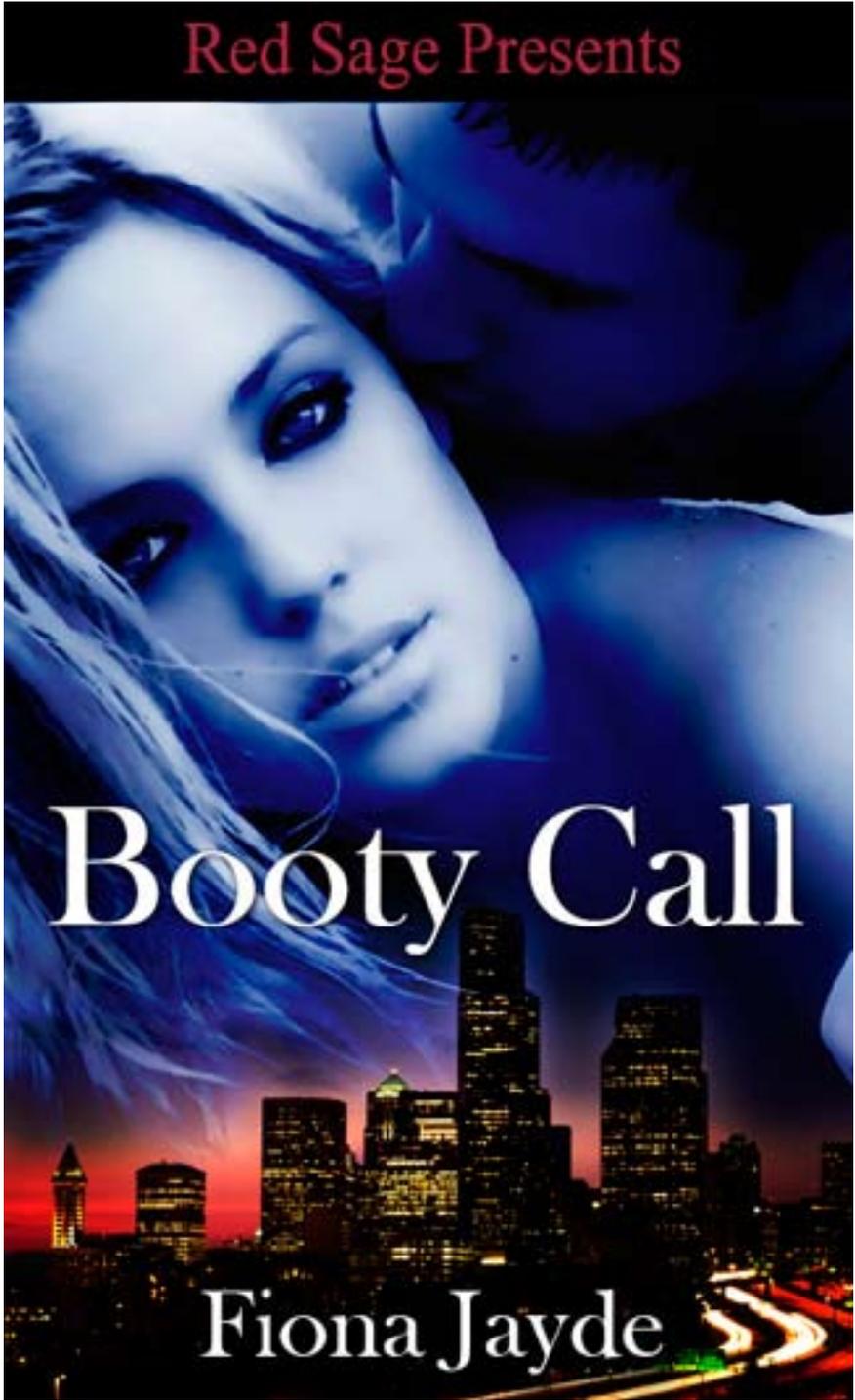


Red Sage Presents



Booty Call

Fiona Jayde



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Booty Call

* * *

by Fiona Jayde

To My Reader:

I've always wondered about the forbidden subject of an office romance. When passions have been banked for years, what happens when the taboo is lifted?

Booty Call: Prologue

She'd finally found the balls to quit.

"You're sure about this?" Dan's smooth, somber voice sent shivers sent down her back. As always, she refused to acknowledge the reaction.

She wondered what her characters would do in this case. Maybe knock the disks and papers off his desk and make him fuck her, here, right now.

Right on his desk.

"Yes, I'm sure." She pushed away the image of his face between her legs, his mouth on her, working her to orgasm. As always, Nicole clenched her muscles at the empty pleasure pulsing between her thighs and simply tucked the thought away for later when the laptop waited, fired up and ready, and busy fingers twisted thoughts and feelings into another story.

"You aren't telling me why."

For now she kept twisting her ring. She didn't normally wear the square cut red stone in a plain gold setting, meant for courage, luck and passion. She'd bought it when her first book hit *Borders*, from an old, smiling woman at a kiosk downstairs. A ruby for Rubina Red. Her author name and alter ego.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you," she said.

"Try me."

Christ, he looked gorgeous sprawling behind that desk. Three monitors, computer parts and stacks of papers crowded the wide, light surface, and once again Nic found herself wondering at his reaction if she pushed all of that shit onto the floor on her way up towards his mouth. Five years working with him and still she couldn't help but stare. Dark hair, dark eyes, a slash of lips that seemed both sensual and cruel.

"I don't think so."

"Come on." He leaned back in his chair before crossing his impressive muscled arms across his massive chest.

She loved a man in jeans and T-shirts. He usually wore suits in

business meetings, but Christ, looking like this, with simple black cotton stretching all over that ripped chest. She had to bite her lip to keep from drooling. She wanted to vault over the three monitors on that wide desk and bite him—at least once. Her characters certainly would. Nicole Lang, Director of Client Relations, never did anything unprofessional. Except writing erotic romance and fantasizing about her boss.

Nic twisted her ring again. “Trust me. You really don’t want to know.”

She watched him lift an eyebrow. “Oh, I really do. You’re running a porn website?”

“Close enough.” The words came out before she even processed them. Shit.

He simply grinned at her, white teeth contrasting against tanned clean-shaven skin. “Spill it.”

Like he’d believe her capable of that. The Nicole he knew was too calm, too damned proper. Too damned conservative to hit on him over three a.m. pizza as they finished up the latest bug patch and the conversation somehow veered to one-night stands and booty calls.

“I hit the New York Times best seller list.” Words tumbled out soft and swift. “My publisher contracted three more books. I’m going to be a full-time writer,” she finished while she still had the guts.

