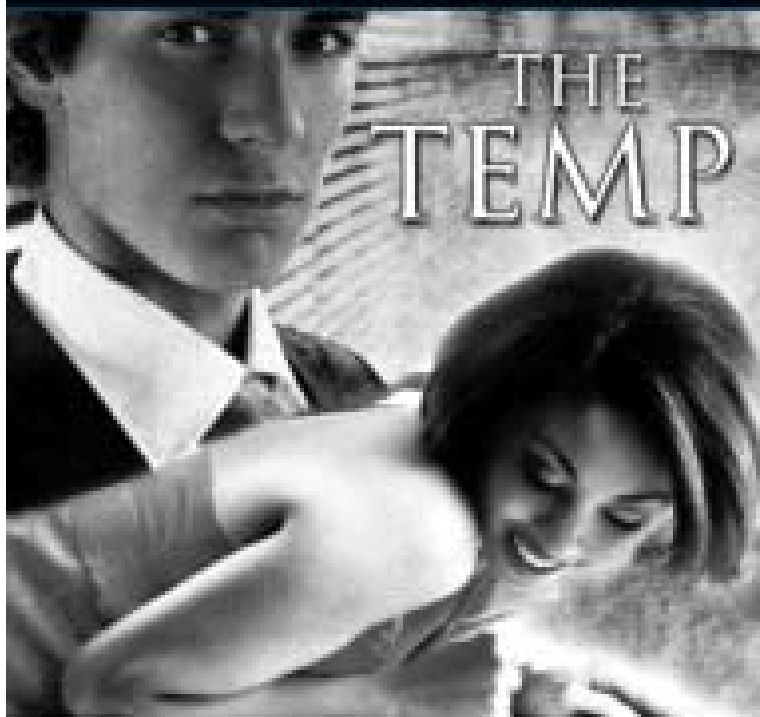


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Minx Malone



THE
TEMP

DESIRE INCORPORATED

Desire Incorporated:

The Temp

By

Minx Malone

Desire Incorporated: The Temp by Minx Malone

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The Tempt

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Dedication

For Andre.

You don't always *get* me but you've always supported me. Thank you is
not enough.

I love you.

"I never thought I'd see you on your hands and knees. Well, not like this anyway."

Ava Kincaid rolled her eyes but didn't turn at the growl of the deep baritone voice behind her.

"Not going to acknowledge me?" He circled the file cabinet and stood directly in her line of vision. "Not even a hello?"

She set aside the stack of invoices she was sorting and forced herself to look him in the eye. Not that she needed to look at him to remember the dark curls she loved so much, the straight line of his nose, or those thickly lashed moss green eyes. Even the delicious heady masculine scent of his skin was familiar. Every detail about Gavin Sloan was burned into her memory.

She sighed and forced herself to focus on the job she'd been hired to do. When she'd first come to an old friend and asked about job openings, she had expected to find something at least *sort of* interesting. After all, a company known for manufacturing sex toys had to be a fun place to work, right? Her dreams of being paid to compare dildos and vibrators had come to a screeching halt, however, when she'd been shown the dusty file room where she'd been assigned. Even so, she had accepted the temporary administrative job at Desire Incorporated because she desperately needed the money. Not because she was secretly hoping to see her ex-boyfriend again.

"What do you want, Sloan?"

He leaned back against the wall, his gaze traveling over her conservative skirt and blouse. His eyes stopped on the curve of her breast, and his tongue dipped out to wet his lips. She shivered involuntarily. She

knew exactly what he could do with those firm, full lips. She took a small step backward and crossed her arms over her chest.

"I'm just surprised to see you...working. I figured that would interfere with all the other important things you do. Like shopping, getting your nails done, and looking for some poor sucker to pay for it all."

Ava turned her back and resumed filing. Sure, she'd grown up spoiled and coddled. She'd also thrown her share of tantrums and had more than her share of rich bitch moments. But her entire perspective on life had been challenged over the last few months. She'd found what she needed most in the world, and she had lost it.

She'd changed.

No.

He had changed her.

