



SUBORDINATE *Position*

DELANEY DIAMOND

Xoxo Publishing



Subordinate Position

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Visit my website at: www.delaneydiamond.com

ISBN: 978-1-897521-90-8

Online copy provided in Canada

First Published by XoXo Publishing: February 2011

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Visit us at: <http://www.xoxopublishing.com>

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“Any questions? Comments?”

Seated at one end of the gleaming wood table in the company conference room, Marco Reyes couldn't unglue his eyes from Danica Parker as she stood at the other end. Having just finished a presentation, she waited with one hand on her hip. The other hand held the remote that controlled the PowerPoint slide show she'd just completed.

“We'll just accept what you presented,” said Lewis from Logistics. “We're not smart enough to come up with any ideas of our own.”

“Speak for yourself, Lewis,” Marco said.

Chuckles filled the room, but none of them came from Danica. A faint smile lifted the corners of her mouth, but that was the only indication she gave she even heard what he'd said. Her chocolate brown eyes never even glanced in his direction.

She turned off the LCD projector. “Alright, if there are no questions,” she began, packing the extra copies of the presentation into an accordion file on the table, “that's all for today.” The group rose in unison from their chairs. “Don't forget the Board of Directors will be here in a couple of weeks. I need your department budgets no later than Friday.”

A murmur of protests came from the other executives.

“That only gives us a few days,” Lewis grumbled.

Danica arched a brow at him. “You've known about this for months. If you want your projects included in the new budget for the board's approval, I'll need your figures by Friday. No exceptions.”

Marco sauntered toward the front of the room as it emptied. Head bent, Danica continued to shove documents into the file. He came to a halt in front of her. His eyes trailed down the royal blue dress with a round neckline that molded to her body and made her breasts look larger than the full C cup he guessed them to be.

The scent of a new fragrance floated toward him. Today she smelled like roses. His crotch tightened from their close proximity and the desire to draw her close to get better acquainted with the sweet bouquet.

“Can I take you to lunch today?” he asked. “I'd like to discuss the game plan for the board meeting.”

She lifted her gaze, and the shock of direct eye contact sent a jolt through him. He swallowed to ease the dryness in his throat.

“Sorry, I can't,” she said. “But you're welcome to come by my office and tell me your ideas.”

“How about tomorrow?” He held his breath. Not once had she ever accepted his lunch invitation.

In the eight months since he'd accepted the position of Director of Finance and moved to Dallas, Danica had been all he could think about: the rich brown color of her skin, the short, pixie cut of her midnight black hair, and the brightly colored tailored dresses she opted for, which showcased her womanly curves.

“I'm working through lunch from now until I get the department budgets finalized for the board meeting.” She tucked the folder under her arm and proceeded to walk away. “Send me a meeting request and I'll set aside some time to meet with you.”

Marco heaved a sigh as he watched her generous, retreating backside. His palms itched as he imagined palming its fullness with his hands.

“Think about football,” he muttered to himself as he felt his shaft swell. “Big, sweaty men.”

He heaved another sigh, running his hand through his wavy dark hair. What kind of idiot had feelings for his boss—especially when it was so obvious she was completely uninterested?

He’d have to work out his frustrations in the company gym tonight; like he always did.

With a churning stomach, Danica stepped quickly past the cubicle area of the Accounting and Finance Department into her suite of offices. She breezed past her assistant’s empty desk and closed the door.

Danica plopped the pile of folders on her desk and leaned forward on her hands.

Get it together, Danica.

Closing her eyes, she breathed slowly in an effort to slow her heart rate to a normal pace.

Her attraction to Marco Reyes was proving more and more difficult to disguise. Every time he came near her, she broke out in hives. She avoided him whenever possible, but doing so was a task all its own. Though their offices were on opposite sides of the building, they were located on the same floor. As CFO, she often had to consult with him about budgets and other company business.

And was it her imagination, or did he seem to be more persistent in his efforts to get her out of the office lately? She was running out of excuses. It was as if . . . no. Her mind shied away from the thought. He couldn’t be making a pass at her.

Under normal circumstances she wouldn’t be shy about letting a man know about her interest, but she couldn’t cross that line at work. An uninterested subordinate could result in a sexual harassment complaint. Until Marco, she’d never before been tempted to take such a risk.

A firm knock on the door made her swivel around. Her pulse quickened again. She hoped it was him, and she hoped it wasn’t. Her emotions were such a tangled mess she couldn’t think straight.