The silence stretched into a long tense moment. She held back the urge to pluck at a tiny piece of lint on her conservative dark pants. *Sweats from now on*. She’d work in sweats and not have to wear heels unless they hurt her feet and looked ridiculously, atrociously sexy.

Dan walked around his desk, and for a swift delirious moment Nic got the feeling he’d pull her into his arms. He didn’t, of course.

Instead he held out a hand and she clasped it in a handshake, felt warm, rough skin against her palm. Another shiver. She sincerely hoped he didn’t see it as she broke contact, curled her fingers around the lingering touch of heat he left inside her palm.

“That’s damned impressive.” She heard pleasure in his voice, something akin to pride. Certainly, more than what she got out of her brother or her mother. Imagine erotic romance on the New York Times. Not quite *The Grapes of Wrath*.

“You didn’t tell me that you write.” He leaned against his desk in front of her. If she sat down, she would be eye level with his cock.

So Nic kept standing, hoping the blush didn’t work its way up to her face. “Yeah. I’m stoked.”

He grinned at her and she just had this urge to take that final step forward and let him hug her.

Professionalism. She was determined to keep that at all costs. If she ever needed to come back, if things didn’t work out, at least she’d have an unburned bridge to come back to.

“You know that I expect an autograph.”

No way in hell. “That would require you to buy my book.”

“There’s a Borders downstairs.”

Uh huh, no way. She wasn’t telling him her pen name. No way she’d let him read *Seduction’s Boss*. There were too many places and coincidences he’d probably pick up on. *Chickenshit*, her own voice snickered in her head.

“I doubt it’s anything you would be interested in.”

“Try me,” he said with another wicked smile.

The words came out before she even had the chance to stop them. “You’re into erotic romance?”

Those dark eyes widened. She saw surprise, confusion, maybe a little bit of lust. *You wish*.

“You write erotic romance.” It wasn’t stated as a question.

Might as well deal with her big mouth. “I do. And I’m not comfortable you knowing my pen name.” Straightforward, to the point. And maybe even a bit rude.

He straightened now, as if her words had struck him. “I see.” His face went blank, like someone flipped a switch. “Let Kerry know, so she can draw up paperwork. I wish you best of luck.” He held out his hand again, a gesture so coolly polite she felt like the

last bitch on earth.

No way, she wasn't apologizing. Instead she took his hand, clasped briskly, and ignored the heat that shivered up her skin. Except the ring chose just that moment to fall off and they both bent for it, nearly hitting foreheads in the process, and—what the hell—she leaned in closer and let her mouth touch his.

Quick molten moment. Fraction of a second. No harm, no problem. She no longer worked for him, and didn't she always wonder what it would feel like working under him?

He didn't move. Didn't try to pull her toward him. Didn't push her away. Just stood there, silent, still as a block of marble, smelling of aftershave and coffee. Not kissing her back, just... there.

She wondered what he'd do if she bit his lower lip. Her courage slipped away before she took her chances. Clearing her throat, Nic stepped away, forced herself to look back at him and not stare at the gray, fascinating carpet on the floor.

His face stayed pleasant and polite as if nothing had happened.

Her lips still tingled and her face felt hot. And he didn't look like anything had happened.

"It's been a pleasure working with you, Dan." *Too bad I didn't work under you.* "Take care."

"You too," he murmured, his dark eyes clear and direct on hers.

Nothing had happened. She simply made herself an idiot and he did her a favor by not making an issue of it. Case closed.

She didn't expect to see him again. Not after this. If things didn't go as planned—Shit, she would deal with that later. She had a book to write and three others to panic over.

Keeping her chin high, she forced herself not to look back. Five years. Done.

Booty Call: Chapter 1

Dan couldn't get Nicole out of his head. Those light green eyes, those sweet soft lips. His research on erotic romance had been torture. As soon as she'd walked out of his office, her head up high, that butt delicious in those dark and simple pants, Dan hit up Amazon and nearly got lost in all the choices.

Vampires and space pirates, probably all endowed with blue-pill-sponsored stamina and foot-long dicks. His own hardened again as he pictured Nicole writing a sex scene, running her hands through all those blonde tousled curls, clenching her thighs, biting her lips in that habit she got when she buried herself in thought.

Did she put herself into her characters? Did she ever think of him while she wrote "scorching hot" scenes, as Amazon so fondly splashed across his screen?

He'd noticed her staring at his dick earlier today. The thought had him moving the zipper off his cock while sitting in Seattle's Tuesday traffic. There wasn't anything new about his instant arousal just thinking of her. Working with her the past five years, he'd gotten used to the tortured pleasure of having her around.

But he couldn't kiss her back, for fuck's sake. Harassment laws aside, regardless of the lawyers' love for shit fits, he didn't permit himself to kiss her back while she technically worked for him. Just like he didn't permit himself to think of her during the endless nights of bugs and patches, the freezing server room where he couldn't take his focus off her nipples, the client dinners when she slid into something with a hint of cleavage and teased him with a scent that drove him batshit.

Dan hoped she'd never noticed. Hell, she buried herself in code most of the time. Techies usually didn't notice much of anything unless it beeped an error message. Even if she hadn't kissed him in his office, he'd still be picturing her bent over the scattered pages of the SeaGayte contract on his desk.

Wincing, he shifted a bit just as his phone beeped an incoming text message. Server error. He had another thirty miles to his place,

about the same back to the office. Damned client dinner had him driving to hell and back. Kerry, the office manager, had picked a restaurant close to the client office and he got stuck in the commute.

Tuesday night traffic moved really slowly for ten p.m. It would be another thirty minutes, at least.

Then again...

Before he changed his mind, he dialed Nicole's number. They stopped by her place plenty times before when traffic had been bad and shit had hit the fan. Once they worked side by side until about three a.m. It wouldn't be weird this time. At least that's what he hoped.

"Hello." Her voice was hoarse. Is that what she'd sound like after a screaming orgasm? Dan's cock twitched once again.

"Hey. Got an emergency."

"I got the page. If you'd remove my cell from the sys contact list, I'd appreciate it." She didn't sound thrilled.

Why in sweet hell he thought her sexy when clearly she sounded pissed, Dan didn't know. "I'm half an hour away and traffic is a bitch. Can I remote connect at your place?"

Short silence. "I'm busy."

He pictured her shoving her hand through thick, blonde curls. "Do you—" he groped for the best way to phrase it— "have company?"

She sighed. "I'm working."

"I'll be a minute." Time to bribe. "And I'll bring chocolate."

"Bastard."

He heard a smile in there, somewhere.

"All right, it's fine. You need the address?"

He exhaled a breath he didn't know he held. His cock twitched once again. "Got it. Give me about ten."