For the first time in her life, she was living on her own completely free of her parent's influence. Not that Gavin would care. The one and only time he'd met her parents, they had made it clear he wasn't what they expected for their daughter. It was the first time she'd been embarrassed by her rigidly conservative family. She'd been embarrassed by herself as well, because before meeting Gavin she'd held views just as elitist and selfish as her parents'.

They'd only been dating for three months, but she still couldn't believe he'd just walked away after that. Ava sighed when she caught a motion from the corner of her eye. Gavin was still watching her. His hot stare felt like a brand on her back.

"I'm just trying to make ends meet like everyone else in this rough economy. I have to pay my bills somehow." She shoved another folder into the metal file cabinet, not even caring if it was in the right place. She must have been on glue to think she could work near Gavin and not be affected by him. He was still the most arresting man she'd ever known. The only one who'd ever stood up to her father, too.

Surprise flashed in his eyes before his gaze turned suspicious. "Daddy's not paying the rent anymore?"

"Well, a few months ago he insulted someone I really cared about, so I told him to go to hell. Apparently he didn't like that too much." Ava

slammed the metal file drawer so hard the clang reverberated down the hallway. Then she turned toward the remaining stacks of filing. She had to pass him to get there, and he didn't move. Her body pressed against his, and for a moment they were wedged together chest to chest, thigh to thigh. She closed her eyes and savored the sensation of his hard chest brushing her erect nipples, the solid outline of his cock nestled between her thighs. *God*, it had been so long.

She opened her eyes and elbowed him in the ribs. His harsh "oomph" was only vaguely satisfying.

"Now if you'll excuse me, *sir*, I have work to do."

She sauntered past him and came to stand next to Gabby, the company intern. She glanced over her shoulder and let out a long breath when Gavin went into his office. Finally. She couldn't concentrate with him glaring at her.

"Girl, I can't believe you were talking to him that way. I would be scared of getting fired." Gabby chuckled and handed Ava a pile of empty manila folders. The two women had been working all week to organize the company's messy file room and had instantly bonded. It was tedious work but they had managed to set up the files and empty out a corner of the room. They'd learned a lot about each other in the short time frame as well. Namely, they both had bad luck with men.

"Oh. You noticed, huh?" Ava hopped up on the heavy metal file cabinet and ran her hands through her hair, gathering the long black strands into a messy ponytail. It was foolish to hope she could keep her past with Gavin a secret, especially when he enjoyed tormenting her so much.

Gabby smacked her forehead mockingly and raised her eyebrows. "Are you kidding? Everyone on this floor noticed. I wasn't the only one who saw him staring at your ass."

Ava snorted and nearly tumbled off her seat. "Gabby! He was *not*."

"He was looking at you like a starving man stares at an all-you-can-eat buffet. Don't even try to pretend you didn't notice." Gabby twirled a lock of dark curly hair around her finger and gave Ava a pointed look. "He's fine for a white man, too, so don't you dare pretend you didn't want him to."

Desire Incorporated: The Temp by Minx Malone

"Whatever." Ava blushed and crossed her arms. "Doesn't matter. I'm not going there with him again. I don't have time for his nonsense."

"Again?" Gabby chortled.

Ava's blush deepened.

"No wonder you told him off. Ex-boyfriend at the new job. That sucks."

"You have no idea." Ava hopped down and shook her head.

* * * * *

Gavin watched from his office doorway as Ava bent over and retrieved another stack of paper. The tight skirt she was wearing rode up enough to flash him a tantalizing peek at her smooth, caramel-colored thighs and molded to the round curve of her ass. Damn. She'd always had a hell of a rear view.

"Shit. What is she doing here?" He didn't believe her story about her being on her own for a second. She had to be up to something. When they'd been together, she'd been all too happy to let her daddy pay the bills and run her life. Gavin had finally left when he realized he could never be what she wanted. She needed some rich pansy to suck up to her parents and keep her in Ferragamos. The fact that he'd been in love with her had been completely irrelevant.

He watched her work, slowly and methodically sorting through files and organizing them. No complaining, no unnecessary breaks, and no diva behavior. She appeared to be doing exactly what she'd said.

Working.

She bent at the waist again, and he groaned under his breath. He glanced around before discreetly reaching down to adjust his cock. He'd survived the past few months without her by working tons of overtime and masturbating like a teenage boy. Now she was here in the one place he relied on to keep his mind off her.

