

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*



Beg for It
MINX MALONE

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Beg for It

ISBN 9781419923593

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Photography and cover art by Les Byerley

Electronic book Publication August 2009

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BEG FOR IT

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Dedication

To Michelle Lauren for always being there. I am infinitely lucky to know you.

Acknowledgements

Thanks to everyone at Romance Divas. There's no place I'd rather be when I'm procrastinating!

Also major thanks to Emma Petersen for answering all my weird questions. I'm sure I'll think of more things to harass you with before long.

Trademarks Acknowledgement

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Chapter One

"Aren't you even a little excited? This is a huge account." Mya scowled when Milo just sat back in his desk chair, his long, tapered legs stretched beneath his desk. His perfectly tailored suit was more than likely an original from one of New York's latest designers. As if he needed it. The man could wear coveralls made from a potato sack and look as if he'd just stepped off a runway in Milan.

Just one more reason he got on her nerves.

"I'm ecstatic. I'm just hiding it deep down inside." He smiled at Mya's sudden snort. "Besides, girlish enthusiasm doesn't sell clothes. Sophistication and style does." He crossed his arms behind his head leisurely. The pose only emphasized the size of his biceps beneath the tailored dress shirt.

"Whatever you say, Milo." His thick, dark hair was slightly mussed and he'd loosened his tie and freed the top two buttons on his shirt. She could see just a hint of smooth, tanned skin beneath the blue material.

"You've got everyone in the agency calling me that. Until I met you people always called me Tony. There have been a few brave souls willing to risk their health and call me Milton." His blue eyes dropped to her lips for a moment before he met her gaze again. He laughed softly when she didn't respond.

Mya glanced away, her cheeks hot, embarrassed to have been caught ogling him yet again. They'd both started at Southern Star Advertising in Atlanta five years ago and had immediately become "friendly enemies". They'd shared everything from ideas to pizza and cases of Red Bull. He had quickly become her best friend as well as her biggest competitor. They had routinely stolen the best clients and campaigns from under each other's noses at every turn and laughed about it afterward. He was just as

driven as she was and fully understood her hunger to succeed. She would have done anything for him. Then she'd gone and ruined everything.

She'd fallen in love with him.

When she'd received a job offer from an innovative new agency it had seemed as if it were fate. She'd left Atlanta and come to Washington D.C. determined to make a new start. Mirage Advertising had been great to her and the owner James Lawson had treated her with the utmost respect.

Until he'd done the unthinkable and hired Milo.

Now he was here in her safe haven, disturbing her peace and shaking up everything she'd spent the last year trying to build. Despite moving over six hundred miles she was still in the same place. In love with a man she could never hope to have.

"The LaVin group might not be seriously looking for new representation." Milo uncrossed his arms and sat up. He absently straightened a few papers on the top of his desk. "I wouldn't get my hopes up if I were you."

"But if they are..." Mya grinned at the idea.

"I'm reserving judgment until after the meeting tomorrow." Milo rolled his eyes.

* * * * *

Milo leaned over her, every muscle in his body straining beneath his golden skin. Mya had the perfect angle to admire him, the strong lines of his back, the smooth column of his throat as he tasted her breasts, the rich dark spill of his hair, a stunning contrast to the caramel tone of her skin. His mouth was an inferno as he followed the curve of her waist to the hidden spot between her hip and her thigh, the spot guaranteed to make her crazy.

"Open your legs for me. Yes that's it. Open those pretty thighs." Milo lifted his head to look at her, his normally blue eyes dark, predatory as he watched her spread her legs. Once she lay open before him, he simply looked his fill, his gaze hot on her naked skin.

Mya flushed as he watched her, sure that he could hear the heavy cadence of her heart, could sense the wetness in the deepest part of her. How many years had she longed for him, ached to feel his touch? She closed her eyes and breathed deeply, savoring every glide of his fingers across her skin. She wanted him, wanted him to touch her and fill her until she couldn't think, couldn't breathe, couldn't remember all the reasons this was a bad idea. Then suddenly his hands were everywhere at once, worshiping her body and when he finally cupped her where she throbbed for him, she creamed all over his hand.

"You're so wet." He swiped two fingers through her heat and brought them to his mouth, his lids drifting closed as he tasted her. Mya shivered as embarrassment and desire flowed through her in equal measures. Suddenly shy, she tried to close her legs but he held her open with a strong hand on her thigh as he continued to stroke her. His fingers played a gentle tune on the slick skin of her opening, her pussy contracting almost to the point of pain. His eyes burned as he looked down at her as if memorizing her body's every angle and curve. Then he leaned down and covered her with his mouth.

"Oh my god. Milo..." Mya closed her eyes, afraid if she watched the heady temptation of Milo between her thighs she would come instantly and this unbelievable pleasure would end. Then he did something sinful with his tongue and her eyes flew open as a sudden wave of need crashed over her, his name flying from her lips like a prayer.

"Yes, say my name. Before it's over you'll scream it. Scream for me, Mya." He looked up at her, his full lips wet with the evidence of her desire. "I want to hear you beg me to take you, to fuck you, to fill you. I'm the only one who can give you what you need."

"Yes," she sobbed, desperate for him, frantic with her need. "You're the only one. Only you, for so long it's been only you."

He turned away from her and she heard his voice as if from far away. He was speaking again, but what was he saying? He sounded odd suddenly, his voice resonating as if it were an echo inside a tin can...

"Mya, you'd better get your ass in here. James is going postal."

Mya woke with a start and looked around wildly, her body thrumming, her breasts heavy. She was alone in bed with only the tangled sheets between her legs for company.

The voice she thought she'd imagined blared from her answering machine in the front hallway. She scrambled to get out of bed, tripped in the bed linens and crashed to the floor. She hopped up and hobbled across the polished hardwood to the cordless phone on her dresser. "Hello, hello?"

"James is going to kill you. Did you forget the LaVin account meeting this morning?"

"Crap, crap, *crap*." Oversleeping on a normal day was one thing, but tardiness on the morning they expected a visit from a potential client, especially one as important as Italian designer Andre Lavin, was unthinkable. This was just one more thing for Milo to needle her about.

"How pissed is James, on a scale of one to ten?"

"Does infinity count?" Milo laughed as she cursed and the rumble of his baritone caused skitters of sensations up and down Mya's spine. It reminded her of her dream when he commanded her to open her legs for him, as he told her to say his name...

"Mya! Did you fall asleep again?" He was definitely laughing at her now.

"Ooh, this is all your fault!" Mya raced to her closet and yanked out a skirt and blouse before dropping to the floor to rummage for shoes. She caught a glimpse of her reflection in the closet mirror and squeaked in surprise. Her curly black hair was flying in every direction and she had a huge crease down the side of her face where her cheek had pressed against the pillow. Nice.

"How is it my fault that you can't get up on time? It's not as if I kept you up all night."

Mya sighed as she rubbed the side of her face. If he knew how prominent a role he played in keeping her awake all night she'd never be able to look him in the face again.

"You have no idea. Tell James I'll be there within the hour."

* * * * *

"You two ready to present?" James, Mirage Advertising's president and founder, stuck his head in the room and looked between them anxiously. His short gray hair stood on end as if he'd been running his hands through it. "Mr. Lavin is already here and he brought several members of his board with him."

"Are you serious? I thought this was just a meet and greet. I don't have storyboards or photos." Mya hopped off the desk and watched in disbelief as Milo calmly pulled several folders from one of the cabinets in his desk.

"I know, I know but apparently he likes people who can think on their feet." James inclined his head apologetically before retreating.

"You have folders and...notes!" Mya strode over to Milo's desk and snatched the papers from his hands, shocked to see the opening lines of a pitch written in his precise cursive handwriting.

"While you were getting your beauty sleep this morning, some of us were actually working. This account is mine so you might as well forget it." He pried the note cards from her fingers. "This is really more my kind of thing anyway."

"You arrogant prick. You assume James will assign this to you just because you're a diva who spends too much money on clothes?"

Milo shook his finger at her as he gathered his materials. "Tsk tsk, Miss Taylor. That attitude is why I'm a shoo-in for this account. You don't even wear designer clothes so how can you design an ad campaign for them?"

"I don't wear crotchless panties either but I designed a killer campaign for Peek-a-Boo Lingerie. It's the same thing. Well, the same concept anyway."

He stopped suddenly and she collided with the broad planes of his back. Before he stepped away she felt the muscles tighten and bunch beneath her hands.

"Can we please not talk about panties? I need to concentrate." When he turned, Mya suddenly found her hands on his shoulders, her breasts crushed against his chest.

His eyes widened as he looked down. The tops of his cheeks turned pink before he sucked in a loud breath and backed up a step. "Stop trying to distract me."

"Is it working?" Mya sighed when he shook his head. She wasn't Milo's type, she knew that. There was nothing "femme fatale" about her. But it would still be nice to get some kind of reaction from him when he accidentally got a peek down her shirt.

"Nothing will keep me from getting this account."

"You wanna bet?" Mya laughed as soon as the words left her mouth. God, how juvenile did she sound? She needed to take these last moments to get her thoughts together, not spend it arguing with Milo. Somehow though she couldn't get her feet to point in the direction of the door.

"Okay. Let's make a deal. The winner pays for pizza. Wait, did I bring cash today?" He smiled when she gritted her teeth at him. "Okay, fine. The loser can buy the pie, does it really matter?"

Mya crossed her arms, mainly to keep herself from brushing the hair off his forehead. The thick strands were black as charcoal and looked soft as raw silk. If it was still as soft as she remembered, she was in trouble. She squeezed her hands against her body. If she allowed herself to touch him so intimately she might not be able to stop. She shook her head to clear her thoughts. What the hell was she doing? The man had women lined up around the block. Not exactly good relationship material, even if she was his type.

What if you don't want a relationship? What if you just want one night?

Mya stopped for a moment, the sudden, shocking thought ringing through her head. Could she do that? Could she have him for just one night without getting attached? She tightened her thighs against a sudden, throbbing ache.

"Damn, I'm glad I wore this suit today. Especially the tie. I'm sure Mr. Lavin will appreciate an ad executive who wears his clothes." Milo grabbed his suit jacket from the hanger on the back of the door and ran his fingers through his hair. When he tucked his shirt in, he had to readjust his slacks. Mya could clearly see the outline of his cock through the material and almost swallowed her tongue. *Damn*.

"You're so sure you're going to win, aren't you? You won't even consider the fact that I might be the better candidate for this."

"Mya, sweetie, no offense but you're in way over your head." He held up his hands in defense when she swatted at him.

"Oh you think so? Well, *when* I win I want more than pizza."

Milo perched on the edge of his desk and held out his hands in surrender. "Okay. Anything you want. Name it and it's yours."

Mya wasn't sure how to respond. This was *Milo*. They were best friends. She'd always been able to tell him anything. But what if she told him she wanted hot, wet, dirty sex and he said "no thanks"? Besides, Milo usually dated the blonde bombshell type. Mya considered herself more the "a little too curvy, a little too short, brunette as dirt" type.

"I'd love to make you my slave for a day. You can answer my phone, do my filing and I'm sure I can find some expense reports for you to fill out."

Milo caught her arm and tugged until she came to stand between his legs. This close she could feel the soft wash of his breath on her cheek. What was he doing? If he knew how close he was to being assaulted, he would stay far away. Then he turned his head and brushed his lips against hers. The kiss only lasted a moment, but Mya felt it clear down to her toes.

"Milo? What are you doing?"

"I'm kissing you. You taste like plums." He captured her lips again, more firmly this time, using her squeak of surprise to gain entry to her mouth. He anchored her against him with a firm hand at the back of her head until she stopped resisting, the tension melting from her limbs like butter left out in the sun.

Shocked, all she could do was lean against him, boneless, as he deepened the kiss. He stroked in and out, making love to her mouth, sucking on her tongue and even biting her lips gently. Every little nip sent a wash of heat through her, soaking her panties. When one hand snuck down and pressed against her mound through the fabric of her skirt, Mya's eyes popped open. She was about to have an orgasm in the middle of his office with the door wide open for anyone walking by to see.

"Milo, what is going on?"

He leaned forward and gave one last soft lick to her bottom lip before gently pushing her away so there was about a foot of space between them.

"What were we talking about?" He raked a hand through his hair and adjusted the edges of his jacket so it hid the bulge of his erection. Mya flushed and looked away when their eyes met.

"The bet. I was...uh...saying that when I win you have to be my slave for the day. You have to do all the grunt work and clean out my desk." Mya tried to recapture the bravado she'd felt earlier but all she could think of was his taste. She'd been on the verge of coming against his hand and he was talking about a stupid bet. *Oh god, maybe I just hallucinated that entire thing.*

"Mya, when I get this account, you won't be my slave for a day. You'll be my slave for a night. All night."

"What?" Mya's nipples hardened, almost to the point of pain, at his words. "What are you saying?"

"I'm saying we can't be just friends anymore. I want you. All of you. Tonight." Milo spoke softly but when he looked up at her she could see the strain behind his lake blue

eyes, the effort it cost him to speak so calmly. He really meant what he said. Milo was hot for her.

Wait a minute. Milo was hot for *her*?

"Oh I get it, this is your idea of a joke, right?" Mya choked against the small knot in her throat. Milo probably felt sorry for her and figured he'd give her a sympathy fuck. "Well, you can forget it. I don't need your pity."

Milo grabbed her by the arm and yanked her back against his chest. "Pity?" he spat. "Woman, you are going to drive me insane. There is nothing pitiful about what I want to do to you. Do you want to know exactly what I want? The raw, unedited version?" When she opened her mouth to answer, he put a finger against her lips. "Be very sure before you ask."

