she needed him now. She didn't want to think about everything Eric had revealed about himself yet. For now, she wanted to scratch the itch the man had caused.

Tearing through her apartment, she shed her clothes, tugging at her pants as she stepped across the threshold of her bedroom. There, on the bedside table, sat her most recent toy purchase, *little Eric*.

Pulling at the packaging, she managed to free her newest battery operated toy from its plastic confines. A few twists later and fresh D batteries were nestled snugly inside, promising to give her hours of pleasure. Okay, she could be pretty hard on her toys so maybe hours was over estimating the quality of the toy, but she could hope, right?

Climbing onto her king-sized bed, she propped her back against her pillows and spread her legs wide. Sami didn't need lube to get the party started tonight. After the orgasm Eric had given her in the elevator and being so close to him through their "dinner," her pussy was hot, ready and waiting for her faux cock.

Twisting the knob on the end of *little Eric*, she pressed the softly buzzing vibrator against her clit, arching into the sensation. The thing was on low and already she felt close to coming. Sami didn't know if she'd actually get the toy inside her before she climaxed.

Another turn of the knob and the vibrations increased, dancing over her clit. She rubbed it around and around, teasing her lips as she imagined Eric would tease her.

He'd want to play at first, punishing her for making him wait. Because she *would* make him wait. She would have pranced around in a cute outfit all day, giving him glances at her legs before covering up.

Then, when he couldn't stand it any longer, when her teasing had gotten the best of him, he'd throw her in the middle of the bed. He'd have his cock, hard and full, in his hand in a flash. It would be dripping pre-come; she'd aroused him with her swaying hips so much.

Opening her legs, she slipped the tip of the vibrator to her core, swirling it around her sensitive opening before pressing the head in. It was big, wide and as long as she imagined Eric's cock would be. She'd gotten a good look at it that morning when he'd waltzed out of the bathroom naked and she'd bought a phallus she thought would match his. Sliding it deeper into her wet cunt, she moaned at being stretched wide. Taking a deep breath, she willed her muscles to relax as she pushed.

Sami moaned aloud as her pussy opened for the invasion of the plastic cock. Thrusting it in and out of her heat, she rocked, lifting and shifting her hips with every surge forward. She turned the vibrations higher before sliding her fingers to her clit, circling the tiny nubbin while the shaft did its work.

Eric would slide in and out of her pussy while his fingers flicked her clit, alternating tight, tiny circles with quick, hard rubs.

"Fuck me, Eric. Fuck my cunt." Her voice sounded harsh in the quiet room.

Sami turned the vibrations higher, topping out her new toy. And still she shoved it into her spasming cunt as her fingers flicked her clit. So fucking close, and she'd come hard.

Muscles tensed as her orgasm coiled low in her stomach, just above her bare mound. She increased her tempo, chasing her release, dying to come on the cock buried deep in her pussy.

"Want to come, Eric, let me come."

He'd slam home hard then, pushing into her body with unforgiving speed, driving her orgasm higher and higher. Her toes curled. Fuck, another one. Another toe curling, exhausting orgasm. So close, so fucking close.

Eyes squeezed shut, she imagined Eric's sweating body above her as he pistoned in and out of her pussy, his cock hard and demanding in her heat. Then he'd growl low through clenched teeth. "Come for me, Samantha. Come on my fucking cock."

He'd slam into her cunt, the sounds of their flesh filling the room as he demanded her release. She'd hand it to him on a silver platter.

Sami came with a scream, Eric's name on her lips as her pussy clenched the vibrating shaft in her core -- shuddering and twitching as the pleasure washed over her, through her. Her breathing came in deep gasps as her muscles twitched and tensed with every thrust of the cock in her pussy. The orgasm seemed to go on and on. Just when she thought it was finished, another rush of sensation would shoot through her, skittering over every nerve from head to toe and centering on her cunt. Holding the toy deep within her pussy, she turned the knob at the end, halting all vibrations.

Sliding it free of her heat, she moaned as the large vibrator emerged. Part of her knew she should get up and wash it off before drifting to sleep, but she didn't have the energy. Instead, she laid it on her end table and made a mental note to take care of it first thing in the morning.

Burrowing beneath the covers, Sami didn't bother with slipping back into her pajamas. Right now sleep was at the forefront of her mind. Just behind her need for sleep was the knowledge that she was well and truly fucked where Eric was concerned. At least she hoped to be, soon.

## Chapter Seven

Eric paced his office, ignoring Deklan sitting behind his desk smirking at the predicament Eric had found himself in. "What am I going to do, Dek?" He checked his watch. Sami was now fifteen minutes late. *Damn, she's not going to show.*

He thought he'd come on a little strong the night before, but by the time he'd left Sami's apartment, he'd thought that everything was fine. Now, with her not showing up on time, he began wondering if he'd scared her away.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Dek getting comfortable, propping his feet on Eric's fifteen thousand dollar desk. "Well, bro, you win some, you lose some. Go find some other chick and you'll be fine."

Some other chick. Right. Dek didn't have powers to tell him when his soul mate was nearby, making Eric's cock so hard he felt like he had a piece of steel bouncing between his thighs. A hint of Sami's perfume -- hell, being within a few feet of her -- had him hard. He didn't want to find another woman. Sami *was* his woman. Not that Dek could ever understand.

Speaking of Dek... "I am *not* going to find some other 'chick', as you call her. In addition, I'm pretty sure I need to beat the shit out of you for the way you treated her last night." Eric stopped his pacing and stared at his brother. "You are an ass. She told me you couldn't keep your hands to yourself *and* you informed her of your plans of a WDF evening."

Dek leaned farther back on the chair and Eric couldn't resist the temptation of his brother's position. Focusing on the chair, calming his mind, he gave it a little nudge with a simple thought, sending it flying backward. His brother landed on the floor with a thud and groan.

Eric laughed out loud. "Maybe you'll think about that the next time..."

Eric didn't get to finish his statement, Dek sent a burst of water at him, filling his mouth and causing him to choke and gasp for air.

By the time he'd wiped the water from his face, his brother was the one laughing. "Ha! Remember my powers now, bro? You seem to forget an Elemental's abilities so easily."

Glaring at Dek, Eric sent a paperweight flying at his brother's head. Deklan avoided it and countered with another spray of water. Eric deflected the spray with a thought. "I remember, *baby brother*. I also remember that you treated Samantha like shit last night. *Wine, Dine and Fuck!* How you could think she deserved that type of treatment is beyond me."

"You fuck every other woman who works for you and *now* you're getting a conscience?" Deklan sent another ball of water at Eric. He really had forgotten about his brother's ability to simply create water from nothing. An Elemental's power operated outside all of the laws of physics.

