

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

AVA ROSE
JOHNSON

Getting Hers

ELLORA'S CAVE *Quickies*®

Getting Hers

Ava Rose Johnson

Parker Stevens has one golden rule—never mix business with pleasure. But when Melanie, his curvaceous secretary whose sultry red lips turn him to stone, announces she's leaving him, he's finally free to claim what he's craved since she first sashayed into his office six years ago.

Melanie's been in love with her charismatic boss since the beginning, and when a sudden blackout traps them in an elevator together, fantasy finally becomes reality. Parker brings her darkest desires to the fore, driving her from climax to climax. How on earth can she leave him now?

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Getting Hers

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GETTING HERS

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Chapter One

She had the full red lips men dreamed about, the mouth that belonged on a guy's cock. Her heavy breasts and rounded ass formed a perfect body that could bring a grown man to his knees. One whiff of her light scent of honeysuckle could turn Parker Stevens' cock to stone.

And she was leaving him.

With a low growl of discontentment, Parker forced his gaze back to the report on his desk that required his urgent attention and tried to forget about his delectable PA who stood behind the glass wall that separated his office from hers.

His soon to be *ex*-PA, that is. After six years by his side, Melanie Rainer was shifting onto an entirely new career path, one that would see her selling sexy lingerie and sex toys to the people of Austin, Texas. A damn fine choice of career as far as he was concerned. But he'd be damned if he said he wouldn't miss her, if he said he didn't mind the fact she was leaving him.

She's not leaving you, you asshole. She was moving on with her life. He knew better than anyone that Melanie Rainer was wasted as his secretary. She'd go far, no doubt about it.

His gaze flickered back to where Melanie was bent over the copying machine. With her sweet ass high in the air, it was all he could do to hold back a groan.

She straightened and walked to his open door. "Looks like this thing is broken, sir," she said, slightly breathless as she jerked her thumb toward the copier. "I'll call the company."

"Hang on," he said, getting to his feet, urgent report be damned. "Let me see if I can fix it." He crossed the room, tried to ignore her scent that got him all worked up. Today, he caught a hint of something sweet, coconut. A new shampoo maybe? As he followed

her to the machine, he glanced at the back of her head, noting the severe updo that had been Melanie's choice of hairstyle since she'd first started working for Wilson Advertising. Conservative and elegant. Very proper. He didn't know how many times he'd imagined how her blonde hair would feel sliding through his fingers, all silky and thick. Or how many times he'd imagined digging his hands in her hair, clutching the smooth strands as her mouth went to town on his cock.

More times than he cared to admit, that's for sure.

"Well?"

As her soft voice prompted him, he looked from her hair to her beautiful face and stuffed his hands in his pockets as his pants suddenly tightened. "It's the bottom tray, gotta be."

She swiped a stray wisp of hair out of her face and shook her head. "I checked it."

He grinned. "Well then, let me check again." He leaned over and grabbed the handle for the bottom tray. As soon as he pulled it out, he felt the catch. "Paper jam." He reached in and grabbed the misbehaving piece of paper from where it was stuck at the back of the tray. "Here," he said, straightening with the crumpled page in hand. "After six years, you'd think you'd be able to figure that one out by now."

Her answering blush had his cock straining further. It always went this way. He made a joke, teased her about anything, and the prettiest flush rose in her cheeks. And he nearly came in his pants. Even after all this time, it was still crazy to him that just the color of this woman's cheeks could affect him so damn much.

"Fine," she conceded, looking up at him from beneath her lashes. "Guess if I haven't gotten it by now, I never will."

"Ah, I'm just kidding," he assured her, taking a step back to put some distance between them. He'd always thought that one of these days he'd lose control of his barely wielded-in lust and throw her over the desk, but so far he'd kept his desire on a short leash. The line between business and pleasure was a thick, unyielding one in his

opinion. He'd never had a relationship with a colleague, not even a fling. But no one had ever tempted him the way Melanie did.

"Maybe your new secretary will get the hang of this better than I have," Melanie said, turning back to the copying machine.

New secretary? He didn't want a new secretary. The only woman he wanted doing his copying was her. His copying and a whole lot more.

"I doubt that, darlin'," he said, folding his arms across his chest. At the endearment, the color in Melanie's cheeks deepened and he smiled. How could a woman be so adorable and so sexy at the same time? "You're the best thing about this place."

Her gaze flew to his and the surprise he saw in her eyes drew a laugh from deep inside his chest.

"Don't tell me you don't know that." He shook his head in disbelief. "You've kept me sane for six years. That's pretty incredible."

She blinked and the slow sweep of her thick, black lashes held him hypnotized for a second. She smiled and the curve of her luscious mouth nearly undid him. "You're exaggerating, sir," she said dryly.

He laughed again and put his hand over his heart. "No way. I mean it. Who's going to look after my dry cleaning now?"

"I never had to do your dry cleaning."

Cocking a brow, he started to nod. "Yeah, that's right. I didn't think you could handle it."

She rolled her eyes. "You're teasing me again."

"Glad to see you're finally getting to know the difference." She was about to turn away when he felt the urge to say more. Damn it, he needed her to know how much he'd miss her. "I'm serious, you know. This place won't be the same without you."

Her eyes narrowed as she seemed to debate in her mind whether he was still kidding around or not. And then she smiled again and her eyes started to sparkle. "Well, thanks."

A few seconds of silence passed before Parker realized he was just looking at her. She looked right back and his chest constricted. She was something, this girl. Truly something.

His gaze dropped and he found himself suddenly staring at her breasts, full, heavy tits that were rising up and down beneath his eyes. Her nipples were hard and the realization grabbed him by the balls. His mouth watered to suck on the two peaks that strained against Melanie's button-up blouse. Jesus, he'd never ached for anything more in his life.

And then she was stumbling back, bumping against the copying machine as she made her way toward the door.

"Coffee," she said, her voice higher than it usually was. "I'll go make coffee." She spun around and made a darting exit from the office suite, and he became aware of the fact that he'd been staring at her tits while his erection had been tenting the front of his pants. Christ, what the hell did she think of him now?

He headed back inside his office and sank down into his chair, shifting until his cock had enough breathing room. Maybe Melanie hadn't clocked his erection, but he was pretty sure he was clutching at straws.

He'd turned a page of the report when he stopped. Hang on one Texas minute. He hadn't been the only one aroused. Those nipples of hers had been begging for his attention. And she couldn't blame the room temperature, not in the heat wave Austin was sweating through.

Leaning back in his chair, he tapped his pen against his desk and considered his options. 'Bout time he made the decision he'd been going back and forth over since Melanie handed in her notice two weeks ago.

Before she left this firm for good, he was going to make her his woman. And he wouldn't take no for an answer.

* * * * *

She was losing it. Seeing things. Her mind was playing goddamn tricks on her, and it wasn't funny.

Melanie stood over the washbasin in the ladies' room and twisted the faucet to full blast. Dipping her head, she splashed the cold water onto her face, but it didn't give her the kick in the ass she needed.

She'd worked for Parker Stevens for the past six years. She knew everything there was to know about him. She knew his nephews' birthdays, his favorite restaurants, his alarm code. She also knew his type of woman—leggy, exotic, intoxicatingly beautiful. The kind of woman who made men drool and women sick with jealousy. Melanie didn't fit in that category, not by a long shot, and that was the reason she'd never been hit on by her boss.

So what on earth had brought on that very impressive hard-on in his office?

Melanie grabbed a tissue from the dispenser and dabbed her face. Parker had always been the ideal boss. Fair, confident, charismatic. He never took advantage of her the way many businessmen used their PAs—no picking up laundry or making dinner reservations. No come-ons either. Not that she ever would have minded that. With his tall, muscular frame, devastatingly handsome face and thick black hair, he conjured up images of sex faster than a porn movie ever could. His piercing blue eyes and crooked smile didn't help matters either, and even after six years by his side, she still wasn't immune to the attraction.

