

ELLORA'S CAVE **BRANDED**

GETTING  
*Naughty*  
KRISTIN  
DANIELS

ELLORA'S CAVE *Quickies*®

## Getting Naughty

Kristin Daniels

Tara North is tired of her husband's workaholic tendencies, tired of not being a priority. And *very* tired of the lack of action in their bedroom. So she sits in the company parking lot, impatiently waiting for his coworkers to vacate the building. Why? To seduce her husband, of course.

Tara's going to get their sex life back on the fast track to Blissville. As she strips for him, Tara issues a challenge—how many times can Jared make her come before the cleaning crew reaches his office?

There's only one way to find out. It's time for Jared to *really* get to work.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Getting Naughty

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# *GETTING NAUGHTY*

**Kristin Daniels**

### *Dedication*

To W: The trappings of everyday life may sometimes blind and numb us, but the love in my heart is forever unchanged.

### *Trademarks Acknowledgement*

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

DKNY: Donna Karan New York

Montblanc: Etoile de Montblanc

## Chapter One

Tara North sucked at waiting.

She wholeheartedly ignored that annoying *patience is a virtue* mantra circling in her head, knowing without a doubt that whoever originally came up with the saying could never have been as turned on as she was right now.

*Fuck patience*, she thought. *Fuck all this waiting*. A little smile crossed her lips when the thought of what she really wanted to say naturally followed. *Fuck me, Jared. Fuck me hard*.

On an impatient breath, she re-checked her lip gloss in the rearview mirror before going over the rest of her outfit for the tenth time in as many minutes. The thigh-high, lacy black stockings with the seam aligned just so up the back of her leg? Check. The short, tight skirt with matching ribbon-tied bustier hiding out under her new DKNY double-breasted trench coat? Good to go on that front. Jared's favorite come-fuck-me strappy stilettos adorning her freshly pedicured feet? The wicked *Yeah, baby!* answer she gave that particular question sent a little tingle straight to her clit. Her makeup was subtle yet sexy and she wore her hair in loose curls around her shoulders just the way her man liked.

She was more than ready.

Sitting in her car at the rear of her husband's office building parking lot, she fiddled with the garter clasp at the top of the stocking while keeping one eye pinned on the front entrance. Only four cars remained in the lot, besides hers. Two belonged to the cleaning crew, who had arrived less than ten minutes ago, one was Jared's and the other she didn't recognize. It was the owner of that car she was waiting for.

Less than two hours remained for her to accomplish what she came here to do, and the minutes were fast ticking away. The cleaning crew always started at the bottom

floor, and it would take a good portion of those two remaining hours for them to reach Jared's office in the north corner of the second floor. Damn it, she was running out of time.

An endless fifteen minutes later, a haggard-looking woman stepped from the front doors and headed toward her car. *About freaking time.* Dusk was just beginning to fall, but it wasn't as if Tara had to worry about Jared messing up her plan by leaving to rush home. He worked late more and more often, and the simple fact he did is what prompted this little adventure to begin with.

She should've known that griping to her best friend last weekend after the two had split a bottle of wine would only ignite the other woman's imagination. Casey, who was more than a bit loopy at the time, suggested that Tara get all dolled up and seduce Jared one night in his office when he stayed late. Tara, just a tad tipsy herself, hemmed and hawed, raising a valid argument about getting caught or, even worse, Jared losing the job he loved so much if they did. Casey poo-pooed all that by grabbing Tara by the wrist, looking her in the eye and throwing down a challenge. And far be it from Tara to ever back down from a worthy challenge.

It wasn't as if she really minded Casey's bossy push. The other woman cared about Tara and truth be told, she cared about Jared as well, so in the end her friend's meddling simply nudged Tara in the direction she wanted to go anyway. Lord knew she and Jared could use a little fun and excitement in their lives. They both worked so much, with Jared drowning in a sea of double-time hours since his latest promotion. All they were trying to do was get one measly step ahead of the rest of the world, while at the same time trying to stay sane—which lately seemed harder and harder to do. Didn't it seem fitting that they take one night out of so many chaotic ones to reverse the trend and play just as hard as they worked? And what better way than getting a little—no, wait—a *lot* naughty in an otherwise stuffy and reserved setting?

Besides, the more she planned and fantasized about tonight, the more excited she became. She'd waited all week for the perfect day to pull this off and now that the time

had finally arrived she could barely control the thrill running through her. The twenty-minute drive over seemed to take forever, just as waiting on this last office straggler to pull out of the parking lot did as well.

By the time she opened the car door to climb out, all the anticipation had gotten Tara so geared up that her panties were already drenched. She nearly laughed at the short-lived notion she had to stay in the car for a few extra minutes to ease the ache in her pussy all by herself. It wouldn't take much more than a single touch to her clit to get her to go off like a Roman candle.

But no. She wouldn't. She'd leave it to Jared to take care of all that.

Normally steadfast nerves rattled through her insides as she made her way to the entrance. Her peaked nipples grazed the inside of the stiff bustier with every step and she had to bite back tiny hisses as a result. Who knew the idea of doing something daring would electrify her so much? And if she actually pulled tonight off? Dear God, she might never come down from such a high.

Her only worry was Jared's reaction. He'd either give her the look—that drop-dead-sexy, fuck-me-now look that never failed to whisk her into an erotic spiral—or he'd freak, yank her trench coat closed with a quick tug and shove her out the door. She counted on the former, but would understand if he reacted with the latter. Jared was a tiger in the boardroom, and well known by the powers-that-be for the loyalty and respect he'd always shown the company. But barging in on him—at his office, no less—was so outside of the box for her, and catching him off guard as she was about to do, well, she really had no idea what to expect.

She scanned the parking lot one final time, feeling like a spy in a B-rated action/adventure flick, before rushing up to the front doors. Pulling the spare set of keys she'd snagged from Jared's backpack earlier this morning out of her coat pocket, she made quick work of the lock, pushed through the revolving doors and bypassed the elevators to head straight for the stairs. They'd be quicker and quieter, with no bells or dings from the elevators to alert him or the cleaning crew that she was there. Slipping



out of the stilettos, she scurried up the two flights in only her stocking feet, and as she emerged from the second floor doorway, her blood was racing. The throb certainly wasn't from physical exertion as her daily treadmill routine would attest, but rather from pure, unchecked excitement.