"She's mine, Dek," Eric growled. His mind was tiring, but his anger over how Dek had treated Sami kept him going. He lifted a brass sculpture from a nearby shelf, hurling it at Deklan. His brother deflected it with another spray. His office was soaked with the water his brother kept conjuring.

"Fine. She's yours. But you should call me when you tire of her. Or are you going to send her to me after you've gotten *her* pregnant as well," Deklan spat.

Roaring, Eric closed the distance between them, vaulting over the desk. He swung and his fist connected with Deklan's cheek.

Deklan countered with a punch to Eric's stomach, sending shockwaves of pain radiating through his body. Tumbling, they rolled across the floor, punching and kicking each other. "I didn't get her pregnant, asshole." *Punch.*

Deklan grunted. "Sure." Eric rolled on top of his brother, landing another punch as he gained the upper hand. His brother retaliated by conjuring more water and spraying it in Eric's face. Startled, Dek caught him off-guard and threw him against the wall. "If you didn't, who did?"

Eric focused on the monitor sitting on the desk behind Dek and brought it forward, aiming for his brother's head. It struck and Eric shoved Deklan off him. "I don't know." He kicked Dek and scrambled to his feet. "She didn't tell me and I didn't ask. I just know it wasn't me, dick wipe." Putting space between them, Eric wiped at the blood seeping from the corner of his mouth.

"Ha! Like I should believe you." Dek stood, wiping at his own cuts.

Hand to hand, neither would ever win, their bodies so much like their father's. If one of them wanted to win the fight, it would have to be power against power. Unfortunately, Eric couldn't remember what they were fighting about at the moment beyond the fact that he wanted to hurt Dek badly. Oh, right... Sami.

"I never got Melissa pregnant, fuck face. I'm sterile. And now that I've found my second soul mate, you treated her like a hooker." Eric hurled yet another antique at his brother. At this rate, he would be able to justify the need to redecorate to his mother.

Deklan blocked it easily. Again. "Fuck face? Bro, you need some new insults."

Eric opened his mouth to respond, but Dek filled it with water. Gross! *Salt water!* Spitting it out, he glared at Dek. "You were a dick to Sami and she's *mine*. Are you going to play nice and back off?"

Dek's eyes bore into Eric and it wasn't the first time Eric wondered if his brother had some Psi abilities in addition to being an Elemental Extraordinary.

Finally, sighing, his brother gave him the answer Eric had been waiting for. "I'll play nice and apologize. I'll also keep my distance since she's yours."

"Smart man." Eric couldn't hide the smile from his face or voice. Truth be told, he was worried Dek might steal Sami from him. True, she'd fallen apart in Eric's arms and he wanted to believe she wouldn't respond that way to anyone else. He was a realist though, and knew Deklan always attracted more women when the two of them went out together. For once, *he* wanted to get the girl of his dreams. Sami.

They stared at one another for a few moments, Eric waited to see if his brother had any other tricks up his sleeve. When Dek didn't move to hurl another ball of water at him, Eric began straightening up the room. Water soaked nearly every surface and

many of the antiques his mother's interior decorator had placed throughout the room were broken. Every piece of paper on Sami's desk had been drenched. Damn. She seemed like such a neat freak when she'd come in the previous day. Eric knew she'd be pissed when she came in -- *if* she came in.

Feeling woozy, he slumped into Sami's chair. He hadn't used his powers very much lately and it seemed the fight with Dek had drained him quite a bit. Cradling his head in his hands, he prayed for the room to stop spinning and took deep, even breaths. He would *not* pass out. Not when he still needed to figure out where Sami was and where he stood with her.

Closing his eyes, the room tilted and swayed. He heard Deklan talking to him, but his voice began to fade. Something about seeing Melani's picture. Good, he'd found a different woman to terrorize. As long as he left his Sami alone, Eric didn't care who Deklan went after. Just not his... Sami. Laying his head on her desk, he could suddenly smell her sweet fragrance as it enveloped him, dragging him into the land of dreams.

\* \* \*

"Eric." Sami shook his shoulder again, ignoring Deklan. She'd only caught a quick glimpse of the room as she'd rushed in, astounded at the mess the two men had made, before noticing Eric slouched over her desk. "Eric." She shook him harder. He didn't rouse. Since she couldn't smell any alcohol, she didn't think he was drunk. So, why hadn't he awoken when she shook him?

Facing the inevitable, she raised her voice and called to a cleaning Deklan. "Deklan! I think something's wrong with Eric." She nibbled her lower lip, worried for Eric. "Should we call 911?" Sami reached for the phone as her heart beat frantically in her chest.

Dek plucked the receiver from her and replaced it on the cradle. "No need. We had a bit of a disagreement this morning and he's worn out."

Sami brushed a few soaked strands from Eric's forehead, running her fingers through his hair. "You did this to him?" Her voice was a whisper, but it held a barely contained fury. "Stupid men," she growled under her breath. The man who couldn't

keep his hands to himself last night had now knocked her soon-to-be-maybe-lover out. To top it off, Eric had obviously given as good as he got if the growing black eye Deklan sported was any indication.

She didn't look at Dek when he responded. "Would you believe he started it?"

Giving him the evil eye, she returned her attention to Eric. He had a bruise forming on his cheek. "He's going to be okay though, right?" Sami inched closer to Eric.

"You sound like you almost care!" Dek yelled. He'd wandered off to somewhere else in the room. She didn't care. As long as he wasn't hurting her man any longer, she didn't give a fuck about what Dek did.

"I do." *Dumbass.*

"'Cause he's your boss and you don't want to miss out on a paycheck?" he sneered.

*Motherfu...* Straightening, she turned to face Deklan. "No, because I care. As hard as that is to believe, I do care. Not that you could ever understand, considering your attitude toward women. You have to be the most egotistical, cocky brother I have ever met, and believe me, I've met plenty. As soon as I make sure Eric is okay, you and I, Deklan, are having a 'come to Jesus' meeting. You're going to be seeing white lights if I have anything to say about the matter."

Sami returned her attention to Eric, trying to rouse him and ignore the other man in the room. Which wasn't easy when he came and stood next to her. "Move and I'll carry him to his room. He'll be out for a while, but we can get him into bed at least," Dek grumbled.

Sami stepped aside, wringing her fingers as she watched Dek hoist Eric from the chair. She followed their progress through the apartment, holding doors open and moving pieces of furniture as needed. Now that she'd spent some time with Eric, she'd found herself coming to care for him. So not good. The man went through women like he went through underwear. Sure, she was attracted to him and wanted to have sex with him, but she wanted to protect her heart more. Oh, and she wanted to keep her

job, too. Except now the man had hurt himself, and had made her care for him even more than she had before. The bastard.

