

The book cover features a photograph of a man's bare, muscular torso. He is wearing a white dress shirt and a dark, diagonally striped tie. His hands are visible, one near his waist. The background is a solid black. On the left, there is a vertical red band. The title 'After Hours' is written in large, yellow, serif font across the center. The author's name 'Lynne Roberts' is in a smaller, white, serif font to the right of the title. The publisher's name 'Scarlet Rose' is written vertically in red, cursive font on the left. The 'Corrigar' logo is in the bottom left corner.

Rosette

Scarlet Rose

Corrigar
LIVE

After Hours

Lynne
Roberts

After Hours

by

Lynne Roberts

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales, is entirely coincidental.

After Hours

COPYRIGHT © 2009 by Lynne Roberts

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission of the author or The Wild Rose Press except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews.

Contact Information: info@thewildrosepress.com

Cover Art by *Angela Anderson*

The Wild Rose Press
PO Box 708
Adams Basin, NY 14410-0708

Visit us at www.thewilderroses.com

Publishing History
First Scarlet Rose Edition, December 2009

Published in the United States of America

Trademarks Acknowledgement

The author of this work of fiction
acknowledges the following trademarks:

Twitter: Twitter, Inc.

Dedication

To Agnes Roberts. You will always be missed.

To Carlos. Thank you.

Special thanks to my awesome sister, Chelsea,
for her encouragement;
to my cyber-sisters for their unfailing
love and support;
and to my awesome editor, Lori.

This book would not have been possible without you.

PRAISE FOR AUTHOR

Lynne Roberts

FIRST DATE

“You can practically hear the sexual tension between Jill and Bret crackle like lightning. **FIRST DATE** is a great, sexy little story, one I will definitely read again.”

~Colleen Snodgrass, Nights and Weekends

“The story was fraught with so much awesome sexual tension I had to step away from the computer a couple of times to cool down before I had a heart attack! This one is a definite keeper that I will be recommending to more people than I currently know right now.”

~Romancereader, Seriously Reviewed

“A fun and creative storyline with plenty of twists and turns to keep me interested.”

~Diana, Night Owl Romance

“From the first line to the last, this story was full of steamy sensuality and rockin’ sexual tension.”

~Becca Simone, author of Midnight Treat

“Ms. Roberts provides a scorching story that melted my hard drive. **FIRST DATE** is a must-read short story from an up-and-coming Erotic Romance author.”

~Jennifer Leeland, author of The Trust She Yields

After Hours

Some men simply walk across a room, but not David.

Elle Simpson watched from her office as the new intern, his hips moving in a predatory roll, strolled to the copier and stood with his back toward her. No, not David.

She felt the color rise in her cheeks as her gaze traced his body, from the dark hair just curling at the nape of his neck, past wide shoulders, to the dangerous-looking narrow hips and an ass made for grabbing. Her body warmed and her inner thighs began to tingle.

David turned, as though he could sense her scrutiny, and flashed a smile that could short-circuit a city. Hell, it certainly did a number on her. Elle swallowed, hiding behind a noncommittal nod, and hoped she gave the impression she was too busy for pleasantries. Damn. She needed to be more careful.

After many years with the company, she'd earned her reputation as a dependable, hardworking, no-nonsense kind of woman. She grimaced. What would her fellow employees think if they knew every time David Nelson walked in the room, Elle's synapses stopped firing as all the blood left her head to settle between her legs? She shifted on her chair and the friction caused her pussy to ache, reminding her of its neglected state.

Evidently finished with the copier, David gathered his papers and walked back to his cubicle. Elle tilted her head to better watch him walk down the hall. A damn sexy man. Perhaps he'd been born with some sort of exclusive hip design. It would

explain the fluidity of movement.

Elle shrugged. One thing was certain—when David walked into a room, or out of it, he had her undivided attention. She didn't think he was trying to be sexy, or if he was, the effort had become, well...effortless. There was just something in the way those well-oiled hips moved that made her wonder what else they could do.

"Oh, hell," Elle muttered as her juices dampened her thong. She was as horny as a teenager. Could she ask for a new office? One that didn't face the copy machine and offer a tantalizing view of the most scrumptious ass she'd ever seen? Elle smiled at her screen. *Hell, no.* Where was the fun in that? Distraction or no, she enjoyed watching him.

Act your age, woman. She mentally shook herself, took a deep breath and turned back to the spreadsheet in front of her.

Spreadsheet...an image having nothing to do with accounting filled her mind and she groaned. She pictured herself spread-eagled on her bed, David hovering over her. "God damn it." She shook her head. *Concentrate!*

"Everything alright?" Peter walked in, pinched each leg of his trousers between two fingers and hiked them above his ankles before settling on one of the two chairs in front of her desk.

It was an affectation she'd always hated.

"Yes." Elle tapped her keyboard and shrugged. "You know how numbers can act up from time to time."

Peter smiled. "Yeah, who says they're boring?"

She wouldn't go quite that far, but she was good at her job and found satisfaction in doing it well. *Satisfaction...*there we go again. Her pussy throbbed and a fresh surge of cream soaked the thin strip of material between her legs. *I'm too old to keep my mind in the gutter.*

“Elle, hello?”

She snapped back to see Peter smiling and waving his hand in front of her face. “Sorry.”

“I think you’ve been working too hard. Why don’t you come to the club this weekend? It’ll be fun!”

Elle pasted a smile on her face. Peter had asked her out nearly every month since she started at Pembroke Accounting. Eight years later, he still hadn’t figured out that she wasn’t interested. “No, thanks. Club scenes aren’t for me.”

Peter’s thin lips turned down at the corners. “I could make you dinner.”

That invitation crossed the line. She leaned forward. “Peter, I’ve already told you. I don’t date the men I work with.”

It wasn’t a lie, not technically. She’d never actually thought of dating David, just fucking him silly. And that would never happen either; he was at least ten years younger and, with his pick of willing females, couldn’t possibly be interested in her.

“I understand, Elle, but you know, at our age, er...we can’t be particular.” He unfolded his long legs from the chair, smiled and walked out of her office. The motion reminded Elle of a stork.

Can’t be particular? Okay, so she was closing in on forty, fast, but it wasn’t like she was a troll or anything. She took care of herself and worked out three or four times a week. She was in the best shape of her life and everything was in working order. Elle sighed and closed her eyes. Some parts, some neglected parts, seemed to be working harder than ever. She turned her attention back to the spreadsheet. She wouldn’t have a job for long if she didn’t get back to work.

“Peter asked me to give these to you.”

Elle looked up. David stood before her desk, a

file in his outstretched hand. The man not only walked like a feline; he also shared its stealth. A shiver traced her spine.

It just wasn't fair that a man who looked that good could also sound that sexy. His deep voice worked like a physical touch and, for a moment, she was incapable of speech. Her gaze lingered on his full, sensual lips and traveled to his strong jaw and high cheekbones, then back to his eyes. They held an amused sparkle.

"He did?" she stammered.

"These are the quarterly reports you requested."

Had she requested them? "Oh, oh, yes. Thank you." As she took the file, his fingertips brushed hers, sending electrical sparks right to her core.

David lingered a moment, looking down at her with smoky hazel eyes framed by lashes any woman would kill to have—or kiss. She tore her gaze away from his face.

Gray dress slacks wrapped David's long legs and, while he wore a dress shirt and tie, he must have left the jacket in his office. How did a man make a suit look so sexy? She stared at the skin above his collar, wondering how it would taste. She already knew he smelled divine...take-you-home-and-eat-you divine.

Yet, there was more to her fascination than simply David's good looks. The man exuded masculinity, a quiet command. She itched to dig under the surface, discover what lay beneath his careful control.