She looked left then right before stepping into the darkened hallway. The overhead lights were off and only the more dim security lights remained lit. *Perfect*, she thought. She replaced the heels on her feet and tip-toed further down the cream-colored corridor. The carpet was thick and springy under her shoes and she skimmed her fingertips along the textured walls as she went, caressing each bump and ridge, one after the other. At the corner, she peeked around to see his office at the other end. The door was open wide and the light inside spilled out into the hallway with a bright fluorescent-yellow hue. When the soft sound of his favorite classic seventies music drifted through the air, the edge of her lip lifted in an easy smile.

Rocking out while he worked. That was so like Jared.

A dozen more steps and she neared his doorway. She eased up to it, silent and careful. She wanted to surprise him. Shock him. Entice him.

He sat at his desk, engrossed in a stack of papers nestled atop one of his company's signature glossy black folders. The fingers of his right hand were curled over his cheek with his thumb resting along his chin and his forefinger pointing to his temple. Ah, his deep-in-thought pose, she mused. She loved it, loved him. So much.

His dark hair stood on end, as if he'd run his hands through it a dozen times or more. His tie was off, thrown over the backpack sitting on the chair across from his desk, and his shirtsleeves were rolled to just below his elbows.

She stood there a moment, soaking in this rare opportunity to just watch him. He was lost in his own little world, unaware of everything and anything going on around him, whether it be in this room or right outside the door.

He tapped the white end of his Montblanc pen repeatedly against the leather corner of his desk calendar pad. With every downstroke, the light caught a single facet in the

center diamond of the three embedded within his wedding ring. Tara glanced at her own hand, at the matching band she wore on her third finger.

Regardless of how proud she was of her husband, of all his professional achievements and the way he swore he'd always provide for her, she missed him. She missed waking up wrapped in his arms, because he had an early morning breakfast meeting. She missed falling asleep there, too, because he couldn't tear himself away from the latest and greatest project or because he had to stay late for an evening video conference. She wanted the spark they once shared to return. She wanted her best friend to look at her with that desperate need in his eyes, just the way he used to. Simply put, she wanted her husband back.

And there was no time like the present to make that happen. With a flutter filling her belly, she took a deep breath, let it out on a slow and even exhale, and summoned enough nerve to clear her throat.

## **Chapter Two**

Jared North's head popped up at the dainty "Ahem" coming from the door. Nothing could surprise him more than the sight of his wife standing there looking at him.

"Tara, baby? What are you doing here? Is everything all ri—"

He stopped mid-word as Tara took two steps into his office and slowly closed the door behind her. The click when she pushed the lock on the handle and her ensuing playful grin as she folded her arms under her breasts and rested her shoulder against the door seemed to answer that last question for him.

"You're here late again."

Jesus, she practically purred the words. They hit him straight on while the smirk on her lips nearly laid him out flat. The teasing smile couldn't really be confused with a sultry pout, but in his eyes the meaning behind it was pretty damn close.

"Yeah," he drew out.

"Can I talk you into taking a break?"

A break sounded like heaven, and one that included Tara sounded even better, but after taking a gander at all the crap piled on top of his desk, well, that was an offer he couldn't easily consider. "I'm really under the gun here, babe."

She pushed herself off the door and stuffed her hands in her coat pockets. "You're always under the gun. A little break won't kill you, you know."

He chuckled, knowing in his heart she was right, but his brain wasn't so quick to catch up.

"How about in a couple hours—"

"No."

Huh? “No?”

She moved to the credenza on the opposite side of his office and fussed with a few picture frames he kept there. The snapshot of them on their honeymoon from four years ago, and his favorite, a black and white close-up of her taken at a friend’s beach wedding last summer.

“No. In a couple of hours, it’ll be too late.”

“Too late? For what?”

The sultry stare she tossed at him from over her shoulder made a beeline straight for his lap, and it landed there with a steamy, spreading warmth.

“For what I have in mind, that’s what.”

Well. Evasive much?

With a tilt of his head, he slowly leaned back in his leather chair and crossed his fingers over his stomach. He studied her, taking her all in while his brain tried to sort out exactly what she’d meant by that ambiguous little answer.

Her hair had that natural wave in it that he liked, which was a welcome change from the way she usually straightened it. He knew it was easier for her to take care of that way, but the softer curls always made him want to run his fingers through the strands to muss them just a little. Preferably while she was on her back. Under him.

Naked.

The coat was new, one he’d never seen before, and he had to admit he liked the way she belted it. Low and tight to show off the gentle flare of her hips. Damn, he loved that even more than the curl in her hair. And the black stockings, well what man in his right mind wouldn’t get turned on by those?

The giggle she let loose when he leaned forward to check out her feet had his mind racing. And when she slid into the perfect pose to show off exactly what he wanted to see, that pretty much sealed the deal.

The little minx was up to something, he just knew it.

Even while questions of why she was here and where this visit might go filled his head, all he could concentrate on while he once again reclined in his chair and met her gaze were the two words spinning through his mind—*Hot damn*. His wife was so beautiful even a blind man had to see how sexy she was. And the fact she stood here in his office, with her eyelashes seductively lowered and her lips all glossed up, only served to remind him of how long it'd been since he actually told her so.

"I'm just not sure I can," he said, outright teasing her now. "The Reinhart presentation is next week, remember? Since it's my baby, I'm the lucky one who gets to stay late and finish up the legwork on it."

She simply nodded, but it was the way she slid him the *Yeah, right* look along with it that had him blowing out another chuckle. He knew now why she was here—well, at least he hoped he did—and every ounce of his blood took flight through his veins as a result.

The shoes were what gave her away. She didn't wear them for just any occasion. She always told him they were her "sitting and looking pretty shoes", that they hurt her feet too much to walk around in. That she wore them now revealed so much. Enough to have that happy-dance tingle flare up below his waistband.