He shut his office door and flopped down in his leather chair. He pulled open the desk drawer closest to him and rifled through the contents. His hand stilled when he found what he was looking for: a picture of the two of them lounging poolside over the summer. Ava's

curvy body filled out her red bikini in all the right places, and her face was turned toward his.

The photo had been taken before he met her parents. Before he realized just how out of his league she really was.

He slammed the drawer shut and turned back to his computer screen. He'd worked his ass off at Desire, rising in the ranks from a financial analyst to the manager of his division relatively quickly. Mainly because he'd used work as a distraction for all the things missing in his life. Such as Ava, in his bed.

God help them both if she didn't stay away from him. He was starting to care less and less that they had no future. If she got too close, the only thing he would care about was how fast he could get back inside the tight pussy he dreamed about every night.

A sharp knock sounded at his door before it was thrown open, and Ava struggled in with an armful of files. He raced across the room and managed to grab a few before the rest tumbled to the floor.

"Sorry. I thought I could bring all of them in one trip." She knelt and hurriedly picked up the mess. He bent down, too, and picked up a folder, and she stiffened. He glanced at the white label on the side of it and chuckled at the irony.

"Oh, these are files for *The Tickler*. I remember that one." He glanced at her nonchalantly before tossing the thick folder with the rest. "It was supposed to simulate oral sex. The prototype never went into production."

"Why?" Ava leaned back on her heels and pushed her hair out of her face. Her big brown eyes held curiosity, desire, and fear. "What was wrong with it?"

Gavin mimicked her position and rocked back on his heels. "It just didn't work. I don't think any piece of plastic can ever replace a tongue." He wiggled his eyebrows in a leer and was rewarded with her indelicate snort.

"Well, plastic replaces the rest well enough. So I'm sure it can replace a tongue, too." She yanked at the edge of her skirt that rode dangerously high on her thigh. "Maybe the design was bad."

"You really believe that?" Gavin leaned forward and deliberately

pushed the edge of her skirt up until the sheer pink silk of her panties was visible. Her soft gasp was loud in the room but she didn't adjust her skirt again. If anything, she actually widened her stance.

The sweet hot smell of her pussy hit him like a body shot, and he would have crumpled if he hadn't already been kneeling. He leaned forward until his nose was pressed against the moist silk and licked the outer edges rimming her slit.

"Gavin." Her reply was a strangled cross between a warning and a plea. She shot her hands into his hair as if to shove him away. Her fingers curled into the long strands at the base of his neck and held him steady.

He wasn't waiting for an engraved invitation. He pushed her panties aside and licked into her with deep, searching strokes. Her body responded instantly, her muscles tightening around his tongue. Her clit was hard and begged for attention. He took it between his lips and sucked on it as he slid a finger into her wet sheath. *Damn.* She still had the tightest little pussy he'd ever fucked.

"Oh, no. I can't..." She whimpered incoherently and beat against his shoulders as her orgasm rolled through her body. He fucked her with two fingers and gave a final lick to her clit. She shuddered at the pleasure rolling through her in waves. He lapped at her relentlessly, determined to draw out her pleasure.

He lowered his head to her thigh and shook his head. They'd always been explosive together, and the chemistry hadn't gone away. She lay back on the floor, her big eyes soft and languid. He scooped her up in his arms and placed her gently on the leather couch in the conference section of his office.

He stood to give her some space and paced back to his desk. What the hell was he doing? He'd come *this close* to fucking her in the middle of his office during working hours. He ran his hands roughly through his hair and turned back to Ava.

She was gone.

He let out a juicy curse.

* * * * *

Desire Incorporated: The Temp by Minx Malone

The following evening, Ava shuffled through the remaining stacks of paper she had to file and let out a heavy groan. She and Gabby had been filing steadily all week and had barely made a dent in the work they'd been assigned.

"Has it been that bad?" Miranda Cooper, the head of Desire's Human Resources department, looked up from her desk.

"Sorry. It's just been one of those days. I haven't gotten even halfway through this." Ava gestured wearily at the seemingly never ending piles of paper.

Miranda laughed. "No one expected you to finish it all this week. I'm impressed with how much you've done already."