A memory of her interview flashed in her mind and a smile tugged at her lips. Faced with the enigmatic and knee-weakeningly sexy Mr. Stevens, she'd been tonguetied and nearly blown the interview she'd prepped so meticulously for. But he'd

quickly put her at ease, using the skills that made him a master of charisma to draw her out. And he'd hired her.

She'd worshipped him ever since.

Stop it, stop it, stop it. She tossed the tissue in the trash and pulled open the bathroom door, bumping into a troupe of girls from administration. She slipped past them and headed for the break room to make coffee.

She really was sad to be leaving Wilson Advertising. She loved her work. She had great colleagues and a list of benefits that was as long as her arm. But when Emily had mentioned bringing their high school dream to life, she hadn't been able to refuse. Opening their own lingerie store had always been the plan since they'd fallen in love with costume making for the drama department's production of *Cabaret* at school. They wouldn't be making the lingerie themselves, but selecting the materials and the designs was thrilling in itself and Melanie couldn't wait to start.

But Lord, she'd miss this place.

It made sense then, she decided as she carried two cups of coffee back to the office suite she shared with Parker—she addressed him as Mr. Stevens but he was always Parker in her head—it made sense that she would create this fantasy as she was leaving. She'd imagined what she'd seen and felt beside the copying machine. She'd spent six years fantasizing about Parker suddenly deciding she was the one and sweeping her off her feet. No wonder that as she was leaving, her mind was desperately trying to make it real.

Feeling a little better now that she'd figured it out in her head, she stepped into the office suite with her head high. But through the glass wall she could see that Parker's large office was empty, void of his masculine presence. Setting down his coffee on his walnut desk, she glanced around the office that reflected Parker to perfection. Dark wood and rich colors set off a very classic, masculine atmosphere. The view from the floor-to-ceiling windows looked out over Austin, and on the few times she'd stayed late, she'd often admired the sight of the Moonlight Towers from all the way up here.

Paper rustled behind her and Melanie whipped around to find Parker standing in the doorway. His eyes—piercing as ever—watched her and she felt heat crawl up her neck. Damn it, he made her sweat. He started forward, his long-legged stride enough to make her melt. Her gaze swept downward to rest just below his belt. No erection, just the usual tempting bulge. She looked up, hoping she'd been surreptitious enough he wouldn't have noticed her checking him out. The glint in his eye told her he most certainly had noticed and she blushed harder.

"Coffee's on your desk," she said a little shakily, taking a small step back as he approached.

He stopped by the desk. "Thanks." His eyes remained on hers for a couple of seconds before he reached for his cup and turned his attention to the papers he was holding. "Could you get the notes of this morning's meeting typed up before you leave tonight?"

"Uh-huh."

"Great." He circled the desk and sank into his leather chair. "Could you also get some of those training documents set up for your replacement?"

His words struck her in the gut. Replacement? Would he like his new secretary better than her? Would he like her so much that he'd screw her over his desk, ask her out and then marry her six months later?

Grow up, Melanie.

"Sure," she forced out, sidling toward the door. "I'll get started on those now."

"Great." He took a sip of his black coffee then smiled that crooked grin at her. "Put something about coffee making in the doc too. I'm not going to be able to live without this stuff."

Chapter Two

Four hours later she was still working on the training documents. As she typed up her daily tasks and the extra little things that went along with those tasks, her mind kept drifting to her boss.

You need to jump his bones, Emily had told her when they'd decided to take the leap into the world of lingerie. Screw his brains out. Get him out of your system before you leave that place.

Her friend's advice had resounded in her head ever since, growing louder each time she and Parker were in the same room. But she couldn't just throw herself at him. And he wasn't making any moves on her.

Except for getting an erection when he's talking to you and staring at your breasts.

"See you tomorrow, Mel," one of the finance guys said as he passed by her door.

"Night," she called back. Glancing at her clock, she saw it was almost seven. Between Parker and her work, she'd completely lost track of time.

She grabbed her cup and headed for the break room to wash it. On the way back, the offices she passed were empty. Parker was still in his.

She walked to the door linking her office space with his and stuck her head inside his lair. "Do you need anything before I go?" He was standing over his computer, shutting it down.

"No, I'm leaving now too." He straightened and grabbed his briefcase. "Come on, I'll walk out with you."

The casual words zipped right through her and as her heart started to pound, he fell into step beside her.

"I got those documents set up," she said, needing to say something to distract herself from his woodsy cologne. "I'll have them on your desk in the morning."

"Hope you didn't stay late just for that."

She shook her head. "I wasn't watching the time."

They reached the elevator bank and he pressed the down button. Turning to her, he cocked a brow. "Anything on your mind?"

His knowing expression made her wonder if he saw straight through her.

"Um, no." She shrugged, wishing she didn't go red every time he looked her way. "Just getting used to the idea of leaving here, that's all." Of leaving *you*. That's what she really wanted to say.

The elevator pinged to signal its arrival and the doors slid open. She stepped inside and Parker followed. As the doors closed and the elevator started to move, she felt his gaze on her again.

"How long is your hair, Melanie?"

His deep timbre drew goose bumps along her arms. Startled, she lifted her gaze to meet his. In the dim lighting of the elevator, his eyes seemed to smolder.

"Um, I don't know." She lifted a hand to the knot at the back of her head and patted it self-consciously. "Just past my shoulders, I guess."

He nodded. "You should wear it loose sometime."

"Okay."

A small smile played on his lips at her surprised tone. He reached out and tucked a stray strand of hair behind her ear. His finger grazed her bare skin and she shivered.

"Cold, Melanie?"

She blinked up at him, wordless as his eyes dropped to her breasts as they had earlier that afternoon. Beneath the intensity of his gaze, her nipples drew into tight peaks, pressing against the lace of her bra. The material only served to sensitize them

further, and as her nipples pointed at Parker, aching for him to touch them, to suck them, a rush of moisture pooled at her core.

And then the elevator jerked to a stop and the lights went out.

An immediate sense of panic flared within her and she backed up until she collided with the elevator wall. "Damn it. What the hell?" The darkness swept down on her and her throat started to close. "What's going on? Why can't they —"

"Easy, Mel." Parker's clear voice cut through her swirling mind. "They'll fix it in a minute."

She nodded rapidly. She would not break down in hysterics in front of Parker Stevens. "I know. I know." She pressed her hands to her head. "It's just that I—" The words stuck in her throat as it became even harder to speak. She wasn't getting enough air. She couldn't breathe.

"It's all right," Parker said firmly. She sensed him step closer and his body heat surrounded her. "I'm right here. Try to breathe slowly."

"Okay." She drew in a deep breath and held it for a couple of seconds before letting it out. Her legs were shaking, her eyes were watering with tears. "I'm not crazy."

"I know." His tone held a hint of amusement. "You're just scared of the dark."

"Nuh-uh." She swallowed thickly. "Enclosed spaces. I'm claustrophobic."

"Am I making it worse by standing here?" He began to move back and she reached out to stop him.

"No. It's better with you there."

He stepped forward again, closer than before. His masculine scent rose up her nostrils and filled her head. It calmed her having him so close. She felt safe. Protected.

"How's that?"

His low voice pulled at her deep inside and the desire she'd been feeling before the elevator had stopped began to hum again.

"Good." She darted out her tongue to wet her lips. "That's good."

He braced his hands on either side of her head and took another step forward. She drew in a sharp breath as her pussy did a little flutter.

“Now,” he said, his breath caressing her throat, “is that even better?”

She squeezed her thighs together, trying to assuage the ache that was building in her sex. “Much better,” she murmured.

His body aligned with hers and his five o’clock shadow grazed her jaw. Her curves molded against his hard muscles and there was a very thick, very long erection pressing into her stomach. She couldn’t breathe, but she wasn’t worried about that. All she was aware of was her arousal, and the fact Parker was aroused too.

“Do you know how many times I’ve wondered if you wear tights or stockings?” he mumbled against her neck. His hands dropped from the wall behind her to slide down over her hips. His fingers curled beneath the hem of her skirt and he began to inch it upward. “Tell me.”

She shook her head. “You’re about to find out for yourself.”