With a delicate pirouette, she walked—no, more like *sashayed*—across his office to the three windows lining the outside wall. His balls drew up tight in his pants while his cock thickened with every beat of his heart as she twirled the rod on the blinds to close them.

I've got a rod you can twirl, baby.

Okay, that was a dirty and raunchy thought, but Jesus, he couldn't help it. Tara had certainly never been shy in the bedroom, but showing up here unannounced and dressed the way she was... To say he was one hell of a lucky man would be a complete understatement.

She meant to seduce him—here, in his office—he was sure of it now. He knew little moral codes of conduct should be impeding the baser ideas bombarding his brain and

dick, but as she turned from the windows and reached for the sash of her coat, any thought other than getting his hands on her flew right out the proverbial window.

He had a few hours in the morning to finish up tonight's work on the project, didn't he?

Hell *yeah*, he did.

"I was thinking maybe you'd like to try some other kind of legwork instead," she said. "You know, like seeing how many times you can make me come before the cleaning crew gets up here."

It was those words, along with the short skirt she revealed when she peeled open the coat, that made him actually growl. He caught the lace at the edge of her stockings when she shrugged the jacket the rest of the way off, and as he sat there on the verge of panting, he also noticed the twinkle of the little silver clasp on her garter.

And then there was the top. What the fuck kind of top was that? He'd always loved her breasts—they were neither too small nor too big—but the way the molded cups lifted and pushed them together... Fuck, he couldn't think of a better place to bury his tongue than along the cleavage it created.

"Tara—"

"Don't say no." She straightened, tensed almost, before gulping down a long, hard swallow. The uncharacteristic hint of panic drove a spike through his gut. He leaned forward again, ready to get up and go to her when she lifted her hand to still him. "We need this. *I* need this." She took a step closer to his desk. "I just miss you, is all."

He settled back down but kept the firm grip he had on the arms of his chair. "Ah, baby. Seeing you like this, here for me... Believe me when I say *no* is the last word on my mind." He held out a hand then, palm up. "Come over here."

She stepped around the side of his desk and slipped her fingers over his. Spinning his chair toward her, he wanted to growl all over again when she didn't hesitate to straddle his thighs and sit on his lap.

"I didn't know if you'd want this." She placed her index finger over his lips before he had a chance to protest. "I mean here. It's risky. Your job means so much to you."

He kissed the pad of her finger before she lowered it. "Yeah, it does. But you mean more, love. Don't ever forget that. Besides," he grinned. "Risky is fun. We haven't taken a risk like this in... Shit, have we ever?"

"Not like this," she said, matching his wicked smile.

"Well, hell." He grasped her hips, digging his fingertips into the flesh of her ass and pulling her forward to rock against the bulge behind his zipper. The heat of her pussy seeped through his trousers and bathed his cock, making him that much harder. All he could do was suck in a steady breath between his teeth and hope to hell he didn't come in his boxers within the next five seconds.

"So, are you up for the challenge?"

He lifted one eyebrow and tore his stare away from her breasts just in time to catch her drawing her lower lip between her teeth. "To see how many times I can make you come?"

She nibbled on her lip and slowly nodded. He loved the desire lighting her eyes and the way that primal need brought out a pretty glow in her chest, neck and cheeks. With a light touch, he smoothed a finger across the length of her jaw and then down the tight tendon of her neck. He paused only a moment to circle the dip at her throat, then continued his journey down to her cleavage. He played there a bit, transfixed by the rise and fall of her chest with every quick breath she took, then moved on, brushing the back of his fingers over the soft rise of her breast before heading lower to circle a tight nipple through the satiny fabric. The hard bud teased his finger and stirred his senses. He knew right then there was only one answer he could give.

"You know me, Tara. The last thing I ever want to do is tell you no. So, yeah. I'm all in. Starting right now."

## **Chapter Three**

Oh, thank God.

Tara let her head fall back as Jared lowered his mouth to her chest. He kissed and licked her, following the path his fingers had created over her tingling breasts. In turn, she forked her fingers through his thick hair to hold him closer.

"How much time do I have?" Jared whispered over her skin.

She lifted her head and peeked at the clock on the wall, knowing full well she was doing a lousy job at masking her silly grin. Nothing made her happier than having Jared on the same page as she was. Nothing, that was, besides having him in her arms.

"Less than an hour and a half," she answered.

"Hmm. I better get busy, then."

She loved the sound of that, but loved even more the heat from his hands as he ran them up her back before curling his fingers over her shoulders. He anchored her to him, holding her tight as his mouth made love to her on its way up her neck. When his lips found her jaw, she couldn't wait, not another second. She lowered her chin, tilted her head ever so slightly and captured his mouth with hers.

She wasn't sure which of them moaned louder or who panted faster. Fire raced from where their lips touched. Lightning bolts splintered off in erratic patterns throughout her body, over and over, only to end with electric pins and needles dancing in her toes and fingertips. The kiss felt raw, urgent, and it sucked every bit of air from her lungs.

Their tongues slid so effortlessly against one another's. Their teeth clashed with little clicks while every one of her aching breaths mingled with his. She ground against him, harder than before, almost frantic this time. She could come this way, just by rubbing on him, and he knew it. When he spun his chair back toward his desk and



stood with her in his arms, she let out a whimper. She didn't want to stop, she needed to come, and she needed him to let her.

But as he shoved his papers aside and laid her back over the desktop, she knew he would. He'd let her come, but he'd make her do it his way. Her thighs tightened around his waist as he slid over her, still kissing and stroking her now feverish flesh. She arched her back, her body seeking, her pussy searching for the hard ridge of his cock to rub against once again.

"Easy, there," he whispered with a heated look in his eyes. "I know what you want. I have a challenge to meet, remember? I'm not going to leave you hanging."

A husky "Oh, God..." was all she could manage.

"You need it, don't you baby? You need that first one, that first orgasm to help ease the ache tearing you apart."

"Yes." She did, she so fucking did.