“Yes?”

The Director of Technology poked his blonde head around the door. “A few of us from IT are going out to lunch. Wanna come?”

“Where are you headed?”

“Indian food today.”

“My favorite place?” she asked, already walking around the side of her desk to retrieve her purse from the bottom drawer.

“Yep, that’s why I came to get you.”

Danica grinned at him. “David, you know that’s the only reason I’d be caught dead with you computer geeks,” she teased.

“Don’t I know it.”

They laughed and made fun of each other on the way to the elevator. While they waited, Marco appeared down the hall and came toward them. The muscles of her stomach contracted at his regal bearing. He carried his dark head high and moved with such confidence it was easy to mistake him for the CEO.

Even under the thickness of the jacket, she could see the swell of his arm muscles, teasing her with the knowledge that it covered what had to be the most beautiful male body she'd seen in person since...well, since ever.

Marco worked out often. She'd seen him after hours through the glass downstairs in the corporate gym on her way to the underground parking garage. She'd never wanted to be a sleeveless T-shirt so badly in her life.

"Hey, Reyes, care to join us? A bunch of us are going to Danica's favorite lunch spot—that Indian place, down the street."

"Oh really?" Marco's dark brown eyes searched hers. She didn't waver from his stare, no matter how much her stomach quivered. She had the right to choose who she went to lunch with. "No, I'll pass. I have a date with some spreadsheets, so I'll grab a sandwich at the deli downstairs."

The elevator doors slid apart and the three entered the cabin.

"Speaking of dates, you have any plans for Valentine's Day?"

Danica stared straight ahead, pretending not to be interested in the conversation, even though she couldn't wait to hear the answer.

"You asking me out, David?"

"No, way, man. I'm happily married."

Marco leaned a shoulder against the wall. "In a few days Valentine's Day will have come and gone and it will just be another ordinary day for me. Since I moved here, I really haven't had time to date.

"I find that hard to believe." So did she; men like Marco always had a woman.

"Believe it."

David shook his head. "If the women in the office knew you were available, you just might have plans tomorrow night." From the corner of her eye, Danica saw him nudge Marco with his elbow.

Both men laughed.

She heard how the women in the office ooh-ed and ahh-ed over him. If he wanted to have an office fling, he could have his pick of any of the single women in the office, some of the married ones too.

She stepped out as soon as the elevator opened and spotted the rest of the lunch group near the revolving doors.

"I've got my eyes on someone."

He was interested in someone? Her head swiveled in his direction. Their eyes locked for a fraction of a second before his dark gaze lowered to her mouth. She pressed her parched lips together in an effort to moisten them.

Time seemed to slow down. The building's occupants milled about them as they stood in the grand foyer, yet everyone, including their co-worker, receded into the background.

Her eyes drank in the silky dark hair, the deep-set dark brown eyes, and the sensuous mouth that she had imagined doing very naughty things to her in fantasies that were unbecoming of her position as CFO. Her nipples tightened, chafing against the satin constraints of her bra. Moist warmth crept into the most secret part of her body. He had set her ablaze just by looking at her.

He lifted his eyes. "I just have to figure out how to get her attention."

"Well, good luck, pal. Maybe you'll get lucky in time for Valentine's Day. See you later."

Danica snapped out of what could only be described as a trance.

"See you later. Bye, Danica."

She managed a smile at him. "Bye, Marco."

"Where are your flowers?"

Danica resisted the urge to turn her leather bound executive chair in the direction of the sexy baritone. She kept her eyes on the computer screen and continued to run her fingertips rapidly across the keyboard. She knew who had asked the question.

Marco.

"I didn't know you sent any," she responded, not making eye contact. She kept her voice cool and neutral. "As you can tell, they haven't arrived yet." She completed the paragraph she was in the midst of typing.

Schooling her features into a polite expression, she turned to face him. She had to be sure no emotion showed in her eyes as she looked at his trim body lounging against the door jamb, one hand shoved into a pocket of tailored trousers that hinted at his powerful thighs. Today his wide shoulders and muscular chest were clothed in a white shirt under a dark jacket and solid blue silk tie.

"They haven't arrived yet?" he asked. "Well, I better call and find out where they are then, huh?"

A smile hovered at the corners of his sensuous lips, and her heart tripped in anticipation of seeing that charming smile spread all the way across his face.