"Thanks again for getting me this job. I totally owe you one." Ava looked over at her oldest friend with a fond smile. They were so different: Miranda, with her organized life and type A personality, and Ava, with her fly-by-the-seat-of-her-pants style. Miranda was one of the few girls from their exclusive private school who hadn't been blessed with rich parents. Yet despite the differences in their backgrounds, they were closer than sisters.

Miranda shook her head so vigorously her tousled red curls bounced. "I recommended you, but that just got you the interview. You've earned the right to be here." She glanced at the open door and lowered her voice. "Apparently, I'm not the only one impressed, either. Gavin Sloan called down here today."

Ava feigned interest in the design of the carpet and fidgeted with the corner of the file folder she carried. "What did he want?" Please say *nothing*. Please say *nothing*, she pleaded silently. After sneaking out of his office yesterday, she'd been avoiding him. Let him see how it felt to be the one who was left behind without a word.

Miranda steepled her hands on top of the desk and narrowed her eyes. "He wanted to know if you were going to be working again next week. Probably wants to sweet talk you into taking him back."

"It's no big deal. We've barely seen each other." *Other than the bone melting orgasm he gave me on the floor of his office yesterday.*

"I think his department just has a lot of filing that needs to be done." Ava held up the folder and edged toward the door. "I'll go clean

up before I head home.”

Miranda stood and retrieved her coat and purse. “Well, I’m leaving. Guess you guys will be all alone in here.” She chuckled and ducked away as Ava swiped at her.

Ava glared at her and continued down the hall. She’d told herself that accepting the job wasn’t a subconscious way to get on Gavin’s radar again, but even she had to admit the idea was bullshit. She’d secretly hoped he would see her again and be forced to admit that walking away from her had been a mistake. Instead, he seemed to despise her more than ever. Oh, he still desired her—the previous day’s activities were proof the chemistry was still there. But then, chemistry had never been their problem. Their quandary was that he would never respect her and would always see her as a spoiled princess.

She might as well finish up so she could leave. The less time she had to spend near Gavin, the better. Why torment herself with something she wanted but could never really have?

* * * * *

Gavin sat up, on alert when she came to his office door. She crossed the threshold and deposited a large stack of paper on the chair in the corner. The air between them crackled. She looked at him expectantly.

He shoved his hands through his hair and checked his watch. It was almost six o’clock on a Friday, and most of the other employees had already left. The floor was quiet except for the distant sound of cars leaving the employee parking lot two stories below. They were basically alone together.

“I’m finished.” She shuffled closer to the door. The movement brought his attention to her skirt, another tight tweed number even shorter than before, and his dick filled instantly. “Did you need anything else before I clock out?”

“Is there anything else I need?” He leaned back in his chair and loosened his tie. *Is she kidding? I still haven’t gotten her taste out of my mouth, and she’s asking me what I need?* “Christ, that’s a loaded question. Are you trying to torture me?”

He pulled the knot until it unraveled completely and the edges dangled on either side of his neck. Her eyes followed the movement, her throat working as she swallowed.

She balled her fists against her thighs before blowing out a harsh breath. "You walked away from me, you bastard."

He stood and crossed the short space separating them. His eyes were stark. "I couldn't be what you wanted."

She raised her balled fists and pushed against his chest. "What the hell do you know about what I want?" She pounded against the front of his shirt and he allowed it, absorbing the blows, relishing having her so close again.

"What the hell do you know?" She repeated in a whisper. She dropped her head to his chest. When she looked up, her eyes were wet.

Her tears broke him.

He pushed her back onto the desk and lifted her smooth thighs until they rested on his shoulders. She struggled a little and gripped his biceps like a lifeline, her nails digging into his skin through the fabric. She twisted left and right as if to wiggle out from under him, but the movement of her body beneath his just made his cock harder. He positioned himself in the cradle of her legs until he rested against the sweet cleft between her thighs. She stilled, her body going soft and pliant beneath him. And this time when she hit his chest, she curled her fingers around the material of his shirt and pulled him down until he was sprawled fully on top of her.

He shoved the thin material of her skirt up to reveal the warm skin beneath it. Her thong was a small scrap of black fabric easily moved aside. Her pink pussy peeked out at him from her tangle of ebony curls. He slid a finger into the moist cavern and laughed when she tried to withhold her moan of pleasure.