Mya nodded, her eyes wide as he pulled her closer between his thighs. She could feel the granite-hard prod of his erection against her hip and she had to admit, his cock didn't seem to feel pity toward her. She let out a gasp when he settled her so close that his lips brushed her ear, sending shock waves of pleasure through her body.

"I wish no one else would call me Milo because I only want to hear that name come from you. When you say it, you pucker those beautiful full lips the same way I imagine you would if you were sucking my cock. Do you know how many times I've imagined that right here at my desk, in meetings, even when I'm with clients? I can't seem to purge you from my mind." His breathing was ragged as he buried his face in her hair and inhaled, the contact sending sensual shivers down her spine.

"I want you naked. I want you open. I want to be so far inside you, you'll never think to deny who you belong to. Anytime another man even looks at you I want to kill him. I want you to look at me with those big, exotic cat eyes and ask me to fuck you. With you, I want things I've never dreamed of."

Mya gasped as he palmed her breast and plucked the tight nipple that pressed against his palm. The sweet, erotic agony of his words seared through her mind, igniting every secret fantasy she'd had about him since they'd met. It was as if he'd

taken a peek into her dreams because everything he wanted was all she wanted and more.

“Whenever I see you walk away, I want you to come back, just so I can watch the sway of your luscious ass when you walk away again. I want to bend you over this desk, over the chair and over any surface I can. I want you, Mya. All of you.”

Mya looked up at him, his desire, his longing, his agony all clearly reflected in his eyes. She had imagined this so many times. She’d dreamed he would one day tell her he wanted her and that if that day came she would know exactly what to say and do. But at this all important moment, her throat closed up, her mind went blank and she did the first thing that came to her mind.

She ran.

Chapter Two

Milo chuckled as he watched Mya retreat from his office as if the very hounds of hell were on her heels. Her lush behind swayed beneath the fabric of her skirt and he bit the inside of his cheek, hoping the sharp pain would tame his raging erection. If he didn't claim her soon, his mouth would be a bloody mess.

When had he started to see her as more than just his friend? He couldn't even identify the moment when he looked into her eyes and saw more than Mya his competitor or Mya the pain in the ass. Now he found himself wondering if said pain in the ass had ever worn the peek-a-boo panties from the sexy campaign she'd designed.

Every woman he dated now struck him as so shallow and, well, boring in comparison. None could tell him what DNA stood for and the name of the NBA's leading scorer in the same breath and make it seem completely normal. None of them could amuse, exasperate and arouse him all at the same time. Only Mya.

"I can't believe she ran." Milo chuckled as he remembered the glazed look in Mya's amber eyes when he'd told her his plans. It had been a gamble confessing how he felt, especially in such lurid detail, but he'd had a long time to imagine what he'd do to her if he had the chance, how he'd take her, the ways he'd make her scream. He loved to hear her say his name. Every time she said it he imagined her screaming it as he fucked her, as her pussy milked him until he was dry. He planned to feel her come around his cock as many times as possible this weekend because he had months of frustration built up where she was concerned.

"Milo? What are you waiting for? We're all in the conference room." James stood in the doorway and Milo wondered how long he'd been there.

"Oh. Sorry. I was just looking over my notes again." He gathered his storyboards and followed James into the hallway. He needed to focus to pull this off and he *had* to

pull this off. The stakes were too high for him to fail. Not only would he have his chance with Mya, but this account could cement his career and provide him with the foundation he needed to start his own advertising firm one day.

"You ready?" James stopped him with a hand on his shoulder and peered at him closely, taking in Milo's stack of notes and folders. "You look ready but, I don't know, something seems off with you today. Are you worried about Mya?"

"What about Mya? Is she okay?" Milo almost dropped his folders as he shifted closer to James. He'd debated the best way to approach her for months but caution hadn't seemed to win him any points. He probably shouldn't have told her how he felt right before they had a meeting with a major client but she'd given him the perfect opening with all that talk of him as her slave. Plus she'd looked so adorable with her ebony curls up in a messy ponytail and her gorgeous caramel skin flushing pink every time he caught her staring.

"Mya's fine. I just meant, are you worried about her stealing this account from you? You know how resourceful she is."

Milo let out his breath. "I've got this in the bag. Mya needs to be worried about me." If everything went according to plan, he would finally have the delectable Mya Taylor in his bed in less than five hours. If she had a problem with being confined to his bed for the next two days then she'd better come up with a kick-ass presentation because he wouldn't be satisfied with just one night. Once he got her in his bed, he planned to keep her there as long as possible.

"You'll do anything to win, won't you? You'd really fuck over your best friend to get this account?" James chuckled and shook his head in mock dismay as he pushed open the door to the boardroom.

Milo choked and leaned against the outer door until the coughing fit passed. He shook his head wryly at his boss's choice of words. "James, you have no idea."

* * * * *

Mya gasped as she almost crashed into someone directly inside the boardroom. When her eyes took in exactly who she'd almost mowed over in her haste she wanted to sink into the floor.

"Mr. Lavin. I'm so sorry, I didn't see you there." Great. She'd hoped to slip into the room relatively unnoticed and now all eyes were on her.

"Oh it's quite all right but actually, my dear, it's La Veen. Only the clothing line is pronounced La Vin. We thought it would be easier for the American market to say." Andre Lavin was tall and dark haired with thickly lashed steel gray eyes. He wore his black suit with a plain black collarless shirt underneath and managed to look both casually elegant and sophisticated. It was a look that only European men seemed able to pull off.

Mya felt a rush of heat to her face as Milo chuckled behind her. She'd already screwed up and they hadn't even started the presentation yet. The presentation for which she had absolutely...hmm...nothing.

"One as beautiful as you can call me whatever you wish but I hope you'll call me Andre." He took the hand she'd extended for him to shake and placed a gentle kiss inside her wrist. Milo coughed violently behind her and she snatched her hand back. He didn't think she was flirting with the client, did he?

As Andre sat down next to his business partner Jason Gautier, Mya looked around the conference room and gulped. There were two other men already seated, discussing the sample clothing that hung casually on racks around the room. James stood next to his seat chatting with his executive assistant Anya, which meant she would have to sit next to Andre or Milo. She gulped. She'd take the evil she knew over the evil she didn't any day.

"What's the matter, nervous?" Milo spoke softly, using one of his folders to shield his lips as Mya sank down next to him.

"No, I am just fine. How in hell do you have boards for your presentation when this is supposed to be spur of the moment? I thought they just wanted to hear our ideas."

Mya sat back in her chair with a huff. She wasn't sure how to talk to Milo anymore after his sudden confession of lust. What if she confessed she wanted to tear his clothes off with her teeth and then found out it was all his idea of a joke? *She'd be forced to murder her best friend.* It was better to wait and see how things played out. If Milo was just trying to throw her off her game, she'd know soon enough.

"You're really going to pretend the last hour didn't happen?" Milo sighed when she averted her eyes. Andre and his partner were still deep in discussion and James hadn't moved to start the meeting yet.

Milo shifted in the chair next to her and his leg brushed against hers. "You know there's no shame in being nervous. Anybody would be."

"You're not." Mya scowled when Milo sat back in his chair, a wry smile on his lips.

"Well, this is my kind of job. Hell, I own half the man's spring collection already." Milo absently stroked his tie a few times then tucked it back inside his jacket.

"And this isn't my scene, right? After all, I couldn't even pronounce his name. If you think I'm such a hick why should I believe you've been secretly pining for me? You must really want this account."

"You really think I'd make that up? To insinuate that I need to cheat to win is just insulting. Besides you would have known how I felt if you weren't so stubborn. Did you really think I didn't have anything else to do on Fridays besides sit on your couch and drink beer? I hoped we'd finally —"

"Okay, let's get started. Milo, you're up first." James spoke in a hush behind them. He crossed to the far side of the room and dimmed the lights slightly before he returned to stand at the head of the table to address the group. "Milton Hamilton III will present first, followed by Mya Taylor. Milo just finished a top-notch campaign for Indigo Jewelers and Mya was the brains behind the sexy new ads for Peek-a-Boo Lingerie. They're our top two designers." James motioned for Milo to take the floor.

Mya rolled her eyes as he stood fluidly and strode to the front of the room. Maybe she didn't wear three-thousand-dollar suits to work but she wasn't a complete disaster.

She dressed well and attended the theater. She read whatever was on Oprah's book list and kept up with current events. In over her head indeed.

Milo reached below the table and pulled out the built-in stand used to hold storyboards and placards. His first board featured several men in dress shirts, some open at the neck and untucked, others more formal.

"Mr. Lavin, members of the board. My vision of your company is an ad campaign designed for what I call "the everyman", the man who is both businessman and party animal, who works hard and plays even harder. This is a man who wants it all, luxury, power and class." Milo looked completely at ease in front of the group, not even a small tremor of his hands to betray any nerves.

She leaned forward and rested against her forearm, posing as if absorbed in the presentation. She tugged slightly on the edges of her blouse and leaned over to display the top of her breasts. She was rewarded when Milo stopped mid-sentence and swallowed several times before he yanked his eyes back to his notes. He wouldn't look at her after that.

Mya raised her hand and waved it eagerly. He couldn't ignore her, not in front of a potential client and their boss.

"Yes, Mya." His voice was tight as he turned to her with a blank look on his face.

"I would love to hear more about these beautiful visuals you've brought with you. Especially your secret to completing them so quickly." Mya smiled innocently when Milo glared at her.

"Certainly. These are just stock images I've compiled from what we have in our database but a similar layout of LaVin clothes could showcase how versatile the line really is."

"How would you set us apart from all the other clothing lines out there?" Andre leaned forward and avidly scanned the design. He was obviously impressed.

Once everyone else was focused on the boards, Mya caught Milo's eye. Before she could lose her nerve she reached up and pinched her nipple. Her eyes closed on the

sharp sensation, her lips open in a silent cry. Milo's mouth fell open and he dropped his notes, the little white index cards scattering all over the floor. He didn't even stoop to retrieve them, just stood staring uncertainly. Finally he gulped and shuffled another storyboard on the conference table in front of his now obvious erection.

"Mr. Hamilton, are you all right?" Andre peered at him closely and frowned. "You were just about to tell us your marketing plan to distinguish the line from its competitors."

Milo shook his head quickly and whipped around to face his boards again. He had to clear his throat several times before he could continue. "I won't just create an advertisement for clothes. I plan to help you brand a lifestyle. I live the LaVin life myself."

Andre laughed and clapped his hands loudly. "I can see that, Mr. Hamilton. You seem to be a man of discerning taste, especially in ties." The rest of the room burst out laughing when Milo lifted his LaVin tie and swung it around comically. Only Mya could tell his laugh was strained, his tight smile almost a grimace.

Oh wow, he wasn't just saying those things. He really wants me. As the applause died down Milo turned to look at her and she could see the meaning behind his narrowed eyes perfectly. She would pay for her actions later. Her pussy tightened at the thought, wondering what he would do to get back at her.

Milo turned back to face the room as he gathered his materials. "The major thing I would do to distinguish you is develop a memorable logo. A distinctive mark that will represent both you and the company. Based on the attention the line has gotten recently, it won't be difficult to develop your brand identity."

Andre nodded and extended his hand to Milo. After another round of applause settled down, James looked pointedly at Mya. He was still mad about this morning but he'd forgive her if she nailed this. She had to come up with a plan in the next ten seconds that could top Milo and his "everyman" campaign. The only thing she knew about men was that "everyman" seemed to want sex.

Andre turned to Mya and rested his hands on top of the table. "Well, my dear. I'm ready for you to impress me."

Mya laughed weakly and dragged herself to the front of the room. She had no notes and no illustrations. She had nothing for inspiration other than the clothes on the racks.

The clothes! When she'd worked on the Peek-a-Boo account, she'd gotten most of her ideas when she looked at the lingerie and imagined herself wearing it for Milo.

Mya stalked over to the rack and flipped through the clothes quickly until she came to a white dress shirt with a crisply starched collar and cuffs. Milo had worn a similar shirt last week. How many times had she imagined tearing it off him? What would it be like to have the right to see his body whenever she wanted, to wake up on a Saturday morning after making love to him and pull on one of his shirts to wear around the house? She turned back to the table where all the men watched her closely, Andre in particular. She swung the shirt over her shoulder casually and stalked back to the front of the room, aware their eyes followed her every step.

"Well, it's true Mr. Hamilton is a LaVin man and I'm not sure how to compete with that. I think it's obvious I'm not any kind of man." She smiled at Andre's low chuckle and slowly walked around the table until he had a clear view of her. For her plan to work, she needed him to get the full effect. She'd heard European men were more accepting of voluptuous figures and she prayed Andre Lavin was one of them.

"I don't have any elaborate design boards or catchy phrases but I think I bring something even better to the table. I'm a woman who knows what men want."

"Is that so? What is it you think men want, Ms. Taylor?" Andre leaned back in his chair casually but the hard edge in his eyes told her he was interested.

"Mr. Lavin, the ultimate reason you want a new campaign is to get men to remember your name and equate it with what they want, which, like Mr. Hamilton said, is mainly luxury, power and class. However Mr. Hamilton forgot one very important thing on the list of what men want."

“What is that, *bella*? Do not keep me in suspense.” Andre leaned over the table and pinned her with his eyes.

She quickly shed her suit jacket until she stood in just a sleeveless silk blouse and skirt. James gasped but Mya ignored him as she pulled the dress shirt on over her clothes and pulled the pins from her hair. She shook it out until her curls tumbled over her shoulders in a chocolate cloud. She stalked over to Andre and hopped up on the table in front of him.