"No, they haven't." She played along with his joke.

As Marco opened his mouth to speak again, an excited squeal pierced the air from the direction of the cubicles.

He grinned, and Danica could practically hear the roar of blood rushing through her veins. Arousal stole up her inner thighs and she shifted uneasily to dispel the shameless way her body responded every time he was near.

"Another happy recipient of all St. Valentine has to offer."

"So it would seem," Danica agreed. She managed to succeed at the monumental task of keeping the envy out of her voice. "Was there something I could help you with?"

She tapped her finger against the solid wood of her desk as she feigned impatience at his interruption. As always, she was pleased and displeased to see him at the same time, unable to settle on which emotion was the stronger of the two.

She especially didn't want to see him today. This was the worst day of the year for her.

She had considered calling in but changed her mind at the last minute. So what if she didn't have anyone to spend Valentine's Day with? So what if it was the second year in a row she'd had to walk back and forth through the Accounting and Finance Department and watch it transform into a garden of bouquets, teddy bears, and balloons her staff collected from their boyfriends and husbands like trophies?

It was only one day, and it would soon be over.

Marco strolled into the room with the same long, easy strides he used when he walked through the halls of the company. His dark brown eyes never left Danica's face, and she had the uneasy feeling he could see right through her pretense at composure to the uneven beating of her heart.

"Did you have a chance to look at those figures I emailed to you yesterday? I wanted to get your approval before I sent them downstairs to be copied and bound."

Danica waved her hand across her cluttered desk, a tactic she used to avoid looking directly at him, to avoid staring at the perfection of his lean, strong jaw and honey-hued skin. Her weakness for this man was appalling.

"I haven't had a chance. I've been really busy."

"What would you like me to do? Should I have the packets prepared as-is, or will you have time to review the data beforehand?"

Danica glanced at her watch. "It's . . . three o'clock . . . I'll review them later this afternoon." She looked up at him. "What time will you be leaving tonight?"

Marco shrugged. "I'll probably pull out around six."

"Okay, well, I'll have an answer for you before then." She turned to her computer screen, a signal the conversation was over.

"What about you?" Marco asked.

She returned her attention to him. "What about me?"

"When will you be leaving tonight?"

"I'm not sure."

Marco looked directly into her eyes; in the bold manner he had a habit of doing. "No plans tonight?"

The audaciousness of his question surprised her. Her stomach tightened as he brought stark attention to the fact that she would be alone tonight.

"I've got too much work to do," Danica answered, then turned back to the refuge of her computer screen. She continued to work on the report that had occupied her time before his arrival.

"All work and no play make Danica a dull girl," Marco sang on the way out the door.

Danica closed her eyes in relief. *And a horny one.*

Marco made his way through the department toward his office on the other side of the building, winking or smiling at each syrupy "*Hey, Marco*," he received from the female staff.

After asking his assistant to hold his calls, he shut the office door.

Struck out again.

Deep in thought, he rubbed the side of his jaw as he stared out at the rooftops of the nearby buildings. He wondered if Danica's behavior was because she liked him, or because she didn't like him. It was hard to tell, and he was starting to think she couldn't stand the sight of him. Her chocolate brown eyes seldom looked his way, even when they were in a one-on-one conversation.

It filled him with envy to see her laugh and chat with other employees. It only made him try that much harder to coax a smile in his direction from those lush lips. But she seldom smiled—at least not with him.

With a muttered oath, Marco spun away from the window and dropped into the chair behind his desk. He knew through idle office chatter that she was single. Her availability only heightened his interest.

She occupied way too much of his thoughts. He found himself distracted in the middle of department meetings and strategizing about ways and means to get time alone with her. Of late, she had even managed to infiltrate his dreams, causing him to wake up sweaty and hard, like an adolescent boy with overactive hormones.

Something had to be done.

Soon.

Danica logged out and pressed the *Off* button on her computer monitor. Heavy rain pelted the large glass window which took up one wall of her office. It was time to go home and maybe curl up in bed with a good book while she listened to the drone of the raging storm. A romance novel would be too depressing. She'd reread one of her business books or grab a thriller from the bookshelf.

Lifting her hands above her head and arching her back, she stretched the full length of her body, right down to her toes. The sound of a male clearing his throat startled her, and she turned sharply toward the door.

"What are you still doing here?" she asked.

