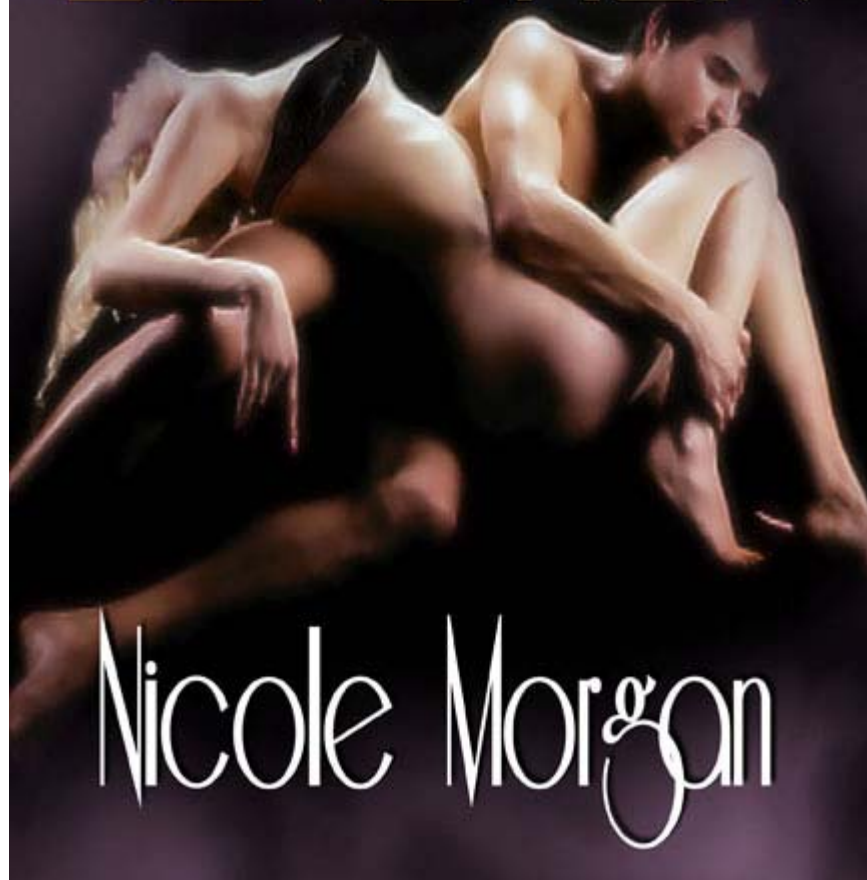


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SUDDEN DEVOTION



Nicole Morgan

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Nicole Morgan

EROTIC ROMANCE



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A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK

IMPRINT: Erotic Romance

SUDDEN DEVOTION

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DEDICATION

I wrote *Sudden Devotion* for all of the readers out there who love erotic literature but are also romantics at heart. Some love stories might delve into the heart and the emotion of the characters, but I wanted to show the raw passion that can envelop a person's soul to the point of overwhelming and *Sudden Devotion*.

I dedicate this book to every man and woman out there who has been fortunate enough to find that one person who you find yourself completely and totally devoted to. And for those of you who have yet to be blessed with that special someone...perhaps this book will lend inspiration and a bit of old-fashioned good luck.

SUDDEN DEVOTION

NICOLE MORGAN

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Chapter One

Sara peeked through the blinds, hoping no one could see her. It was dark outside, so she figured she was safe. The chances that anyone would be able to see her were minimal at best. That small chance in itself should have stopped her. But it didn't. She couldn't help herself.

She looked down to the apartment on the first floor across the courtyard from hers. Unconsciously, she licked her lips in anticipation. The blinds to their bedroom were closed, but they had closed them at the angle, allowing her to be able to see everything their bodies were doing in between the tiny slats.

He had something in his hand this time. She watched in wanton expectation as he moved around the bed and watched his prey. And that's exactly what the girl on the bed was, his prey. Nearly every night, this mystery man from across the courtyard brought a woman home. He was like a predator with them. He stalked them, claimed them, and took them. It was animalistic, pure and simple.

Sara watched as the girl waited. Propped up on all fours she kept her chin up but didn't look at him. He stopped behind her. Sara had to clench her thighs together from the excitement as he crawled up behind the girl and spanked her in the ass.

“Oh God.” Sara moaned the words as she involuntarily grabbed one of her nipples and started pinching it until it juttled up into a pleasure point.

The man reached for something. She wasn’t sure what it was at first, but then she realized. Sara watched as he squirted a lubricant into his hand. Her breathing hitched, and she wondered what it would be like to be in the girl’s position.

Ass in the air. On all fours, waiting while he could do anything he wanted to you.

He grabbed her hair and yanked her head back, hard. With his other hand, the one that was lubricated, he smeared the slick substance all over her tiny entrance.

Sara waited breathlessly while she watched. She had always been intrigued by anal sex. Wondering how any one could enjoy it, she thought it would most certainly have to hurt. But that didn’t stop her from being curious. A tiny part of her subconscious knew she wanted to try it. But was afraid.

What else was new, though? Sara was always afraid. That’s who she was. Her sisters had always been the more adventurous ones. The ones with all the boyfriends in high school. They used to tease her that if she didn’t loosen up, she would be a thirty-five-year-old virgin before she finally gave it up to some sleazy guy in a bar.

Well, they’d been half right, anyway, she thought. After a painful breakup with yet another boyfriend at the age of twenty, she went to a bar and picked up the first guy willing to fuck her.

Looking back, she wasn’t sure why she did it. She had been dumped by a dozen guys because she refused to, what they called “relax”, and let them take her virginity. Whenever they got close, she would become tense, and her entire body would shut down.

The last boyfriend had called her a freak because she couldn’t even get wet. She had tried to explain that she was too nervous to get turned on, but he didn’t care to hear any of her excuses. He told her

how her lack of sexuality turned him off and finished the altercation by calling her a few choice words and left.

That was when she put on her highest heels, her shortest skirt, and her tightest top and went to the local bar. It didn't take her long to be picked up once she entered. Only minutes, actually. After a few beers, the man who got cuter with each beer she drank had been more than happy to help her out with her pesky little virginity problem. And she learned within the hour of the breakup that she hadn't been the problem at all. It was the ex-boyfriend who had been unable to excite her.

The sexy stranger who had decided to be so helpful was gentle with her and soothed her into relaxation. Well, that was the story she chose to remember. Because in actuality, he had laid her on the pool table in the backroom of the nearly empty bar, and ate her pussy until she was soaked and aching with need.

She experienced her first orgasm then. When he was sure she was ready, he finally plunged inside her, taking away her innocence. She was surprised that it actually only hurt for a minute, and it felt sort of pleasant. It wasn't mind blowing by any stretch of the imagination. But it was good. She even found herself moving along with his body as he moved in and out of her.

But that had been it. Her one time, and her only lover, ever. She was now twenty-three years old and horny as all hell constantly. She used to have no problem touching herself in the bath until she came. Lately that bored her, though. She wanted more, a lot more!

It was him, she thought as she stared down at the man. Ever since he moved in, she had been hornier than ever before. She watched them. He was bent over her now, her head pulled back with his hand fisted in her hair. He was saying something in her ear. And while she couldn't be certain, she thought that he was making her beg. That should disgust her. She knew that. But she wondered and wished that she could be the girl down there. Begging for him to fuck her instead.

God! She was driving herself crazy. One hand on a nipple wasn't enough. She stood and pulled her satin nightgown over her head. Then she pulled her panties down her thighs until they pooled at her feet. She stepped out of them and got the small chair that she kept in the corner of her bedroom.

Setting the chair in front of the window, she went to her side drawer. She pulled out the vibrator she bought last month to help curb her sexual urges, which it didn't. She found the pleasure from it only made her want it more.

Sara sat down in the chair. She reached her hand up to the cord from the blinds and opened them just a crack more so that she could look down at them.

When she did, she saw him spanking her again, hard. The girl was obviously screaming. Although Sara was pretty certain those screams were from pleasure, not pain.

She reached down and felt the wetness on her pussy. She could feel her insides throbbing. Not willing to wait anymore, she placed her vibrator at her entrance and plunged it inside, hard and deep. She moaned at the ecstasy.

Wanting to feel it more. Needing it deeper inside her, she lifted her legs and spread them as she positioned her feet on the window sill. Ah yes, perfect, she thought.

She continued to fuck herself with her trusty vibrator as she used her other hand to cup and rub her swollen tits. Sara hadn't tried this before. Sure, she had watched them, but then she would take a hot bath afterwards to take the edge off and find her release. But she had never watched him play his games and got herself off at the same time.

She was writhing on the chair, her hips bucking wildly while she continued to fuck herself. She gasped. The man picked something up. It looked like a dildo. And it was big! Sara stilled her motions with her vibrator buried deep inside her, watching and waiting.

Without hesitation, he thrust the dildo into the girl's ass. Her body shook, and her head flew back. There was a smile on her face. Instead of being in pain, she loved what he did to her.

Sara watched curiously as he kept his fingers on the ends of the dildo still buried inside her ass. He shifted himself on the bed until he was directly in front of the girl. His long arms reached over her shoulder and down her back to slowly start pumping it in and out of her again.

Unconsciously, Sara licked her lips. The girl opened her mouth as he thrust his cock in her mouth.

"Oh Jesus. Yes." Sara couldn't help herself. She started fucking her pussy again. Her hot wetness was pouring from her as she watched the man fuck the girl's ass and mouth at the same time. She wanted that. Oh, she wanted that so bad. She had never tasted a man before. But now she found herself running her tongue all around her mouth and wishing that she was down there. Wishing that he was fucking her.

A ragged moan tore from her throat as she felt her muscles start to contract. Her orgasm was so close. She watched them in complete fascination as she continued to pound the vibrator in her pussy just like he was pounding the girl's ass.

"Yes, oh God, yes!" She screamed as her pussy spasmed, and ripples of white-hot pleasure shot from her pussy, sending tremors throughout her entire body. She felt the warm fluid pour out of her, and she didn't care. She couldn't move. The orgasm had been mind blowing, leaving her body lax.

So she sat there. Vibrator still inside her, juices pouring from her as she continued to watch them with half-lidded eyes.

* * * *

"Oh my God." Mitch stood in his first-floor apartment and watched the most erotic display of masturbation he had ever seen.

Without even realizing it, he had reached into his briefs and started rubbing his cock. It was hard and pulsing with need now as he looked at the Goddess in the third-floor apartment pleasure herself. Watching her as she got herself off was the most amazing thing he had ever seen, and he had seen and done a lot. She looked so damn beautiful writhing in the chair as she brought herself to orgasm.

He had to have her. He needed to be inside her and fuck her. He wanted to pump into her the same way the vibrator was. He wanted her to scream for him while he was buried deep inside of her. Everywhere. He wanted to take her in so many different ways. He thought about it and fantasized about the multiple ways he could take her as he stroked himself harder. With his hand fisted, he pumped harder and tried to imagine her mouth on him. That vision did him in. He lost himself to his own climax, spurting his cum on his kitchen floor.

When he caught his breath, he had to laugh. All he did was get up to get a glass of water. He hadn't been looking for a peepshow. But now he knew that she was a woman that was going to rule his thoughts until he was able to get exactly what he wanted from her.

Heading back to his bedroom, he considered his options for seducing her into his bed. He knew it might take some work, but he had one major advantage. He knew how she liked to be touched. He knew where she lived. And most importantly, he knew where she worked. He would approach her there first, where she would least expect it. She wouldn't think it was strange for him to talk to her there, especially since he worked there, too.

* * * *

Sara's body jerked, startled from the noise of her alarm clock. It took her a moment before becoming completely alert. She wasn't lying down, which she thought was strange. She looked down at her body and was horrified by what she saw. Her hand was still holding

the vibrator inside of her, and she could feel the sticky fluid of her release on her thighs. Light was pouring through the slats of the blinds, and she realized that she had slept like that through the night.

She looked down into the courtyard, and saw a man walking by with his brief case. She jumped from the chair. Anyone could have seen her. All they had to do was look up and see her feet perched on the windowsill and a vibrator buried in her pussy as she exposed herself to the world.

Oh God. Now what? How could she face anyone down at the mailboxes? Or even the parking lot? What was happening to her? She was getting so lost in her lustful urges that she was masturbating in front of her window. She needed to get a hold of herself and fast. What she needed most, though, was a man.

Chapter Two

“Hey, Mitch, how’s it going?” Larry asked from the doorway.

Mitch glanced up to see Larry standing in his doorway. His least favorite person in this law firm. “Good, Larry. You?” Mitch went back to his papers in an attempt to seem too busy for idle chat. It didn’t work. Mitch could sense Larry just standing there waiting for his undivided attention.

“You need something, buddy?” Mitch asked in his least sarcastic tone.

Larry let out a roar of laughter before stepping completely inside and shutting the door. Setting his coffee cup down on Mitch’s desk, he proceeded to plop down in the chair directly opposite Mitch and whistle.

“Ooh, boy. Did you get a look at what Claudia wore today?”

Do not roll your eyes; Mitch made a silent oath to himself. “I hadn’t noticed. Nice?” Mitch didn’t really care, but he wanted to stay on the arrogant bastard’s good side. He was good friends with at least two of the partners, maybe more. And the camaraderie in the boys club was very tight.

“Nice? Boy, don’t you have eyes? I swear that sweater she’s wearing is made for a ten year old. The way it accentuates her...”

“Hi, Claudia.” Mitch quickly interjected when he saw the object of Larry’s desire standing there.

Claudia walked in the room, completely oblivious to Larry’s red face or his eyes on her ass. “Hi, Mitch. I got those Interrogatories finished for you.” She leaned over the desk to hand them to him, giving him a very purposeful view of her cleavage.

“Thanks, Claudia, I appreciate you getting them done so quickly.” Mitch took the papers from her hand, ignoring the way her eyes were undressing him.

“Anytime.” Claudia took a moment to glance at Larry before turning her twinkling eyes back to Mitch. “Call me anytime. I know they’re tons more secretaries here.” She shrugged before continuing. “But I wouldn’t mind being the one you come to for *all* of your *needs*.”

Mitch didn’t miss the inflection in her voice, nor did he miss the hidden promises she implied. She made her interest in him crystal clear. “Okay, thanks again, Claudia. Could you shut the door on your way out please?”

She gave him a smile that would have rivaled that of the late Marilyn Monroe before turning on her heel and sashaying. There was no other way to describe the exaggerated hip-swaying walk she gave toward the door.

Larry waited for the door to close before he turned to Mitch. Lifting his brows in admiration, Larry whistled. “Damn. She wants you bad. You gonna hit it?”

He did not just say that. What was he, forty-five? At least. Was he even allowed to say ‘hit it?’ “Nah. She’s not really my type.”

“Not your type? What are you, gay or dead?” Larry slapped his own knee from the hilarity of his joke.

“Neither. I’m just not into women who are quite so blatant.” Mitch shrugged it off, knowing full well Larry wasn’t going to let it go.

“What? Are girls like that Sara out there more your thing?” Larry laughed again.

Wow. You must think you’re pretty damn funny don’t you? “Sara, she’s the...ah...the one with the blonde hair right?” Mitch was fishing for information. He knew very well who Sara was. He also knew how damn sexy she was.

“Yeah. You know, the one who doesn’t wear that much makeup. Ordinary, and I mean, *ordinary* clothes. Nothing sexy. I swear, she reminds me of a librarian some days.”

Again, Mitch sat there while Larry cracked himself up. Did this guy ever do any actual work, he wondered? “She seems pretty enough.” No, she seemed damn gorgeous.

Her shoulder-length blonde hair, which had a natural wave, could look unruly, but in a sexy, tousled way. Her green eyes shimmered every time she smiled or laughed, and her body seemed as though it should be something carved out of the finest marble. She wasn’t petite, but her frame gave off the appearance of being tiny. Her breasts definitely weren’t small, though. He estimated they were probably a C cup, and they looked absolutely delectable. While she hid it well with her clothing, he knew very well just how tiny of a waist she had and how sexy the delicate curves of her hips looked as she writhed and bucked her body in pleasure.

Larry shrugged it off. “Yeah, I guess. I mean, she’s not ugly by any means. She just doesn’t doll herself up, you know?” Larry took a big swig of his coffee before standing. “Anyway, I better get back to work.”

What? You’re going to work? No, are you sure it won’t be too much for you? Self-indulgent prick. “Sure, see you later.” Mitch watched Larry leave his office and hoped to God that in ten or fifteen years, he didn’t turn into a jerk like that guy.

Mitch took a deep breath and decided that maybe he should take a little walk. Just to stretch his legs, he told himself. Yeah right. He knew he would see Sara. He had to break the ice with her in order to get to know her. Because what Larry hadn’t mentioned was that Sara was quiet and shy. And if Mitch was honest with himself, he would have to admit that wasn’t his usual type. But something about her seemed just too damn good to pass up.

* * * *

Sara sat at her desk with her headphones on and listened to the voice drone on and on about legal jargon as she typed steadily. She was so bored. She could do this in her sleep. She needed something. Anything! A small flush rose over her cheeks as she remembered how she woke up that morning.

While she was mortified that someone might have seen her, she couldn't help but remember the excitement she felt at watching the couple. She had watched them before. But it seemed so much more erotic this time. She had wanted to be down there with them. Them? Hmm, she wondered about that. Would or could she be with another woman? She doubted it. She couldn't even be with a man. Every time one was nice to her, she clammed up.

"Sara? Are you listening to me?" She looked up to see Mitch Harding, the new attorney they hired just last month. He had dark hair and brown eyes. He was handsome in a classic, GQ way. But his biggest attribute was his smile and that he used it often. He was actually very pleasant, which she found odd since most of the attorneys at the firm seemed kind of sleazy.

"Sorry. I was lost in dictation land. What can I do for you, Mitch?" She took the headphones off and set them in front of him.

Mitch looked at her, and he weighed his options. He could be a pig like Larry and tell her exactly what she could do for him. But that was not his style, not to mention it would probably be frowned upon in the work place. Better off keeping it simple and casual to start with. "Do you have the Jennings file? I couldn't find it in the file room."

"Ah, let's see. Yep, here it is." She pulled it out from underneath some other folders and reached over her desk to hand it to him.

"Great. Thanks." He should have walked away then. But he couldn't. He didn't move at all as he found himself staring at her green eyes. Until that moment he hadn't realized just how pretty they were, with tiny hints of gold flecks surrounding the pupils. Intriguing, he thought. No matter how beautiful she seemed to him, he was still

mesmerized by the picture of her loving herself with her vibrator. He couldn't get the erotic image out of his mind.

It was probably good that she didn't even know that he had moved into her complex. He hadn't even known she lived there, either, until he saw her walking away from her mailbox yesterday. Yesterday, just hours before he watched her pleasure herself into such an intense orgasm she fell asleep.

"Mitch? Is there something else you need?" She with an inquisitive look on her face.

Yes, lift your skirt up and let me eat your smooth pussy. "Nope, that's it, thanks."

She smiled and put her headphones back on while she went back to her typing.

Mitch walked back to his office and closed the door gently. He tried to reign in his control as he paced the small office space and cursed himself when he couldn't get his hard-on to settle down. The same thing had happened to him this morning in the shower. But he had been able to do something about it then.

He walked behind his desk and sat in his chair. He leaned back, lacing his fingers behind his neck. Think of something boring, he thought. Probability and statistics. He had hated that class in college, so that should do the trick.

But it didn't. He just started trying to calculate all of the different ways he could fuck Sara. He considered all of the different variables of taking her in public or in private. Then his mind drifted for a moment when he thought of all of the toys he would love to use on her, causing a smile to form and his eyes to close, losing himself in the fantasy.

He was startled out of his thoughts by the sound of papers falling to the floor. Mitch opened his eyes and saw Sara standing there. Her eyes wide as she stared at the bulge in his pants. She wasn't moving, and he had to bite back a grin when she unconsciously licked her lips.

"Sara?" His voice was seductively quiet.

He watched as she slowly brought her gaze up to meet his and swallowed. "I...I brought a..." He had to hold back a smile as he saw her staring at his erection through his trousers. The sight was clearly leaving her tongue tied. He wondered if she was hypnotized by the image, just as he had been the first night he saw her.

"Close the door, Sara." Although spoken quietly he was giving her a clear demand.

He waited as she did as he asked and closed the door.

"Thank you. So now, what did you bring me?" He smiled at the hidden innuendo. He enjoyed the look on her face. He had thought when he fantasized about her last night that it would take some coaxing to get her into his bed. But now, watching her, he knew that she was almost there, and he would have her.

She was frozen, still not saying a word. He waited until finally her eyes met his. Raising his brows at he indicated he was waiting for her to continue.

"I found, um, the ah."

His lips quirked up as he saw her gaze drop back down to his erection. "Ah, I see. Is this what you found?" He asked her as he reached his hand down and rubbed his cock through his pants.

As she blinked nervously he felt sorry for her. Her hand was against her chest and she looked as though she was short of breath.

"There is no reason to be shy or embarrassed, Sara." He smiled at her as he continued to rub up and down on the front of his trousers. "Would you like to come over here?"

He could see her inner conflict. It was clear in her eyes. Just as he was sure she would say no and leave the office he heard her say, "Yes."

Sara seemed almost more surprised than he was that the word spilled from her mouth. As he smiled at her he wondered where this brazen Sara had come from. Could it have been his neatly trimmed, dark hair? Maybe his brown eyes that most women referred to as gorgeous? Maybe it was his tan and muscular physique.

No, he knew those were only part of her attraction toward him. The way she was staring at the bulge in his pants said it all.

“Sara? I thought you were going to come here.”

She had stopped just on the other side of his desk, shaking her head, clearly unsure of herself and what she was doing.

“I shouldn’t.” she said to him in a quiet whisper.

He laughed and held his hands out to her. “Oh? I don’t agree. I think you should. Now come here.”

There was a predatory gleam in his eyes telling her he wouldn’t take no for an answer. He waited as she started walking toward him again.

Mitch turned in his swivel chair and opened his legs. Pulling onto the belt of her skirt he yanked her body closer until his head was staring at her breasts. He closed his eyes and remembered what she had looked like last night in the window as she pinched her nipples until they were hard little nubs of pleasure.

Mitch turned her slightly and forced her body up to sit on the edge of his desk. He watched her as her breathing became rapid and she continued to say nothing. He knew he was taking a chance here. Office place romance was not a good idea in any profession. Not to mention when you were the new guy. But he didn’t want to romance her. He wanted to fuck her.

Mitch rubbed his hands up her legs and under her skirt. Relishing the silky smooth skin that lie under his fingertips. He watched her eyes close as she gasped. In part pleasure or part fear, he wasn’t sure. He was usually very good at reading women. He knew what they liked and could tell from their body language and expression just how far they would go. Even when they didn’t. But something about her perplexed him. The layers to her reactions were contradicting one another. Which only fascinated him more.

When he got to the edge of her panties, he gently ran his fingertips along the lower seam, starting from the outside and working in. He

watched her face flush as she moaned. Once he got to the small satin covering the beautiful, shaved pussy he saw last night, he stopped.

“Your panties are wet, Sara.” He pulled his fingers out and licked the dewy moisture from his fingers. “Mmm, and you taste so sweet, too.”

Oh, Jesus. What was she doing? This was so not the type of person she was. Or was she? She remembered last night. She remembered the things she fantasized about when she watched the other couple, and she knew the things she craved. She wanted this. Right now, and right here, she wanted Mitch. Wild horses couldn’t have dragged her away.

“Why are you shaved, Sara?” Mitch asked her as he gently massaged her thighs.

What? How did he know I was shaved? “How did you know?” Her question came out in a raspy whisper.

“I could feel it, or the lack of it under your wet panties.” He stated matter-of-factly.

“Oh.” She said, embarrassed.

“Well? Why are you shaved, Sarah? Do you like your pussy shaved?” He waited and continued when she didn’t answer. “Does it make it more sensitive? Does it make you want things when your smooth skin brushes against your satin panties?”

Is it possible to come from someone talking to you? She could feel sensations tearing through her body that she had only been able to achieve through masturbation. “I, Mitch, I don’t know what to say or, I don’t know what...”

“Or what, Sara? You don’t know what *to do*?” His voice was soothing as he spoke.

She nodded as she bit her bottom lip. God, she was so nervous, but her pussy throbbed, and her panties were getting wetter by the second. She wished she was daring. She wished she had the guts to tell him exactly what she wanted.

“What would you like to do?” He asked her as he brought his hands up her thighs and gently tugged on the sides of her panties, slowly bringing them down her trembling thighs.

She surprised herself by lifting her bottom and helping him remove them. Once they were free of her legs, he lifted the small, white satin panties to his face. “Mmm, you smell just as good. Your scent makes me want to lay you down on that desk and bury my face in your pussy.”

Her eyes widened at his erotic words. Was he going to do it? She wondered, or maybe hoped was a better word. But she couldn’t keep her eyes off of the bulge in his pants. Lord knew she had already broken enough office policies just sitting on his desk, creaming herself, but she couldn’t help but want to taste him. She wanted to hold him in her hands and take him deep inside her mouth. What’s more, she wanted it so bad she thought she might actually die from it.

He looked down at his cock as she watched it. “This? Is this what you want?” He took her hand and placed it along the hardened shaft. “What do you want to do with it, Sara?”

Tell him. Was this even really happening? She couldn’t possibly tell him what she wanted. What kind of a person was she? But she had to, she needed to. She had never wanted anything so bad in her entire life. Tell him. Tell him what you want.

“No, you’re not going to tell me? Fine. How about I tell you?” Mitch undid the button and zipper to his pants and pulled out the engorged flesh of his erection. He stroked it as she watched him.

Oh, my God. She wanted that. It looked so much bigger than she thought it would be. She looked at the dark hair that surrounded the pulsating flesh and wondered what it would feel like to explore all of the different textures with her tongue.

Mitch watched her eyes grow bigger and lick her lips when a tiny pearlescent drop of fluid sat on top of its head.

Yeah. He knew exactly what she wanted. “Lick it off for me, Sara.” His voice had changed. It didn’t sound soothing now. It

sounded sexually demanding, for some reason, though she was excited by his words, not frightened.

She should be offended by his request, but she wasn't. She looked at him and watched as he pulled her hand down, tugging her off of the desk. "Get down on your knees, Sara. Bend your head down over my cock, and take it in your mouth."

Oh yes! She couldn't pretend to be lady anymore. She couldn't pretend to be shocked or even offended, she wanted it. She had been fantasizing about this for weeks, maybe longer. She dropped to her knees and moaned in pleasure when her tongue flicked over the head of his cock and she got her first taste of man.

"Yeah. That's a good girl. Come on, Sara, suck me." Mitch commanded her.

She wanted to. But her insecurity got the better of her. She had never done this before. She had no idea what it took to please a man. She looked up at him. "I've never done this before. I don't know what to do."

While he felt like dropping his jaw to the floor at the shock of her admission. He had to admire his little Goddess for trying it at all, especially since she had never tried it before. And the idea that she was doing it for the first time to him was driving him crazy. "You want me to teach you how?" He waited for her to nod. "Here. Like this." He wrapped his hands around her head. "I'm going to guide you honey." He brought her head down until his throbbing cock was an inch from her. "Open your sweet mouth, baby. Open it and take me inside you."

She did as he asked and he helped guide her head down. He knew she hadn't been prepared for his size when he felt her kick in as he hit the back of her throat.

Mitch waited for her to regain her composure while massaging the back of her head. She looked up at him, and he could see tiny shimmers in her eyes. The poor girl hadn't expected him to be so large, and she was embarrassed. "Do you want to stop?"

She shook her head no. "I want to learn how."

Oh, and he wanted to teach her. If she wanted to learn, he would happily be her instructor. He knew now what he had suspected last night. Once wouldn't be enough with her. He smiled as he thought about the many lessons that he would love to give her.

"Okay, honey. Here's what I want you to do. Try to think about it like this," he said as he massaged the back of her head, trying to force her to relax. "Think of my cock as a giant popsicle. Only a hot and hard one. Do you like popsicles?"

She grinned and nodded.

"Good. Because this one is special. See this Popsicle you have the power to control with the swipe of your tongue and the heat of your lips. Your hot and wet mouth can make it do things that it has no control over. Do you know what I mean?" He waited while she said nothing. "No, well let me explain it a little better for you. You see, when your sweet and sexy mouth is wrapped around my cock, it feels so good. And while I'm fucking your mouth, the pleasure is so good that I just explode from it. And that would be all because of you. You would have the power over whether or not I come."

How sweet she looked, he thought. She listened to his words so intently. Her expression made her all the more beautiful. Here he was going to fuck her in the mouth and she seemed so eager to want to please him.

His thoughts were interrupted by her soft voice. "If you did, if I did...where, I mean..."

He listened to her nervousness and found himself entranced by her innocence. How could this be the same woman that had fucked herself so good last night?

"Where would I come? Is that what you're wondering?" He waited until she nodded again. "It would be wherever you wanted. Wherever you felt most comfortable. But I've got to tell you that I would love it if you sucked my cock until I spilled my hot cum in your mouth." He watched her cheeks get pinker and knew he could

get her to do just about anything right now. Her arousal was written all over her blushed face.

“Can we start again?” she asked him hesitantly.

He listened to her sweet request. She was so submissive. He wondered what things he could get her to try, how far she’d be willing to go when she got turned on.

“Sure, baby. This time, relax. Take all of me in your mouth. I want to feel the head of my cock hitting the back of your throat. And no matter how hard it gets, I don’t want you to stop for anything. Do you understand?” His calm, demanding voice was back.

Sara nodded eagerly, and he pushed her head back down onto his cock. He could feel the tension the first time few times she took him deep, but then, he felt her body start to relax.

“That’s it, baby. Oh yeah, Sara. You’re so sweet. Suck me just like that. Yes!” Mitch was pushing and pulling her head back and forth over his cock.

He heard her moan and watched as her hips started to wiggle. “Do you like that, Sara? Huh, do you like it when I fuck you in the mouth?”

“Mmm.” She had grabbed onto his cock and was sucking him off like an old pro. He could also tell that every time he talked dirty to her, she got more excited and more into it. A man had to go with his strengths, he decided.

“Are you wet, baby? Are you soaking for me? Do you want my hard cock in your sweet pussy?” No matter how much he was trying to stay in control, he was losing it fast. Knowing the dirty talk was driving her crazy, it was making him equally insane.

“Mmm hmm.” She moaned around his cock as she continued to pump him in her fist.

“Yeah, I bet you do. I bet you want me to pound it in that sweet pussy of yours, don’t you?” He watched as she moaned louder and started rocking her hips back and forth.

“Touch yourself, Sara. Feel all of your sweet, hot juices.” He watched her in complete admiration as she did what he asked and almost exploded when a cry tore from her lips.

“Oh, fuck yeah. Stick your fingers in your pussy, baby. Stick as many fingers as you can inside your hot little pussy.” Mitch was lost. He no longer knew if the dirty talk was for her or him.

Sara moaned as she spread her legs and did exactly as he asked. She kept taking him deep as she ground down on her hand.

“Taste yourself, baby.” He watched her eyes as they looked up at him. “Don’t think about it. Just do it. Bring your wet fingers to your mouth and suck them dry.” He was again surprised at her willingness to do exactly what he told her. Apparently, his little Sara liked being told what to do.

He watched as she closed her eyes, moaning while she licked her fingers. He tightened the grip on her head and forced her to look at him while she did it. “Now, baby, I want you to suck me like your life depended on it. And while I’m fucking your mouth, I want you to reach down and play with your clit.” He watched as her cheeks reddened with excitement, and he smiled. “You’re so sweet, honey. Come on and play with your clit for me. I want you to get yourself off while I come in that sweet mouth.”

“Ooh.” She couldn’t help the sound that escaped from her mouth. She grabbed onto his thick, pulsating cock with one hand and pumped it while she brought her mouth down around him. With her other hand, she reached under her skirt and played with her clit in earnest.

Had she ever been this turned on before, she wondered. But she was interrupted out of her thoughts by the sound of Mitch’s demands.

“Fuck yes! Take it, baby. I’m gonna come. Swallow it. Swallow all of me, damn it!” He shouted to her.

The idea that someone could hear them should have scared the hell out of her, but instead it intensified her pleasure. She felt herself writhing against her hand and cried out around his cock when her orgasm exploded.

Before she had time to recover, she was swallowing massive amounts of semen as Mitch's cock spurted inside her mouth. She thought she might gag from it all when she heard him.

"Take it all, Sara. Swallow every last drop of me. You did that, baby. You sucked me so good you made me explode."

She moaned and did exactly that. His cock was still twitching in her mouth when they heard a beep on his phone.

"Shit!" He reached over and picked up the phone. "What?"

"Uh, sorry, Mitch. Mr. Jennings is here to see you."

The one time the guy is on time. "Fine, get him some coffee or something, I'll be out in a few minutes." He hung up the phone. Mitch looked down and saw Sara kneeling in front of him and staring at the floor.

"Sara. Hey, you okay?" He gently ran his fingers through her hair.

She looked up at him with tears in her eyes. She blinked, and they escaped, trailing down her face.

"Hey. Shh, don't cry. Come here." He put his hands under her arms and lifted her to his lap. "What's wrong, honey? Was I too rough? Did I scare you?"

She responded in the quietest voice he had ever heard. "I've never done anything like that before, Mitch."

He saw the embarrassment and humiliation on her face, and he wanted to kick himself for rushing her. No matter how much she liked it, her conscious had obviously now kicked in. He didn't want her regretting what she had just done.

"Sara, will you look at me?" He waited until she did. "You were wonderful, and so beautiful. I've never seen a prettier sight." He stroked her back soothingly while he talked to her. "Did you know that I thought you were pretty?" He watched her surprised reaction. "Did you also know that I was hard when you came in here because I was thinking of you?"

She couldn't hide her shock from that one. "You were?"

“Oh, yeah. And you just made one of the fantasies I’ve had of you come true.”

“*One* of your fantasies? There’s more?” She asked with part hesitation and part excitement.

He laughed and pulled her closer to his chest. “Oh yeah, Sara. There are many more.” He waited to see if she would ask. When she didn’t, he took it a step further. “Would you like me to tell you what they are? *Or*, maybe I could show you. Would you like that?”

That got her attention. “You’d...” She swallowed hard. “You’d show me?”

Mitch cupped her face in his hands and looked into her eyes. “I would love to show you the many different ways I can take you. But above all else, I would love to see you again.” He shrugged. “And although this was fantastic, I was thinking next time, maybe it could be somewhere with a bed.”

He saw her face flush and knew she was getting hot all over again at the mere mention of the different ways he could take her. Was that what she wanted, what she had been dreaming about?

He loved that he didn’t see shame or embarrassment any longer, hoping it was because he was being so gentle with her. He didn’t want her to feel any amount of regret for her desires.

Just moments ago he was driving her crazy with his dirty talk, and now he wanted to show her nothing but tenderness. Wanting to curl her up in his arms he was about to say something, but her quiet voice stopped him.

“Mitch?” She asked as she played with a button on his shirt, as though she was trying to undo it.

“Yeah, Sara?” He whispered into her ear as his hands continued to caress her.

“Would you like to come over to my apartment tonight?” The nervousness returned to her voice with the question.

Holy crap. Had she really just said that? She was usually so shy with him. Why was she suddenly being so bold? But of course, how do you remain coy when you've just let a man come in your mouth?

Up the game a little, Mitch. Leave her wanting more. "I don't know. What would we do? Would you let me fuck you, Sara?" He reached his hand under her skirt and slid a finger into the drenched folds.

"Mmm, oh yes," she answered while nuzzling and licking his neck.