Pulling the duvet down as Dek hauled Eric through the door, she stepped aside, giving Dek room to lay his brother down. Dek dropped him onto the bed like a sack of potatoes. "Hey! Watch it!" She resisted the overwhelming urge to whack him with her Chinatown Choo.

"What? He's a big boy, he can take it," Dek growled before turning on his heel, and stalking toward the door. "Let Eric know I've gone back to the island when he wakes up. And tell him not to worry, I'll take care of the woman he sent over."

"Wait. Aren't you going to help me," she gestured to Eric's fully clothed, sleeping form, "you know?"

"You're his 'soul mate,' brown sugar," -- the fucker used air quotes -- "why don't you undress him?" With that parting zinger, she heard his footsteps as he retreated.

Soul mate? Her? Him? Nah, couldn't be. Attracted to each other, absolutely. But they didn't know one another well enough to be soul mates. Dek had to be pissed because she dropped his ass and was just stirring up trouble.

Happy with the conclusion she had drawn about Dek, she turned her attention back to Eric and the job of undressing him. Starting at his feet, she removed his shoes with ease. Now if only the rest of his clothes could be removed as easily. Part of her wanted to leave them on, afraid of the temptation a nearly nude Eric would be. Unfortunately, his clothes were soaked from his fight with Dek. How he'd managed to get wet during a "disagreement," she didn't know, but not knowing didn't change the fact that water had seeped into his shirt and pants.

Undoing the button on his jeans, she slid the zipper down and began tugging on the wet material. Inching the pants past his hips, she was gifted with some more full-frontal action reminiscent of the previous morning. Great. Did the man always go commando?

Sparing a glance to his face to make sure Eric still slept, she took the opportunity to get a better look at his cock. It looked even better up close and personal. Even flaccid,

Eric was hung. At least five inches long while soft and thick, she ached to lick and suck his cock until it filled and hardened in her mouth. She imagined he'd lengthen to at least eight inches, maybe more. Resisting the urge to lick his cock and play a little "hide the sausage," she resumed tugging on the wet fabric. A few more grunts and yanks later and he was freed from the jeans.

Eyeing his T-shirt, Sami had no clue as to how she'd get it off him. The pants had been difficult enough to remove from his lifeless body. She didn't think she could manage to get Eric sitting up long enough to pull his shirt over his head, but she was willing to give it a shot.

Leaning over him, she wiggled the shirt up his abdomen until the bunched material rested on his chest. Now came the hard part. Pulling and tugging at his arms and shoulders, she tried her best to shift the shirt higher, but it wasn't happening. Too bad Eric was dead to the world. Lifting his shoulders with one hand, she tried again until a snuffling Eric wrapped his arms around her and rolled over, placing her in the middle of the bed. Figured. She'd managed to get into bed with the hot hunk, but he was out cold.

Eric nuzzled her neck, kissing her shoulders with sweet tender lips, mumbling incoherent words. Perfect. His arms held her prisoner and it didn't look like she'd be going anywhere any time soon. Normally, she wouldn't mind, but it wasn't like he'd be getting frisky or anything.

Tugging at his arms, she managed to wiggle one hand free and then continued to work on the other, focused on her task. She needed to get Eric undressed and covered before the temptation to "ride the white pony" became too much for her -- *and* she needed to clean up their office.

Just as she got him to release her, his other hand came meandering up her body, cupping her breast and squeezing her flesh. She groaned, unable to hide her body's response to his touch. Even in his sleep, Eric knew just what to do to get her going.

Rolling to her side, she prayed she could wiggle free, but the warm breath in her ear and the hard cock pressing into her ass froze her in place. “Where do you think you’re going?”

## Chapter Eight

*Oh, damn.* Eric needed to fight with his brother more often. Especially if fighting with Dek meant he'd wake up half-naked with Sami in his arms. *Mmmm...*

He repeated his question. "Where do you think you're going?" He almost added a sweet endearment like "baby," but decided against pushing her. He'd woken with her in his arms and didn't want to tempt fate any further. Tempted to ease into her mind and join her thoughts, he resisted. He'd promised her he'd stay out of her mind and he was determined to keep his promise.

She swallowed hard before answering him. "Um, to clean up the office?"

The office? Right, the office. It had to look as if a tornado had blown through there. They'd get around to cleaning the office eventually. "No, want you here with me."

He flexed his hips, rubbing his erection in the crease of her suit-covered ass, the friction causing more blood to rush to his cock. Eric didn't know if his lightheadedness was caused by the energy he'd expended during his fight with Dek or the sudden rush of blood to his dick. He didn't particularly care either. Not when he had Sami in his arms.

Sami moaned, sliding her hips in counterpoint to his. Squeezing her breast, he was rewarded with a gasp and another deep moan. *So damned responsive.*

Nibbling her neck and licking the sweet skin just below her ear, Eric began unbuttoning her jacket. He needed to keep her preoccupied while he got her out of her clothes. He didn't want her second-guessing or calling a halt any time soon. Jacket opened, he slid his palm against the silk covering her skin. Her lace and silk bra kept him from feeling what he imagined was silky smooth skin, but he did enjoy rubbing the nipple pressing against his palm.

Shifting, he eased her to her back, sliding a knee between her thighs. Her short black skirt rose high, exposing her curvaceous legs. Better, much better. He also had better access to her breasts this way. Pulling his shirt over his head, he threw it off the side of the bed, leaving him naked. Even better. If only he could get her naked now.

Sami didn't give him much time for strategizing or contemplating how to get her naked. With a strength he had no idea the tiny woman possessed, she shoved him onto his back, straddling his hips. "I don't think so."

Fuck. She was stopping him before he had a chance to get going. Better to beg forgiveness for coming on too strong now, and pray she'd give him another chance. "I'm --"

Sami pressed two fingers to his lips. "If we're doing this, I'm getting a taste of your cock first. You've been teasing me with glimpses of your dick since yesterday morning and I'll be damned if I don't get a piece of it before you start grunting and going all caveman on me."

Nodding, he watched wide-eyed as she shimmied down his legs, coming to rest on her knees between his thighs. Widening his knees, he wanted to give her as much room as she needed. *Thank God for big-ass beds.*

She stared at his cock for a few moments, licking her lips as her hungry eyes seemed to chew him up. Couldn't she get on with it already? Every swipe of her tongue over her berry-stained lips was driving him closer to the edge. Tease.

Finally, when he'd nearly had enough and was on the verge of throwing her to the bed and fucking her senseless, she moved. Of course, she didn't move closer to him. Instead, he groaned as she shed her jacket and bra. She slid her arms behind her, and he wondered what she was doing when she suddenly whipped her skirt over her head. Fuck. Yeah.