"You're right. I don't know what you want." He stroked and stretched her tight silken walls until he could fit another finger inside her, and her muscles worked to grasp him. "I just know I want you."

He smiled his satisfaction when a sudden rush of cream hit his hand. She was ready for him. His cock was already thick, pressing against the front of his slacks, anxious to fill her to the hilt. No one had ever fit the

very curves of his cock like Ava. Every inch of her was designed to drive him mad.

"God, I hate you. I despise you, you bastard." Her outburst was cut short by the soft sounds in the back of her throat she couldn't quite suppress.

He yanked at the opening of his trousers. The sudden shock of cold air on his skin couldn't compete with the heat pumping off his body. He slid the plump head of his cock past her slick nether lips and grinned wickedly when she shivered. He slid inside her until he was snug against the entrance to her womb.

She bit her fist and tried to muffle her sounds of pleasure.

He didn't move, just waited as she writhed beneath him, trying to find relief from being stretched so fully.

"Gavin, what are you doing?" She broke off and turned her face away on another moan. "Please."

"Tell me what you want. I want to hear you say it." He *needed* to hear her say it. To hear her voice go soft with passion, desperate with wanting.

"Fuck me. Please. I can't take it."

He began to move, tentatively at first, afraid to hurt her. She was tight as a fist, her body sucking him in and holding him with each thrust. He buried his face in her neck and inhaled her soft, womanly scent, licking the light sheen of sweat gathered in the hollow of her collarbone. He stroked his swollen shaft in and out and groaned as her body responded.

"Goddamn, you are so wet."

She arched her hips in time with his thrusts, crossing her long legs behind his back. She dug her heels into his ass and moaned.

He pulled back and then slid into her again, closing his eyes against the pleasure as she screamed her orgasm around him, the intensity of her release milking his cock. The tight fit of her sheath around him was almost too much. He might not be good enough for her but he could make her forget any other man when he was inside her like this. No one could fill her like he could. No one thirsted for her like he did.

"I want to feel you come inside me." Her hands were in his hair,

gripping him to the point of pain. "I'm still on the pill."

Her words stole the last vestiges of Gavin's control. He pumped himself inside her and groaned as he released his seed, bathing her womb with hot moisture. He sank down on top of her heaving body and buried his face in her neck.

The hard lines of his abdominals met her stomach, and she shivered. She yanked his shirt out of his trousers and caught a mouthwatering glimpse of tanned skin stretched over smooth muscle before he kissed her.

She ran her tongue over the curve of his bottom lip. He tasted salty and delicious, and from the pressure steadily growing inside her, he was obviously as excited as she was. She wrapped her legs around him to pull him closer but he slowly withdrew and forced her to turn around. As he positioned her body, she found herself strangely exhilarated. When they'd made love before, he'd always done everything exactly the way she wanted, with few surprises. Now, he was angry and wasn't trying to hide it. She couldn't predict what he'd do or how it would feel. A dark thrill raced through her as she gave herself up to his domination.

She pressed her palms against the surface of the desk and gasped when he bit into the curve of her shoulder. Gavin laughed softly, the gravelly rumble filtering through her body and causing tiny pin pricks of sensation in her pussy. He slid inside her with one breathtaking thrust, and she moaned. He set a quick pace that had her on the edge of orgasm within minutes.

"You like that, don't you?" His voice broke off on a groan as she squeezed him in a rhythmic motion. His cock twitched inside her, and he suddenly withdrew.

She whimpered in regret.

"I want to try something a little different, Miss Ava, if that's all right with you." His tone was mocking, and he emphasized her name by pulling her up so his hard cock nestled in the cleft of her behind. When his granite length caressed the ultra sensitive nerves on her ass, she purred in response. She wanted him to take her from the front, back, and the side tonight. She wanted it all.

As he pressed against her anus, she sighed as her own juices

lubricated his entry. He'd been the first man she'd ever let take her this way and no doubt was the only man who could make her love it. She clenched her muscles in apprehension. She hadn't been with anyone since him.