As if he'd touched her, her breasts tingled at the site of Marco in the doorway, and her body thrummed to life. In one hand he held a large plastic sack, while the other remained out of view behind his back.

"Working, like you," he replied. "But I stepped out for a bit to pick up some dinner." She noted the scattered dark spots on his suit jacket from his trek in the rain. He came further into her office and held up the sack. "Hungry?"

She had an answer for that question, but it had nothing to do with food.

"I was just about to leave, actually." Danica got to her feet and cast about for her shoes, which she had removed several hours ago. "I had some M&M's earlier, so I'm fine."

"I think you'll probably like this better than M&M's." Marco placed the food on her desk. "I brought you dinner, from that Indian restaurant you like."

Danica looked up at him, then down at the food. She'd been so busy trying to get away from him she hadn't noticed the enticing smell wafting from the closed bag. There was the fragrant scent of curry, and she detected a hint of ginger and cumin, as well.

She looked up at him again, and his dark eyes were focused on her face. The food smelled delicious, and she had eaten those M&M's hours ago. The beginnings of hunger scratched at her stomach. If she turned him down, she'd be stuck trying to find something to eat while navigating the storm-drenched streets.

"How do you know which restaurant I like?"

"David mentioned it a few days ago—when you joined him and some of his staff for lunch after you turned down my invitation."

Guilty as charged. Did she detect a bit of resentment in that sentence?

"Well, it's just that—"

"No need to explain," Marco interrupted, smiling to soften the interruption. He twisted his arm from behind his back and revealed a small bundle of tissue-wrapped roses.

Danica's eyes widened. "What are those?"

"They're called flowers," he explained, with a look that suggested he was fighting back a laugh. "I picked them up while I was out."

"Marco, you didn't have to..."

"It was my pleasure," he said softly. "It didn't seem right that you didn't have any flowers, so I thought I'd do what I could to remedy that. A beautiful woman like you should have flowers on Valentine's Day. At least, what's left of it."

Danica felt her face get hot at the lavish compliment. In fact, her entire body warmed up by several degrees at the considerate acts and the intimate tone of Marco's voice.

She smiled. She couldn't help it. The thoughtful gestures of dinner and flowers from a man she secretly craved filled her with feminine pleasure. Danica took the proffered flowers, experiencing a short electric shock as her fingers brushed against his. She lowered her nose to inhale the sweet fragrance of the bouquet.

"Thank you," she said quietly with a smile, looking up at him from between her lowered lashes.

Marco's face tightened, and he expelled a heavy breath. "My pleasure."

Thirty minutes later, the two were seated in a corner of Danica's office with several Styrofoam containers of Indian food spread out on the round table she sometimes used for small meetings.

Marco had thrown his jacket and tie over the back of one of the chairs. Danica was still barefoot, with one stocking-clad thigh crossed over the other. She was laughing as Marco entertained her with another one of his humorous stories about his mishaps as a Mexican-American.

"What did you say to him?" she prodded, giggling before she even heard the punch line.

"I just looked at him and said, with the thickest accent I could...taking it all the way back to Mexico . . ."

"No, you didn't. Tell me you didn't!" His parents were Mexican, but he was born in California, so he didn't have an accent.

"Yes, I did," Marco said with a remorseless nod. "I said to him, '*Lo siento, señor, pero no hablo inglés.*'"

Danica snorted as uncontrollable laughter erupted from her throat.

Marco leaned toward her. "Did you just snort?"

She clamped a hand over her mouth. She laughed so hard, the laughter turned into a fit of coughing that had Marco leaning quickly toward her and patting her on the back.

"Are you okay?" he asked with a mixture of amusement and concern.

Danica nodded her head vigorously. She pressed her palm against her chest and inhaled deeply. "You're a very bad man," she said in an accusatory tone.

It was the first time Marco had seen her so relaxed around him, and the sight was enough to make him catch his breath. Her lipstick was almost gone, and with the combination of her face being lit up in amusement, she looked nothing like the aloof thirty-something-year-old executive to which he was accustomed.

His gaze traveled over her face, taking in the high cheekbones and soft-looking lips curved into an inviting, radiant smile that lit up his soul and made him forget the stormy night.

He suddenly realized he was still touching her. His hand rested on her shoulder, and he became acutely aware of their close proximity. The same awareness dawned on her at about the same time, and the smile slowly drifted from her face.

Fascinated, he watched the nervous slide of her tongue along the seam of her lips and decided right then he could no longer hold back.