Elle blinked. *And he's standing there staring at me.*

"Yes?" she asked, relieved her voice sounded even. She clenched her thighs against the ache in her pussy. Could men scent when a woman was turned on? Weren't there some kind of pheromones released?

“Nothing.” David’s mouth curved in a slow, sexy smile. “Did you need anything else?”

Did. She. Ever. *You, on the floor, desk, or against the wall. I’m not picky. Close the door and find out.*

David interned under Peter and for that she was grateful. She didn’t know what she’d do if she had to work closely with him day after day.

Yes, she did. She’d do *him*.

Elle realized she was staring into his hazel eyes and glanced down at the desk. A surge of heat traveled to her pussy and she crossed her legs. No, that didn’t help. Her sex pulsed with need. She was wet and ready, yet he was just standing there, doing nothing overtly sexy. But then, he didn’t have to do anything to turn her on except breathe. *Breathe. Breathe. Hot breath. Damn.*

She forced her gaze back to his handsome face. *Speak, Elle. He asked you a question...what was it? Oh, yeah, do I need anything.*

“No, thank you.”

He nodded and left. She fought the urge to stare, and lost. An ass like that deserved to be watched, and fondled, and licked and...

Since the day David sauntered in the office three months ago, she hadn’t thought about much else. Even if he was interested—and wasn’t ten years her junior—and even if she was on the market—which she wasn’t—they worked in the same office. The man was off-limits. She didn’t believe in office romance.

Elle took a deep breath and turned her attention back to the spreadsheet. If she didn’t concentrate, she wouldn’t be prepared for the monthly status report meeting today. She ran through the numbers once more and hit print.

She’d read somewhere that women peaked sexually around the age of forty. At thirty-seven, she

wasn't quite there but she'd always been ahead of her class, an early starter.

Great, I've hit my peak and the only dick in my life is purple, needs batteries and comes without a body. She grinned. Actually, it didn't come at all.

Could the lust that saturated her thong day after day be the result of hormones? Since her husband's death eight years before, she'd avoided men. She knew how to take care of her basic needs.

After his death, she'd applied for her husband's job. Jonathan Pembroke hadn't hired her out of pity or for sentimental reasons. She'd graduated with honors and was a damn good accountant. Over the years, she concentrated on rebuilding her career, earning her colleagues' respect and raising her daughter.

Now that Serena was in college and out on her own, Elle thought she was probably just lonely—and taking care of her basic needs didn't seem to be taking care of any needs anymore, basic or otherwise. She was tired of touching herself, of the showerhead and purple dicks; she wanted *to be* touched. She wanted more.

Okay, so David was off-limits. That didn't mean she couldn't appreciate him. He was like a work of art: a moving, delicious, erotic work of art. And art was meant to be admired—examined, even. She was no more ogling him than she had the statue of *David* when she'd gone to Florence. She was a connoisseur.

Of course, David-the-statue never inspired daydreams of jumping his bones and doing him behind her desk. Worse, now she couldn't erase the image of *her* David standing naked and posed on the conference room table.

The thought made her giggle and a passing colleague looked in her direction. She ignored him. Let him think spreadsheets amused her. Or that she was on Twitter like most of the other people in the

office.

Get it together, Elle. You worked too hard to earn your coworkers' respect, so don't do something stupid you'll regret. Of course, she already knew the words wouldn't stop the desire that flooded her body every time David was near.

David walked to his cubicle and sat down, wishing for a moment he had a door to slam. He settled for hitting 'enter' on his keyboard a little harder than necessary.

What *was* it about that woman?

He stared at his computer screen but saw Elle's dark blue eyes instead. She was an enigma. Someone he couldn't quite figure out. Was that what fascinated him? Her mystery? Like a Christmas present he couldn't wait to unwrap.

A groan escaped his lips.

He'd noticed her his first day on the job. She was calm, collected, professional and sexy as hell. But it wasn't until the second week, when he heard her laugh and saw those beautiful eyes crinkle in amusement, that he knew he had to have her.

His discreet inquiries revealed she'd been with the company eight years and was a few years older than him. Perfect.

He'd been burned too many times by younger women. In general, they were still trying to figure out what they wanted from life, or were still fascinated with the club scene. Nope, not for him. The older women he knew were confident in who they were even if they weren't yet satisfied with how much they had accomplished. He didn't mind ambition, but he hated frivolity.

As far as he was concerned, Elle had everything he wanted. She was small, at least five inches shorter than his six feet, with a body he'd love to get his hands on. Although she didn't show off her

curves, she managed to look sexy in a hot-secretary kind of way, especially when she wore her dark brown hair up, tempting him with the pale skin of her neck.

So far, every attempt he'd made to get to know her had fallen flat. He'd copied more documents on that damn machine than he could ever use in his lifetime, just to glimpse her sitting behind her desk. Had she ever noticed him?

Sometimes he felt more like a copyboy than an accountant but whenever he'd found a reason to go into her office, she barely looked at him and dismissed him as fast as she could.

Once, in an unguarded moment, he'd caught her watching him with hunger in her gaze. What he wouldn't do to see that emotion in her eyes again. His instincts screamed she was interested. Wishful thinking?

David blinked and focused on the computer screen. One thing he did know...he had a lot of work to finish.

Elle's skin pebbled as soon as she entered the conference room. She'd forgotten Jonathan's penchant for meeting in near-arctic conditions. Even in December. Running a hand up her arm failed to warm the chilled flesh, but a quick glance at the clock confirmed she didn't have time to retrieve her jacket. Fortunately, Jonathan had promised the meeting would be brief.

As she nodded to a few co-workers, a tall blond rushed in the door, slowing after a quick glance at the clock. Elle smiled. "Hi, Tina. How's that baby?"

Tina slumped in the nearest chair and rubbed her temples. "Colic. All night, again. Thank you for asking."

"You're welcome." Elle set the folder containing her report on the table in front of an empty chair

and walked to the sideboard to pour two cups of coffee. The steaming mug would warm her fingers enough to take notes and Tina certainly needed the caffeine.

After placing the cup before the tired mother, she returned to her place.

"Elle, do you have time later this afternoon to go over some numbers with me?"

She glanced up. Peter stood across the table, arranging papers. Though she often double-checked her colleagues' numbers, Peter's requests were transparent ploys to get her into his office. She sat down and sipped her coffee. "Which account?"

Peter cleared his throat. "Toole."

"Fred is more familiar with that account." She nodded to the large man sitting at the corner of the table and then smiled as he looked up. "He'd be a better choice." After retrieving her report from the folder, she took another sip of her coffee. Crisis averted. She was as ready as she'd ever be.

David walked in and, suddenly, she didn't need the coffee to warm her. *Why is he here?* As an intern, he didn't need to attend the monthly meetings. Maybe he wanted to impress Jonathan.

He sure as hell impressed her.

He paused at the door and glanced around the room. His gaze brushed hers and he might as well have stroked her bare skin. Heat flooded her abdomen.

Great, now she'd have to endure the meeting with a wet thong. She really was going to have to do something about this. But what? Was there a pill for being overly horny? Or maybe she should just go to a bar, find an acceptable man and get laid. No. Forget it. Not really her style.

Out of habit, she watched David grab a cup of coffee and head her way. The only solution she could think of involved shocking not only David, but the

rest of the employees around the table. She could imagine their faces when solid, dependable Elle ripped the new intern's clothes off for a quickie before the meeting. A quickie, hell. She'd take her time. Her sex pulsed with need. *Fuck*. Yes, fucking, or rather the lack of it, was the problem. She closed her eyes.