He chuckled darkly then stopped as his fingers found the edge of her stockings. “Good girl,” he growled. “Knew you wouldn’t let me down.” He hiked her skirt up all the way and brought his lips down on hers.

She’d always wondered what kissing Parker would be like but she’d never imagined this. His mouth worked over hers, back and forth, hard and unrelenting. The firm pressure of his lips had flames of need licking from the soles of her Manolos to the tight knot at the back of her head. Sensation flared from where his mouth touched hers, and when his tongue pressed against the seam of her lips and she opened for him, she didn’t think she’d ever be able to kiss another man again. His taste filled her mouth—dark and rich, like an aged brandy and Godiva chocolate wrapped in one. Addictive. He delved deep inside her mouth, exploring her fully with his tongue, and as his hands rasped over her thighs and pushed her panties to the side, her pussy clenched for something to hold. And then his finger was there, sliding inside her passage. She let out a groan into the back of his throat and locked her thighs around his wrist. She rode his

finger then two of his fingers, crying out as he found the swollen bud of her clit with his thumb.

He tore his lips from hers and let out a ragged breath. "Didn't think you'd be so wet, darlin'," he mumbled, rubbing her knot of nerves with the pad of his thumb. He pulled away and the rasp of a zipper filled the air. "I'm going to fuck you now, Mel. Is that good with you?"

She almost laughed. Of course it was good with her. She wanted him inside her more than she'd wanted anything in her life. But with need pounding in her veins, she could only murmur her agreement. She heard the rip of a condom wrapper and then she felt him, a thick, blunt probe angled between her legs. He positioned the broad head at her drenched entrance and then, gripping her hips, he thrust upward and filled her with his heavy length.

"Fuck," he ground out in her ear. "Damn it, you feel good."

She wanted to tell him he felt good too, but as he withdrew and slammed inside her again, the words were lost. She clung to his shoulders as he fucked her hard and fast, stretching her open with his thickness, caressing her pussy with the ridges of his cock. His hands slid beneath her ass and he lifted her, pinning her against the wall. She hooked her legs around his waist. Hung on to his shoulders for dear life, feeling the muscles beneath his jacket flex with every movement he made. Her head fell back against the elevator wall and her hairgrip dug into her scalp, but she couldn't care less.

"Ever thought about this before?" he rasped as his hands roamed her buttocks, squeezing her soft flesh. "Ever wondered what it would be like if we fucked?"

"Uh-huh." She dug her nails into his shoulders as he drove inside her even harder than before. "I never knew you'd be so big, so thick."

His low chuckle incited another burst of need within her. "You sure know what to say to a man, darlin'," he told her, dragging his hands up to her breasts. "Anyone ever tell you how gorgeous your tits are?"

He pinched her nipples and a line pulled tight from the peaks of her breasts to her throbbing clit. As her pussy started to quake, she thought it would end now, but even as her orgasm broke low in her belly, he kept pushing inside her clenching sex, his breath harsh on her face as he slid home over and over. He changed the angle of his thrusts, and as he hit the pillowed spot that made her melt every time, a second orgasm exploded inside her, more intense than before. Sharp sensation zipped through her body, her pussy clutched Parker's cock, milking him with the strength of her spasms. His mouth covered hers once again, and as their tongues entwined, she felt him lose control. She swallowed his groan of release and clung to him as he spilled inside her trembling body in quick snaps of his hips. Her pussy was still clenching in aftershock when he finally stilled. He held her close, his tongue stroking hers in slow, sensual caresses, bringing them both down slowly from their climax. For the first time in as long as she could remember, she felt satiated, completely satisfied. She felt safe too, wrapped in his warm, strong arms. With his lips moving over hers, she wondered if they could stay like this forever—just kissing and touching in the privacy of this elevator.

But then the lights flashed on and the elevator started to drop.

Parker broke the kiss and let out a string of profanities as he withdrew from her body and pulled himself together. She yanked her skirt back down over her hips, just in time too as the elevator doors slid open. A security guard stood outside to welcome their return to earth.

"You okay, folks?" He looked from one to the other. "All of downtown went out. Got it moving as fast as we could."

"We're fine, thanks." Parker stepped out of the elevator, looking back at her. "Ready to go?"

She stared at him, not wanting to even think about how she must look. Messy hair, smudged lipstick, glowing skin. The security guy didn't appear to notice anything out of the ordinary, but she had a feeling the man was just being polite.

“Um, yeah, I’m ready.” She stepped into the building foyer then started toward the revolving door. Behind her, she heard Parker thank the security man and then he was hot on her heels, tailing her out to the parking lot.

“You need a ride home?”

“No, my car’s right over there.” She didn’t look back at him as she made a beeline for her beloved Ford. She unlocked the car and pulled open the driver’s door. When she was a couple of blocks away, she dared to glance in the mirror. Worse than she thought. With glassy eyes, swollen lips and flushed skin, she looked like she’d just had the sex of her life.

And now she had to face Parker tomorrow.

Damn it.

Chapter Three

Melanie was always in the office before Parker arrived, but the next morning he made sure to be first through the door.

Good thing too, he thought to himself, closing the door behind him. Just getting in the elevator had been enough to leave his head swimming with memories of the night before, and now he had a morning hard-on to get rid of before Melanie arrived. After fucking him in the elevator, she'd run like a bat out of hell and he didn't know whether to be worried or amused. Maybe she thought it was a mistake. Or maybe she was just plain scared. Whatever the reason for her quick getaway, he was determined that they'd be doing it again. And soon. Something that good couldn't happen only once.

But he didn't want to greet her with an erection. Not if there was a chance he'd scare her off.

As he logged on to his computer and checked his email, he couldn't stop thinking about her. Talk about good timing for a blackout.

He'd always known sex with her would be like nothing else, but he hadn't expected her to feel so good. The full lips that molded perfectly to his, the sweet taste of her mouth, the soft skin of her thighs, her honeyed pussy that felt so damn good wrapped around his cock.

A groan of approval caught in his throat just as Melanie swept through the door. Her heels clicked on the wooden floor as she slid out of her jacket. She was at his desk before she realized he was there.

"What are you doing here so early?" she asked, her tone accusatory as she stared at him with wide eyes.

He could barely contain his laugh. "Figured I'd get started on a couple of things. Is that okay with you?"

She was still staring at him as she started to nod. A familiar blush rose in her cheeks. "Do you want a coffee?"

"That would be great."

She took his acceptance as an opportunity to dart out of his office and he grinned as she disappeared from sight. He had a feeling this was going to be a lot of fun.

"There you are," she said when she returned, setting his cup down in front of him. She immediately took a long step back and angled her body toward the door. "I'm going to get those documents fixed up. Is there anything else, sir?"

"No, that's about it." He waited until she'd reached the door before he spoke again. "By the way, Mel?"

She looked back at him. "Yes?"

"I think it's about time you started calling me Parker, don't you think?"

She just looked at him then turned to leave.

"Oh, and, Mel?"

She glanced over her shoulder again. "What?" Her tone was sharp with frustration.

He grinned. "You look good today."

And then she was gone.

* * * * *

"I don't know what to do."

Emily looked up from the designs she was leafing through and shot Melanie a look of disbelief. "You don't know what to do?"

Melanie let out a heavy sigh and sank into one of Emily's plush sofas. "No, I haven't a clue." She took the glass of wine her friend offered and wrapped her fingers around the stem.

"You've wanted this guy for years," Emily reminded her as she took a seat on the other sofa. "And he obviously wants you."

"Does he?" Melanie shook her head. "I can't help but think this is all a game to him." She'd spent the whole day avoiding Parker as much as possible. It wasn't easy, she was his secretary after all, but she'd stayed out of his way seventy percent of the time. And tomorrow he was in Houston on business. Though he'd made it clear as he said good night that he was looking forward to seeing her when he got back.

"Well, so what if it's a game to him?" Emily tossed her mane of red curls over her shoulders then sipped at her wine. "You finish up on Friday. That leaves three days to go wild."

"Actually, it's two. He's out of town tomorrow." The knowledge she had only two days with Parker left her with a sharp ache.