“It’s what every man will think of when he sees the ad I design for you. An ad featuring a woman wearing a LaVin shirt instead of a man.” She leaned over so her hair fell across her face, partially shielding them from the view of everyone else at the table. “Tell me, if you saw an ad with me wearing this shirt, would you want to buy it?”

Andre leaned forward as if to touch her hair but pulled his hand back at the last minute. “*Cara*, if I saw you wearing this shirt, I’d buy anything you wanted me to.”

Mya hopped down and carefully re-twisted her hair into a casual bun. “I apologize that I wasn’t able to do a mock-up for you, but my idea is so unique that we don’t have any stock photos of women wearing men’s clothes.”

“That’s quite all right. Your presentation style is most effective.” Andre watched her with his stormy eyes, his hand on top of the table curled into a fist. Mya snuck a glance at Milo. His jaw twitched but he didn’t lift his eyes from his lap.

“The goal of my advertising plan isn’t just to communicate that men who wear your line have the best clothes but that LaVin men have the best of *everything*. Luxury, power, class and sex. I call it the ‘everything’ campaign.” She quickly hung the shirt back on the rack as everyone clapped.

She had nailed it. Andre wanted her and he wanted her idea. There was no way to know which designer he would choose but at least Milo had something to worry about. She sat next to Milo triumphantly but he didn’t look her way, just stared at his hands. The only evidence of his feelings was the bulging vein in his forehead. Oh man, he was pissed at her.

"Who's in over their head now?"

* * * * *

Milo pushed her out of the boardroom the second the meeting was over. Andre Lavin watched them with slightly narrowed eyes and she flushed with embarrassment as his gaze zeroed in on Milo's hand at her elbow. No doubt he thought they were lovers.

If Milo has his way, we will be. Mya glanced over at Milo and gulped at the expression on his face. The intent look in his eyes and the possessive way he held her arm left no doubts as to his intentions. He wanted her and heaven help her, she wanted him too.

"Now we're going to talk about what the hell just went on in there." Milo shoved her into his office and closed the door behind them. Then with a slow, deliberate flick of his wrist, he locked the door.

Oh shit.

"What are you..." Her question was swallowed when he snatched her up in his arms and captured her lips with his, his lips punishing as he ravaged her mouth. He fed as if he were a starving animal, sipping and biting until her squeals of surprise became soft sighs of pleasure. Her hands slid up his chest into his hair and anchored him to her as she responded to the wet pressure of his mouth and the wicked sensation of his hands on her bottom. When he finally fit her against the large weight of his erection, the sensation was so satisfying that her panties dampened immediately.

"How could you not know how I feel about you? I have a permanent erection when you're around. I thought I would have to seek medical attention if you didn't stop wearing those tiny skirts and swishing this sexy bottom in front of my face. But I'm sure you won't mind providing the cure, hm?" He punctuated his words with tantalizing squeezes to her ass and tiny kisses to her throat.

Mya couldn't focus around the zinging heat in her breasts every time he kissed her. "Milo, are you sure this is a good idea?"

"We had a deal. You cheated, which means you forfeit. I'll expect you at my condo by six p.m." He released her abruptly and went behind his desk. He cursed under his breath as he yanked out the top drawer and rifled through the contents.

Mya panted, trying to catch her breath. "What do you mean I cheated? I did a presentation just as you did. Sure, I used myself as the model, but that's only because I didn't have storyboards."

"I wasn't referring to that, kitten. I meant your behavior during *my* presentation." He shook his head with a laugh and strode over to her. "Have you forgotten how you tried to distract me?" His hand went to her left nipple and pinched hard.

"Oh!" Mya bit her lip as a hot lick of heat arrowed straight from her nipple to her belly then pulsed when Milo twisted. He leaned down and sucked her nipple into his mouth. The friction of his mouth on her breast, combined with the drag and pull of the fabric of her blouse, was exquisite. He nipped her there gently and ran a finger up her thigh to trace the skin revealed to his touch at the top of her thigh-high stockings. *Hurry, hurry, hurry!*

Milo must have heard her silent chant because he pulled the lace of her panties to the side and gently trailed his fingers along the outside of her shaved mound.

"Bare? You surprise me, kitten. Just what else do you have hidden under these plain clothes?" He avoided her clit and chuckled softly when Mya whimpered in protest. He slid down her body and bunched the fabric of her short skirt above her hips, the cool air in the room a tickle on her skin.

"Milo, we can't. Someone could hear us..." Mya trailed off at the first brush of his mouth. The wicked sensation of his lips through the thin satin caused sweat to break out on her forehead. She whimpered softly, her body entreating him to continue even as her mouth begged him to stop. Milo tugged her down to the floor, brushing aside her protests with an impatient wave of his hand.

"Just one taste. Just one..." He dipped his head and kissed his way up her thigh. One finger inched beneath the thin silk covering her core and trailed over the slick skin

beneath. She curled her hands into fists at the erotic torture as her hips moved, frantically trying to find relief from the storm building in her core. When he finally slid his tongue inside her in one smooth thrust, Mya's hips bucked off the floor.

"Oh god, Milo! You can't..." A wave of sensation shot through her belly when he brushed the tip of his tongue against her clit. He hummed as he devoured her, the gentle vibration against her skin like bolts of lightning to her sensitive nerves. Mya was beyond embarrassment, beyond worry about what Milo thought of her body. She just didn't want him to stop.

"You taste like honey, so thick and sweet." Milo gasped and Mya thrust her fist in her mouth to muffle her wild cries. The door was locked but that didn't mean people couldn't hear them. She bit down on her knuckle when Milo took her labia and sucked each one before he returned to delve into her pussy. She had known Milo would be a thorough lover but she'd never expected him to be so enthusiastic, so all consuming, so determined. He stretched his tongue out to get farther inside her and Mya choked back a scream.

"Tonight you won't have to hold back. I'll make you scream for me again and again. I won't stop until you do." Milo sat back and stared down at her pussy. He lazily traced circles around her clit with the tip of his finger as she writhed beneath him. Only when she gripped his arms desperately, the sharp tips of her nails digging through his shirt, did he give her what she wanted, what she needed. His tongue inside her.

"Oh my god!" Mya gasped, her pleasure so vast she couldn't care less who could hear her or what they might think. Heat raced through her body in intense waves as she clenched around Milo's tongue and her orgasm ripped through her in a shower of electricity. The sudden shock of it tightened her spine and curled her toes.

"You're a dangerous man," Mya panted. She kept her face averted, embarrassed to look him directly in the eye. She'd just come moaning on the floor of his office. All the etiquette classes in the world couldn't prepare her for how to deal with this situation elegantly.

"You'll see just how dangerous I can be tonight. Six p.m. Bring your toothbrush." Milo brushed her cheek with a light kiss and then stood. Mya accepted his hand automatically, slightly startled by his brusque tone. He'd just had his tongue inside her and now he was all business. She wouldn't be surprised if he put their appointment in his palm pilot later. Mya pushed her misgivings aside and decided for once not to overanalyze everything. A hot, sexy man wanted her. Period. She could be as worldly and sophisticated as he could. If all he wanted was sex then that was what he would get. Hot, wet sex in every position she could bend herself into. If she was going to be bad for the night she might as well go all out. For all she knew Milo might come to his senses after tonight and she wouldn't have this chance again.

"Oh okay. I could just grab the overnight bag I keep here at the office."

"You keep an overnight bag at the office?" Milo looked at her and narrowed his eyes. "Why?"

Mya laughed and rolled her eyes. Even if he was just playing around, it gave her a small thrill to imagine he might be jealous. Although there was definitely no one for him to be jealous of since her last three boyfriends had been hopeless. "It's just a small one with extra panties and a toothbrush for those times when I stay at a friend's house straight from work."

Milo smiled at her with those bedroom eyes, the dark blue of his gaze arresting as he looked her up and down. Finally his gaze settled between her thighs. "Trust me, kitten, you won't need the panties. Not for what I've got in mind."

Chapter Three

"Whoa, wait a minute. This is Milo the hottie, right? The guy you brought to happy hour that time?"

Mya stood next to her bed and surveyed the three outfits she'd selected. She'd decided against driving straight to Milo's because she wanted to change first. Milo was used to seeing her in work suits or sweatpants on weekends but she wanted to look different. Sexy.

"One and the same."

Her best friend Ariana gave a long wolf-whistle, loud enough that Mya cringed even though the speakerphone was across the room.

"Are you serious? Who cares what outfit you wear? If you have any sense at all you won't let that man leave the bed for the next two days anyway."

"Ari, come on. Aren't you the same girl who owns a push-up bra in every color with matching thongs and garters for each? You're the diva. You're supposed to be helping me dress for seduction." Mya laughed at the loud snort that came over the line.

"Girl, I only have two pieces of advice for you. Wear the hair loose and use waterproof mascara. The hair will feel great against his skin and the waterproof mascara should last through the night so you won't wake up looking like a walking corpse. Although I have to admit, on you the smudged bedroom eyes thing would probably be sexy."

"More like raccoon eyes. What about lip-gloss? Should I even bother or will it just get all over everything?" Mya bit her lip as she mentally ran through her to-do list. She'd never had a fling, had never particularly wanted to, but she figured it was high time. She was twenty-eight years old and her last few boyfriends had been hopeless in

bed. It was past time for her to get over the Catholic school guilt and take matters into her own hands before she died of sexual frustration.

"Mya, stop stressing. Men don't care about that kind of stuff. It's not as if they're analyzing the labels."

"Milo probably does. You know how he is about clothes. The latest designers, the newest styles. If it's in, he knows about it. Probably not women's clothes though."

"Mya, are you sure the man isn't gay? I mean, let's check the facts. He's gorgeous, successful, tall and if that bulge I saw in his pants is any indication, hung like an Italian stallion. Something *has* to be wrong with him. It's just mathematically impossible for him to be straight, isn't it? Isn't that like Murdoch's law?"

Mya laughed so hard tears streamed down her cheeks. "I think you mean Murphy's Law."

"You know who I mean." Even Ariana was giggling now.

"I'm pretty sure he's straight unless he knows how to fake a hard-on." Mya picked up a white tank top. It scooped low in the front, was classically sexy and looked good against her skin. With her newest pair of stretch jeans it would look casual but still expose enough to entice. "And I already know what's wrong with him. He's a player, remember?"

"Well, anyway just be careful, sweetie. I don't want you to get hurt."

"Aren't you the one who always says I need to get laid?" Mya hopped around as she struggled to get into her new jeans. They felt tighter than when she'd tried them on in the store.

"I do think you need to get laid. I just don't want you getting attached." Ari was quiet and Mya sighed. Her friend had probably guessed how deeply she cared about Milo and no doubt thought she'd be heartbroken after the weekend was over.

"I can pine away for him forever or see where this leads. For all I know, he's terrible in bed." Mya rolled her eyes and sighed. "Okay, I'm pretty sure he's fantastic in bed,

otherwise he wouldn't have all those bimbos stalking him, but this is my chance to see what I've missed. Even if it's just for tonight, I plan to enjoy this. Don't worry about me."

"I won't worry if you do one thing for me. Just for tonight drop the inhibitions, forget the fear and do all the things you've dreamed of doing with him. If you're going to do this, don't do it halfway."

"I hear you, girl." Mya blew out a long breath and rolled her shoulders.

"And Mya, just one more thing."

"Yeah?"

"When you get back, promise you'll tell me how big it is?"

"Ari!" Mya yanked the tank top down over her head in a quick motion. "I'll give you an estimate, how's that?"

"Good enough. Go rock his world, girlfriend." Ariana's laughter floated across the line right before she hung up.

Mya placed the phone back in its cradle and turned back to the clothes strewn haplessly across her bed. She carefully folded the outfits she'd selected and placed them in her overnight bag with her toothbrush and two extra pairs of panties. She planned to come home first thing tomorrow morning but there was no harm in being prepared in case he wanted her to stay through Sunday. She walked to her full-length mirror and appraised her figure in the tiny tank top and jeans. She leaned forward and wiggled her breasts more securely in the cups of her bra so they plumped up over the edge of her top.

"Rock his world, huh? Yeah because that's easy enough to do." Mya snorted, grabbed her bag and slipped her feet into a pair of strappy black sandals.

No inhibitions. No fear.

Right.

* * * * *

Milo hummed as he poured the buttery cabernet sauvignon he'd selected in a decanter to breathe. The heady smell of fettuccine alfredo spilled from the kitchen and filled the entire condo with a warm, sensuous scent. He glanced around quickly to make sure he had enough candles. The clock on the wall showed he still had twenty minutes until Mya would be there but he wanted the ambiance to be perfect from the moment she stepped in the room. Milo let out a deep breath at the thought and then looked down at his outfit. His suit was wrinkled from running around getting the house ready and he still hadn't taken a shower.

"All this time lighting candles and you forget the most important thing." He shed his clothes rapidly as he walked into his bedroom and kicked them into the walk-in closet. Normally he was obsessive about keeping things clean but he couldn't care less right now. That was telling in itself. Growing up, he'd never had new clothes. His mother had worked two jobs just to keep him and his brothers fed. Everything he had now he appreciated, cherished and protected. He liked nice things, whether it was clothes, furniture, jewelry or cars. It made him feel good to see the evidence of his success and it reminded him what he worked so hard for.

Naked, he padded to the bathroom and stepped into the shower stall. He'd recently remodeled and the oversized glass paneled shower with double showerheads was perfect for a man of his height. He would love to get Mya in here, to see all those curves slick with suds. He could take her right here against the imported Italian stonework. He was so caught up in his fantasy he almost didn't hear the faint chime of the doorbell.