"Is this seat taken?" David's low voice rumbled in her ear, sending quivers down her spine. She opened her eyes and smiled up at him.

"No. Go ahead." At least her voice sounded casual.

He set his coffee cup on the table and brushed her arm when he sat next to her. A chill rippled through her body. It was going to be a long meeting. She listened to his papers rustle and the coffee cup click as he sipped and set it back down. His movements stirred the air and the fragrance of his cologne, mixed with that unique smell of man, fueled a hunger deep in her core.

What was it about David that made her senses so aware of everything? Elle shifted in her seat, attempting to ignore the warmth radiating from her left, but all she could think about was that hot flesh rubbing against hers. She wanted more than just a grazing touch.

"The coffee's not bad." David leaned back in the chair.

Elle fought the tremor threatening her body as his voice caressed her ear. The man could make a fortune in phone sex. "It's a good thing. It's freezing in here."

David's brief glance seared her flesh. Her nipples tightened into aching nubs. She just wouldn't look at him, but even staring straight ahead, she could see him in her periphery. It was enough.

"Would you like my jacket?"

“No. No, thank you.” The thought of wrapping his jacket around her was a bit too close to snuggling in his arms. His scent. His warmth. *Oh, God.* She really should start bringing a change of underwear to work. Elle almost laughed at the idea. She had recently gone on a shopping spree and bought several pairs of lacy underwear, more revealing than any she’d ever worn. Her daughter was right. Once you go thong, you never wear anything else.

She adjusted her skirt and crossed her legs. The satin of her slip slid against the naked flesh of her ass. David’s hands would feel so much better. Her sex creamed.

CEO Jonathan Pembroke, a distinguished gentleman who only ventured from his office at twelve sharp—presumably for lunch—and again at six, to go home to his wife or mistress—he had both and apparently they got along—ambled in. As always, even though he’d called the meeting, he seemed surprised his staff sat around the conference table waiting for him.

“It’s nice to see all of you today,” he began. Everyone around the table smiled and nodded as if they’d had a choice in the matter.

“As promised, today’s meeting will be short. I have copies of your reports.” Jonathan glanced up at no one in particular. “Thank you.” He sat down at the head of the table and nodded to Peter. “You first.”

After Peter finished his rather lengthy status update, each employee gave his or her report. Elle lost her train of thought only once when David’s knee skimmed her leg. But no one else seemed to notice.

When they were all done, Jonathan opened his briefcase, retrieved some papers and stared gravely around the table as though he were a professor about to lecture unruly children. “Pembroke has a

chance to not only stay in the black this year, but to turn a tidy profit.”

Jonathan cleared his throat. “We recently acquired a new client—”

Elle missed what he said next. The full length of David’s thigh brushed hers and robbed her of all ability to hear anything save the rapid beating of her heart. Electric currents shot through her nerve endings, straight to her pussy, and she had to stifle a moan. Elle shot a glance toward David. He didn’t take his gaze away from Jonathan.

“So, they fired their accountant and some of the staff,” Jonathan continued. “We don’t think he was stealing, but that’s something we’ll need to verify. We do know he wasn’t doing his job. We’ve six months of sales figures, receipts and bills to go through by the end of the year.”

Elle took a deep breath. That meant overtime. Lots of overtime. David was doodling on his legal pad. She snuck a glimpse of a passable rabbit under a tree.

“That means overtime,” Jonathan echoed her thought. “I know some of you have children and it is the holidays, but this is a multi-million dollar company that has just been caught with its pants down. They really need our help and they’re willing to pay top dollar for it.” He paused. “Elle, I’d really like you to work on this project. Are you up for it?”

She thought about being irritated. Jonathan could have asked her in private, but his choice made sense. Of the senior accountants, she was the only one with no one at home who would miss her if she worked late. Even Peter had his mother. “Sure thing. I’ll do it.”

He smiled. “I knew you would.” He glanced around the table. “It’s too big of a job for one person, even someone as capable as Elle. Any volunteers?”

“I’m in,” David said.

Elle froze. He didn't. He couldn't.

"That's the team spirit, David," Jonathan said.

He had.

Jonathan checked his watch and closed his briefcase with an audible click. He glanced once at Elle, then David. "I'll brief you on all the details tomorrow." He nodded and left the room.

David turned to her and smiled. "It looks like we'll be working together."

Elle tried her best to return his friendly gesture, but it was a wobbly effort. "Yes. Yes, we will."

"I'm looking forward to it."

"Um, yeah. Excuse me. I—" Clearing her throat, she rose from the table, nearly spilling the dregs of her coffee. "I have to go work. Now." She grabbed her folder, and attempted not to run back to the safety of her office.

What did I say?

David watched Elle rush from the room. Despite his frustration, he enjoyed the sight of her ass wiggling away from him. If he could only get it to wiggle here. He flexed his fingers, imagining her flesh under his hands, and his cock twitched in approval.

Pretending to take notes, he nodded to his colleagues as they drifted out. He'd thought he heard her gasp when he pressed his thigh against hers under the table. But it could have been his own intake of breath. He hadn't been prepared for the jolt of desire that flooded his system. *Still* flooded his system.

Adjusting his erection, he waited until everyone left the conference room. The only person he wanted to notice his swollen cock had practically run back to her office. She'd appeared flustered. Nerves? Irritation? Maybe temptation? He grinned.

Office gossip claimed she'd given up on men—

switched teams—since her husband’s death. Yet he’d bet his bottom dollar she wasn’t a lesbian. It seemed more likely she just hadn’t been interested in the offers.

He stood and drained his cold coffee. Why Jonathan had to keep the conference room like a refrigerator, David didn’t know. On the other hand, he enjoyed watching Elle’s nipples harden under her sweater. He’d sat through today’s meeting wondering if her bra clasped in the front or the back. He hoped the front. Easier access.

His cock throbbed. David took a deep breath. Living the past few months with a permanent hard-on had taken its toll. He wasn’t concentrating, hadn’t paid attention to any of the account updates, or heard half the things Jonathan said until he had forced Elle into taking the account by backing her against the wall.

Immediately the image of Elle against a wall filled his mind, her blue eyes half-closed in ecstasy, and her dark hair spilling over her shoulders while he stroked her to orgasm after orgasm. He took another deep breath. *Thank God for briefs or I’d be known around the office as “tent boy.”*

David smiled at the empty room. Now she had to work with him and he’d finally have a chance to discover if the attraction was mutual.

Elle took a deep breath and a spicy masculine scent filled her senses. *God, how can a man smell and look that good?* David sat across from her, his head bowed, looking over the receipts she’d just sorted.

The rest of the building was dark and empty. Even the cleaning crew had left a few hours before. Elle rubbed her gritty eyes. Today marked her fifth twelve-hour day. Her fifth day spending four torturous hours locked in a small office with David.

Alone in an abandoned building with the world's sexiest man...cataloguing sales slips. Yup, she'd hit the big time. *Damn.*

"You need some more coffee?" he asked without looking up.

"No. Thanks. I've had enough."

It didn't help that she genuinely liked David. Elle watched him through her eyelashes. Not only gorgeous but smart, organized and funny as hell. *Let's not forget he gets you hotter than eggs on a griddle.* She closed her eyes for a second. And he's off-limits, she added to her mental list. But it became harder with each passing day to remember why he was untouchable.

Oh, yeah...we work together. Office romances are unprofessional.

"What about dinner? We could order pizza."

Elle gazed at his dark hair for a moment. Was it as silky as it looked? "If you're hungry, go ahead. I'll get something on the way home."

"I'm good." David nodded.