"Okay, baby. I'll come over. You email me with the details, okay?" He couldn't let her know yet that he already knew exactly where she lived. "Now, as much as I would love for you to sit on my lap for the rest of the day, I've got Mr. Jennings waiting."

She smiled and pulled away and looked a bit sheepish.

"What?" He cocked a brow at her.

"The whole reason I came in here was to give you a fax that just came in on the Jennings case. I knew you had a meeting, so I brought it right away, and then I, well, you know." She looked away from him. "If I hadn't brought that fax in..." She didn't finish her thought. Her embarrassment over what she had just done was written all over her face.

"Don't be embarrassed. You were amazing. You should be proud of how well you did, of how good you made me feel. Okay?" He ran his hands down her arms before giving her a gentle swat on the bottom.

"Okay." She went to reach for her panties on the desk, but he grabbed her wrist.

"No, don't put them back on. These are mine now." He watched her shocked expression. "You go to the bathroom and get cleaned up. I want to know that you're sitting out there with a bare pussy because of me. And all day long when you feel a draft of air caress that sweet part of you, I want you to think of all the things that you want me to teach you." He fisted her hair in his hands and pulled her head back.

“All of the things! I want to know what gets you hot. I want to know what you’ve never done but are dying to try.”

“Everything?” She whispered the words without even realizing it.

“Everything. I will teach you everything you want to learn and more. Now get back to work, honey. You’ve been a very good girl,” he told her as he pinched her ass.

Sara had to smile when he did it. She had just done something lewd and naughty. He said she did it well, too. She barely could contain her excitement from it. And she was still throbbing just thinking about it.

Sara walked through the main lobby and had to fight a smile when she felt a cool breeze caress her bare skin. She smiled politely as she passed Mr. Jennings sitting on the leather chair as she heard Mitch come up behind her.

“Mr. Jennings. I hope I didn’t keep you long?” Mitch extended out a hand.

Sara heard their voices trail off as she got closer to the ladies’ room. She used a couple of paper towels and wet them in the sink before going into a stall. She lifted one leg on the toilet and cleaned the remnants of her orgasm.

Not being able to contain her joy, she giggled. Oh my God, she thought. What she had done was in complete contradiction of who she was. She acted like a sex-starved maniac. Dropping on her knees like that. And touching herself in front of him. It was crazy. But the best part was that he was coming over tonight, and then she would get to do it again. The minutes would not be able to tick by fast enough. She could hardly wait.

Chapter Three

It was 4:55 and only five minutes until she was off for the day. Sara had put off sending her email to Mitch all day long. She wasn't sure why. Lord knew she wanted him to come. In more ways than one. She shared a silent laugh with herself at her euphemism. Ignoring the jitters that had consumed her since their office interlude, she opened her email.

*Mitch,
1745 Riverside Drive
Apartment 315
7:00
P.S. I'll make us something to eat.*

Sara hit send on the email and felt a million butterflies fluttering around in her stomach. Every time she moved in her chair, she had been all too aware of the fact that she was pantileless. If she swiveled in her chair to reach for something, she would feel a gentle stroke. If she rocked forward on her chair to sit upright at her keyboard, she would feel the pleasing brush of fabric. The different sensations were erotic, and she was getting more excited as every minute passed in anticipation of her upcoming evening with Mitch.

Mitch had walked Mr. Jennings to the door earlier and gave her a lazy wink while he passed her. They had spoken no other words, but twice when he was nearby talking to some of the firm's other associates, she could sense his eyes on her. The leers had caused her to get hot and her nipples to harden. It was so incredibly

inappropriate. She was at work, for God's sake. To make matters worse, she had to admit that she loved the way he made her feel.

She was about to turn off her computer when a pop-up told her that she had mail. She opened it with a smile when she saw who it was from.

*Sara,
Nonsense. I'll bring dinner. You were much
too good of a girl to have to cook. And make
it 6:30. I won't be able to wait much longer
than that.
Mitch*

Sara deleted the message and shut down her computer. With a permanent smile plastered across her face, she headed home to take a long, hot bubble bath. She wanted to look so good for him that he was left with no choice but to do everything to her that he had promised. Whatever those things were, she wasn't sure. But the mixed feelings she had of anxiety were quickly overridden by the overwhelming arousal at the memories of earlier that day.

* * * *

Mitch looked around the courtyard before entering his building. He needed to make sure that Sara didn't see him. He made a mad dash for his door and entered his apartment.

His blood was pounding inside him. He was already getting a hard-on just thinking about what his little play thing might want to learn next. He hadn't expected her to be so shy and unsure of herself after what he had seen last night. But he was a patient man. He would show her just how incredible she was and all the reasons why she didn't have to be so bashful. And at the same time, open her up to all sorts of pleasures.

He reached in and turned on his shower before picking up the phone to call Royal Garden for delivery. He ordered a few different meals, not knowing which kind she would like better. After he was done, he stripped off his clothes on the way to the shower and jumped in.

The hot water beating against him only intensified the needs that were building inside him. He couldn't remember ever being this turned on by a woman before. There were so many things he wanted to teach her. So many pleasures that he wanted to show her.

Turning off the shower, he walked through his apartment naked and reached for the small duffle bag in his closet. He opened it and checked to make sure all of his favorites were still in there. Satisfied that he had everything that he needed, he zipped it back up and set it by the front door. It would do him no good if he left it at home. He couldn't very well tell her he lived right across the courtyard and he'd be right back.

After perusing his closet, he decided on a pair of jeans and a snug t-shirt. Sara had seemed to enjoy snuggling against his chest earlier, so he decided to go with his strengths. The shirt hugged his broad, muscular chest in all the right places, giving off an effect that he had to arrogantly admit made him look good.

He had thought about shaving but decided that the slight stubble might turn her on. He had been with quite a few women in the past who were rather fond of the five o'clock shadow effect. Mitch had learned from his father at a very young age all of the little things to do that went a long way with women. And if he wanted the women that he was with to be hot for him, then the old adage stood. Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

After he had towel dried his hair, he gave it a thorough brushing and headed for the door. Walking outside, he did a quick survey of the courtyard before dashing back out to the parking lot so he could go around through the entrance to her building. He had to laugh at himself. He felt like a teenager sneaking around to get laid.

* * * *

Sara heard the knock at the door and had to stop herself from racing to answer it. Anxiety and anticipation had taken a hold of her, and as she went to the door, she hoped she would at least give the appearance of being calm and collected. But she was surprised when it wasn't Mitch. Instead, she was met with a young delivery boy holding two bags of what smelled like Chinese food.

"Sara Collins?" The annoyed teenage boy asked her after turning off his iPod.

"Yes, but I didn't order..." She was interrupted by the sight of Mitch coming up the stairs.

"No, but I did. I have perfect timing, too, if I don't say so myself." Mitch handed the kid a fifty-dollar bill and told him to keep the change. Effectively changing the kid's attitude from annoyed to ecstatic.

When the delivery boy had gone back down the stairs, Sara realized that she was just standing there while he carried two bags of food and a duffle bag. Hmm, she wondered what was in there.

"Sorry. Come in." She moved out of his way and closed the door behind her after motioning for him to place the bags on the kitchen table. She locked the door and was ready to turn toward him when he pinned her against the door. A rush of fear-laced adrenaline mixed with desire ran through her entire body.

"I've missed you, Sara," Mitch whispered in her ear.

She gasped at the sensation of his hard, muscled body pressed up against the soft contours of hers. "You just saw me a few hours ago."

He licked her neck up and down. "Ah, yes, but it has been double that time since I came in your mouth."

She whimpered. She couldn't help herself. Something about the way he talked dirty to her just drove her insane with lust and need.

"I brought condoms," he told her in between swipes and swirls of his tongue. "Do I need them?"

She shook her head and breathlessly answered him. "No, I'm on the pill and I've only ever been with..." She stopped herself before she said too much. "Well, I'm healthy." That's better. Don't tell him that at twenty-three years old you've only been with one man. He'll think you're a freak.

"Sara. Are you keeping secrets from me? That's very naughty. How can we be lovers if you aren't honest with me, hmm?" His voice was a seductive whisper as he began to nibble on her ear.

"No, I..." She was silenced by his tug on her hair.

"Don't lie to me. Tell me what you were going to say. You said you've only ever been with...what Sara? Finish telling me. Or I will be forced to leave." He told her matter-of-factly.

She wasn't sure if she believed that he had any intention of leaving, but she wasn't sure she was willing to call his bluff and take that chance either.

Her panic at that surprised her. "No, don't go!"

He smiled at her quick response, begging him not to stay. "Then tell me, honey. Don't be afraid."

She shook her head slightly. "I'm afraid if I tell you, you'll leave anyway," she whispered, confused by the utter necessity she felt to keep him there.

"Tell me the truth, and I won't leave. Trust me. There is nothing you can't tell me." He told her as he continued his assault on her ear lobe.

Sara closed her eyes. "I've only been with a man once." She winced as the words came out.

He stilled for just a moment. He looked stunned, almost like he was unsure of what she meant. "You mean you've only been with one man?"

“Yes, but, it was only once.” She started to cry silently from the embarrassment. “I’ve only had sex one time. I’m not an experienced woman, Mitch.”

“Shh. Hey, hey now. Stop that. What’s with the tears, honey?” He turned her to face him.

“I feel so stupid. I’m twenty-three years old, and I’ve only had sex once,” she said as she covered her face in her hands. Why had she told him? He wouldn’t want her now.

“Stupid? But you are so beautiful. I bet there are men begging for a chance to be with you. Men that are just dying for a taste of your sweet pussy.” The words were naughty, but his voice was like a gentle caress.

She shook her head. “I’ve always been too shy around men. When they flirt, I don’t flirt back.” She was looking at him now, praying that he understood.

With a serious expression he leaned closer into her. “Really.” He asked while he framed her face with his hands. “Well, I think you seemed to be quite the masterful flirt in my office earlier today.”

She rolled her eyes. “That was different, Mitch.”

“Why?” he asked her seriously.

“Because I wanted you. I lost all sense of who I was and how to act.” She looked down, unable to meet his gaze.

Mitch brought her chin up using his index finger. Looking into her eyes, he spoke softly. “I wanted you, too, Sara. I’ve never done anything like that before. You want to know what I really want, though?” He waited for her reply.

She didn’t answer him. Could he really be that surprised she hadn’t give one? There was still so much that he had left to teach her.

“I want to lick your pretty pussy until you come.”

Her eyes widened in surprise, and although she tried, she could not form any words for an intelligent response.

Mitch pulled her hand, walking her into the kitchen. When they stopped, he ran his hands down her sides and cupped her ass. “I like

that you wore a skirt again, baby. Be a good girl, and take it off for me.”

She stared at him timidly and wondered why she found it so easy to do exactly as he told her. Because she wanted him, that was why. She followed his instruction and unbuttoned her skirt. Once it had pooled at her feet, he nodded his head and pointed to the sexy panties she had put on after her bath. He obviously wanted those off, too she thought. So she took them off and stood staring at him. It was something about his gaze, the look in his eyes and the words he chose, that forced her to do whatever he told her to. And if she was honest with herself, she had to admit that it excited the hell out of her to have him take charge of her sexuality.

He came closer to her and reached one hand behind her neck. “Do you know that I haven’t kissed you yet?”

“Yes.” But I want you to, she thought to herself.

“That’s going to change right now.” He dropped his head to hers and brushed his lips against hers. His kiss wasn’t crushing or demanding. After a few gentle passes of his lips, he used his tongue to entice her. Her mouth opened at the sensation as her arms wrapped around his neck. They were now kissing each other fervently. Feeding each other’s passions with the tangle of their tongues was inciting a riot of needs inside of her.

His kiss was exotic, like a drug that fills you but leaves you wanting more. She was vaguely aware of him tugging her shirt up over her head. Then he left her mouth and trailed kisses down her neck until he got to her swollen breasts. She silently prayed that he would take one in her mouth. She had never experienced it, and she craved it so badly.

Her prayers were answered. She felt the warm wetness of his mouth as he began sucking on her nipple. His other hand teased the other side before alternating between the two. Without any regard for what he might think, she grabbed on to his head and held him to her. She arched into the suckling and thought she was going to come right

there from that sensation alone. She heard Mitch's muffled words. But couldn't make them out.

Mitch finally was able to pull away. "Baby, take it easy. You were all but suffocating me. We have all night, okay? So just relax. I'll make you feel good. I promise." She nodded in her embarrassment. "Sit down on the edge of the seat there," he said as he pointed to the kitchen chair.

She sat down on the cool wood, causing goose bumps to race across her skin. She was suddenly very aware of the fact that she was wearing high heels and nothing else. Mitch wasn't satisfied with her position and made her scoot forward. Then he took her hands and made her grip the back of the chair over her shoulders. The position caused her aching breasts to jut forward. It was not unlike a position one would see in the centerfold of a men's magazine. She wondered and hoped that she looked as good as some of those models did.

"There. So pretty. Now lean back more. That's it. Yeah." He bent down in front of her and dropped to his knees, blowing on the sensitive flesh where she throbbed. "Oh, honey. Did you know that you're already wet? How come? Why are you so wet, Sara?" he asked in a mocking tone.

He teased her, but she didn't care. She would take whatever he had to give her. Whatever way he wanted to give it. "Yes, I'm wet. I want you so bad, Mitch." Her words sounded more like moans.

"Why, Sara? Why are you so wet for me? You want me bad, but how? How do you want me, huh? I know that I want to eat this pretty pussy. But what about you? Tell me three things that you want me to do to you tonight. Tell me everything you want, and I'll make sure they all come true."

When her eyes flew open she found his eyes fixated on her, almost hypnotizing her by their intensity.

"Three things?" She tried to swallow but was unsuccessful. Her mouth was suddenly very dry.

“Yes, three. But the first one better be me eating you. Because I’ll die if I don’t get a taste of you. So? What’s the second and third, baby? What do you want?” He blew on her again and smiled when he saw her shiver.

“I want...Oh, Mitch, I’m not very good at this.” But she saw the demanding look in his eye and knew that if she didn’t tell him, she wouldn’t get anything. She didn’t know how she knew it, but she did. “I want you to fuck me.” She bit her bottom lip and hoped she hadn’t been too bold.

“I see.” He stared at her, sliding his fingers into the slick folds to entice her further. “Fuck you slow and easy or hard and fast?” He asked in between her gasps, as he used his fingers as an example of his words.

“Hard and fast! I want it hard and fast.” Her hips were rocking against his hand.

“Okay, I can do that, baby.” His voice still soothed her into submission. “What about number three?” He swiped his tongue down her slick entrance, moaning when he tasted her. “What should I do after I come in your sweet pussy?”

“No...I don’t...I mean, I want you to fuck me, but don’t come. I want...oh please, Mitch, I can’t concentrate.”

He chuckled. “Is my tongue distracting you, honey? I’ll stop then.”

“No! No, don’t stop.” She whimpered and bit on her bottom lip.

“Then you better tell me why. Why can’t I come in your sweet little pussy?”

“Because, damn it! I want to taste you after you’ve been inside me.”

Sara shouted at him, her frustration bringing out the animal in her.

He watched her as she bit out the words and continued to writhe against his tongue. She was completely lost in her arousal. Could he tell that she was no longer in charge of her body? Her desire had taken over. “Oh, baby. Do you want to taste yourself on me?”

“Yes, all right. Yes.” Sara was beyond any sense of reason or self-control. She only knew that she had fantasized about what it would be like. And now that he was here, she wasn’t about to lose her chance to get what she wanted.

Coaxing her along he asked her to finish, “Tell me, what would you do after you sucked all that sweet pussy juice off of my cock?”

Her whole body was on fire. She was going to come, and he’d barely even touched her, just occasional licks and kisses. No real friction or pressure. His touches were more teases than strokes. “Mitch, I want you to come in my mouth again.”

Mitch closed his eyes for a moment. Trying to hang on to the control that she had almost just broken. “Oh yeah? You’re such a sweet girl, honey. You liked that earlier today, didn’t you?” He looked up at her and watched her face as she fought against the orgasm that was building. “Then I’ll give you exactly that, Sara. But only if you do the same for me. You tasted me, now I want to taste you. I want to taste your sweet climax when my face is buried in between your thighs. Come on, baby. I want you to come for me.” Mitch dove in as he attacked her with his mouth and his tongue, devouring ever succulent nibble of her.

Darting his tongue inside her entrance, he moaned in delight at the sweet taste of her. The meal he had planned to make of her had barely begun, and he was about ready to lose himself in the ecstasy of it when she came. He hadn’t expected it to happen so soon. She screamed out his name and wrapped her legs around his head, bringing him closer to her.

Mitch had to laugh. She was just a flowing fountain of untapped desire. Even though she was shy, she changed who she was when she got truly hot and bothered. Then she completely let go. She had so many naughty sides to her, but she didn’t know what to do with any of them. He was thinking this as he drank up the last of her and knew that he was going to have quite a lot of fun with her.

Mitch looked up and watched her. His good girl hadn't moved from the position he had put her in, no matter how much she squirmed her body. That was very good. She was going to be a very good student, indeed. He stood up while her eyes were still closed and stripped down.

"Stand up, Sara." He waited until she opened her eyes. Then he held out his hand and helped her up before swinging her around. He placed her hands on the back of the chair and whispered in her ear, "Hold on, honey."

He heard her moan at his half threat, half promise. The flush glow on her face told him that she was feeling every wave and jolt shoot through her body as he slammed into her. Sara was much different than any other woman he'd been with before.

He slammed his cock deep inside her and hit places he was sure she never knew existed, not even with her trusty vibrator.

Sara rocked into him and met him thrust for thrust when he felt her third orgasm of the day approaching. He saw she was struggling to fight it.

"No baby, don't you dare stop yourself. Come for me."

He watched her in awe as she threw her head back and screamed his name once again, all while her body convulsed in pleasure.

Mitch didn't move. He stayed buried inside her as he waited for her body to come down. He watched her ass wiggle as she trembled. And wondered just how long he would have to wait until he could take her in that tight, little hole.

"Feel good, honey?" He waited, and she moaned her reply. "Good." He fisted her hair in his hands and yanked her head back. "Now sit on the chair like a good little girl, and suck all of your hot juice off of my cock."

Without being asked twice, Sara spun around and straddled the chair as she grabbed onto his engorged flesh and started sucking on him like she was a starving woman. He heard her moans of pleasure as she tasted herself on him, and he gentled his hands in her hair.

Looking down at her, he wondered if he had ever seen a woman look more beautiful. He had often looked down at the women who were pleasuring him and thought they looked hot, sexy, or even erotic. But Sara looked different. The word beautiful didn't even quite do her justice.

Sara had been sucking him off for only moments, and he was ready to explode. "Oh, baby. Yes. Suck it!" He fisted her hair and started slamming into her.

"Fuck yes, I'm gonna come, baby!" Throwing his head back he thrust once more.

When he came, he was surprised by the intensity of it. If it was even possible he would swear it was even better than earlier that day. After he was finished and he had spilled everything he had into her, he picked her up and carried her listless body to the bedroom.

Lying down on top of the coverlet, he held her close to his side, cradling her against his body. He had surprised himself by doing it. He had never been the type to cuddle after sex.

But there was something different about Sara. She was so daring, yet so innocent. So provocative, yet so shy. She was a complete oxymoron when it came to her sexuality. Saying that she was complex was a major understatement, and he thought, no, he knew, that he would enjoy the hell out of getting to know her better.

She had already fallen asleep against his chest when he glanced over by the window and silently thanked God that he had seen her in that same window last night. She stirred against him for a moment, and he stroked a gentle hand down her back. He felt contented by the feel of her warm, soft body against the hard angles of his masculine one. "Shh. Sleep now, honey." He watched her drift back into slumber as he realized that he could get real used to the feel of her body lying against his, sated after some mind-blowing sex.

Chapter Four

Mitch woke up to his stomach growling. Sara still slept soundly against his shoulder. Shifting her quietly away from him, he rose from the bed. He looked at the time and was surprised to see that it had only been an hour since they had gone to sleep.

Mitch walked into the kitchen where the Chinese food bags were. Surprisingly, the food was still warm. What were these Chinese food containers made of, he wondered, that they managed to keep food warm for so long. He grabbed three of the boxes out of the bag along with some chopsticks.

Reaching into the refrigerator, he pulled out two bottles of water. Running out of hands to carry anymore, he placed the Chopsticks between his teeth. Mitch walked into the bedroom and had to stop himself from dropping everything he carried.

Sara lay there. Curled in a small ball with the moonlight streaming through the window. She looked like an absolute angel. No, angel didn't do her justice. One thing was for certain, though, he had never seen anything so, he had wanted to say beautiful again, but it also still didn't do her justice. He fought the strange sensation that ripped through his gut. What was it about her that fascinated him? What was it that made him want her with such depths of passion that he could think of nothing else?

As if being awoken by his thoughts, Sara stirred. "Mmm. Something smells yummy." Sara stretched her arms over her head and lazily sat up, her eyes still heavy lidded.

Mitch had to smile. He couldn't help himself. "I have chicken, beef, or shrimp. What's your pleasure?"

Sara quirked one corner of her mouth up in a half smile. "I think you've already figured that out."

He chuckled and walked over to the bed. "You will learn many more pleasures before I am done with you, my dear." He leaned over and kissed her on the nose.

Enjoying the fact that she was lying in her bed, completely naked and with a glorious looking up at him he wondered if she had missed out on too much by hiding behind her bashfulness. He hoped the answer was no. He wanted to be the only one capable of bringing her pleasure.

"Something funny?" Mitch mumbled with a mouthful of shrimp after she began to giggle.

"I was just thinking that I've done more with you in the past eight hours than I have in my entire adult life. I kind of liked it." She reached for one of the containers and appeared to be delighted when she saw it was chicken, her favorite.

"You *kind* of liked it?" Mitch sat on the bed next to her. "I don't mean to be arrogant, but I thought you *really* liked it." He winked at her.

She laughed and nudged his shoulder. "Stop. You know what I mean."

"Yeah, Sara. I think I do." Mitch took a bite of shrimp and watched her with silent admiration.

They ate quietly for a while. No words were said as they sat in the dark on her bed, eating Chinese food. The meal seemed so comfortable, so intimate.

* * * *

Something had been nagging Sara. She wanted to ask him a question, but she was a little worried. She didn't want to appear clingy. She was definitely not experienced when it came to men. And she knew she should be taking this thing with Mitch lightly. But he

had opened up something inside of her that she didn't want closed off anymore. She unconsciously sighed as her thoughts were swirling around her mind.

Mitch swallowed a big helping and bunched his brows together. "Something wrong, honey?"

"Hmm, no." Sara took another swig of her water.

"Sara," Mitch said as he used his index finger to lift her chin, "what did I tell you about being honest with me? How can we be lovers if you hide what you're feeling?"

She loved to hear it when he called them lovers. But were they? The sex was good. Hell, the sex was freaking fantastic. But would they ever see each other again? Other than outside of work? "I guess that kind of is what's bothering me. No, bothering is not really the right word." She shook her head. "Oh, Mitch, I told you I was no good at this sort of thing."

He slumped his shoulders and looked at her. "Sara, if you tell me what's on your mind, maybe I can help." He reached over and fed her a piece of shrimp from his chopsticks.

"Mmm. That's good." She finished chewing and swallowed before continuing, "I guess I'm wondering if we're going to see each other again. Or if this is it." He was about to say something when she stopped him. "I don't want to seem clingy or needy, but I would really like to see you again. And I don't mean at work." She swallowed nervously.

He laughed. "Sara. You're so sweet." He leaned over and gave her a passionate kiss. "I have every intention of seeing you again. I do, however, have a problem with the comment you made about work."

She looked at him confused as though she wasn't sure what he meant.

"You don't know what I mean? Well," he set down his Chinese food and pulled her into his lap, "as much as I enjoyed this evening, and believe me, I did enjoy it, I really enjoyed what happened at the office today."

“Yeah well, I don’t exactly relish the idea of getting fired, either. Although I can’t be sure, I’m pretty confident that sex in the office is frowned upon.” She laughed at humor.

“Oh, I don’t know. I don’t think Larry would see it that way. And if we were to believe the rumors that run rampant about Claudia and the partners, then it would seem it was almost mandatory.” They were both laughing now.

“Besides,” Mitch continued, “I would think that making the attorneys happy would be part of your job description.”

“Really? Well, while I’m sure that Larry would probably try to add that into the policies, I don’t think the partners would agree.” She snuggled against his chest. Loving the warmth that she felt in his arms.

“So it’s not just me? He is a chauvinist pig.”

“One hundred percent. Did you know that once last year, I overheard him tell one of the other associates that I don’t wear tight enough blouses?” She rolled her eyes.

“No kidding. Who was it? What’d they say?”

She reached her hand up and slid it over his shoulder, enjoying the feel of the strong muscles under her fingertips. “It was Rawlings. And you know him. He’s just as bad. Made some sort of comment about them making it mandatory for all of the secretaries to go through Fashion 101 with Claudia.” She snickered. “Can you believe it? Claudia. I mean, the girl is the prime example of the word tart.”

“I’ll tell you what. Let’s not talk about the annoying people at the office anymore. Let’s talk about us.” Mitch kissed her neck.

“Us?” She tried not to be too hopeful but felt herself falling for him already.

“Yeah, us. Look, I know this happened rather fast. But, I’ll be honest with you. I only keep one lover at a time. If we’re going to continue to see each other, I have three conditions that I hope you’ll be okay with.”

His serious expression worried her. “Okay. I’m listening.”

“First, if we are going to be lovers, I need to know that I am the only one. I know that your history speaks for itself, and you don’t sleep around. Who knows though, maybe in our time together, I awoke some sort of sexual demon within you, and now you’re going to take many lovers,” he teased.

“Very funny.” She nudged his shoulder.

“Okay, I know it’s unlikely. But I do mean it, Sara. If the time comes, and you become interested in someone else or disinterested in me, you need to tell me before you let someone else have you. Because, while we’re lovers, you belong to me. Understood?” His face was stern and was etched with sincerity.

She watched his serious expression and knew he was no longer joking. “I understand, Mitch. I wouldn’t do that to you.”

“Good. Now, condition number two. You have to promise me that you will always be honest with me. There are many different levels of trust in a relationship. I have noticed that you are most nervous about sharing your needs and wants. That can’t happen when you’re with me. If you want something, or need something, I should be the first and only person you can turn to. I’m not just talking about sex, either. And you should always feel comfortable enough to tell me exactly what it is you want, no matter what.”

He cupped her cheek with his hand as he continued. “I guarantee you that if it is something that you fantasize about it is nothing to be embarrassed about. I also promise that I will do anything in my power to make those fantasies become realities. Do you understand that?”

“I do. I’ll try to be...I’ll work on being more assertive.” She gave him a small smile.

Brushing his thumb over her lips, Mitch leaned in for a small kiss. “That’s good, honey. You’re such a good girl.” He kissed her once more. “Now, my last condition is kind of a big one. While I enjoyed our little game earlier today, it is very important that no one from work knows about our relationship.”

He stopped talking when she looked down. “Look at me, Sara. Now, it’s not what you think. I have made the mistake of having work place relationships in the past and not kept them secret. People out there seem to think that what goes on in other people’s lives is their business. I want what happens between us to be between us and no one else. I would hate to walk in the break room and hear our relationship being discussed by the water cooler.”

She looked at him hesitantly. She knew he was right. But she couldn’t help the insecurity that crept up her spine, or the gut instinct that he knew from experience how badly those relationships could turn out. “I guess that makes sense.”

“No, Sara. You’re already breaking rule number two. If you have a problem with this, then you have to talk to me about it. Tell me the truth. What are you thinking?” He stroked a hand through her hair.

“Okay, you’re right. I know that you are. I just can’t shake the stupid feeling that maybe you don’t want anyone to know because you might be embarrassed or something. I don’t know. I know it’s dumb.” She shrugged, trying to make light of it, despite her embarrassment.

“Uh uh. You are way off base there, honey. I am anything but embarrassed by you. I still want to take you out and do things with you. Many things.” He paused to give her a mischievous grin. “But I just think that we should keep things professional at work. Do you understand now?”

She smiled and nodded.

“Good. Because I’m tired of talking.” He repositioned her on his lap until she straddled him. With his feet hanging off the bed, he leaned all the way back. Reaching up and cupping her tits, he squeezed the nipples until they hardened into tight little peaks. “Look down at my cock, honey. Do you see how hard it is for you? Look at how bad it wants you to love it. Look at how bad it needs you. Do you see that, honey?”

Sara grinned, apparently pleased with his dirty talk. “Yes. I see it.”

“Good. Now lift yourself up just a bit. Yeah, like that. Now, guide it into your pussy, Sara.” He hissed out the last word as her fisted hand pumped him. “Oh yeah. Come on, baby. Slide your pussy down on my cock.”

She did as he said and threw her head back and arched her body. The sensation was incredible. She could feel him reaching so deep inside her.

“So pretty. God, you’re so fucking sexy! Ride me, Sara. You’re in control this time.” He brought his hands behind his head and smiled up at her. “I’m yours, honey. Do with me what you want.” He groaned when she rocked up and down on him. “Yeah, like that. Fuck me, Sara. Fuck me like you’ll die if you don’t get that cock buried deep inside you.”

And so she did. She rode him hard and loved the power it gave her, knowing that she took him just as he took her. It didn’t take long until they came together. She was surprised that it had been just as good as all the others. Not being very experienced, she assumed that after a few times, she would get used to the sensation. But every time he brought her to her climax, it was so intense. How could he be so good at pleasing her? He must be the devil, she mused. Surely, he would force her to sell her soul for the price of pleasure.

Sara lay on top of him and snuggled against his chest. She felt her body completely relaxed from the satisfaction that he had given her.

“Honey, I have to leave soon. Lord knows I don’t want to.” He whispered into her hair as he stroked her back. “But I don’t want to leave you just yet. So, when you fall asleep, I’ll show myself out and lock up.” He placed a tender kiss to the top of her head.

“You don’t have to, you know. You could stay.” She raked her fingers across his chest and gently massaged the sprinkling of hair.

“I would love to. But I didn’t bring anything. And I’ve got an early deposition about an hour away tomorrow. Next time, I’ll stay, okay?” He gave her another kiss.

She remembered the duffle bag and wondered if he was being untruthful just so he could leave. “Sure, but if you didn’t bring anything, then what’s in the bag?” She asked him.

He laughed. “Oh, I forgot about that. I’ll tell you what, honey. I’m not going to tell you what’s in it. But I’ll leave it here, and if you get curious, then you can take a peek. If something intrigues you, then remember rule number two. Tell me whatever you want. I promise I will make it happen.”

She swallowed at the hidden dare in his message. She now had a feeling that she knew all too well what was in that bag. The idea of it should have her running for the hills and offended at his assumptions that she would be into such things. Yeah, right. He had her figured out already. He already knew she would peek, and by the cocky grin on his face, he knew she would definitely be intrigued.

“You’re thinking too much, honey. Go to sleep now while I hold you close. You feel so good lying here like this. I want to enjoy you before I have to go.”

She snuggled closer against him and drifted off to sleep as he gently caressed her back over and over again.

Chapter Five

Sara stopped typing when her phone rang. Hitting her speaker so she could continue, she answered, "This is Sara."

"Sara," Mitch said in his most professional tone, "could you get a pen and pad of paper and come to my office, please?"

While Mitch sounded completely professional, she couldn't help the excitement she felt at the sound of his voice. "Of course, I'll be right there, Mitch." Sara disconnected, and with shaky hands, reached for her pad of paper and pen. She hadn't seen or talked to him since she fell asleep in his arms last night.

Sara walked into Mitch's office and stopped in the doorway when she saw him on the phone. He motioned her in with his hand and indicated that she shut the door. She did as he asked and waited until his phone conversation was over.

Mitch hung up the phone and steepled his fingers together as he eyed her with a grin on his face. "Sara. How are you this morning, honey?"

She couldn't hide her blush as she met his gaze. He called her honey. This clearly wasn't a business meeting. "I'm fine. How are you?"

"Truth?" She nodded at the question. "Well, I am a little upset that you have chosen to sit all the way over there, rather than on my lap."

She giggled as she all but ran around the desk to do just that. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she hugged him with all of the zeal of a schoolgirl with a crush.

Mitch stole her breath with a kiss. "I've been dreaming about doing that all morning. I could barely even stay focused at the deposition for needing to feel your sweet mouth against mine."

Sara grinned at him and kissed him again. "I thought you said that we were supposed to keep things professional while we were here at the office."

Mitch nodded. "Ah, I did say I believed that would be best, didn't I? But then I started missing you." He shrugged. "Then I lost all control of my common sense and knew I had to see you, touch you, hold you, and kiss you."

"You missed me, huh?" She ran a finger down his chest, stopping just above his belt buckle.

"Sara, are you losing your shyness?" He reached his hand behind her head, and grabbed a fist full of her golden, forcing her head back. He then ran his tongue all along her neck, and said, "You taste so sweet, honey. Will you let me take you to dinner tonight?"

Sara was lost in the ecstasy of his tongue against her skin. She wanted him. Only a day had passed since their little tryst in the very same office, but he had already seemed to figure out all of the ways to drive her insane with need.

"Sara?" Mitch asked again as he began a slow, sucking nibble on her earlobe.

Smiling, she was barely able to answer, "Dinner, sure. Whatever you say, Mitch. Just don't stop touching me."

Mitch smiled at her responsiveness. She was so beautiful when she got aroused. Her face flushed, her skin heated. He watched her as he pulled her blouse from her skirt and lifted a hand underneath. Cupping her breast, he rasped a thumb over her already-hardened nipple.

"Sara." Mitch groaned as he reached his other hand under to tease the other tight bud. "You make me crazy. I watch you get lost in your desire, and I lose my mind. I want nothing more than to bury myself inside of you right now, deep and far, and stay there."

Sara clutched onto his head with both hands and arched her body backwards. "Mitch, please. Can't we? Just this once."

Mitch tried to pull away to watch her face. But she clung to him with such urgency, he could barely move. "You want me, baby?" He lifted her blouse up and pulled her bra down under her tits. Causing them to lift in invitation. "Do you want me to fuck you on this desk?"

Sara drew away from him, gasping for breath. "Yes! Please, Mitch. I'm so hot right now. I want you. I need to feel you inside of me."

Her moaning plea was his undoing. "Take off your panties." He stood up to undo his belt, soon to be followed by his button and zipper of his trousers. "Sit on the desk there, honey."

Sara did as she was told and hiked up her skirt to spread herself for him. Her eyes were filled with desire as she reached her hands back on the desk and waited to take all of him.

Mitch guided his stiff cock to her soaking entrance and stopped just at the threshold before looking at her. "You can't scream, baby. Not like you did last night, okay?" He ran his thumb along her bottom lip and smirked when she nibbled it. "Promise me, honey. No one can hear us, okay? We need to be more careful from now on."

"I promise, whatever you say. Just please do it."

He couldn't help but be fascinated by her. He loved the fact that she wanted him. But the idea that she needed him so badly to the point that she forgot about being self-conscious or insecure, well, that turned him on more than anything else. "You're such a good girl, honey! Do you want me to fuck you hard? Is that what you need?" He was dying holding out, but he knew that she loved it when he talked dirty to her.

"Ooh, yes. That, fuck me hard, Mitch."

"That's my girl." He kissed her and thrust deep inside her. Rocking in and out of her body while digging his fingers into her hips. He drove into her with such a force he worried he might hurt

her. But watching her face with her eyes closed, biting on her bottom lip with her mouth closed tightly, he knew she loved it.