"Yeah. Later."

He swung into an exit just as the phone clicked off. The thought of that lush body, those sweet and tempting lips, had driven him crazy all day long. He'd pictured it before, short, tortured thoughts

of lifting her onto his desk, spreading her thighs and feasting.

After she'd kissed him, he could only think of sinking into her and riding slow and deep.

His cock tightened in pleasurable pain. Nearly there.

Maybe she'd chicken out. Maybe it was a friendly kiss that meant nothing. Dan winced at the deep empty ache inside his gut.

Nic kept twisting her ring as she sat on the corner of the couch and stared at the opened box of Ghirardelli's. How and where he'd managed to score chocolate at almost eleven, she didn't know, but it sure hit the spot. After the email from her editor and the conversation with her appalled mother—how could she quit her job chasing a dream?—her choices ran for chocolate or vodka. Since she refused to write while drunk, the chocolate was a godsend.

Not that she'd written anything since he'd called. She cleaned of course. Or at least she put away the clothes heaped on the old leather couch and threw away the empty cans of Coke. The huge TV, a present from her parents, had been dusted. Same with the ancient upright piano crammed against the wall and rarely played.

She had debated changing into something more alluring than the silky workout pants and a sleeveless tank top, but doing so somehow implied that she expected something. And even if she did, she sure as hell wasn't admitting to it.

She thought she'd heard something in his voice when he called. Perhaps another reason he wanted to stop by? Not just the server. But then again, it wasn't the first time they had to drop everything to coax a dying box to life. Her place, an Internet café, and once at the airport connected through a cell phone.

Nic doubted tonight was different. He preferred tall, thin brunettes. Small, curvy blondes didn't do much for his attention. Damn it, she should have changed into something less sloppy. She should have cleaned her bedroom and washed the dishes.

Put on a black lace bra.

She forced the thoughts away and concentrated on the rapid-fire click of keys coming from her office. So sure, so confident. Restart

the server, make sure the email campaigns go out as scheduled. All's good at eMarketing INC. Didn't matter that her world was in the shits or that she hadn't written anything that didn't sound like crap. Her conflict charts stank, her motivations didn't smell better, and worse, her editor....

"You want me to beat someone for you?"

Nic raised her eyes to find him in the doorway to her office, black T-shirt stretching over a delicious muscled frame, blue jeans hugging his hips and bulging—

"It's fine." She jerked her gaze up to his face. Maybe she sounded like a bitch, but Nicole didn't care. She'd barely had time to straighten up, she felt like holy crap and he looked too damned yummy.

"Come on." That wicked grin did something to her stomach. It rolled and twisted in her belly as he came to sit next to her on the couch.

What would he do if I just jumped him?

Probably have a freaking heart attack.

"Come on," he said again. "You know you want to bitch."

What did one say to that? I'm horny for your bod? I can't stop thinking about jumping you and I can't focus on my writing?

"It's nothing." She allowed herself a small and rare moment of self pity. "I sent an outline to my editor. She didn't love it." More like Chrissie had hated it but didn't put it in those words. An author never liked to hear "refine the hero's motivation." Besides, how could she refine anything if she sat ass-deep in her current novel, refining this hero as she plotted future books? Maybe she should've kept her day job. Maybe she should've fucked the boss and got it over with.

"So maybe she's having a shitty day?" Dan leaned back on the couch, large, male and yummy.

"I doubt it." She bit her lip to keep from staring at him. His eyes seemed more intense tonight as he watched her every movement.

No, she imagined it. If anything, he was probably afraid she'd kiss him again. Or something. He hadn't brought it up, and ap-

peared totally nonchalant when he came in and shoved the box of chocolates at her.

“Why don’t I help you?”

She must have thrown him a blank look because he shrugged and continued. “I can’t say your genre impressed me all that much, but I can probably give you a few ideas.”

Nic felt her color rising. “What the hell do you know of my genre?” Panic followed on silken wings. He couldn’t have figured out her pen name, could he?

“I researched it. Space cowboys and werewolves. Supercocks.”

She nearly choked. “Excuse me?”

“You heard me the first time.”

Asshole! “Who the hell made you a critic?” Forget the lacy bra. She’d simply punch him out.

“I took Lit classes.” He shrugged. “I just think erotic romance,” he mimicked quotes with those long fingers, “builds unrealistic expectations.”

“That’s why we call it fiction.” She growled the words, prepared to murder him. She’d bite him first, and then she’d kill him. Then she would finish up the chocolate.

“Fine. Whatever.” Again a shrug as he leaned back against the cushions. “I tell you what. If I can prove to you regular people can have insane sex, the next novel you write is all about humans. No cyber-enhanced cocks, no magic stamina.”

Okay, maybe he hadn’t read her stuff, but he talked like crazy. “You’re joking.”

He didn’t move a muscle, and yet the air around him grew thick with tension. “Dead serious.”

Okay. Maybe she didn’t understand him right. “If you think recapping your recent conquests—”

“You know what I’m saying.” His easy relaxed pose veiled a disguised predator.

Heat rose inside her. “What are you saying?”

His gaze stayed steady and intense on hers. “Me. You. In bed. You think three orgasms will get my point across?”

Booty Call: Chapter 2

He said it casually enough, and yet Nic couldn't breathe. She took in air, but it didn't have much oxygen. Dan Gust sat on her couch, casually proposing sex. Three orgasms.

Hallucination. She'd fallen asleep over her laptop. That must be it.

Say something, idiot. "Orgasms for me or you?"

He grinned now. "Both, preferably."

"But..." Furiously she fumbled for excuses. Just tell him you aren't interested. Except she was. "We both know you aren't attracted to me."

"Give me your hand, I'll show you otherwise." His tone remained easy and confident.

She dropped her gaze immediately to his lap. Rather, the tent over his lap. Hellooooo.

"Come here." The command sent more flutters through her belly.

"No. You come here." Her muscles refused to move. She'd had the balls to kiss him just this morning, and now ribbons of nerves and lust caressed their way into her belly and held her muscles hostage.

He raised an eyebrow. "Come here, Nicole."

"You want me? Come and get me." It had to be her author alter ego talking, because surely her own voice issuing a husky challenge hadn't been designed for ultimatums of this sort.

Like her, he didn't move a muscle. Just clenched his jaw, making his face appear more predatory. "If I come get you, I will fuck you brainless."

"Isn't that the point?" She sounded hoarse in her own head. "You boasted insane sex and now—"

She didn't see him move, didn't hear him make a single sound. Next thing she knew she was straddling his hips, his arms holding her prisoner against his chest and his clean male scent teasing her senses. She caught his gaze, intense, dark and hungry, just before

his mouth captured hers, ravishing her with a greed that spun control to hell.