That she didn't doubt, not for one minute. She glanced at the darkened window. The occasional snowflake sparkled under the streetlight outside. *Was having sex with a coworker unprofessional?* She didn't plan to fuck him on the desk. Although the thought had crossed her mind.

"Is that what you usually do?"

She fought to keep her mouth closed as she turned her attention back to David. "What?"

He smiled, eyes slightly puzzled. "Get something on the way home. Is that what you usually do for dinner?"

After releasing a slow breath through her lips, she willed her heart to slow. "Depends. But, yeah, usually."

"You don't cook?"

Elle shrugged. "It's boring cooking for one."

"There's an easy solution for that. Invite someone to dinner."

A laugh escaped before she could stifle it. "Who has time?"

"Good point."

He still wore a pale blue button-down shirt but had removed his tie and unfastened the top buttons to reveal the silky smooth skin below his neck. Picking up a heavy box of files, he moved it from the desk to the floor. His chest muscles rolled with the effort. Was there hair farther down? Perhaps a trail leading all the way to heaven?

Stop it, girl! But for a moment she imagined undoing the rest of the buttons, letting her hands explore his chest and tiptoeing her fingers down his firm stomach to satisfy her curiosity. *That's not the only thing I'd satisfy.*

She swallowed with a suddenly dry throat. At least she knew where the moisture went. *Maybe I just shouldn't wear underwear.*

As though he could hear the thought, he looked up, met her gaze and smiled that dazzling smile that made her knees weak. She was melting into a little pool of wanton need in the chair across from him and he had no idea. Would he be shocked? Horrified?

No, he'd be polite and she didn't think she could take a polite refusal. Better he didn't know.

"Sure you don't want something to eat?"

Yes. Yes, I do. You. Every luscious inch of you.
"I'm fine."

Ignoring the thought, she stared at his tanned, youthful face. She wasn't old enough to be his mother, but she could have babysat him, changed his diaper, given him baths. Holy shit. She closed her eyes to try to shake the image of water beaded on his very grown-up, naked body and her with a cloth.

Elle squeezed her knees together and opened her eyes. Closing them only provided a place for her

imagination to play. Opening her eyes didn't work either. The object of her desire stared at her with an unreadable expression on his handsome face.

She was screwed and not in a good way.

His hazel gaze had grown serious. "There's more to life than work, you know."

"I know." *Do I?*

Elle was staring at him again.

David glanced down at the box of files. He'd just stuck his foot in his mouth big time. *There's more to life than work?* Who did he think he was? The Dalai Lama?

But earlier he'd seen a flare of something in her eyes. Had it been desire? One thing for certain, he was stumbling over himself like an awkward teenager. He'd never been shy or unsure around women. But for some reason, he couldn't read Elle's signals. Was she interested? That was the million-dollar question. He wasn't the kind of man to force his attentions on an unwilling female. He'd leave that to Peter.

Besides, if she rejected him, and she could, it would make the remaining time they spent on the project, and working in the same office, a bit uncomfortable. He adjusted his erection. A bit more uncomfortable.

They actually made a good team. So far, they'd found several miscalculations and double-payments costing the company thousands. It was boring, tedious work and they were finishing much too fast.

After a week, he still hadn't gotten up the nerve to do or say any of the things going through his mind. Almost, but not quite, asking her out for dinner didn't count.

Elle had a certain quiet dignity about her and although he could picture sweeping the receipts and files to the floor and fucking her until she screamed

his name, he couldn't bring himself to make a pass at her, and that was totally unlike him.

He glanced up. Before she'd sat down to work, he'd watched Elle pull her dark brown hair in a messy bun. Now a few tendrils were loose, curling against her neck and shining gold even under the fluorescent lights. He longed to unclip her hair and run his hands through the length of it. He could almost feel the texture under his fingertips.

"David?"

"Oh, sorry. What did you say?"

"I asked if you've seen the gas receipts? Even with the escalating price of gas, this seems like too high of a number for only twenty cars."

David cleared his throat. *Great, now she'll think I'm an idiot.* "They're right here." He passed over the folder. "There's a summary on top and you're right, some of the receipts don't have the car's license written down. They could have been filling up their personal vehicles. At the very least, I think they were buying snacks and smokes on the company's dollar."

She took the folder and their fingers brushed. The touch sent electric sparks through his system. She snatched her hand away as though the contact burned, and he fought an urge to grab it back, to hold it, kiss the fingertips, then lick her fingers.

He closed his eyes and rubbed his temples. When he opened them, she was examining his face.

"Do you have a headache? I have some painkillers in my purse."

Ache, yes, but not the head you think. Her eyes darkened with concern and faint lines formed between her brows. He wondered if she knew how close she was to being kissed. Would she slap him? Kiss him back?

"No, thanks. I'm okay." *You're a liar, that's what you are.*

“Want to call it a day?” Elle pulled out the summary he’d created earlier, closed the folder and typed something into her computer.

“Mmm, no. Why do you ask?”

“Well, it is Friday night. I thought you might have a date or something.”

Or something. “Nope. I have nowhere else to be. I’m all yours.”

She lowered her gaze, her hands paused over the keyboard, and then resumed their rhythmic motion. Her fingers were long with beautiful manicured nails.

“Do you play the piano?” he asked.

“Yes. Why?”

He shrugged. “I just wondered.” He also wondered how well those fingers played other instruments. David leaned back in the chair. “What about you? No Christmas party?”

She laughed. “I’m only going to one this year. The only one I can’t avoid. The company party.”

“Next week.”

She nodded, glanced down at the document and continued to type.

“You don’t like the holidays?”

She looked up, eyes wide. “Oh, no. I love the holidays. But this year my daughter has plans with friends and...” She trailed off. “She’ll be in town the day after Christmas. We’ll celebrate then.”

“That’s tough.”

She shrugged. “What about you?”

“My family lives in California. I’ll probably watch some old movies, drink eggnog—”

“The real kind? With rum?”

“Is there any other?”

Her smile lit up her face then abruptly fell. “We’d better get back to work.”

The hot water eased the tension in David’s back

and shoulders but failed to erase the memory or the effects of his dream.

Elle.

What was it about her? He seemed to be asking that question a lot lately. One thing for certain, she'd gotten under his skin and into his dreams, and starred in his fantasies.

He soaped his chest and arms, the skin slippery under his fingers, and imagined her hands caressing his body. His cock ached with denied need. This was torture. *If it is, then I'm a masochist because I'm addicted.*

Shielding his erection, he turned to face the water, letting the hot liquid slide across his skin, leaving it free of the bubbles.

Elle.

Vividly, he pictured her in the shower with him. Her satiny skin moist and slick under his caress.

David groaned, snaking his hand lower to soap his balls, hefting their familiar weight in his hand. If only it were Elle's hands cradling them. His erection grew, and he closed his eyes, giving in to the fantasy.

Her long, pale fingers encircled his shaft at the base, slowly sliding toward the head in a feather-light touch that was excruciating in its tenderness. His fingers played in unison with hers as they traced the delicate head and then stroked down his rigid cock and back up in a delicious, slow torture.

Eyes closed, he saw her ruby-red lips wrap around his erection, taking his length in her hot, moist mouth, and his grip tightened. His fingers never paused as her tongue lapped at his head and then flicked the tip. David gasped. Her hand sheathed his shaft, rhythmically squeezing his cock, imitating the warmth of her pussy.

David leaned against the shower wall, the tile cool on his back. The muscles in his stomach tightened and his spine began to tingle.

While his hand continued its rhythmic motion and water sprayed his closed lids, he took Elle by the shoulders and turned her around, revealing her long, pale back, the two perfectly round pale globes of her ass and the treasure in between.