“Jesus. I can’t believe how good you feel. I can’t wait. I’m already gonna come, honey. I’m sorry.” Mitch reached down and flicked his fingers over her clit, massaging it over and over again until her orgasm surrounded his cock with hot wetness. He had asked her not to scream, but he was the one that had to fight the urge when he felt her muscles milking him inside of her.

He dropped his head on her chest as he heaved, trying to get air. He felt her run one of her hands up his back as the other hand trailed mindlessly through his hair. What was it about her that drove him beyond reason? Beyond any amount of control? He had never desired someone so much that he felt the need to take them no matter where they were. Whatever it was about her, he knew he wasn’t anywhere near getting his fill of her. She was like a drug, and he was quickly becoming an addict.

Pulling away, he gently ran his fingers down her cheek. “You are amazing, do you know that?”

She smiled at him and said, “You mentioned something about that last night. But don’t think I’m complaining. You can say it as often as you want.”

Mitch watched her as she got down from his desk and reached for her panties. “Uh uh,” he said while he buckled his belt. She looked at him for a moment before she held them out for him to grab.

“Do I ever get to keep panties on?” she teased.

Mitch shrugged as he helped her fix her blouse. “What can I say? I like you better without them on.”

Smoothing down her skirt, she responded to his flirting. “Yeah, but if you keep taking all of my panties, I won’t have any left. Then what will I wear?”

Mitch pulled her close and kissed her once more. “Then my job will be done, and I can rest easy knowing that whenever I want to be inside you, all I have to do is bend you over.”

“Maybe I’ll start wearing pants?” she taunted.

He squinted his eyes at her in challenge. “You wouldn’t dare.” He spanked her butt at the threat. “Now quit distracting me, I’ve got work to do.”

Sara rolled her eyes. “Gosh, I’m sorry, Mitch. I didn’t mean to keep you. I know how put out you must have been.” She picked up her pad of paper and pen and walked toward the door to open it.

“Wait,” Mitch said before she could leave. She turned to him and waited. “Seven o’clock, okay? I’ve got a late meeting.”

She smiled. “As if I could refuse you.” She opened the door and left. Walking past Claudia and one of the law clerks talking on her way to the bathroom, she didn’t notice the icy stare that was aimed at her.

* * * *

A little after six o’clock, Mitch raced home. He wanted to take a quick shower before he picked up Sara. He was all set to run to his building’s entrance through the courtyard but glanced up and saw her watering her plants on her balcony.

He couldn’t let her see him there. She was still unsure of herself. If she knew the reason he had first wanted her was because he had watched her masturbate like some sort of peeping tom, he was sure she would never speak to him again. Let alone let him do other things. And that was just not an option.

Knowing that she’d see him for sure, he devised a plan. Reaching for his cell phone, he dialed her apartment phone number. And as if on cue, he watched as she went back inside. Running to his apartment, he got to the door just before she answered.

“Hello?”

“Hey, gorgeous. What are you wearing?” Mitch whispered seductively.

Sara laughed. “Well, I’ll tell you what I’m not wearing. Panties. It’s weird, but I seem to be missing a couple of pairs.”

“Touché.” Mitch laughed. “Just wanted to hear your sexy voice, honey. I’ll see you soon.” He hung up.

Sara looked at the phone for a minute. “That’s strange.” She said before going back to watering her plants.

* * * *

Mitch showed up at seven o’clock on the nose. And it was not a moment too soon. Sara had been remembering their afternoon delight all day, and it made her horny as all hell. She didn’t know what it was about him. But she feared, as well as relished, that he may have unleashed a mad woman. Which is why when she opened the door, she pulled him inside and kissed him ardently.

Startled by her dominance, Mitch faltered for a second, but just for a second. Then he grabbed her head and kissed her with as much urgency, if not more. At the sound of one of her erotic moans, he reached his hand down under her skirt and felt the dampness of her panties.

“Jesus, baby. You’re wet again.”

Sara didn’t stop kissing him to answer. She just lifted a leg up over his hip and bent it behind his leg to pull him closer.

“Oh, baby.” Mitch ground his hardness into her damp core. “Sara, if you don’t stop this, I’m going to have to fuck you right here.”

However, Mitch’s threat only ignited her passion further. She was desperately yanking his shirt up and trying to strip him as her tongue danced on the inside of his mouth, doing marvelous things to the insides of their mouths.

Mitch placed his hands on her bottom and lifted her to him. Carrying her over to the couch, he sat down with her straddling him. Not caring about anything but the idea of him being inside her, she placed his hands underneath her skirt. She closed her eyes in ecstasy

as he tore the thin satin that sat at her hips and held her panties in place.

Mitch dropped his head back against the couch and groaned. "You like that, honey? You like when I tear your panties off of you? You must, I can feel your fluids covering the front of my pants!"

She didn't answer as she began fumbling for his buckle while kissing every inch of exposed skin on his neck. She listened to his breathing as he touched under her skirt.

She reveled in the feel of his hardness. Before she had a chance to finish her thoughts, Mitch entered her and she sheathed him in her hot wetness. Her muscles tightening around him and clenching him like a velvet vice.

Neither one of them moved for a moment. They just stayed like that, bodies fused, eyes locked together. Then on a whimper, Sara spoke, "Mitch, you feel so good."

He sucked on her bottom lip and tugged on it with his teeth. "Show me, baby. Show me how good it feels. Fuck me, and make me come." He laid his head back against the couch and stared at her intently.

Sara didn't wait for him to ask twice and did exactly what he told her to. After several minutes of her quivering muscles stroking and massaging him she felt him swell even larger. She knew he was getting close to his orgasm.

She ground herself down hard on top of him and instantly felt the first wave overtake her. The last thing she saw before closing her eyes and crying out his name was his gorgeous eyes staring back at her. She trembled as her hot juices covered his cock and coaxed him into his climax.

Moments later, he was holding her closely. Neither one of them were said a word as they sat in silence. She began to shake and it was obvious that it wasn't from laughter. Wetness touched his chest as her tears fell from her eyes.

“Hey. What’s wrong, honey?” He pulled her face up to see his and brushed her hair away from her face.

She looked at him, embarrassed by her tears. “I’m sorry. I just don’t know what happens to me. The more I’m with you, the more I want. I just lose control. And that’s never happened to me before. With anyone, ever.”

He grinned at her and cupped her cheek. “Sara. If that’s what I do to you, I’m glad. I want to make you feel good. There’s nothing wrong with pleasuring each other. You do know that, don’t you?”

“So you don’t think I’m...you know, one of those trappy women?”

He laughed and got a quick slap in the shoulder. “Ouch. I’m sorry. Really, I’m sorry. Look, honey. I shouldn’t have laughed. But you have to realize just how ridiculous that sounds. You are the furthest thing from being a tramp. And just because you enjoy sex doesn’t mean you’re a slut, either. It means that, like me, you have realized that together, we’re damn good.” He kissed her again, only this time it was tender. “Okay? Don’t cry. I hate to see you cry.”

She nodded. “Okay.”

“Good, now what do you say we go out to dinner?” He helped her get up before he stood to fix his pants. “Come on. I want to hold your hand and drink wine with you over candlelight.” He kissed her hand and led her to the bathroom. “Let’s get cleaned up, and then we’ll go.”

With a huge smile on her face, she said, “Okay, whatever you say.”

Looking at her in the bathroom mirror, he grinned mischievously. “You know, honey, you keep saying that. If you’re not careful, I just might take you up on it.”

Although she knew he probably teased, she couldn’t help the rush of excitement that shot through her at the idea of Mitch teaching her new things. There were so many things she hadn’t experienced yet. Would she be brave enough to tell him, she wondered.

“What are you thinking about now?”

He was watching her as he asked and she wondered how he found it so easy to read her.

She shook her head and grinned. “Nothing. Come on. Let’s go eat. I just need to put some panties on.” She turned to face him. “Don’t even think about it. I am wearing panties out to eat, and that’s final.”

He came up behind her and wrapped his arms around her as she slid the panties up her thighs. “You are no fun, whatsoever. Just think how much fun dinner would be with you sitting there bare. Nothing would prevent me from reaching under the table and touching you until you scream my name.”

Leaning back in his chest, she sighed. “You are a very, very bad influence on me, Mitch.”

He let out a boisterous laugh. “That is true. I am a bad influence on you. And just think of all of the things we haven’t even done yet.”

Sara’s expression and body language changed at his joke.

He stopped laughing, “Hey, don’t do that. Don’t shut down on me, Sara.”

“Mitch.” She gently shook her head. “I don’t have...I’m not experienced like all of your...”

“Shh. Not one other woman in the world matters right now. Just you. Remember, I told you that when we’re together, there is no one else. Now, tell me what I said that made you so nervous.” He wrapped his arms around her tighter and kissed her temple.

Sara rubbed her hands along his forearms and sighed. “It’s not that I’m nervous. I don’t know, maybe it’s more like worried.” She shrugged. “It just seems like society has an idea of what a lady is supposed to be like. I don’t think the thoughts that run through my head are that of a lady.”

Mitch turned her to face him. “You,” he said as he kissed her, “are not only a lady, but an amazing lady. Being adventurous and free with your sexuality does not make you any less of a lady or a person.” He

kissed her again. "I wish you could see just how amazing you are. I wish you would stop beating yourself up for your desires."

He attempted to change the mood and the subject, "Listen, look at it this way. As long as the fantasies involve me, then they are totally normal and okay and definitely something worth trying. However," he kissed her cheek, "should these fantasies include someone other than me, well then, you should be completely ashamed of yourself because I am the only one you need." He winked at her.

Relaxed by his humor, she laughed. "Geez, Mitch. If you weren't so gorgeous when you did it, your cocky arrogance would be annoying."

"Ah, but I am gorgeous. So what are you gonna do?" Mitch placed an arm around her as they headed for the door.

Chapter Six

Sara was impressed when they pulled up to the little Italian Bistro. She had heard some of the girls at the office talk about it. It was definitely one of the trendier places in town. And she had heard from more than one of the girls that they had a chicken marsala dish that was to die for.

Mitch led Sara to their table with his hand placed at the small of her back. When the waiter had pulled her chair out for her and waited for her to sit, she was perplexed as to Mitch stood there watching her. When he finally sat right after she did, though, it was obvious that he was just trying to be a gentleman. Although it was a different experience to be on a date with someone who had such eloquent manners, it was nice.

“This place is very nice, Mitch. Thank you for bringing me here.” Sara nervously touched her fingers to the flatware laid out in front of her.

“Have you eaten here before?” His smile was soothing and alluring at the same time.

“No, but I’ve heard it’s amazing. You really didn’t...it’s not necessary for you to try and...you know what I mean.” She kept her eyes down.

Annoyed by her comment he snapped, “Sara, look at me.” He waited. “Sara, please.”

Slowly, she lifted her gaze to meet his, and he continued, “Sara, why do you act as though you don’t deserve to be taken to a nice dinner?”

She spoke quietly, “I don’t know.”

“Damn it, Sara. Don’t lie to me!” he said tersely.

Sara’s head jerked up, surprised by his tone. “I...fine, you want to know, then fine. It’s not like you need to woo me to get me into bed. I’m clearly easy. So what’s the —”

“Stop it!” If it were possible to shout quietly, he had just succeeded. “Is that what you think this is about?” He took a steadying breath. It was obvious he was trying to reign in his temper.

“Look, Sara. I’m sorry I snapped at you like that. I just don’t understand you sometimes. I’m really starting to like you and I absolutely hate the unworthiness you seem to feel for yourself!” He put up his hand to silence her. “No, hear me out, please. Then you can say whatever is on your mind.”

She nodded and nervously placed her damp hands on her lap. Why had she started this argument? Why couldn’t she just enjoy herself? But she knew why. No matter how good she felt in Mitch’s arms, she felt like the same wallflower of a girl in high school that none of the boys took an interest in. She tried not to laugh at her juvenile opinion of herself. Here she was, twenty-three years old, and she was still letting high school dictate how she felt.

“Good. Now, I am your lover. And, I love being that. But, I am also a man. A man who realizes a good thing when he sees it. You are an amazing, beautiful woman. Taking you out to dinner and showing you off is as much fun for me as it is for you. I want to take you places and see you smile. I would like to put a little romance into our life if you’d let me.”

After giving him a look of surprise he reached over and placed his hand over hers. “I truly like you, Sara. I admit that our relationship is brand new and started...well, let’s just say it began a little unconventionally. But, nonetheless, I don’t see any reason why we can’t have a normal relationship, with dating and,” he leaned across the table, “lots and lots of goodnight kisses.”

“You really like me? I mean, not just the, you know.”

Mitch tightened his grip on her hands. "Sara. I wish you weren't so unsure of yourself. You are magnificent. In the bedroom and out."

She smirked at him. "You only say that because we have sex everywhere."

When she smiled again he continued, "True. But that is only because you are so damn sexy I can't help myself. Now please, let's enjoy our dinner. If it makes you feel any better, I won't pressure you into having sex just because I bought you dinner."

Twinkling her eyes at him she replied, "Mitch, if I let you buy me dinner, I will most certainly pressure you into sleeping with me!"

He rolled his eyes. "All right, fine. If I must. Geez, you are so demanding sometimes."

The waiter came over with a charismatic smile. "Good evening, sir, ma'am," he said as he bowed his head. "Would you care for a bottle of wine this evening?"

Mitch gestured toward Sara. "Do you have any preferences?"

Smiling, Sara said, "I've always had a fondness for a good Riesling."

Mitch smiled at her. "Very well. What Rieslings do you have?"

"Yes, sir. We have a 2003 Johannesburg, a Rosemount Estate which is out of Australia, and a Schmitt-Sohne Blue Riesling Auslese which comes from Germany." Waiting the appropriate time, the waiter responded. "My personal favorite is the one out of Australia, sir."

Mitch nodded. "That'll be fine."

The waiter left them alone after reciting to them the daily specials.

* * * *

Mitch watched her toy with her fork as she smiled. "You are truly beautiful, Sara. I hope you realize that is how I see you."

Sara looked up at him. "Mitch. You're going to embarrass me."

He winked and quirked up one side of his mouth in a smile. "Good. Because when you get embarrassed, you blush. The same way you do when—" Mitch was interrupted by the waiter returning with their wine.

Sara blushed. She knew exactly what Mitch was about to say. What the waiter would have overheard. He smiled at her, which just made her blush more.

The waiter poured a small amount into the glass for Mitch to taste. Swirling it around and sniffing before taking a sip, Mitch nodded to the waiter his acceptance of the wine. Waiting as the waiter poured their glasses, Mitch and Sara stared at each other in a way that spoke volumes of their past twenty-four hours together.

"Have you two decided on a selection for this evening?" the waiter asked with his impeccable manners.

"I've been dying to try that chicken marsala you have." Sara's mouth watered as she spoke.

"Make that two. And bring us a couple of salads if you would, please."

"Very well, sir." The waiter took their menus and left.

Sara looked at Mitch over the rim of her glass after taking a sip. Setting it down, she spoke candidly, "Mitch, I'm sorry for the way I acted just a little while ago. I wish I wasn't so unsure of myself. You told me I should be truthful with you, so I will."

She took a breath as she folded her fingers together on the table. "The truth is, I really like you. And I really don't want to do something to scare you off. That's why I didn't want you to think you had to do all of this," she said, motioning with her hands at the ambiance of the restaurant. "But," she said before he could protest, "I think I could get used to you spoiling me a little."

"Well, I am very glad to hear that. I think I will enjoy spoiling you, as well. Now, what are the odds I can get you to take off those panties?"

"Ahem, sorry, sir. Your, ah, salads."

Mitch and Sara waited quietly as the waiter set their salad plates down in front of them. When the red-faced waiter left them, they both burst out into laughter.

Trying to regain her composure, Sara reached for her wine glass and eyed him with disbelief. "You are going to have to do something about your predilection toward me having a naked bottom."

With complete disobedience in his eyes and a hint of mockery in his tone, he said, "You know, I think you're right. When we leave here, let's go pick up some lighter fluid and have ourselves a little panty barbeque on your patio."

She laughed for a moment before she asked, "How did you know I had a barbeque?"

Shit! There was no way he could tell her yet. She would retreat and run. Trying to play it casual, he said, "I just figured. Does that mean we get to do it?" He waggled his brows at her.

"Hardly. But if you keep making me laugh like this, I might have to reward you later. I swear, I haven't had this much fun in such a long time."

They ate their salads over small talk. Sharing a few laughs over some of the people at the office, causing them both to be equally surprised to find that when it came to their co-workers, their opinions were identical. Amazingly, they had a lot in common.

Mitch wasn't surprised at how compatible they seemed. When he watched her in her window just a couple of nights ago, he knew there was something about her. Something other than the fact that she looked absolutely magnificent as she touched herself in the moonlight.

The waiter took their salad plates away, and Mitch took a swig of wine before refilling both of their glasses. "Feel like playing a game?"

She smirked. "I am *not* going to take off my panties, and that is final. Wait until we get home."

He wanted to laugh at her comment. But something about the way she said 'until we get home' caused a small flutter in his stomach.

Could he actually really be falling for her? They haven't even been dating for a week yet. He tried to ignore the sensation. "You've heard of word association games, right?"

Sipping her wine, she nodded.

"Well, it can be kind of interesting sometimes. Do you want to try?"

"Sure, why not?"

"Good. I'll start. But remember, you have to say the first word that comes into your mind. So, I'll start with, ah," Mitch looked around the room for inspiration and saw it, "Leprechaun."

Sara glanced around the restaurant until she saw a sweet little man with red hair. The only thing missing on him was a green suit, she laughed. "Okay, St. Patrick."

"Beer."

"Pub."

"Fish and chips."

"That's three words," Sara chided him.

He shrugged. "Hey, you got away with St. Patrick. That's two words."

"Fine. Cheater."

"I'm not a cheater!" He laughed.

"No, my word is cheater."

"Oh, okay. Um, never."

She eyed him, as though thinking of what to say next. "Land."

"Land? What does – oh, I get it. From *Peter Pan*, Never Land. Okay, um, airplane."

"Flying." She smiled while sipping her wine.

"Climax." Mitch watched as her face reddened.

Obviously not willing to back down, Sara responded quickly, "Euphoria."

"Ecstasy."

"Happiness."

"You." He whispered the word with a gleam in his eye.

She stared at him speechless. The waiter brought their dinners over to them then.

“Enjoy your dinner. I shall come back momentarily to check on you. Meanwhile, may I get you anything else?”

Staring at Sara, Mitch shook his head. “No, we’re fine, thank you.”

Sara picked up her fork to try her dish when Mitch took her hand, interrupting her. “You didn’t say a word.”

She smiled up at him, knowing there could be no way for her to explain to him how good he made her feel about herself. She shrugged. “I could only think of two.”

Mitch was waiting while she took a bite. Watching her chew and swallow before delicately dabbing her mouth with her napkin he finally asked, “Well? What are they?”

“Thank you.”

He smiled. “You’re welcome, honey. Is it good?” He indicated the chicken marsala as he dug in for his first bite.

On her second mouthful, Sara nodded. “Mmm, hmm.”

Throughout dinner, they asked each other questions about one another. They spoke about their families and their friends. They learned about each other’s childhoods and laughed over one another’s stories.

Sara watched as Mitch. He seemed to be fighting something, but she tried to push the thought aside, not wanting to worry about what it might be.

Signing the credit card receipt, Mitch offered her some more wine, which she shook her head at. “No thanks. Do you have an early day tomorrow? Should we get home or – yeah, we should head home.”

“Sara. Am I going to have to spank you right here in the restaurant?”

Sara hid her face in her hands and tried to muffle her laughter. The waiter had just walked up behind Mitch as he said the word spank. The shock on his face was too hilarious for her to hold back. Waiting for the waiter to walk away, Sara looked back up at him with tears in her eyes from laughing so hard.

“Ha ha. Very funny. You could have warned me, you know. Besides, it’s your fault. Why don’t you just tell me what you want to do?”

“I never said I...all right. How do you do that, anyway? You always know when I’m holding back with you.”

“It’s a gift.” He winked at her, quirking one eyebrow up.

“I was thinking that maybe we could take a walk downtown here. You know, burn some of the dinner off.”

Getting up from his chair and going around to pull hers out for her, he whispered in her ear. “Okay, but sooner or later, those panties are coming off.”

She looked over her shoulder at him and couldn’t help but smile. “I would expect nothing less of you.”

They walked downtown past the shops, restaurants, and cafes. Holding hands, they commented on things they saw in the windows and people they passed on the street.

After a couple of blocks, Mitch put a possessive arm around Sara after a couple of men outside of a bar whistled at her. Deciding she liked the feel of being under the crook of his arm, she snuggled her body closer into his.

Walking back to the restaurant parking lot, there were no words, only silence. In the past two days, the two of them had taken each other’s bodies to places of extreme pleasure. They were on their first date and had discussed their lives and past.

In the comfortable peace that came over them as they strolled side by side, each of them wondered to themselves if they would or could have a future together. Although neither one asked the other, both were hoping that the possibility was there.

Mitch opened Sara's door and closed it once she was inside. Going around the front of the car, he got in behind the wheel and started the car. They smiled at each other as he exited the parking lot. Neither one of them noticed the white car sitting under the street light. Nor did they notice the woman's eyes that glared at them in the shadows of the driver's seat.

On the drive home, they listened to music and the quiet comfort that had washed over them on their walk continued to linger. Reaching over the console, Mitch picked up her hand and brought it to his mouth to kiss it. He wondered once again where this tenderness she kept bringing out in him came from.

Sara turned to face him. "Mitch, remember rule number two?"

He nodded as he kissed her hand again.

"Well, it's no pressure. I mean if you can't, I will understand, but I was wondering if there was any way you could stay the night with me tonight." She expelled a huge breath that seemed as though she had been holding forever.

He set her hand down on his thigh and brought his hand up to her cheek to brush his knuckles across it. "I hoped you would ask. I packed a bag." He motioned his head to the backseat, indicating the bag.

She smiled. "Good. At the risk of sounding selfish, it felt really good falling asleep in your arms last night."

Did it ever? "I know. I'm glad, honey." He winked at her. "Okay, we're here."

Pulling into a parking space, he retrieved his bag before heading up to her apartment. He draped an arm around her, and he felt the quiet contentment that had encompassed them earlier.

Mitch took her key from her and opened the door to her apartment. Walking inside, she locked up for the night. Without a word spoken to the other, both went back to the bedroom. With just a small bedside table lamp on the nightstand, they undressed in front of

one another as they stared into each other's eyes. Neither one of them released the hold of their gazes from the other.

When the last of their garments were strewn on the floor, Mitch brushed his fingers gently up the outside of her arms. He brought them up to caress first her shoulders and then up her neck to frame her face. The look of desire in her eyes matched his. But it wasn't urgent. There were no demands, no need to rush into it with a frenzy.

As Mitch gently brushed his thumbs on her lips, he said, "Sara, you are so beautiful." Bringing his mouth down to meet hers in a passionate but tender kiss. The feelings that churned inside him confused him. And those same feelings caused him to say something that first surprised her and then himself. "Sara, let me love you."

She stared at him as Mitch wondered where the request had come from. First of all, he had never had a shortage of women when he wanted one, so he never had to ask a woman that in such a pleading tone. Secondly, he had asked women to let him fuck them, screw them, and all sorts of other euphemisms. But never had he used the word love.

He wanted to be angry with her for muddling up his emotions. He wanted to pull away from her and leave. He didn't want to fall for her. But instead of being angry, pulling away, or denying that he was falling for her, he kissed her again and took her to bed.

And while their bodies joined with just as much fire and frenzy as the other times, he knew in that moment that they were connecting with each other in a way that neither of them had expected or were willing to speak of.

* * * *

Later in bed that night as Sara lay in the crook of Mitch's arm, he wondered what in the hell had happened. He couldn't sleep as he lay there holding her and rubbing his hand up and down her back. When he had loomed over her body just a little over an hour before and

came with her, he felt his heart clench. When he screamed her name, that time it wasn't just out of pleasure from his orgasm, but from the overwhelming ache in his chest. He was a single man who had always enjoyed his bachelorhood. He knew now that was a thing of the past and now, he was screwed. As he held her in his arms, he knew that while that chapter was closing, was blessed to be starting a new one, with her.

Chapter Seven

The next day, Sara arrived at work high on life. She all but skipped and sang as she went about her morning. Even one of the partners had commented to her that she was in an exceptionally chipper mood. Finishing a brief that needed to be done, she went to the Xerox room to make copies. Standing with her back to the door, a voice startled her.

She turned to see Claudia standing in the doorway. A look of disgust etched her face. "Claudia, you scared me. Did you need to use the copier? I'll just be a minute."

Claudia snorted in disgust. "God, you're so pathetic. We both are secretaries here, and yet you cower at the idea that I might need the copier."

Sara was a bit taken back by Claudia's rudeness, but the girl had made no secret in the past that she didn't like her. "I don't see any reason to be rude, Claudia. I'm merely making copies and..."

Claudia's retort cut her off. "*I'm merely making copies,*" she repeated in a mocking, childish tone.

Sara stood there, unsure of how to deal with someone who was acting like a toddler. She wasn't sure why Claudia disliked her so much. She just never seemed to care for her. "Look, I..."

"No!" Claudia shouted. "You look. I fucking hate you. You traipse around this office like your shit doesn't stink. You think that because you don't show off the goods that you're better than the rest of us who know how to use what we've got!" Claudia shook her finger in Sara's face, and then laughing, she turned away. Once she was back in the doorway, she turned once more. "I bet if you finally

got someone to fuck you, they would be so ashamed they would want to keep it a secret.” Laughing again, she said, “It would probably be a pity fuck, anyway. You’re so pathetic!”

Sara felt the blood drain from her face, certain she had turned ghost white, while tears had begun to stream out of her eyes when Mitch walked though the copy room on his way to the supply room. He had been whistling and stopped dead in his tracks when he saw Sara.

“Sara? What’s wrong?” He went to her and wrapped his arms around her.

She pushed out of his embrace and haphazardly wiped her tears with the back of her hands. “No. Mitch, don’t. I’m fine.” She turned to retrieve her papers from the collation trays and proceeded to staple them all. With her back to him, she remained silent.

Mitch came up behind her and put his hands on her shoulders. “Sara, remember rule number two? You’re not supposed to lie to me, honey.”

Sara swung around at the endearment. “Don’t! Or have you forgotten rule number three? You know, the one you were so adamant about.” She quickly picked up her papers and left the room.

* * * *

Mitch stood there stunned. What had happened? Why was she so upset? Had he done something? She seemed so happy this morning when they left for work. They drove in separately, but he had seen her a couple of times that morning and winked at her in passing. She had smiled and blushed each time. She hadn’t seemed unhappy, let alone upset to the point of tears.

“Mitch? What’s the hold up, man?” Larry stood in the doorway.

“Sorry. I got side tracked. I’ll grab the legal pads and pens and be right there.” He left Larry standing there as he strode off and wondered what in the hell could have happened to make Sara so

upset. If he wasn't in a strategy session with two of the partners, as well as Larry, in the war room, he would go to her right now.

An hour later, Mitch's meeting finally ended. He went directly to Sara's desk. She wasn't sitting there. He walked around the desk to grab a pad and pen to leave a note for her. Not oblivious to the fact that she seemed angry with him, he felt the need to include a little white lie.

*Sara,
See me immediately. Bring the
Jennings file. New developments;
must be dealt with ASAP.
Mitch*

He stalked off to his office. Slamming the door, he sat behind his desk. He looked at the phone messages on his desk, the emails blinking on his screen, and the paperwork scattered on his desk. While he waited, he should take care of some of it. But he couldn't. What had been wrong with her? She looked so angry and sad. The look on her face had actually scared him. His thoughts were interrupted by the knock at his door.

"Come in." His anticipation grew into annoyance at the sight of Claudia.

She walked into his office with a cup of coffee in her hand. Without asking for permission, she closed the door and walked toward him with that come-hither look on her face.

"Claudia. What do you need?" His tone was curt, but he didn't care. He wanted to see Sara. He didn't have time for Claudia's mindless flirtations.

Setting the coffee down in front of Mitch and allowing him ample view of her cleavage, she sighed. "Really, Mitch. There's no reason to be testy. I saw you storm in here, and you looked upset. I just was

hoping that I could help relieve some of that tension.” She walked behind him and began massaging his shoulders.

Instantly, Mitch reached his hands back and grabbed hers. “Claudia, I think this is a bit inappropriate.”

He knew Claudia was one to never take rejection lightly and who loved a challenge, but he found her plan of seduction to be disgusting.

Walking around his chair as his head was down, she quickly straddled herself in his lap and wrapped her arms around the back of the chair. “I could make you feel so good, Mitch.”

Mitch looked up at her in shock. “What the hell are you doing?” Then realizing where she was sitting, he reached his hands up to push her away. Hearing a noise, he turned his head, and his heart sunk at the sight standing in his doorway.

Sara opened the door and dropped the Jennings file. She had just spent half of her lunch break crying and the other half cleaning herself up to look presentable again. She intended to apologize to Mitch for being so rude. She had time to think about things and remembered how Mitch told her that she shouldn’t be so insecure. Standing in the doorway to his office though, as he held Claudia in the same way he had held her, she felt her heart break.

Mitch looked at Sara, horror etched on his face. Sara’s face was filled with hurt and tears were building in her eyes. “Sara.” Mitch pushed Claudia off of him. “Wait.”

Sara ran to her desk in an attempt to grab her purse before Mitch caught up with her. One of the secretaries saw her crying and out of concern, asked her what was wrong. “Family emergency,” was the lie she chose. “Please tell the partners for me. I have to leave. It can’t be helped.” She yelled it as she ran out the door and headed for the elevators with tears streaming down her face.

Mitch rounded the corner just in time to see her walk out the door. Running out after her, he stuck his hand in the elevator in time to trigger the sensor, causing the doors to open back up.

“Mitch, please leave me alone,” Sara pleaded with him as he entered and the doors shut.

The doors closed behind him, cutting them off from the rest of the office. “No. Not until you let me explain.”

She laughed at his request, hoping it would help hide her heartache. “No, that’s okay. I think I’ve got the picture. Look, it’s only been a couple of days. It’s not like we had a commitment or something. You never promised me anything.” Her bottom lip was trembling. She was so angry with herself for falling for him so fast. What’s more, she was even angrier for falling into his bed even faster.

“I never promised you *anything*?” Mitch turned around and slammed his fist against the emergency stop button. “I did promise you something, damn it. I promised you the same thing I made you promise me. Rule number one, remember!”

He came to her and framed her face in his hands. “Baby, Sara, listen to me, please.”

She pushed him away in an attempt to restart the elevator. He grabbed her too quickly though and pinned her into the corner. Placing both hands on either side of her shoulders, he spoke with complete vehemence, “Neither one of us is leaving this elevator until you hear me out.”

Knowing he wouldn’t let her go unless she did listen, she agreed. “Fine. Explain it. But I warn you. I don’t want to hear it. It’s not going to make a difference. I’m not like Claudia, all right? I’m inexperienced, and I don’t take sex casually. I...”

“Damn it, Sara. Just shut the hell up for a Goddamn minute already!” He leaned in and kissed her with ferocity. He was angry at her for not listening. He was scared he might lose her. And to make matters worse she was making him horny as hell just by her being her. He cursed when she drew away from the kiss and resisted him.

Trying to calm his nerves, he took a few deep breathes before he spoke. “Sara. There is absolutely nothing going on with me and

Claudia. There never has been, and there never will be. She came on to me. It wasn't the first time, either." He looked into her eyes more intently once he realized that he had her attention. "I wasn't even paying attention when it happened. My mind kept wandering back to you. To what was wrong with you. I kept thinking of the tears that I saw in your eyes. I was so worried about you, honey."

He framed her face in his hands and held her closer. When she didn't resist him, he continued, "I was looking down at my floor. Remembering the first time we were together." He nuzzled her neck. "Remembering how beautiful you looked." He was streaming kisses across her face and down her neck. "Sara, I would never cheat on you. I meant it when I said that as long as we were together, there was only you."

"No, Mitch." She pulled away. "She tried to tell me all right. Look, maybe she just didn't want to share you anymore. I don't know. But, I can't do this. I thought I was mature enough to handle this kind of casual relationship based on nothing more than sex. I'm not though. I'm not mature or worldly or sophisticated. I can't be with you if I'm not enough to stop you from being with others. I won't make things difficult for you at work. Let's just forget about the past couple of days, okay? It'll be like nothing happened."

Mitch listened to her incessant rambling as he could feel his anger about to boil over. "What in the hell are you taking about? First of all, what did she try to tell you? Second of all, our relationship is based on a lot more than fucking sex. And quite frankly, it pisses me off to hear you say that. Third of all," he was now using his fingers to tick off each point, "you are more mature, and quite honestly, more wonderful than most women I meet who are years older than you. Fourth of all, I haven't wanted anyone else since you took over my thoughts and began to drive me crazy with this urgent need to have you."

He rested his forehead against hers and looked into her eyes. "And there is no way in hell that I could possibly forget about the past couple of days. So if you end things with us, the issue won't be

whether or not you make things difficult for me. It will be how difficult I will make it for you. Because so help me God, Sara, if you end this between us, I will not stop until I get you back.”

Sara listened to his words. Her heart ached with every word he said. She wanted to believe him so badly. If she had been writing a script for what she had needed him to say, she couldn't have written it better. “Then why did she tell me...why did she want me to think that the person I was with was ashamed of me?” she asked him, praying he knew the right words to take the pain away.

“What?” Mitch asked her confused. “What exactly did she tell you?”

“She told me that she hated me. She said I thought I was better than her, and that I probably couldn't keep a man happy. That if I had one that he would only...” She looked down. What if what Claudia had said were true? Could she handle that? At the gentle touch of Mitch's hands, she raised her face to him. “She said that if anyone ever fucked me, it would be out of pity, and that they would be so ashamed of me that they would ask to keep the relationship a secret.”

Mitch closed his eyes and held her. “Sara. You know that's not true.” When she didn't answer him, he held her tighter. “Honey, you have to believe me. It's not true. I could never be ashamed of you. And I won't even grant credence to that other accusation with a response. God, I wish I knew what to do to make you see how amazing you are. How I see you. I wish I could explain to you how you make me feel.” He drew her away and looked deep into the depths of her eyes. “You know why she did this, don't you?”

Sara shook her head as he held it in his large hands. “No.”

He grinned. She really was naïve about some things. “Honey, she's obviously figured out about us. Think about it. She's been hitting on me since I got here, and you and I've had sex twice in my office. She might have heard us. I think she's just a spiteful bitch

who's angry that she didn't get her way." He brushed his thumbs against her cheeks. "I shouldn't repeat this, but she's slept with a lot of the men at the firm. Even some of the married ones, if the talk in the proverbial boys' room is to be believed." He shrugged. "I was probably going to be her latest conquest, and she's just pissed because I want you instead."

Seemingly breathless and full of panic she asked him, "You don't want to be with her then?"

Mitch smiled, glad he was finally getting through to her. "No one. I don't want to be with anyone else. Just you. Look, honey, I need to be honest with you. There's something happening here with me that I've never felt before, so it's a little confusing for me. But when I thought I might lose you, there was a horrible pain right here." He thumped his fist on his chest. "I've never chased after any woman in my entire life." He kissed her now, needing to show her as much as tell her.

Moments later, they heard a voice come over the intercom of the elevator announcing that the manual override would be complete in two minutes and they would be on their way again. They laughed at the announcement. The idea that as they had intentionally locked themselves in here while someone was trying to fix the problem as though the faulty was elevator was too funny.