"Crap! She would choose now to be early." He grinned, pleased Mya appeared to be as anxious as he was to get their night started. They hung out every Friday night anyway but usually it was pizza, beer and a movie. *Not tonight.* He rinsed quickly and hopped out. Water from the shower splattered across the floor and left a slippery trail to the towel rack. When he heard the doorbell again, he snatched his towel and raced for

the door. As he ran through the living room, he stubbed his toe on one of the low end tables.

"Fuck!" The candles he'd placed there wobbled precariously and then tipped to the floor. One of the candles snuffed out as it fell but the other started a slow burn on the carpet. Since he wore no shoes, he looked around wildly for something to stamp out the flames. He yanked open the coat closet and grabbed an orange plastic flyswatter. He smacked at the small flame until it was extinguished, a small wisp of smoke from the carpet and a tiny black charred mark the only evidence of what happened. As the doorbell pealed for the third time, Milo raced over and snatched it open.

"Did you forget I was coming?" Mya stood outside the door wearing jeans and a tight top, a small black bag in her hand.

"Of course not. You look...good enough to eat." The top showed the creamy swells of her breasts and the jeans were just tight enough to emphasize her curvy hourglass shape. Milo closed his eyes, images of her writhing on the floor of his office flashing through his mind. *Just get through dinner before you rip her clothes off or you'll scare her away, you barbarian.*

"Uh, thanks. Do you normally greet visitors half naked while holding a...what the hell is that? A flyswatter?" Mya shook her head as she stepped around him into the foyer. She dropped her bag next to the door and then walked over to the fallen candle. When she bent to pick it up, Milo licked his lips. He'd have her in that position again before the night was through.

"I can see you've been busy." She deliberately avoided his gaze after glancing down to where his towel was now quite obviously tented. Milo had no shame when it came to sex and found her discomfort amusing. Yes, he was going to enjoy introducing her to his body.

"A minor emergency. Nothing I couldn't handle." He stepped closer, deliberately entering her personal space, to force her to look up at him. When she gulped and tried

to step back, he followed until he had her backed against the wall. "I'll just go throw on a pair of jeans, unless of course you'd rather I didn't."

Mya opened and closed her mouth a few times before finally settling her gaze a few feet over his right shoulder. "No, you go ahead. I'll just...wait here." When he didn't move, she looked up into his eyes and Milo let her see the strain, the impatience and the desire he felt to be inside her. He hoped his eyes could convey the message he didn't know how to put into words.

"I'll be right back." He strolled back to his bedroom, aware of her eyes on him the whole way. Just as he reached the door he snatched the towel off, satisfied at her sudden, sharp intake of breath. *That's it, kitten, take a good long look. You'll know every inch of me before tonight is through.*

Milo returned a few moments later in jeans and a black muscle tee. Mya stood in the kitchen stirring the alfredo sauce.

"I must say I'm surprised. I checked the trash can for the jars, but the evidence all seems to point to homemade. I can't believe you even made the sauce from scratch."

"It's no big deal. My mom's Italian, remember?" Milo lifted the spoon to her lips, mesmerized by the play of emotions across her face as she tentatively let him feed her. Once the rich cream hit her tongue she closed her eyes and gave a soft hum of pleasure. *Damn, she looks just like that when she comes.*

"Okay, I'm officially impressed." Mya licked the edges of her lips, her tiny pink tongue lapping up a bit of sauce on the edge of her mouth. She took the spoon from Milo and lifted it to his mouth so he could taste the sauce as well. His eyes dropped to her lips, noting the small dot of cream on the edge of her mouth. Before he knew what he was doing, he dipped his head and licked her lower lip.

Her full lips were soft against his and he took his time suckling and savoring them, imagining their plump softness around the head of his cock. He took the kiss deeper, drawing her tongue against his, seducing her mouth until she clung to him. She stood on her toes to get closer and brushed up against his erection, the contact sending

lightning bolts of sensation down his spine. He was dangerously close to pushing down her jeans and taking her up against the counter.

By her passionate response he knew he'd find her soft and wet, her body more than ready to receive every inch he had to give her. But as much as he wanted release, he wanted her mind, her trust and her love even more. He pulled back reluctantly, his breathing rough and fast. As hard as it was to do he knew he had to slow things down. *How the hell am I going to get through dinner?* He was ready to skip the food and get right to the *real* main course – him between her thighs.

"It's ready so let's eat." He cleared his throat and backed up so Mya could scoot past him and reach the wine. She poured two generous glasses and carried them to the round glass table in his small dining area. He quickly scooped two servings of fettuccine on separate plates and covered them with freshly steamed broccoli and chicken. When he carried the food out to the table, Mya was already seated and sipping her wine with a mischievous look on her face.

"What are you up to? You look devious." Milo set her plate down before her gently.

Mya just smiled and picked up her fork. "I was just thinking how much this place looks like you. Everything in here is always neat and perfect."

Milo set his plate down with a thump. "That's only because I'm never here and I have a cleaning service. I'm not as anal as everyone seems to think."

"I didn't mean it in a bad way. I wish my place looked half as good. Besides, the only things everyone thinks you're anal about are work and clothes."

"Well, the work thing is true because I like to win. The clothes thing is true because I like to look good." Milo clamped his lips shut so he wouldn't do anything stupid like tell her about his childhood. He'd never confided in anyone about his upbringing, least of all a woman. He didn't need anyone's pity. Somehow though he wanted to tell Mya and he didn't think he'd see pity in her eyes at all. His mother would like her.

You have the woman of your wet dreams alone in your condo and you're thinking about your mother? Get it together, Milo.

"You do. Look good I mean." Mya ducked her head shyly and twirled a few strands of fettuccine around her fork. She looked up at Milo and all his plans to go slowly, to seduce her mind before seducing her body, went out the window. She was giving him that look, the one that made him feel invincible, and he didn't want to waste time eating pasta.

He stood and took the fork from Mya's hand and dropped it on her plate with a clank. He pulled her to her feet as she gaped at him. Without a word, he swung her up in his arms and turned toward the bedroom.

"Do you mind if we hold dinner for a few hours?" He cuddled her closer in his arms just to have the warm weight of her curvy body against him.

"A few hours?" Mya whispered, the fingers of her left hand tangling in the hair that curled at the base of his neck.

"Yeah, a few hours at least. I have a taste for something different."

Holy mother. Things were happening so much faster than she'd thought and Milo was looking at her strangely, with a tender expression that made her wish this were more than just two people with a killer case of lust. It made her wish she were the woman he loved.

Mya gulped when Milo placed her gently on his massive king-sized bed amidst a jumble of pillows. His room was done in deep shades of navy blue accented with silver. Aside from the pile of pillows and linens next to her it was clean and ruthlessly organized. It was unabashedly male without sacrificing style, a combination that was uniquely Milo.

I could have been sharing weekends with Milo all along if I wasn't such a chickenshit. But watching him date all those beautiful but vapid women had just reminded her of how far out of her league he was. She'd left Atlanta because she couldn't stand starting something with him, knowing that eventually he would get bored and leave. She'd run because she was a coward.

She was tired of running scared.

"You're awfully quiet." Milo knelt next to her and took her hand. She stroked the sharp line of his jaw and he turned, pressing a kiss to the inside of her palm. The soft caress reminded her this was Milo, her best friend and the only man she trusted enough to explore her fantasies with.

It was just that this was so...raw. She was used to hanging out with Milo in sweatpants with her hair up in a ratty ponytail. The transition from friends to lovers was harder than she'd expected. She'd dreamt about this for ages but she'd never imagined the *before* part, the awkward moments as they tried to interact in a new way. When Milo pulled his shirt off she got only a glimpse of smooth, tanned skin and sleek muscle before she squeezed her eyes closed. She was self-conscious and she wasn't used to feeling discomfort in his presence.

"If you've changed your mind I won't hold it against you. I don't want to do anything you don't want to do." Milo peered down at her, his eyes narrowed with concern.

She trailed her fingers over the hard muscles of his chest, counted the freckles that dotted the skin. She leaned over to press a kiss against the taut skin of his lower belly and he gasped, the sound loud in the quiet room.

"I haven't changed my mind. Have you?" She pulled back to yank her thin tank top over her head and unhooked her bra.

He locked his hand in her hair and tugged firmly until she looked up at him. "Are you kidding? You have no idea how long I've waited for this."

Mya barely had the chance to process his words before his mouth was on hers, hot and insistent as he smoothed a hand over the curls that flowed loose down her back. He continued to kiss her as he stretched out on the bed next to her, as if unwilling to separate from her for even that short length of time. He kissed the same way he did everything, with intensity. His hands skimmed over her curves, peeling off her jeans and panties, before they stopped on her behind. He tucked his hands underneath her

and lifted so he could settle himself in the cradle between her thighs. Mya shifted, embarrassed for him to feel the weight of her full bottom.

"Oh wow," Mya breathed, the full length of his erection obvious even through his jeans.

He chuckled and kissed his way down her neck, gently sucking the soft skin where her throat met her collarbone as he rotated his hips in a slow, grinding rhythm.

Her hands slipped over the damp skin of his back as she rocked her body to help him hit just the right spot. She tugged frantically at the waistband of his jeans, sobbing as he just continued to rub against her, the heavy weight of his jeans adding to the friction.

"Milo, please. Please help me." She yanked at his jeans again and pushed the heavy material over his hips. Milo reached down with one hand to pull them off and allowed them to fall over the side of the bed. When he turned back to her, Mya gulped as she got her first look at his cock. It stood away from his body, long and thick, the head so engorged with blood it looked red. It was so thick she probably wouldn't be able to wrap her hand all the way around it. *Damn.*

He reached for her but she shook her head and pushed him on his back. His cock bobbed between them as if begging for attention. Attention she was more than happy to provide.

"What's the matter?" He raised his eyebrows when she held up a hand to cut him off.

"A view like this requires some reflection." She leaned down until his thick flesh was so close it touched her nose. "I need a moment of silence." She wrapped her hand around his cock and he sucked in a sudden breath.

"By all means, pay your respects." He watched intently as she brushed her lips lightly over his cock from root to tip. His skin was soft, like silk over steel. When she reached the mushroom-shaped tip, she circled the head with her tongue, reveling in the musky flavor. She'd imagined this so many times, how she'd enjoy his unique taste and

texture. She closed her eyes and did what she'd been imagining for so long. She swallowed his whole length.

"Holy fuck! Mya." His voice was an awed whisper as he watched her take his cock all the way to the back of her throat.

She took her time, drawing him between her lips slowly, prolonging the sensation of her mouth dragging over his most sensitive skin. She laved every inch, testing his control, loving the way his breath hitched when she sipped at the tip of his cock. His taste overwhelmed her senses, the warm musk of his body heightening her own arousal. She loved that she could bring him to this state, gloried in her ability to bring him pleasure. When she hollowed her cheeks and sucked, he barked out a harsh cry and grabbed her hair. She stilled with her lips still playing over the soft skin of his shaft and looked up at him teasingly. He growled in warning, his hands tightening in her hair almost to the point of pain.

"I can't take any more or things will be over before they start." He pulled her up until she lay next to him. He leaned over the side of the bed and withdrew a condom from the pocket of his jeans. Mesmerized, she watched as he rolled the latex down his length. Suddenly shy again, she buried her face in his shoulder. He brushed her hair back and kissed her forehead, her nose, her cheeks. He continued down the center of her body, his lips skimming over her breastbone and her bellybutton. He looked up at her, his eyes intent, before he nipped her clit. She cried out, unable to hold back her response.

Her body arched as he took another taste, a longer, deeper lick she felt clear to her toes. She shuddered as he delved deeper, the slight stubble on his face adding another dimension to the sensation. He hummed as he stretched his tongue farther inside then suckled her clit. She bit back another wild cry as he pulled her most sensitive flesh between his full lips.

"You are so beautiful." His voice was rough as he leaned over her. He held her thighs open when she tried to close them. He slid one long finger inside her and

brought it to his mouth. In a startling flash of memory she realized this was the very thing she'd dreamed of. He crawled back up her body and settled himself on top of her again. *Finally*. She thought she'd die if he didn't get inside her.

"Now where were we? Oh yes, I was working on making you beg for it." Milo settled himself against her and resumed his previous rhythm of unhurried pressure, except this time there was no barrier to the sensation of his hot skin against hers. He rubbed his cock against her slit, her body's cream coating him as he bumped her mound. She arched her back to force him inside her but he just slid his arms under her shoulders and held her still as he ground against her.

"Milo, for god's sake. Please."

"Say it. I want to hear you say it." He rested his damp forehead against hers and looked down into her eyes. His pupils had dilated so far his eyes looked almost black. Mya shivered as he increased the friction. He swallowed her gasps of pleasure as he sipped at her mouth, his dark gaze on hers, begging for words she wasn't sure she could say. Her senses were on overload, the slick slide of his cock against her pussy, the tickle of his chest against the tips of her nipples, the moisture on their bodies as they writhed against each other. She gripped his hair as he rode her, the ache inside her coalescing into a shimmering ball of energy.

"Fuck me. I need you inside me." Her voice broke as he reared up and surged inside her in a sudden thick thrust. He was so large she felt stretched almost to the point of pain and the sharp pressure filled her with a dark ache. His eyes were open and locked on hers as he filled her. She couldn't look away.

"I've dreamed of you. So long. All mine." His words were nonsensical as he rode her hard, pulling out almost all the way before sinking back inside her fully. Once he found the place that made her squirm, he held her still with his hands under her bottom and rocked against her. The tip of his cock dragged over her G-spot until she thought she'd go mad from the pure, undiluted sensation of Milo inside her.