Tightening his grip, he buried himself in Elle's fiery center. Her walls enveloped him, squeezing his cock in an erotic embrace. His balls drew into his body as the explosive orgasm slammed through him. Lights fired behind his eyes until, for a moment, his world became incandescent. He continued stroking, releasing his hot stream into the rushing water.

Opening his eyes, David took a deep breath and let it out slowly. Even when she wasn't in the room, Elle turned him on more than any woman he'd ever known.

He rinsed the shower stall, turned off the water, and grabbed a towel. It was time to get ready for work and he knew, by the time he returned home, he would need to find release again. Wiping the fogged mirror, he stared at his image.

Since he started working with Elle, he'd been very clean.

Elle entered the elevator and came face to face with her full-length reflection in the mirrored box. *Somebody had one hellava job keeping these clean.* As the doors closed behind her, she slowly turned, examining her figure in the mirror. Okay, maybe the little red number was too much for an office Christmas party but, damn, she loved it. Besides, red was festive. Christmassy.

Plunging low, the neckline fell in soft folds, revealing the pale swell of her breasts. And the back... she turned again and let her shawl fall from her shoulders. Well, there wasn't a back. The silk clung to her hips and belly, showing off every muscle honed by hours spent at the gym, before falling to

just above her knee. She pivoted, glancing down at the silver stilettos, a Christmas gift to herself, albeit an expensive one. But she deserved it, and they did nice things to her calves. She took a step back, revealing a length of thigh. She hardly looked like the Elle everyone in the office saw every day. And that was the point, wasn't it?

Not bad for thirty-seven. No. Not bad, period.

Then why am I alone? Elle took a deep breath. At first, it had been a choice. It wasn't that she avoided male companionship—she simply hadn't been ready. And then no one interested her. No one, until now.

It was time to remember she was also a woman. An image of David's hazel eyes crossed her vision. *There's more to life than work.* His words had echoed in her mind for days. He was right. She didn't want to spend the rest of her life at the office or home alone. She was finally ready to take a chance. She wanted passion in her life.

Would David be at the party? He hadn't actually said one way or the other but she had a feeling he would be there.

A few times when they'd been working, she'd seen a gleam of appreciation in his gaze. She'd dressed for him tonight. She intended to impress him, to see the desire bloom in his eyes and then do something about it. If he liked her in business clothes, this red satin number would leave him drooling. *I hope.*

Elle stared at her reflection. She didn't look her age but, even if she did, if David was interested, would it matter? *Should* it matter? This was a new century. Women were dating younger men all the time. Men had done it for ages.

She'd never had to test her rule on office romance simply because she'd never been attracted to anyone there. And *attraction* was too tame a word

for what she felt for David.

So was she breaking the rule the first time she was tempted, or was the rule archaic? She'd asked that question several times and always came up with the same answer. She'd proven, to herself at least, she could be madly in lust with someone and still work with him. And if he felt the same, their respective ages didn't make a difference.

In the mirror, her red lips smiled. This was the second time she'd given herself the same pep talk. If she turned him on half as much as he did her...well, then, age didn't matter at all.

Taking a deep breath, she tucked a stray lock of hair behind her ear, not bothering to smooth it back into the loose chignon. Anticipation surged through her body.

Tonight was the night.

Elle smiled as the elevator pinged and the doors opened. She stepped out of the mirrored box, her stilettos clicking against the tiled hallway. She paused for a moment and then headed toward the tinny Christmas music.

The silk dress brushed against her legs, tantalizing her skin, but it was the promise of David's touch that caused her inner thighs to tingle in eagerness. If the thought of him turned her on, she could only imagine what his touch would do. She was more than ready to test the boundaries of her imagination.

Releasing a long breath, Elle walked through the open door.

David sighed as he scanned the room. A full bar and impressive buffet lined one wall, and garlands hung from every available surface. Jonathan had really wanted to celebrate in style.

He'd already decided to attend the party long enough to be seen, find Elle and then go home.

Hopefully with Elle. He exhaled slowly. She was nowhere in sight.

She really was the queen of mixed signals. Tonight, he decided, no matter what, he'd find out where he stood with her.

He glanced around the room again. A hundred of his closest co-workers mingled in various stages of drunkenness.

He still couldn't see Elle anywhere, but she wasn't exactly tall so he drifted from one conversation to another, keeping one eye on the entrance while trying to spot her in the crowd. He had almost finished his first glass of hard cider when she appeared, framed in the doorway. His breath caught in his throat.

She was stunning in a dark red dress that clung to her body in all the right places.

As he watched, she removed a silver shawl and turned to hand it and her purse to a hotel employee. David almost choked on his drink.

He'd never seen so much of her skin. Like the silk of her gown, it glistened even under the harsh lighting of the converted ballroom. His palm itched to touch and explore every inch of it. The blood rushed to his cock and he cursed under his breath.

That was it. He'd find a way to get her alone tonight. She could reject him, but at least he'd know. Besides, if she did, they were both adult enough to work something out. If she didn't, well, they were both adult enough to work something in.

Elle walked into the ballroom and glanced around. Frank Sinatra sang about his desire for a white Christmas over the murmurs of the crowded room. The entire office had showed up for free food and alcohol.

She handed off her accessories and strolled toward the bar. She had a feeling she'd need a drink

to get through the night. Elle had nothing against her fellow employees, but she worked with them every day, so she really didn't have a desire to socialize with them too. Well, with one exception.

"You look scrumptious."

Peter stepped out of the crowd, swaying slightly on his feet. She smiled politely. "Thank you."

She began to walk off again but he grabbed her arm. "Good enough to eat."

Elle glanced from his hand gripping her arm to his face. He was drunk; okay, she'd make an allowance. "I'd give you indigestion and you already have a problem with that." She shook her arm free and moved toward the bar.

"Where are you going so fast?"

He never could take a hint. She opened her mouth, prepared to tell him off once and for all.

"I believe the lady needs a drink."

Elle froze. *David*. She took a deep breath and slowly turned. He stood an arm's length away—gorgeous in a black suit and outrageous Christmas tie—an amber-colored drink in each hand.

"Where did you get that tie?" she laughed, forgetting all about Peter.

"A present from my niece. You don't like it?"

"Well...it's not often you see all of Santa's reindeer on a single tie." She took the offered drink and took a deep sip. Cider...with a bite. "Whew. Strong."

"Would you prefer something else?"

"No, this is fine. I like it—and your tie."

Peter stared at her, his eyes glazed from too much alcohol.

David turned to him. "I'm sorry, I have to steal her for a moment. We have some last-minute things to discuss about our project."

"But it's the holidays, man!"

"I know. It'll only take a minute."

Peter ambled off, muttering something about all work and no play.

"He'll only go bother someone else." She sipped her drink.

"Or curl up to sleep in a corner," David added.

"Either way, thank you."

"'Tis the season."

"Is that why you're wearing the tie?"

"It's my attempt at Christmas cheer. Careful, you'll hurt my feelings."

She smiled and raised her glass. "Here's to Christmas cheer, nieces and all of Santa's reindeer. At least their names are under each picture. That way you know who's who."

Stepping closer, he lowered his voice. "I think they look like mug shots."

Elle laughed and matched her voice to his. "So even Santa's reindeer can be naughty?"

"Given the chance." His hazel eyes sparkled. "I think it's only fair. They work hard. They should play hard too."

She downed half the drink.

"I'd have to agree with Peter, by the way."

Elle looked at him. "About what?"

"You really do look good enough to eat. That dress certainly inspires my Christmas cheer."

"Really?" she choked. His sexy smile sent electricity straight to her pussy. Her knees felt weak. She looked around for a table or chair, but the only thing to hold on to was David.