Now she looked near perfect. The only way she could look better was if she lost the panties as well. Sami had curves everywhere. Her breasts looked like they would fit in his hands and then some. The hardened nipples he had been playing with moments ago still stood erect, a deep mocha contrasting the smooth milk chocolate of her

complexion. Yum. His gaze traveling past her waist, over her flared hips, he settled his stare on the juncture of her thighs. He wanted to taste her again. The bit of her essence he'd licked off his fingers hadn't been nearly enough to sate his hunger and he couldn't wait for more.

Sitting up, he reached for her only to have her smack his hand away. "What did I say about my turn?"

Groaning, he flopped back onto the mattress.

Sami crouched lower between his thighs, and hoping against hope, he spread his legs farther. Could she? *Would* she? He didn't know. Eric had only recently discovered his enjoyment of a bit of ass play and he didn't want to do anything to discourage Sami from *exploring* him.

Before he could embarrass himself by begging for her touch, she licked his shaft from just above his balls to the head, suckling the tip when she reached the end.

"Fuck yeah."

Sami's whiskey-brown eyes met his for a moment and he nearly laughed at the smile playing on her lips. Then she swallowed him, lowering her mouth and enveloping his cock in her moist heat, moaning around the shaft. The head of his cock nudged the back of her throat and for a moment, he thought she'd retreat. Instead, the muscles of her throat rippled and caressed his dick as she swallowed, taking him deeper.

The small, pert nose he'd admired not long ago was now nestled in the trim curls surrounding his cock and he begged his body to stay still. Every muscle within him ached to thrust and fuck Sami's sweet talented mouth, but he resisted. Staring at her deep brown curls, he slid his fingers through her hair.

Calling an abrupt end to his blowjob, she said, "Do not touch the hair." She squeezed and stroked his shaft, keeping his arousal burning hot, almost making him incapable of comprehending her words. Almost.

"Hair?" He panted.

She squeezed harder. "Don't touch it."

“Fuck.” Sami pressed the slit on the head of his cock. “No hair. Right.”

She dragged her nails along the underside of his erection, scratching the pulsing vein and not stopping until she cupped his balls. “That’s right. No hair. I spend too much time making it pretty for you to fuck it up.” Fucking? Did she say fuck? Yes, please. Wait. Maybe that’s not what she meant. “Now, stay away from the hair and I’ll blow your mind. Grab the headboard.”

Reaching behind him, Eric grasped the wood with both hands, squeezing it tighter as Sami inched her mouth closer to his cock. She wrapped those plump lips around him again and he sighed, content that she’d returned to giving him pleasure.

Eyes drifting closed, he focused on the sensations her mouth and talented fingers were causing. Gentle slurps and moans filled the room as her lips slid along his cock. Up and down she moved with just a hint of suction. Not too much and not too little. Sami squeezed and fondled his balls, alternating between pinches and gentle caresses of the tender flesh. Eric rocked his hips in time with her movements, pretending that it was not her mouth, but her pussy he was fucking. He imagined he’d be fucking her sweet pussy soon.

Pressing his feet to the mattress, he brought his knees up, opening himself to her, giving her as much access as she dared to take. She took all right. One nail scraped his perineum, the super sensitive skin between his balls and his asshole. “Fuck! Yes!”

She stroked and teased the patch of skin, and after a while he began wondering if she’d go any lower, push him farther. Eric bit his lip, trying to keep himself from uttering the one word on the tip of his tongue. *Please*.

Her finger disappeared and he whimpered at the loss of sensation. Damn, if she wasn’t going to shove her finger up his ass, the least she could do was leave it where it was. Then he felt it; a flutter around his asshole. The phantom digit reappeared, rimming the sensitive skin of his back passage. “Yeah.” He sighed. “Please.” Eric did it, he begged.

Sami moaned around his cock, the vibrations traveling through his taut flesh, urging his building orgasm, but he didn't want to come, not yet. Especially not with the prospects of what her finger might be doing soon.

The slender, slick digit continued to circle around and around his asshole, teasing and tempting him until he rocked his hips forward, trying to force her to enter him.

She pulled her mouth from his cock. "Naughty," she murmured.

"Please," he begged again.

Eyes squeezed tight, he waited to see what she'd do. His breath left him in a rush as she enveloped him with her mouth *and* pressed her fingertip into his ass. He forced his muscles to relax, pressing out as she pressed in and letting her finger slip into his back passage. He loved this woman.

Sami stroked his cock and his inner walls in time with each other, stimulating nerves he didn't know existed. Sure, he'd masturbated like this before, but the feel of his lover's hand and mouth on him was indescribable.

Then, oh fuck, then the tender pad of her fingertip stroked his prostate and he saw stars. The shot of arousal burned hot and fast through his body, skittering and gliding along every nerve. His muscles twitched and flexed with each brush. "Fuck, right there. Yeah."

Sami pressed harder, giving constant pressure against his gland as she worked her mouth along his cock. He was going to come soon. He didn't want to, but he couldn't stop her now if his life depended on it. He'd just have to feast on her pussy for a good long while until he could give her a good fucking. Just... Fuck, that felt good. As... Her mouth felt like heaven. Soon... Ooh, yeah, like that. As she finished.

Her talented mouth and finger worked him so fucking good. It wouldn't take much more and he'd come like a freight train. Sami slurped and licked his erection, nibbling the head, giving him a hint of her teeth. "Yeah, like that." He loved a little love bite when getting a blowjob. Loved. It.

Eric held his orgasm in check, thinking about baseball and basketball as she worked her magic on his dick. She pulled her mouth free, flicking the tip of his cock while pressing hard against his prostate. "Fuck!" His eyes flew open, gaze going straight to her.

"You're going to come soon, aren't ya, big boy?" she asked, breath fanning over the moist skin of his dick.

He swallowed hard. "Yeah. Fuck, yeah."

Sami swallowed him again, sucking hard and hollowing her cheeks as she rode him with her mouth. Rocking his hips in time with her sucking and finger fucking, he let his building release have free rein over his body. He let it run and slide along his nerve endings uninhibited. Eric gasped and moaned with each of Sami's strokes and touches.

His orgasm built, sliding along his spine, causing his muscles to twitch and spasm in response. It moved along each vertebra, sending shivers of pleasure to his breath as it progressed. Finally it settled in his lower back before pushing through his pelvis and wrapping around his balls. He was going to come so fucking hard.

Seconds ticked by as she sucked and fucked him, moaning around his shaft as if she knew that the vibrations drove him crazy. His pleasure built with each passing moment, churning and threatening to burst from his balls and through his cock. Until finally, when he couldn't take any more pleasure, his orgasm came.

Eric's seed burst from the tip of his cock, filling Sami's sweet mouth. His ass squeezed her slender finger and his hips rocked and thrust with every spasm as the waves of pleasure washed through him. Muscles twitched and tensed with every final lick, suck, and rub Sami gave him, as if she were trying to coax more of his come from his cock. And he'd give her more if he had it, he'd give it all. Every. Fucking. Drop.