"Even better," Emily enthused. She stood and threw herself onto the cushions beside Melanie. "Use him up, girl. If he's as good as you say he is, then you better make the most of it."

Melanie gave a small smile. He *was* that good. Just the memory of his cock inside her turned her limbs to jelly. She wanted him bad. She wanted to kiss him, to taste his skin, to ride him until she blacked out. He was better than chocolate, better than wine. Better than the feel of silk and lace underwear beneath a slinky black dress.

"So you think I should offer myself to him?"

"Uh-huh." Emily winked at her. "On a silver platter."

"But what if he says no?"

"He won't. Trust me."

* * * * *

The following day dragged and Melanie lost count of the number of people who mentioned her departure. Almost as if they were trying to depress her. At one point during the day, she walked into Parker's empty office and welled up when she saw his jacket hanging over the back of his chair and the baseball that sat on his desk since his father died a year ago. She knew so much about him, knew what made him the man he

was. She wanted nothing more than to be his girl, which was why she was fully prepared to take Emily's advice and put herself on the table when he returned from Houston.

But she was nervous, boy, was she nervous. On Wednesday night, she didn't sleep a wink, just tossed and turned in her unbearably empty bed and imagined what she would say.

"Hi, sir—no, *Parker*—I've decided that I'm going to sleep with you for the next two days. Are you good with that?"

She grinned to herself, wondering what his reaction would be if she used the very words he'd used that night in the elevator. She didn't think she'd have the guts though. In fact, she had to wonder if she'd be able to speak at all.

"Is Mr. Stevens in yet?" she asked Deirdre at reception the next morning before she ventured near the office.

"No, Melanie, he's not."

"Okay, thanks." She smiled at the older woman who'd worked for the company longer than she had. "Have a good day, Deirdre."

Melanie spent the entire morning stressing over what she'd say to Parker, but when noon arrived and Parker still hadn't shown his face, her nerves became fear. What if he wasn't coming in today? What if a meeting held him back in Houston and he wouldn't get back into town 'til Friday? What if she never saw him again? What if they never had the chance to sleep together again?

She was starting to hyperventilate when she heard a deep, familiar voice in the corridor. She froze beside the fax machine, staring at the open door to the office suite. His tall frame appeared in the door and his presence filled her small area in one burst of heart-pounding charisma.

"Good morning," she choked out, staring at him as a kaleidoscope of butterflies erupted in her stomach. "You're late."

An amused grin quirked the corner of his mouth and he stepped inside, closing the door behind him. "On Tuesday, I was too early and now I'm too late? There's no keeping you women happy, is there?"

"No, sir."

His grin widened. "I thought we fixed that, Melanie. It's Parker, remember?"

"Right." She straightened her shoulders. Time to pull herself together. "Did you have a good trip?"

He shrugged out of his jacket. "I'd much rather have been here." His tone was laden with double-meaning and she felt herself start to flush.

No. Blushing was *not* sexy.

She decided to be bold and followed him inside his office. "I'd much rather you'd been here too," she said, amazed at how steady her voice remained despite her trembling knees.

Parker's brows lifted and his eyes glinted with approval. "You've been doing some thinking, Melanie?"

"Yes, I have, sir, uh, Parker."

He folded his arms over his chest and leaned back against his desk, his eyes intent on hers. She wondered what he thought of this change of heart. Did it turn him off?

Please, God, don't let it turn him off!

But his eyes seemed to darken as he continued to look at her. "And tell me, what have you been thinking about?"

She swallowed. Was he really going to make her say it? "I've been thinking about the other night."

"Oh?" His expression was calm and expectant, waiting for her to go on.

"Yes, I've been remembering how it felt—" She hesitated, not sure whether to run or stay. But the way Parker was staring at her had her feet rooted to the ground. "I was remembering how it felt when you touched me."

"The way I touched you?"

She nodded. "And the way you fucked me."

His jaw tightened. His nostrils flared. A few seconds of tense silence passed before he spoke. "Lock the door, Melanie."

The order had moisture swirling below her navel and centering in her pussy. On shaking legs, she moved through his office door to the suite's main entrance and twisted the lock. Then gathering all her courage, she started forward, striding to where Parker leaned against his desk. She stood before him and looked up into his face. There was no mistaking the lust in his dark eyes and the tic at the side of his jaw. And when she sidled a little closer, his erection nudged her belly.

"What are you going to do, Melanie?" he asked, his voice low with desire.

Her gaze darted from his eyes to his belt, and as she traced the buckle with her fingertips, she met his eyes again. "I'm going to suck your cock." And then she dropped to her knees.

Chapter Four

Parker didn't know what the hell had happened to his PA while he'd been in Houston, but gone was the prim and proper secretary and in her place was a damning vixen who seemed determined to drive him out of his mind.

"You don't have to do this," he choked out as Melanie unbuckled his pants. There was nothing he wanted more than to see her suck his cock, but he didn't want her to do something she didn't want. "Don't feel you have to—"

"Shut up." She peered up at him from beneath her long lashes and dragged his zipper over the bulge in his pants. "I want to do this. I want to taste you."

Well, if she wants it...

She pulled his zipper all the way down and his hard cock sprang free, bobbing in her direction. Her eyes widened, taking in his length and thickness, measuring him up. Plenty of women in his past had told him how big he was, but the admiration in Melanie's big brown eyes struck him harder than anyone else. He watched, hypnotized, as she curled her fingers around the thick base and slid her grip up and down his length.

"You feel so hot," she murmured, almost to herself. "Your skin is burning." She settled her hands at the base and dipped her head. The pink tip of her tongue darted out and licked the head of his cock. The contact drew a low moan from his lips and she did it again, flicking her tongue back and forth over the sensitive flesh. A drop of pre-cum seeped from the head and she licked it up.

"You're delicious," she whispered, her voice vibrating against his tight skin. Parting her lips, she swallowed the head and slid her mouth downward until she'd swallowed over half his length. The warm, velvety cavern of her mouth sucked his flesh as she moved her head up and down, and as the swollen tip of his cock nudged the back of her

throat, she angled her head back and swallowed even more of him. He gripped the edge of his desk and watched her work his cock. How many times had he imagined those full, red lips opening for him, taking his length inside her mouth? Now that it was happening, he could hardly believe his luck, and as she swallowed him until she met the coarse hair at the base of his cock, he wondered if he'd hold out longer than a minute. He wanted to make this last.

Her tongue laved the underside of his shaft and she drew her lips from root to tip. After swirling the tip of her tongue around the rim of his cock, she swallowed him again, devouring him in slow, aching strokes. He dug one hand in her perfectly set hair, gripping it as he started to pump his hips. She accepted his thrusts eagerly, a low moan rising up from her throat and vibrating against his shaft as she sharpened the pace, swallowing him in quick, deep strokes. She squeezed the base of his cock masterfully and he let out a groan. He was close, too close to stop it.

Tightening the muscles in his thighs, he tried to hold back, but the suctioning pull of her sweet mouth was too much.

"Sweetheart, I'm going to come," he rasped, tugging at her hair. She didn't lift her head, just sucked him harder as if daring him to explode in her mouth. And as his control snapped, that's what he did. He drove over her tongue and shuddered his release, erupting in her mouth until his balls were dry. She drank down his seed greedily then licked at him until he was clean. He slid from her mouth, his breath heavy as she rose to her feet. She looked up at him and the excitement glinting in her eyes had his cock stirring again.

"You're full of surprises, Melanie," he told her as she zipped him up. "Can't say I saw that one coming."

A slow smile curved her lips, lips that were swollen after the blowjob she'd just bestowed upon him—the best freakin' blowjob he'd ever received. "I've wanted to do that for a long time."

He gave a short laugh. "I never would have said no." As the power returned to his legs, he straightened and grabbed Melanie by the hips. He swung her around and set her on the desk. "Now there's something I've been wanting to do for a long time." He shoved her skirt up over her luscious thighs, watching her eyes darken as she caught his meaning. But then the buzz of his intercom interrupted his mission.