"Mitch, I'm sorry." She put her arms around him, holding on tightly.

He clenched his eyes tight and held onto her, not willing to give into the emotions that were swarming over him. "It's okay, honey. I know it looked bad when you walked in. Just don't walk away from me again, okay?"

"Okay. I'm sorry. I should have listened to you and let you explain." The elevator started to move. He walked out with her and draped an arm around her.

Sara turned to him, "Mitch, someone might see us."

"I don't care. I thought I did. But when you ran out on me, I realized I didn't give a damn who knew. You're more important than some stupid rule that only applied to my past relationships. It's different with you." He hugged her closer to his body as he walked outside with her.

"Mitch, where are we going? I can't go back in now, but don't you have work to..." She was silenced with a kiss as they stood on the sidewalk outside of their building.

"We're going home. I'll call them from the car. I'm playing hooky for the rest of the day with my girlfriend." He walked her to her car first and held her door open for her. Leaning in, he said, "I'll see you at your place. Think about where you want to go to dinner tonight. Anywhere you want, okay?"

Sara whimpered. "Mitch, no." She reached for her keys and took a key off the ring. "Take this. I'll meet you there later. I want to pick up a few things at the store."

"Sara, I can go..."

"No, Mitch, please let me do this. I want to cook you dinner tonight. Let's not go anywhere, okay? Let's just stay in and be alone." She sniffled from the remnants of her crying.

"Sure, honey. Whatever you say. I'll see you there." He leaned in and kissed her before closing her door.

He waved her off and headed to his car. The gigantic ball of misery that had been in his gut for the past hour had suddenly evaporated. It was stupid to try to deny it any longer. He was falling in love with her. He was a thirty-year-old, self-proclaimed bachelor for life, who had fallen completely in love with a twenty-three-year-old secretary in the matter of two days. He should probably be mourning his bachelorhood, he thought. But he had absolutely no remorse for the loss of it. If this was love, then he was one lucky son of a bitch!

Chapter Eight

Riding up in the elevator the next morning, Mitch tried to reassure Sara. “I don’t want you to worry about her. Claudia is just a poor excuse for a lady. She didn’t get her way, so she had no recourse but to be nasty.” Wrapping his arms around her, he reiterated what he had told her a dozen times the night before. “If she tries to bait you, I want you to ignore her. Okay, honey?”

“Mitch, I said I’d be fine, and I will. I realize now that I overreacted to what she said. However,” she clarified, “if I walk in on you and her like that again, you better be very, very afraid because Claudia will not be who I’ll be focusing my anger on.” She gave him a quick kiss before the elevator doors opened.

Mitch opened the door to the office and held it for Sara. Once they were both inside, they saw Claudia standing there talking to Larry. The icy stare that she threw their way left no doubt how she felt about Sara.

Surprising Mitch, Sara walked past her and said, “Good morning, Claudia. It’s a lovely day, don’t you think?” She didn’t wait for a response. She just continued on to her desk.

Mitch gave Sara a wink and a smile before he headed back to his office. He turned on his computer and waited for it to boot up. While he was going through the paperwork that he had abandoned the day before, he thought of Sara.

He had to shake his head and laugh. He was a man obsessed. She had made a simple dinner the night before. She broiled some fish, made some wild rice, and steamed some asparagus. They watched T.V. before going to bed, and once again, she fell asleep in his arms.

Of course, that was after they had completely burned up the sheets. But it seemed perfect. After only a couple of days, Sara had managed to fit into his life like they were the only two puzzle pieces that fit together.

His computer beeped, signifying that it was up and running. He ran through his emails before returning any necessary phone calls. After reading the first two, it was obvious that he was going to have to work late. The work he had missed the day before would not be without a price. The Jennings case was set to go to Arbitration next week. He had two depositions to prepare for the following week. And not to mention a brief that he was behind on.

Normally, he would stay late everyday to avoid getting behind like this. But the past few days, his main focus had been on spending time with Sara. No matter how much he hated the idea, he would have to spend more time working and less time having the most amazing sex. The world seemed suddenly very unfair.

Mitch opened a new email and began to type.

*Sara,
I just checked my work load for
the day. I'm way behind on
quite a few things. I'm going
to have to work late tonight.*

*Just wanted to give you a
heads up.
Mitch*

He hit send on the email, and for the first time in his life, hated the fact that he had a solid and stable career. Sara made him so horny all the time, he was like an eighteen-year-old boy. Hating the fact that he would be spending his evening with briefs instead of her, he decided

there would be one way to make sure that he didn't drift far from her mind.

* * * *

Sara was having a great day. Two of the other secretaries had congratulated her for her chipper demeanor with Claudia. Word had gotten around the office the day before, and people were aware that Claudia had done something to upset her. Although they didn't know the details, they knew it stemmed from an altercation in the copy room. Claudia, who loved to be loved and worshipped, was suddenly not the most popular girl.

Sara wished she could feel sorry for her, but she didn't. The things she had said to Sara the day before were downright hateful. Not to mention the fact that she obviously knew there was something going on with her and Mitch, and then she threw herself at him, anyway.

While Sara had been grocery shopping the day before, she had silently chided herself for trusting in every word that Mitch had given her in explanation. She knew the unwritten rule that women followed was that men were slime and not to be trusted. At least, that was what all of the magazines claimed.

But she couldn't ignore the most apparent piece of evidence. In the short time that she had known Mitch, he had never given her any reason to doubt him or mistrust him. But Claudia, on the other hand, was a different story. She had known Claudia for over a year, and Sara could count at least a dozen dishonest and hateful things that she had done to people. After analyzing that, it was clear to her who deserved her trust.

She had just come back to her desk with a fresh cup of coffee and was prepared to start her dictation when she heard a voice behind her. She turned around and looked up from her desk at the floral deliveryman standing before her.

“Oh my, those are absolutely beautiful. Who are they for?” Although, she knew they were probably for Claudia. The girl got more flowers than the ICU wing at the hospital.

Looking at his clipboard, the guy squinted in an attempt to read it. “I can’t even make out this writing.” Shaking his head, he gave it a try. “It looks like maybe Sara Col – Cul – heck, I can’t tell. Do you have a Sara here that has a last name that begins with a C?”

“Um, yeah. I am Sara Collins. I’m the only Sara at this office. Are you sure it says Sara?” She couldn’t believe they were for her. Claudia’s last name was Soto. She thought maybe they had the names reversed on the delivery manifest or something.

The driver squinted again before nodding. “Yep. I see it now. Sara Collins. Sign here.”

She reached for the clipboard and was about to ask if he was sure, but it definitely looked like Sara Collins. She wasn’t sure why he had such a hard time reading it. He obviously needed glasses. “Here, thanks so much!”

Grabbing the vase, she was surprised at the weight of the arrangement. The vase itself was a frosted blue glass which flared at the opening like a trumpet. Inside it were the most beautiful white Casablanca Lilies she had ever seen. There were well over a dozen of them surrounded by lush greenery. It looked like something you would see near an altar at a wedding. She sat back down in her chair and pulled the card out of its teeny envelope.

*Sara,
Work is stupid. Let’s quit and go live
on a tropical island somewhere. We
can live off of lots and lots of hot sex,
and we’ll eat bananas and coconuts
for nourishment.*

Anyway, I’m sorry I have to work late.

Think of me when you go to sleep.
M.

Sara's huge grin was plastered across her face when Claudia walked by, taking a sip of her coffee. Sara's grin only intensified at the sight of Claudia choking on her hot beverage from the shock of seeing the bouquet. While Claudia walked away in disgust, Sara thought silently how nice it would be to literally watch the woman eat crow.

* * * *

Mitch was typing on his keyboard when he heard one of the secretaries walk by raving about the gorgeous lilies that Sara had gotten from a mystery man. As their voices trailed off, he heard the woman condemning Sara for being so secretive over his identity.

He had gotten so busy the time had flown in the past couple of hours. He picked up his coffee cup and decided that an impromptu trip to the break room for a refill was just what the doctor ordered. And if he happened to walk past Sara's desk and see her and her bouquet, well then, all the better.

He was disappointed when he rounded the corner to her desk and saw that she was speaking with one of the partners. He smirked at the bouquet. He knew that he had done a good job. They were gorgeous, and they looked fitting for her.

When he first had the idea of flowers, he had almost automatically just sent roses. But something stopped him. He went online and browsed a few bouquets and was entranced by the beauty of the lilies. They had reminded him of the way he saw Sara. Beautiful but not ordinary, striking and elegant. They were the only flower that he saw on the whole website that even seemed worthy of her.

Her eyes locked with his for a moment as he passed. He gave her his customary wink and proceeded to head to the break room. He walked around the corner and right into Claudia. He hadn't spoken to her since the situation in his office the day before. And other than business, saw no reason to do so now. He sidestepped her in hopes to avoid any contact whatsoever, but she followed him in. He poured his coffee cup and refused to meet her leering eyes.

When he turned to leave, she blocked him. Deciding he had enough, he thought it only fair that he fight fire with fire. "Look. I don't know what your problem is, but I don't appreciate your inappropriate behavior. I have made it abundantly clear that I am not interested in any way. For whatever reason, you are refusing to act like a lady about the whole thing. So if you can't be a mature adult, I will be forced to take your conduct to the partners." He stepped around her and headed out. But not before he heard her terse reply.

"Ha! That's pretty funny, Mitch. They can't do anything to me. I'm untouchable. I think you know why."

Mitch had no idea what she meant. He ignored her and kept going. Shaking his head, he wondered what the world was coming to when a woman slept around like she did without any concern for the men's spouses and still managed to actually sound proud of herself for it.

He passed Sara's desk once more and found himself angry. The partner Sara was talking to was Peter. One of the men who, rumor had it, Claudia had slept with. The man obviously had no morals. He had a very nice and attractive wife that Mitch had met before. Seeing the slime ball standing over Sara's desk no longer sat too well with him. He proceeded onto his office and got back to work.

* * * *

At the end of a very long day, Sara headed for the elevators. She had stayed an hour longer to help Peter and Larry prepare exhibits for an upcoming trial. She knew Mitch was still stuck in his office

working. She hadn't even seen him break for lunch, and she hoped he would be smart and at least order himself a sandwich or something to tide himself over. The elevator door was almost shut when she saw the unwelcome appearance of Claudia as she joined her.

Once the doors had closed, Claudia turned to her. "You think you've won, but you haven't." Her tone was mocking.

Sara lifted her hand and began studying her fingernails. Holding them out to admire her manicure, she sighed, hoping it gave off a look of boredom. She would not let Claudia get to her. She had promised Mitch, and she had promised herself.

"Don't you ignore me, you bitch!" Claudia screamed.

Do not look at her. Sara began to whistle in tune with the elevator music.

Claudia acted enraged by Sara's casual demeanor. "Fine. Don't look at me. But you remember this." Leaning close to Sara, she shouted in her ear, "He'll get tired of you. Sooner rather than later. And when all is said and done, I'll be the last one standing."

Sara turned to her, with a cold stare in her eyes. "Really? That's strange. If I were to believe all of the gossip around the office, I would think you would be lying on your back." The elevator doors opened, and Sara all but skipped out with elation. The jab had done its job. Claudia's jaw had dropped open. Obviously, she was used to being the one to hurt people's feelings. She never actually expected anyone to say anything rude to her.

* * * *

Mitch sat in his office and hit save on the last set of questions that he had prepared for deposition. He glanced at the time on the bottom of the computer screen and cringed when it said 11:23. At around 7:30, when everyone else had gone home for the night and he was the only one left in the office, he had called Sara. She had picked up a roast chicken at the store and had a light supper. She had told him she

was going to go to bed early, citing exhaustion due to her boyfriend preventing her from getting her full eight hours of sleep.

Mitch had laughed at her and told her he sympathized since his girlfriend was just as insensitive and kept him up constantly with her constant neediness. She had laughed hysterically when he went on to tell her that it wasn't easy being such an amazing lover. He explained to her how it was a catch twenty-two because now his girlfriend just couldn't get enough of his body.

They had spent fifteen minutes on the phone until he was forced to go. Knowing he would get nothing accomplished if they stayed on the phone and continued to talk about sex.

Mitch all but staggered to his car and got behind the wheel. The combination of the lack of sleep of the past couple of nights and the day he had made him dead on his feet. He drove home with the air condition on high and with the loudest rock music he could find blaring though the radio. Although he wasn't sure he would ever get the constant banging of drums out of his head, he figured it was better than falling asleep behind the wheel.

He got out of his car and almost started to head for his apartment. But he stopped himself and went around the other way. He knew it was late. He also knew he shouldn't wake her. But he also knew he could be a selfish bastard, and he needed to sleep next to Sara. He had barely seen her all day.

Walking up the stairs, he leaned against the door frame and knocked. He closed his eyes as he waited and could have sworn he dozed off for a minute when he heard her voice through the door.

"Mitch?" After looking through the peephole she unlocked the dead bolt. Finally, after the last lock had been disengaged, she opened the door.

He gave her a lazy smile and placed a small kiss on her lips.

She smiled as she led him in. Closing the door and locking it back up, she turned to him. "I didn't know you were coming by. Did you just get off of work?"

“Yeah, and I’m beat.” He reached over and gave her a hug. “And, I missed you.”

She took her hand and brought it to his face. “You look horrible. Were you staring at the computer all night?”

He nodded. “But I needed to see you. Let’s go to bed, honey. I’m so tired.”

Sara wrapped her arm around him and walked with him back to the bedroom. He stripped out of his clothes and plopped in bed. Curled on his side, Sara came to lie beside him. She began massaging his shoulders and neck and smiled at him when he groaned.

“Oh, that feels so good. Did you like your flowers?”

“I love my flowers. Now relax, and go to sleep.” She continued to massage him, lulling him to sleep, when he quickly turned over.

Automatically, he lifted up his arm and watched her as though he was waiting for something. “Come on, honey, I’m tired.” Mitch waited.

“What do you need?” she asked him with a look of confusion on her face.

His arm was propped up like it was being suspended by an invisible wire.

He rolled his eyes and kissed her forehead. “My body has already become used to feeling you against it all night. Now come here. I’m not going to be able to get a decent night’s sleep if you’re not lying against my shoulder.”

She kissed his shoulder and nestled into his side. “Good night, Mitch.”

“Typical woman.” He snickered, his voice fading.

“Pardon me?”

“It’s all your fault, you know. In a matter of days, you have become like a habit to me. I can’t even sleep without you.” He took a deep breath as his words got even quieter and harder to interpret. “Nope. No more. You’re too damn import...”

“Mitch?” She quirked her head up and saw he had fallen asleep. “It’s okay, Mitch,” she said as she ran her fingers across his chest hairs. “I know the feeling.”

Chapter Nine

It was Friday, but it seemed more like a Monday. Murphy's Law was in full force as anything that could have gone wrong did. While Sara had been making copies for the Jennings Arbitration, the copier had jammed. Following the instructions on the screen, she attempted to clear it but was forced to call their service company.

Then after she had begged and pleaded with them to come out today, she was forced to listen to the copy service they had used on occasions for big trials, list all of the reasons why they wouldn't be able to help her today. She was absolutely ready to pull her hair out. She had actually been so busy she hadn't even had a chance to daydream about Mitch all day.

He had worked late again last night. But, before she left the office, she had slipped him a note reminding him that he had a key. With a nod and a smile, he had mouthed the words 'thank you' before she left. She had a vague memory of him crawling into bed last night after one o'clock. But he had already been gone by the time she woke up. She knew he had been there, though. He had started a pot of coffee and wrote on the bathroom mirror that he missed her. She tried to be angry that he used her favorite lipstick to do it in. But the sentiment was too sweet to let it be tainted with annoyance.

They had passed each other several times in the halls already, but he looked to be having just as rough of a day as she was. She had heard it through the grapevine that there was some last-minute discovery that a paralegal had accidentally misplaced. It was just found, causing Mitch, Larry, and two of the partners, Peter and Alan,

to review it all so they could determine what was relevant to their case.

Sara had surprised herself by not being jealous at all the time Claudia was spending in the war room with them. She had handled most of the document preparation on the Jennings case. She wasn't one of the more experienced secretaries, so it made sense that Claudia was in there helping them prepare.

Grabbing her purse and an armful of documents, Sara headed toward the door. The documents weren't going to get copied and collated by themselves. She was going to have to go to a copy center. She notified one of the partners on her way out and stepped onto the elevator. It almost closed when she saw Mitch running to catch it. She reached her foot out to stop it, and he jumped on.

Taking a deep breath, Mitch took the pile of documents from her hand and set them on the floor. Never taking his eyes off her, he slammed his fist on the emergency stop button just as he had days before.

With an animalistic intensity in his eyes, he bore down on her, trapping her against the corner. "Two days." He muttered the words as he lifted his hands under her skirt and quickly removed her panties.

Sara felt herself getting instantly hot. "Mitch, what are you doing? We can't..."

Mitch silenced her with a kiss as he was hastily undoing his pants. "Two days. It's been two days since I've felt your tight pussy clench around me. I'm dying, baby. Don't say we can't."

Without waiting for her response, he lifted her up and eased her bottom to rest on the rail that surrounded the car. He slid her skirt up and slid his fingers into her pink folds to test her readiness. He groaned when he felt how hot and wet she was.

"Oh, Jesus, Sara. You drive me crazy." He thrust into her. He rested his head against her forehead and stared into her eyes.

Sara raised her hands and held his face. His eyes were bloodshot, and his beard stubble was obviously from not shaving that morning,

but she saw something more endearing in his eyes. More than lust and more than desire. This wasn't just about the act of sex anymore. Something was happening to them.

Biting down on her lip, Sara moaned as she felt her orgasm approaching. She closed her eyes and whispered his name.

Mitch watched her face as he thrust in and out of her. He wasn't sure what had come over him when he saw her get on that elevator. He missed her warm body the past couple of nights. He missed the pleasure they gave each other whenever their bodies joined. When he ran out to catch the elevator with her, it wasn't that he needed to come. It was much more primal than that.

He had been overcome with the sudden need to claim her, to possess her in every possible way. Even though he had slept in her bed the past two nights, he couldn't help but feel that he needed to make it clear to her how much she meant to him. He wanted her to know that he was the only man that could make her feel this good. He wanted her to know that even though he had been busy with work, she hadn't been far from his thoughts.

"Mitch." Her head tossed from side to side as she met his thrusts while he rocked into her.

With his forehead still lying against hers, he spoke in a guttural tone that sounded like it could coax a preacher's daughter into giving up her virginity. "Sara. Open your eyes, and look at me." He waited until the heavy-lidded eyes met his. "Do you have any idea what you do to me? You are so amazing." He closed his eyes for a second and groaned. Still thrusting in and out of her in a sensual rhythm. "Fuck, baby. I lose my mind with you."

Mitch lifted his hands from her hips and held her face in his hands. He kissed her urgently before pulling away. "Damn it, Sara. You're mine. Don't ever forget that. You belong to me." He stopped talking and watched her while he saw the expressions on her face change. She was seconds away from climax. "Yes! Come, baby!"

Come while I'm fucking your tight pussy. I want you to...ah yes!" Mitch spilled inside of her. His body convulsing as her sensitive flesh was clenching and quivering around him.

His breath was heaving, his face buried in her hair, and he wasn't moving. Sara seemed sure that at any moment, they would override the elevator and the doors could open. And as much as she loved what they just did, she didn't exactly relish getting caught with her legs wrapped around him and his pants around his ankles.

"Mitch?" She waited for him to answer her or move or something, but he just stayed there. His face buried in her hair, and his arms clasped tightly around her. "Mitch, are you okay?"

She heard him laugh. Slowly, he drew away from her. "No, baby." He laid his forehead against hers again. "I'm not okay. I miss you."

She smiled and placed the palm of her hand on his stubbly cheek. "You miss me? You're still inside me. What's there to miss?"

His expression turned to a look of hunger. "Everything, Sara." He kissed her. The kiss was so greedy and demanding she could barely breathe from the way he devoured her.

Finally able to catch her breath when he moved to her neck, she asked, "Mitch, are you okay?"

He stopped kissing her and gave her goose bumps with the glint that shimmered in his eyes. "Yeah, honey. I just...oh, Sara. You make me feel so good. No, not just the sex." He ran his fingertips across her brow and down her cheekbone. "Sara, I..."

"Oh, my God!" Sara jumped down from the railing as Mitch began rapidly redressing. She didn't even have time to argue when he picked up her panties and stuck them in his pocket. The elevator began moving, and they were about to be interrupted at any second.

They were almost to the lobby when he turned to her. "I have to work late again tonight, honey. Can I come by after?"

She smiled at him. "You know you can."

* * * *

The doors opened, and he helped her with her stack of papers. Waving goodbye as the elevators closed, he rode back up to the office wondering if fate had hindered or helped him when they were interrupted. He was about to tell Sara that he loved her. And although he knew that it was probably way too soon, he hadn't been able to stop himself.

Mitch walked off of the elevator and opened the glass door to the office. He walked past a group talking by the entrance as he strode back to the war room. Whistling he had a look of complete fulfillment on his face. In an office where chaos had reigned all day long, everyone stared at him as he passed. He gave off an appearance of being calm, collected and content. The opposite of everyone around him.

He walked into the war room and sat down. With his hand in his pocket touching the damp panties, he turned to his associates. "So, let's get this ironed out. I don't want to be here all night. I've got plans."

* * * *

Over an hour later, Sara walked back to the office. Luckily, the copy center had an extra box they didn't need. The documents would have been too much for her to try and carry in her arms. A very nice man who she couldn't see held the door for her when he saw her struggling. He followed her to the elevator and asked her which floor. She breathlessly answered "twenty two" and adjusted the box on her hip.

"Sara, let me help you with that." The man, who apparently knew who she was, took the box from her.

"Patrick? Oh, my gosh. How are you?" Patrick had left the firm a couple of months before to go work in the State Attorney's office. He

was always so nice to her and not like some of the other sleazy lawyers that worked in her office.

“I’m good. You?”

“Great. Thanks for helping me with those. Where you heading?” she asked.

“Twenty. Harris and Leibowitz, P.C. I’ve got a deposition staring there in about fifteen minutes. Wow!” He shook his head.

“What?”

“You look fantastic. I mean don’t get me wrong, you always looked good. But, something looks different about you,” he said, his smile charming.

Sara blushed a little at his intense stare and kind words. “That’s nice of you to say.”

Patrick turned his body to face hers and leaned against the back of the elevator. He cocked his head to one side. “Do you want to know a secret?”

She looked at him inquisitively. “Sure.”

“The entire time we worked together, I was dying to ask you out.”

What! “You were?” Clearly she must have misunderstood him.

He laughed. “Oh yeah. I had it pretty bad. I was always worried though, that if I did, one of two things would happen.”

Her inner cat came out, and she asked him curiously, “What?”

He adjusted the box in his arms and answered her. “Well first, I was afraid you’d say no. But then I thought that if you did, and things went well, well let’s just say, I didn’t want you to end up with the same reputation that Claudia has.”

She thought his answer was sweet but was surprised. “I was kind of under the impression that you and her had dated.”

“What?” He let out a hoot. “Please. I prefer a lady to whatever it is she is trying to be.” He shrugged. “Sorry. I know I shouldn’t talk bad about her. I just don’t have a lot of respect for her, that’s all.”

“Yeah, I know the feeling.”

They talked casually for the next few seconds and were laughing when the elevator doors opened on floor twenty-two.

Mitch was standing there, flipping his keys up in the air as he waited to run down and grab a sandwich from the deli. Just as he dropped his keys when the door opened he saw a tall man leaning over Sara. She was laughing the same way she did when she was with him. Deep in conversation Sara didn't realize that Mitch stood at the elevator door, or that he had clenched his hand into a fist.

Sara turned, and her smile dissipated when she saw Mitch's grim expression. He looked as though he was going to hit Patrick. She pushed herself off of the wall she was leaning against. "Mitch, hi. This is Patrick. He's an attorney..."

Mitch interrupted her with a curt response as she took the box from Patrick and walked out of the elevator. "I'm going to the deli are you hungry?"

"No, thanks. I'll grab something lat...."

"I said, are you hungry?" Mitch asked her coldly.

She was surprised by his gruff behavior. "Okay, sure. I'll take a turkey and Swiss on sourdough. Thank you." She hesitantly turned to Patrick. "Thanks for helping me with the box. Take care." The doors closed as Sara sat there with a pit in her stomach the size of a watermelon.

* * * *

The doors closed and Mitch wasted no time before turning to Patrick. "She's off limits." He hiked his thumb back in indication of Sara.

Patrick held up his hands in surrender. "Clearly. You couldn't have made it clearer than if you lifted your leg and took a piss on her. Jesus, who the hell are you, anyway?"

"Mitch, Sara's boyfriend. You?" Mitch's glare still hadn't faltered.

“Patrick Mooney. I used to work there until a couple of months ago. I was headed up to get to a deposition on twenty, and it looked like she needed a hand.”

Mitch reached over and hit what was becoming his favorite new toy. The emergency stop button. “So you didn’t need to even ride up to twenty two. How very gallant of you. How many floors did you pass before you hit on her?”

Patrick sighed and hung his head back before looking back at Mitch. “Look, I told her I liked her. That I wanted to ask her out, but that was it.” Patrick shook his head. “I get it. I lost my chance. No harm, no foul.” He laughed.

This guy was really pissing him off. “What’s so damn funny?”

“I thought something looked different about her. It wasn’t a physical thing, more of her overall appearance. Now I get it. She looks happy.” Patrick carefully placed his hand out to Mitch. “I’m a gentleman. I don’t hit on other men’s women. Okay?”

Oh sure. The asshole had to turn around and be nice, typical. Mitch released the emergency stop on the elevator, and reaching out his hand, he shook Patrick’s in truce. “For the record, I wasn’t going to lift my leg and take a leak on her.”

The door opened on twenty, and Patrick laughed. “Sure, if you say so. It’s ah, been interesting meeting you. Good day.”

Mitch had to laugh. As much as he wanted to hate the guy for wanting his woman, he had to admit he couldn’t blame him. He knew firsthand how amazing Sara was. He knew he would have to apologize to her when he got back upstairs. He had been so overwrought with jealousy when he saw her laughing up at Patrick that he lost all sense of respect and how she deserves to be treated.

Mitch walked to the deli and had just finished ordering their sandwiches when Claudia walked in behind him. She leaned up behind him and blew in his ear. Flinching, he turned and saw her. “Damn it, Claudia!”

Claudia gave him a glare that could kill small children. Everyone in the deli had turned to look when he shouted at her. “You know, Mitch, if you continue to treat me with such disregard, I might have to get angry!”

Mitch laughed at her. “I could give a rat’s ass if you are angry. You are nothing to me. You keep throwing yourself at me, and I’ve told you that I’m not interested. I mean, Jesus. What is your deal, anyway?”

Her eyes turned into tiny slits as she glared at him. “I want you. That’s what my deal is.” Whispering now, she leaned closer. “I want you to fuck me on your desk like you did that little bitch.”

“Watch it!” Mitch told her.

Ignoring his interruption, she continued. “I want to ride you and show you what a real woman can do. And remember this, Mitch,” she said as she pointed a finger in his face, “I always get what I want. If I want you, mark my words. I’ll have you.” Then she walked away.

“Crazy bitch.” Mitch muttered as he reached for his wallet to pay. After taking the bags to head back upstairs to the office, he knew that if Claudia didn’t start to lay off of him soon, he was going to have to report her behavior to the partners. He didn’t care if she had slept with some of them or all of them. But she’d better start leaving him the hell alone.

Sara was typing at her desk when Mitch walked toward her with the sandwiches. She looked up and gave him a small smile.

“Sara, are you too busy to come to my office and help me sort through some papers while I eat my sandwich?” He hoped she could see the apology in his eyes.

“Of course. I’ll be right there.”

“Thanks.” Mitch walked away. She didn’t look so much angry with him as she did nervous.

Moments later, Mitch sat at his desk. At the knock on his door, he told her to come in. She did and closed the door behind her. Mitch got

up from his chair and walked toward her. He placed his hands on her shoulders and dropped his forehead to rest against hers.

"I'm an asshole, honey. Will you forgive me?"

She looked at him with relief, as if in that one minute all of the tension rolled out of her body at once. Had she been so sure he would be angry with her still?

"Yes. I'm sorry if you..."

"You have nothing to feel sorry for. I just was being a jealous ass." He shrugged and pulled away a little to see her better. Rubbing his hands up and down her arms, he said, "When I saw you there having such a good time and laughing with him, standing in virtually the same spot you were in less than two hours ago when I held you," he laughed, "I wanted to rip his eyes out for looking at you the way he was."

"Mitch, that's silly. Patrick is just an attorney I used to work for. You are the man I go to bed with every night." Her eyes twinkled.

"Yeah I know. I just...look Sara. I've had a lot of casual girlfriends over the years. None of them really mattered. You do. Do you know that?"

She nodded. "Yeah. And I know that I don't have the experience that you do, but you matter to me, too, Mitch." She kissed him.

After minutes of her tongue taunting him, he forced himself to pull away to pull away. "Oh, honey. I wish I didn't have so much work to do. But, if we stay late tonight, I won't have to work over the weekend. We could spend the whole weekend in bed." He waggled his brows at her.

"Then you better get to work because after you left this morning, I finally had the courage and took a peek in that little black bag of yours." She shrugged. "I'm not sure how I felt about all of them, but some of them certainly seemed very *intriguing*." She didn't elaborate as she picked up her sandwich and headed back out to her desk.

Mitch stood in his office and watched her tease him with her walk. So, she was intrigued, huh? Racing back to his desk, he decided that

never in his life had he ever been given as much incentive to work faster. He was on overdrive now as he tried to focus on work and not on which toy had peaked her curiosity.

Chapter Ten

Mitch hung up the phone and turned to Alan. “All right, so with this last set of documents being stamped, copied, and sorted, we should be good to go for Monday.”

“Nice work, Mitch. You’ve only been with us for a little over a month now, but you’ve meshed quite well with everyone here.” Alan told him while sipping on a cup of coffee.

“Thanks. I appreciate it.” Mitch didn’t mention that joining this firm was the smartest decision he had ever made. He had come here to get away from an office romance that went real bad real fast. But, just five days into his relationship with Sara, and he honestly couldn’t imagine not having her in his life.

As if reading his thoughts, Alan asked, “I realize I don’t have a right to ask, and if it’s none of my damn business, just say so. But, is there something going on between you and Sara Collins?”

Mitch looked up from the papers he had been stacking. “What do you mean?”

“Relax. It’s not like we have a no fraternization policy. I was just curious. There’s been some rumors going around, that’s all.” Shrugging, Alan got up and placed his coffee cup on the rolling drink cart. “She seems like a sweet kid, and some of the women here aren’t very nice to her. She looks happier lately. That’s all.”

Mitch smiled. He didn’t know Alan all that well and wasn’t exactly sure if he was a part of the good old boys club. “She’s very sweet, and without saying more, I will tell you that she is also very important to me.”

Alan's brows shot up in amusement at Mitch's statement. Waiting for Claudia, who had just walked into the room to remove the drink cart, Alan rolled his eyes after she left. Almost in a whisper he said, "That one's a piece of work."

Mitch laughed. "Shit. You're not kidding. Is she crazy or what?"

"I think she's definitely crazy. I've been here for four years now, and I spent the first three months avoiding the hell out of her." Shaking his head, Alan sat back down and stretched. "I thought I was never going to get her off my back."

Mitch realizing that maybe he might have found a good friend to have, he asked, "What'd you do? What got her off your back?"

Alan smirked. "I didn't have to do anything. She had been rude to my wife for quite some time. You know, polite-sarcastic rudeness. The kind that's hard to prove. My wife was getting pissed." Leaning closer Alan spoke quieter. "One night, when we were working late, she actually told my wife that I wasn't here. Said I left with a blonde."

"No! What'd your wife say?" Mitch was both intrigued and disgusted by the story.

"She called my cell phone immediately and chewed my ass." Alan was laughing almost to the point of tears as he told the story. "Here I am, sitting across from Brookstein..."

"One of the founding partners?" Mitch asked.

"Yep. I'm going over case files with him, and my wife is ripping me a new asshole. She screamed so loud that old Brookstein grabbed the phone and told her to do what a woman was supposed to do, sit down and shut up." Alan had to take a breath. "He told her that a woman's place was to wait at home while the men are out in the world, providing for them."

Mitch couldn't help but laugh right along with him. "Isn't your wife a doctor?"

"Yeah. At the time, I was like, 'what the hell is going on,' but when I got home that night, she told me that she called the office because she wanted me to stop at the store on the way home. Claudia

lied to her, and she was pissed. But after she talked to old man Brookstein, she was embarrassed and pissed.”

“Oh, my God. So what happened? I still don’t understand how you got her to lay off?” Mitch hoped he had some good pointers for him.

“Well, I came clean with my wife about everything. Told her how she had been blatantly pursuing me. How she has a ‘friendly’ relationship with most of the partners and how she was basically just a conniving bitch.” Alan lifted his shoulders with a grin on his face. “My wife, well, she has a bit of a temper. She wasn’t too happy about someone trying to steal her man. So, she did what any woman who was trying to protect her property would do. She got even.”

“Oh? How?”

They were quiet as they watched Claudia walk past the war room and toward her desk. “The firm’s annual summer picnic was about two weeks away. So, my wife had been biding her time, and when we got there, she walked straight up to Claudia. In front of God and everyone, she reached in her purse and handed Claudia a tube of ointment and said, ‘don’t you worry, honey. As long as there are no outbreaks, it shouldn’t be transmittable. But be careful just the same. Oh, and don’t forget to use that cream daily. It will help with the itching.’”

Alan was doubled over in his chair. “My wife, God love her, went about her business and proceeded to charm the pants off of everyone else at the party while Claudia stood there holding a tube of ointment looking like a deer in head lights.”

“Jesus. That’s great! I think I really like your wife. So, if that happened, why do all these guys still sleep with her?”

Alan shrugged. “Everyone knew she really didn’t have any disease. It was obvious that my wife was just being nasty and giving her a taste of her own medicine. No one seemed to really think there was anything wrong with it. If anything, my wife gained quite a bit of

respect that day. She embarrassed the one woman in the firm that enjoys making everyone else feel bad.”

Claudia walked back in the room holding her coat and purse. “Peter has gone home. Would you walk me to my car, Mitch? I wouldn’t feel comfortable walking in the dark by myself.”

Alan looked at Mitch and realized why he had been so curious for the story. He had been looking for ideas. Mitch was obviously Claudia’s latest victim. Or, at least, that was what she wanted. Judging from the look on Mitch’s face, though, he knew that he did not feel the same way.

Slapping his hands on his knees, the newest partner in the firm stood up. “I’ll tell you what, Claudia. How about we both walk you? Two men are better than one, wouldn’t you say?”

Claudia glared at Alan. “I hardly think that’s necessary, Mitch will be fine.”

Mitch was getting tired of her damn games. “No, Mitch won’t be fine. We’ll either both walk you, or I will contact the security guard in the downstairs lobby and ask him to escort you. What’ll it be?”

Claudia’s mouth scrunched together in a thin line of anger. “Forget it!” And she stormed out.

Both men winced at the sound of the heavy glass door slamming. Alan looked at Mitch. “Was it something we said?”

“More like something we didn’t do. Damn. I mean, what is it with her? I’ve never met a woman more intent on bedding so many men. And the married ones, too.” Mitch shook his head. “I mean, why? What the hell does she get out of it? And why do they cheat? I mean, don’t you get married because you love that person.”