"The question is, how do you want it?" He released her shoulders and slid his hands from under her back to trail them down her sides. When he reached her hips, he dug in and pulled her toward him until her ass hit the edge of the desk. Her skirt bunched up to her waist, but that didn't matter, not when he started rocking against her with torturous thrusts.

"Slow," he said in a low, teasing voice before picking up the pace and slamming his covered cock against her pussy with every vigorous move. "Or fast?"

"Jared."

"Maybe my fingers would help?"

"Yesssss."

Within a beat of her heart, he'd worked his palm over the swell of her belly and dipped his thumb under the elastic of her panties. Further and further he wiggled it down, until he hit... Oh God, right there.

She moaned on a long exhale, raising her hips to meet his every stroke as best she could with her calves still wrapped around his thighs. He teased her clit, then delved deeper to coat the pad of his thumb with her juices before doing it all over again. She gripped the edge of the desk with one hand and dug the fingernails of her other into his wrist at her side. She bit her lip, closed her eyes, and let the pleasure take over. She let him take over.

He knew just how she liked it. Knew the perfect amount of pressure to apply, knew the exact speed of every swirl and when to ease off to drive her even crazier. Her clit burned, and when he skimmed the length of his thumb over it to head lower, he caught her off guard when this time, he thrust his thumb inside her. Her eyes flew open as he rubbed on her G-spot again and again, driving her more insane with each plunge. When he let go of her side so his other thumb could take over on her clit, she cried out, because God, she simply couldn't do anything else.

"That's it, just like that. Give me that first one, baby."

His words came out rough, and the coarse tone only urged her on. She worked her hips along with him, crying out with each stroke, until the first spark of that familiar tingle erupted inside her. She held her breath, not wanting a single distraction from what he was doing to her, from the raw pleasure he was giving her.

She came hard and fast on a throaty groan, one so deeply embedded it felt as if her heart rose out of her chest right along with it. But he didn't stop. He kept going, wringing out every last tingle, moan, and cry from within her. He took a fraction of a step back, and she dropped her legs so he could yank her panties and skirt down them and pull them off her feet.

"Scoot back."

In her delirium, she tried to do as he said. She lifted to her elbows, but could barely move even an inch. A satisfied grin touched his lips, and he helped shift her just enough so she could plant her heels on the edge of the desk. With the lightest of strokes, he brushed his hands up her calves, over her knees and down the inside of her thighs to

toy with the elastic lace holding up her stockings. Her muscles quivered under his caress, only to clench against a renewing need building inside her when she met his gaze once again.

“That’s one,” he said.

She couldn’t respond to his charming countdown, not that he even waited for her to. Instead, he let go of her thighs to glide his hands up and over her stomach. He fingered a loose end of the satin ribbon tied in a perfect bow at the top of her bustier and pulled on it, slowly, until the knot came free.

“Why haven’t I ever seen you in this before? It’s sexy as hell, Tara.” With deft fingers, he started to unlace the bustier. “But I think what’s hiding underneath might be even sexier.”

Jesus, she should’ve come to his office like this sooner. She loved how into this, how into her, he was. A fire lit his eyes, but it wasn’t the same old enthusiasm he typically showed while working on one of his prized projects. No, this fire was new. Brighter. All for her. *Because* of her.

He held his body so tight. Rigid. Veins popped out along his powerful forearms. His shoulders were squared, his neck stretched long and taut. And the way the muscles in his cheeks jumped with every clench of his jaw...

It’d been a long time since she’d seen him so worked up. Hell, it’d been a long time since she’d felt like this, too. Her heart was bursting with love for this man, just as her body burned for more of his touches.

He smiled down at her, and something in his demeanor shifted the instant he did. The set of his body screamed of holding himself in check, but this easy grin said so much more. It was as if all his stress drained away with that one lift of his lips. Lust and a wicked need – a need for her – replaced it. The mere idea sent her reeling.

She didn’t want to wait any longer. She needed him inside her, needed the luscious thickness of his cock to stretch and fill her as he pumped his hips against her. The heels of her stilettos marred the wood of his desk as she dropped her feet and sat up even

further. Wanting him just as naked as she was moments away from being, she reached for his shirt. Despite her suddenly shaky fingers, she was able to make quick work of the buttons. Just as she pushed the last one through its hole, he finished with the ribbon of her bustier, which promptly fell to the desktop as he drew the satin through the bottom eyelet.

With an electrified ripple searing her pussy, she shoved the shirt over his shoulders. He helped her by yanking the sleeves down his arms and tearing the shirt the rest of the way off before leaning in to seize her lips with his. A hunger laced this kiss, something ferocious, damn near carnal, and way overdue. He tasted like sex and sin rolled into one sweet and savory package. And as her mind whirled from the passion it created, she knew she'd never get enough of him, or of that particular flavor.

Finally he drew her into his arms and they were skin on skin. Their scents blended together, his more on the spicy side, hers clean and a little flowery. He wrapped his thick arms around her and held her tight, so fucking tight. The heat from their bodies meshed, yet his flesh formed tiny goose bumps when she created enough space between them to finger the button at his waistband.

When he groaned into her mouth, nothing could stop her from mimicking the sound. A single flick of her wrist and the button on his pants popped free. The zipper lowered on a breath, and when she reached inside to stroke him, he pulled back from their kiss.

"Fuck. Tara."

His cock filled her hand, and then some. God, he was so hard. Amazingly hard. She wanted to taste him, pump him, squeeze him. She wanted to fuck him, wanted him to fuck her. And then she wanted to do it all over again.

But it seemed Jared would have none of that. He lifted his face to the ceiling and stilled her hand, all the while shaking his head. "No. Don't."

She could tell it nearly killed him to say that. He righted his head and blasted her with a stare so filled with need that she couldn't do anything but comply. She froze

with her hand wrapped around his cock and her thumb covering the seeping slit at the tip.

"I have a job to do here, and you're distracting me."

"But —"

He shook his head again. "No buts." One by one, he peeled her fingers from his penis, tucked himself back in and refastened his pants. The rather melancholy expression he sported as he was doing so shocked her. "Let me do this, okay? You've earned some pampering. I want to give you all I can. You deserve it."