Melanie reached out and hit the button. "Mr. Stevens' office."

Deirdre's voice—thick from too many cigarettes—filled the room. "Melanie, could you tell Mr. Stevens that John Castello is here to see him?"

Parker bit back an irritated groan as Melanie hung up. "Damn it, I forgot about him."

"Castello as in Castello Pizza?" Melanie asked, sliding off the desk.

He nodded. "We almost have the contract in the bag. This meeting might seal the deal." He looked down at her, torn between throwing her over the desk and blowing Castello off, or heading into the meeting and winning what he'd been working toward for weeks.

"It's okay, go in there."

He frowned, still torn. She looked so damn good with her hair all mussed and her lips red and swollen. "Look, if I go into that meeting, you won't see me for the rest of the day. And tonight, I'm meeting Ted Johnson and his wife for dinner."

"You are?"

"Yeah, it's a thank you for my work on their campaign." He pulled her against him and ran the pad of his thumb along her lower lip. "Come with me."

Her eyes widened. "Tonight?"

"Yeah. Martello's on Sixth. Eight o'clock. Come with me."

She seemed hesitant. "Dinner? I don't know."

"Please." He slid a hand down to her breast and flicked his thumb over her beaded nipple. "Promise I'll make it worth your while."

"Sure, I'll come." She slipped from his embrace and grabbed a stack of mail from his desk. "Eight o'clock, right?"

"Yeah, I'll pick you up."

"No need. I'll meet you there. It works better for me that way." She pressed against him again, her curves melting against his hard frame and rose on tiptoe to capture his lips with hers. He kissed her back, sliding his tongue between her lips and getting a taste of her before he headed into the damn meeting. When she pulled away, she left him with a hard-on.

"Looks like Castello's going to get an eyeful," she teased as she glided toward the glass partition. "Good luck."

He watched her go and waited for his erection to die down before grabbing his files. Work now. There'd be plenty of time for play later.

* * * * *

At ten after eight that night, Melanie stepped out of her cab and faced the exclusive Martello's restaurant. As she teetered inside, she struggled to breathe. With Emily's help, she'd pulled out all the stops for tonight, but she was starting to wonder if the red lacy corset was going too far if she couldn't even breathe in it. Above the corset, she wore a red satin dress that clung to every curve and indent of her body and cut off just above the knee. The strappy red heels were courtesy of Emily's designer collection, and instead of tying her hair back, she'd decided to leave it down. It fell around her shoulders lightly, so different from the way she usually wore it. But the piece de resistance lay deep beneath her dress. She'd chosen a sheer red thong for tonight, but even that wasn't the clincher. For the first time in her life she'd decided to go smooth. And she'd never felt sexier.

She stepped farther into the welcoming lounge and scanned the restaurant for any signs of Parker. Her eyes found him by the maitre'd, chatting with Ted and his glamorous wife. In his usual attire of suit and tie, Parker already had her pulse going

ninety, and when he looked her way, the approving glint in his eyes sent a light shiver tripping down her spine.

He strode toward her and offered his arm. "You look incredible, sweetheart," he muttered in her ear.

"So do you."

After Parker had made the introductions—he introduced her as his date, not his secretary—a waiter led them to a table at the back of the restaurant. Ted and his wife Mindy turned out to be very nice people with plenty to talk about, but Melanie couldn't pay attention with Parker stroking her thigh mercilessly.

"So, what do you do, Melanie?" Ted boomed from the other side of the table.

"Well, I'm just about to open a store downtown," she said, suddenly uncomfortable now that the spotlight was shining on her. Parker's hand never left her thigh.

"What kind of store?" Mindy asked as Ted poured her another glass of wine.

She didn't know what to say. These people were nice but maybe they'd frown upon a lingerie store. Usually she wouldn't care but she didn't want to embarrass Parker.

"Melanie and her friend are in the lingerie business," Parker said, saving her from the inward battle. "I'm sure you'll be shopping there, Mindy."

Mindy's eyes danced with excitement. "I'm sure I will. Ted loves nothing more than to treat me to some new lingerie."

Melanie shot Parker a look out the corner of her eye, and when he glanced back, she smiled her thanks. He grinned back and edged his hand closer to the apex of her thighs. Deciding to get her own back, she rested a hand on his thigh and inched it toward his groin. As she stroked the bulge in his trousers, his mouth tightened.

"Thank you so much for joining us tonight, my dear," Mindy said as they left the restaurant a couple of hours later. "I was dreading a night of football and business talk."

Melanie leaned in closer to Parker. "I enjoyed myself too."

“And I can’t wait to see your new store. I’ll be watching for it.”

They parted ways as Ted and Mindy took a cab home—both of them a little drunk as far as Melanie was concerned—and the valet brought Parker’s Mercedes around. She’d been in the car many times before when she’d had to accompany Parker to meetings or he’d given her a ride home while her car was in the shop, but it felt different climbing into the leather passenger seat tonight.

“Ted and Mindy seem nice,” she said as Parker drove toward his apartment complex downtown.

“They are.” He stopped at a set of traffic lights and reached out to weave his hand in her hair. “Glad you wore it loose.”

She pressed her head into his palm, loving his touch. “Are you taking me home with you?”

A smirk curled his lips. “Where else would I be taking you?” He pressed down on the accelerator and seven minutes later they were strolling into the lavish foyer of his building.

“I’m getting déjà vu,” she said dryly as he hit the button for the elevator.

He shot her a grin. “A good kind of déjà vu, right?” They stepped inside the elevator, and before the doors had even closed, he had her in his arms.

“You drove me crazy tonight,” he told her as his hands roamed over her hips and caressed the curve of her buttocks. “This is one hell of a dress.”

“I thought you’d like it.” She pulled his head down to her for a kiss, and as their tongues entwined, she felt his cock jerk against her.

The elevator came to a halt at the penthouse floor and Parker swiped his card to open the elevator doors. When the foyer of his apartment came into view, Melanie’s jaw dropped. The apartment was open-plan and the foyer stretched out into a huge living room and kitchen. The décor was bare and masculine, typical bachelor pad with the leather sofas and giant flat screen, which hung on the wall. The kitchen was a chef’s

dream with lines of chrome pots and pans hanging above the island in the center of the kitchen.

"Wasted on me," Parker said, gesturing to the cooking utensils. "Mom came down here a few months ago and fixed me up with this stuff."

She grinned, not able to imagine Parker in an apron.

"Want a drink?"

She nodded. "Yes please."

As Parker poured two glasses of red, he watched Melanie survey his apartment. He had to wonder what she saw when she looked at the minimalist décor. He'd never taken the time to put any heart into his home. About three years ago he'd moved in and he'd only ever bothered with the bare essentials. If Melanie moved in, what touches would she put on the place? He had a feeling it would feel a lot more like home if she was the woman he was coming home to.

"How is your mom, anyway?" Melanie asked as he handed her a glass of wine.

"She's doing good. Still misses Dad." His father had been killed in a boating accident a year ago. His death had devastated the entire family and Parker could hardly remember the funeral. The grief had been a thick fog that had been a kicker to fight out of.

"I never thanked you," he said, the conversation reminding him of how much he owed the woman in front of him. It had been around the time of his dad's death that he'd realized he was in love with Melanie. It had been hell holding back from her since then, but he wasn't going to be her boss for much longer.

"Thanked me for what?"

"When Dad died, you did more than you should have had to do." Remembering the days when he simply hadn't shown up for work, he grimaced. "You saved my ass."

She put her glass down and slid her arms around his waist. "I just wanted you to be okay. You were so lost." She reached up to touch his face. "I wanted to do more."

The deep emotion pooling in her eyes caught his heart and squeezed. "There was nothing more you could do." He dipped his head in the crook of her neck and breathed in her scent. "Wouldn't have minded having you in my bed back then, though."

"Well, you can have that now."

He lifted his head and met the fire in her eyes. "Then let's go."

She danced out of his embrace. "You'll have to show me the way."

"I can do that." He grabbed her hand and pulled her toward his bedroom. Pushing open the door, he stepped back to let her enter first.