She undulated on the bed, her inner muscles squeezing him involuntarily. He clenched his jaw as her body gripped him, his thrusts quickening. She shivered when his forehead dropped to her chest and he licked the damp moisture between her breasts away. He turned his head, the hot wash of his breath heating her skin before his mouth latched onto her right nipple. He sucked it into his mouth deeply, the wet suction a perfect counterpoint to the slick motion of his cock. Mya squeezed her eyes shut and surrendered to the hot, wet pressure. She grasped his head to hold him in place when he began to pull away.

"You're so tight around me, I can't take it," he cried out, his voice ragged. The veins in his neck and arms stood out sharply against his olive skin as he continued to fill her slowly, heedless of her cries for relief. He lifted her legs up and hooked them over his shoulders, positioning himself to take her deeper. The new position allowed him complete control of her body and he shifted until the base of his cock pounded against her clit with every stroke. It was amazingly erotic, the sight of his tight muscles shifting as he took her, the wet sound of their bodies coming together, the cries they couldn't hold back.

"Oh my god!" Mya screamed. Her orgasm burst through her in a blinding explosion and her pussy clamped down so hard even Milo jolted at the pleasure-pain. She sobbed as he continued to move within her, stroking her into a second smaller orgasm.

"You feel so good. You're so wet." His words were muffled against her neck as he clutched her tighter against his chest and roared as he came. His cock twitched inside her as he thrust through the last tremors of his release. He slumped against her for a moment before he gathered the strength to pull out and roll to the side. He threw a heavy arm over her middle and pulled her back until she was nestled against him. Being so close to him, cuddled together warm under the covers, was somehow more intimate than what they had just done.

And it felt just as right.

Chapter Four

"I love how you feel." He caressed her from her waist down to her thigh, his fingers trailing gently over her skin. They'd been under the covers just enjoying the warmth of each other's bodies for some time now. He'd assumed Mya was asleep until she rolled over to face him.

"I love how I feel too. I've never been so satisfied." She smiled lazily, stretching under his fingers like a cat. He wouldn't have been surprised to hear her purring. It was a heady feeling, watching her all flushed and content from their lovemaking. He could get used to seeing her like this.

She stretched again, the covers slipping down her body to reveal the curve of one shapely breast. Her nipples were dark as chocolate, standing out against her skin like chocolate candies on caramel. He pulled open the drawer of his bedside table, rooting around until he found another condom. He put it on quickly, eager to get inside her again. She was like an addiction, a compulsion he didn't even want to fight.

He leaned over and kissed the fragrant skin above her heart. It beat against his lips, increasing in tempo as he nuzzled the underside of her breast. It increased to a gallop as he moved between her thighs and settled himself against her heat. They both trembled at the contact.

"Ready again so soon? Someone's been eating their Wheaties." Her voice trailed off on a sigh of pleasure as he slipped inside, her body accepting him eagerly.

"I'm always ready for you." He didn't move as his mouth explored the skin behind her ear, the curve of her throat. He took his time with tiny nips to her jawline before his tongue slipped between her lips. He took her mouth deeply, licking and sucking and biting, the kind of kiss that meant business. She whimpered as he sucked her tongue.

"What are you doing? Make love to me." She squirmed beneath him and it took all his willpower to remain still. He needed her as crazy as she made him. He needed her to *need* him. To crave what only his body could give her.

"Milo?" She hit him in the shoulder until he finally moved. The sudden friction was electrifying, nerves igniting he hadn't known he had. She was like fire, her body so open and hot. Her pussy clutched him like a wet fist, sucking him back in with each thrust, compelling him to never leave.

"I wanted to make you beg for it. Wanted to make you scream." He could barely string two sentences together, his mind a tangled mass of lust, obsession, desire and love. He'd wanted to seduce her, to make her crazy with want but he found himself seduced instead. Found himself wondering what the hell he'd do if she decided to walk away.

"I'll beg if I have to. Just as long as you don't stop." She gripped his hair roughly, holding him hostage for her kiss. She moaned into his mouth, her nails digging into his scalp like miniature daggers. The sharp bite of pain was a welcome reminder of what was at stake. The pain he'd feel if he couldn't convince her that what they could have was worth fighting for.

She leaned up and pushed against his shoulders, forcing him onto his back. He groaned, a desperate and needy sound, when she lowered herself on top of him and stroked his cock. Her eyes were closed, her mouth open on a pant as she took him inside her. She ran her hands up her belly and cupped her breasts, playing with her nipples as she rode him. She was a vision as she straddled him, her dark hair a wild mass of curls around her face.

He'd never seen her more beautiful.

"That's it. Touch yourself for me." He growled as she pinched her nipples, the tight points standing out like stiff little berries. Her body was so ripe. He wanted to take his time to play with her, watch her respond to his touch.

He held her hips and thrust upward, rewarded by her wild cry. He couldn't be the only one so broken, so needy. He circled her clit with his thumb, adding more pressure with every stroke. His fingers kept up their steady rhythm until she convulsed against him, the pulsing grip of her body triggering his own orgasm. He surged against her, filling her completely, consumed by shattering waves of passion. She fell forward, landing on his chest in a heap, her hair a dark curtain over his face. He swept her curls to the side, only to see tears on her cheeks.

"You're crying. Did I hurt you?" He kissed the moisture away.

"No, you didn't hurt me." She laughed and put a hand over her heart. "You just overwhelmed me."

"In a good way though, right?" He exhaled with relief when she nodded. She laughed again and pulled back so she could see his face.

"This is way better than pizza and beer." She kissed him gently and curled up against his side. When he looked down at her again, she was asleep.

* * * * *

They spent most of Saturday morning in bed, dividing their attention between the breakfast tray Milo had prepared and each other.

"Open up." Milo cut off a small bit of a waffle and held it out to her. He watched with heated eyes as the tines of the fork slid between her lips.

"You're staring." She chewed slowly, flushing as his eyes followed the movement.

"I can't help it. I love watching you eat." He polished off the rest of the food and set the tray on the table next to the bed.

"Really?" Mya licked a bit of syrup from the edge of her mouth. She looked bewildered. Then again, she had no idea how many times he'd imagined those lips wrapped around his cock.

"You have a mouth made for sin. Breakfast meetings with you are always torture."

"Milo! I would have never guessed. You always seem so...focused."

"I focus all right. Just not on what I should." He grinned as she ducked her head.

Blushing, she reached over and snagged a doughnut off the tray on the bedside table. "I suppose I shouldn't be so shocked since I do the same thing. In fact..." She traced a finger around the hole and peeked up at him. When their eyes met, she glanced away quickly.

"What? What are you thinking?" His heart sped up as she tilted her head to the side, her gaze running up and down the length of his body. She looked like a naughty angel with her pouty lips and her innocent expression.

"Mya," he said warningly when she climbed over his leg. The edges of her lips pulled up into a hint of a smile. Then she edged down and disappeared beneath the covers.

Damn. He had a feeling she was about to show him a new meaning of torture. Especially since it hadn't escaped his notice that she'd taken the doughnut with her.

She wrapped a sticky hand around his cock and he jumped at the contact. A soft giggle floated up from under the covers. He moved back to make space for her between his legs. *Is she really going to?* His silent prayer was answered a second later when he felt the soft dough roll over the length of his cock.

His head fell back onto his pillow as he absorbed the sensation of the moist pastry moving over his skin. Her hot, wet mouth followed, her tongue licking and nipping every inch of his length as it rolled through the doughnut. Soft curls flowed over his legs and belly, teasing him with trailing fingers of sensation. He tugged the covers down until he could see her, the drool-worthy scene of Mya on her knees something he knew he'd never forget. No one had ever taken such time to savor him, to figure out what drove him crazy. It gave him an absurd sense of pride to see his woman taking such pleasure in his response. *His woman?* She wasn't yet but she would be. He knew without a doubt that he couldn't stand it if she ever walked away from him.

Pleasure swept through him, waves of sensation that tingled over every inch of his skin. His fingers tangled in the sheets as the pastry finally rolled to the base of his dick

and her mouth took in his full length. She pulled her lips from him slowly, hollowing her cheeks as she sucked. She took a last lingering lick at the moisture seeping from the slit at the end of his cock.

“Where are you going?” The rasp of his voice betrayed his emotions. He was holding on by only a fine thread of control.

She laughed huskily, the sound of a woman who knew exactly what she was doing. He watched helplessly as she wet the tip of her finger and circled it around the head of his dick.

“Don’t worry. I’m not going anywhere.” She leaned down and licked his skin right above the doughnut. “I haven’t finished my breakfast yet.”

He tangled his fingers in her hair as her mouth finally took him in again. She sucked and licked around his length before taking a small nibble of the doughnut. She alternated between sucking his cock and nipping at the doughnut until he thought he’d die from the fire racing up his spine. Finally there was only a small bit of the doughnut left and she scooped it up and popped it in her mouth. He waited, poised on the edge of madness, until she returned and licked every last bit of sticky sugar from his skin.

“That’s it.” He sat up quickly and rolled her over onto her back. Her soft “oh” of surprise was swallowed by his kiss. She allowed him to press her into the mattress, her small hands snaking around his back to grip his ass. She pulled him on top of her and wrapped her legs around him. He sank into the valley between her thighs, her hips cradling him as if he were coming home.

Mya couldn’t believe she had the power to affect Milo like this. She’d dreamed about this for so long that it almost didn’t seem real. Was she really here teasing him, tempting him to the point where he lost all control? She held him to her with her legs wrapped around his body, afraid that if she let go he would disappear. This was her chance to show him she was more than just his good buddy, Mya. If he let her, she could be all he needed and more.

"Time for a little payback." Milo pulled her hands over her head, holding them firmly with one hand. She relished the feeling of being slightly overpowered, yet knew she was completely safe. She'd never been able to just let go like this before because no other man made her feel this way, cherished and protected.

"God, you're beautiful." Milo voice was muffled as he kissed the curve of her neck, the hot, moist puff of his breath sending tingles of delight through her.

"I feel beautiful when you look at me," she admitted. She ran a hand gently through his dark hair. "I feel desirable and seductive, all the things I've always wanted to be."

He pushed up on his arms and looked at her. "You *are* all those things. You're amazing." He leaned over and picked up another condom, donning it quickly. "I can't wait to make love to you again. I can't seem to keep my hands off you."

His voice sounded different, as if all the barriers he normally kept in place were finally lowered. He sounded raw and vulnerable, almost as unsure as she felt herself. The first beginnings of hope sprang into her heart. Could it be that Milo was as affected by the change in their relationship as she was?

He thrust his tongue into her mouth while his hands stroked over her skin. Awareness rippled through her, her body growing wet and swollen. Her nipples peaked and his fingers found the stiff tips as if he'd heard them cry out for his attention. He touched the tip of his tongue to one nipple, the light caress igniting a deep-seated longing. She needed him inside her, needed him to satisfy this dark craving only he could cause.

"Oh god, Milo." She closed her eyes at the intimate touch. "I need you now."

He dropped his forehead to hers, looking deeply into her eyes as he pushed inside. She tilted her hips, loving the way he filled and stretched her. She looked down to where he entered her, the sight of his cock gliding in and out stealing her breath. It was so erotic to watch as he took her, his mastery over her as absolute as the love she'd hidden from him for so long.

Tension built with each of his movements until she was strung tight as a bowstring. Every touch of his hands, every thrust took her higher until she felt as if she'd break apart from the pleasure. She skimmed her hands over the damp skin on his back, gripping him as he rocked her closer and closer to completion.

He fitted his hands under her hips, holding her captive. "Come for me." It wasn't a request and the rough command coupled with the intensity of his gaze was a force she couldn't deny.

Her orgasm took her by surprise, an explosion that rocked them both, curling her toes and stealing her breath. She held on to his shoulders against wave after wave of pleasure as he succumbed to his own release and roared her name.

* * * * *

"It's almost noon. I'm never this lazy." Milo lay back against the pillows with a sated sigh. He had a to-do list a mile long and couldn't care less what was going undone. He finally had the woman of his dreams right where he wanted her.

In his bed.

Mya giggled as Milo reached over and swiped a bit of sticky frosting off her ear. She was grinning like a loon as he grabbed her hands and tugged her from the bed.

"Come on, troublemaker. I've been fantasizing about getting you in this shower ever since I got it redone."

"Have you?" Mya hopped into his arms and wrapped her legs around him. He carried her into the bathroom and set her down gently.

"I was actually engrossed in just such a fantasy when you rang the doorbell yesterday." He moved behind her and swept her hair over her shoulder, baring the fragrant skin to his touch. He kissed the hollow of her throat then her collarbone, his lips leaving a moist trail.

"Tell me what you imagined," she breathed. She sent him a cheeky look over her shoulder before pressing her round bottom against him. She smiled when his fingers tightened around her arm.

"You, naked and wet. All these amazing curves covered in suds." He skimmed his hands up her belly and cupped her breasts, the tight peaks of her nipples pressing into the center of his palms. She melted against him as she surrendered to the sensations his fluttering fingers were creating.

She turned in his arms and pulled him down for her kiss. He kissed her mouth as if making love to it, intense in his exploration, his tongue thrusting against hers intimately. He ground against her, nestling his cock directly over her clit. The feeling of bare skin reminded him that he needed to grab protection. If he let things progress too far he wouldn't have the willpower to stop himself from taking her skin to skin. He gave her a quick kiss and jogged back into the bedroom to get the box of condoms. By the time he returned, he already had a condom in place. He set the box carefully on the edge of the counter closest to the shower.

"Get up on the counter." His voice was rough with lust. He could see the answering desire in her eyes, knew that his command excited her. She hopped up on the counter and crossed her legs in a sultry pose.