"Definitely."

"Thank you." *Oh, hell, woman. Go for it.* "You don't look too bad yourself. Got plans for after?"

"You offering?"

My God, he's flirting with me. We're flirting! But how many drinks had he consumed? "Just wondering." *Just wondering?* That was the best she could come up with? She finished her drink.

“Would you like me to get you another?”

“Are you trying to get me drunk?” *Better. Not great, but better.*

“Would it work?”

“Couldn’t hurt.” She was definitely out of practice with this flirting thing. He smiled one of those I’d-like-to-lick-you-all-over smiles and then left, presumably to get her a drink and not just because she’d made a fool of herself.

What had she been thinking? Even though they were almost finished with their project, she still had to work with him for a while. If she made a fool of herself tonight, those sessions would be hell.

But *he* started it.

That was true, and hadn’t she just decided it was time to step out of her comfort zone? To let David know she was more than interested? She sighed.

Yes, she had, but it was one thing to make the decision in front of the mirror and quite another to execute that decision.

What if he was only humoring her? She could be misreading his signals. Flirting didn’t mean he was interested in more.

But maybe it did. Didn’t all men just want to get laid? Her heart sped. She didn’t want to be a pity fuck. *I can’t do this. I don’t know how to do this.* Her feet weren’t just cold, they were blocks of ice wrapped in silver stilettos.

She was supposed to be the older, more mature one, but she felt like a horny teenager on her first date.

David reappeared with two drinks and handed one to her. It was tall, frosty and pink. Elle sipped. Slightly sweet and fruity. “This is good. What is it?” She took another long sip. She wasn’t a lightweight but perhaps she’d better slow down.

“I don’t know. I told them to make me something

a sexy woman would like to drink and there it is.”

Her hands started shaking. Definitely not the time to slow down. She gulped the cocktail. Her gaze traveled David’s lean body, from his sexy eyes, down past his wide shoulders, to his narrow hips and long legs. He was gorgeous. Why would he be interested in her?

Maybe this whole thing was a bad idea. Her deprived pussy thinking instead of her head. “There isn’t much more to do on that account. It won’t take both of us to finish.” *Shit*. That’s not what she’d meant to say but she couldn’t see a way to back out of it now.

He froze and his smile vanished.

“I just mean that maybe if you want to go to California and thank your niece for the tie...” She trailed off.

David cocked his head to one side. “Are you trying to get rid of me?”

“No. That’s not it at all. It’s just that...”

“It’s just that—what?” He stepped closer. The scent of his cologne filled her senses and, for a moment, she couldn’t think.

“You can’t use my help finishing up?” he asked, his voice so low it was almost a growl.

“Oh, I could use you.”

From the startled expression on his face, she knew she’d actually spoken aloud and in the same tone she would have thought it. *Oh. These damn fruity drinks always have more alcohol than you think they do.*

David’s eyes glittered through half-closed lids and his body visibly tensed, then relaxed. “Is that so?”

Definitely a growl. “I mean...um...” *Oh, shit.*

“I think you and I need to talk.” He grasped her by the arm and led her through the crowd toward the door.

Oh, shit. It was the only thought her brain could articulate. Her heels clicked against the tiles and echoed down the deserted hallway. Where was he taking her?

He paused at a door and, without a word, opened it.

The stairs? What the—?

David guided her onto the landing and shut the door, only then letting go of her arm.

“I can explain what I meant.” She backed up a step, hoping she could.

Pale fluorescent lights bathed the sterile walls and an echoing glow issued from the steps above and below. The air had a metallic, stale taste to it that caught in her throat when she saw his face. Her next words died on her tongue.

David stood, staring. At first she thought he looked furious but when he took a step closer, she could see his dark eyes didn’t dance with fury but desire. She froze and tried to swallow, but the saliva had abandoned her mouth. He focused on her as though she was something delectable to eat and he was very hungry.

Her cold feet melted under his fiery gaze and a flood of warmth surged down her abdomen, settled between her legs and flooded her pussy with moisture.

Without taking his gaze from hers, he closed the distance until the heat of his body radiated to warm her skin. Elle’s nipples hardened and ached with need, but although his body brushed hers, he didn’t touch her.

He braced his hands against the wall, one on either side of her head. “So, explain.”

“I...I...” She swallowed. His spicy cologne and the virile smell of man filled her senses, intoxicating her more thoroughly than the alcohol. Her eyes settled on his mouth and a hunger to have his lips

on her mouth stole any words that might have formed on her tongue.

Just kiss me, damn it.

He ran the back of one finger down her cheek. A tremor coursed through her, sending another surge of moisture between her legs. Her eyes closed.

“Do you want me, Elle?” His voice thickened.

She swallowed and opened her eyes to stare into David’s intense hazel gaze.

His thumb brushed her bare shoulder and her legs trembled. “It’s a simple question.” He leaned closer, his voice little more than a gravelly whisper. “Do. You. Want. Me?” Hot breath caressed the side of her neck.

“Yes,” she gasped.

He reached for her drink, took it from her numb hands and set it on the floor. Slowly, he ran the backs of his fingers down the naked skin of her arm. She shivered as his touch both chilled and warmed her. *This is really happening.*

Every moment of denial, every fantasy she’d lived out in private, all the frustration she felt—all of it, echoed in his eyes. He wanted her. She took a deep, shuddering breath. Her heart pounded in her chest. The thought sent a thrill to her core and a throb grew deep inside of her. She was empty and needed to be filled.

Now. By David.

Without breaking eye contact, he trailed his fingers back up to her neck and circled her ear. Shivers of pleasure danced across her skin as he discovered an erogenous zone she didn’t know she had. With his other hand, David reached for the clip in her hair and freed it to tumble around her shoulders.

“All you had to do was say so.” His breath warmed Elle’s skin before his lips brushed a kiss against her ear, then trailed down her neck to her

collarbone. Her skin pebbled and she moaned, her arms snaking under his jacket, longing for his skin and hating the clothes between them.

He buried his hands in her hair and sighed. She melted against him, softness conforming to hard muscle. The length of his erection teased her stomach and deepened her need.

David's hazel eyes smoldered with desire. "Your hair is like silk." He twisted a lock around his finger, then released it. Shrugging off his jacket, he let it fall to the floor. The heat of his touch melted her to the core as his hands stroked her shoulders, traveling down her arms and back again, leaving her skin hot and feverish. His head lowered, his lips touching hers in soft butterfly caresses.

The tenderness took Elle by surprise and fueled her need more than urgency could have. David's tongue danced out to lick her lips as he wrapped his arms around her and suddenly crushed her to his hard flesh.

"I have wanted to do that for so long," David whispered against her mouth. "You have the most kissable lips I've ever seen." His fingers slowly traveled across the bare skin of her back.

Every cell in her body screamed to be touched, for more. Her pussy ached to be filled. She'd waited long enough.

"David." The whispered word contained all her stifled longing.

Elle's hand snaked up David's well-muscled back to burrow her fingers in his hair and she opened her lips to deepen the kiss. He tasted of cider, a hint of rum and something unique she knew was simply David. His tongue wrapped hers, probing, exploring her mouth. Her need grew urgent as his kiss sent liquid fire to every nerve ending she possessed.

"I've wanted you to do that for so long," Elle

muttered.

He reached between them to cup her breast through the thin material of her dress. His thumb ran lightly over one erect nipple. Elle made a low noise between a groan and a growl, vibrating the back of her throat. David's nimble fingers switched to the other breast as he continued the passionate assault on her lips. Too soon, he abandoned her mouth to trail kisses down her jaw line to her neck.