Turning out the lights and walking with Mitch toward the front, Alan flung on his coat. “Beats me. I haven’t met a woman or even seen a pinup model that would tempt me into doing anything that would ruin what I have with Valerie. It wouldn’t be worth it, you know?”

"I think I do." Mitch hit the button for the elevator while Alan locked the door.

"Sara?" Alan asked.

Mitch smiled. "Forget you're my boss for a minute okay?"

Alan nodded. "Done."

Stepping onto the elevator, Mitch felt a jolt of excitement as he stood in the spot where he took Sara just earlier that day. "She's amazing. I've never known another woman like her, ever."

Alan grinned. "I see."

"What?"

"Nothing. You just have a look about you. I've seen it before."

"Where?" Mitch wondered where he was going with this.

"Oh, about twelve years ago. I was in my second year of law school. Met a cute little med student. One morning I looked in the mirror and had that same shit-eating grin look on my face that you have right now." Slapping a hand to Mitch's shoulder as they walked out of the elevator, they waved goodbye to the security guard and headed toward the parking lot. "You know you're in deep, right?"

Mitch stopped at his car and let out a chuckle. "I'm thirty years old. I was convinced that I would be a swinging bachelor my whole life. You know, that cool guy that has so many girlfriends he doesn't know what to do with them all." Mitch reached his hands in his pocket and felt the panties that he had forgotten he had put there. "But this sweet, twenty-three-year-old secretary has managed to wrap me around her little finger. I swear she could tell me to wear a pink suit, and I'd probably do it."

Alan got behind the wheel and gave him a wave before saying, "The things we do for the love of a good woman. Have a good weekend, man. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going home and make love to my wife until we both drop from exhaustion."

Mitch waved as Alan drove off and got into his car. That was it. How it had happened so damn fast, he had no idea. But that was it. He wanted that. He wanted to be able to leave work every day knowing

that no matter what time it was or what the day had brought that he was going home to Sara.

Now that he had his caseload under control, he knew he was going to have to have a serious conversation with Sara. He still hadn't told her where he lived. And he knew when he did, she would want to know why he had lied. He knew he had to tell her the truth. If he knew her like he thought he did, he was sure she would be embarrassed. She would probably even try to withdraw from him out of that same embarrassment.

But that was not a feasible option. He had somehow managed to fall in love with her. There was no way he was going to let her go just because one night he was transfixed by the magnificent sight of her pleasuring herself. That night had drawn him to her. It was the reason he had pursued her. He would not let it be the reason they broke up.

Driving down the interstate, he decided to stop for some flowers. If a guy messes up, that's what he was supposed to do, right? So he would get flowers because he decided to use any trick at his disposal to make this conversation as painless as possible.

Fifteen minutes later, Mitch walked the stairs to Sara's apartment holding some red roses. He knew it was a bit of cliché. But this time of night on Friday, the selection had been pretty picked over. It was roses, mums, or carnations. And since he didn't see Sara as the grandmotherly type, he thought roses were a bit more appropriate.

He was about to knock, but he realized it was really quiet in the apartment. It was after ten, and he hadn't called her to say he had finished. If she had fallen asleep, he didn't want to wake her. So he used his key to get in and locked the door behind him.

After taking off his shoes, he went to the kitchen in search of a vase. Maybe waking up to a vase full of red roses would bring one of her gorgeous smiles to her face. He found one and arranged them as best as he could and headed back to the bedroom. He was just thinking how he needed to get in bed with her and hold her when he saw her standing at the window.

The moonlight was streaming in through the window and washed across her skin. She was doing something, but he couldn't tell what it was. "Sara?"

Startled, she turned. "Mitch, oh God." She ran to the bathroom and shut the door.

Mitch stood there stunned for a moment. The sight of her had taken his breath away. She had pulled the top of her night shirt down and was fondling her nipples when she turned. The sight was erotically enticing. When he was able to breathe again, he set the roses down on the dresser and walked to the bathroom door.

"Sara. Open the door, honey?"

"No. Mitch I don't want any company tonight. Please go home." Her voice was squeaky.

"What? No! Sara, get out here right now, damn it." He was not going to let her be embarrassed for being damn sexy.

The sounds of her tears were coming through the door. "Mitch, I can't. Please leave me alone."

Mitch ground his teeth in frustration. "Look honey. You either open this door right now and talk to me or I will find a way to break it down. Do you really want me to hurt myself trying to do that?"

He heard the click of the lock and watched as the door slowly opened. The first thing he noticed was her hardened nipples underneath the satin night shirt. It normally would have been enough to send him over the edge, forcing him to take her right now. But the sight of her tear-streaked face killed the urgent need.

"Honey. Come here." He pulled her into a hug and held her tight. "Don't be embarrassed, baby. You looked beautiful."

She looked up at him. "Really?"

"Yeah, really. That's a huge turn-on to see you touch yourself like that."

"It is?" She asked nervously.

Mitch shook his head and kissed her. "Sara, I know you are new to this, but nothing you do could *ever* be anything but a turn-on. You are gorgeous, honey."

She walked away to get a tissue and blew her nose. Then she laughed. "I bet I'm especially sexy when I'm blowing snot out of my nose."

He sat on the bed and held his hand out to her. "Okay, so maybe you're just cute then. But every time else, you're sexy as hell."

Sara sat beside him and leaned into his shoulder as he put his arm around her. After seeing the flowers on the dresser she smiled. "Those are beautiful, Mitch. But you didn't have to get me flowers."

This was it. He was going to have to come clean. In light of how embarrassed she had gotten just now, he wasn't sure if it would be easy. "Actually, I did. I, ah, there's something I need to tell you."

"Oh. Okay." She bit her lip and was visibly trembling.

Mitch brought up one knee on the bed and turned to face her. He grabbed both of her hands and looked into her eyes for a moment before speaking. "Sara, I need you to promise me something first. I need you to promise me that you'll hear me out. Please let me explain first, don't pull away from me."

"Mitch, what is it? Is it, is it Claudia? Did something happen?"

"*What?* No! Honey, it's nothing like that. Just promise me you'll hear me out, okay?" He waited until she agreed. Then taking a deep breath, he jumped in. "First of all, I've always thought you were sweet and one of the nicest and prettiest girls in the office."

"Mitch, you sound like you've done something wrong."

He lifted his shoulders and nodded. "In a way, I have. I have kept something from you that might upset you. I hope it doesn't, but if it does, I would like you to listen to my reasons why."

She stared at him with wide eyes. "Okay. I'll listen."

He brushed a hand down her cheek. "Thank you, honey." Mitch took a moment and looked around the room. He hoped to God that this wouldn't be his last time here. No, he wouldn't let it be. "I know

you've never asked where I live, but I haven't exactly been forthcoming with it either. Honey, I live..."

"Oh, God. You're married aren't you?" Sara tried to get up, and Mitch held onto her hands tightly.

"No! Jesus, honey, I swear it's nothing like that. There is no one else."

"Okay, I'm sorry. You just have me so worried. You were saying." She motioned with her shaking hand for him to get on with it.

"Okay, I'm just going to do it quickly, like ripping off a band-aid. I live in these apartments. Right across the court yard from you on the first floor." Mitch watched and waited for her reaction.

"What? Why didn't you tell me?" Her question was filled with shock and disbelief.

Mitch hung his head for a moment. "This is where I think you're going to get real mad. Honey, last Sunday night, I woke up late. I was thirsty, so I headed to the kitchen to get a drink of water." He waited. Judging from the look on her face, she hadn't figured it out yet. "Anyway, on my way back to my bedroom, I glanced out the window. For some reason I looked up and..." He stopped for a moment when realization dawned on her face and cast it in a look of horror. "Wait, honey, please listen."

"You saw me?" She asked the question slowly and in a whisper.

He nodded his head up and down. "I did, honey. But before you get embarrassed, you have to know that you were the most beautiful thing I had ever seen."

She laughed. "Oh yeah. Really pretty. I'm up here doing things to myself like some sort of a..."

Mitch took her by the shoulders. "No, damn it. Look, I know you're young, and I know that you are just coming to learn the depths of your own sexuality, but damn it, what you did, what I saw..." Mitch gentled his grip, and his voice became more soothing. "Honey, you looked magnificent. The moonlight shone on you, and I watched your

face as you reached the different levels of pleasure. God, I never saw anything like it. You were radiant and glowing, and you stole my breath from me, literally.”

Sara seemed relieved. As though his words had somehow managed to chase away some of her embarrassment. “You thought .I really did that to you?”

“Yeah, honey. That’s why I didn’t tell you where I lived. I was sure that if you knew, you’d figure out that I saw you, and you’d hide behind embarrassment. I was hypnotized by you that night. I didn’t want to ruin any chance that I might have had.”

Sara sighed, “The next day, in your office. That’s why you were so...excited?”

“Shoot me. I couldn’t help it. The image of you kept replaying in my mind. You were driving me crazy. I’m not going to lie to you. I thought that if I had you, it would be amazing, but it would also be done, and that would be it. But when we were in my office that day, and I was with you and ...oh Sara. It was so different than I thought it would be. I wanted to see you again and again. I hadn’t expected that. But then the more I saw you, the more I wanted you.” He shook his head and smiled. “And now. Jesus, now I’m ready to wear a damn pink suit.” He leaned over and kissed her.

The kiss lingered until she pulled away. Placing her hand on his chest, she asked, “Sorry, pink suit?”

Mitch got up from the bed and paced a few steps muttering something to himself. “All right, look. Our relationship has been rather unconventional, I’ll admit. It’s been short and filled with amazing sex. You’ve managed to make me happy, angry, and jealous as all hell in the matter of days.”

“Mitch, do you need to sit down? You’re talking a mile a minute.”

“No, I don’t need to sit. I need you.” Mitch looked at her and hoped she understood. He had never told a woman he loved her before.

She smiled and came to him wrapping her arms around his neck. "You have me."

"No, honey, you don't understand." Mitch kissed her forehead. "I'm trying to tell you that somehow in the matter of a few days, you have...hell, I'm in love with you."

Sara froze. Her smile faded and turned to shock. "You love me?"

Jesus, was this a mistake? Why was she just staring like that? "Yep. I'm pretty much insanely crazy for you, and you are never far from my thoughts no matter what I'm doing."

Slowly, Sara's smile returned. She jumped into his arms and held on tight. "Oh, thank God. I thought I was completely unbalanced. I fell for you so fast, and then, when I knew I was falling in love with you, I was sure it was stupid because you're so much more experienced, and I'm so naïve. I figured I would ruin things between us by wanting too much. Or needing you too much."

"Now who's rambling? Take a breath." He kissed her first, though.

Their kisses heated, and he led her to the bed. She was unbuttoning his shirt in a mad frenzy, as though she wasn't able to get to his warm solid chest fast enough. When he asked her a question that had been burning a hole through his subconscious all week long.

"So you're not embarrassed anymore right, honey?"

"Uh uh."

"Good, because I'm dying to know what you were doing in that window?" he asked her as he streamed kisses down her neck. "What were you looking at?"

Sara stilled at his question, seeming unsure of what to say. She drew away from him and pushed him gently up.

Mitch watched her as she bit nervously on her bottom lip. He took her hand when she silently reached for it. Following her, he walked over to the window. When he came up behind her and rested his chin on her shoulder, she pointed down to a couple having sex on the first floor across the way.

Chapter Eleven

Sara pointed at the couple. “That is what I was watching. He has a few girls that he alternates between, but they’re always the same few. They do more than just have sex.” She tilted her head up to look at him. “Sometimes they try other things.”

He smiled at her and kissed her on the cheek. “What kind of things, baby?” He needed her to tell him. He could see the desire in her eyes. He knew she wanted more, but he couldn’t ask for her. She had to trust him enough to tell him her fantasies.

She looked back down at the couple. The man was kneeling on the bed and rocking his cock in and out of her mouth as she sat still, her arms tied to the headboard. She expelled a giant breath and rested her head back against Mitch’s chest. “They have things. Like the stuff in your bag.”

Mitch was already going crazy. He needed to be inside her now. But more than that, he needed her to truly open up to him. “Tell me, baby. I know you want something. I know you need something. Let me give it to you.” He bent his head and began licking and sucking on her neck. He brought his hands up and palmed her breasts, enjoying the contradiction of the softness of them mixed with the hardness of her nipples.

Sara arched further into his touch. “That black thing you have in your bag. You know the one that has the large, flat, round end?” Her question came out in a throaty whisper.

He knew exactly what she was talking about. “It’s called a butt plug, honey. Do you know what it’s used for?”

She nodded. “I’ve seen them use it.”

Mitch was grinding against her now, unable to help himself. “Did you like it? Did you like watching him do that to her?”

“Yes.” She whimpered. “Mitch. I want things that seem like they should be so wrong.”

“No, honey. No. They’re not wrong. What else? What else excites you?” He groaned when she arched her ass back into him.

Her breathing was hitched as she wrapped her arms behind her and up over her head. “The plug, he just starts with that. It’s like he’s enticing her, teasing her. But then he...” She swallowed, looking nervous and unable to find the words.

“It’s okay. Tell me.” He reached his tongue out and licked the edge of her earlobe, drawing a moan from her.

“He fucks her there, Mitch. He fucks her in her ass, and she moans and rocks against him. It looks so...oh God, it looks so amazing.” Seemingly unaware of her motions, Sara was aggressively stroking Mitch with her round bottom.

Mitch could feel her wetness seeping from her. He couldn’t believe how wet she was getting. She was always so responsive, but this was incredible. “Is that what you want, honey? Do you want me to entice you and then fuck you in your ass?”

The crude words he spoke should have been offensive, but instead seemed to ignite her passion “Yes! I want that, Mitch. Show me. Show me how it feels.”

Mitch didn’t think he had ever been this hard in his life. He yanked her shirt over her head and threw it across the room. “Do you trust me, honey? Do you trust me to make it good for you?”

On a whimper, she nodded.

Mitch placed his hands over hers and guided her to the window. He placed her hands on either side of the window, causing her body to lean forward. Slowly, he dragged his hands down her body until he got to her thighs. He dropped to his knees behind her and began kissing her lower back and her legs as he removed the satin panties. When she stepped out of them, he palmed her ass and began lavishing

her cheeks with kisses. He listened to her moans and gently massaged her as he continued to kiss every inch of her soft skin.

Mitch stood back up and put his hands on the sides of her hips. “Where’d you put the bag honey?”

“It’s in the closet.” She muffled her reply.

“Good. Now back your legs up, honey. Back them up and spread them further apart. I’ll be right back. I want you watching them. Watch them as he fucks her mouth, baby.” He kissed her cheek and all but ran to the closet as he stripped the rest of his clothes off.

Mitch laid the bag on the bed and opened it. He pulled out the butt plug, which had interested her so much, and a tube of lubricant. Once he had applied some to the end of the toy, he came up behind her.

“This might hurt, honey. You tell me if you want to stop, okay?”

“Mitch, wait.”

“Sure, honey. Look we don’t have to...”

“No, I...I read somewhere that it only hurts at first, but then it, then it kind of starts to feel good. Is that true?”

He smiled as he kissed the back of her neck. “That’s right, honey. Once your muscles relax, it should feel real good. Do you want to try, or do you want to stop?”

Sara looked down at the couple. The man was untying her and bending her over the footboard. Her heart raced because she knew what he was going to do to her next. She had seen it so many times before. No, she couldn’t back down. She wanted this so badly. And she trusted Mitch.

She could feel Mitch’s eyes on her as she watched the couple down below. The man stuck a small dildo in the girl’s ass, causing a moan to rip from Sara’s throat. “Honey?”

“Yes, Mitch. Do it, please. I’ve wanted it for so long. I trust you.”

In the heat of an erotic and illicit sexual act, Mitch spoke from his heart, “That was what I wanted. I wanted you to trust me completely

honey. I will take care of you and never hurt you. Oh baby, I just want to make you feel good.

Sara flinched at the feel of the cold jelly against her virginal hole. Her heart sped in anticipation when she felt Mitch's hands spread her cheeks apart.

"Watch them, honey. Look at how much she loves it." His words came out seductively in her ear as he gently slid the tip in her tight hole. He felt her body flinch. "Shh. It's okay, honey. Relax, let me loosen you up. I promise it will feel good."

Sara did as he asked. She relaxed and looked down. The man had stopped using the dildo and had yanked her head back. Watching, she remembered how Mitch sometimes did that when he got wild. She thought about how much she liked it when he did.

She refused to give into the minor discomfort she felt as her muscles were being stretched. She could tell that Mitch had worked it in further. There wasn't pain anymore, just a strange sensation of being filled. Involuntarily, she felt her body arch back further into the object of her stimulation.

"That's good, honey. I'm gonna turn it on, okay?"

"There's more?" Her words were breathless as she rocked her body backward.

He nipped her ear and turned it on to vibrate. He groaned when she made a sound he had never heard come from her lips.

"Oh, Mitch. Oh, God." She was losing control, and fast.

"Oh yeah, honey. Does it feel good?" He was palming and massaging her ass cheeks.

Did he know it was only adding to her pleasure? She wondered.

"Look at them, Sara. Look at what he's about to do."

"Oh, Mitch. Is this okay? Should it feel like this?"

He was nuzzling her neck and devouring her senses with his kisses. "Like what, honey? Do you like it?"

"Yes," she whimpered. "It feels so good. I want...oh God."

He was lost to her. He kissed her, stroked her, and worshiped her body as he watched her writhe with the sensation of the vibrating butt plug stuck in her ass. Her eyes stayed locked on the couple below, and she moaned when she watched him stick his cock in her ass.

“Jesus, baby. Tell me. What? What do you want?”

She grabbed one of his hands and meant to point but instead ended up slamming it against the window. “That. Oh, ooh, Mitch. Please. I think I’m gonna come.”

Mitch’s eyes rolled back in his head. He reached for the lubricant and liberally applied it to his aching cock. He almost came as he rubbed it on and thought about what he was about to do.

Gently, Mitch pulled the plug from her. He felt her body tremble and heard her whimper at the sensation. Without caring where the hell the thing landed, he threw it behind them.

He was positioned just behind her. “Honey, bend over a little more. Yeah. Perfect. Listen, don’t take your eyes off of them, honey. Look at what he’s doing to her, okay? It’s gonna hurt at first. Just relax and watch them, okay?” He licked the side of her face and brought his mouth to meet hers. “Okay, now I need you to tell me.”

“Mitch, please, I need to feel you deep inside me there.” She moaned.

Listening to Sara beg him almost snapped the final amount of restraint he had been holding onto. “Jesus, honey, I’ve never been this turned on before. Stop me if it’s too much, if it hurts too bad, okay? I don’t want to hurt you.”

“Mitch, please! I’m so close. I need to come,” she screamed.

Mitch looked up. “Fuck, baby, okay, just hold on.” He gently slid the head of his cock inside her tight hole. Despite the vibration of the butt plug, he could feel the tight muscles fighting against him. After a few gentle thrusts barely entering her, he was about to stop. He was much larger than the plug, and he knew if he continued, she would be

in real pain. And no matter how bad he wanted this, he knew it wouldn't be worth it if she didn't enjoy it.

"Baby, it's not going to work. You're too small."

"No!" Sara shouted. She reached her hands back and grabbed onto his hips. Digging her fingernails into his skin, she pushed her body back into him as she held him still. Her body jolted.

He knew the intrusion had to be painful. She had been so hot and turned on, she probably hadn't expected it to hurt so much. He saw a tear escape from one eye. Was it from pain? Dear God, had he hurt her?

Mitch had to bite back a curse. He hadn't expected her to take charge like that. When he had first entered her, he felt the sensitive, tight muscles give way. Now he stood behind her buried ball-deep in her ass as he felt those same muscles throbbing from the intrusion. He hated himself for what he just did. He let his own animalistic needs take priority over what was best for her. He brushed a gentle kiss to her shoulder. "I'm so sorry, honey." He started to pull out but was stopped by her as she increased her hold on his hips.

"No, Mitch, please."

"Baby, I can hear you crying. I don't want to hurt you."

She shook her head. "No, the pain is going away. It feels so, Mitch, I feel so..." She slowly ground against him. "Yes. Mitch, it feels good." She released her hands from his hips and brought her arms up around his head to hold him to her.

"Are you sure, honey?"

She nodded. "Yes. Mitch, look at them. They look so beautiful together. I want that. I want you to love me just like that."

Mitch looked down and saw the couple. The man was no longer just fucking her in the ass, but he was making love to her. He was giving her as much pleasure as he was getting. "Oh, baby. I will. I will love you just like that."

Slowly, Mitch started to pull out of her, and then slowly he pushed back in. Sara made another strangled sound and met his

thrusts. He continued the slow motion several times before her body became more insistent and demanding.

“Mitch, please. I’m dying. It feels so good. Do it faster.” With her hands spread on the wall and her head thrown back, he could tell she was lost in the act and no longer caring about the other couple.

They were the only thing that mattered in that moment. The complete satisfaction he felt from being connected to her in a way that no other man was. The thought was like a drug, filling his senses and increasing his addiction.

Abruptly, Sara screamed. “Mitch, I’m going... oh God. Mitch, yes!”

He felt her climax even from the depths of where he was buried deep inside her. The contracting muscles of her pussy sent off a shock wave that reverberated through the tight muscles that surrounded him now. He wanted to scream, he wanted to shout her name. He wanted to tell her how much he loved her. But when his orgasm came, he felt all of the air escape his lungs as he threw his head back, and he convulsed inside of her. It seemed to go on forever as he stayed buried within her and felt his cock spurting.

He opened his eyes and was startled when he saw that the blinds were completely opened. “Jesus, did you open those?”

Sara, whose eyes were closed, hadn’t realized that she had grabbed onto the first thing she could find when her orgasm ripped through her body. With the cord in her hand, she opened her eyes. In the moment of her climax, she had yanked on the cord, ripping open the blinds. At that exact moment, Sara and Mitch both looked down to see the couple watching them.

“Oh my God, Mitch.” Sarah exclaimed.

Mitch gently released the cord from her hand and lowered the blinds. But not before the couple gave them a smiling nod of approval. Very gently, he slid from the tight crevice of her body. He turned her around to face him. The red blush on her cheeks, he knew,

was from embarrassment as much as satiation. He raised his hands to hold her face. "I love you, Sara."

She smiled up at him as a tiny tear escaped her eye. "I love you, too." Biting on her bottom lip, she lifted herself to her tiptoes and kissed him. "Thank you."

He smirked at her. "Only you, honey, would thank me after you gave me so much." He pulled her close, overwhelmed by the emotion that consumed him. "You're mine, honey. I love you so much. I'll never let you go as long as I live."

She stood there and held onto him as he rocked her in his arms. "Mitch, can we go to bed? I'm so tired now."

He gave her a quick peck on the head. "Sure, honey. We need to take a quick shower first and get cleaned up. Then we can sleep all you want." He led her to the bathroom and turned on the water. "You wait right here while the water warms up. I'm gonna clean up in there, and I'll be right back."

Leaning against a shower door Sara was watching him from a distance. He was using cleaning wipes on the toy he had just used on her.

Once everything was wiped down he placed everything back in the bag and pushed it back under the bed. He walked to the toilet and flushed the cleaning wipes down as he turned to her.

"What, honey?"

She smiled. "Why'd you put the bag under the bed?"

He opened the door and waited for her to enter first. "I thought it would be easier access. You know, if we ever want to get at it real quickly." He winked at her as she looked over her shoulder at him.

Ten minutes later, they were washed and drying off. Sara had reached to open a drawer when his hand on her arm stopped him.

Shaking his head, he said, "Uh uh."

She rolled her eyes. "I wasn't going to put on panties, okay, just a nightshirt."

He pulled her hand away from the drawer and led her naked body to the bed. “And I said uh uh.”

Getting into bed, she smiled at him. “You’re impossible.”

He waited until she snuggled into the crook of his arm. “Impossibly in love with you. Now get some sleep, honey.” He kissed the top of her head, and she snuggled closer against him.

Chapter Twelve

The next morning after a light breakfast of fruit and bagels, Sara walked over to Mitch's apartment with him. She was curious to see his place and still in shock that he had lived just seconds away from her for the past month, and she hadn't even realized it.

They were walking through the courtyard hand in hand when they came to an abrupt halt. Standing outside of his apartment was the man they had watched the night before. He was kissing the girl goodbye. When she turned and saw them, she gave them each a knowing wink and walked away.

Sara was too embarrassed to say anything, so she hung her head down in an attempt to avoid all eye contact. Mitch, however, was not so bashful.

"Good morning."

"Ha, yes it is, indeed." Raising his eyebrows at Sara, he looked at Mitch. "You are one lucky man, my friend."

Mitch's hand reached around Sara and held her close. "Don't I know it."

With a nod and a smile, the strange man went back inside. Sara kept her head down the next few yards until they reached Mitch's door. Once they finally got inside, she burst out laughing.

"I have never been so embarrassed in all of my life."

"Oh, I don't know. He seemed to be quite impressed with what he saw," he teased her.

"Mitch. It's not funny!" She slapped him in the arm.

He grabbed her close and hugged her to him. "Well, what do you think of my box haven?"

Sara looked around, taking in her surroundings. There were boxes stacked everywhere. A couch stood against the far wall and a small T.V. was propped on a card table across from it. The kitchen didn't have a table and a glance down the hall showed that there was a pile of laundry that looked as though it might at any moment take on a life of its own.

"Geez, I can't imagine why you haven't asked me over before now. Your place is..."

Mitch squeezed her harder. "Be nice."

"Simplistic. Yeah, that's definitely a word that would fit such a decorating technique."

"Ha ha. You try moving to a new place and getting thrown into a bunch of cases that no one had really prepared for." Rolling his eyes, he continued, as he led her down the hall, "Not to mention my new girlfriend. She's very demanding." He leaned closer to her and whispered, "You know, sexually."

"Now who's trying to be funny? I wasn't the one who invited a poor, defenseless secretary into my office and forced her to do all sorts of lewd and illicit things." She held her hand to her chest to emphasize her innocence.

"Okay, touché. So, are you saying that you'd rather we sleep at your place?" He asked her as he pulled some briefs from his dresser drawer.

"I'm more concerned about how you were able to sleep in this mess before you started staying at my place. I mean, look at this. The apartments are the exact same layout, but I could swear that my apartment has a floor, where as, yours seems to be missing." She gestured with her hands, indicating the mess.

Mitch grabbed her and threw her on the bed as he began tickling her. He had her pinned and begging for mercy in sixty seconds flat. After their laughter had subsided, he bent down to kiss her. Pulling her closer, her body heated under his touch.

“Why can’t I get enough of you.” Mitch wondered out loud. It wasn’t a question. It was a statement acknowledging the fact that she had become such an integral part of his life.

“Because, I have hypnotized you to fall hopelessly in love with me.” She winked and gave him a wet, sloppy kiss on his cheek.

“Then you’re damn good because I do love you.” His voice turned serious. “So much. Honey, I think we should move in together.”

“What?” She wasn’t shocked by the statement. They had spent most of their free time together, anyway. But she was surprised by his willingness to jump into such a huge commitment. “Don’t you think we should wait a while? I mean...”

“I thought you loved having me around.” He stated with obvious disappointment.

“I do.” Touching her hands to his face, she kissed him. “I love having you over. And I don’t mind if you spend every night over there. I just don’t want you to make a commitment that you’re not ready for, or that you might regret.”

“Look, Sara, if I’m rushing you, I’ll back down. But regardless of the speed at which our relationship has happened, I want it all. I want the house, the white picket fence. Kids, dogs, and cats. The works.”

Mitch was still staring at her when she pulled away from him, disconnecting from their closeness.

Sara shimmied her way out from underneath him and got up from the bed. More out of nerves than the need to clean, she began picking up his dirty clothes and sorting them into piles. “We really need to do something about this laundry, Mitch. Pretty soon you’re not going to have any...” She quieted her rambling when she felt his hands on her shoulders. She took a deep breath and let her head fall back against his chest.

“Tell me.” He said in a soft voice.

Mitch’s quiet words sounded like a demand. It was not an option and she knew it. He expected her to be honest with him no matter what she felt.

"I'm scared. But not of you. I'm scared that I'll agree to live with you. I'm scared that I'll have it all with you, and then one day you'll get bored with me. I...I know that there are no guarantees in life. But as hard as it would be for me to lose you. It would be twenty times harder if I lost you, and we were married and had children." She turned her head to the side to rest her cheek against his chest. "I look at some of those assholes at the firm, the ones that cheat on their wives constantly, and it just makes me a little jaded."

Mitch brought his hands up to her neck and gently massaged it. "I'm not like those other men, Sara."

"I know. I just...what if we have kids, and then you don't want me anymore, or you get bored with me, or..."

"Sara, do you believe me when I tell you I love you?"

"Yes, I do."

"Good. Then shut up." He smiled at her and kissed her passionately.

"I want it all, Sara. I finally found the woman I love. I'm not going to wait for you to find more reasons why it might *not* work. Because, believe me, the odds are definitely in our favor that it *will* work. So, unless you don't want the same things I do, or you do, but you just need time, then I'll understand. Otherwise, tell me you agree with me. Tell me you want exactly what I want."

She shook her head lightly and stared into his eyes. "Mitch, are you sure?"

Groaning and looking up, he muttered something under his breath, "Yes, woman. I love you. Now stop making me suffer, and tell me what I want to hear."

With a twinkle in her eye, she grinned. "Okay. Then I would love it if we lived together." She looked around the apartment. "But you're moving over there." She motioned across the courtyard.

"Actually, my place only looks like this because I only have a month to month lease. I was supposed to look for houses, but I've been too busy. Feel like doing a little shopping with me?"

“A house? Mitch, I don’t know. Don’t give me a pouty face. You look ridiculous. Fine.” She rolled her eyes at him. “We’ll look for a house, you big baby. I swear, do you notice that you either pester or beg until you get your way?”

He shrugged as he headed for the bathroom to grab some of his toiletries. “It’s a gift. It works pretty well, though.” He walked into the bathroom and came back out carrying a small black bag.

She went back to sorting his laundry as she began to see just a bit of her future with him. Clearly, the man didn’t do laundry. “Mitch, you never told me why you left the last firm you were at and moved away.”

Sara kept sorting the clothes and hadn’t realized that Mitch had stopped what he was doing. Nor did she realize that his body had tensed and became rigid at the question. “Mitch?” She turned to face him. He had gotten so quiet, she thought for a second he had left the room, making her think she was talking to herself.

“Mitch, what’s wrong?” Sara asked as she dropped a black shirt in the wrong pile and walked toward him.

Damn it! He didn’t want to tell her. Would she even believe him? No matter how much he loved her, he knew because she was younger, she tended to be more sensitive than the average cynical person. Damn, just when things were going so damn good.

“Sara, sit down. There’s something I should tell you.” Mitch placed his toiletry bag on the dresser, seeing her reflection stare back at him in the mirror.

“Remember I told you I had relationships with people I worked with before?”

“I remember.”

Shit. Where did he even begin? He blew out a breath of air. “Well, it was really just one girl. It was at the last firm I worked at in San Francisco.” He paced a few steps, feeling his heart race as he continued, “We went out a couple of times. She was new to the office,

and she seemed sweet. Anyway, after a few dates, she started emailing me a lot about sex. We hadn't slept together. I really hadn't gotten the vibe that she was interested. As a matter of fact, after the third time we had dinner together, I figured it would be the last date. I mean, she couldn't have acted more disinterested in me if she tried. But the day after that dinner, she began sending me graphic messages about things she wanted me to do to her. At first, I thought maybe she was just one of those bad girls who liked to act like the good girl."

Sara's face blushed as he told her the story.

"We started exchanging graphic emails over the next few days. She would send one, and then I would, and so on and so on. One thing led to another and...Sara, are you sure you want to hear all of this?"

"I think I need to, Mitch. It sounds important." And with a mature strength he hadn't been aware Sara possessed, she smiled at him and said, "And if it's important to you, than it matters to me."

He looked at her a moment and marveled in the complexities that made her who she was. "We agreed to meet at her place. She had outlined a fantasy she had. She wanted me to...shit, honey, this sounds horrible. But she had a fantasy that I would break into her place in the middle of the night and take her." He hesitated for a moment. "Forcefully, if necessary." Mitch cringed when he saw the look of disgust come across Sara's face.

"She wanted you to rape her?"

Mitch shrugged. "Apparently. I was too stupid to realize it, though. I thought it was just like role playing or something. I didn't think about...well, I didn't see what was coming."

"It's okay, Mitch. Go on." Sara still sat on the bed, waiting patiently for him to explain.

"I showed up at her place and entered through the sliding glass patio door she had left unlocked. Then I walked through her house until I got to her bedroom. She was lying there in a skimpy little number. It seemed just like a game. But when I got a little, ah,

forceful, I could tell there was something off.” He sat on the bed next to her before he continued with his story.

“I mean it was her fantasy. She should have been enjoying it. But she wasn’t. She was shaking, and it was more than obvious she wasn’t turned on. I started to pull back and become gentle. I thought maybe I was being too rough without realizing it. Hell, I don’t know what I thought.”

Sara placed a hand on Mitch’s and squeezed. “I’m right here Mitch. You can tell me anything. Rule number, two remember?”

“Yeah.” He squeezed her hand and got up from the bed to pace some more. “She got angry after I slowed things down. She began hitting me and kicking me. She screamed at me and told me to rape her.” He let out a bitter sounding laugh then. “I remember it clear as day. She had used a lot of different ways to describe it in the emails, but not once had she referred to it as ‘rape,’ so it took me by surprise. I knew. I knew it then. Something was very wrong. I mean, I’ve got this girl wearing practically nothing, beating the crap out of me, and demanding that I rape her.”

Mitch walked over, placed his hands on the dresser, and hung his head down. He shook his head a couple of times and expelled a breath. He brought his eyes up to meet hers in the mirror’s reflection. “I didn’t, you know.”

Sara got up from the bed and went to him. Placing her arms around him, she squeezed into him, resting her face against his back. “I know.”

“Thank you.” Mitch held her hands that were on his stomach. “It means a lot to me that you believe me, honey.”

“I do. What happened next, Mitch?” she asked him as she ran her fingers up and down his stomach in a soothing fashion.

“She had been screaming so loud that one of the neighbors called the cops. When they got there, they couldn’t hear everything that she was screaming, but they heard the word rape loud and clear. Needless to say, they arrested me and threw me in jail for the night. She was

hysterical, and the police couldn't make head or tail out of what she was saying.

"After a long night in jail, everything came to light the next morning. The hospital called her sister after she was admitted. She wasn't hurt, but emotionally, she was a wreck. It turns out, she moved to the area and started that new job in an attempt to start over. She had been brutally raped a year before and had never gotten over it." Mitch shook his head at the memory of what he learned. "She became obsessed with taking her life back. Apparently, her attacker had worn a mask, so he was never caught. She believed in some strange way that if she was put back into the situation again and she escaped, then she would be free of the stain the rape had left on her."

Sara spoke softly. "I don't understand. If she really believed that, how did she think she would be able to fight you off? I mean, what if her plan backfired? What if she was raped again?"

"She didn't see that as a possibility. Her emails were very specific. I was to use a small knife to cut her negligee loose, and then take her in a rough and forceful manner." Mitch turned to face her. "She didn't plan on it getting that far. She had a loaded gun under her pillow."

With a look of sheer mortification, Sara asked, "She was going to shoot you?"

"Yeah. Her attacker took everything away from her. She thought that this was the only way she could get her life back. She believed killing someone while attacking her would take away the pain. Look honey, she wasn't stable. Looking at it now, I feel kind of sorry for her."

"What? She planned on killing you. She set you up." Sara asked. "What if she had? Mitch, what if I had never met you? What if...?"