His body wasn't done though and neither was Sami. His cock, still hard in Sami's mouth, twitched with each additional lick and flick she gifted him. She continued to stroke his prostate, demanding another orgasm. Who did she think he was? What did she think he was on? He'd never been able to...

But the feelings began building again. Eric held his breath, afraid one wrong move would send the approaching orgasm into retreat. Just like before, the tingles of arousal swam along his nerve endings, bringing each and every one back to life. His muscles tensed and spasmed with every lick of his cock and rub of his prostate. But unlike before, the sensations seemed to take on a life of their own, unwilling to be controlled.

His arousal blossomed from one breath to the next, building and raising him to a fever pitch. Eric's breath billowed in and out of his lungs. Sami increased her tempo, seeming to sense how close he was to coming -- again.

All over again, he was close. Close to coming and spurting his seed down her throat. One breath away? Two? No, three. After three heavy pants his semen burst from his balls, and propelled through his cock straight into Sami's waiting, wet heat. She swallowed like before, moaning as the heated fluid left his body and pumped into her mouth.

Thrusting into her mouth with each spurt, he groaned aloud when she kept sucking his cock as the blood ebbed from his shaft. Relaxing into the bed as the last spasms receded, Eric moaned when Sami slid her finger free of his ass. So perfect. His soul mate was so perfect in so many ways and at the moment, her blowjob skills topped his reasons for claiming her perfection.

Sighing, he opened his mouth when she rose above him to give him a kiss. He explored the perfect cavern, reveling in their combined flavors. He tasted every inch of her mouth while she let him and he sucked her tongue once before she pulled away. "So perfect."

She snorted. "Not hardly." Sami pressed a quick parting kiss to his lips before rising from the bed.

"Where are you going?"

She wiggled her fingers at him. "Gotta wash up, big boy, and then the playing will resume." She winked and turned on her heel.

Eric watched her voluptuous swaying backside disappear into the bathroom before resting his head on his pillow. Closing his eyes, he replayed the amazing gift Sami had just given him and pondered on how he'd be able to return the favor. Soon.

## Chapter Nine

Sami took care of washing her hands quickly, drying them on a nearby hand towel. Pausing to survey the damage Eric had done to her hair, she was amazed by what she saw. Damn, if her skin didn't glow. And she hadn't even dusted on that sparkly face powder Tasha bought for her, claiming it'd give her that "just fucked" look. Sami had gotten the glow without the cosmetic company's help. Okay, she hadn't actually *been* the fuckee, but more the fucker.

What mattered was she looked *different*. As if the minutes she'd spent pleasuring Eric made her look more alive and rejuvenated. Now she wondered what she'd look like *after* they actually had sex. *No time like the present*.

Setting the towel aside, she squared her shoulders and faced the door. Sure, she'd be out of a job once she did the nasty with the big guy. Sami had never been one to linger after a one-night, or day, stand. Today would be no different. She'd fuck'em and free'em. Wham, bam, thank you, man, and out the door she'd be. She didn't harbor any illusions that she was his soul mate as Dek had intimated. Sami had long been relegated to the position of friend or fuck-buddy. Besides, Eric was a "suit" and her boss. Soul mate? She snorted -- not hardly.

As much as she'd come to like Eric in the day and a half she'd known him, she didn't really see him turning into a lovesick fool over her. She'd long ago lost the rose colored glasses of her youth when she thought a knight in shining armor would scoop her up and ride off into the sunset. She didn't know of one guy who could scoop her up, period. Well, maybe Eric, but... No. Sami wouldn't let her thoughts travel down that particular road. Today... today was about satisfying urges and enjoying each other's bodies. Nothing more. Emotions had no business in the bedroom. At least, not this morning.

Stepping into the bedroom, her bare feet sinking into the expensive plush carpeting, she zeroed in on Eric's *sleeping* form. The... Ugh! She wanted to poke him, or kick him, or something, but she held herself in check. The man had a nasty bruise on his cheek and from what Dek had said, he and his brother had been in a nasty fight before she arrived for work. But did he have to fall asleep before she got an orgasm in return?

With a sigh and one last longing look at Eric's cock, Sami gathered her clothes. She'd shoved her finger up her boss's ass. She didn't plan on ever coming back again, and she didn't even get an orgasm out of the whole thing.

After gathering her belongings, Sami rode the "metal box of death" back down to the main lobby. Not bothering to wave goodbye to Cris, she began her walk home. Normally, she would have taken a cab, but they were expensive. Until she found another job, she'd be hoofing it everywhere she went. She just wished she had brought walking shoes with her.

An hour and several subway rides later, Sami limped through her apartment door. Four-inch heels should never, ever be walked in for long distances. Ever. Dropping her belongings in the entryway, she slammed the door behind her, not caring if her neighbors got pissed.

Within seconds, her clothes lined the entryway floor. She pulled everything off but her bra and panties. Snagging an ice-filled glass, a can of soda and a box of chocolates from the kitchen, she grabbed her phone on the way to the bathroom. If any situation called for heavy doses of caffeine, sugar and chocolate along with the sympathetic ear of her best friend, this was such an occasion.

Setting everything down on the bathroom counter, Sami turned the taps on, making sure the water pouring into the tub was near steaming and hot. As much as it would pain her newly formed blisters, the water would be good for her tense muscles.

Within minutes the tub was half filled. Moving her chocolate, soda and phone to rest on the edge of the tub, she stripped naked and eased into the hot water, letting out a soft "ahh" of pleasure. Once settled, she relaxed, letting the water carry away her

worries over finding a new job and the niggling feeling in the back of her mind telling her that running out on Eric had been a mistake.

Dialing Tasha's number from memory, she waited for her best friend to answer the phone. After three rings, her friend answered. "White, White, and --"

"It's me."

"The prodigal ho returns. Why the *hell* didn't you call to report on last night's date? I have been sitting here having all these impure thoughts about how you *tore up* that man and you haven't called to tell me I was right. What kind of friend are you?"

Sami laughed, sinking lower into the water as she listened to her friend rant about living vicariously through Sami and asking how could she do that if her girl didn't share secrets. "It wasn't all that, so don't get your panties in a bunch. Dek-the-Dick lived up to the nickname I gave him. Thank God Eric saved me from..."

"Eric? It's Eric and not *Mr. Love-Me-D'Amore*?"

Sami cringed, knowing it wouldn't be long before her friend got to the heart of her phone call. "The thing about it is..."

"Don't you pull that with me. If I'm not gonna hear nasty stories about you and the Double D guy, the least you can do is tell me how Mr. D'Amore became *Eric*. Better yet, tell me why I hear water in the background when your ass is supposed to be at work. *Ohmygawd!* You did D'Amore and that's why you're not working 'cause he gave you the day off. You go, girl!"