His lips moved firmly over hers, his taste maddening, exotic. She didn't move when he allowed her air, just stared at him, afraid to bust the bubble of insanity. Sharply aware of the bulge she straddled, she watched his eyes, direct and dark and hungry. His palms moved on her bare arms, sending delicious jolts of heat through her very core.

She should have put on something much sexier. And God, did she have granny panties on?

When his finger reached for the hem of her tank, Nic froze. Panicking, she gripped his hand, stopping his movement.

"Yes or no, Nicole." His soft, commanding voice sent more hot shivers dancing on her spine.

Her throat was just too dry to answer. She nodded, kept her hand where it was. Coughed just a bit to get her vocals back. "You first," she croaked, and watched that wicked grin come out again.

She refused to tremble when he lifted her with easy strength and sat her on the couch beside him. Anticipation sent her blood to molten as Dan stood and faced her, that small smile making her insides dance the tango.

He tugged his T-shirt from the back the way men do, his movements rough and swift. Then he stood still in front of her and let her take her fill.

Tan skin poured over some impressive muscles. Fine, dark hair begged to be touched over his chest before it arrowed down to his belt.

Lust mixed with nerves inside her belly. Panic flew in, swift and sudden. She couldn't do this, he probably liked women fit like him, or at least thin, while she was a complete slob, didn't exercise and her damned belly jiggled and....

She scooted off the couch, gripped his T-shirt in front of her, and then resisted putting it up to her face and taking in his scent. "Maybe this isn't such a good idea." She'd mumbled and she didn't care. She should turn off the lights or something. Candles. Didn't

candlelight flatter every type of body?

Did she have any candles?

He blocked her path, all buff and tan and gorgeous.

“You changed your mind?” His voice was still completely calm. And yet his eyes burned dark.

She found the breath to speak. “Just going to dim the light.”

“I want to see you.” His voice sounded strained. As if he’d lose control in mere moments.

“Yeah, but...” She twisted at her ring. And it fell off. Again. She watched it rolling by his feet and knelt down for it, giving herself a moment to think.

“Nicole.”

She swallowed once, twice. Squished down the urge to jump him, bite him, eat him up, because he probably already thought of her as crazy, she didn’t want to scare him away, and—

“Keep watching me like that and I’m not responsible.” His growl had her creaming.

“Responsible for what?” she asked.

He muttered something that Nic didn’t quite hear as his lips found hers and his weight pressed her into the carpet.

The scent of him intoxicated her, surrounded her, male, after-shave and chocolate. His skin was hot under her fingertips, his muscle tense, straining.

She wanted to devour him, didn’t have the air to tell him to get under her so she could have her fill. Instead she feasted on his lips, his jaw, his neck, and then tugged on his hair when his mouth moved down to trace a searing path over her collarbone.

He dragged her tank top off in rough desperate movements, slid his hands under her breasts, cupped and lifted them. She arched up when he found a nipple with his lips, sucked at it, sent sparks down her belly. She dragged in enough air for a short thin scream just as he slid his hand inside her pants and pressed his fingers into her wet heat.

Nic clamped her thighs around his wrist, froze, and watched his face as pleasure speared her.

“Easy.” His warm breath washed over her face, his gaze stayed hot on hers while he moved his fingers, teased her with flicks of pleasure, light, gentle, stoking the fire of lust and need and madness.

She had to touch him, had to feel his pleasure, hear his gasps. Except she couldn't move, just reveled in sensation as he moved his fingers over her swollen nether lips, finally teased the hard knot of her clit. He fed her small, sweet kisses, took in each breath, each moan into himself.

“Come on baby,” he whispered into her ear, and she arched up, pushed herself into his hand, felt his lips over hers and screamed her climax into his mouth as waves of pleasure tore her to shreds.

She wanted more. Even as her breathing calmed, her body slowed the shudders and she lay trembling in his embrace, Nic wanted more.

The bulge against her belly twitched as she opened her eyes and met his gaze. And smiled.

“That's one,” she murmured.

His arms tightened around her. “Ready for more?”

“Why does that sound like a threat?”

“Because I'm about to fuck your brains out.”

The words burned through her, punctuated by fast and drug-ging kisses. She ripped into his jeans with clumsy shaking fingers, glanced up to see Dan clench his teeth as if holding to his control by jagged edges.

Greedy for him, Nic reared up and pushed him down to the floor. She leaned over him and sank her teeth into his smooth, tanned skin. She barely kept herself from growling as she climbed up and kissed him, deep and rough.

She tortured him with nips along his jaw, licked a delicious path down to his chest, ground her hips against his. All that tanned skin drove her insane as she slid over him and kissed and licked her way down his chest, his hands caressing her, restless and hot.

“Christ, you're beautiful.”

That reverent tone made her believe it. The words inside her

head painted the scene, her lips parted and wet, her tousled hair curling over pink, hard nipples. He put his hands on her, cupped both her breasts, and as she arched back over him, he reared up and sucked a nipple into his mouth.

Her gasp of pleasure echoed his.

Rolling her to his side, he covered her with his body and used both his hands and lips on her. All she could do was hang on, dizzy with nerves and dazzled by lust.

“Now. Do it. Now.” She had to have him inside her, hot, hard, and desperate. With shaking hands she helped him push her jeans off, watched as he froze at the sight of bare, smooth skin between her thighs, shuddered as those large hands gripped both her ankles to bare her fully for his gaze.

She arched up into him as someone inside her head screamed *condom*. “Wait.”

“What?” His breathless voice sent shudders through her.

“Condom,” she muttered.

“Got it.” He kept her hand in his as he got up, made his way towards his jeans on the heap by the upright. Dug out a square foil packet from his wallet.

“Let me.” She had to have him, now, this second.

“Hold on.” He fought the damned thing on, she reached in to help, and together their hands stroked his cock, their gazes mating, holding.

She jumped him, plastered herself against him, and buried her fingers in his hair. His hands clamped on her butt, lifted, she felt the smooth cool surface of the piano under her skin, then Dan leaned over her, pushed open her thighs, pressed into her, inch by torturous, slow inch, bracing her with his body, letting her sink fully onto him.

The soft tentative movement of his hips almost sent her over the edge. Again, harder this time. His arms banded around her thighs, he pulled her up to meet his strokes, to match his rhythm, faster, harsher, more, the pleasure feverishly spiraling.

She couldn't get enough, had to have more of him, arched off

the piano to take more of him inside her, gasped for the oxygen that wouldn't fill her lungs, raked her nails over his back to push closer, deeper. More.