"You could have said something." His breath warmed her skin as he kissed her collarbone. "Would have saved us some time."

"You could have done something."

He chuckled. "Touché."

David reached for the skirt of her dress, sliding it slowly up her thighs, the silky material tantalizing her bare skin as the cool air touched it. He stepped back to admire her long legs. Elle smiled when he met her gaze and slowly wiggled her thong over her hips and stepped out of it, satisfied to hear David's quick intake of breath.

He stared at her naked flesh, free of any hair, until she felt an excited blush creep over her skin.

"You're beautiful."

Reaching for the nape of his neck, she guided his lips back to hers. She didn't think she'd ever get her fill of his kisses.

David ran his hands up the back of her thighs and sent shivers to her toes, then slowly up the curve of her ass to cup her flesh. She pressed against him, wanting to feel every contour of his body.

His kiss deepened, turned hungry, demanding. David tasted good, he smelled good, he felt wonderful. Why hadn't she done this months ago?

Shit. She knew why. Sometimes she hated sanity but she had to know if they were on the same page.

"David." She put her hands on his chest and

gently pushed. "You know I'm...I'm old enough to be..."

"My lover?" He finished for her.

"David, we—" But whatever Elle was going to say faded from her mind as his hand dipped between her thighs to brush her wet opening.

"We work together?" he murmured against her skin. "I'd say we make quite a team. We're just expanding a bit on that. If you're afraid I can't control myself at work, I'd remind you of the admirable job I've done so far."

He was right.

Suddenly, Elle didn't care about anything except the desire coursing through her body. She'd resolved to live again and this moment was worth living.

She frantically yanked off his tie and unbuttoned his shirt, walking him backward until he leaned against the opposite wall. Her hands roamed his chest, her fingers exploring his firm flesh, tangling in the dusting of hair on his chest. As many times as Elle had dreamed about this moment, her imagination fell short. She circled his nipple with a finger and then flicked it with a nail.

David gasped.

She kissed the injured flesh and then licked his nipple. Elle smiled in anticipation as she trailed kisses down his chest to his belly, the salty taste of his skin better than any aphrodisiac. David did have a trail leading to heaven and she'd been a good girl; she deserved to go there.

She gazed into his hooded eyes, slowly kneeling in front of him and then traced his erection through his dress slacks with one scarlet-tipped finger. His hard cock jerked in response to her touch.

"It's all yours, baby." David's strangled words brought a smile to her face. It was all hers, and she'd make the most of it. A long unfulfilled hunger consumed her. Elle pressed her open mouth to the

straining material and blew. The warmth of her breath caressed her own face and David moaned low in his throat.

Slowly, she unbuttoned his pants. Glancing up, she met his glazed eyes and winked. She unzipped his pants and pulled them down over his muscular thighs. His erection peeked out the waistband of his briefs. She stretched to kiss the velvet tip before helping David free it. He stepped out of the material pooled at his feet.

"You've been holding out on me," Elle said, staring at his erection.

"I'll never do it again." He tucked a lock of hair behind her ear.

He was beautiful. Long, thick and throbbing with need. When was the last time she'd seen a man's erection? Too, too long ago. She kissed his firm abdomen, smiling, purposely avoiding the gorgeous cock. *Don't worry, I know what you need.*

"All mine, you said?" She nibbled the skin of his rock-hard abs, trailing down his well-muscled thighs, letting her hair brush the sensitive skin of David's shaft with her movements.

"Since the moment I first saw you," David murmured.

Pleasure surged down her spine. *Poor baby, you've suffered enough.* With reverence, she finally licked the tip of his cock, savoring the taste and scent of man at his most primal.

Elle gripped the shaft and gently squeezed as she slowly took his length into her mouth until it hit the back of her throat. Reaching down between his thighs, she gently cupped his balls. They were large and heavy and felt right in her hand. She'd missed the texture, the scent and the rush of feminine power she experienced holding a man's deliciously sensitive organ. A flood of cream dampened her pussy. Her tongue teased the tip of his erection

while her hand never ceased its rhythmic, gentle squeeze of his thick shaft.

David groaned as Elle's tongue found the sensitive underside of his head and then she slowly took his erection into her mouth again. Utterly lost in the scent, taste and feel of him in her mouth, she increased her tempo, tormenting him with her hands and tongue. His cock shone under the light, slick with her saliva. David's inarticulate sounds of pleasure and the slurping of her feast were music to her ears. She'd missed this.

"Oh, God," David muttered, a shudder racking his body.

She could taste the pre-cum, and a craving to experience his orgasm made her mouth water in anticipation.

David placed both hands on her head. "Not yet." His voice lacked strength.

She pulled back and gently blew. His cock jerked in response. "Then you'll owe me."

"Holy fuck. Get up here, woman."

Elle stood, sliding the length of her body against his, knowing how the silk of her dress would feel against his erection.

He took her by the shoulders, and then turned them both, pressing her back against the wall. David's mouth descended on hers, demanding and needy. Waves of desire vibrated through Elle, leaving her breathless. She was grateful for the wall; she didn't think her knees would hold her. His hands roamed her body, searching, as though they needed to explore every inch of her skin.

"I want you," she gasped.

"Say that again." He drew the neckline of her dress down to free her breast and gently took a nipple between his teeth. A jolt of electricity shot straight to her core.

He flicked the nipple with his tongue. "I want to

hear it again.”

“I said,” Elle fought back a whimper, “I want you.”

David groaned against the skin of her breast. “Since when?”

“Since you walked in the door.”

“How much?” David dropped to his knees and slowly pushed her dress up around her waist.

Elle couldn’t think as he began to kiss the skin of her belly.

“I asked you a question, Elle.” His tongue lapped her swollen clit.

She panted. If he did that again, she just might explode.

“All day, every day.”

He moaned or hummed—she wasn’t sure which—but the effect was the same. Her body trembled.

David’s tongue pressed against her sensitive nub. Just when she thought she couldn’t take the pleasure the pressure brought, he released it and Elle felt the juices surge out of her.

His tongue continued its slow ministrations and one finger slipped into her wet channel. Elle arched into his hand and a second finger joined the first.

I’d trade my showerhead for this any day.

She felt her orgasm build in ripples of sweet agony as David drove her closer to her peak. Elle rode his fingers, and his tongue never paused its assault on her pulsing clit. Her breathing quickened.

David curved the fingers inside her and she broke. Wave after wave of pleasure coursed through her body. Elle sagged against the wall, gulping deep breaths of sex-tinted air. She buried her fingers in David’s hair, her body limp and relaxed. He kissed her stomach and his tongue found her belly button ring.

“I like it,” he mumbled as he stood.

“Like what?” She gasped. God, he had a sexy voice. Would she ever get enough of it?

“You. All of you. Your body, your skin, your taste...your belly button piercing.”

His low, throaty chuckle vibrated against her neck, sending shivers of delight across her skin. In a heartbeat, she went from sated to needy. Elle’s body ached for him again, for all of him.

“Fuck me, David.”

He moaned, and his finger paused as it traced her ear. “I intend to.” He kissed the sensitive skin of her neck. “You know me. I always do what I’m told to the best of my ability.”

That she knew.

She felt his rigid cock press against her thigh before he reached for his discarded slacks, fumbled in a pocket and produced a square packet.

“You came prepared.”

“I’ve carried this around with me for the last three months, hoping.” He deftly slipped on the condom.

Her laugh turned into a cry of delight as he slid himself inside her in a single, swift motion, filling her, stretching her walls. She inhaled sharply against the pleasure that was almost pain, arching her pelvis to accommodate his full length. David pressed his hips against hers.