"You don't understand, honey. Even when shown the emails that she sent, she looked so confused. She was so caught up in her own twisted form of retribution that at some point, she lost touch with reality. She did set me up. Her mind was so lost by that time,

completely unaware of what she was doing. She's in a mental institution right now. They've diagnosed her with schizophrenia. I know she almost killed me, but she died the day of the rape."

"Oh, Mitch." Sara wrapped her arms around him. "So, did the firm you worked for make you quit?"

"No. Nothing like that. It's just hard to work with people when they know your innermost secrets. Suddenly, everyone in that office knew I was adventurous in my sexual life. They knew I was into role playing, and the worst part is, some of the women seemed afraid to be around me. I mean, if I was willing to 'pretend' to rape someone, then I must get off on it right? I never looked at it as rape, though.

"Even when I read back through her emails, she always made it sound more like a forced seduction. But never did I think that I was going there to play out a rape fantasy. I'm not into that. That's why I pulled back when things got weird."

"It must have been hard on you." Sara placed a hand on his cheek and rubbed it with her fingertips.

"Yeah. The weird looks I got for willing to be a part of a sexual game was one thing. But, when women I knew for years looked at me like they didn't want to be left alone with me, well that sucked. They only knew what they heard in the grapevine. And if that were to be believed, then I sounded like a sexual sadist who got off on forcing women." He shrugged. "So, I started looking and found the opening here and moved. I needed a fresh start. Somewhere that no one knew about what happened, and I wasn't looked at like some sort of monster."

"You are not a monster. And when it comes to your sexual preferences, I'd say you are perfect." After a long moment of holding each other, Sara whispered against his chest. "Thank you for telling me, Mitch. I love you."

He squeezed his eyes tight and fought the need to smother her with his kisses. Just holding her was enough. He thought he would never be able to tell anyone that story. What was worse, he thought no

one would actually believe him. But she did. Sara did. His sweet, beautiful, loving, and sexy Sara.

“Come on. Let’s get some of your stuff together, start a huge load of laundry, and I’ll buy you lunch,” Sara said as she began sorting the clothes again.

“You’re gonna buy me lunch?” He looked incredulous.

She picked up a huge amount of blue jeans and t-shirts and headed for the hall closet that held the stackable washer and dryer. “What can I say? You are always so good at making me feel better, I’d like to be the one to make you feel better.”

Mitch came up behind her and rested his head on top of hers as she started the washing machine. “*You* make me feel better, Sara. I’m sure you’re going to get sick of hearing this, but I love you.”

“Mitch?” Her sharp tone surprised him.

“What honey?”

“You don’t have any laundry soap, do you?” she said, disgusted. There were at least eight loads of laundry that needed washed.

“Nope.” He smiled at the little domestic situation that was playing out.

“How do you wash your...have you even done any laundry since you moved here?”

“Does dry cleaning count?”

“Not a chance.”

“Well then, if I tell you the truth, do you promise you’ll still love me despite my answer?” He kissed her on her cheek.

She laughed. “Oh, Mitch. I will love you *in spite* of your answer. That’s probably the real reason why you want to live with me. You’re running out of clean clothes. You need a maid.”

“Now, Sara, that’s not true. I am truly offended. I mean, what we have goes deeper than laundry.”

With a glint in her eye, she smirked. “I don’t do windows, Mitch.”

“Oh, I see. Well, I think you should have disclosed that and been up front about it. But, I guess I will still love you in spite of the fact that you’re lazy.”

“Watch it, mister.” She pinched his arm, hard, until he yelped. “Go back over to my place and grab the laundry soap. I’ll keep sorting through this, and hopefully, I won’t find any dead bodies buried underneath this mess. Hurry up,” she said as she pushed him through the door.

Walking across the courtyard, Mitch lifted his head to bask in the sunlight. He just had his first nagging from the woman he was going to marry. It had been over laundry and his housekeeping skills. It was trivial and boring, and it made him happier than he’d ever been.

Chapter Thirteen

The following week wore Mitch out. He spent his days in Arbitration for the Jennings case and his evenings preparing for an upcoming trial. Completely exhausted and cranky, the only thing that kept him going every night was going home and crawling in bed with Sara.

As he sat drinking a cup of coffee while they waited for the Arbitrator to reach a decision, he wondered if they would have time the coming weekend to look for houses again. The selections that were viewed last weekend didn't get them excited. Sara had found them a realtor through one of the girls at the office, so maybe they would find something soon.

Besides, he knew they had to move soon, because Sara had called him at the office last night after she ran into the man that they had watched having sex. While her embarrassment was adorable, he knew she was ready to snap from running into him three times in this past week. He chuckled to himself as he took another swig of coffee.

"Something funny?" Alan looked up from the newspaper.

Mitch shook his head. "No. Hey, you know we're going to lose this, right?"

Alan smirked. "Yeah, well, when your own client holds back on discovery documents, it tends to sink the case." With a shrug, Alan reached for his coffee. "It's his own fault. We did our job."

"True." Mitch glanced at his watch. Hating wasting time here. Normally, they would have headed back to the office until a decision was reached. But the Arbitrator had specified that he wouldn't take long to reach a decision. That had been nearly two hours ago.

“So, things going well with Sara?” Alan asked, more as a friend than a co-worker.

Mitch couldn’t help but smile. “Yeah. We’re trying to keep things mellow around the office, though. We don’t want to cause any trouble.” Taking another drink of his coffee, he asked, “Does everyone know?”

Alan nodded. “Pretty much. It was kind of hard to miss since you go the long way to the break room to get your coffee just so you can pass by her desk and wink at her.”

“That obvious, huh?”

“Totally, not to mention the way she lights up every time you do it. But, don’t worry about it. You guys have handled it well. I’ve seen a lot of office romances get complicated from people not acting professional while at work.”

Mitch held in his laughter. If only Alan knew what had gone on in his office. Just last night, before Sara went home, she brought him in a sandwich from the deli. She gave him a kiss. But, before she left, she dropped to her knees and told him she wanted him to have a reminder of what he got to come home to. Boy, did he. She gave him quite the reminder.

“Gentlemen, the Arbitrator has reached his decision.” A small, portly gentleman with a comb-over said from the doorway.

Alan stood up and walked over to Mr. Jennings who had been slumped in a chair in the corner, sulking. He slapped a hand to the man’s shoulder, and said, “Come on, Mr. Jennings. Let’s go see how badly you screwed yourself.”

The look in Mr. Jennings’s eyes told that he did not see the humor in it at all. “It might not be that bad,” he stated in complete denial.

Walking in the room behind Alan and Jennings, Mitch whispered to Alan, “How sad. He totally blew this case, he would have won.”

* * * *

Sara sat in the chair across from Donna, the Office Manager, wondering what she had done. No one ever got called to Donna's office unless they were in some sort of trouble. She waited patiently as Donna finished with her phone call. Once Donna hung up the phone, she turned her grim expression to Sara.

Folding her hands across her desk blotter, she looked like a cobra ready to attack. "Sara, I have received some rather disturbing complaints regarding your...well, let's call it professionalism. Or rather, lack thereof."

Sara sat solemnly and responded to the accusation. "I don't know what you mean, Donna."

"Look, let's not be coy, all right? We're both adults here. It's no secret that this office is rather laid back. I mean, we all call each other by our first names. There's no mister or missus. We don't even refer to the partners by their last name. However, no matter how lax we might be in certain formalities, we still have a job to do." Reaching for a sheet of paper that was on her credenza, she perused it before continuing. "I have a complaint from someone who claims that at least twice, that they are aware of, mind you, they have heard you and Mitch engaging in rather illicit behavior."

That bitch! "Donna. With all due respect, I'm sure I know where this complaint comes from. And while I can appreciate your concern for the potential problems that can arise from office romances, I also feel it necessary to point out to you that you are not within your rights as my employer to ask me such personal questions."

Donna's eyes glazed over, and her mouth became set in a very thin white line. "I will ask you anything I feel."

"Donna..."

"No. Now you listen to me. She said you thought you were a step above everyone else, and I wanted to give you the benefit of the doubt. But obviously, you are just as bad as she said. First, let me make it abundantly clear that if you are going to screw one of our attorneys on the clock than it is most certainly my business, and I will

not have such tempestuous behavior affect the business.” It seemed Donna had brought out the fangs, and had every intention of using them to draw blood.

Sara sat silent as she listened to Donna ridicule and judge her. She knew that she and Mitch had been wrong to do the things they did in the office. But, no matter how wrong it was professionally, it pissed her off to think of the double standard that happening. The same woman who made the complaint had probably done it on nearly every desk in this office.

“Donna, if I may. I feel a bit like the poor schmuck that is being used as an example. While I may be guilty of partaking in some less than professional conduct, I can assure you I’m not the only one. And quite honestly, it offends me that you are speaking to me with a tone of such disappointment when the same person who filed this complaint is guilty of much more than a couple of liaisons.” Sara was proud of herself for speaking her mind so eloquently.

Donna stood up from her chair and leaned across the desk. Pointing her finger at Sara, she screamed. “Rumors are just that, young lady. Do you have any proof? No! I didn’t think so. Now get out of my office and back to work before I fire you.”

Sara stood up, her face now white with fear as Donna continued to scream. “And another thing missy, if it happens again, you’ll be gone faster than you can blink. So, don’t test me, you’ll lose! Now get out!”

* * * *

Mitch and Alan had just walked back into the office when they heard the screams. Mitch looked at Alan and then noticed Claudia standing there with a smug smile on her face. “Sara.”

Mitch walked toward the office around the corner and ran right into a trembling and tearful Sara. “What happened?” Mitch asked her, but Sara didn’t respond. “Come to my office.”

“No, I can’t. I have to get back to work.” Alan had come up then, and Sara looked at him before returning to Mitch. “I don’t want to lose my job. If we’re going to live together, I don’t want to be dependent on you. I have to get back to work.” Sara walked away from him as she dried her tears with the backs of her hands.

“What was that about?” Mitch bit out the words to Donna who was still seething in the open doorway.

“Don’t you take that tone with me. I am her manager. She did something that affected her work. I dealt with her accordingly.” Donna pointed out in a curt manner.

Alan put a restraining hand on Mitch’s shoulder. “It didn’t sound like you dealt with it accordingly, Donna. It sounded like you were bullying her.”

Mitch turned to Alan. “I want a meeting with the partners. Now! And I want her there, too.” Stalking off, Mitch yelled back, “Call me when it’s set up.”

Alan turned a fierce eye to Donna. He had never liked the woman. She seemed to be in cohorts with the boys club that seemed to act so vile. It was strange because she was a woman, but there was just something about her that made her seem just as bad as the other sleaze balls.

“You will have some explaining to do Donna, mark my words.” Alan walked to his office.

Donna came completely out of her office and shouted back to him. “Gladly!” She stomped back into her office and slammed the door so hard, the picture on the outer wall shook.

* * * *

Mitch had tried to call Sara’s desk several times, but she just kept telling him that she couldn’t talk. She said she would explain everything tonight when she wasn’t on the clock. He was pissed. He

didn't know how, but he was sure that Claudia was behind this. The look of triumph on her face when Donna screamed at Sara could not have been a coincidence.

Mitch picked up his phone on the first ring. He saw it was Alan's extension. "Yeah."

"Meet me in Peter's office now," Alan told him before hanging up.

Mitch slid out from his desk and walked to Peter's office like a man on a mission. Passing Sara's desk, he didn't see her sitting there. God, he hoped she was okay. If she hadn't have seemed so scared about losing her job, he would have pushed her harder to tell him what happened.

Mitch got to the office doorway just as Alan came from the other direction. Walking into the office, Alan and Mitch were both met with the sight of Donna, Peter, and two other partners, George and Theo, all huddled in a whispery conversation over by the window. Theo was the first to notice the two standing in the doorway.

"Gentleman, come in." He motioned them in and walked to the door to close it.

"Have a seat," Peter said, as he took his position behind his massive desk.

Mitch glared at Donna while he chose a red leather chair. He smirked when she nervously looked away.

"Now. It seems there was a bit of a misunderstanding earlier," Peter said with nonchalance.

"Misunderstanding? She screamed so loud that everyone in the office heard her as she threatened someone's job," Mitch snapped as he motioned his hands toward Donna with a look of disgust.

"Someone, Mitch, or, your girlfriend?" This comment came from George.

Mitch glared at him before returning his gaze to Peter. "My personal life is none of anyone's concern. What exactly did Sara do wrong to warrant such a threat?"

“First, I’m going to have to ask you to calm yourself. I understand that you are upset. But, perhaps that will make you understand just how Donna felt.” Peter took a moment to look at Donna before continuing. “She has become quite close with Claudia, and unfortunately, Sara made some unflattering remarks regarding some rumors that have been circulating in the office.”

“Unflattering remarks, Claudia’s a...”

“Mitch!” Alan turned to Peter and spoke for him. “I think what Mitch is trying to say is that the situation seems just a bit hypocritical. Every word that Donna shouted at Sara was circulated through the office grapevine within minutes. It hardly seems fair to judge Sara or threaten her job because she made a poor choice when she was in the company of her boyfriend. Especially when the complaining party has, well, let’s not beat around the bush here guys, Claudia has probably done much worse and many more times at that. She is a thorn in the side of this firm. I swear, I don’t know why she’s kept around. But, I do understand that I am the newest partner, so it’s not my call. But if you ask me if anyone has hindered work production or efficiency at this office, it’s that little trouble maker.”

Mitch smiled at Alan. Glad that he had interrupted him. He couldn’t have said it better himself. The two watched as the partners and Donna exchanged knowing looks. Almost as if they completely agreed but could do nothing about it.

“Donna. Perhaps you should address Mitch.” Theo said.

Clearing her throat, she stared him in the eye. “Mitch, I am, well I’m sorry if I upset Sara. I will apologize to her as soon as we leave this office.”

Mitch’s eye quirked up. “Why? Why the complete turnaround? You were ready to rip her to shreds just an hour ago.”

Donna looked at the partners, as if looking for some sort of guidance. “I overreacted. I said I’d apologize. I don’t know what more I can say.”

Alan was the first to break the eerie silence that filled the room. "They're afraid."

Mitch turned to him. "What?"

Alan looked at all the partners now when he continued. "Donna was not only out of line but threatening Sara's job for a personal matter which really hasn't affected her work performance could be construed as grounds for harassment." He smirked at Mitch. "That's why they're back peddling so fast."

"So, if that clears everything up, we'll release you all, and Donna can go apologize to Sara appropriately." Peter said as he nodded his head toward Donna, indicating for her to do just that.

Mitch watched as Donna left the office. "Thank you. I appreciate you all taking the time to meet with me about this." Mitch rose from his chair.

* * * *

Alan started to leave also but was curtly told to remain where he was by Peter. "Shut the door would you, Mitch." Peter waited until it was closed before he leaned back in his chair and laced his fingers behind his head.

"Alan, do you enjoy being a partner at this firm?" he asked him.

Alan responded to the underlying threat. "I do. However, if you chose to attempt to have me removed from this firm, I would be forced to remind you of the hefty sum you would need to pay me to buy out my portion of the partnership."

Theo laughed. "Touché, Alan, touché."

"Look, we're not threatening you. We just need you to understand that you are a part owner in this firm. It doesn't bold well for us if you appear to go up against us with our newest associate. No, let me finish, please. I understand that you have become chummy with Mitch. And we all like him. Really we do. It's just that sometimes people can lose focus when they become involved in a relationship at

work. They might do what suits the relationship as opposed to what's best for the firm. Do you understand what I mean?" Peter asked with the cool confidence that made him the great trial attorney that he was.

Alan raised a leg up to rest on his opposite knee. "Yeah. I can see where that might be possible. Now can I ask you a question?"

Peter nodded in agreement. "Of course."

Brushing something off of his pant leg, Alan stared at each one of the partners before he spoke, "Have you ever heard the thing about the pot and the kettle? Just wondering, because I have to tell you, the hypocrisy in this office is getting to be a bit thick." Standing up, he walked toward the door and left without saying another word.

The partners all sat quietly for a moment until George spoke, "He could be a problem."

"He's right," Theo agreed.

"Forget it. Donna screwed up today. If everyone just forgets about it, things will blow over," Peter claimed with complete confidence.

"Blow over? She's getting worse and you know it. I'm not going to lose my wife and my family because of that bitch!" George's words were filled with pure hatred.

Peter shook his head at the two men in front of him. "I agree she has gotten a bit demanding lately. But are you forgetting why we do what we do? We've made our bed, now we must lie in it."

Theo shook his head. "I'm not so sure anymore. Maybe we should just come clean."

Picking up his phone Peter dialed a three digit extension. He waited for the person to pick up at the other end and then said, "Claudia, please come to my office."

He set the phone down and watched George and Theo fidget in their chair. Laughing at them, he chided them. "Don't act like you have a choice. We've fought this battle before, and we always lose."

Claudia walked into the office with a seductive smile on her face. She shut the door and walked over to Peter. Leaning over him, she

gave him a kiss that could melt the paint off the walls. Peter groaned and bit back his temper.

“What is it Peter?” she asked him in a silky voice.

“The boys here need to be reminded why it’s good to keep you happy.” Noticing the quirk of her brow, he elaborated. “I know what I have to lose, sometimes they forget.”

“I see.” Claudia said as she rounded the desk and leaned against the front of it. Turning back to Peter, Claudia picked up his phone and handed it to him. “Call her.”

Peter dialed the extension and waited for her to answer.

Chapter Fourteen

Peter hung up the phone and nodded. "She'll be here shortly." Getting up from his chair, he began unbuttoning his belt and moved to one of the chairs that sat in front of the desk.

Following his lead, Claudia unbuttoned her blouse and massaged her tits. She was pinching her nipples into spiky little nubs when she spoke to the three gentlemen. "When she gets here, we can start. Now, let me see those cocks. Are they hard boys?"

With a mixture of hatred and desire for her, George and Theo released their stiff cocks from their trousers.

Claudia eyed all of the men in front of her. She loved it when they worshiped her. When she could get them to do anything she wanted. This was her favorite part of the game. Because she knew once she got lost in it, they were in charge of her pleasure. "Stroke them." Claudia instructed them as she reached her hand under her skirt and eased her fingers underneath her panties. When she moaned, she brought her glistening fingers back up to her mouth and watched their faces as she sucked her juices from her hand.

* * * *

Donna finished the apology begrudgingly and left her office. It was all that bitch's fault. They should have never...She shook her head. There was no point now worrying about what ifs. What was done was done, and they would probably end up paying for it the rest of their damn lives. She knocked on the door and waited for the okay to enter. When she got it, she took a deep breath and entered. Secretly

hating herself for the fact that she was about to commit another sin, and because she would have to go home to her husband once more and lie to him about how her day was.

She closed the door and locked it as she felt the nausea wash over her. She looked at the men sitting in the chairs. All three of them were fisting their cocks as the she-devil, Claudia, stripped in front of them. She walked toward Claudia when she held her hand out to her. Feeling rebellious, Donna spoke defiantly to her. "I told you I didn't want to do this anymore. I love my husband. Can't we just..."

She was quickly shut up by the hard slap that landed across her face. She bit her lip in frustration. She should have never gone with them that night all those years ago. Now it was like an eternal punishment.

"You stupid liar. Do you think I can't tell how bad you want to be fucked right now?" Claudia grabbed Donna's face and kissed her as the men watched in delight. "You're so sexy, Donna. I think about you when I touch myself. When I'm in the shower and I turn up the pressure on the shower massage, I imagine it's your hot tongue stroking my clit. Do it now, sweetie. Eat my pussy." Claudia was pushing her shoulders down as she straddled her legs further apart and leaned back against the desk.

Donna went willingly. There was no point in denying it. She wanted it just as much as she tried to deny it. She deserved everything she got. She wasn't a good person. She didn't deserve happiness.

"Undress her, Theo." Claudia demanded as she arched her body at the first feel of Donna's tongue. "Mmm. That's so good, sweetie. You always eat my pussy so nice. You should see how Theo is staring at your tight little ass, Donna. Oh, he's bad. He wants to fuck you there. Don't you, Theo?"

Theo had her stripped of everything except her heels and thigh high stockings. He was vigorously palming and spanking Donna's ass. "God, yes." Without even asking for permission, Theo spit on her ass and worked his saliva around her tight, puckering hole. When he

stuck two fingers in and heard Donna moan, he quickly slid inside her pussy.

Donna tore her mouth away from Claudia's pussy to scream at him. "Not there. Fuck me where I like it. Where I need it, damn it!"

"Jesus, I need your wetness first," Theo appeared angry at her demand. He grabbed her hair, effectively taking her wet face completely away from Claudia. "You want me to fuck you? Fine then, here you go." He slammed into her rear.

"Ooh. Yes. Fuck me!" Donna knew in the back of her mind how wrong and twisted their relationships were, but she couldn't help herself. Whenever they got together for one of their orgies, all bets were off on her sanity.

Claudia looked down and watched them in their frenzy. "I love watching people fuck." She muttered beneath her breath.

"Let's go to the couch boys." She pushed Peter aside as she dropped to her knees in front of George and took him in her mouth. "Mmm. You taste so good." She sucked him and stroked him with her tongue as she reached her hand back and fingered her own ass.

"Damn it, you bitch! What about me?" Peter said as he yanked her head back. "Suck my cock now!" Although the words were said with anger he was clearly turned on.

Her eyes were twinkling at his aggressive demands. Peter knew it was one of her weaknesses. One time, he actually made her come just by him spanking and yelling at her as she ate Donna's pussy. She turned her head and did exactly what Peter told her to do. Only unlike with George, she did it to Peter with reckless abandonment.

Peter grabbed the back of her head and was ramming her head over and over again, impaling the back of her throat with his cock. "Fuck. You drive me wild, woman. You like it, don't you?" He laughed when he heard her moan. "Yeah. You love to suck on cock. George, fuck her in her ass. She's gonna come just from the taste of me. I can feel it."

George got to his knees and spread her legs. Using the juices from her soaking pussy, he lathered her ass and then his cock. He leaned over and whispered in her ear. "I want to see you take Peter all the way in. Suck him all the way to his balls."

He positioned himself at her entrance and slowly made gentle stabs into her ass. Never going very far before he pulled out again. He did it to piss her off. He knew she needed it just as bad as Donna did. After the torture of holding back was killing him more than her, he plunged in and took her all the way.

He hissed out a breath and groaned as he could feel the vibration of her pussy muscles quivering. "Take him, Claudia. Yeah." George watched in fascination as Peter threw his head back and cursed as he spilled into Claudia's mouth. She swallowed every drop as she sucked on him like a woman starving. George looked over at Theo slamming into Donna and knew what he wanted. Peter was usually the first one to come. Then George and Theo got to have all of the girls' attention. Peter liked to watch them, too.

Theo looked over at George and knew what the man was thinking. He nodded in agreement. He pulled out of Donna and smoothed a hand over her as she whimpered a protest. "Shh. Peter's done. Do you wanna play with Claudia now?"

Donna's head quirked back to see Claudia crawling over to her. "Yes, but will you still –."

"Yeah. You guys know what to do. Get in position and, we'll fuck you just like you like," Theo assured her.

"I need it so bad, Theo." Donna hated to hear her own pleading for it.

"I know. We'll make you feel good, okay. Come here." Theo gently helped her up.

Claudia had lay down on her side and waited as Donna laid on hers in the opposite direction as they faced each other's dripping wet cores. Theo and George switched women. George getting behind

Donna lifted her leg up as he lay behind her. Theo, behind Claudia, did the same. Both men glanced at Peter when they heard him groan in appreciation while sitting on the couch watching them.

With both men behind the women and each of them with one leg raised in the air, then they both waited.

“Please. Fuck us,” Claudia moaned.

“Uh uh uh. You girls know the rules. If you want these cocks in your asses, you two better start eating pussy,” Theo teased them.

He knew the women were very aware that neither one of them were going to get what they really needed unless they did what they were told. So, he waited until they began eating each other’s pussies. He loved how they did it as though their lives depended on it.

They were lost in the heat of the moment. The flames of desire that they brought out in one another was enough to burn a house down. Glancing over, he saw Peter stroking himself as he watched the sight before him. Peter had never been shy about how much he loved to watch the girls as they got fucked in their asses.

Theo and George fucked the girls in earnest. When he felt the first tremors of their orgasms begin he picked up his pace. They always came together when they all fucked each other like this. It was a strange sensation that formed over them when all of their bodies joined together. Theo looked at George as both men gritted their teeth, waiting for the women to reach their peak. They were close and the men had always promised them pleasure. So they waited.

At the first tremor in Donna’s pussy, Theo lost it and began spurting inside of her. Claudia was the next to let go. Theo watched as juices squirted from Donna and Claudia lapped it up, moaning and screaming her orgasm along with the woman she was tasting. Theo couldn’t hold back any longer and fell with her.

Peter watched them all as they moaned and writhed with their orgasms. Four bodies joined together in the most primitive of ways. “Fucking beautiful.” He uttered to himself.

Slowly, each of them got up from the floor and began dressing. Theo and George helped the two women. Peter admired how the men who seemed to be taunting and rough with them at first always ended the interlude with tenderness.

Both men took turns kissing each woman and tasting the other woman's climax on their lips. When everyone was dressed and presentable, they all looked to Peter.

"Now, I realize that we may fight this, but we all know why we must play along and enjoy ourselves. And isn't that worth putting up with some of Claudia's histrionics?"

Theo, who was stroking Donna's breast and licking her neck, turned to him. "She blackmails us with those damn pictures, Peter."

Claudia looked down, trying to hide her growing smile.

Peter answered him with amusement, "Theo, you know just as well as I do that she only does that so we don't stop. She needs us. Just look how much she loved it when you fucked her." Peter refused to stop the game and risk his wife.

Claudia looked up at Theo and smiled at him. Licking his bottom lip and nipping it between her teeth, she said, "It's true. I'll die if we stop. It feels so good when we're all together."

Theo groaned and kissed her in return. "Damn it. You know we're all going to hell, right?"

No one answered, but Peter was sure that George, Theo, and Donna were all thinking it. Every time they came together, another piece of their soul cracked. They all loved their spouses. But, when they got together like this, none of them could erase the urgency to let common sense rule. They all turned into wild animals starving for maddening release.

"Very well, now that everyone is happy again, we have work to do." Peter waved them out of his office.

Chapter Fifteen

“I mean it was really strange, Mitch. One minute she’s screaming at me and threatening to fire me, and then the next thing I know, she’s calling me into her office and apologizing like...I don’t know. It seemed like she meant it.” Setting her knife down, Sara used the fork to pick up the piece of chicken teriyaki she had just cut. Placing it in her mouth she made a moaning sound.

Mitch watched her sensual mouth as she ate. The way she licked the fork made him wish he was a piece of cutlery. “I’m glad, honey. She was way out of line talking to you that way.”

He didn’t want to spoil her good mood and tell her the real reason that he thought she had apologized. Let her think that Donna was genuinely sorry. If Sara thought Donna hadn’t been sincere, then she would be worried about it every time she saw her.

Dabbing her mouth with the napkin, Sara reached her hand across the table. “Mitch, I’m sorry I was so awful with you at the office. I guess I was in shock from the way she acted.” She took a sip of her wine and set it down as she gently massaged the stem of the glass.

Was she trying to drive him crazy? Everything she did looked erotic. “It’s okay. But, I need you to promise me that when you have a problem or are upset that you come to me. I should be the one person you do want to come to.”

“I know. It’s just that I’m always leaning on you. Whether I’m crying over my stupid insecurities or I’m an emotional wreck because I don’t always have the most confidence. I guess I just don’t want to be a bigger pest than I already am.” She shrugged. “But I know. I have to learn to trust you with all of my feelings.”

Mitch smiled at her. "Does that mean you're actually beginning to listen to me?" He picked her hand up from the glass and laced their fingers together. "So, tell me about this house you passed on the way home."

He had been massaging the palm of her hand when her head jerked up at the mention of the house. "Oh, Mitch, it's so adorable. It's a little bungalow about ten minutes from here, and it has a fenced in yard, a garage, a huge Elm tree out front. Oh, and did I tell you it was blue? Not an ugly blue, either. A real pretty one, like a sky blue, with white trim."

"Judging from the smile on your face, I would say that you're already in love with it."

"I haven't even seen the inside yet," Sara pointed out to him. "I just saw the 'For Sale' sign. I thought maybe we could check it out this weekend. Saturday's only a couple of days away, and I'm sure it won't sell before then."

Mitch winced. "I am probably going to have to work on Saturday. I'm sorry. Hey, why don't you go check it out? If you like it, then I'll figure out a way to get away. If you don't, then it's no big deal, anyway."

"Yeah. I guess that would work. Mitch, I...don't take this the wrong way, I'm not trying to nag you, but you work an awful lot. Are you sure you can't take some time off this weekend? I miss you." She waved her hand at him. "I know, I know. I probably sound like some controlling girlfriend, but I just can't stand this empty feeling I get when you're gone so much."

He knew exactly how she felt, because he hated being at work so much too. He wondered if that was really all that was bothering her. "Sara. Is it just that you miss me? Or is there something else? Something that maybe you're afraid to admit to or mention?"

She got up from the table to clear the dishes. Walking away, she appeared to be making an effort to act casual. "I don't know what you mean."

While she was scraping the plates and placing them in the dishwasher he came up behind her and placed his hands on her shoulders. "Sara. Tell me what's wrong."

She set the plates down in the sink and turned off the water. "It's stupid. Besides, you have enough to worry about with that trial coming up next week."

Ah. That's what was bothering her. He almost hadn't noticed it, but when she said the word trial, her voice hitched just a bit. He had been working late all week trying to prepare for it. And, as usual, Claudia was the secretary that Peter had chosen to work on it with him. "Is that what this is about? My trial prep, or who I'm prepping with?"

He could tell she was biting back a curse. She had almost opened said something, then took a sigh before continuing, "Yes, all right. It bothers me that you are at the office with her so late every night. And before you even begin to reassure me that you love me, and I have nothing to worry about, you can save your breath. I know all that. It's not you that I'm worried about. It's her. She's conniving and vindictive. I just don't trust her."

Mitch rested his chin on her shoulder. "Sara. There is nothing that she can do that will hurt us, okay?"

She turned to face him. "I know, I do. I guess since everything has happened so fast, and I'm so happy, that I am just sort of waiting for the other shoe to drop."

"Well," Mitch kissed the corner of her mouth, "you don't need to worry because Claudia is like an annoying pest. But you are like the queen bee. And I am your slave worker bee to do with as you please."

"Really?" She laced her fingers behind his neck and played with his hair. "Now what could we do?" She giggled as he lifted her up and placed her on the counter.

She heard a tear and let out a sound of frustration.

"I thought you liked it when I got rough?" He lavished wet kisses up her inner thigh.

"I *love* it, but seriously, I'm running out of panties." She arched her body into him as he used his tongue to trace lines up her inner thigh.

"Forget about the panties, honey." Mitch mumbled, causing the words to vibrate against her slick, swollen folds. "They're always in the damn way."

* * * *

"Who could be calling at this hour?" Daniella asked her husband.

"Hello?" Peter's groggy voice answered.

"I need you." The imploring voice said.

Fuck! What the hell was she doing calling him at home? "Excuse me while I get the papers from my desk." Turning to his wife, Peter said, "I'll be back, love, its work."

He felt guilty when his beautiful and adoring wife smiled at him and went back to sleep. He loved her. He really did. If this bitch was going to start breaking the rules, she would be sorry.

Peter stalked into his office and closed the door. "What the fuck do you mean calling me at my home?"

"Don't you take that tone with me! I need you, and you damn well better come." Claudia said in a vengeful tone.

"Come? Have you lost your ever lovin' mind, woman? It's after one o'clock in the morning, just how do you propose I explain that to Daniella?"

"Don't you dare say her name to me! I don't want to hear that bitch's name. You belong to me, damn it!" Her screaming caused her voice to crack.

Crazy fucking bitch! "Look, Claudia, enough of the fucking games. You had your fun today. It's going to have to wait until..."

"No! You get over here, and fuck me right now!"

Peter listened to her hitched breathing, her trembling voice. She sounded frantic. "What's the matter with you?"

There was a faint sound of a noise in the background. “I need it, Peter. Please, look, I’m sorry, okay. Just come over here.”

Something was going on with her. She’d gone from screaming to pleading in the matter of seconds. If he wasn’t mistaken, that was a vibrator he heard in the background. “Claudia.” He took a moment to choose his words carefully. “Honey, you know I can’t come to you right now. If I did, my wife would find out. Then those pictures wouldn’t mean anything would they? Our little games would be over for good.”

Claudia moaned, but she sounded in agony. “Peter, please. Forget about the pictures. Just, I need it. I’m so achy. I keep thinking about today. About Donna.” She started to cry. “Peter, she won’t answer the phone. I need her, too.”

Jesus. This was getting out of hand. He had thought earlier today that after the mid-day interlude in his office that maybe they had curbed her appetite, if only a little. But it seemed that every time they were together, it only increased her cravings. She seemed to want it all the time now. She had never once called any of them at home. Just knowing that she had called both Donna and him tonight, he knew she was in bad shape. He wouldn’t lose his wife because of this nymphomaniac’s lack of self-control. Peter sat in his chair in an attempt to get comfortable. He was obviously going to have to help her.

“Claudia. I can’t come over right now. But, I can help you. Would you like that?”

“Yes. Please, Peter, it hurts.” Her sobs made her words barely legible.

He rolled his eyes and leaned back in his chair. “Okay, honey. Is that your vibrator I hear? Tell me what you’re doing with it. Where is it? Did you put it in that tight little ass?”

“Mmm, yes. Peter it feels so good. But I need more.”

Just fucking great! He didn’t need this crap right now. “Okay, Claudia, this is what I want you to do. Instead of sliding it in and out

of you, I want you to sit on it. Make it go deep, all the way inside you. Don't rock, don't move. Just keep it buried tight inside you."

"Okay." There were sounds of her moving around and readjusting herself on her bed. "Ooh. Peter, yes. That feels better. Are you touching yourself?"

No! I'm trying to get your crazy ass off the phone. "Yeah. I'm stroking my hard cock and remembering how well you sucked it. Now, here's what I want you to do next. Take your fingers and rub your clit."

He could hear Claudia moving around and assumed she was doing just as she had been told.

"Oh, it feels so good, Peter." She moaned.

No shit! Everything feels good to you. "Good, honey. Now do you remember today when Donna ate your pussy? Do you remember how good that felt?"

"Ah yeah. Did you see me eat her, Peter? Did you watch?" Her questions were coming so fast she seemed to be breathless.

"I did. It was fucking beautiful, honey. I loved watching you two lick each other's pussies." He had to hold the phone away to muffle a curse. Why wouldn't she just come already? He wanted to get back to bed.

"Oh, I love it, Peter. I love tasting her. She's so sexy, and she tastes so sweet. I love to taste you, too. But I lose my mind when Donna comes while I'm eating her."

From the sound of her voice, he was certain she was rocking in earnest now, trying to find the release that she always seemed to be seeking.

"I love it so much. I won't even brush my teeth after I've had her. The taste stays in my mouth all day, and it makes me so hot. It just makes me want to fuck her with my tongue until she comes all over again,"

"You eat her pussy good, Claudia. She loves it when you taste her, lick her, and please her. She always comes for you, doesn't she?"

Now you come, so I can get off of this damn phone. Peter glanced down at his lax penis and wondered why the hell her words weren't driving him crazy with lust. He was more annoyed than anything. George and Theo had obviously been right today. She was becoming a problem. Pictures or no pictures, how much more could they take?