"Open your legs. Show me that pretty pussy."

Mya's eyes went wide. A soft flush of pink crept over her cheeks before she slowly opened her legs. Swallowing against the surge of animal lust he felt looking down at her bare, pink pussy, he shook his head to clear it. With Mya, he wanted more than just the physical pleasure of release. He wanted to give her a level of satisfaction no man had ever given her, make her crazy. He wanted to leave his mark on her.

"Damn you're beautiful." He stroked a finger over the sensitive skin of her thighs and circled her clit. She shuddered and tried to close her legs instinctively. He held her open with one hand as he continued to tease her. Her eyes drifted closed and she whimpered softly.

"Milo..." She looked at him, her brown eyes dewy. She twined her arms around his neck and pulled him closer. He kept his hand where it was, playing gently in her wetness, toying with her clit until she squirmed. When she dug her nails into his shoulders, he moved until the tip of his cock was poised to enter her. He waited until her eyes were frantic with wanting, until she had to acknowledge who held her pleasure in his hands. She looked up at him, her eyes begging.

Then he entered her with a thick thrust that stole both of their breath.

He pounded her hard and fast, unable to hold back the urgency he felt. He'd had her slow and sweet and now he needed her all at once, wanted to consume her with big, greedy bites. She obviously felt the same rush because she urged him on with her nails in his forearms and her heels at his ass. He knew she was getting close to another orgasm when she coiled her legs around him, tightening like a vise.

"Milo, please!" She gripped his forearms and wailed, her nails leaving tiny crescent indentations in his skin. He was too close to completion to slow his pace, too far gone to gentle the force of his thrusts even as her pussy tightened around him. She shuddered violently, absorbing the force of his pounding. He held her under the arms, clasped her to him as his own release took over. All his joints and every muscle locked up in intense pleasure as his orgasm ripped through him. When it was over they both lay against the counter panting and spent. He looked up and met his eyes in the mirror behind Mya's head. He looked as if he'd just run a marathon.

"Damn, girl. You're a workout." He pulled out gently, part of him reluctant to leave her warmth. He helped her up from her awkward position cramped over the counter.

Mya snorted out a laugh and ran a gentle hand through his damp hair. "I think we could both use that shower now."

He reached in and turned on the dual showerheads, adjusting the temperature until it was perfect. She coiled her long hair up into a knot on top of her head before she followed him under the streaming water.

"Oh my god," she cried as the water hit her back, full force. "This is absolute heaven." Her eyes drifted closed as she stood under the water, rolling her shoulders to relieve the tension. "I've only seen these in magazines."

"I went a little overboard in here, I guess. I couldn't afford stuff like this growing up so it's hard not to buy it now that it's within reach."

She opened her eyes and her gaze was like getting hit with high beams. He cleared his throat and picked up a bar of soap as an excuse to look away. When he turned back to her, she stood up on her toes and kissed him square on the mouth.

"You've worked hard for everything you've achieved. You deserve good things." She tapped his chest lightly to emphasize her words.

"Does that include you?" He kept his eyes down as he waited for her answer.

"You think I'm a good thing?" Her tone was hopeful as she looked back at him.

"I think you're the best thing." He held her gaze as he said it, knowing that he'd never spoken truer words. Their connection was deeply sexual of course, a dead man would want her, but more than that he wanted her to trust him to take care of her. He wanted her to turn to him for all her needs, physical and emotional. He wanted no more secrets between them.

Talking about feelings wasn't easy for him but he had to find a way to tell her how much she meant to him. Due to his checkered past she might just write this weekend off as scratching a sexual itch and not take him seriously as a potential...something. He wasn't sure if they were ready for full-scale commitment just yet but he needed her in his life. The alternative, life without her, was just...unimaginable.

"You are such a puzzle, Milo Hamilton." She shook her head and laughed shyly, covering her mouth with her hand. "I have no idea what to say or do in this situation."

"Well, I can remedy that." He held up the soap. "For starters, you can wash my back."

"Just your back?" Mya watched as rivulets of water slid over the tight muscles of his chest and abdomen. He looked like a water god, a modern-day Poseidon. Sliding her hands over all that slick golden skin sounded like a pretty good idea to her.

"Are you offering to wash something else? Believe me, you're more than welcome to." Milo handed her a bar of soap with a suggestive wink.

She rubbed the bar of soap between her hands, until she had a handful of bubbles. He leaned back against the tile and watched her silently, his only movement the rise and fall of his breathing. When she raised her soapy hands to his chest, his muscles jumped at her light touch, flexing beneath her fingers as she massaged the thick lather into his skin. She stepped forward, the light dusting of hair on his pecs tickling her nipples.

She skimmed her hands down his arms and over the hard planes of his abs. He shivered as she traced each muscle, following the rivulets of water that led her straight to where she most wanted to be. When she finally took his cock between her hands, he swore softly.

"Fuck..." His mouth fell open and he sucked in a swift breath. His eyes watched her with greedy interest as she worked the remaining soap over his straining length.

"Mmm, you are really dirty," she teased. His cock slipped through her hands easily, the soap combined with his natural lubrication easing the way. She stroked him in a lazy rhythm, twisting gently over the head of his cock. His tongue came out to touch the tip of his lower lip as he strained into her hand.

"You know, turnabout is only fair. I'll have to make sure you're just as clean now." He stood up straight and towered over her, reaching behind him for the bar of soap. He swiped it over the sharp points of her collarbone before circling around the outer edge of her breasts. She bit her lip as he traced inward toward the nipple, stopping before he reached the tip. He chuckled under his breath before taking the bar of soap lower, dancing over the sensitive skin of her stomach and thigh.

"Milo...I need to feel you. I need more," she gasped.

"I know, baby. I'm going to give it to you." He leaned out of the shower stall and picked up one of the condoms on the counter.

"Wait, let me." She took the packet and ripped it open. By the time she was done gently rolling it down his length, he looked as needy as she felt.

She clutched his shoulders frantically, her mouth racing over his chest and neck. His taste was in her mouth, his scent in her nostrils. Whimpering, she seized his forearms and stood on tiptoe, needing to be closer. She wanted him all over her and inside her. She wanted everything she could get.

He lifted her easily, angling her body so her back was against the tile. He pushed inside her in a quick thrust that stole her breath. He set a punishing pace, taking her hard. Her inner muscles gripped him as he stroked in and out, each slide of his cock taking her closer to release. The familiar tingle at the base of her spine started as a slow burn, racing higher and higher, shooting sparks through her system with each pounding thrust.

"Milo, please," she sobbed, her hands tangling in his hair as she held on through the relentless force of his possession.

"You don't know this yet, but you're mine." He looked into her eyes, holding her gaze as he fucked her, each breath they took mingling as water streamed over their bodies.

As her orgasm crashed over her, she closed her eyes but she could still see his face, his eyes glittering with fierce possession and something that looked suspiciously like love.

Chapter Five

Mya woke slowly, savoring the softness of the sheets against her skin and the warm weight of the down comforter tucked snugly around her body. The barest hint of morning sunlight penetrated the dark curtains to slice across the bedspread. She turned her head away from the offending light and saw the other side of the bed was empty. Milo was gone.

She sat up and pushed her hair off her face, pulling the heavy comforter up over her naked breasts. She could hear the sound of clanking dishes from the kitchen and smelled the faint aroma of the Columbian roast coffee Milo couldn't live without. Milo wasn't gone, he was just making breakfast.

Mya sat up, noting that her duffel bag lay absently by the door. Milo must have brought it in sometime the previous day. She swung her legs over the side of the bed and rooted around on the floor until she found one of Milo's shirts. After pulling on a clean pair of panties from her bag, she was ready to face the day. She'd eaten breakfast with Milo many times but never after sharing his bed for the night. Well, two nights since she'd stayed all of Saturday as well. She wasn't sure how to act or what to say. It was still Milo but would she ever be able to look at him and not remember the incredible things he'd done to her, the way he felt inside her, the way he tasted? She'd been so sure she could keep her feelings for him under control but what would she do if he wanted them to go back to being just friends? Could she spend time with him without wanting to be close to him in the ultimate way?

"Whatever you're thinking about, stop."

Mya jumped in surprise when she felt the light touch at her shoulder. She tensed for a moment before she turned to look at him. His dark hair was still ruffled and he hadn't shaved yet.

He looked like a dream.

“Oh I was just wondering what you were cooking. You know how hungry I get.” It was a long-standing joke between them that Mya could eat as if she were a lumberjack in the morning. She would often eat breakfast at home before leaving for work and be hungry again by the time she got there. Usually Milo would pick up muffins at the deli in the lobby of their office building so Mya wouldn’t starve to death in their morning meetings.

“I made you the biggest omelet ever. I know you’re hungry since I helped you work up an appetite last night.” He nuzzled the skin below her ear and Mya shivered. After several orgasms the day before it was insane that she was aroused again. The man was a menace.

“Okay, I have to eat. You coming?” Mya asked.

Milo stripped off the thin t-shirt and shorts he was wearing and padded past her naked. She watched appreciatively as he went to the bathroom and turned on the shower.

“You eat. I have to cool off or I won’t be able to leave you alone and I know you’re sore. Go on. Unless you want to wash my back again?” He reached out as if to grab her and Mya squealed. He kissed her soundly behind the ear before releasing her with a firm pat on the bottom. She heard him mutter something about cold showers and chuckled as she walked down the hall to the kitchen. When she found the covered plate in the microwave, she had to laugh. It looked as if he’d put everything including the kitchen sink in the huge omelet. He definitely knew her appetite well.

She scooped up a large bite and her eyes closed on a sigh of appreciation. It was the perfect blend of spicy potatoes, slow-simmered onions, tender egg and creamy cheese. She was so absorbed in her food the sound of the answering machine barely registered. She hadn’t heard the phone ring so Milo must have programmed the machine to answer automatically sometime before she’d arrived. It wasn’t until she heard the cultured voice with the faint Italian accent that she paid attention.

"Milo, it's Andre Lavin. I'm sorry to call on a Sunday but I wanted to talk to you personally. I'm sure things will be hectic for you at the office tomorrow."

Mya perched a hip on the edge of the living room table and waited. She should feel bad eavesdropping but seriously, it wasn't as if Milo had turned the sound down or anything. She couldn't help but overhear.

"My team likes the mock-up you sent over after the presentation but there are a few things I wanted to run by you before I go back to Europe. We'd like to get the campaign moving as quickly as possible."

All the blood in her face drained to her knees and Mya sat stunned. She probably looked like an idiot with her big butt perched half on the coffee table and a wide-open mouth of half-chewed omelet. They hadn't expected to hear back from Mr. Lavin until next week. But Milo had obviously talked to him privately and convinced him he was the better choice.

She swallowed a wave of anger. There was no rule against approaching the client directly and if she was honest with herself she could admit she wished she'd thought of it first. But the knowledge she'd obviously never stood a chance still hurt like hell.

"Anyway, as far as your request after the presentation, I understand. But if I don't like the way things are going then I'm asking Mya. I'll see you at the first status meeting in a week."

The sound of the dial tone blaring out of the speakers shook Mya out of her stupefaction and she rose reluctantly. She dumped the rest of her food in the garbage and carefully placed her dish and fork in the dishwasher. Her purse was still by the front door as were her sandals. At least she wouldn't have to go in the bedroom to get her shoes. The soft squeak of the bathroom door told her Milo had finished with his shower. She ran shaky hands through her hair. She couldn't be here when he came out. As cowardly as it was, she just couldn't face him right now.

She opened the door and jumped back in shock. There was a woman outside holding a brown paper bag and a tray with two coffee cups. She pulled the tray closer to her chest to prevent the coffee from spilling.

Mya took a hesitant step back. "Sorry. Can I help you?"

The woman rolled her eyes and looked Mya up and down. "You can tell me where the hell Milo is before our coffee gets cold."

"Excuse me?" Mya planted herself in the doorway when the woman tried to walk past her.

The other woman gave a dramatic sigh and stood on her toes trying to see past Mya. "Is Milo in there?"

"What's going on?" Milo pulled the door open and looked between the two women. "Amber? What are you doing here?"

"Apparently you forgot about your breakfast date." Mya said angrily. She shouldn't be surprised. One impromptu weekend didn't give her any rights. Milo had every right to date other women and she had every right to date other men. It was just hard to see the evidence in front of her. Especially when the evidence was a tall, curvy blonde with perfect boobs.

She slung her purse over her shoulder and stepped into the hall. Milo grabbed her arm.

"Mya, please don't leave. This is..." He looked over his shoulder where the blonde stood watching them. "I didn't know she was coming over. This is a complete surprise to me."

"Don't apologize. It's no big deal."

Milo clenched his jaw so hard she feared his teeth would shatter. "No big deal? You just left my bed."

"Apparently my time is up." She shook Milo's hand off her arm.

"Mya, this weekend was special to me. Don't leave." His voice was a tortured whisper. "Not like this."

"This weekend was supposed to be about sex. Wasn't that our deal? You said you wanted me and you had me." She looked at the blonde and rolled her eyes. "Now I'm going home."

She took one last look at the blonde smirking behind them before she turned and walked away. She glanced back to see the woman trying to hug Milo without dropping the coffee. He looked as if he were trying to hold her off with one arm.

"Mya! Mya come back."

She ignored him and sped up. It wasn't until she got home that she realized she wore only a man's dress shirt and a lacy black thong.

Mya went straight to the freezer and pulled out her emergency stash of Chunky Monkey. She needed brain food to figure out what the hell had just happened. The phone rang as she padded past the living room table on her way to the couch but she ignored it. The sound of Milo's voice filled the room and she closed her eyes against a sting of tears.