"Jared, come on. I didn't mean... It's not been so bad."

He cupped her cheek, and she melted against his hand. "Bad? No, not bad. Lonely? Probably. And I'm sorry about that. I get caught up, you know? It's so easy to get carried away by all the everyday bullshit. But this," he said, rubbing his thumb over her lower lip. "This brings it all home. This brings *me* home. To you, Tara."

He kissed her again, quick yet forceful, and the rest of her body turned to mush under his lips.

"Lie back," he whispered against them. "Get ready for number two."

She did as he instructed, lifting her arms over her head to latch on to the opposite side of the desk. She gripped it hard, waiting, anticipating. A shiver raced over her skin at what she knew was to come.

He replaced her heels on the edge of the desk and then dropped to his knees...

## **Chapter Four**

The first lick of Jared's flattened tongue up Tara's pussy had him ready to explode. There was no other taste in the world quite like hers. It was one he couldn't describe. Sweet, honey, and all those other lame metaphors didn't come close, not to the pure bliss bathing his tongue now. And the sounds she made... He'd never heard another sound that could make him as hard as Tara's moans did when he touched her.

He should've known how much she missed him, or he should've at least picked up on it sooner. But it wasn't as if he set out to intentionally hurt her. The more the demands of his job increased, the more that line between dedicated employee and devoted husband seemed to blur. And now, a mere six months into his new position, the line had all but disappeared.

Thank God she chose such a sexy way to smack some sense into him. She could've just as easily reamed him a new one with bitter words or done something even more drastic, like look for another man to keep her company. Fuck, just the thought of her doing anything remotely close to that had him seeing red.

But Tara wouldn't do something so severe. Before he'd taken this new position, they'd spent plenty of time discussing the pros and cons. The pros included more responsibility and, yeah, the nice paycheck at the end of the week was certainly a bonus, too. The biggest and most considerable con was the long hours he'd have to put in. They both knew from the get-go that the next few years weren't going be easy.

Yet, despite knowing all that—and like so many other times in his life—he let the work take over. That damn incessant need he had to prove himself—to his bosses, to Tara, hell, even to himself—always had him going that extra mile. Before he knew what hit him, he'd ended up running a fricking marathon. One that had taken him too far away from what really mattered—his wife.

As he looked up at her from between her legs, his heart ached almost as much as his cock. It had taken every ounce of willpower he possessed to tell her not to touch him, but he had to. If she had the guts to come here and seduce him, then he owed it to her to give her all he had before he took anything for himself. Besides, with her looking like this, and with him caressing and tasting her this way, it wouldn't have taken much more than a few pumps of her fist before he'd blow like a teenager.

Yet another reminder of how long it'd been since he'd last been with her.

Rather than wallowing, he shoved his own needs out of his mind and threw all of his attention onto Tara. With every teasing lick, the muscles in her thighs contracted and tightened. God, he loved that reaction, loved her responsiveness. The pretty flush of her pussy told him just how sensitive she was since she'd come, and he'd be a fool not to use that sensitivity to his advantage. He wanted her breathless, wanted her to cry out his name as she came for him again. And again.

He pointed his tongue and searched higher along her sex for his mark. When he found her clit and circled it with the tip of his tongue, she twisted her head to the side and drew her lips between her teeth. Over and over he circled, never closing in on the one spot that would make her lose her mind. He kept her on the brink, knowing full well that when he finally gave her what she so desperately needed, she'd fall apart under his hands.

"Jared," she whispered.

He smiled to himself, but didn't lose his concentration. Instead, her plea only added to his determination. He closed his lips around her clit and suckled, gently at first, then stronger and with longer pulls. She bucked her hips and arched her back, but that didn't deter him either. Not since he nearly had her right where he wanted her.

Come on baby, just a few minutes longer...

A breathy string of *Oh Gods* fell from her lips, but it was the way she ripped every moan from deep inside her lungs afterward that had him mimicking her chant in his own head.

“Please. Jared. Now.”

Her words were broken, forced out on uneven breaths, yet spoken with such need he couldn't find it in himself to refuse her any longer. He stopped his torture and eased his tongue over her clit, at the same time shifting to the side so he could dip one finger inside her. Heat seeped into his finger as he added another, and his balls drew up tight as that same heat traveled through his body before pounding at his dick. Christ, he wanted to be inside her, to feel this wet slickness wrap around his cock, to ride that heat over and over until neither of them could stand it any longer.

Soon, he appeased himself. He'd get to fuck her and lose himself within her soon enough.

Every flick of his tongue and thrust of his fingers brought him closer to being able to do just that. He had her frozen now, with that rigid calm before the orgasmic storm. Her eyes were squeezed shut and her dark pink lips were parted, as if they were waiting for a brutal moan to burst past them. All it would take was the perfect combination of licks and touches to send her over...

Her pussy clamped down on his fingers a split second before her eyes flew open. An intoxicating groan filled his ears, but whether it was hers from coming or his from watching her as she did, he couldn't be sure. She let go of his desk, brought her arms down to her sides and flexed her fingers, as if she was searching for something of substance to grab hold of. She found the curled edges of his desk pad and wadded the paper in her clenched fists on another deep moan.

Jesus. Now for the rest of the year, he'd get a hard-on not just from looking at the gouges on his desk that her heels made earlier, but also from the crinkled paper on his calendar. And as he licked her sweet clit one final time and rose to slide over her for a heated kiss, he really couldn't see how that could be a problem. Frankly, he couldn't see how anything could be a problem right now.

Not until he heard voices coming from the other side of the door. Now that might just be a serious fucking problem.



Hmmm. Or a hell of a lot of fun...

\* \* \* \* \*

Jared pressed his finger to Tara's lips. "Shhh," he whispered.

She attempted to quiet down, but the scent on his finger elicited another soft moan while luring her tongue out for a little taste. She was still so lit up inside, still so on fire for him that what he was trying to tell her didn't sink in, not until he curled the same finger she just licked under her chin and grasped her there with his thumb.

"Tara, shhh."