"Does she love eating me, Peter? Do you think it drives her as crazy as I feel?"

Peter knew his idea for her to sit on the vibrator must be satisfying her because he could literally hear the fucking motions from the other end of the line.

"I'm coming, Peter. Ooh, yes! Oh yeah. Oh, Peter..." She collapsed on the bed, making a thumping sound.

About damn time. "Good girl, honey. Did that feel good?"

With a lazy smile on her face, she moaned her answer. "Peter, you didn't come?"

Hell no I didn't, you're a pain in the ass. "Yeah, I did, baby. You just were lost in your own orgasm to notice anything else. It was fucking fantastic. We should do this again sometime." Why in the hell had he said that? Damn it!

"Peter?" she whispered.

Peter gritted his teeth. "Yeah, honey."

"Thank you. I feel better now."

"Good. Now go to sleep." He hung up the phone and stared at the picture of his wife.

God, he loved her, he really did. They had been together going on twenty-five years now. They'd been married for twenty-two of those years and it wasn't until four years ago when he'd made the biggest mistake of his life and been unfaithful to her.

He picked up the picture of them and their son at his high school graduation and felt an ache in his heart. He hated himself for the cheating. She was a beautiful woman. A fantastic mother and the most loving and devoted wife a man could ever hope for.

Setting the picture down, he shook his head in disgust. What the hell had happened to them that night?

Looking back he remembered all that happened to lead up to how they all had gotten mixed up with Claudia.

Donna had made the accusation once that she thought Claudia had slipped them something that night. It had all seemed so innocent. They had just left the retirement party for old man Brookstein and decided to go to a bar for a little private celebration. Brookstein had been a bear to work with and for. It was more than a small relief when he was finally out of their hair.

The party had gone on late, and George and Theo's wives had left the party to get home so that their sitters could leave. And Donna's husband was out of town at the time on business. And Daniella. His sweet, dark-haired beauty had left the party even earlier with a headache. But not before she made him promise that he would stay out as long as he needed to and have a good time. She had kissed him on the cheek and told him he deserved to let loose, that he worked way too hard.

What had happened, though, he knew was not what she had in mind. They were all a little tipsy when they left the party and walked to the bar a couple of blocks away. They ordered drinks, not beers or wine, but real drinks. They had been mixing alcohol all night. Between the champagne for toasts and the wine served at dinner combined with the couple of whiskey's he'd had, he lost all sense of decorum. Next thing he knew, they were all slamming shots and acting like freshmen in college.

It was approaching closing time when Claudia had stunned them all with her subtle suggestion. "Have you guys ever had an orgy?" she had asked them.

They all sat quietly for a second, and then burst out laughing. They had after all assumed that she was kidding. They were all drunk. They didn't really take her seriously.

“I never have,” she elaborated. When they all quieted to listen to her, out of curiosity more than anything, she said, “I want to, though. I look at you all here and think how amazing it would be.”

Donna had been the first to break the silence by clearing her throat and taking swig of whatever was in the shot glass that time around. “I’m not just talking about the men, Donna. I find you very attractive,” she said as she reached her hand over and rubbed her index finger along Donna’s bottom lip.

Silence had fallen amongst the group. In the loud bar, you could have heard a pin drop at the table. “I wonder if these boys would like to watch two women together?” she told Donna as she leaned closer and gently swiped her tongue along Donna’s lips causing her to moan. “Let me taste your mouth, Donna. Open for me,” she had said.

All three of the men sat there with their tongues wagging during the little show. I mean, they were men, for crying out loud. They would have been lying to themselves if they didn’t admit it was one of their fantasies.

Donna had hesitantly opened her mouth, and the once tender kiss turned violent and erotic. Both women were tonguing each other’s mouths as they drew attention from other patrons at the bar. That was when the hooting and hollering started. Knowing the primitive look of a predator in just about every man in the bar’s eyes, Peter was the first to suggest that they get the ladies out of there.

They all walked back to the parking garage in silence. Peter couldn’t speak for everyone else, but he had told himself they were only going back because everyone’s car was in the parking lot there. But he had only been kidding himself. They were all too far gone too drive. They should have all called a cab and headed home to their spouses. But they all stood there in the parking lot looking at each other.

Finally, Donna spoke, telling them that she was going to get a room to try to sleep off her drunken stupor. She had said it laughing,

trying to be funny, but Claudia had once again managed to change the tone.

“Maybe we could all come with you?” she said as she approached Donna and backed her up against her car. She ran her hands up and cupped her breasts. “Your nipples feel so hard and tight, I would love to take my tongue and lick every inch of them.”

If the bar scene hadn’t been enough to get the men hot, this certainly had done the trick. Peter was rock hard, and Theo and George were uncomfortably shifting trying to find comfort. That was when Donna had tried to push Claudia away.

“No, don’t push me away. Let me show you how good it can be.” Claudia had turned Donna’s face to look at the three of them. “Look at them Donna. Look how hard they are. How much they want us to.” She brought her mouth down to Donna’s and kissed her again. It was urgent and demanding as she reached her hand under Donna’s skirt, causing Donna to moan in pleasure.

Peter had watched them. He knew from the gentle shakes of Donna’s body that Claudia was finger-fucking her. There they stood in the parking garage watching the most erotic thing he’d ever seen. Unconsciously, Peter had begun to stroke himself through his pants. At about the same time, Claudia had pulled her hand out from under the skirt and took one finger in her mouth and began sucking it as she moaned.

“Mmm, you taste so good Donna. Let us come upstairs with you. Let me eat your pussy.” Looking over at the men, she asked, “Would you like to join us? Do you want to watch me eat Donna’s pussy and make her come?”

Theo had cursed and turned away. Peter understood the man’s dilemma, and it appeared George did, too. They wanted to. But they couldn’t. They were married.

Claudia left Donna and walked up behind Theo. She reached around and unzipped his pants. Reaching her hand in and caressing his erection with her fingernails, she whispered, “Donna’s not the

only one I want, Theo. I want you all. I want us to all to go upstairs.” She turned so that her hand was still in Theo’s pants but her gaze was on the other three of them. “I want us to go up there and have you three fuck Donna and me. I want you to take us in ways that should be taboo, but I can’t help but want.”

Donna had immediately frozen up at her statement. “No, I love my husband,” she said emphatically.

Claudia quickly interrupted her. “Donna, I only want you if you want me, too. If you don’t, then I can’t force you. But that doesn’t mean I want to exclude you, either.” Claudia laughed at her when she hadn’t understood. “Come on. Let’s all go upstairs. Whatever happens, happens. If that means nothing happens and you all just watch me touch myself and get myself off, then that’s as far as it will go. Just come upstairs. We could all touch ourselves and just watch each other. That surely wouldn’t be cheating.”

Somehow, fifteen minutes later, they all stood in the room that they had gotten. Claudia had started to undress first. Without saying anything, she stepped out of all of her clothes except for her thigh-high stockings, a pair of spiky heels, and a hint of a jewel that protruded from her clit. She was pierced.

Claudia had told them the truth. She hadn’t demanded anything of them as she lay on the bed and opened her legs for all of them to see. Sure, she talked to them. She told them how good it felt when she touched herself. She said how she wished that she was feeling them instead of herself. She was careful, Peter recalled, including each and every one of them in her fantasies.

“Donna, I wish you would take your clothes off, so I can see you. I’ve dreamed about what your tits would look like. Please, I won’t touch you, I promise,” she vowed as she continued to pleasure herself.

George had spoken for the first time since the parking garage then, “Do it, Donna. Come on, let us see you. Let her see you. She wants you so bad.” George’s request came out in pants as he was thoroughly jacking himself off in his pants.

Peter remembered clearly to this day his astonishment when Donna started to undress. Hidden underneath all of her conservative business suits, she was a walking wet dream. She had big, beautiful tits and a slim waist with hips that rounded just enough to accentuate a neatly trimmed pussy. Peter remembered thinking that she actually had a better body than Claudia. She just hid it better.

When Donna was down to nothing besides her heels, she gently rubbed her hand against one of her darkened little nipples and moaned.

“You are so beautiful, Donna. I wish you would let me taste you. God, I swear, I would die for just one taste of your pussy.” Claudia was rocking herself against her hand as the words caressed them all like silk.

Peter stared at the two women and knew that even though he had no intention of cheating on Daniella, he wanted to be free of his restraining clothes. He started to undress as Theo and George looked at him with uncertainty. After only a moment of hesitation, both men started to do the same.

Claudia was writhing on the bed as she continued to moan. “Oh, Donna, please. I can’t help myself. Please, let me taste you. I have never wanted a woman the way I want you.”

George came up behind Donna, startling her at first, then surprisingly, she relaxed in his arms as he guided her to the bed at the same time his stiff cock was pressing against her ass. Not one of them had missed it when George had pulled away, and she had arched her bottom into him and moaned.

“Lay down, Donna, let her taste you. Let us watch her eat your pussy.” He instructed.

Peter remembered Donna looked like she was in a trance. She surprisingly did as he asked and lay down. In a matter of seconds, Claudia was in between her thighs and was devouring her. They all looked on in fascination as Donna’s body shook and bucked with pleasure. Peter couldn’t speak for the other men, but when Donna

came, and he saw her climax squirt out of her as Claudia attempted to lap it up, that had been his breaking point. Without a thought for his wife or his family, he got on the bed behind Claudia and rammed his cock deep inside her.

It disgusted him now to remember how quickly he had lost control. How he had allowed himself to be in that situation in the first place. The rest of the night went on in a mad frenzy. Donna and Claudia had lost themselves in the eroticism of the night. They were both allowing the men to fuck them in turns as they continued to please each other. They were licking each other's pussies and sucking on one of their cocks and getting fucked all at the same time. It was like something out of a wild porno.

Peter remembered feeling a sense of hazy fascination at the sight in front of him, as if he was watching it and not involved in it. Both Donna and Claudia had come so many times, the sheets were soaked with their juices. Claudia's behavior was not a surprise, but Donna's sure had been. Peter recalled thinking how fucking gorgeous she looked when she was taking him in from behind. She had reached around and stuck her finger in her tight little hole and begged him to fuck her there. No one had been surprised when Claudia had produced a bottle of lubricant that had been in her purse. Although they never discussed it, Peter knew they all realized at that moment that Claudia had planned the seduction.

He shuddered when he remembered the sensation of when he first entered Donna's tight little ass. It was intoxicating. He had never taken his wife there, or any woman for that matter. He had never even tried to. He had figured it would be demeaning to them. But, when Donna willingly let him fuck her there, well, he had to admit that that was where his true betrayal had lain. Up until that point, he knew he had cheated on his wife. He knew it even though he knew he couldn't stop himself. Because now he realized this one time wouldn't be it. He knew he would have to have Donna again.

It wasn't until later when Claudia begged for it, too, while she was sucking on George's cock, did Peter realize that it wasn't just Donna he wanted, but both of them. He had not only cheated on his wife in the physical sense. But now it was emotional, because as sure as he knew how wrong it was, he also knew it would happen again.

Peter was startled out of his thoughts by his wife's voice. "Peter? What are you doing?"

He hadn't realized it, but in one hand he held the small picture of his wife in her wedding dress, and the other he had fisted around his stone hardened cock. He wanted to laugh at the contradiction of the sight. He had been jacking himself off to the memory of an orgy as he held a picture of his wife that spoke volumes of his love for her and the vows that he made to her.

"Peter, why are you looking at me like that?" she asked him curiously.

His eyes glinted in her direction as he smiled. They never did anything very adventurous. Sure he always touched her and made sure it was good for her. But, it was always so normal. It was always in a bed, and she was never on top. He loved her, and it was always amazing when they made love. But he wondered now as he watched her nipples harden under the thin layer of fabric if their lack of adventure had something to do with the illicit acts that went on when the group of them got together. What would it be like to take his wife in a less than 'normal' way, he wondered?

"Peter, please. You're embarrassing me." Her face visibly flushed at the sight of his arousal.

Peter set the picture down and held his free hand out to her. "Daniella. You are so beautiful, honey. Do you have any idea how much I love you?"

She was now standing before him, and he could feel her body trembling when he took her hand. "Peter, have you ever...I mean, the kids are out of the house now. So, I was wondering if..."

Peter slid his hand under her nightshirt and rasped his thumb over her sensitized nipple. "Yes. I have thought about trying new things, too. But I never wanted to...I didn't want you to feel as though I thought less of you, or I didn't love you just as much as before." He gently massaged her breast until he could tell she was aching with need for more.

"Peter. Can we..." She licked her lips as she tried to form the words. "We've never had...oh, gosh. I'm talking about oral sex, Peter. We've never done that. Have you wanted to? Because, I was wondering what it might be like."

Peter released his cock and stood up. Framing her face in his hands, he kissed her passionately. "We will tonight, honey. Take everything off and get on the desk."

He started to undress and wanted to add, 'And always remember how much I love you,' because he knew that things were escalating. He had a bad feeling about Claudia. The others had been right when they said she was getting out of hand. Soon, he would lose his wife to the secret he kept.

He hadn't even remembered Claudia taking the pictures that she so frequently held over their head, but yet, he had seen copies of them. As he watched his beautiful Daniella lay before him and he knelt down in front of her, he felt a tear escape his eye. "Sweet Daniella. I love you," he whispered as he took her with his mouth.

He loved the sweetness of her that he couldn't believe he was tasting for the first time. He felt more tears escape and mix with the wetness of her aching core. This might be the last time he has to love her. The last time she would let him touch her. He had to make it last. He had to make it good for her. She deserved so much better than the past four years of lies he had given her.

He felt her orgasm wash over her body as it flooded him. He began to silently sob as he lapped up the remainder of her climax. His heart ached for her. He knew it would be over soon. He would miss her so much when she left him. He would be lost without her.

Chapter Sixteen

Donna and George sat across from Peter and waited for Theo to arrive. Donna was nervously fidgeting with her hands as George's foot bounced erratically. They both looked at each other and then Peter. They didn't say a word, but they knew something was wrong. Peter looked worried. No, more than worried, he looked sad. Nothing ever frazzled Peter. The fact that he was bothered and that he called this meeting only added to their anxiety.

"What's taking him so long?" Donna brought her hand to her mouth and began chewing on a hang nail.

And as if summoned by her question, Theo rounded the corner and entered the office. He had just gotten back from court and looked winded. He had been about to complain for being summoned here when he was starving and wanted to grab a bite, but one look at the grim faces in the office, and he quickly shut his mouth.

He closed the door and sat in one of the chairs. "What's wrong?"

They all looked to Peter and waited. He sighed and looked up at the ceiling. The silence seemed to go on forever when Peter finally spoke. "We have a problem."

"Shit! I knew it. What did she do?" Theo snapped.

George and Donna cringed when Theo shouted at Peter. But Peter did not even flinch. He turned to Donna, "she called you last night didn't she?"

Donna's face turned pale white, and she nodded. "It wasn't the first time. I just started turning the ringer off before I go to bed at night. She seems to...her problems don't seem to come until after midnight."

George and Theo looked at each other. "What are you talking about? What's going on?" George demanded.

Peter steeped his hands together as he rocked back in his chair. "She called me last night after one o'clock. With Daniella lying next to me, I had to listen to her demand that I go to her." Peter shook his head in disgust before turning to Donna. "I don't mean to scare you. But I think she may be obsessed with you."

Donna asked fearfully. "Why? Why do you say that?"

George placed his hand on Donna's shoulder. "You must have seen how transfixed she gets on you."

Donna shook her head. "I love Colby. He's my whole life. If she..."

"Now before you panic, we need to discuss our options. What few we have. Her obvious fixation is you. You are the nucleus to her desires. Even when we are involved," Peter motioned with his hands indicating the three men, "her primary focus is always only on you. If it wasn't for her constant fascination with being fucked in the ass, she would have no use for us at all." Peter stilled when he saw the tears fall from Donna's face.

She rose from her chair and walked to the window. Looking out over the city, she began to sob.

The three men sat there in silence. Peter knew they all felt some level of remorse for their actions. They had all enticed her to get in bed that night with Claudia just as much as Claudia had. They had let their own stupid fantasy of seeing two women together cloud their better judgment. And now, she was suffering for it.

"Donna." Theo came up behind her and placed his hands on her shoulders.

"What's wrong with me? I'm no better than her." She turned to face Peter now. "You said it yourself. It's a fascination, an obsession." Tears started to flow freely of their own accord. "I've never even. God, I've never even let Colby do that. But, I turn into a cheap and filthy whore whenever..."

“No! Stop that. Stop that right now!” Peter demanded. “Oh hell, Donna, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have worded it like that. You’re nothing like her. We know how hard it is for you every time we’re together.” Peter came to her and put his arms around her. “We know how much you love Colby. We understand because we’re all in the same situation.”

George broke his silence and spoke, “He’s right Donna. I think we all know that if she hadn’t have confronted us with those pictures after the first time, it never would have happened again.”

Theo and George followed Peter’s lead and went to Donna, wrapping their arms around her.

Donna stood there by the window. She was surrounded by three men who she had let fuck her so many times over the past four years. Three men who had taken her body and used it for her pleasure, as well as their own. It was primal and animalistic, the way she let them have her over and over again. She could feel nothing but shame. Shame and remorse for her marriage that would soon be destroyed because of her inability to just say no.

“We’re going to lose everything, aren’t we?” she asked the men.

They each surrounded her with their warmth. “We might, but there is one option,” Theo said.

George and Peter looked at him then. “What can we do?” George asked.

“The only thing we can do. We’re going to have to come clean. I know Marci will leave me. I know she’ll take the kids, and I’ll be left with nothing but I can’t...” Theo stopped talking.

Donna knew that he was feeling the same pain she was, the pain that was cutting right through to each and every one of their very souls.

* * * *

Mitch looked up from his desk when Sara walked in. “Hey beautiful.”

Sara quickly closed the door. “Mitch, someone could hear you.” She set down the mug of coffee in front of him and kissed him on the cheek.

He smirked at her. “Yeah, no one’s figured out we’re a couple yet. They’re all completely clueless.”

“Stop. I just thought you could use some more coffee. How’s trial prep coming?” she asked as she began massaging his shoulders.

“Mmm, that feels good. It’s okay, I guess. We’ll be ready. I just hate all this last minute document preparation. It’s so tedious. And I’d much rather be at home with you.” He leaned his head back and gave her an upside-down kiss.

“Interesting.” Alan stood in the doorway.

“Oh, I’m sorry, Alan. I’ll get out of your way now and let you two get back to work.” She all but ran out of the office.

“Was it something I said?” Alan asked Mitch as he sat down across from him.

“No, we just haven’t had much time together lately. She feels guilty for trying to steal a few minutes here and there when we’re at the office.” Mitch winced when he burned his tongue on the scalding coffee.

“Did you see what was going on at the other side of the office this morning?” Alan asked as he got up to close the door.

“No, what? Is Claudia up to something again?” Mitch cringed at the thought.

“I don’t know. But something’s off. George, Theo, and Donna are all in Peter’s office with the door closed, and none of them look happy. I walked past the door earlier and heard Donna crying. She said something about obsession and her husband. I couldn’t really hear her. I wasn’t going to stand on the other side of the door and listen. But something’s definitely wrong.” He took a drink of his coffee and shook his head. “Whatever it is, it’s real bad. I can feel it.”

"I got the same feeling yesterday. They all acted like they were afraid of Claudia." Mitch's head tilted as he thought of something. "You don't think, I mean the rumor is that they've screwed around with her, even in the office, from what I understand. But you don't think that she has pictures of them, do you? Maybe that's why they acted that way."

Alan thought about it for a minute and then shook his head. "No, I mean, I see your point, but what would Donna have to do with it? I mean, what would be her connection? No, it just doesn't add up. I'll tell you one thing, though. I am damn glad I love my wife enough to say no. Because that woman is t-r-o-u-b-l-e, trouble."

"You can say that again. The best decision I ever made was turning her down." Mitch swallowed his coffee over his scaled tongue.

"Really. The best?" Alan quirked his brows at him.

Mitch, understanding the underlying question, raised his mug to the man. "You're right. The smartest thing I ever did was seduce that pretty little secretary named Sara. Now that I've gotten her to fall in love with me, I just have to convince her to marry me."

Alan had been taking a drink and ended up spitting it out all over Mitch. It wasn't for effect, or humor. He had truly been shocked by Mitch's declaration. "Married?"

Mitch looked down at his coffee-soaked desk and back up at Alan. "I believe when I said it, there was a lot less spitting involved. But yeah, married. I love her. I hardly see the point in waiting a year or two when it's already so right."

"Well, in that case, I'd like to offer my congratulations." Alan held out a hand to him.

Mitch shook his hand reluctantly. "Thanks, but could I get a paper towel instead?"

* * * *

Sara stood outside the war room door and listened to Mitch talk to Claudia. This was stupid, she thought. Why was she finding it harder and harder to leave him here every night with her? She trusted Mitch. She really did. Claudia, on the other hand, was another story. Her spiteful bitchiness was one thing. Sara couldn't shake the feeling that she was capable of much worse though. She took a deep breath, refusing to be intimidated by her, and walked in the room.

Her uneasiness was quickly swept aside by the giant smile Mitch gave her. "I just wanted to say goodbye before I went home." She reached over and handed him a bag from the deli downstairs. She had just had it delivered. It was his favorite sandwich, a Reuben on dark pumpernickel bread with extra sauerkraut. "I wasn't sure how late you were going to be, so I ordered you a sandwich."

Mitch got up from the table, and leaned over and gave Sara a big, crushing hug. "Let me walk you to your car."

She felt a smug satisfaction at him showing her such affection in front of Claudia.

"No, the sooner you get done here, the sooner you can come home," Sara said. They hadn't really made it public knowledge that he had been staying at her place, but she felt no remorse about spilling the beans in front of Claudia.

"Okay, at least let me walk you to the elevator." He put his arm around her and told Claudia over his shoulder, "I'll be back."

He walked her to the elevator where there was a lot of kissing. He had begged her to let him "take a ride" in the elevator with her. She had insisted though that he get back to work so he could get home. He reluctantly agreed and moped back inside, giving her a pouty face before winking.

She smiled and waved as she got on the elevator. Why couldn't she shake this uneasiness? Something inside her screamed not to leave him here. She couldn't figure out why. "Get a hold of yourself," Sara chided herself. She was being ridiculous. If she could handle walking in on Claudia in Mitch's lap, then she could certainly manage

it if he worked on some trial documents with her for a few hours. She drove home and eased it to the back of her mind. Not allowing it to consume her.

* * * *

Mitch walked back in the war room and proceeded to get back to work. Feeling no need to talk to Claudia unless absolutely necessary, he worked in silence. A half an hour or more had passed when Claudia had gotten up to stretch.

"I'm going to go heat up a frozen dinner I brought. I'll be back. You want a soda or anything?" she asked him in a casual, old buddy demeanor.

He stared at her. Hating her for all of the crap she pulled. "No thanks. I think I'll get my own."

She shrugged. "Suit yourself then."

Thirty minutes later, Mitch balled up the paper sack which had held his sandwich and guzzled the last of his coke. "I'll be back. I'm going to wash up."

"Okay, I'm going to make a fresh pot of coffee, do you want some?" she asked him, again casually, like an old friend.

He studied her expression, looking for signs of deceit. Surprisingly, he didn't see any underhanded scheming going on. And if he was going to be honest with himself, he would have to admit that she had remained professional and tactful all day today, including this evening. She had behaved like the perfect secretary.

"Sure, black's fine." He left to go to the men's room.

Five minutes later, Mitch walked back in. Claudia sat there sorting some documents and didn't look up at him. On his side of the table was a cup of steaming black coffee. He walked over and took a sip of it and set it back down. "It's good. Thank you."

She looked up at him and smiled. Not like a seductress or a she-cat, but like a nice woman. "Sure." She shrugged. "Who knows, maybe one day we can be friends." And she went back to work.

Mitch sat puzzled for a minute. This woman had been hounding him relentlessly for six weeks now. She had gone out of her way to make Sara's life hell, and now she was acting like a normal person. Could she have given up? Did she finally understand that her pursuit of him was a lost cause? He was skeptical but decided he had too much work to do to worry about it now. He reached for his coffee and drank some more as he began reading the discovery documents that sat before him.

A half an hour later, Mitch was straining his eyes to stay awake. The past couple of weeks had really affected his sleep. He wasn't completely complaining. A lot of those sleepless nights were because he got to make love with Sara. He had to laugh. He might talk dirty to her and tell her that he was going to fuck her, but he loved her so much, that making love was the only way to describe how his heart clenched every time he held her to him so intimately.

God, he was tired. "I'll be back. Did you make a whole pot of this because I'm beat?"

Claudia took the final swig of her cup. "Yeah, I did. Here, I need some, too. Why don't you hand me your cup."

Mitch was too tired to do anything but hand it to her. "Thanks." He watched Claudia walk out of the room and felt his vision swim. For a second, he thought maybe there was two of her. He shook his head and slapped his hands against his cheeks. He got up from his chair and began walking. He couldn't remember ever getting this tired this fast. Maybe he was coming down with something. He sat down on the small leather couch at the far end of the room. Maybe if he just rested his eyes for a minute, he would feel refreshed. He laid his head against the back of the couch and shut them.

Claudia came back in the room. She looked over at Mitch sleeping on the couch and set the mugs down on the table. Quirking a brow,

she walked toward him. “Mitch?” she waited for an answer. When one hadn’t come, she tried again. “Mitch, can you hear me?” This time, she nudged his shoulder. But he was in deep sleep, completely unaware of what was going on around him.

“Finally.” Claudia reached down and started undoing his belt buckle. He was such a large man, she had a hard time maneuvering his body to remove all of his clothes. Ten minutes later, she was breathless. Mitch’s clothes were scattered on the floor, and all she had left to do, now, was take off her own clothes.

Her eyes twinkled in admiration of his finely-sculpted body. She thought he would be fit. But, she hadn’t been prepared for the sinew that lay before her eyes. She actually regretted having to do things this way now. It would be much more fun if he was awake, and they could fuck. She knew just by looking at him that he would be good.

Once she was completely stripped of her clothes and they were strewn just as haphazardly as his were, she climbed on top of him to snuggle against his chest. After all, she had to give the appearance of a satiated couple after a night of lustful sex. She closed her eyes in an attempt to get some rest of her own. She wished she hadn’t put both of the sleeping pills in Mitch’s coffee. She could have used one. Tomorrow morning was going to be a very eventful one, and she wanted to get as much beauty sleep as possible.

* * * *

Sara had tried to sleep several times through the night but was unable. She wasn’t sure if it was the uneasy feeling that had plagued her all afternoon and evening. Or, if it was the fact that Mitch always checked in with her before she went to bed, but he hadn’t tonight. At first, she just went to bed and tried to ignore the pit in her stomach. She didn’t want to be one of those whiny girlfriends that called when he was trying to get some work done.

But at two a.m. she had caved and called his cell phone. There was no answer. She waited a while thinking he would call her back, but he didn't. By three o'clock, she was in full-blown panic mode. She convinced herself that she had every reason to be worried, so she called again. And again and again and again.

Finally, she thought maybe he had left his cell phone in his desk drawer. He had done it before. With huge relief, she relaxed. Just wanting to hear his voice, she called the main office number and then dialed the extension for the war room. Why hadn't she thought of it sooner?

But, as she was thinking how silly she had been all night, she was troubled by the ringing on the other end. After no answer, she called the office back and this time tried his office phone. She alternated between calling the two extensions and his cell phone for another three hours. It was now after six a.m., and she hadn't been to bed. Telling herself she would not give in to her stupid insecurities, she got ready for work like it was any normal morning.

At 7:15, Sara walked through the lobby and into the elevator. She knew she was nearly an hour early for work, but she hadn't been able to relax at home. If she could just walk in and see that Mitch had fallen asleep at his desk, she would be able to breathe easy again.

* * * *

"What about you?" George asked Theo as he set down his cup of coffee on the break room table.

"Same. She's leaving me. She hates me. I was the worst mistake she ever made." Theo shook his head. "I swear, if it weren't for the kids, I would blow my brains out right now. I really love her, George. How could I have done it?"

"Shit, don't ask me. I'm just as fucking stupid. Did I tell you she was a virgin when she married me? She waited her whole life for Mr. Right. Instead, she got stuck with me. Her tears were...damn it. I

hated hurting her like that. Do you know she was going to forgive me? She said since I strayed once, it was nothing we couldn't work past. When I had to tell her it had been going on for four years. God. The memory of the pain in her eyes absolutely killed me." George had to stop.

Peter stood in the doorway with his arm around Donna. "Got any more of that coffee to spare? We've had a rough night."

Both men eyed the couple standing there. "You told them together?" Theo asked incredulously.

"No," Peter said. "I found Donna sleeping in her car in the parking lot."

Donna stood there next to Peter. She didn't even look like the same woman. Her eyes were swollen and puffy. Her nose was red and had a permanent trail of drainage flowing from it.

"Donna, are you okay?" George asked as he handed her a cup of coffee.

She nodded her head as she began sobbing again. "He hates me. He said, he said he was glad that we hadn't had kids yet." She blew her nose and gasped for breath as she continued. "He said he didn't want a whore to be the mother of his children."

"Oh, Donna. I'm so sorry." This came from Theo, who pulled up a chair for her to sit in.

"Why? It's true. I am a whore. Who else let's herself get gang-banged by three men and has oral sex with another woman? Everything he said about me was true." She put her head in her hands. "I love him so much. He's everything to me." She looked up at Theo, standing directly in front of her. "What am I going to do without him? I already feel like a part of me has died. I've been with him since I was nineteen years old."

"I don't know, honey. But, you're strong. You'll be okay. We all will," Peter told them.

"What about you, man? How did Daniella take the news?" George asked somberly.

Peter hesitated before answering. How could he tell him that he had chickened out? When he had gotten home last night, Daniella had taken the experience of their night before and used it. She had bought a movie from one of those seedy establishments off of Route 24 and wanted to watch it with him.

At first, he had told himself that he hadn't told her because she was so excited about the movie. But he knew that wasn't true. He was being selfish. He wanted that time with her. Just one more night, he told himself. He would tell her tomorrow, he vowed.

But later that night in bed, she confessed a secret to him. She had told him that for years, she had been worried that he would stray. That she wasn't woman enough to make him happy. She cried as she lay against his chest and told him how much she loved him. How happy she was that he had loved her enough to be patient and faithful to her for all these years.

After she had opened up about all of her self-doubt, he couldn't take away her new-found freedom. She told him she felt like a woman, a powerful woman that could make her man happy. She told him over and over again how much he meant to her. It broke his heart when she went down on him, vowing to do anything in her power to make him happy for as long as she lived.

He cried as she loved him so sweetly with her mouth. He couldn't tell her. It would kill her to hear that he had done everything that she had feared most. And that would kill him.

"Are you okay Peter?" George asked him.

"I'm not ready to talk about it." Peter turned away. Hoping they didn't see the deceit in his eyes.

"Listen, I hate to bring up the core of our misery, but has anyone heard from Claudia? I mean, she's been on meltdown mode for weeks now, hell bent on destroying what was left of our lives and our marriages, and then all of a sudden, she dropped off the radar. I didn't

see her once yesterday. And she didn't call my office for any of the stupid reasons she usually uses, either," Theo pointed out to them.

"Come to think of it I don't think I've seen her since a couple of days ago in Peter's office," George said, turning to Peter.

"Did she try and call you?" Peter asked Donna.

"No. None of us have talked to her since that day. What does that mean? She never leaves us alone. What is she...?" She quickly turned her head toward the hallway. "Did you hear that? Someone's here. It's barely after seven."

They all filed out and ran into Sara in the front lobby. Peter noticed that she didn't look good. It was clear that she hadn't slept with the dark rings shadowed under her eyes. But most noticeable was her pale face and the faint appearance of a lower trembling lip.

"Sara, are you okay?" Peter asked her. "You're early aren't you?"

"Oh, hello every...Donna, are you okay?" she asked after seeing the tears staining her cheeks.

Donna nodded, clearly unable to speak without crying again.

"Okay, if you're sure." Sara turned to the three men. "I realize I'm early. I was worried about Mitch. He didn't come home last night, and while I'm sure he fell asleep at his desk, I just needed to be sure to... Where is he going?" she asked Donna, Theo, and George as Peter raced off.

The three men looked at each other and the words were understood even though they were not spoken. Peter was sure Claudia had done something. While he didn't know what, he was very aware that she was capable of destroying lives just for sport. He started to head toward the war room, the last place he knew Mitch and Sara had been.

"Donna, stay with Sara okay?" George told her as he and Theo followed Peter's direction.

"What's going on?" Sara said to Donna, who was now crying.

Sara started to run after them, but Donna grabbed her. “Don’t Sara.” She closed her eyes and shook her head. “You should stay here.”

“Like hell I should. Let go of me!” She swung her arm loose and ran down the hall, following the three men.

Chapter Seventeen

“Damn it, wake up!” Peter shook Mitch’s arm as Claudia lay on top of him laughing.

Theo and George had just walked in to witness the scene.

“You bitch!” Theo cursed her, but his anger only caused her to laugh harder.

“You really do enjoy destroying people don’t you? You’re pathetic. The joke is on you. We all told last night. Your pictures don’t mean shit now!” George screamed at her.

Peter didn’t say anything. Would the pictures come out now? Would Daniella still find out? He tried not to worry about that now but the thought wasn’t far from his mind.

“Mitch, wake up. Mitch, come on, wake up. Sara’s here. Listen to me man.” Peter stopped talking at the sight of Mitch stirring. “Get off of him, you whore!”

Claudia didn’t move, but instead snuggled closer against him. Peter noticed that she had a determined glint in her eye at the news that Sara was at the office. Had her plan had been for them to be discovered in this very scandalous way, knowing that the office gossip mill would take care of the rest? Had things worked out that much sweeter to know that Sara was here to see it for herself? He wondered.

Peter had to turn away. This was it. This was what he had avoided the night before. This scene of aching torment that cuts into the depths of a man’s soul when he hurt the woman he loved. He looked at George and Theo and saw the same realization. They had lived the same nightmare just the night before.

Mitch was groggy. He opened his eyes, but everything seemed so bright. Why was it so bright in here? He opened his eyes to see Peter standing over him shouting something about Sara. Why was Peter in their bedroom? Mmm, Sara. He could feel her lying against his chest. She felt so good in his arms. Wait, something didn't feel right. He looked down and saw Claudia looking up at him smiling. She was naked. He looked down at his body and saw that he was naked also. *What in the fuck?*

"No, let go of me. I want to see Mitch. Oh, my God." Sara stood in the doorway of the large war room. Across the room, lying on the couch, was Mitch, holding Claudia to him, naked after their obvious night of sex.

Mitch looked at Sara standing there staring at him, tears streaming down her face. She must have thought, Oh, God, no. "Sara, honey." He started to push Claudia off of him, but the bitch held on like a damn vice.

"Let her be, Mitch. She would have found out about us eventually, anyway," Claudia said as she gave Sara a mocking look of victory.

"Mitch, no," Sara cried. "Why?"

"Baby, please. Let me explain." How in the hell was he going to do that? He didn't even know what happened. With Peter's help, he managed to get up from the couch. He reached his briefs on the floor and put them on hobbling toward her.

"No. Don't. Stay where you are." She put her hands over her face and screamed a guttural sound of agony before looking back up at him. "How could you? You promised me. I can't believe I was so stupid." She turned to leave.

Mitch got to her in time and grabbed her arm to swing her back. "Sara, please. I love you. Let me explain. Please, baby, please let me explain!"

"I believed you. I trusted you." Sara struggled to be released from his hold, but he only held her tighter.