His mouth ravished her, his hips hammered into her, short furious strokes. She arched her back to meet him stroke for stroke, gripped him with thighs and arms and clenching muscles.

Not enough, not nearly enough.

She shuddered as he hammered into her, plunging, withdrawing, friction so sweet she nearly sobbed with it.

More, God please, more.

A scream tore through her as need burst into coils of pulsing pleasure, tighter with each hard thrust, faster and brighter, her climax tearing through her in blinding waves. Nic still shuddered around him when she heard him groan, felt him thrust deep, again, deeper, and his lips ravished hers again as his own orgasm hit.

Dan's warm and heavy weight anchored her to the piano, keeping her from happily sliding down and collapsing into a boneless heap of satisfaction.

Still breathless, she ran her fingers along his back, loving the feel of all that skin stretching over now relaxing muscles.

He'll probably get up and say he's got to check on something in the office. Or that he has an early day tomorrow. Or—

Dan shifted just enough for her to drag in air. Here it comes. Instead she felt his lips along her cheek and heard him mumble something about number three, his moist skin rubbing deliciously over hers.

She lay on the floor, tucked next to him, his heavy arm anchoring her to his as deep and rhythmic breathing softened the silence in the room.

She should get up. Say something. Booty calls didn't usually spend the night. She didn't want this to become uncomfortable. Instead of doing anything, she closed her eyes and let his warmth surround her.

Nic woke an hour later, her legs cold, her damned neck killing

her. She found herself lying sideways with her head on his arm, her feet under the coffee table.

Her throat felt dry. She needed water. Gripping that thought as an excuse, she beat a hasty retreat to the kitchen, a part of her wondering what he would do if he woke up.

As she gulped water, two things occurred to her: Dan Gust was sleeping on her floor. And she stood naked in the kitchen. Her snort of laughter mixed with silken wings of panic. He was sleeping in her apartment. And she didn't know what else to do. Dragging her ass back to the floor next to him seemed just too weird. Maybe her heroines would do something like that. She simply didn't have the guts.

Writing. She could still write. She snagged another piece of chocolate and took a light tan throw off the couch, listening to his even breathing. Dan Gust was sleeping on her floor, his head under the piano. Talk about a hell of a tune-up.

As energy pulsed through her, Nic turned the lights off in the living room and grabbed a small pillow from the couch to put under his neck. Dan kept sleeping, his big body apparently comfortable on her floor.

Men slept through everything. Nic watched him for a second while something hot and tender squeezed her chest. She refused to think of it. Instead she stumbled to her office, the words finally ready to pour out.

The muse had come, and she was grateful. Wrapping the throw over herself, Nic typed as fast as the words came, twisting emotions into plot and character and one hell of a sex scene, until she fell asleep over her keyboard.

Booty Call: Chapter 3

He couldn't keep his mind off her. Her body, her scent, her lush full lips. Those tousled curls over his belly, the way she arched up when she came, blindly clutching him even closer. Speaking of which, he still owed her a third orgasm. His cock twitched in anticipation.

Shit. Dan didn't pound on his desk, but damned if he didn't come close to it.

He had to focus, not on her, but on the company he'd built. His lawyer's email had busted the rosy haze with which he'd rolled out of her bed this morning. He'd found her last night, asleep over her laptop. Carried her to bed and barely resisted waking her again for number three, instead forcing himself to wait till morning. And yet when he saw Neal's email, he had gathered up his things and taken off for the office.

Unauthorized data stream using Nicole Lang's login.

Like hell. He doubted Nic had come anywhere near the data. She had no use for it. And yet, considering the value of millions of names and addresses stored in their servers, questions had to be answered. If spammers got a hold of eMarketing data, if consumers got bombarded by Blue Pills and Get Thin Now ads, eMarketing would face a shitload of hell. He doubted Nic sent out a stream with validated data, but he had to figure out who did.

And still Dan thought of her, all warm and naked when he carried her to bed. His penis thickened once again, picturing her coming underneath him....

He barely had enough time to curse when Nicole charged into his office, going straight for his desk, eyes bright with fury, that mouth he'd just thought about kissing snarling in rage.

"See this?" She slammed a white and blue rectangle of paper right in front of him. "It's my advance."

A quick glance showed a number with an impressive multiple of zeros. She cut him off before he said single word.

"I'm not going to sell your data to spammers for a quarter per

row.” Her voice sounded dangerously low, and Christ help him, sexy. Fury flushed her face, her neck, down to her breasts hidden in a conservatively cut suit reminiscent of the old Nicole, the one he’d never seen without composure. The one he didn’t fuck.

His cock twitched once again.

“I got more than enough without your goddamned data. And if you think—”

“Nicole.” He kept his voice low, cut her off midstream. A part of him seriously considered jumping her. Right now. “No one’s accusing you.”

“You had to hide behind the goddamned lawyer.” He heard the sound of buried hurt under the fury. “Plenty of balls to make a booty call, not quite enough to call the morning after?”

He’d had enough. Dan pushed back on his chair, stood up to tower over her. Her eyes widened as he walked around his desk, forcing himself to keep his movements measured. Lust, anger, both sliced ribbons in his gut as he locked his office door and turned back to face her.

“I had no idea Neal already called you. I didn’t because I knew you weren’t involved.” Just like his movements, he forced his voice to keep control. “I’ve thought of you all morning. And you have no idea how many times I’ve wanted to bend you over on my desk.”

Her eyes widened even further.

“Why didn’t you?” She probably meant for the words to be a whisper. Instead, her voice came out in a choke.

“You worked for me.” Decision made, he walked to her, turned her around to face his desk. The tremors in her body spiked his pulse. “Now you’re not. You barged in here.” He fit himself against her, pressed his hips into her, and whispered the words into her ear. “You barged in here ready to kill, and all I thought of was fucking your brains out.”

He slid his arms over her waist, felt the long line of her back as she sharply exhaled. Dan squished the urge to touch her breasts, to feel her nipples pebble, to hear those short high-pitched gasps.

Control was a thin burning edge. He ground his hips against her,

felt the ache and pleasure of arousal roll through his gut. “Let me have you, Nicole.”

Short harsh breath. “Do it.”

For an insane moment, Nic thought he’d rip her pants off. Instead he cupped her breasts, his palms firm, tender. Reverent. His mouth found her neck, right on that wicked spot below her ear, the one that made her shudder even more.

He nudged her forward until she braced her arms over his desk, his erection already hard against her buttocks. She felt herself go damp as his hands—did they just tremble?—fumbled with the zipper of her pants and slid the material down to bare her to his gaze.

He knelt behind her. “What’s this?”