"Mya, are you there?" He sounded sad and worried.

"Please call me back." His sigh was resigned before he hung up. He didn't sound as if he were gloating about winning the account. Maybe he hadn't listened to his messages yet. *Or maybe he was distracted by Barbie.* She just needed a few more minutes to feel sorry for herself. Then she could shake it off, call him back and congratulate him like a professional.

She sat back down and wiped a hand over her face. Her eyes burned and after a quick sniff of her armpits, she decided the shower should be her first stop. She walked to her bathroom and turned the faucet on, the soft chime of the water hitting the tile, bringing back images of warm golden skin and slick hands holding her tight. Shaking her head, she stepped under the spray. Soon the hot water mingled with her tears.

After drying off, she slipped into a worn pair of jeans and a faded t-shirt. She heard the phone ring out in the living room and rolled her eyes. She had to get out of the house. She'd go insane if she had to listen to another of Milo's pleading, apologetic messages.

"Mya, it's me again. Milo. Anyway, I'm coming over to check on you. I should be there in about twenty minutes."

Mya shook her head and stuck her feet in a pair of flip-flops. She wasn't ready to face Milo yet. Maybe it was juvenile but all she needed was a day of peace and then she could face him with her head up at work tomorrow. She raced to the door and grabbed her handbag from the hall table as she passed. Milo couldn't talk to her if he couldn't find her. She opened the door and bumped into a solid chest.

"Wow. You move fast," Milo said, standing directly in front of her door, his cell phone in his hand.

Mya shrieked, the shrill sound echoing in the stairwell of the old apartment building. The door across the hall opened and her elderly neighbor's head of white hair peered hesitantly through the crack in the door.

"Sorry about that, Mrs. V. I thought I saw a mouse."

The older woman frowned at her before slamming the door shut. She sighed. She seriously needed to move.

Mya turned back to Milo with a cold look. "My mistake. It was a rat."

"Please hear me out. It's not what you think." Milo stepped toward her but stopped when she held up a hand.

"There's no need for you to apologize. We didn't make any rules going in." Her voice broke on the last word, making a mockery of her casual words. It was true that they hadn't made any promises other than giving each other pleasure but somehow over the course of the weekend she'd come to expect more. She knew no one was to blame for her irrational feelings other than herself but it didn't mean she wanted to hear excuses about his "forgotten" date with blondie.

The sound of the phone ringing behind them caused Mya to turn. Milo used her distraction to slip past into the apartment. Resigned, she shut the door and followed him. The machine picked up and they listened in silence to her recorded greeting.

"Mya, it's James. Sorry to call on the weekend but it's important. Call me at the office when you get this."

Mya frowned at the machine as it clicked off. James rarely worked on weekends anymore. He must be getting ready to oversee the LaVin account. If Andre had already promised it to Milo, James probably knew as well. Maybe he just wanted to tell her she hadn't been chosen in person.

Oh god, she would probably end up working for Milo! She couldn't believe this hadn't occurred to her before. The LaVin account would be one of the largest in the agency's history. Of course James would want his two best designers on the job, one leading and the other assisting. She would get to fetch and carry while Milo implemented his stupid "everyman" campaign. A campaign for players just like him.

"I know it looks bad but Amber and I haven't been out for a while. I had no idea she would just show up out of the blue like that."

Mya sighed. She'd almost forgotten he was there. "Oh I'm sure that was quite a surprise. You're usually much better at juggling your women." She could feel tears threatening and swallowed hard. She was not going to cry over him.

"Mya. It's not like that, I swear. This weekend was so unexpected. In a good way." Milo walked over and perched on the edge of her couch. He shifted uncomfortably. "We need to talk about everything. We need to talk about us."

"Fine. Talk." Mya sat and looked at him pointedly.

He opened and closed his mouth several times before picking some imaginary lint off his trousers. "I had hoped this weekend would be a turning point for us. I want us to be...more. What I mean is...I want more from you."

"You're saying you want us to be together. You see us having a future?"

He glanced up briefly before looking away. "Well, yes. That's what I'm saying."

"You don't sound very sure about that. You can barely get the words out." She shook her head and chuckled bitterly. He couldn't even look her in the eye. She knew Milo cared about her. After all, they'd been friends a long time. But he couldn't change who he was, even for her.

"I'm trying. I'm just not sure exactly how to say what I want to say. You know I can't imagine my life without you."

"I know that and I don't want you to worry that this will ruin our friendship. You don't have to pretend to want a relationship —"

"Mya, come on. I'm not pretending here! You know I wouldn't lie to you."

"You would never hurt me intentionally, I know that. But I'm trying to be practical so nobody gets hurt." She turned away and swiped the tears hovering at the corners of her eyes before he could see them. "This weekend was amazing but now it's done. We go back to the way things were. No hard feelings."

"Is it that easy for you? We go back to the way things were just like that?" Milo looked at her, his eyes hard.

"Isn't this how things usually work with you? You date and you have a good time but that's it. You can be with whoever you want."

"No I can't. Because apparently the woman I want to be with doesn't think too highly of me." Milo stood and paced across the carpet. He sounded as if he were trying not to yell.

"That's not true. I think you're brilliant and fun but you don't do commitment. Not that I've seen." Mya held up her hands when he glowered at her. "I'm just saying. When was the last time commitment has worked for you?"

"That's not fair. Those women were a totally different situation. They weren't..." Milo rocked back on his heels and looked out the window. He looked to the ceiling as if hoping for divine inspiration. Finally he gave up and just crossed his arms.

Mya snorted as images of the perfect women he usually dated flitted through her brain. "What? They weren't what? Pretty enough? Thin enough? What?"

"No. They just weren't you."

He turned to her then, his blue eyes clear as glass and she felt herself softening. She shook her head and looked away. She couldn't give in and fall under his spell. It would just be harder later when things didn't work out.

"Don't do that. Don't be romantic and perfect and make this harder than it already is. It's easier for you. I mean, you've already got Barbie bringing you coffee and doughnuts. I'm sure you'll be just fine." Mya winced as soon as the words left her mouth. Milo looked as if he'd just been hit with a battering ram.

"Milo, I didn't mean that the way it sounded." She didn't want to be this petty, mean person saying cruel things. A person who tried to protect her feelings at the expense of someone else's. Especially when that someone else was someone she loved.

"It's fine. I understand. I don't exactly have the best track record, right?" He swallowed and the sound was loud in the quiet room. He absently straightened the pile of bills on the corner of the table next to him. "Don't forget to pay your electric bill." He pulled the door shut quietly behind him as he left.

Mya looked at the envelope on the top of the pile and shook her head. She'd written a reminder to herself to pay it two weeks ago and still hadn't done it. Milo always looked out for her.

Even when she was being a jerk.

Shame rolled over her in waves. Of all the scenarios she'd imagined, she'd never thought they'd end their time together with harsh words. But she was just trying to be realistic. Milo loved to play the game. He loved the chase. But he wasn't ready to catch her and she'd just end up heartbroken if she let him.

* * * * *

Mya woke Monday to the sound of the phone. The muscles in her back protested when she sat up. From the look of things, the home decorating show marathon she'd fallen asleep watching was still on. *Who has time to do this much crap to their house, seriously?*

She hit the button on the machine and swore when James' voice came over the line.

"Mya, it's James again. Milo said you weren't feeling well. Hope you feel better, but please call me sometime today if possible. We really need to talk before you come in. Thanks."

No doubt he knew she wasn't sick and even worse, she hadn't called. She had to get herself together or she'd be out of a job. She'd worked way too hard to throw it away because she'd been stupid enough to fall for a coworker. Even if the thought of working with Milo made her stomach churn, she would drag herself in tomorrow. It couldn't be that bad. She'd worked with him despite her feelings for the past year.

You didn't know what you were missing then though, did you?

Mya rolled her eyes when the phone rang again. She snatched it off the cradle, prepared to tell whoever it was to shove their head up their ass. "For god's sake, who is it?"

"Geez, bite my head off already. I just wanted to check up on you. I called your office and you weren't there. What is your problem?" Ariana made a tsk tsk sound in the phone and Mya smiled despite everything.

"Sorry. Sorry. It's been one of those days. Well, one of those weekends."

"Uh-oh. Had a fight with lover boy already? Wait, first things first, at least tell me the sex was good?"

Mya squeezed her eyes shut as she was bombarded with images of Milo's muscles flexing as he'd thrust inside her, the beautiful contrast of his golden skin against her cinnamon complexion, the dark intensity of his eyes as he'd looked down at her. It would be easier to hate him if he'd treated their time together as just a one-night stand

or as two friends scratching an itch, but he'd held her so gently. He'd treated her as if...as if he cared about her.

"Is that a 'god, it was good' sigh or a 'damn I wish it had been better' sigh?" Ariana asked.

"I don't think it could have been better. Until you get to the part where he gets the new account at work."

"Whoa, back up. What does a hot sex weekend have to do with work?" Ari sounded confused and Mya didn't blame her. The more she thought about things, the more confused she became as well.

Mya flopped back on the couch, her half-eaten carton of ice cream melting on the table next to her. She should get a napkin to clean it up but, really, who cared? No one ever saw the pathetic furniture in her apartment except Ariana and Milo. They were her family. She'd alienated one of the most important people in her life.

"I need to buy new furniture," Mya announced.

"Girl, you are really crazy right now. Who cares about your furniture? What is going on?" Ariana was quiet for a moment before she resumed her usual take-charge attitude. "Okay, Mya, sweetie. You need to tell me what happened. *Exactly* as it happened."

Mya huffed out a breath. "For now let's skip the great sex part."

"Do we have to?" Ariana sighed in mock dismay.

"Ari! Come on." Mya laughed. "Anyway, it was great until Sunday morning when I overheard Andre Lavin leaving a voicemail for Milo on his answering machine."

"Okay, this is the hot Italian designer guy, right?"

"Yes. Basically he was calling to congratulate Milo on the account. There's no way I misunderstood. He actually said he would ask me if Milo didn't work out."

"Sorry, girl. I know how much you wanted this account. But that's not the real reason you've got your thong in a bunch."

"What are you talking about?" Mya tried to keep her voice neutral but knew she failed when Ariana gave a long, dramatic sigh.

"You've always said you respected that Milo would do anything to win. So I know you aren't sitting at home pouting just because you lost this account."

Mya was grateful Ari chose not to say what she was probably thinking. *You were able to keep things separate before you two slept together.*

Mya sighed, torn between wanting to hang up and wallow some more and wanting to grab any potential lifeline there was. Milo hadn't attempted to call her again after their words yesterday but she'd picked up the phone to call him a hundred times. Part of her wished she could just rewind the past two days, past the careless words she'd spoken, even past the great sex, so they could go back to the way things were before. *But is that really what I want? Do I want to go back to pining after him in silence, hoping one day he'd notice me?* Even though the aftermath had been chaotic, she wouldn't go back and change their weekend together for anything.

"You know me too well. It was Milo's Sunday afternoon booty call that got to me actually. Some girl who looked like Malibu Barbie showed up at his place with coffee, doughnuts and some pretty impressive cleavage."

"Oh that sucks. Well, maybe it was innocent. Maybe it was his sister," Ari said softly. She didn't sound as if she believed that.

"Milo doesn't have any sisters. And if he did I don't think she'd be at his house that early wearing a really obvious push-up bra." Mya sighed. "Are you going to say I told you so?"

"I'm not going to say anything other than I'm sorry. If he doesn't recognize how great you are then he's an idiot. And he deserves a woman with small boobies."

"Ari! You are so crazy." Mya sniffed.

"So what are you going to do? This is why I'm scared to date anyone I work with. I wouldn't be able to handle working together if things didn't work out."

"I'll deal with the jealousy, professional and personal. If we're meant to be just friends then so be it. Milo even covered for me at work today since I forgot to call in. He told James that I was sick."

"I think you should give that man the benefit of the doubt. Is it really worth losing your friendship just because you're a sour banana?" Ariana huffed.

Mya laughed despite herself. "I think you mean a 'sour grape'. And no, it's not worth it."

She had to talk to Milo and put the whole weekend behind them. She could live without the sex, somehow, but she couldn't live without at least having his friendship. It was time to put her big girl panties on and stop whining. She would go to work tomorrow and face things head on.

Chapter Six

"I heard the exciting news, Ms. Taylor." Howard, a portly older man from the accounting department, sent her a mock salute.

"Hey, Mya. Glad to see you're feeling better. Just in time too." Anya squeezed her arm as she passed. Mya furrowed her brow as she kept walking down the empty hallway. *What is going on around here? I was only out for one day.* She'd wallowed in her misery Monday and come to some harsh realizations. The real problem wasn't anything Milo had done over the weekend or anything he'd done a year ago before she left Atlanta.

The real problem was she was in love with her best friend and was too chickenshit to tell him. She had to stop lashing out at him so they could settle things between them once and for all. Even if he wasn't interested in anything long term she still wanted his friendship. She was the one who'd made assumptions about where things would lead. He'd never broken any promises to her. She had to apologize.

But first she had to find him.

"Mya. I've been trying to reach you. Feel better?" James put a gentle arm around her shoulders and led her down the hall. She braced herself for a lecture. No doubt he wanted to have a talk with her about unexcused absences and her tardiness in general. She mentally ran through the list of illnesses she'd heard of that could strike suddenly but disappear just as quickly. She couldn't say allergies since it was only February. Pleurisy, maybe? No, she wasn't exactly sure what that was and knowing James, he would ask. She was contemplating pulling the "time of the month" card when James suddenly steered them to the left and into the office across the hall from his. The large space had been empty since James' second-in-command left to start a rival agency three years ago.