This time she held still long enough to hear the voices bleeding into his office from further down the hallway. The muffled words and laughs sent a zing straight to her stomach as her gaze homed in on the clock on the wall.

"It's only been half an hour," she whispered back, still a little dizzy from that last orgasm—that last *killer* orgasm.

The edge of his lip lifted into a Cheshire grin, as if he didn't have a care in the world. "They're early," was all he said.

Oh no. Oh hell. Oh *shit*.

Her mind instantly cleared, and she hated the feeling. She loved being Jared-drunk, yet this new little development was trouble enough to sober her right up. "They have a key, don't they?"

He merely nodded.

"What should we do?"

"I've got an idea," he said. But there was something about the way his eyes brightened as he said it that made her a little leery. He held out his hand, just as he had before. "You with me?"

When had she not been?

Still, the devilish expression on his face had her wondering what in the hell he had in mind. She took his hand and he helped her to stand. Her knees came close to giving out, but he steadied her with an arm around her waist and a quick peck to her lips.

"Grab our clothes," he instructed, leaning past her and shaking the mouse on his desk to wake his computer. With two quick clicks, the music turned off and the room fell silent.

She still hadn't moved a single muscle.

Even though they were seconds away from possibly being discovered, she couldn't help but stand there and stare at him. He had an unusual calmness about him, a serene take-charge attitude that she found incredibly sexy. He peered over his shoulder, and it was her turn to smile.

"You better get a move on, Tara," he said, straightening to face her. But still, she didn't move. She wanted to stay, wanted to finish what they'd started. He nuzzled her ear with his lips and a tingle danced over her skin. "Don't worry about it, baby. I'm not done with you yet."

The whispered words made her nipples draw up tight. Or maybe they puckered from his hot breath on her neck. Or the scrape of his teeth on her earlobe. Hell, maybe it was simply from *everything* he did to her.

He pressed his lips against the ticklish spot just under her ear, then grabbed her by the shoulders, spun her around and smacked her lightly on the ass. "They're getting closer. Get our clothes."

This time she moved, scooping up his shirt and her bustier, skirt and panties. Looking at the clothes in her arms, she suddenly realized how naked she really was. Jared was shirtless, but so what? Men could typically run around wearing nothing more than a pair of thin shorts and no one would even bat an eye. But find a woman out in public wearing just a garter belt, stockings and stilettos...

No way was this going to end up good.

Jared separated her clothes from his shirt and shoved them deep inside the backpack he toted back and forth to work. With a snap, he shook out his shirt and helped her into it before taking her hand again and leading her toward the door. A flick of his fingers on the light switch doused the room in darkness, only to be lit by the dim glow from his computer monitor. But how would that help? The cleaning crew had a key, and at this time of night they'd never think to knock before twisting that key in the lock and shoving the door open.

They were so fucked.

And that thought made her laugh—out loud—because that was the one thing they never got to do. He'd made her come twice, but she didn't get to feel that thick cock of his inside her, not even once. She didn't get to stroke her tongue along its veined length. She didn't get to feel the weight of his balls in her palm or lose herself in his eyes as he slid so deeply inside her.

Jared peered down at her as if she'd lost her mind, but she just shook her head and flitted a hand in front of her face. "I'll tell you later," she said, then brushed her hair over her shoulders and composed herself as best she could. "What's the plan?"

He fished inside his pocket and pulled out a set of keys. He whispered to her, and that earlier feeling of being in a spy movie returned. Only this time she had a costar, her very own partner in crime.

"Right across the hall is a supply closet. A while back supplies started going missing, so management decided to limit who could go in there. No one on the cleaning crew has a key." He dangled the key ring from his index finger. "But I do."

"Whoa, wait a second. You want me to go out in the hall looking like this?"

He scanned her from head to toe. "You're covered. Too much for my liking, too. But we can remedy that once we're alone again."

"You're insane," she teased. Still, there was something to be said about Jared's playful side. She didn't get to see it very often and she loved that he chose now to let it loose.

“Yeah, I probably am. Wait here.”

He cracked the door open and peeked outside before stepping into the hallway. The muscles along his shoulders flexed as he worked on the lock of the supply room, and the sight had her biting her lip. Two seconds later, he had the other door open. He stepped inside, spun around and crooked his finger at her. “Your turn.”

God, she almost giggled, but she knew doing so would only draw attention to this end of the hallway. Instead, she performed her own look-see, and then bolted the four feet into his waiting arms.

He caught her and spun them both around the end of the open door before taking one step back and pushing it closed with his shoulder. Pitch blackness instantly surrounded them, which only intensified the mutual slamming of their hearts.

Tha-thump. Tha-thump.

She blinked, but there was nothing there. Nothing but the heat from Jared’s naked chest, the uncontrolled whooshes of their matching breaths, and the hardness of his erection straining against her belly as he held her tighter.

And she held on to him just as fiercely—first her hands on his biceps, then his shoulders, all the way up until she clamped them around his neck. They stood there in the darkness together, cheek to cheek, rubbing, stroking, clinging onto each other.

Time stopped as everything around them blended together. Breaths. Hands.

Hearts.

She drove her fingers into his hair. His lips grazed her jaw. She lifted her knee to his hip, and he dug his fingertips into her thigh to raise it higher. They spun again, as one. He pressed her against the door, dipping his knees before swooping upward. She cried out as the hard ridge, that fucking-hard ridge of his cock, crashed directly against her needy clit.

“Shh. Baby, shh.”

He was kidding, right? She couldn't stop her moans, hell, she could barely catch her breath between each one. But then the voices in the hallway came closer, and she knew he was right. Quiet. God, she had to be quiet. Everything inside her rebelled against his words, his rationale. She didn't want to be quiet, not if it meant she had to stop touching him, or worse yet, if he stopped touching her.

Fuck it, she thought. Let them be found. Just after, please, *please*, let it be after.

He dropped his hands and grabbed her hips, shoving her until her entire back slid up against the door. And as he pressed against her once more, flattening his palms over the cool metal on either side of her head, she held on even tighter.