A small semblance of sanity returned at the concern in his voice. She croaked the words because her throat was just too dry to speak. “Nothing. Rug burn.”

His palm smoothed gently over the sensitive skin of her thighs. “Hurts?”

Hell, it thrilled her. “No. But it does remind me of last night.”

“I’ll have to make it up to you.”

Rough sexy voice, promise or challenge, Nicole didn’t know. God, this had to be a dream. How many times had she imagined this, right here, in his office?

She bit back a moan as his large palm caressed her bared butt. In bright and garish daylight, the nerves from last night made a comeback and mixed right in with need.

Trembling, she felt his eyes on her as warm hands skimmed over her skin. She didn’t know when he’d knelt down, but suddenly breath whispered on the tender spot behind her knee. *Don’t scream*. She couldn’t make a sound for fear that someone would hear. Sweet nipping kisses landed on her calves, her thighs, the curves of her buttocks.

She didn’t want foreplay, damn it, she wanted rough and hard, the way she’d always pictured it. “Fuck me.” The words were a groan. A part of her couldn’t believe she actually said them.

His breath caressed the middle of her spine. “I beg your par-

don?"

She could barely breathe and had to force herself to keep from screaming.

"Fuck me. Right now," she ordered him.

His lips trailed kisses on her shoulder, teeth scraping sparks of pleasure at her neck. "So unprofessional." His breath tickled her ear, the bulge pressing at her, already hard. She pushed back at his cock, bent forward to allow him better access.

"Now, damn you!"

"Say please," he whispered, and Nicole nearly screamed when his hands left her. His body heat was gone, just for a mindless second. She heard a paper rip and then his body pressed at her once again, hot skin sliding against hot skin.

His hands moved on her once again, palms on her breasts, thumbs on her nipples. "Say please, Nicole." He pressed his cock between her thighs.

She shifted so her legs spread further, arched her back. She wasn't going to beg. "Do it. Right now." Gasping for air, she pushed against him once again.

"Say it," he whispered harshly in her ear, wicked hands teasing her nipples to burning points of lust. "Say it, baby."

"Fuck me!" Her hips jerked against him.

"Say please."

"Please, damn you! Please." She couldn't think beyond the need to have him fill her, to drive that cock inside until they were both brainless.

"That's it." Harsh and tender words and he pushed hard inside her, the rough penetration so damned good she nearly screamed with it. "That's it, baby." He was seated to his balls now, deep, full and thick. "Tell me to fuck you."

Pulsing and hot and wicked pleasure spiraled through her. "Fuck me." She growled the words, lifted her hand behind his neck to force him closer.

He moved a tiny friction of his hips that rubbed at something inside her, sent sparks of shooting pleasure through her. "More?"

“God, yeah.” She pushed back as he thrust again, heard the wet slapping of flesh as he plunged inside her.

“Like this?” Another thrust, harder, faster, his hands now on her hips, pushing her into him as he mercilessly ground into her, biting her neck, kissing her shoulders.

“Yes!” It was a plea, a shout, a curse. She didn’t care who heard now. More, God, please more, she couldn’t think of anything but this, his cock so hard inside her, the friction of his movements so damned good, so fast, and so hot.

His hand snuck over to her belly, lower, until he found her swollen nether lips and gently moved his fingertips in shocking little circles over the hard knot of her clit, tearing soft ravaged moans from her at each hard thrust, at each firm rub of those long wicked fingers.

The first signs of orgasm rippled through her when she felt him freeze, heard him curse. “Shit, baby, I’m coming.” And she shuddered around him, gasping for air as she came, feeling him pulsing inside her.

Her body still shuddered in the aftermath of her release when reality scraped chilly fingers against her heated skin. Mortified, Nicole grabbed the pants still pooling at her ankles and snatched them up. She hadn’t just done this. She’d forgotten anything and everything, the most common of senses....

“God, Nic.”

She finally looked at him, a bunch of tissues in his hand, his jeans around his hips. It should have looked ridiculous, and yet somehow it looked sexy and right.

“Nicole,” he said, looking at her with intense somber eyes. “What’s wrong?”

She raised a hand. “It’s fine.” She’d lost all semblance of control, just like in her own novels. Confused, unsure, with fumbling fingers, she zipped her pants, found her shirt. Did this really happen, this need for sex that overpowered every other sense?

His phone beeped then, an annoying female voice announcing a text message.

“Go ahead.” She fought to keep her voice from breaking. “We’re done here.”

He narrowed his eyes at her, then glanced at his phone and leapt to his computer, dragging his pants back up. As if nothing had happened.

“Found the fucker,” he muttered, and shot a grin at her. “Ivan the Croatian Intern.”

Sure. Just go back to work like nothing happened. “That’s... great.”

She muttered the words as someone banged on his office door. After a last look at herself, she opened his office to Montgomery’s searing gaze.

The lawyer. Great.

“I got a list of IPs from last night. See if he sent out the data stream.” He threw her a long appraising glance, to the point where Nic forced herself not to look down to check herself.

She’d always disliked him, ever since he hit on her, badly, at the company holiday party. With Christmas lights reflecting off his wedding band.

“Ms. Lang, is there something I can help you with?”

That jolted her to life. “I’m leaving.”

“Nicole.” Dan’s voice was smooth as ever. Like nothing happened. “I’ll call you later.”

She shrugged. “Sure. Fine.”

Booty Call: Chapter 4

“Is there something I should know about?”

He really didn't like Neal's tone. For now, Dan ignored it, concentrating on hunting through IP addresses, narrowing down the places where Ivan had tried to send the data. Since there was a chance Ivan wasn't too much of an idiot, he probably emailed it to himself somewhere. Meaning that it most likely sat in an account somewhere until he found a buyer.

“Dan.” A small focused silence. “As the company lawyer, I should advise—”

“Personal business has nothing to do with company policies.” Keeping his voice even, Dan watched the number patterns scroll. His cock still throbbed, but something had gone wrong. He had seen it in her face. He couldn't quite figure what had happened to put that stricken look on her flushed face. As soon as Neal left, he had every intention of finding out.

If he hadn't barged in.... Hell, if Neal hadn't barged in, he would have put Nic on the desk and spread her thighs to give her number four. Or five.

“She's your employee.”

“Ex-employee.”

“Even so.” Neal straightened his back, sniffed through a thin aristocratic Slavic nose. Under it, his thick, dark lips would have made Angelina jealous. “You know my thoughts about her—” he sniffed again “—career. If she's connected to the company, our reputation is at risk.”

For now, Dan tuned him out. Instead he concentrated on the numbers on the screen, even though her scent still teased his senses.