“I have wanted this for so long,” he murmured against her neck, “and, baby, it was worth the wait. You feel better than I dreamed.”

“Did you dream of me?”

“Oh, God, yes.”

Her body trembled. “Did you masturbate when you thought of me?”

He withdrew and then slowly entered her again. “Many, many times.”

Stars danced behind her eyes. The fullness of his thick cock and the idea of him bringing himself to

orgasm as he thought of her sent waves of pleasure to her center.

"Then we're even." She lowered her voice to a seductive purr. David groaned when Elle wrapped one silky leg around his waist.

"Oh, woman, you have no idea what you do to me." He grabbed her ass, angling her body and pressing Elle against the wall as he rocked his hips, driving his cock deep inside her sweet pussy.

She kissed his neck. "I have a general idea."

With a low moan, he found a slow rhythm that teased her clit every time their hips touched. The musky scent of sex and sweat permeated the air.

Elle leaned her head against the wall. So much better than her showerhead.

When Elle's façade had slipped and he read the passion in her voice at the party, David actually planned to just talk with her, so he led her into the hall, hoping to escape the crowd. While not ideal, the stairs offered some privacy. But when he'd watched her eyes dilate with lust, he had to touch her and now, *now*, he couldn't—wouldn't—stop.

Her hips arched to meet his, thrust for thrust, and her hot walls enveloped him. "Damn, I can't get enough of you."

Elle's nails scraped lightly down his back under his shirt. "Good."

His climax built to fever pitch, the pressure tightening his balls and sending tingles of electricity up his spine and down his legs.

Elle's skin gleamed with moisture. With her head thrown back, revealing the long column of her throat and her legs wrapped around his waist, he didn't think he'd ever seen so beautiful a woman. "You're gorgeous."

Her lips curved into a smile. He licked her skin where her shoulder met her neck and then clenched

his jaw in an attempt to slow the orgasm threatening to crash through his body. He wanted to take her over the edge again first. His fingers tightened against the firm flesh of her ass, holding her against the wall.

Lowering his head, he crushed Elle's lips against his. She opened her mouth in invitation and their tongues danced together in wild abandon. She tasted like heaven.

He reached between them with one hand to circle her wet, swollen nub with the pad of his thumb and she groaned into his mouth, tilting her hips so he had better access. He took full advantage of it.

Elle was on fire. She hadn't known she could feel so much. Pulsating ripples of pleasure assaulted her as David pushed her closer to the edge until the slow, rolling waves of an orgasm washed over her. He never ceased the tantalizing motion of his thumb against her clit as her body exploded in a kaleidoscope of colors and sensation. Her vision darkened and she drowned in a sea of pleasure.

Still, he kept thrusting. Her spasming walls rhythmically gripped his cock as the delicious friction continued. "Oh, God. I'm coming again," she breathed.

His muscles tensed and he buried his face in her neck to muffle his cry of ecstasy.

For a moment, David's legs shook and then he leaned into her, holding her close, his heartbeat staccato against her shoulder.

"Wow," he gasped.

"Just wow?" She kissed his sweaty neck, savoring the salty taste and the feeling of being held by him, her legs still wrapped around his waist.

"Wow, wow?" he chuckled, holding her close and stroking her hair.

Elle took a deep breath, feeling like a satisfied kitten. She arched against his chest, brought her lips close to his ears and purred.

David laughed and then murmured into her hair. "Do you know how hard it is to concentrate on making a good impression when all I've wanted to do is bend you over your damn desk and fuck you until you screamed?"

Gazing into his eyes, she ran a finger over his full lips. "About as hard as it was to concentrate while all I could think about was throwing you on the conference room table and riding you to never-never land?"

"Never-never land?" He gently took her finger in his mouth and sucked. "Mmm. Sounds fun."

Still inside her, Elle felt his cock twitch. "Stamina. I like that."

"Not satisfied yet?" His gaze burned into hers.

An answering warmth spread down her pussy. She wanted him again, and then again. "Satisfied? Yes. Done? Definitely not." She kissed him with all the pent-up need of the previous months, tasting the erotic flavor of her juices on his tongue.

He dipped his head to trail slow kisses down her throat.

"Do you have another condom?" *Please, please have one.*

"Unfortunately, no."

Damn. "Then we'll have to take this party elsewhere." Elle glanced down at their still-joined bodies and her wrinkled dress between them. "I can't go out there looking like this."

"Fuck the party." He nibbled at her neck.

"I'd rather you do me instead."

"It's damn sexy the way you want me."

"What can I say? I'm a slave driver."

He kissed the side of her mouth. "No. You're a diligent woman. I've always admired your work

ethic.”

“When there’s something to do, it’s best to just do it.” And why hadn’t she done *this* months ago?

“As long as I’m that something, I think we’re in agreement.” David sighed. “Damn, I hate this part.” He slowly withdrew and set Elle on her feet.

She straightened her dress. When she glanced up, a grin stretched David’s mouth. “What?”

“You look like the cat that ate the canary.”

An answering smile turned her lips. “If you recall, you wouldn’t let me finish. I haven’t quite had my fill of that particular canary yet.”

David groaned. “Come to my house.”

“My purse...”

“I’ll get it, and your wrap.”

She smiled.

David threw the used condom in an empty glass, buttoned up his shirt and fastened his pants.

Elle retrieved the tie from the floor, wrapped it around his neck and pulled him close. “Don’t forget this. I’ll need it later.”

“And you were worried you couldn’t keep up with a younger man?”

Her head spun under the intensity of his kiss.

“Not anymore.”

“Good.” He straightened the tie. “Do I look okay?”

“Edible.”

“I’m going to hold you to that.”

“Please do.” She grabbed his hand. “David?”

“Yes?”

“You were right. There is more to life than work.”

He ran his fingers up her back and nibbled the sensitive skin of her neck. “I’m glad you came around.”

“Took me a little time, but I definitely *came* around.”

“Clever.” His breath warmed her skin. “Why don’t we imitate Santa’s reindeer?”

She melted against him. “Work hard, play harder?”

“Harder has never been a problem between us.” He stepped back, glanced down at the growing bulge between his thighs and reached for the drinks. “I’ll throw these away.”

“Good idea. Be quick.”

With one hand on the door, he turned and smiled, slow and seductive.

“What’s so amusing?”

“I think you and I are going to be spending a lot more time together after hours.”

About the Author

As a child, I traveled all over the United States with a book in hand. No, my mom wasn't in the military; she was something of a gypsy. When we finally settled in California, I read constantly, even while walking home from junior high—yes, I was a geek.

I've always made up stories or, if I didn't like them, rewritten the endings of books. I started writing because I'd dreamed of a love story that wouldn't leave me alone. Once I'd written it, more voices clamored for my attention.

I love the magic involved in meeting that special person, the chemistry of falling and staying in love. There is nothing more satisfying than *happily ever after*.

Visit Lynne at
www.LynneRoberts.net

Lynne Roberts

Also available

First Date

by

Lynne Roberts

The real estate market is about to heat up.

When Bret Jacob walks into Jill's real estate office, she attempts to maintain a professional demeanor, but memories of accidental voyeurism in high school, years of what-if's, and Bret's drop-dead sexy grin only serve to ignite her fantasies.

Bret needs a farm for his growing landscape business. When he sees Jill Daniels' picture in a real estate ad, he can't believe his eyes: The shy girl from high school has blossomed into a desirable woman. Ten years ago, she didn't stir his blood and drive away all rational thought; now, he's fighting the urge to take her in his arms long enough to ask her on a first date.

To purchase *First Date* and other erotic titles, visit www.thewilderroses.com.