"There's stuff in here," Mya croaked as she looked around at the boxes and piles of folders. There were two large mahogany desks on opposite ends of the room with a small sitting area in between. A massive bouquet of calla lilies perched on the desk to the right. Someone was in the vice president's office. The office with the view she would kill for.

"Did you hire another vice president? Is that the big news?" Mya glanced behind them anxiously, wondering who it was. People had been speculating for months that James might finally hire someone but Mya had just shrugged off the gossip. The last VP had taken quite a few clients with him when he left so she had found it doubtful that James would trust client relations to anyone else again.

"I didn't have to hire them. Congratulations, Mya. You've more than earned this." James chuckled when Mya just stood gaping at him.

"Me?" Mya sucked in a deep breath as the room started to spin. She looked closer at the desk to the right and recognized her calendar and her favorite purple coffee mug. This was her office, her stuff, her view, her desk. Was the other desk for her secretary?

"Wait a minute. *Them?*" Mya walked hesitantly over to the almost bare desk to the left, the pencils and pens arranged ramrod straight in their holder, the industry and trade magazines on the left corner stacked with military efficiency. The tiny plastic cow stood out like a poppy in a field of sunflowers.

"Milo." She whispered it, the tear ducts she'd thought long dried up tingling threateningly. *You will not cry over this.* She would not weep on the most exhilarating day of her career. This was so much more than she'd ever expected but everything she'd ever hoped for. There were very few top executives of color in the industry and she would be one of the youngest VPs to boot. She would not cry.

"Andre Lavin was so impressed by both of you that he suggested you work together. He feels, as I do, that you're both stronger because of your friendship and your unique method of collaboration. Mr. Lavin wants us to handle advertising and PR not only for his clothing line but also for the upcoming line of fragrances he's

developing. He's putting a lot of trust in us. So I'm putting a lot of trust in the two of you to head the entire project. I was going to promote both of you anyway, this was just great timing."

"I'm so shocked and honored. James, I promise that I will not let you down. Thank you for giving me this opportunity." Mya prayed the smile on her face wasn't as goofy as it felt.

"You've more than proven yourself. I can't wait to see what you and Milo come up with. This is an unprecedented account for this agency." James turned at the sudden sharp knock on the door.

"I hope I'm not interrupting. I just wanted to speak with Ms. Taylor for a moment." Andre Lavin stood hesitantly in the doorway, watching them with an inscrutable expression.

"Mr. Lavin, come in, of course. I was just filling Mya in on her new role." James beckoned him in and turned back to Mya. "Congratulations again, Ms. Taylor." He nodded at Andre before leaving the room.

"You look as if you're about to be sick." Andre took her elbow and led her to the small, squishy chairs surrounding an oval coffee table in the middle of the room. She perched on the arm of the chair, waving away his insistence that she sit.

"I'm just shocked. I wasn't expecting this."

"I wish I could have warned you but I didn't know what James had planned. I just knew he agreed with me to put you and Milo together on this account. I called to congratulate both of you."

"You called me? I didn't get a call from you this weekend!" Mya exclaimed.

"I guess that means some random person got the good news then." He slid his hands in the pockets of his trousers and looked at her out of the corner of his eye. "When neither of you picked up I assumed you were together."

"We're not together. I mean, we're not a couple." Mya looked away and her gaze settled on the large bouquet of flowers on her desk.

"I find that hard to believe. Not many men would threaten the competition over a woman who's just a friend. You're lucky to have found someone who loves you so much that he would do anything, even jeopardize his career for you."

"Milo *threatened* you?" Mya sprang up so fast she almost knocked him over and he threw his arms around her to steady them both. Up close she could see the unusual shading of his striking gray eyes and smell the subtle aroma of his cologne. Any other woman would be drooling. She stepped back slowly and lowered her eyes. "You must have misunderstood."

"I assure you he was quite clear." Andre smiled wryly. "I told him I would leave you alone for now but I already find myself regretting that promise."

"That's what you two talked about after the presentation?" Mya fought down a sickening wave of nausea. "I assumed he was trying to convince you to give him the account."

She'd jumped to conclusions, said horrible things and alienated the person she loved the most. No wonder Milo hadn't tried to contact her again. She didn't particularly like herself at the moment.

"Mr. Lavin? I thought you were going to Europe—" Milo stopped short when he saw Mya and Andre standing so close together.

Mya stepped back quickly, forgetting about the chair right behind her. She stumbled and landed in the seat before tumbling to the floor. Andre and Milo both rushed over to where she lay sprawled on the floor.

"Mya?" Andre knelt beside her but didn't touch her. He glanced back at Milo who stood back, watching the two of them with narrowed eyes.

"I'm okay. I landed on my arm but other than that I'm fine." Mya stood gingerly and cradled her right arm against her stomach. She looked anxiously from Andre to Milo.

"Well, I suppose that's my cue to leave." Andre smirked and walked from the room, looking back once as he pulled the door to the office closed behind him.

Milo watched him go, the muscle in his jaw twitching. He turned back to her and narrowed his eyes. "So is he the reason you want to keep things casual between us?" Milo strode up to her until his chest bumped her nose. "Will he do the things to you I can do? Do you get wet when you think of him?" He pulled her against his chest and slid his hand down her front to palm her mound. The thin fabric of her dress was little barrier to the curve of his finger as he searched for her clit.

"No. I only feel that way about you." Mya bit her lip when his finger finally found her clit and pressed hard. Her knees buckled slightly and if Milo hadn't been holding her against him she would have collapsed.

"Was it because of Amber? We only went out a few times and I made it clear it was over. You believe me, right?" Milo cocked his head at her and when she didn't answer immediately, he squeezed her good arm gently.

Mya shifted from foot to foot and fiddled with a loose thread on her sweater. "I believe you but she was just a reminder of how different we are. Men like you don't stay with women like me."

"Men like me?" Milo released her abruptly and went to stand at the window. "You don't think I can be faithful." It wasn't a question and when she nodded, he put his hands on his hips and rested his forehead against the pane of glass overlooking the waterfront.

"I had no right to get angry. You never made any promises."

"Oh but I did. You just weren't listening." He turned from the window and looked at her for a long moment. "My body made promises to yours the first time we made love. My lips promised you pleasure every time we kissed."

"You know what I mean. It was just sex. I knew that going in. It's my fault that I suddenly found myself wanting more."

"I know about wanting more, Mya. I've botched this thing so badly I don't even know where to begin to repair things, so I'll do what I should have done a year ago." He stood before her, his eyes stark as he gripped her good hand. "Mya Christine Taylor, I have been in love with you since, well, since forever."

"You love me?" Mya looked up at him, her eyes filling with tears as she tried to yank her hand back. "You've never said that before."

"I didn't know how to say it with words but every Friday when I showed up at your place with bad Chinese and even worse beer, I was telling you I loved you. When I dropped everything to bounce ideas around with you for a campaign or listened to you complain about yet another bad date, I was telling you I love you. I don't have much experience with this but I told you every day in every way I knew how. I'm sorry I'm not better at this."

Mya stood on tiptoe and kissed him softly on the mouth. "Actually, you're doing just fine."

Their lips met again and he lingered, taking the kiss so deep and wet that she almost forgot where they were. He pulled her up on her toes and kissed the side of her neck. He stopped with his lips against the pulse at the base of her throat.

"You know, I never did get to bend you over my desk." He turned her in his arms so that her back was pressed to his front.

"Milo, we *can't*." Her voice was a scandalized whisper. "Someone could come in." Despite her words, she felt herself melting against him, her body betraying her with every touch.

"I'll lock the door. Besides, we'll hear if anyone gets close." His lips trailed the outer shell of her ear and she shivered.

He released her and quickly crossed to the door, the quiet *snick* of the lock loud to her ears. He turned and his dark eyes latched on to her, darkening to a shade closer to obsidian as he observed the steady rise and fall of her breasts. Her nipples beaded

under his scrutiny, every cell in her body dancing in anticipation of his touch. Was it possible they'd just been together a few days ago? She felt starved, aching for his touch.

"Come over here."

Her heart stuttered to a stop for a moment before it started up a pounding rhythm. She loved it when his voice deepened to that rough timbre, the husky sound showing her exactly how she affected him. Had she really almost walked away from this, the love of a lifetime?

"I want to see you bent over, wet and waiting for my touch." He pulled her toward him and turned her gently, bending her forward until her hands rested flat against the surface of his desk.

She spread her legs a little, wiggling her ass at him, a thrill of feminine power running through her veins at his low growl of approval. She looked over her shoulder to where he stood surveying her, his blue eyes dark and predatory. He slowly rolled the hem of her dress up until her legs and then her thong were revealed. He traced a finger between the full globes of her ass, dipping beneath the thin scrap of silk to tease the skin beneath. She stretched under his touch, flexing her spine and pushing back, hoping to force his fingers to her clit. The little bundle of nerves poked against her panties, the friction as she moved almost unbearable.

"Milo, touch me." Her needy plea seemed to motivate him because he pulled her panties down in a sudden move that left her gasping. A quick zip and his cock popped free, the heat of him like fire against her backside. He pulled a condom from his wallet and rolled it over his cock. Then he pushed her gently forward and leaned over her, his arms coming down next to hers.

"You make quite a sight, Ms. Taylor," he murmured, his breath a hot puff against her neck. "But I'm willing to bet you feel even better." Then he thrust inside her until she felt so full she couldn't speak.

Tears pricked her eyes as he caressed her hair, her back, her breasts. He held her so gently, whispering words of love and desire, as he stroked in a slow rhythm guaranteed

to drive her crazy. He was so thick and long it brought tears to her eyes, her pussy contracting around every inch he gave her. As the pleasure overtook her, she shuddered under his hands and clawed at the table, her nails leaving little gouges in the wood. Her eyes drifted closed as pleasure washed through her, her body clamping down on the thick cock seated deep within her.

"You were made for me, Mya. Don't ever walk away from me again." He threaded his fingers through her hair and tugged until she turned to face him.

His mouth took hers, his tongue thrusting between her lips in a kiss that left no room for misinterpretation. He was staking his claim and she loved it, her lips parting to allow him to plunder the depths of her mouth. When his orgasm hit, his fingers tightened in her hair and a vein popped out on his forehead as he hissed his satisfaction. After a few moments, he dropped his head to her shoulder and let out a soft chuckle.

"Jesus, I'll never get any work done at this desk now. Every time I see the damn thing, I'll think of you." He kissed her softly before standing up straight. He took his time smoothing her dress back down over her hips. He took a few tissues and disposed of the condom before hastily straightening his clothes.

She adjusted his tie and stood on tiptoe for a kiss. "You'll think of me anyway since I'll be sitting right across from you."

She crossed to the door and unlocked it, grateful that no one seemed to have noticed it was closed. Their company was relatively casual and it was rare for people to even bother closing the door all the way during meetings.

A second later a quick knock sounded and the door opened a crack. Mya sent up a silent thank you to whoever was listening that their visitor hadn't decided to stop by any earlier. She ran nervous hands over her dress, trying in vain to smooth out some of the wrinkles. If she looked even half as rumpled as Milo everyone would instantly know what they'd been doing. This day had been crazy enough, she didn't need them to become the topic of office gossip on top of everything else.

"So the two of you have finally gotten together?" James stood in the doorway, eyeing them with a speculative grin. Mya and Milo glanced at each other uneasily. "That means I win the bet!" James crowed and held his hand over his shoulder. The door swung open another inch to reveal Andre Lavin and Anya grumbling as they handed over money.

Milo snorted back his laughter as Mya let her mouth fall open in shock. "All this time, you knew we...you knew we liked each other."

"Mya, the only person who didn't know Milo was in love with you was you. We didn't make the bet until last week though. Any woman who'll pinch her nipple in the middle of a presentation to get a guy's attention has it bad whether she knows it or not."

Mya covered her face with her hands. She peeked through her fingers as she asked, "You saw that, huh?"

"Yes!" The emphatic answers of the two men reassured her somewhat.

"You're a very lucky man." Andre didn't look at her but just inclined his head in their general direction before turning and walking away.

Mya kept her hands over her face and wondered how many wishes it would take to magically transport herself back to her apartment. Any mode of transportation that didn't require her to see anyone she knew would be great.

Anya laughed gaily. "Don't be embarrassed. Even I thought it was hot. Plus there's no rule against coworkers dating at Mirage, right, James?" Anya slipped next to James and casually entwined her arm with his. He cleared his throat and suddenly became very interested in some lint on his sweater. When Anya tugged lightly and led him away, he didn't bother to even say goodbye.

"Wow. I really am oblivious. It never occurred to me they were together." Mya threw up her hands and walked back over to Milo. He gathered her in his arms and kissed her forehead when she laid her head against his chest.

"You know, since I ended our weekend a little early, I suppose I owe you another night." Mya's long sigh coincided with the shaking of Milo's shoulders.

"Well, I suppose that would be quite a trial for you, huh? Yes, another night is definitely in order. I couldn't tell from those little breathy moans if your punishment was effective. I didn't hear nearly enough begging."

"Oh well, one more night. Just to be fair, of course."

"Of course."

The End

About the Author

Multi-published author Minx Malone lives in the Washington, D.C., metro area with her three favorite guys—her husband and their two sons. She’s been writing since college when she finally figured out that daydreaming could be good for more than escaping boring business classes. Most of her novel ideas come to her at the strangest times, such as when waiting in line at the bank or while on the metro. She also gives some of the credit to her incredibly vivid dreams. She’s the only person she knows who dreams in HDTV with surround sound!

The author welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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