"Wow," she breathed, her gaze resting on the monstrous sleigh bed, which took up most of the room—the best purchase he'd ever made. "That's one heck of a bed."

Imagining all the things he wanted to do to her on that bed, his pants became unbearably tight.

"Is it okay if I freshen up?" she asked, turning to look at him.

He nodded. "Just don't be long."

She grinned. "I'll try my best. Where's the bathroom?"

He pointed to the door that joined his bedroom to the bathroom, and she dropped her purse on the dresser and slipped inside. As the door closed behind her, he noticed the object that had fallen out of her purse. It looked like a tube of lipstick, but it was too thick, too—

His eyes widened and he grabbed the pink tube from the dresser. She was one hell of a surprise, that's all he could say.

When the bathroom door opened and she stepped inside the room, he was still rolling the tube between his fingers.

"Where did you get that?" she demanded, eyes darting from his face to the pink tube.

"It fell out of your purse." He closed the distance between them in two long strides and held it over her head. "Now, what would you need one of these for?"

Her cheeks reddened. "I used to need it." She shrugged and a wicked smile lifted the corner of her mouth. "Guess I don't anymore."

"We might find some use for it," he said, dropping it on the bedside table. He ran his hands along the satin-covered indent of her waist. "But not yet."

Her eyes darkened until they were almost black. "What have you got in mind?"

"More than I could even tell you."

"Well, what do you want to start with?"

"I want to get you out of this dress," he told her, moving his hands to the thin straps at her shoulders. "We'll go from there."

As he slid the straps of her dress down her arms, wetness sluiced through her and settled at the apex of her thighs. The throb that had been pulsing inside her since the beginning of the night deepened further, and when her satin dress pooled around her ankles, her skin started to tingle.

"Jesus Christ," Parker muttered, his gaze sweeping over her in almost palpable strokes. "You trying to give me a heart attack?"

His palms swallowed the swells of her breasts and she shook her head. "I just want to turn you on."

"Well, you're doing that all right." He squeezed her breasts then skimmed his palms down to her hips. His eyes rested on her mound, which was covered by a thin layer of red nylon. He swore. Lifted her off the ground and threw her on the bed. Showing no mercy, he shoved her legs apart and climbed onto the bed, burying his face in her breasts.

As he sucked and nipped at the ample flesh spilling over the lacy cups of her corset, she didn't think she'd ever felt sexier in her life. Watching him lose control around her

sent her on a high she'd never experienced with other men. Her nipples were harder, her pussy was wetter and she felt euphoric. His mouth closed over one nipple and he sucked it through the lace material of her corset. She arched into his mouth, savoring the wet heat on the aching peak of her breast. He turned his attention to her other nipple and bit at it as he pinched the other. She squirmed beneath him and the knot of her clit throbbed almost painfully.

"Please, Parker," she begged as he tormented her breasts with his mouth. "Please."

He raised his head. "Please what?" He pressed a hand between her legs. "You want me to touch you here?"

She nodded silently, letting out a heavy sigh as he stroked her through the thin material of her thongs.

"Do you want me to lick you there?" he asked, his voice thick with desire. "You want me to eat you out?"

She pressed into his palm. "Yes," she hissed. "Please put your mouth there."

He sat back and she drew up her knees. Hooking his finger beneath the band of her thongs, he drew it downward over her legs and shoes. He tossed it to the side then spread her thighs apart again.

"You're smooth for me?"

She nodded, shaking beneath the hunger in his gaze. "All for you."

"Fucking hell." He swooped down and buried his face between her thighs, tracing her slit with the tip of his tongue, swirling it around her aching clit. As he rolled the tiny button over his tongue, her hips lifted off the bed, and then he dug his tongue deep inside her pussy and started to lap her up.

Her head rolled from side to side on the pillow as he stroked the walls of her passage with his tongue. The sound of him suckling her swollen flesh teased her ears and the scent of her sex rose in the air. He hooked her legs over his shoulders for better access, and as his tongue delved deeper inside her pussy, she mewled her pleasure,

twisting beneath his face as her stomach tightened. The tug of his mouth brought on her climax, sharp and fast. Her pussy clenched and unclenched around Parker's tongue and he didn't stop until the spasms eased. When he lifted his head, his pupils had dilated so much they'd almost drowned the blue of his irises.

"You taste like honey, sweetheart," he said as he stroked a hand over her bare flesh. Dipping his head again, he bit at her inner thigh. "Now I need you to turn over for me so I can get that thing off you."

Feeling brazen as hell, she rolled over, and the growl that rolled up out of his chest had her pussy throbbing again.

His hands skated over the globes of her ass and he squeezed and molded her flesh in his large palms. "You know how many times I wanted to touch this ass?" he asked, tracing the seam of her buttocks with his thumb.

"But you always date those skinny model types."

"I know. I can't remember why." He moved his hands upward and got to work on the intricate lacing of her corset. When it was finally loose, she turned over and let him pull it away. His eyes drank in her bare breasts, and beneath his stare her nipples hardened further, distended and aching to be sucked.

"There's something I want to do to you," he said quietly, eyes moving from her breasts to her face.

The need in his gaze pulled at her. "Anything," she whispered.

"I want to tie you up."

A tremble worked its way through her body as his words set fire to her blood. Stretching out her arms either side of her, she waited for him to find something to tie her up with.

He retrieved two scarves from one of the drawers in the dresser. He tied her wrists to each bedpost with knots that were neither too tight nor too loose. Her heart was pounding, slamming against her chest as he stood at the end of the bed. She watched,

transfixed, as he undressed. He shrugged out of his shirt, revealing a muscular chest that had a line of dark hair leading beneath the waistband of his pants. He unbuckled his pants and shoved them down his legs along with his boxers. Her breathing sharpened as she drank in the hard, hair-dusted thighs that cradled his sex. His cock, long and heavy, jutted out from a thatch of dark curls. His shaft was plum red and the veins bulged with blood. Hunger burst within her and her mouth watered to taste him again. But he made it clear as he settled between her thighs and dipped his head to suck on her breasts that tonight he was in control.

He bit at her nipples and sucked on the soft flesh of her breasts. His mouth travelled lower, nipping at the skin of her stomach, tasting the delicate dip of her navel. He moved lower still, brushing his mouth back and forth over her smooth mound. As he tongued her clit, sucking on the tight bud, he reached for the pink vibe he'd left on the bedside table.

"Has anyone ever tied you up before?" he asked, lifting his head from her body.

She shook her head, gaze darting between his dark expression and the pink vibe he was holding. "Never."

His eyes softened for a moment then hardened with desire again. "It's not easy to stop things from happening when you're tied up, is it?"

She shook her head again. His deep, almost dangerous tone had her entire body humming with need.

"Spread your legs for me, Melanie."

She swallowed and opened her thighs as wide as she could. He held her eyes as he turned on the vibe, and as the buzzing sound filled the room, he brought the pink object to the swollen lips of her sex. He slid it inside her slowly, drawing it in and out as he watched her carefully. A week ago the little vibe had been enough to get her off, but he couldn't make her come that way tonight. She needed his cock.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked her, still pumping the vibe in and out of her pussy.

"I want you to fuck me," she said breathlessly.

He raised a brow. "Isn't that what I'm doing?"

She pressed her lips together. "I want your cock."

His eyes flared. "You'll get my cock." He withdrew the vibe from her body and she thought he was finally going to fuck her the way she needed to be fucked, but then he drew the tip of the vibe beneath her slit to the tiny bud of her ass. "Ever used it here before?"

"No." The vibrations against her small hole brought forth sensations she'd never experienced before.

"I'm going to put it inside you." He nudged the vibe against her hole. "And then I'm going to fuck you."

She started to tremble. Not one part of her wanted him to stop.

The vibe, slick with her juices, slid easily inside her hole. The tight muscles of her ass gave way with Parker's gentle intrusion and soon the toy was vibrating against the walls of her ass. Her skin glowed with sweat and she was shaking as Parker slid the toy inside her body the full way. And then he was grabbing a condom from the bedside table and sheathing himself. He leaned over her, braced his hands on either side of her head.