She could just imagine Tasha doing her own little happy dance at her office. The girl did not care if she made a fool of herself wherever she went. Laughing, Sami gave Tasha their standard sarcastic retort when one of them was wrong, dead wrong. "Um, not so much."

Tasha went quiet for a moment. "What do you mean? Don't *tell* me he turned you down. You were all about gushing over the hotness of those two men... if Eric saved you from DD and you're home... What happened, hon?"

Taking a deep, fortifying breath, Sami spelled it all out for her. "Dek took me out and he was all grabby. The brother straight up told me he was going to wine, dine and fuck me. In that order."

"He did *not*."

"Hell yes, he did. Thank God Eric showed up. It kinda seemed like he'd planned on taking me away from Dek, though. Eric brought a date and handed her off to Deklan before taking me home." Sami began wondering if maybe that *had* been the plan all along. Maybe Dek had acted crass so she'd look at Eric as her savior. The rat...

"And?"

"And the fucking elevator broke down. Can you believe that? Eric was making sure I got home okay and it broke down. And then... well, you know." Suddenly Sami felt shy. She and Tasha never kept secrets from one another, but some part of her didn't want to gossip about what she'd shared with Eric.

"You got freaky in the metal box of death? Damn girl, you've got it bad." Sami could imagine Tasha shaking her head on the other end of the phone.

"No, we did not get freaky. We *did* have a little fun, but freakness did not happen." Okay, some sort of freakness happened, but she didn't want to go that far with Tasha.

"Uh huh. Right. So, why are you home? Spill it, sister."

"I sort of gave Eric a blowjob and then quit," Sami mumbled.

"I'm sorry. I didn't quite catch that. Did you say you gave the man a blowjob and then you quit? What the hell, Sami?" Tasha's voice rose with each word. Yet another place Sami couldn't show her face.

"Because I don't deal well after one-night stands, and I didn't want to be around when he woke up."

"When he woke up?" Sami smiled at her friend's incredulous tone. She'd let Tasha think Sami was that amazing for a while and not reveal that Eric had been fighting with Deklan that morning.

"Yeah. It's not like there's anything between us anyway, Tasha. Just fun, you know?" Sami cringed. It was a lie. Even now, a little piece of her heart fell away. She couldn't explain how or why she felt so drawn and connected to Eric, but she did. Not much she could do about it now, though.

"I beg to differ." The familiar deep baritone of Eric's voice washed over her, sending tiny shivers through her body. Sami froze, unwilling and too scared to look toward her bathroom doorway where she was sure Eric stood.

"Girl? Did I just hear a man's voice? Is that Eric? Sami?" Tasha's voice babbled in her ear, but she ignored it, choosing to tune everything out.

Frozen in place, Sami flinched when Eric plucked the phone from her hand and ended the call with Tasha. "I'm sorry, Sami isn't available at the moment, but she'll get back to you as soon as she can."

There was a pause and Sami could hear Tasha's voice, but not what she said. All she could hear was Eric's side of the conversation and his voice had her pussy clenching and begging to be filled. "Yes, I will and I plan to. Don't worry."

Sami stole a look at Eric from beneath her lashes and her pussy clenched at what she saw. He wore another pair of threadbare jeans that hugged his legs and he'd thrown on another worn shirt. The man had more money than most countries and he still ran around in ratty clothes that fit him like a glove. She averted her eyes, staring at the water when he pulled the phone from his ear and turned it off.

Tempted to cover her body, she resisted. The man had already seen her nearly naked. No sense in hiding now. She saw him standing near the edge of the tub and felt his gaze on her, but she wouldn't acknowledge him. She'd already run from him once -- she admitted she'd run from him -- and now he'd hunted her down. Damn.

Eric dropped to his knees by the tub and she couldn't ignore him any longer. "Hi." She hated how small and timid she sounded, but the man had unnerved her by showing up like this.

"Hey, beautiful." Sami couldn't help it, she snorted and his expression grew hard. "You're beautiful, Sami." He stared at her body beneath the water, and she held

her breath as his gaze raked her from her breasts to her legs and back again. "You're the most beautiful woman I've ever met. I'm sorry I didn't get a chance to tell you that before I passed out." He gave her a rueful smirk.

She licked her lips, her mouth suddenly going dry. "What are you doing here? How did you get in?"

He stood and shook out the towel she'd placed on the toilet, holding it open for her. Giving him an annoyed look, she hauled herself out of the water and stepped from the tub. She tried to take the towel from him, but he wouldn't hand it over. She waited, standing stock-still as he stroked her wet skin with the towel before wrapping it round her.

He pulled her back against him, holding her tight. "I'm here to finish what we started." He nipped her ear, sending a shiver down her spine. "And the door was unlocked, which is how I got in. I'm wondering if your mind was somewhere else when you came home."

Sami's mind had been somewhere else all right. It had been on him, with him, thinking all about *him* and whether she'd be able to ever forget about him. Twisting in his arms, she sucked in a quick breath, her blisters protesting the movement.

"What? What's wrong?"

Gripping his forearm for support, she breathed through the pain. "Nothing. I've got a few blisters from the walk home."

Before she could ask him to step back so she could sit on the toilet and take a look at them, he'd scooped her into his arms. "Where's the bedroom?"

Sami nibbled her lip, debating on the intelligence of being in her bedroom with Eric. Deciding to take the plunge and let go for the day, she pointed down the hall. "Last door on the right."

## Chapter Ten

Eric sat her down with care and Sami tugged the towel around her body tighter. She still didn't know *what* the hell was going on, but she hoped he'd clue her in soon. He'd obviously overheard her comment to Tasha about them having a quick fling. "I beg to differ," he'd said. What did that mean? She knew what she *wanted* it to mean, but Sami wouldn't let her hope build. She'd been hurt too many times by too many smooth talking men.

She didn't have to wait long. Eric picked up her feet and placed them in his lap, stroking them softly as he sat on the bed. "Why did you run, Sami?"

She swallowed hard. "Well, it was fun, but obviously you were tired. I planned on finding another job tomorrow..."

He didn't let her finish the sentence, his fingers stilled. "Why?"

"Um, I don't usually continue to work for a guy once I've had my finger up his ass." She stared at him. "It's just a rule I have," she added sarcastically.

"So you do that often?" He quirked a brow at her.

"Yes. Okay, no. But it was just fun, Eric. I figured you'd want me gone when all was said and done. When I came out and found you asleep, I assumed it was my cue to leave."

His fingers resumed their soft, feather light caress of her feet. "You didn't rush away because of what Deklan told you?"