She practically crawled up his body until she could wrap her legs around his hips. He thrust, once. Then again. And, oh... Again. A whispered chain of *Please, please, please*, fell from her lips as she turned her head to let him devour the dip between her neck and shoulder. She was babbling, incoherent, and she didn't care.

It was then that he shifted his hips away from her and grabbed at his waistband. He pulled. Tugged. Swore under his breath. Finally, *finally*, he reached inside his pants and pulled himself free.

At that point, the darkness didn't matter. Nothing mattered, nothing but having that delicious cock of his inside her. She knew the drill, knew he'd be gentle and work himself inside her slowly. He never wanted to hurt her, he never wanted to...

The thrust came quick and hard, and shoved whatever air she had left in her lungs the rest of the way out. But she was slick, so slick and hot and wet that she had no problem taking him in. All of him, and all at once. He filled her to the brim, and if possible, even more. Funny thing was, he clasped a hand over her mouth as he did it, as if he knew...

Then again, he always knew.

She bit at his palm, catching the tender section just under his thumb between her teeth. His hissed, right beside her ear so only she could hear, but he never let up. In. Out. God, again and again.

The door creaked behind her back, and a groan she tried to hold inside rattled past her throat anyway. The mumbles from the hallway stopped for a second. Then, from right outside the door...

"Did you hear something?"

She froze, but Jared didn't. Instead, he slid his hand down her chin to her neck and held her there, blowing out fitful breaths on every drive inside her.

The muffled "I didn't hear nothin'" response the crewman's coworker spat out did little to reassure her. The footsteps shuffling away from their hideout a few seconds later did even less.

And still, Jared fucked her.

Between a thrust and a retreat, he tilted her head, nipped at her collarbone, and slid up along her jaw and over her cheek before twisting her head back to smash his lips against hers. They panted in unison, quicker now, each lost in a chaotic mish-mash of mouths, tongues and clashing teeth.

He was a man possessed, and she never wanted it to end. He was fucking her, hard and without a single thought to what was happening outside their cocoon. His flippant *who-gives-a-shit* attitude about the voices on the opposite side of the door only added to the eroticism of the moment.

"Third time's the charm," he growled into her ear. "Let's do this together."

She couldn't. For the love of God, there were *people* – a whole crew of them – merely feet away. They might hear, they might...

"Jared, we can't..."

But they already were, weren't they?

He let go of her jaw and hit the light switch next to the door. When a single fluorescent strip flickered to life on the ceiling above them, her insides blazed just as another wave of panic tore through her stomach.

His lips were red, swollen, and the flush in his cheeks and the sweat over his brow forced her to tighten even more around his cock as her throat worked up and down on a hard swallow. But even the gorgeous sight of him getting lost in her body didn't stop the inevitable freak-out.

"Turn that off!" It was a whisper, but a yell too.

All he did was smile and continue to work his hips, and his charm, against her.

She forked her fingers through his hair and pulled his forehead down to hers. Try as she might, she couldn't help but match his devilish smirk. "Trouble. Oh, we're going to be in so much trouble."

"I don't care," he said back to her. "Everything I care about is right here in this little room." He palmed her breast and thrust again. "So to hell with them. Let them hear. Let them hear those beautiful moans as you come."

Which at this pace, and oh God, at that angle, was going to be any second. The inferno coiled inside her, hotter, faster, and she found she was helpless to stop it. She couldn't worry about the consequences, not now. Not when she was so lit up inside.

"You ready, baby?" He bit his lip and closed his eyes. "Yeah... Yeah, I can feel that you are. Me too. Come on, let's do it. Let's do it now."

He skimmed both hands down her sides to cup her rear. As he squeezed the flesh of her ass, a bead of sweat trickled down the side of his cheek before falling off the edge of his jaw and landing on her forearm. Her thighs tightened around his hips. Her toes curled inside her stilettos at his lower back. Her breath seized white-hot in her lungs.

She fisted her hands in his hair as he dove for her neck again. He kissed her there with open lips and a hot, sweeping tongue. She let her head fall back to the door, dying a little inside, yet desperate for more. One rough pass over the rocketing pulse alongside her neck naturally led to a second. She expected a third, but, damn it, it never came. Instead, he dug his teeth into the rigid tendon there, tightened on it and growled.

The instant he did, she knew there was no turning back.

## Chapter Five

Sweet, sweet Jesus.

Every ounce of blood in Jared's body went one of two ways—either straight to his brain or directly to his cock. A buzz swam around in his ears at the same time a heavy ache filled his balls.

He held onto her, gripping her ass hard, hoping to hell he wasn't hurting her. But the way she had her head tilted back with her mouth open on a silent moan told him he wasn't.

Lord, she was pretty like this. So damn beautiful. And just as he moved his lips to her ear to tell her so, the loud whirr of a vacuum cleaner sounded from the other side of the door.

"Oh, thank God," she said. "Don't stop. Please, don't stop."

He didn't. He kept going, dizzy and with shaky legs, but nothing could keep him from drawing their pleasure out. Under the cover of the vacuum noise, she let her moans free, and he found himself doing the same.

"Yes—"

"Baby... God, *baby*—"

"You're killing me—"

"I could die like this—"

His balls were drawn up tight, and he was right there on the verge of exploding when something hit the outside of the door with a thump. The dude vacuuming most likely backed into it, and he hit the fucking thing hard enough to rattle them both.



Tara let out a yelp. He held very still. Well, almost. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't keep his hips from rocking into her. Yes, he slowed his plunges, just a little, but not enough to lessen the burning urge to come.

He spun them again, needing to get away from the damn door. Holding her by her ass, he looked around the little storage room. In the corner, between two sets of shelves chock full of legal pads, boxes of envelopes and cases of toner, was a group of stacked chairs. About six high, they were the perfect height.

He set her on the top one and drew his hands up her thighs until he reached her knees. The blatant need in her eyes as she leaned back against the chair told him she knew exactly what he wanted. She released the death grip her thighs had on his waist as he hooked a hand under each knee and lifted.

This different angle... Holy shit. He could go so deep—so, so deep. She arched her back just as he drove himself in to the hilt. Nothing was going to stop either one of them, not now. Voices, noises, distractions. Nope, none of that came into play.