"Are you okay, sweetheart?" he asked, his tone rasping with need.

"Uh-huh." The blunt head of his cock pressed against her pussy and she let out a tiny cry. "Fuck me, Parker. Please fuck me."

In one smooth move he was inside her, filling her the way she needed him to. While the vibrator brought the nerve endings of her ass to life, he pumped his cock inside her drenched pussy, spearing her with sharp thrusts of his hips. Her breasts bounced, her nipples stabbing his chest as he drove inside her body, taking all she had to give. She pulled at her binds as he fucked her, but they never gave way and being locked beneath him, completely under his control, had tears of pleasure forming in her eyes. She

wanted to be his, always his and she didn't want this to ever end. But her climax was building, the pressure increasing in her stomach. Parker pounded her body with merciless strokes and the vibe never let up on her ass. And then Parker's lips descended on hers and his tongue plundered her mouth as she reached a shattering climax. She screamed into his throat, feeling as if her entire body were being ripped apart with the force of her orgasm. Bolts of sensation thundered through her limbs, zipping up and down relentlessly. Her pussy squeezed Parker's cock and her ass rippled around the vibe. She was still screaming when he tore his mouth away and let out his own roar of release. He slammed inside her one last time and came hard, his body racking with the strength of his release. Her pussy milked him until he was dry, and when he was slack in her arms, he reached beneath her body and gently removed the vibe from her ass. He switched it off and the room was quiet except for the heavy rasp of their breathing. Her eyes closed and beneath the warm weight of his body, she drifted asleep.

Chapter Five

"I'm late!"

Those two words drew Parker from a very deep, very comfortable sleep. His eyes blinked open and slowly focused on Melanie, who was dragging her dress over her head.

"What the hell are you doing?" he asked, rising up onto his elbows. She was bent over, searching the floor for something.

"It's past nine," she said, grabbing her shoes from the floor. "We're really late."

He smirked. "And who's going to notice?"

She stilled, a smile flickering across her face. "I guess sleeping with the boss has its perks."

"It sure does." He reached out and pulled her down onto the bed. "Now what do you want for breakfast?"

She struggled against him and slipped out of bed again. "Seriously, I need to get to work. I've got so much to do today. And it all has to get done *today*, remember?"

The sharp reminder that he wouldn't be seeing her at the office next week or any week after that stung. "Okay," he conceded. "How about this? Let's take a shower and I'll drive you home. You can change and follow me to the office. We'll be in by ten thirty."

She pondered this then started to nod. "But we better shower fast."

The shower was a little longer than usual, but Parker figured Melanie would forgive him as her cries of pleasure echoed in the tiled shower stall. He fucked her slow and deep, the perfect pace to wake them up, and as hot jets sprayed down on them,

they reached a simultaneous climax, coming hard and creating more steam than the damn shower.

"I'll see you later," he said when he pulled up outside her condo later that morning.

"Yeah, give me twenty minutes." She closed the passenger door behind her and he watched her dash toward her front door. He was pulling away from the curb when his phone rang. He reached out and hit loudspeaker.

"Hello?"

"Parker, it's Dave."

"Hey, Dave." He frowned. What the hell was his brother calling him for? "What's up?"

"It's Mom, she's in the hospital."

A sinking feeling weighted down his stomach. "What happened? Is she okay?"

"She fell down some stairs. Doc says she broke her hip."

Parker rubbed a hand over his face. "Where is she?"

"Saint David's."

"Okay, I'll be right there." He hung up, and pressed his foot down on the accelerator.

* * * * *

At five past eleven, Melanie breezed into Parker's office suite to find it empty. She dropped her purse on her desk and strolled into his dark office, frowning as she noted his powered-off computer monitor and the absence of his jacket. It didn't look as if he'd arrived yet.

She walked back out to her desk and picked up her phone to dial reception. "Hi, Deirdre, is Mr. Stevens in yet?"

"No, sweetie, and he hasn't called yet either."

"Okay, thanks." She didn't know whether to be worried or sad. Lord knew, Parker was a private man, and if he had other obligations he didn't always call in with a reason for his absence. But only a little while ago he'd been fully intending on showing up for work.

Unable to just sit back and hope for the best, she picked up the phone and dialed his cell. He answered on the third ring.

"Hey, it's me," she said into the line. "Are you okay?"

He hesitated before he replied. "Yeah I'm fine." He paused again then continued. "Probably won't make it in today."

His gruff tone drew a lump to her throat. He didn't have to say any more. She understood his meaning. "Okay, I'll pass it on."

"Thanks." A lull and then, "I gotta go. See you later."

The line went dead and she stared desperately at the receiver. *See you later*. He'd made himself perfectly clear with that phrase. Today was her last day. No more *see you later*. It was over. And she wanted to curl up in a ball and cry her heart out.

She didn't get a chance to do that, though. A steady stream of well-wishers walked by the suite throughout the day, offering cards and little gifts, telling her how much they'd miss her. She forced a million smiles, trying to put some enthusiasm behind her words, but she couldn't get Parker out of her mind. Her eyes kept darting toward his office, almost expecting to see him through the glass partition. It didn't happen.

It was after five when she'd finished the last of her work. She'd packed up most of her stuff over the last couple of weeks but she still managed to fill a box with little, everyday items. With the box beneath her arm, she was ready to leave the office for the last time when something held her back. It had only lasted a couple of days, but what had happened between her and Parker meant something, at least in her eyes. And she couldn't walk away without letting him know that. Sitting back down at her desk, she lifted the phone and hit the button for Parker's office. She dialed into his voicemail and cleared her throat before leaving the message. When she was done, she put down the

phone and started to cry, letting big fat tears roll down her face and smudge her mascara. She was still crying when she stepped inside the elevator, and being in the place where she and Parker had crossed the line for the first time made her cry harder.

"You okay, miss?" one of the doormen asked her as she stepped into the foyer.

She nodded through her tears, hearing Deirdre's craggy voice behind her.

"It's her last day, John, don't be bothering the girl." Deirdre handed Melanie a tissue. "Now you go home and cry your eyes out, honey. Get it all out of your system before tonight."

Tonight? Oh right, she'd completely forgotten about the party her colleagues were throwing in her honor. The last thing in the world she felt like doing was dancing and mingling, especially without Parker there, but she couldn't get out of it now.

"Thanks, Deirdre," she choked out. "I'll see you at the bar."

* * * * *

It was seven thirty by the time Parker drove away from Saint David's. His mom seemed fine, a little shaken after the fall, but she was loving the attention. It had been a while since she'd had all her children around her, probably not since Dad's funeral.

Rubbing a weary hand over his face, he took a right and let the stress of the day recede. He wanted to call Melanie. Just the sound of her sweet voice would soothe him. But it would be a better idea to wait 'til they were face-to-face. He needed to apologize for how abrupt he'd been with her on the phone earlier that afternoon. When she'd called, he'd been distracted with doctors and he hadn't wanted to make Melanie worry, not on her last day.

Instead of heading home, he stopped by the office. Melanie's party was being held at Luciano's, a bar right beside their office building. He'd check his messages first, make sure nothing had come through about the Castello deal, and then he'd join the party. Now that Melanie was officially no longer his employee, they didn't have to hide their

relationship anymore, and he couldn't wait to pull her into his arms without worrying what the office gossips would think.

He was shrugging into the spare suit he kept in his office when his machine started to play Melanie's message. At her distant, aloof tone, he froze in the middle of his office and stared at his answering machine in disbelief.

"I just wanted to say thanks for the past few days," she said, the tightness in her voice belying her casual words. "They've been great, the perfect way to end my time here. And good luck with getting the Castello contract. I know he'll sign with you."

The machine clicked off and he leaned forward to hit the replay button. Her cool words filled the room once again and his brows furrowed in a deep frown. Was it him, or did that message sound like a sorry-assed goodbye? Was she playing with him, testing him? Or had she got the "screwing the boss" kink out of her system and now she wanted to move on?