"What? That I'm your 'soul mate'?" She did air quotes and snorted. "Give me some more credit than that. I know a line when I hear one and it wasn't the first time I'd heard that particular line. Sorry, I really thought you were through with me. I didn't get anything out of it, but hey," she shrugged. "It's no big deal."

Eric grew quiet and began stroking her ankles before moving to her calves. "Oh, but it is." He kneaded her calves, fingertips dancing over her skin, rising higher with each breath she took.

"It is?"

"Mm-hm, it is." He stroked the back of her knees with a quick touch before moving higher to her thighs. Sami's heart rate increased tenfold with each inch he skimmed farther up her legs. "Do you know why, Sami?" She shook her head. "Because you are my soul mate and everything we share is a very..." he separated her legs, placing one behind him as he leaned forward and pressed a kiss to her thigh, just below the edge of the towel, "...very..." he brushed a kiss across her other thigh, "...very big deal."

Eric nudged the towel higher, exposing her pussy. Sami squeaked when he nuzzled her folds, inhaling deeply. "Eric... How can I... How do you know?"

This wasn't how she imagined a serious "soul mate" conversation should go down, but she wasn't about to stop him from dining on her pussy. Especially not when she'd been aching for his touch from the moment she'd tasted him.

"You know what I am, Sami. You know what I can do. Do you doubt my abilities?" He licked one of her labia, tracing it from the curve of her ass all the way to the top of her slit.

"Um," she moaned when he repeated the caress on the other side. "Can we talk about this later?"

Eric chuckled, his warm breath fanning across her swollen labia. "Agree that it's possible, Sami, and I'll lick this pretty pussy." She moaned when he blew on her clit. "Come on, beautiful. Say it."

"It's possible. Damn it, Eric, it's possible." Hell, she'd tell him pigs could fly if he'd just...

Eric parted her slick folds, and Sami held her breath waiting for him to touch her. She widened her legs, giving him more room and he took advantage of it, slithering his body down to lay flat on the mattress, her ass in his hands. He stared at her pussy and

she began feeling self-conscious. Questions flitted through her mind a mile a minute as she waited for him to... do something!

"Eric," she whined, rocking her hips.

He finally gave in. Sami watched as he eased his face closer to her throbbing clit and ever so slowly, his gaze on hers, he flicked the tiny nub. Over and over again, he licked and flicked her clit as she moaned with pleasure. His tongue lapped at her pussy, bathing it in his saliva.

He paused in his attention to her clit to shift lower and she whimpered at the loss. "Don't worry, I'm going to take care of you."

And he did. He slid his tongue down to her core, rimming her heat before plunging it into her cunt and moaning, the vibrations traveling through the juncture of her thighs.

"Fuck, yeah. Eat my pussy."

Eric shoved a finger into her pussy and Sami felt her muscles contract around the invasion. He moved his mouth back to her clit while he pumped his finger in and out of her hole. Wrapping his lips around her clit, he sucked hard as he flicked the nubbin.

Sami gasped for breath. "Oh, God. Gonna come."

He moaned against her again and Sami felt the tremors of release course through her body, every muscle tensing involuntarily. Eric sucked harder still, his tongue tapping out a staccato rhythm against her clit. The man knew what he was doing. Any man worth his salt in the bedroom knew, when you find a rhythm your lady likes, to stick to it. And Eric was sticking to it.

His fingers continued to thrust in and out of her pussy, never slowing and keeping the same pace. Soon, very, very soon. And then, oh God, then he changed something or everything because suddenly the strength of her impending climax increased twenty-fold. The telltale tingles spread from her pussy to snake down to her toes and they actually curled. Oh God, she was going to have a toe-curling orgasm. The pleasure spread farther, slithering up her abdomen, centering on her nipples, and they too tingled and tightened with her arousal.

Sami's breath came in shallow pants as each of her muscles tightened and clenched, moving of their own accord as her orgasm washed through her. Stars burst throughout her body; her toes curled, her hips pumped, and she rocked against Eric's face as her cunt clenched and tightened around his fingers. She screamed his name, "Eric!" as she came.

Wave after wave of pleasure poured through her from head to toe, spasms wracking her body while Eric continued to fuck her with his fingers and mouth. As the last tremors died down, he slowed his motions, easing her back from the heights of pleasure. He slid his finger free of her pussy and she moaned, sad for the loss. Her arousal grew anew when she watched him lick his finger clean of her juices before pressing a soft kiss to her labia.

He met her gaze, smiling. "Delicious."

Embarrassed by his unwavering stare, Sami covered her face with her hands, peeking through her fingers. "Stop it." She giggled like a schoolgirl! The man had gotten to her.

Eric eased up next to her, and lying on his side he tugged her fingers from her face. "No, you stop. No being embarrassed," he ordered.

Sami allowed him to pull her hands down and she briefly met his gaze before she shifted her attention to his erection straining against his jeans.

"Ignore him."

"What if I don't want to?" she countered.

"You *have* to. I'm here to talk..."

"To talk?" She snickered. "Really? And what was that?" she gestured down her body.

"That was me repaying you for the amazing orgasm you gave me. Now, let's..."

"But I stuck my finger up your ass," she reminded him. She wasn't going to let him forget that.

"I know, and I stroked your G-spot. Baby, I really wanna..."

Sami cut him off again. "That's what that was? Dayum. I want more of that, only this time, I want you to be inside me." She smiled as she reached for the button of his jeans, but he caught her hands.

"Sami," he growled. "We really need to talk..."

"I'm not talking about soul anything until you fuck me." Sami could be stubborn when she wanted and she didn't want to talk about his feelings or his powers or anything just yet. She wanted to feel Eric deep inside her, as deep as he could go, until they both came.

Eric fought a war within himself. Three different thoughts flitted through his mind, one after another, and then they fought for supremacy. *Yes. No. Look.* No, wasn't an option. He'd have her, make love to his sweet, sexy as hell Sami. The real battle he fought was whether to take a dip into her mind -- peek into her thoughts to see how she felt about him and her reaction to what he'd told her of his feelings.

Since losing Melissa, he'd never dreamt he'd find another woman to spend his life with and yet, here she was. Eric didn't want to fuck it up and he didn't know if he could handle Sami's rejection. Sure, he knew she was sexually attracted to him, but he wanted, needed, more.

Sami tugged at his jeans, undoing the snap and sliding the zipper down. He stared at her round face, her eyes so focused on their task. She sucked on her lower lip and he imagined replacing her lip with his cock. She had such a talented, sweet mouth.

Accepting the inevitable, Eric eased away from her and slid off the bed. She whimpered when he pulled away and he rushed to reassure her. "Don't worry, baby, just gonna get these clothes out of the way and then I'll take care of you."