She looked back at him but his face gave her no reassurance. He moved slowly, feeding her his shaft inch by inch, the incredible friction causing her to gasp in pleasure. The familiar burn of her orgasm swept through her veins as he dug his fingers into her hips and began to slowly shaft her, until he was inside her balls deep.

He reached below and stroked her clit, and the sides of her vision went gray. He stroked her in time with his thrusts in her ass, and she hovered on the edge of a colossal climax. Then he suddenly thrust three long fingers into her pussy. She wailed and succumbed to her orgasm, the dual penetration so intense she couldn't separate one sensation from the next. He continued to stroke her throughout her climax. A moment later, he groaned harshly and emptied himself inside her.

"Damn. I've made a mess of you." Gavin looked down with satisfaction at the gentle curve of her back. She was exquisite even from behind; her ass, a perfect heart shape tapering from her narrow waist. Ava straightened quickly and averted her eyes. He captured her chin with his fingers and kissed her firmly on the lips.

"Thanks." She smiled shyly before taking a few tissues from the holder on his desk. "I guess it's too much to hope you've got a bathroom tucked away in here somewhere."

He shook his head ruefully. Then a thought occurred to him, and he held up a finger. He ducked out into the hall. The only light was from the reception desk up front. All of the offices on the hall were empty and dark, except for his.

"Gavin? What are you doing?" Ava crept up behind him, her voice hushed.

"Follow me." He grabbed her hand and pulled her down the hall to the CEO's office. He opened the door cautiously, listening for a moment. After a heartbeat or two of silence, he pulled her in behind him and shut the door with a quiet click.

"Are you crazy? We can't be in here." Ava gasped as he pulled her

to him and kissed her. "This is Carter Kline's office."

"No one will ever know. It's Friday and everyone else is gone." He nipped at her full bottom lip before quickly unbuttoning his shirt and shoving down his trousers.

"What if someone finds out we were here?" Her eyes were wide as saucers as he pulled her blouse from her skirt. She stepped out of it and clutched it to her chest. "What if he forgot something and comes back?"

Gavin snorted and pushed her backward into the lavish full bathroom. "Look at how this guy lives. I'm sure he has better things to do on a Friday night than hang around the office." He reached into the massive glass shower and turned on the water. Five separate showerheads activated and poured down the custom tile. The shower looked like something from one of those glossy magazines.

"Oh, let's just hurry." Ava shed her bra and panties before stepping under the spray. She rolled her shoulders as the water pulsed against her back. She closed her eyes and let out a loud sigh. "God, I love these shower heads."

Right. She'd had a shower just like this at her apartment. She was no doubt wishing she hadn't given up her formerly lavish lifestyle. She'd probably make up with her parents soon. Glancing around the decadent bathroom, Gavin wasn't entirely sure he could blame her if she did go back.

"You're making that face." Ava picked up one of the colorful soaps displayed in a decorative glass dish and hurriedly soaped up.

"It's nothing." Gavin wrinkled his nose and took the soap from her. Luckily, it was unscented.

"I don't regret walking away." When he remained silent, she grabbed him around the waist and waited until he met her eyes. "My parents gave me material things but not much else. The only person who's ever encouraged me is you. You're the only one who ever told me that I was smart."

"You *are* smart. You're one of the most intelligent people I know. Not many people can calculate foreign currency exchange rates without a calculator." He reached down and gave her bottom a squeeze. "Of course, most of the people who can work on Wall Street instead of spending their

time deciding whether to buy Jimmy Choos in New York or Paris."

"Ha, ha. Make fun all you want, but it can make a difference."

"Well, I wouldn't know." Gavin shook his head in mock dismay. "I can't imagine spending that much money on anything other than a mortgage payment."

"I know. I'm learning. I can't help that I was raised with money, Gavin." She slicked her hands over him, spreading suds down his pecs and over his abs. "The only thing I can control is what I do now."

"Well, right now, I like what you're doing." He groaned when her hands followed the path of soap that flowed over his cock, languidly stroking him between her hands.

"I can see that." She cupped her hands around him and gently rolled him between her palms, the slick friction sending a bolt of fire up his spine. She caressed him until all the soap washed away. Then she got down on her knees.