Remembering the depths they'd reached the night before, how perfect she'd felt wrapped around his body, the way her eyes had filled up when she'd reached her climax, he let out a low growl of frustration. Grabbing his wallet, he shoved it in his jacket pocket and stormed out of the suite. He'd waited six years for Melanie Rainer to fall into his arms and he'd be damned if he let her go. And he was going to make her know it.

* * * * *

Surrounded by pounding music, streaming alcohol and the entire seventh floor of Wilson Advertising, Melanie had never felt so alone in her life. She sipped slowly on her vodka tonic, smiling blandly at her colleagues' jokes. Working up enthusiasm proved to be almost impossible, and despite knowing it would never happen, her gaze kept drifting toward the bar entrance for a sign of Parker's tall frame.

"Dance with me, Mel," Mike, one of the older guys insisted, taking her hand in his meaty one. "Give me one ol' twirl before you leave me for good."

She laughed, allowing herself to be led onto the dance floor. Beneath the twinkling lights, she let Mike spin her around and felt herself warm up a little. Maybe it was the dancing, but she had a sneaking suspicion the vodka was the source of her newfound energy.

She was still spinning when she felt something strong and powerful draw her to a stop. She slowed and turned, finding herself face-to-face with Parker. His expression was thunderous, his eyes almost black with rage. She didn't think she'd ever seen him look so mad.

"Can I cut in?" He didn't even look at Mike as he asked the question, and he didn't wait for an answer before pulling Melanie to him in one fluid movement. Her body molded perfectly to his as if her curves had been created for the very purpose of pressing against his muscles. He led her around the dance floor smoothly, his face remaining hard as stone. She stared up at him, still dizzy from all the spinning and barely able to believe he'd actually shown up.

"You can't just tell Mike what to do," she said eventually, feeling a spark of annoyance work its way to the surface. "You're not his boss in here."

"No, but he was dancing with you." Parker looked down at her, the scrutiny in his eyes sending a shiver down her spine. "And the only man who gets to touch you is me."

Her eyes widened. "Is that right?"

"Damn straight." As if to demonstrate his point, he tugged her closer, and as his arousal pressed into her stomach, a small gasp fell from her lips.

Damn him for being so distracting!

"What are you doing here?" she asked after taking a few deep breaths. "You made it perfectly clear on the phone that you weren't interested."

He gave a derisive snort. "You women always jump to conclusions, don't you?"

She wanted to respond with something snappy, but the heat of his palm on her waist was sending her mind into oblivion. So she merely asked, "Hmm?"

"Something came up, something important." His hand dropped to her ass, and as he fondled one fleshy cheek, a rush of moisture pooled between her thighs. "I got here as soon as I could."

"Why?" She lifted her chin, trying to be brave. "You want to screw me one last time before you get a new secretary?"

His eyes flashed. Lordy, he was really mad.

"I didn't realize there was going to be a last time," he bit out. "At least not today."

"But today was my last day." Had he forgotten? Son of a bitch.

"Your last day in my office, maybe. But not your last day in my bed."

The words didn't get a chance to sink in before he dipped his head and claimed her lips, bruising her mouth with the force of his kiss. Forgetting that they were in the middle of a bar, forgetting that they were surrounded by their colleagues, she melted against him, a mewl rising in her throat as his tongue tangled with hers. The abrasive surfaces rubbed together, stroking and mating, creating a friction that made her thighs burn with need. Her breasts swelled, her nipples hardened and pressed into his unyielding chest. The ache in her pussy resounded everywhere and she squeezed her thighs together in a bid to assuage her desire. She wanted him to take her now, right here in the middle of the dance floor. She wanted to beg for it, to demand it. But she couldn't stop kissing him to say the words.

But then he was catching her around the waist and nudging her across the floor. His lips traced a path along her jaw, over her cheek, up to her earlobe. He was nipping at her ear as he pushed her through the bar's back entrance, and in the silence of the night air, she let out a keening cry.

"Easy, sweetheart," he growled, backing her up until she collided with the harsh surface of a brick wall. "For a woman who was so ready to walk away from me, you sure do sound like you need something."

She glanced left and right, taking in the narrow, deserted alley. No one would see them. It was so darn tempting.

Squeezing her eyes shut, she tried to distract herself from the feel of his hard thighs pinning her to the wall. "Why are you doing this?"

He caught her chin between his thumb and forefinger and lifted. When she opened her eyes, their gazes locked. "I want you, Melanie Rainer. You know that. But maybe I didn't make myself clear before." His hands moved beneath her dress, lifting the skirt around her hips. A cool breeze swirled around her thighs, sensitizing her skin until every inch of her tingled.

"What do you mean?" she asked breathlessly as his hands roamed farther, aching close to where she needed his touch.

"I mean I don't just want you for tonight." His eyes were intent on hers, his hands intent on sliding her panties out of the way. "I want you for good." With his fingers buried inside her wet pussy, he turned her around and pushed her against the wall. Her breasts flattened against the coarse brick and as he dragged his fingers in and out of her passage, tears formed in her eyes. He wanted her, not just as some quick, secretary-fantasy fling. He wanted *her*.

"Why?" she asked, her voice a ragged gasp as he plunged a third finger inside her body.

His short laugh rolled over her in warm waves. "I wanted you the first day you walked into my office." He dipped his head in the crook of her neck and inhaled. "Your scent, your walk, that sweet little laugh of yours—" He broke off and a low groan rumbled up out of his chest. "You've been killing me for six years, darlin'. Let me have you now. Tell me you're mine."

A lone tear trickled down her cheek. "I'm yours," she whispered. "I've been yours since the beginning."

His shuddering breath caressed her shoulder, pebbled the surface of her skin. She braced her arms against the wall and waited as he withdrew his fingers from her

swollen flesh. She felt something blunt and burning hot probe between her thighs. Her sex clenched in desperation. A pause as he sheathed himself with a condom. And then he was there, thrusting upward until he was filling her up, seated deep inside her, so deep she didn't know where she ended and he began. She drew her bottom lip between her teeth as he fucked her slowly, his hands holding her hips steady, his mouth sucking and biting at her shoulder.

"I love you," she murmured, almost to herself. "I love you, Parker."

He stilled inside her, buried deep in her pussy. He lifted his head from her shoulder, brought his lips to her ear. "I love you too, Melanie," he said huskily. "And I ain't never going to let you go."

With that, the pace of his thrusts increased. He pushed upward, the strength of his body sending her spiraling into oblivion. Her mind overflowed with the little details—the brush of coarse hair against her buttocks when he was inside her, the hard chest at her back, the firm pressure of his fingers digging into her hips. Over and over again he drove into her, drawing moans of pleasure from her throat. And when the waves started to roll, her moans became screams. Her eyes slammed shut and bright colors burst behind her lids as her climax was ripped from her body. From head to toe she trembled and spasmed, her pussy squeezing Parker's cock until he finally gave in. He slammed inside her one last time, and with a low shout, he followed her over the edge, his release pulsing hot inside her as her climax held her in its grip. It was a long time before she opened her eyes, before her breathing steadied. Parker held her up, his strong arms wrapped around her as they regained their strength.

"I didn't know if I'd ever see you again," she admitted when she could speak again.

He turned her in his arms and she buried her face in his chest. "I gotta say, you had me pretty scared. I was starting to think you'd been using me for sex all along."

She giggled into his shirt. "What kind of girl do you think I am, Mr. Stevens?"

"The best kind." Tugging on her hair, he forced her to look up and the glint she saw in his eyes warmed her heart. "Now how about we go back inside and face the music, huh?"

She grinned. "Dating the boss. That will really get the gossip going."

Wrapping an arm around her shoulders, he started to lead her back to the bar. "I'm not your boss anymore," he reminded her as he pushed open the door.

She tipped her face upward, met his eye and winked. "Not in the office anyway."

About the Author

Ava Rose Johnson first delved into the pool of erotic romance during the very lazy summer of 2003 and hasn't looked back since. By day she works in an office, and spends most of her time day-dreaming about her characters and possible plot twists. Her hobbies include photography, yoga and reading (of course!).

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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