For the next sixty seconds, this little room became his entire world. There had always been an intensity surrounding them whenever they'd made love, but this... This was on a completely different level. Maybe it was the dangerous thrill, or maybe it was the way she'd shown up here specifically to seduce him. Or maybe it was just the smashing realization of how much they really missed each other.

She held his stare as he gripped her harder, and he nearly lost it when her hand drifted over her stomach and dipped into the melee. She fingered her clit, swirling the juices they both created over and over the taut, swollen nub.

The sight of her doing that, along with the way her pussy tightened up the length of his cock had him struggling for control. But he didn't have to fight it much longer. In the next instant, she arched her back again, squeezed her eyes shut and let out the most beautiful sound he'd ever heard.

She was coming, fiercely, and his insides roared with a raw possessiveness and this renewed, insatiable love. This woman was his. Always had been, and always would be.

Through all the great times and yeah, even the shitty ones, they'd be together. Not that he didn't already know all of that, but this barefaced reminder slammed into his chest—dead-center and with gleaming clarity.

That was when he let himself go.

His own orgasm screamed from every pore as his entire body let loose with a racking shimmy-shake. One more thrust, then another, and he stilled. He stood there with his head tossed back and his lungs near bursting with a held breath, buried so incredibly deep inside her.

A moment later, she skimmed her fingers over the happy trail right below his bellybutton. He blew out the breath and looked down, only to find her staring up at him with a content yet devious smile. And then she laughed.

He had a pretty good idea where that laugh came from. Particularly since he couldn't hold his own back, either.

"I can't believe we just did that."

Damn, but those giggles of hers were infectious. "Yeah, that was pretty fucking crazy," he agreed, grinding against her to work out the last of the spasms shooting through his cock. The breathy *ah* she let out and the little wriggle in her hips told him she was still supersensitive, too.

"Crazy, but incredible," she said.

"Very incredible."

He captured the hand that was stirring up trouble just inches above his still-hard dick and gently pulled on it until she sat up. As he wrapped her in his arms, he noticed that sometime during the height of their desperation, the whirl from the vacuum had floated further down the hallway. He listened for a second, caressing Tara's back, but he didn't hear any other commotion outside the door. Even so, he wasn't quite ready to let her go just yet. He was still inside her, still raring to go. The last thing he wanted was for this to end.

"I suppose we should see if it's safe now."

"Hmm," he said, nuzzling her soft hair with his chin and cheek, "I was just thinking how I could stay here like this, with you, all night."

That set off a squeeze of her arms around his waist. "I can think of a few places a bit more comfortable than this."

"Like?" He was curious to know what she had in mind.

When she brushed her lips across his pecs, his nipples tightened.

"Our bed at home."

"Yeah, I suppose that would be much better," he said on a resolved sigh.

She lifted her eyes to his and tilted her head just a little. "What's wrong?"

Instead of answering, he lowered his lips to hers and kissed her, slowly and thoroughly, slipping from her body as he did so and nudging her from the stack of chairs so she stood in front of him. He wanted her right there with him, wanted to feel her warm skin along the length of his body, wanted to feel the beating of her heart next to his.

He never wanted to let her go.

When he pulled back from their kiss, Tara stood on her tiptoes and cradled his cheeks in her palms. "Jared?"

"You amaze me, you know that?" Her eyes lit up as a hint of pink graced her cheekbones. "I go into this twenty-four-seven-narrow-minded business mode and pretty much ignore everything around me, yet here you are, pulling me back and reminding me of what really matters." He reached down to squeeze her ass. "And you pick the sexiest way on earth to do it."

The brightness of her smile put the light in her eyes to shame. "We needed some fun."

"Yeah, well, I don't want that fun to end."

"It doesn't have to." She clasped her hands at the base of his neck. "We can keep going. I can think of, oh, at least a half-dozen different challenges I can toss your way."

"Ah, a string of sex-inspired throw-downs. I love the sound of that."

"Me, too." She spun from his arms and inched backward toward the door. "In fact, since this worked out so well, I don't see why we can't get started right away."

He yanked his pants up from the puddle they made at his ankles and fastened them in a rush, hooked on every word she was saying.

With a twist on the doorknob, she peeked out into the hallway and then scurried into his office, heading straight for his backpack and her clothes, at the same time leaving him completely hanging. The similarities between him and Pavlov's dogs as he followed behind her were too embarrassing to mention.

But that still didn't help him keep his mouth shut. "Right away? As in?"

Again with that damn infectious laugh. He was practically drooling here, and the only bone she was throwing him was a contagious laugh?

Cruel, cruel woman.

She shrugged off his shirt and tossed it to him. As he slid it back on, a waft of her perfume lacing the cotton drifted under his nose, causing a renewed stir in his cock.

And she still said nothing.

"Tara, come on. What do you have in mind?"

Adding yet another zing to his already out-of-control dick, she skipped putting on her skirt, panties and top and simply tugged on her coat. With a yank, she knotted the sash, rested her hands on her hips and licked those incredible pouty lips.

"You know what they say, Jared. Expect it when you least expect it."

The implications were endless. The evocative outcomes were, too.

A dark theater, maybe. A late night train ride. Ah, God, maybe something up at that ranch they always wanted to go to.

She offered him her hand, palm up. "So, what do you say, Jared? You with me?"

He didn't miss how she had flipped his earlier question back on him. He answered her without a moment's hesitation. "Hell yeah, baby. I'm with you. I'm with you and with anything you want to do, all the way."

"Now that," she said, pulling him into her arms. "That's exactly what I wanted to hear."

## About the Author

Kristin Daniels has always been a reader of romance, but it wasn't until she discovered the *erotic* romance genre that she finally figured out what had been missing from all the books she'd read before. The heat, the passion...that was it! Her love of reading (any genre, any format...really just anything) led to her taking a chance on writing something of her own, and she's been hooked ever since.

Kristin calls the suburbs of Chicago home, where she lives with a hero of her very own and their three great kids.

Kris welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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