Ava looked up into Gavin's shocked eyes as she knelt before him. She'd never been too keen on giving oral sex before, but holding his thick flesh in her hands made her mouth water. Droplets of water ran down the muscles in his arms and chest and darkened the trail of hair that tapered down his stomach. She followed it to where it blended with the hair around his cock.

He was as thick as her wrist, and the mushroom shaped head of his penis was slightly darker than the rest. A glimmer of moisture on its tip tantalized her, dared her to see if his dark, musky taste was still the same.

She took the broad head into her mouth and gently sucked the tip.

"Oh, fuck. I *really* like what you're doing now." Gavin arched his hips, and his cock slipped farther into her mouth. She took in as much as possible, stretching her jaw to accommodate his size. The delicious musk of his body wafted over her, filling her nostrils and teasing her with the promise of what was to come. She swirled her tongue around him, concentrating on the tiny indentation on the underside of the head.

He threaded his fingers through her hair and held her against him as he pushed up into her mouth. Ava shivered. "Suck harder. Goddamn." He swore when she gave one last suckle to the underside of his shaft, then took all of him back into her mouth and swallowed him as far as she

could. She struggled to fit more of him into her mouth but he was so big, he hit the back of her throat. She started to panic.

"You can take me baby, just relax. That's it." His grip on her hair tightened almost to the point of pain. She pursed her lips around him and dragged him through them like a popsicle.

"Am I doing it right?" She chuckled huskily when he growled in response and resumed her previous attention to the slit at the tip of his cock.

"There aren't many ways to do it wrong." Gavin moved his hips in time with the motion of her mouth, trying to force himself deeper with every thrust. It was obvious he had little restraint left. It wasn't often she got to see him without his thin veneer of control.

She loved the taste of his salty fluid, the way his cock would jerk in her mouth when her tongue dipped into that tiny hole. She reached up and squeezed his balls gently, and was instantly rewarded with another pearl of fluid she eagerly lapped up.

"Aw, shit. I'm coming. Take all of me?" He said it as a question, but Ava had no time to answer because suddenly he clutched her hair like a lifeline.

She sucked him harder and struggled to swallow all of his cum.

He bellowed her name, then braced a hand against the tile with a loud, contented sigh. She stood gingerly and smiled at the sight. She'd done that. She'd put that smile on his face. Even if this moment was all she could have of him, she was determined to make it as memorable for him as it already was for her.

He wouldn't walk away so easily this time.

* * * * *

Gavin opened his eyes slowly and groaned. Muscles he'd forgotten he even had ached. He and Ava had made love twice in the shower and once more when they finally made it back to his office. They'd stretched out on the sofa, intending to just rest for a few minutes. He hadn't expected to actually fall asleep, considering how uncomfortable the thing was. For all the money the company had spent to outfit his office, you'd

think the couch would at least have decent cushions. He stretched his arms overhead and rolled the kink in his neck. Suddenly, he sat straight up.

“Ava?” He called out her name experimentally, but the quiet stillness of the room told him he was alone. The absurdity of the situation struck him.

She’d sneaked out on him. Again.

His pants were kicked to the side of his desk, and his shirt hung open. He couldn’t even close it because several buttons were missing. He looked like a man who’d just had the best sex of his life. He stood and yanked on his trousers, stuffing the tails of his ruined shirt into his waistband. He cursed as he looked out the window and saw that Ava’s little red sports car was gone from the parking lot. Now he couldn’t even follow her home. He had no idea where she lived, and if she didn’t report to work next week he would have no way to contact her.

He turned to shut down his computer and stopped, startled. Instead of the usual swirling kaleidoscope of his screensaver, on the monitor were seven simple words:

My place tonight? 24 Elm Street. Ava.

He grabbed his keys and shoved his arms into his jacket. As he left the building, he couldn’t conceal his grin. Ava had forgotten to clock out, and as the project manager it was his responsibility to oversee her paperwork. He had a feeling they were both going to be doing some overtime this weekend.

The End

Author Bio

Minx Malone lives in the Washington, DC metro area with her husband and son. 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. No black and white dreams for Minx! She's the only person she knows who dreams in HDTV with surround sound!

Desire Incorporated is the kind of company for which she's always wanted to work. Visit the company on the web to learn more about upcoming books and maybe even submit a job application yourself at www.minxmalone.com and www.desireincorporated.com.