There, an IP he hadn't seen before accessed about the same time the dump was made. Dan followed it, ran through the random shifts and patterns to get its root location. Through it all, he still could smell Nic's skin, her hair, with each breath he took more of her into his lungs, a sweet and spicy scent of woman.

Whatever made her leave, he'd make it better. And as he typed, his gaze fell on the blue and white paper she had slammed onto his desk. Rubina Red. In bold black letters. On it, stone down, lay the gold ring that must have fallen off her hand while they were fucking like a pair of sex-starved virgins.

Neal kept talking. "Obviously I don't think she would do anything damaging to the company, but we must take precautions. I suggest—"

Dan pushed back in his chair, an address displayed on his screen. "Here's the email address the data got sent to. Your ball now. As for Nicole, she is no longer an employee. Not your problem."

"Really?"

"Yeah." He let a slow smile bloom as he picked up the paper she had left behind. "If she's anybody's problem, she's mine."

Nicole kept herself busy. She worked her ass off at the gym, sweated out aggression and frustration and God knew what else brewing up inside her. When her legs refused to take further pounding, she sweated more at the sauna and finished off by scrubbing him and his scent off her.

This obsession wasn't normal. She'd worked with the guy for years. Surely she could think of something else than him behind her, on her, over her. She'd even called her mother, hoping another argument would switch her focus.

Instead, her mother gushed about finding her in Borders and made her day by asking for an autograph. The thrill of it did nothing to get Dan out of her head.

She did some shopping, found killer black leather shoes with silver heels, a purse to match, and—what the hell—some perfume. Except, the luscious scent made her think of Dan, wondering if he would like it. At lunch, a burger and French fries as her reward for working out, Nicole had whipped her book outline into shape. When she got home she shot it off to Chrissie and buried herself inside her latest book. A vampire and hunter, a timeless bond of

love and blood.

She had three months to finish it, another two to polish. She played with swords and fangs and sex until the sun started to set, her fingers typing furiously on the keyboard, the words bubbling up, emotions and the motivations cleverly twisting into plot. It wasn't until she reached for the lights that she noticed her ruby wasn't on her hand.

She kept it here on the desk if it wasn't on her finger. Her focus shot, Nic looked over her desk, studied the floor, and then went to the bathroom to check if she had stuck it on the counter.

Maybe she left it at the gym? The mall? Did the damned thing fall off when she was...? She felt heat flood her cheeks. It probably fell while they were doing it in Dan's office. It only tended to fall off with him around, as if it had some gypsy magic on it.

And maybe you're confusing fiction with the real world again.

Nicole glanced at her phone. Dan had said he'd call, and she could ask about the ring then. Although, he was probably busy with his data and all his other shit and she had a book to finish. She should just be adult and freaking call.

She wanted more of him. She hadn't had sex in, God! She couldn't remember when. This thing just kick-started her system into overdrive. That's why she'd let the whole thing happen in his office. And it was mind-searing hot, the voice inside her head slyly and smugly whispered. *Admit it. You damned loved it.*

She had been fantasizing it for years, but damn, reality was just too weird. Dangerous. Delicious.

Call him and see if you can get some more. At least now she had an excuse. Before she chickened out, Nic pulled his number on her cell and hit the send button just as the doorbell rang. With the phone still at her ear, she found Dan on her doorstep.

"Hey."

She tried to calm her pounding heart as she flipped the phone closed. "Hey." Now that he stood here, she really didn't know how to handle him. This. Everything.

Tense silence filled the air.

“Calling someone?”

She didn't know what forced the words out of her mouth. “My booty call.”

He took off his leather jacket, stood there, big and tall and gorgeous. “Is that what I am?”

Nic only shrugged.

“If that's the case, get over here then.” A challenge in that dark and sexy voice.

“I think I dropped my ring while we were breaking policies inside your office.” She kept just out of his reach.

“You'll have to search for it.”

“Search you, you mean?” He threw the challenge. She was playing it. With slow hands she reached for the zipper of her hoodie and slowly lowered it, feeling his gaze follow the slow movement of her hands. Her white t-shirt followed, his eyes widening as she lifted it up over her head and threw it behind her. Under it, she wore a black lace bra. As if she'd known that she'd end up stripping for him.

Unmoving, Dan followed her every motion, focused on her with those intense dark eyes. Power. That's what it felt like. Having him watch, having him want.

She let her pants drop to the floor and stood a few feet away from him, black lace against white skin, feeling his gaze caress her.

She'd make him lose control. Just as she had lost hers earlier.

In a smooth fluid motion Nicole knelt in front of him. “Come here.” Her game. Her rules. She licked her lips and let them curve into a smile. “Come here, Dan.”

Wordless, he did, stopped right before her, her face level with his already bulging cock. She started at his knees, ran a caressing hand over his jeans, and cupped his erection through them.

“Yum.” She wanted her mouth on him. With impatient fingers, she tugged at his belt and zipper, fought his jeans until his cock sprang free and full. She knelt in front of him almost stripped bare, while he stood completely dressed, his cock jutting out as if in invitation.

Nic licked her lips again. Waited a heartbeat. Made him suck in a breath before she took his cock into her mouth, slow, torturously slow. His groan of pleasure curled a deep, dark satisfaction in her belly. She watched his hands fist at his sides, kept her lips firm and steady on his cock.

Who's in control now?

A glance up showed him watching her, his mouth parted, his eyes glazed with lust. His hands caressed her hair, pulling her in, guiding her over him.

Uh huh. She gave his balls a friendly teasing lick. *I'm in charge.*

Except she was lifted, carried and then in a blur of motion, dropped somewhere soft. Her couch?

The darkness thickened as night caressed the sky. His body was a phantom shadow, his hands warm and solid on her skin. "My turn." he said with a soft and sexy growl.

Her panties made a tearing sound as he ripped them away. She felt her cream sliding along her skin as those rough palms circled her ankles and pulled up, opening her, exposing her to anything he could unleash.

A kiss, soft, slow over the patch of curls above her mons. A teasing lick, just at the seam between her swollen lips.

"You can be loud here." His breath washed over her exposed clit while he spoke. "I want to hear you."

A slow and testing probe of tongue into her opening. Arousal bloomed to pleasure as he licked up, over, around her clit, the feeling growing from mild to intense, from soft to crazy, from gentle to scotching hot.

She couldn't move much, not with him pushing her up and back, nearly folding her in half as he spread her thighs with warm, strong hands. His mouth pleased her in ways she only wrote about, tongue circling and probing, maddeningly running up and down, tearing gasps and cries from her.