"I'm not, you know," he said in a husky voice.

"Not what?" Danica breathed.

"Not bad."

Marco eased his hand across her shoulder and felt the instinctive stiffening of her body. He clasped her slender neck between his fingers and let his thumb rub against her silky brown skin to ease the tension there. Her eyelids slowly lowered and her lips parted into the most tempting invitation he had ever received. The trembling of her shallow breaths and the subtle scent of roses on her skin urged him to continue.

"In fact," he whispered, bringing his face so close to hers that she must have felt the brush of his breath across her irresistible lips. "Some would say I'm very, very good."

Danica knew a bad decision when she saw one. She'd spent her life avoiding them. It didn't make sense that right when she urgently needed her decision-making skills, they deserted her without a backward glance. Kissing Marco was a bad decision, but she couldn't care less about the consequences.

His kiss was soft and light, the pressure of his lips testing her receptiveness to his touch. The gentle warmth of his mouth hinted at undiscovered passion, but Danica didn't want gentle. She kissed him harder, pushing her tongue forward to seek out and tangle with his. For eight long months she had held herself in check, fighting back the attraction that prickled across her skin and made her body throb with longing every time she heard his voice or he entered the room. Finally, the agony of deprivation was at an end, and she could explore and touch and taste to her heart's content.

"Come here," Marco commanded between kisses, his voice thick and rough, dragging her up out of the chair.

The soft demand thrilled her, and she drew a shaky breath into lungs that had become painfully constricted. He maneuvered her onto his lap, hiking her form-fitting dress up over her hips so she could comfortably straddle him.

With his large hand cradling the back of her head, he took charge and dragged her mouth down to his, creating erotic sensations that spiraled through her body like a tornado. She moaned with satisfaction, kissing him with feverish intensity.

Her fingers quickly unbuttoned his shirt, pushing the expensive material off his shoulders so they could travel across the solid expanse of his chest. He was even more beautiful than she imagined. She spread her fingers over his contoured chest and lowered her head to trail her lips along his collarbone. Her hands roamed all over his torso, down to the rock hard six-pack muscles of his abdomen, and back up again.

His big hands cupped the swell of her bottom and pulled her hard against his burgeoning erection. The sharp thrill of desire, the knowledge of what was in store, lanced through her, and she trembled, curling her fingers into his hard shoulders.

"Feel good?" he asked, as he undid the skinny black belt at her waist.

"Mhmm."

He pulled the dress over her head to reveal black lace covered breasts, matching panties, and a garter belt. Marco groaned like a wounded animal and smoothed his hands up her silk-clad thighs to the warm flesh of her hips, then further upward to her waist, where they finally came to rest. His touch was like a fuse, lighting a flame wherever he touched, evoking little ripples of pleasure that shimmied across her skin and culminated into pulsing heat at the juncture between her thighs.

He lowered his head to trace the tip of his tongue over the full swell of her breasts. That wasn't enough. She wanted more of his mouth, more of his tongue. She barely had time to undo the front clasp of her bra before he spread his hands across her back, pulling her closer so he could draw the tight nipple of her right breast into his eager mouth.

She threaded her fingers through the dark silk of his hair, arching her back to give him all the access he desired. Pleasure ran rampant through her veins as he focused his attention on each breast in turn, his tongue rasping across the pebbled tips, then sucking and pulling as much of the taut brown flesh as he could into his mouth until she whimpered, grabbing at his powerful biceps, rotating her hips against him in a silent plea for relief.

He trailed hot kisses along her delicate jaw and up toward her ear, where he whispered, "I want you naked."

Deep-seated hunger shuddered through her. Weak with the realization that her fantasy was about to come true, Danica closed her eyes and let him lift her to walk over to the sofa against the wall. He lowered her to the floor and removed every piece of lace, fondling and touching her until she was panting and exactly the way he wanted her—naked.

"Your turn."

They both removed his clothes in haste so that moments later their mouths were fused in a hungry kiss, their bodies seared together as if they were no longer two, but one.

Marco lowered himself to a seated position on the sofa and pulled her down to him so that she straddled his thighs. She could hardly wait. Her body was parched for him. He swore, frustrated, fumbling with the condom he'd lifted from his wallet.

"Hurry," she whispered in wanton desperation.