She smiled in response and wiggled to the center of the bed, spreading her legs wide. Eric went weak in the knees when her hand slid over her belly, dipping between her pussy lips and stroking her clit.

Naked now, Eric stroked his cock, watching the erotic show before him. "Shit, baby, you make me so fucking hard."

Sami gifted him with a shy smile and he couldn't hold himself in check any longer. Kneeling on the bed, he crawled until he was situated between her splayed thighs. Leaning over her, he propped his weight on one arm. He gripped his cock at the base and rubbed it along her slit. Sami's warm juices coated the tip as she writhed beneath him. "You want me, baby?"

"Yes, Damn it!" Sami rocked forward, and he pulled back.

"I'm gonna need something from you first."

She moaned, pleading with her eyes for him to fuck her. "What?"

Eric slid the tip of his cock into her tight passage, and fighting the instinct to plunge forward and claim her fully, he told her what he wanted. "Let me in, Sami."

"You would be if you'd just, you know, *move*."

He laughed and she tightened her pussy around the head of his dick. Swallowing hard, he explained, "No, baby. Let me into your mind while we make love. It'll be so good, so much better. I'll know just how to please you."

He brushed a kiss across her lips waiting for her answer. Eric teased her a little more, easing more of his cock into her pussy. The warm, wet walls clung to him.

She moaned. "You're not playing fair."

Nuzzling her neck, he whispered in her ear, "I know, I'm playing to win."

Sami slid her hands up his arms, stroking his shoulders. "Make love to me, Eric, please."

He pulled back to search her face, to try and interpret her statement. "Are you letting me in, Samantha?"

She leaned up, closing the distance between them, then she pressed a kiss against his lips. "Yes."

Deepening the kiss, slipping his tongue past her plump lips, Eric thrust forward, burying his cock in her pussy. At the same time, he opened his mind to Sami while peering into hers. They'd share. He'd be an open book to her as she would be to him. It was the only way for her to truly understand the depth of his feelings and desire for her

and he hoped... he hoped she felt the same way. Or at least that she *could* someday feel the same way.

Pure pleasure, from both outside his body and within, consumed Eric. Sami's feelings of jubilation at finally having him deep within her, as well as his own rush of arousal at being in her tight pussy, overwhelmed him. Pulling back, Eric thrust into her pussy again, reveling in the tight grip she held on him.

He began a slow dance of thrust and retreat, his cock sliding along her inner walls, stimulating her from within. He sensed her growing climax as he continued, but delved deeper into her mind as he opened up to her. He needed to know, even if it killed him, he wanted to know.

Buried beneath her insecurities and worries over her body, he found what he'd been searching for. Overjoyed at the spark of hope and burgeoning feelings of love he found within Sami, he returned his thoughts to pleasuring her.

Rising from her deeper emotions to her surface thoughts, he knew just what to do to blow his woman's mind. Easing back, he sat on his heels. Gripping and tilting her hips as he desired, he began pumping again, his cock sliding along... "*Ohmygod!*" Her G-spot.

Sami grabbed the headboard as Eric thrust in and out of her tight pussy, driving her higher and higher. His own orgasm approached fast, but he held it back. He wanted to come with her and not before. Her pussy convulsed around him, tightening and gripping him like no woman before.

"That's right. This is the best you've ever had," Sami panted.

Her comment pulled him up short and he lost his rhythm for a moment before he remembered his mind was still open to her. Smiling, deepening his thrusts and angling his hips to hit her just right, he felt her tighten again. She'd be coming soon and so would he.

It didn't take him much longer; the pace combined with Sami's breathless pants and low moans brought him to the edge. His orgasm swirled within him, dancing and skipping along his nerves as he fucked her juicy pussy. "Close, Sami."

“Right behind you.”

That’s all he needed to hear. Releasing one hip, Eric rubbed Sami’s clit in tiny circles, urging her to come. It would only take her orgasm to trigger his own. Suddenly, she let out a scream, arching her back and gasping, alternating between shouts of “Eric” and “oh fuck.”

Sami’s pussy clamped down on his cock hard, yanking his own release from his body and he froze, cock buried deep within her. His seed burst from his cock, emptying into her cunt in spasms. He pressed deeper into her with each spray, wanting to fill her completely.

Finally, when his breath slowed and the spasms stopped, he eased over to lie beside her, pulling Sami into his arms. She laid her head on his shoulder, palm resting over his heart. He pulled back out of her mind and closed his off from her.

Sami sat up and smacked him in the chest.

“Ow! What was that for?” *Damn woman. I just gave her the best...*

“You shut me out.”

“Of course I did. I got out of your head just as I promised. I said I’d stay in there while we made love and...”

She cut him off. “What? So you just show me how much you care and then take it all away? Give it back.” She poked him for emphasis.

Hope blossomed in his chest. He knew what she felt deep inside her heart, but he didn’t think she had been ready to face her feelings. He tugged her back down next to him, tucking her under against his side. He pressed a kiss to her temple and whispered against her smooth skin, “Are you willing to accept that you’re my soul mate? That we’re meant to be together?”

She whispered her reply against his chest, her warm breath fanning across his pecs. “I’m willing to accept that you love me and that maybe... maybe I love you a little bit, too.”

Smiling, content with his small victory, Eric opened his mind to Sami, delving into hers in return. Thoughts and feelings that neither of them could put words to

flowed freely between them, but the overriding emotion that they both felt... well, that was love in its purest form.

Of course she had to ruin the tender moment. "I quit, by the way. But you can't hire someone whose last name ends in 'y' to replace me. No one named Bunny or Muffy or any crap like that." Sami wrapped her fingers around his cock. "This is mine and no bimbo is taking it away. We really need to find you a male assistant."

## Celia Kyle

Celia would have loved to have written her own biography, but she just didn't know what to say. In a fit of desperation, she turned to me, her most trusted confidant and friend. I realize you're asking yourself, "Who is this?" I am Cali, her cat. I also go by a few other names, but those may be too strong for your delicate ears. Suffice it to say my mommy is very creative and not just with writing.

My mommy, Celia, began writing in August of 2006. I know this because it was around that time our meals started coming later and later in the day. As months passed, she spent more and more time in front of the boring screen. Though, it was fun to chase the little arrow around every once in a while. You should hear her scream! But I digress.

She's worked hard to give readers sexy, quirky heroines they can relate to. And you better damn well appreciate it. All I got was late night feedings. And I didn't even make it into one of her books by name! That damn kitten, Katie O'Meghan, did. Bitch.

Well, enjoy her writings and if you want to praise her for her work... don't. I'd like to get fed at some point, people.

Fine. If you must contact her, her website is at [www.celiakyle.com](http://www.celiakyle.com) or you can send an email to [celia.kyle@gmail.com](mailto:celia.kyle@gmail.com). But when I go hungry, I'll blame you all!