It was too much, it wasn't nearly enough. She shook and shuddered and moaned, her orgasm building with each stroke of that clever, firm tongue. She clenched harder, and harder still when he

let go of her ankle and put his finger into her, fucking her slow and deep, pressing at something dark and hidden inside her, until she came into his mouth, screaming for him not to stop.

She'd barely caught her breath when she heard foil rustling and felt his cock against her. He didn't enter her, just banged it over her drenched swollen lips. Her legs dangled off the couch until she found the strength to hook her knees around him.

"I have a question."

"Now?" She wanted him inside her. Control be damned, she wanted him inside her, now.

"Yeah. Now." He moved his hips against her, his cock rubbing over her, sending fresh pleasure through her. "There's a book. Seduction's Boss. You've read it?"

Shit. "Uh. Probably."

"Probably? Or yes?" Another rub of his cock over her drenched skin.

"Yeah. I read it."

She wondered how the hell he'd found out. She wondered what the hell happened to wanting to be the one with the control. Because having him over her, holding her like this was shockingly exciting.

"It's set in the future. But the story's interesting."

She clasped her thighs around him. "Really?"

"Yeah. Really." Another slow rub of his cock. "It's about a guy who runs a droid company. And fucks the hell out of his assistant."

"That's," she started with a gasp, "that's nice. You're going to fuck the hell out of me?"

"Hell yeah." Another growl, so sexy she shivered with it. "Except it sounds familiar. Enough to bother me. Can't concentrate." His voice sounded harsh, as if his own control was slipping.

Caught, damn it. Caught. "Fine. I wrote it. Now fuck me."

"Really?" He slid inside, a long, smooth fluid motion, pleasure filling to bursting once again. "And it's about..."

"Us!" Damn it. "It's you. And me. Exaggerated, but now fuck me or I swear to God—"

He moved swift and hard. She held on as he rocked her, pressed her back against the cushions with each pounding stroke. The angle made his plunges deeper, each thrust harder and tighter than the next. She clenched around him, felt the shakes start.

And he stopped. “Why?” In the thick darkness, through the haze of lust, Nic saw his face twist as if in agony. “Why did you?” A tiny movement of his hips sent more sparks flying.

“I wanted you,” she told him and was rewarded by another plunge. “I wanted you.”

“You got me,” he murmured against her mouth, devouring her lips with the same hunger that she felt for him. “You got me, Nic.”

Another stroke. Another rub of that thick cock inside her. The orgasm lit her up, whipped through her, and shredded her to pieces, mind and body. She felt him shake above her, pressed against him as he buried his lips against her throat and gasped her name while he came.

“So when you write that story without supercocks, I will expect a dedication.”

Somehow he’d managed to arrange them on the couch with her wedged in between him and the pillows, cramped and wonderfully pressed against the soft cotton of his T-shirt. At least he’d ditched the jeans and belt.

“Yeah yeah.” She gave his shoulder a quick friendly bite. “Talk to me after I get my contracts. You got my ring?”

“I do.” He patted her still naked ass.

“Speaking of which....” He moved and then she heard him rustle something. “I have something for you.”

“Chocolate?”

A rich and sexy laugh, enough for her to bite him once again.

“Close.”

Another reach and he switched on the lights, completely blinding her. When she could finally squint she saw a small square box suspiciously covered in black velvet. No way. Noooo way.

“I found your books. Hot Red, on the New York Times best seller. I had to get you something. Your bio said you’re partial,” he

drawled that last word, “to rubies.”

He flipped open the box to reveal her ring beside a ruby pendant. The sparkling jewels were set in glowing gold that matched so damned well they could’ve been a set. Relief and disappointment mixed.

Silent, Nicole sat up, gathered her hair in her hand as she turned around. She let him put the necklace on her, shivered a bit when those thick fingers brushed her neck. The ring was shoved onto her finger once again. *You really expected him to get down on his knees? You believe what you write now? Idiot!*

She had to get over this thing, now. In an attempt to do that she put her mouth on his, kissed him, and smiled at him even if something squeezed her heart. “Thank you. I love it.” The ring felt cold somehow.

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“I’m not done.”

There’s more?

Dark solemn eyes as he watched her. Her heart pounded so loud she wondered if he heard it.

“I’m too old for this booty call thing.”

She didn’t know what to say. Thoughts whirled, but words didn’t come out.

“I want to do what couples do.” He touched the pendant that now lay over her collarbone, and dragged his fingertip down into the valley between her breasts. “Go to the movies, dinner. Have amazing sex. Attempt to sleep sometime around midnight because unlike you, I still have a job to go to in the morning. You get me?”

She blinked at him a few more times. “You want to... date?”

Black eyebrows rose. “Is that a problem?”

“Um... no.”

“Good. Good.” He exhaled, and Nic wondered if there was a chance he had been nervous.

“So how’d you know where to find my books?”

He lay back down, tucked her next to him. A large contented

male. And all hers. She bit his chest through his T-shirt, establishing a mark of ownership.

“The check stub that you left. It said your name.”

Well that was stupid. Deliciously stupid. “So like... you read my books?”

He shrugged and Nic felt his body moving under hers. “I bought them all and skimmed through them. Your Boss got my attention.” His fingers trailed over her hair, lifted her chin so she could look at him. “You never said anything.”

“Neither did you.”

He brushed her hair away. “If you hadn’t kissed me, hell, was it just yesterday? I would have never known.”

“Yeah, well.” She didn’t know what to say. “I always said that I had balls.”

His hand snuck in between their bodies, brushed lightly at her swollen sex. “I don’t remember seeing any.”

And her damned ring fell off again. He wiggled his eyebrows at her as he thoroughly searched the couch, managing to caress all sorts of interesting places in the process.

“Found it. And I’ll give it back after I’m done checking for balls.” Again he moved too fast. She only saw a blur as she was swung into his arms, over his shoulder, her ass up high, his hand on it like some sort of conqueror. Shrieking with laughter, hanging upside down while he carried her, Nic lifted his T-shirt and took a healthy bite.

His yelp was really worth it. As was the spanking that he promised her as soon as he was done checking her out.

About the author:

Fiona Jayde is a pilot, a ninth degree black belt in three styles of martial arts, a computer hacker, a mountain climber, a jazz singer, a weight lifter, a superspy with a talent for languages, and an evil genius. All in her own head.

In life, she is an author, insists she is a good driver even though various loved ones refuse to let her drive, possesses a brown belt in Tae Kwon Do and blue belt in Aikido, a web developer, scared to death of heights, loves jazz piano, can bench-press about 20 pounds—with effort, speaks English and Russian fluently, and when not plotting murder and mayhem enjoys steamy romance novels, sexy spy thrillers, murky mysteries and violent movies where things frequently blow up.

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