When he was finally sheathed in protection, with his help, she settled her body on top of his, taking him in, feeling him fill and stretch her to accommodate his size. He didn't move at first, his eyes closed as he savored the moment. She relished the sensation of their joining. Tremors wracked her own body, and Danica gripped his broad shoulders.

He leaned back, grabbed her soft hips, and guided her to rock back and forth on top of him.

Unbearable tension coiled in her body. Heat swamped her as she repeatedly thrust her hips against his in a frantic coupling. The panting sounds of their passion drowned out the pitter-patter of the steady rain against the window. She sank her nails into his bronzed flesh, and with a keening cry, toppled over into the abyss of immeasurable pleasure. Seconds later, Marco shuddered and groaned out loud as he achieved his own satisfaction.

It was long moments before their breathing returned to normal. Marco lay supine on the sofa with Danica draped over him.

"We'd better get up before the cleaning crew gets here," he whispered, though the only movement he made was to encircle her waist with one strong arm.

Danica lifted her head from the pillow of his chest. Her eyes searched his face for answers to unasked questions. "Yeah, you're right." She shifted. As she rose, the warm slide of his hand down her body made her skin tingle anew.

"Danica—"

"Don't."

She started picking up her scattered clothes, her face burning in embarrassment. The cold reality of what she'd done washed over her. What had she been thinking? He was her direct report, and they'd just had sex in her office, with the door open! What if someone else had been working late and come by and seen them?

She heard him get up. "Don't shut me out," he entreated from close behind her. "Tell me what you're thinking."

He was so close she could feel the heat radiating from his naked body. She swallowed past the golf ball sized lump in her throat, wanting to turn into his strong arms, but feeling like she shouldn't.

"There's nothing to say," she said, stepping into her lacy panties.

When she'd pulled them over her hips, his fingers closed around her forearm, rotated her to face him, and pulled her into his warm embrace. She softened, the supple mounds of her bare breasts pressed flat to his hard chest.

"There's plenty to say." His tone was hard, his face unsmiling. He lowered his head to hers, forcing her to look at him. "What do you want to do? Go back to the way things were? Pretend like nothing happened tonight?"

She shivered at the intensity of his dark gaze. "What choice do we have? We have to work together, and I'm your supervisor."

"And we'll figure it out," he said. He cupped her face in his hands. "Dammit, Danica, I care about you, a lot. Don't you feel anything for me at all?"

Her lips parted in surprise. “Wha—what?” The words he spoke were a wonderful surprise.

Marco twisted his mouth into a rueful smile. “I’ve only just admitted it to myself. Couldn’t you tell that I’ve been trying to get your attention for months?”

“You’re friendly with everyone,” Danica countered.

“No, *you’re* friendly with everyone,” he corrected her. “Everyone except me.” A shadow of doubt entered his eyes. “Do you feel . . . anything at all?”

“Yes. Marco, all this time I’ve been trying to hide how I feel because I thought my feelings were . . . inappropriate.”

“They are, but do you see me complaining?” he teased.

“No.” Her heart felt full.

He pulled her tighter against his body and devoured her lips in a mind-numbing kiss.

When he released her, he kept his face close to hers.

“I want to get to know you better, outside of work,” he said.

Danica nodded. “I would like that too, although we kind of put the cart before the horse, didn’t we?”

Marco smiled proudly. “That’s because I’m so irresistible.”

She pinched his shoulder, and he winced. With a serious look, she said, “If we’re going to do this, we have to be discreet. I don’t want our . . .” She trailed off, trying to find the right word.

“Relationship?” Marco supplied.

“Well, whatever you want to call it--becoming the subject of office gossip. I don’t want anyone saying you’re getting special treatment because we’re seeing each other.”

“But I will, right?”

“Marco!” She pulled back and he pulled her close again.

“I’m just kidding.” He smoothed away her frown with tender kisses. “I can be discreet. But there’s no company policy against dating.”

“I know.”

“Eventually people will figure it out or we’ll have to tell them, and that will be awkward at first.”

“I know.”

He looked down at her with hooded eyes and ran the tips of his fingers across her lower back. “Let’s get out of here before we get caught,” he suggested, right before he stole another hot kiss.

They finished getting dressed and dumped the food containers. Danica picked up her roses.

“Happy Valentine’s Day,” Marco said. He took her hand on the way out the door and kissed the back of her fingers. “Your place or mine?”

A shiver of anticipation trickled down her spine. She smiled up at him. “Mine.”

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