“Baby, I swear to you, I don’t know what happened. I would never...I could never.” Mitch’s eyes filled. “Sara, I love you so much.”

Whap! The stinging slap hurt more in his heart than it did on his face.

“Don’t you say that to me. Love me? You don’t even know what love is. I do. I know what love is, Mitch. I loved you. And you ruined that.” She said it with disbelief etched across her face.

Mitch looked back at her. If he let her walk away, he would lose her forever. He framed her face in his hands. “Sara, honey. I would never cheat on you. You are everything to me. My whole life. You are my soul.” He took one of her hands and placed it on his heart. “You are my heart. I am nothing without you.” He leaned over to brush a gentle kiss to her lips. “I love you so much, honey.”

“No, stop.” She was bawling now. “Don’t do this. Please, don’t make this harder than it already is. I loved you so much.” She shook her arms, trying to break the hold he had on her.

“Don’t say that, honey. Please, don’t say you loved me. Tell me you still do. Tell me we can work this out.” Mitch’s control faltered and he began to truly cry. He cried for the woman he loved and hurt. He cried for what he had obviously done. And, he cried for himself, knowing that he might lose the only woman that he had ever loved.

“I can’t. God, I do love you. I love you so much. But we can’t work it out, Mitch. Ever.” She broke free of his hold and ran for the door.

Mitch finally caught up with her and grabbed onto her waist as he fell to his knees. She turned to face him. She dug her hands into his shoulders and did everything in her power to push him away.

“Mitch, stop,” she cried. “Please let me go. Just let me go.”

His arms wrapped around her tighter. His muffled voice reverberated off of her body. “No. Please, baby. I can’t, please don’t make me. I can’t ever let you go.”

Sara struggled for a moment, and then stilled. “Mitch, look at me.”

Sara’s calmer voice took him by surprise. He slowly turned his face and looked up at her, tears streaming down his face. Holding onto her so tight, he was probably bruising her beautiful skin. “Baby, please. I’m sorry. Please. I don’t know what happened. I love you.”

“Mitch. Oh, Mitch.” She couldn’t help herself as she took her hands to his face, gently rubbing the tears away. “I love you. Until the day that I die, I will love you. But, I can never forget what I just saw. If you love me, if you truly do, you’ll let me go. Please, Mitch. I can’t be with you anymore.” She tried to un-wrap his arms from her back, struggling to free herself. “Mitch, please. You’re hurting me.”

At Sara’s request, he gentled his hold on her but did not release her. “Baby, I can’t let you go. Let’s talk about this. I can make it up to you. I’ll do whatever it takes, please, just please, don’t leave me.”

George, Donna, Theo, and Peter looked on as two other secretaries walked in and were staring at the drama that was being played out. A tear trailed down one of their cheeks while listening to Mitch’s plea.

George went to Mitch. Placing a hand on his shoulder, he spoke softly, “Mitch, you have to let her go.”

“No!” He looked up at Sara. “Anything, honey, I’ll do anything.” Gut-wrenching sobs tore from his body. “I can’t live without you. How can I live without holding you, without seeing your smile? Your beautiful smile. How can I live without kissing you, without touching you? Baby, please, I’ll die without you. I’ll never be able to sleep again without you in my arms. Holding you against me. Baby, oh God. I need you so much. I can’t survive without you.”

Theo came up behind him and stood next to George. “Mitch, we understand. Believe me, we understand more than you know. But she’s right. If you love her, you have to let her go.”

Both men began pulling Mitch away from Sara. He struggled against them like a child who was being separated from his mother for the first time.

When they finally restrained Mitch, Sara ran. She headed toward the elevator and waited for mere seconds before one opened, and she ran in. She clicked the button over and over again until the doors finally closed. The last thing she heard was Mitch scream her name. Unable to stand any longer, she dropped to the floor and sobbed.

Sara was still. Numb with a heart that had shattered into a million pieces. She wanted to fall into his kiss as he begged for forgiveness. She wanted to grab onto his embrace. She wanted to believe every word he told her. But she'd already done that once. While she had been pushing him away, pleading with him to let her go, she was unable to control the incomprehensible pain that tore through her soul.

Minutes later, she felt herself being carried. Mitch, she thought. It had been a horrible dream. He was taking her to bed. They were going to make love. But wait, she could hear cars, and these didn't feel like Mitch's arms holding her. She opened her eyes to look up but her vision was blocked as she was placed in the passenger side of a car.

She remembered something now. She had been in the elevator crying. She heard the bell chime. Someone had entered. They knew her. They kept saying her name and smoothing her hair over her head. She turned her head at the sound of the driver's side door opening. Patrick.

"Shh. Do you need to see a doctor?" He asked her.

She must have shaken her head no.

"Okay. Let me take you to my place where you can rest." He put a finger to her lips when she started to talk. "You don't have to say anything. Just let me take care of you."

* * * *

Mitch finally broke free of George and Theo. He ran back to the war room. A wave of nausea hit him as he saw his clothes strewn all over the room. What had he done? He started dressing rapidly.

"Mitch, what are you doing?" Peter asked.

Mitch looked for his shirt. "I have to find her. I have to make her understand. I have to tell her how sorry I am."

"Mitch." Peter shook him. "Will it change what you did? No, it won't. You will suffer the loss of the only woman you've ever loved just like us," Peter was shouting. "You don't understand. Take the consequence now. If you don't, that viper will take every part of your soul."

Mitch wasn't so sure what he was talking about, but he responded anyway. "Sara is my soul."

"We know," George said from the doorway. "She has ruined all of our lives." He shook his head. "Sex is a game to her, and she doesn't care who gets wiped out in the process." George stopped when he heard someone come in the room.

Claudia stood there. "Why does everyone look so glum, boys?"

Mitch wanted to kill her. "What happened?" He screamed at her.

"What happened? We had mind-blowing sex. That's what happened. You told me how good it was, how it was so much better with me than with her. You told me how boring she was. You..." Her dramatic storytelling was interrupted by Mitch throwing his coffee cup across the room, causing it to smash against the wall.

"You are a lying bitch! There is no way in hell I ever would have told you such bullshit." Mitch ran a shaking hand through his hair. "Why? How did it happen? I don't remember any..."

"You don't remember any of it?" Donna asked curiously from the doorway.

"No, I...Jesus, Donna, are you okay?" He asked when he saw her face, her puffy eyes and tear-stained cheeks.

She nodded. "What is the last thing you remember?" she asked him while watching Claudia who suddenly seemed very nervous.

“I had eaten a sandwich that Sara had gotten me. I remember drinking coffee, and the next thing I knew, I had gotten so tired. Which I thought was weird because...Donna what are you doing?”

Donna stormed across the room to Claudia and punched her so hard that her body flew backward into the couch. “You drugged him, didn’t you? You bitch!”

Claudia laid there looking up at Donna’s finger shaking in her face. She felt her mouth and the sticky, warm fluid pouring from it. There was a metallic taste forming in her mouth. “Donna, I didn’t drug him. I swear! He wanted me.”

Donna’s laugh sounded evil and surprised everyone in the room. “Wanted you? Ha! None of us wanted you. We hate you. We despise everything about you. But there’s a difference between us and him, isn’t there?”

Mitch listened to the exchange, confused and not entirely sure that he should even be hearing some of it. It was like he was thrown into the middle of a nightmare.

“Answer me! He didn’t sleep with you, did he?” Donna asked her, a wicked tone of pleasure in her voice. She had lost Colby to this bitch. No one else should suffer just because she liked to toy with people’s lives.

“Of course, I slept with him, he...we...” Claudia was stammering. For the first time since they knew her, she was losing control of her own game.

Peter’s brow quirked up. “She’s right, isn’t she? Mitch didn’t touch you. What did you give him?”

Theo came in the room then. He threw an empty trial-size package of sleeping pills on the table. “I got this from your purse. Tell me. How was Mitch able to fuck you when he was passed out?”

Claudia got up from the couch and started to stammer. Denying their accusations, she actually turned to Mitch for help. “Don’t you remember, Mitch? It was so good.”

Mitch just stared at her. An icy glaze formed in his stare.

“Pictures?” George asked. “Surely you took pictures. I mean, that’s your *modus operandi* isn’t it?”

Mitch couldn’t stand it anymore. “What in the hell are you all talking about? It’s like you’re all speaking in code.”

“We’ll explain it all in due time, Mitch.” Peter said.

“Peter, I realize I’m just an office manager. But isn’t there some sort of law out there about drugging people without their permission?”

“As a matter of fact, there is. George, call the police. Mitch, let’s get you to the hospital quickly and get a blood test,” Peter said as he ushered him toward the door.

Mitch struggled against his hold. “I can’t. I have to find Sara. She’s all that matters.”

“Don’t be a fool, Mitch. You know what she saw,” Theo said. “We lost the loves of our lives to Claudia’s debauchery. If you are going to get her back, you need proof.”

“But if I explain to her. No, you’re right. It’s too unbelievable. I need to be able to prove it beyond a shadow of a doubt.” Mitch finally saw his shirt and reached for it. “Come on, Peter. I need you to drive. My hands are shaking too bad.”

George hung up the phone and smiled at Claudia. “The police are on their way. Do you know what that means?” He waited while she said nothing. “No? Well I’ll tell you. It means that you are finally going to get what’s coming to you.”

The four of them watched Mitch. They all knew and felt that pain. The knowledge that you were capable of hurting the one person you loved the most. That you were responsible for the pain in their eyes was the worst kind of hell.

Chapter Eighteen

Sara woke up, it was dark outside, and she was lying in an unfamiliar room. She glanced down at her body and saw that except for her shoes, she was completely clothed. There was a thin blanket draped over her body. She started to move when she felt the pain in her head. It was excruciating. Gritting her teeth, she suffered through it and walked toward the door. She opened it and saw a light streaming down a hallway.

Was this Patrick's house, she wondered? "Hello?" Her voice was scratchy, so she had barely made a sound. She walked farther down the hall and was about to say it again when she saw Patrick sitting at a desk, reading some papers. "Patrick?"

He looked up. His face looked sad. "Sara." He got up from the desk and went to her. "Are you okay?"

She nodded, thankful for his quiet words. "Do you have any aspirin?"

He gave her a halfhearted smile. "Sure, water?"

"Yes, please." Sara looked around the small house and wondered how long she had been there. "How long was I asleep?"

He handed her two aspirin and a glass of water. He looked at a clock above his desk and squinted his eyes as he thought. "About ten hours."

"Ten hours? Oh, gosh, Patrick, I'm sorry. Did you miss anything important today because of me?"

He snickered. "Sara. When I saw you today. Huddled on the floor of the elevator. Sobbing so hard you couldn't breathe. God, don't you know? There was nothing more important than taking care of you."

She was touched by his sweet words. "Thank you, Patrick. I don't think I could have gone home today."

He nodded. "Mitch?"

"Yeah. We, um, broke up."

"I gathered that. He hurt you, didn't he?" He watched the pain in her face as she whispered the word yes.

"I shouldn't tell you this, but you have a right to know. Your cell phone has been ringing all day. A few people from the office, but he called at least fifty times. I eventually turned the ringer off."

He watched her mixed emotions wash across her face. "He left messages. Do you want to hear them?"

"No." She shook her head adamantly.

"Okay. Listen, why don't I make you something to eat? The room you were sleeping in has some of my sister's extra clothes for when she comes to visit. There's a bathroom attached to that spare room. Take a bath, and let the aspirin do its job. Do you have any preferences for food? I could make you some soup, or a sandwich. I have turkey and roast beef."

She didn't even want to think about food. But she knew it would help with her head. "Um, how about a turkey sandwich? That would be great. Are you sure it's okay if I take a bath? I mean, I've put you out so much already and..."

Patrick touched her cheek. "Take a bath, Sara. Let me take care of you."

She looked at the concern in his eyes and knew that he really did want to help her. She felt safe with him for now. She knew she couldn't go home. She knew Mitch would be there. "Okay. Thank you." She turned back and headed to the spare room.

Patrick watched her walk away and wondered what the son of a bitch could have done to hurt her so badly. The pain he saw in her today had torn his heart out.

He hadn't been able to stop thinking about her since he ran into her in the elevator. If Mitch was too stupid to appreciate her, maybe Patrick would get a chance to some day. But not now. Now she needed a friend. She needed to cry until all that remained of the pain was a dull ache. He could be the friend to help her through that. He would be that friend.

* * * *

Mitch finished giving his statement to the officer. "Thank you, again."

"Sure, Mr. Harding. Listen, if you need us to talk to your girlfriend, I will be happy to." The officer had offered it twice already.

"No, I have the medical report. I just need to get to her and explain. But thanks." Mitch shook the man's hand and wandered back to Peter's office.

Donna sat in a chair near the window when he walked in. She had been so strong when she had confronted Claudia earlier that day. But in the past couple of hours, she had retreated. Mitch still couldn't believe the tale that was told to him as he waited for the test results at the hospital. When Peter laid out the whole sordid story, he had been shocked. He knew Claudia was a selfish person, but he had no idea that she would sink to such levels, like blackmail or drugging someone just to get her way.

"Is she okay?" he asked the three men as they sat in their chairs, giving her the space she needed.

"I don't know." Theo took a swig of his whiskey. "She's had it harder than us. She was the one who always tried to stand up to Claudia. But her fear of exposure always won out."

"It's not just that," Peter said. "She's a woman. She did more than we did. She's feeling, I hate to say it, I don't want to give the word

any more credence than I fear it already has, but, I think she feels dirty.” Peter shook his head in dismay.

“Why doesn’t she hate us? She hates Claudia. Why not us?” George wondered aloud.

Theo answered him. “Because we never forced her.” He slammed the rest of his drink back. “We used her, but we never forced her.”

“Stop it,” Donna’s quiet voice sounded from the far end of the room.

“Donna, we’re sorry. We just can’t stand to see you this way,” Theo apologized for all of them.

“You didn’t use me. None of you did. She did. She used all of us and I don’t...” Donna’s face had frozen. She was staring at the doorway.

All the men turned to see what had fascinated her. In the doorway stood Donna’s husband.

“Colby?” Donna got up from her chair and reluctantly walked toward him.

All men froze, even Mitch. He wasn’t sure why, but suddenly he felt guilty by association. He didn’t want to throw the other men under the bus, but he felt the overwhelming urge to let the man know that he hadn’t touched his wife. If nothing else, to save himself before the bloodshed began. Mitch quickly whispered a good bye to the men and slipped out.

“My cousin, Jolena, called me.” He looked at the other men. “She told me about your statement. I...I mean, I know she wasn’t supposed to. She could lose her job on the force for doing it, but I...” He walked closer to her. “Did you really feel dirty like you said in the report? It said you,” Colby’s voice was trembling as it appeared he was trying not to cry. “You wanted to be punished? Is that why...why you only let them...” He couldn’t continue.

“Colby. Please. I understand why Jolena told you what she did. But it wasn’t meant for your ears. I need to get some help for myself.”

She turned to the other men. Her plea was evident. She waited as they all exited the room and closed the door.

“Donna, when I read that report. That night last winter when I found you in the bathroom crying, you said you had slipped with the razor. I believed you. I never knew.” Colby cried openly now.

“Shh. Colby, you couldn’t have known. I didn’t want you to. I was so afraid to lose you that I let it continue. That day, before that night in the bathroom, it was exceptionally bad. I begged her to let us stop. I told her how much I hated it.” She shook her head and let tears escape. “She didn’t care. All she cared about was her sick fantasies. I thought that as long as I had you, I could deal with the self-loathing I felt, but it...it doesn’t work that way.”

“And last month? The car accident? Jolena said something about that not being related to slick roads like you told me.” Colby stared at her intently.

“I shouldn’t have lied to you. But I couldn’t even tell you about that night in the hotel room. How was I going to tell you that from time to time I tried to kill myself?” She chuckled sarcastically. “I never even had the guts to do that, either. I always chickened out at the last minute.”

“Tell me about the drugs, honey.” Colby touched his hand to her arm.

His touch warmed her. She needed to feel the connection. His heart was breaking and she was the reason why. Could he still love her?

Donna shook her head. “There’s nothing to tell. It’s all speculation. All of us had a strange, hazy-like memory of that night. We thought it might have been the alcohol, but some things never added up.” She shrugged. “It’s a possibility I thought many times, but we have never been able to pinpoint what she gave us, how she gave it to us, or what it was for that matter. There’s just no way of ever knowing.”

“Donna, I need to know. Do you think you were drugged that first night?”

“I can’t promise you for certainty that I was or wasn’t. We’ll never know.”

“But what do you *think*?” Colby asked again.

“Yes. I can’t speak for the others, but I remember feeling like I was in a trance, almost like I was hypnotized.” She looked at Colby, ached for him. “Colby, it doesn’t matter, anyway. I still did the things I told you. I did them rather than be honest with you. I’ll never forgive myself for what I did to our marriage and to you.” Her tears flowed freely now as she struggled to finish telling him what she needed to. She had to do what George and Theo had said earlier. Because she loved him, she had to let him go.

“Colby. I will love you until the day I die. I want you to find someone who is worthy of the type of man that you are.” She struggled, her sobs wreaking havoc on her speech. “Have children and have a family. Be happy, Colby.” She raised a hand to his face and gently brushed her thumb across it. “I’m sorry.” She walked toward the door.

“We should wait, you know,” he said to her over his shoulder. Slowly turning toward her, he continued, “I want you to get that help you talked about. I don’t want you to want to die, honey.” He walked toward her. “When you feel better, when you want to live all the time, then maybe we can work on that family.”

“What are you saying?” She listened to the words, knowing there was no way he could be saying what she thought she was hearing.

“I hate what happened. And I don’t want you to work here anymore. I don’t want you to ever see those men again. If it wasn’t for the fact that I heard their statements, too, and know what they’ve lost, they wouldn’t even be standing right now. I love you, Donna. It broke me when I heard you hated yourself so much you wanted to end your life. I think of all the times you came close. All of the times I thought you were just having a run of bad luck. I could have lost

you.” Not being able to contain himself, Colby grabbed her and held her tightly.

Donna’s tears stopped. She squeezed her eyes tightly shut and whispered to him, “I will spend the rest of my life making it up to you, Colby. I’m sorry.”

“There’s only one thing you can do that will make it up to me,” he told her.

“What? I’ll do anything.” She would, too. If he told her to jump off the building for his forgiveness, she would.

He held her close and dropped his forehead down to lay against hers. “Live, honey. Don’t hate yourself anymore. Live for me. Live for the children we haven’t had yet.”

* * * *

“What do you make of that?” George had been blindsided to hear how Donna felt about herself.

“I don’t believe it. She never wanted it. When we – oh Christ. We were helping her abuse herself, because she thought she deserved it?” Theo muttered to himself.

“I thought I felt low when I told my wife the news, but to know that we had been defiling Donna’s body while she was secretly wishing she were dead. Jesus, what kind of a hell did we put her through?” Theo added

“What about Colby, though?” George asked. “Why isn’t he tearing us to shreds?”

“Because right now, all that matters is her. He loves her. No matter what she did, he can’t change that. No amount of anger or pain could keep him from helping her when she really needed him.” Peter sighed. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I have something important that I need to take care of.”

They all waved at him. Peter hadn’t yet told them about the events of the previous night. They didn’t know he was a man walking the

proverbial plank right now. In a very short time, he would be left with nothing, just like them. It was a miserable club to be a member of.

Colby and Donna walked out of the office. "Please tell Peter I said goodbye. And Mitch, I hope he is able to win Sara back. Goodbye." It was a short and simple farewell.

Colby had glared at the men as he walked by holding his wife close to his side. "We'll never see her again, will we?" George asked Theo.

"No. She'll never be back." Theo smiled. "She deserves this, though. She, above all else, deserves a second chance." He patted his friend on the shoulder and headed toward the door with him. "I hope Mitch gets his, too."

* * * *

Mitch walked in the apartment and knew instantly that she wasn't there. The place had a certain sort of energy whenever she was around. But now, it held nothing but dead air.

Unconsciously, he walked through the apartment that had so recently become his home. Not just a place he shared with Sara, but a home. Having Sara was having a home. He touched things of hers as he walked through.

When he made it to the kitchen, he remembered the lab report. He took it out of his back pocket and began meticulously trying to straighten it out, trying to erase the creases. He placed it on the refrigerator with a magnet and stared at it.

That one piece of paper held the proof he needed to assure Sara he hadn't been unfaithful to her. The sympathetic doctor had included in the report that with the amount of the over-the-counter sleep-aid that was still in his system this morning that there was no way he would have been able to function last night.

So, he now not only had proof that he was drugged, but he had conclusive evidence that he hadn't been unfaithful to her. He touched

a fingertip to the report once more. Trying to draw the energy from the importance of it.

Mitch walked back through the apartment and sat in a chair in the living room. He glanced at the sheets of paper lying on the coffee table. Houses. Houses she had driven around and picked up fact sheets on. Houses she liked the looks of enough that she wanted to see more.

If she would only come home. He would take her to look at a million houses if she would just come home. He had the time now. And when he didn't have the time, he would make it. Alan had agreed to handle the rest of the trial prep work for Mitch, realizing he needed time to sort through the mess that had become his life.

Mitch stretched out his legs and got comfortable. He would wait right here until she came home. It didn't matter how long it took. He would wait for her. He would wait, and he would make her understand. He had the proof, and he had witnesses now, but he prayed to God that would be enough.

One thing kept nagging the back of his mind. She had said that she *couldn't* forget what she walked in on and that she *couldn't* be with him anymore. It wasn't that she said she *wouldn't*. That would project some sort of anger or hurt. It was the term that she couldn't that tore him in two. It was as if at that moment, she had withdrawn herself from the situation and their future had died at that same instance.

Chapter Nineteen

They sat quietly at the dinner table. The silence wasn't helping her nerves. She knew he was trying to be supportive and understanding by giving her space, but if he didn't say something soon, she was going to scream. She set her sandwich down on the plate and folded her hands in her lap.

"Why are you doing this?" she asked him.

Patrick seemed surprised by her question. "I told you, I just want to help you. I want to be here in case you need a friend. Please don't angry with me."

She shook her head. Angry with him? Had she sounded angry? She was angry with herself and with Mitch, but definitely not Patrick. "No, it's not you, but I can't stay here. I am angry, but not with you and I'm worried I'm going to end up taking it out on you."

Patrick got up from the table and walked toward her. "That's what you need," he said when he got within inches of her. "You need to take it out on someone. Get angry, Sara. Yell at me, hit me, and just get angry. Scream until the pain goes away."

She laughed. "So you want me to scream at you and hit you? You have a strange idea of friendship."

"This isn't about friendship right now. It's about heartache. Now, I don't know what that asshole was stupid enough to do, but obviously, it was bad. And there are only two ways to get over heartache. Tears and anger. You've shed the tears. So now it's time for anger." He gave her a teasing nudge on her shoulder.

"Don't do that." She smiled. "I'm not going to hit you, Patrick."

"I'm not Patrick, I'm Mitch. I'm Mitch, and I hurt you, and I made you feel horrible. I'm standing right here, plain as day. I'm fine, but you're not. You're hurt because of me. Don't you want to get back at me?" He gave her another nudge. A bit more aggressive this time.

"I said to stop it!" Sara snapped at him.

Patrick stared at her. "No. I am Mitch! Tell me how angry you are, how hurt you are!" He shoved her again, only harder.

Her restraint snapped. "Stop it!" She shoved him harder, much harder than he had her.

"Why should I? Tell me, Sara. I'm Mitch. Why are you so angry with me?"

Tears welled in her eyes, and she lunged at him. Screaming, she pounded on his chest over and over again. She wasn't actually saying anything. They were just shouts of incomprehensible anger.

Patrick waited while she let all of her anger boil to the surface. When she had finally started to go lax, he grabbed onto her and held her as she cried in his arms.

"Shh. That's good, Sara. Let it all out. Let me help you feel better." Patrick held her with one hand and rubbed a hand up and down her back.

She looked up at him then, suddenly very aware of their closeness. "Patrick?"

"Yes, Sara." He looked at her with a genuine look of concern in his eyes.

"Do you still, I mean, am I pretty? Do you still like me?" She felt foolish for asking such a childish question.

"I do, honey. But I don't want you to...umph." Patrick was cut off by Sara's mouth crushing his. He was stunned at first, unsure what to do. He knew why she did it. But what role could he possibly play? He couldn't be a part of her trying to forget about another man by way of

seducing him. And he couldn't reject her, either. She had already been hurt too badly.

"Sara." Patrick slowly pulled away. "Why did you do that?" He was using both hands to massage the back of her neck and shoulders.

"Make love to me, Patrick." She kissed him again.

Oh, God. Why him? He had wanted to hear those words come from her mouth so many times. But he knew she didn't want him. He knew she wanted Mitch. She wanted Patrick to sleep with her until she forgot Mitch. If it was any other woman, he would be happy to oblige, but he really liked Sara. He didn't want to be a rebound screw for her.

"Sara, we can't."

"Why? I thought you liked me?"

God, do I! "I do, Sara. That's exactly why we can't. If I make love with you, I won't want it to be just once. I'll want a relationship with you."

A relationship? Mitch was out of her life. She would love him forever, but his betrayal had separated them for all eternity. She would never be able to lie with him at night after they had been sated by their lovemaking. Their bodies lax from their orgasms. Why should she be alone? Just because she would always love Mitch, did that mean that she couldn't at least try to have something meaningful with someone else?

"Mitch is out of my life, Patrick. He used me. He lied to me. I need you. Please, make love to me. Show me that I'm still a woman." She was undoing the buttons of his shirt.

"Sara, no," he held her hands, stopping her. "If I make love with you, it will be because you want me, not because Mitch hurt you."

She would not take no for an answer. She needed Patrick. She needed him to prove to her that she was desirable. She needed to know that she was worth it. That she wouldn't always be second fiddle to someone like Claudia.

Sara released her hands from his hold. She relaxed them at her side and waited for him to do the same. Then when his guard was down, she grabbed his shirt and ripped it open. Buttons flew as she began lavishing him with wet hot kisses.

Patrick groaned as he threw his head back. "Sara, stop. We can't do this."

"I need you, Patrick. Please. Take me, make me yours." Why had she said that, she wondered? She knew she would always belong to Mitch. It didn't matter what he had done. She could give her body to Patrick, but her soul and her heart would always belong to Mitch.

"Sara, if you don't stop this now, I'm not going to be able to stop myself. You need to think about that."

She reached up and kissed his earlobe. "I've thought about it. Please, Patrick, take me to your bedroom. Make love to me there."

He swept her up and carried her down the hall. When they got in the bedroom, he set her on the bed and leaned over her. He was kissing her feverishly as he began to lift the sweatshirt that she had borrowed from his sister's stash of clothing.

Continuing to kiss her, he ran his thumbs over her breasts. They didn't harden by his touch and he slid his hand down and under the waist band of the cotton shorts she wore.

Just as he touched her pussy she bolted from the bed. "You aren't aroused are you Sara? You don't want this do you?" He stated from the lack of her response. "Are you using sex as an outlet for your pain sweetheart?"

She stood on the other side of the room with her back to him, shaking from relentless tears.

"Sara. It's okay." Patrick placed his hands on her shoulder.

She didn't turn to face him. "I'm so sorry, Patrick. I shouldn't have done that."

Neither one of them spoke for several moments when she finally turned to face him. "I have to leave. I have to go to him. Despite what he's done, I still love him."

“I know. I hope he realizes how lucky he is to have your heart.” He gave her a gentle kiss on the forehead. “I’ll drive you home. But, Sara, whatever he did hurt you pretty bad. Make sure he never makes that mistake again. Don’t let him. Don’t let him forget how special you are.”

She gave him a somber smile. “I will. I don’t know how, but I will find a way to forgive him and give him a second chance.” She walked toward the door, holding her purse and her other clothes. “Patrick. Thank you, for everything.”

Chapter Twenty

Mitch walked out of the bathroom and flicked off the light. It was just after nine o'clock. A little more than twelve hours since he had last seen Sara. He had stopped calling her phone hours ago. It was clear she wasn't going to answer. Twelve hours he mused. It seemed like it had been weeks since he last held her.

He was in the bedroom and changing into a pair of shorts and a t-shirt when he heard the front door. He darted out of the room and headed to the entryway. He froze still in his tracks.

Sara was saying goodnight to Patrick and giving him a hug when they heard him run in the room. Pulling away from Patrick's embrace, she turned to see Mitch. The agony on his face was too painful for her to see.

She turned away. "Thank you for driving me home, Patrick."

Mitch watched enraged as Patrick gently placed a kiss to her forehead. The bastard better get his hands off of her!

"Remember, I'm just a call away if you need me." Patrick replied.

"Thank you." She waited while he left and then closed the door and locked it.

Her back was still to Mitch. Was she afraid to turn back and face him? He loved her so much. It couldn't truly be over. She was the best part of who he was.

He noticed her clothes on the hall table. The borrowed clothes on her body. Her freshly washed hair. Oh dear God. His heart shattered. She had slept with him. In her grief of his betrayal, she had turned to another man. He wanted to scream at the anguish he felt at the thought of another man touching her.

It was then that Sara slowly turned to face him. "Hello." She didn't know what else to say. "I...can we sit down and talk?"

This was it. She was asking him to leave. She was going to tell him they had no future together.

Suddenly, he didn't care if she had turned to Patrick. All he cared about was their future. If she had slept with Patrick, it was only because she was hurt. Not because she loved him or wanted him. He would spend the rest of his life remembering that and helping her forget this horrible day ever happened if she would just hear him out and let him stay. Let him love her.

He walked hesitantly to the couch. She sat in the chair across from him. He wished she had sat somewhere he could be nearer to her. But he couldn't push her. He was about to speak when he heard her strangled voice.

She cleared her throat and took a drink of water from the bottle that had been sitting on the coffee table. "I'm glad you're here. I was hoping that...I need to explain something to you, Mitch. I don't know if you'll understand but I...I need you to hear me out. When I'm done, I'll listen to anything you have to say."

His hopes lifted a bit at her statement. She was glad he was here, and she was going to listen to what he had to say. "Okay, honey."

She bit down on her lower lip and took a huge breath. "Mitch, I have never felt pain like that before. I died. I felt myself dying when I walked in and found you like that." She held up her hand. "No, please. I promise to listen to you, just let me get this out. My thoughts are so muddled right now that if I don't just let them flow out, I'm afraid I won't say everything I need to."

Mitch could see how serious she was and took a calming breath before nodding his agreement.

"Thank you. I...I heard everything you said at the office. And I believe that you love me. I know you didn't want to hurt me. Oh, Mitch. This is so hard. I...I was hysterical when I left. I must have

fainted or something. I don't know because when I woke up, Patrick was carrying me. He took me back to his place."

I don't want to hear this. He bit his tongue and tried to hide the anger boiling below the surface.

Sara hesitated for just a moment before continuing, "He laid me down in bed and..."

"Stop!" Mitch cursed himself for the way he had just screamed at her. She hurt when it had happened. She never would have been there if it wasn't for that damn bitch Claudia. Getting up from the couch, he went to his knees in front of her and took her hands. "Baby, please. I can explain, just don't make me listen to this." He dropped his head in her lap and held onto her.

Sara was startled at first by his emotional response. Where had it come from? She went through what she had told him, trying to see what had set him off. She thought about that when she realized what he had suspected.

"Mitch, do you think I slept with Patrick?" Her hand had unconsciously been rubbing the back of his neck.

His grip tightened on her. "I don't care. Let's just not talk about it, please." He looked up at her now. "You were hurt. You weren't thinking clearly."

"Mitch, I was hurt but I..."

"No." He abruptly got up from her and paced the room. "Honey, I won't blame you. None of this was your fault. I just wish you had listened to me before you left the office."

She listened to the distress in his voice. No matter what he had done, she didn't want to cause him the same pain he had caused her. She knew how bad it hurt.

"Mitch, I couldn't stay. I needed time away from you. Time to think."

"Time with Patrick?" He snapped back at her.

The cutting words sounded cold and unfeeling. How could he talk to her like that after what he had done?

It made her angry. "Look." She stood up now. Walking directly toward him, she pointed a finger in his face. "You did this, not me. You told me you loved me, but you slept with her, anyway. You have no idea how that felt. The pain of it was the most horrific thing I've ever experienced in my entire life. What right do you have to judge me when you're the one who didn't care about me enough to remain faithful after only a couple of weeks?" she shouted at him, her voice trembling.

"I wasn't, damn it. God, why won't you listen to me? I'm trying to be understanding, but you can't expect me to hear this!"

"*You're* trying to be understanding? Well, how incredibly generous of you." She stormed out of the room.

"Sara, honey, wait. I'm sorry. This is all coming out wrong. Please, stay and talk to me."

She stopped for a moment and with her back still facing him she said, "Give me a couple of minutes. I need some aspirin and water. I'll be back." She walked out of the room.

He stood there and watched her leave. What the hell was wrong with him? She didn't know he hadn't cheated. When she went to Patrick's she had assumed that Mitch didn't love her enough to not sleep around on her. If he had walked in and found her just the same way, he would have assumed the same thing she had.

He had to calm down. If he didn't, they would never be able to work things out. He turned to face the window. Looking out, he thought of how hard it would be for him to forget that she had slept with Patrick. But he knew, he didn't have a choice. He loved her, more than anything or anyone in the entire world, and none of this was her fault.

“What’s this?” Sara demanded. “Why were you at the hospital? And what is this stuff they found, Diphenhydramine HCL?” She slowly sounded out the word.

Mitch watched her. He had been so lost in his own thoughts that he had forgotten he left the lab report on the fridge. “Honey. Can we sit down?”

She sat in the chair and waited, her hands shaking. “What is it? Are you sick?” She wiped her tears, despite how many kept continuing to fall freely.

“What? No, honey.” He came to her, kneeling in front of her again. He framed her face with his hands and hated the feel of her trembling against his touch. “I’m fine. There’s nothing wrong with me. I promise.”

“Then what is this? And why does it say,” she looked back down at the paper again, “patient had potentially dangerous levels in blood?”

“Sara, I knew that there was something wrong this morning. I was groggy, and I couldn’t comprehend what in the hell had happened. I had no memory of how I woke up the way I did.” He brushed his hands through the back of her hair and massaged her neck. “Shh. Don’t cry, honey. Let me explain. I never would have, never could have cheated on you. I love you too much to ever do that to either of us.”

Mitch took a breath before continuing, “After you left, some revelations came to light. Long story short, Claudia has done some very bad things to many people that we work with. Donna being one of them. She was used to Claudia’s manipulations, she was able to put some things together, and after having some blood work drawn up, it was determined that she put two sleeping pills in my coffee last night. The last thing I remember was eating the sandwich you brought for me. I never touched her, honey. I swear to you. Look at the report. It would have been virtually impossible for me to do anything. I was out cold.”

“But why? Why would anyone?” She asked.

“Because she’s a sick and twisted person. I want you to know that I pressed charges. They found the package from the pills in her purse, and she was arrested earlier today for drugging me, as well as blackmail, but that’s another story for another time.” He rubbed his hands up and down her arms, trying to chase her chills away.

“So you never? Oh, God, Mitch.” She flew into his arms and held on. “I’m so sorry I didn’t listen to you.” She drew back and looked at him. “I should have trusted you. I spent all day hurting so badly. And you probably have been miserable, and I was with Patrick when I should have been with you.” She didn’t miss the clench in his jaw that time. He still thought she had turned to Patrick. “Mitch, I need to explain about Patrick.”

Mitch shook his head. “No. Honey, listen. I love you, more than I can ever tell you. But I can’t listen to it. I forgive you. I will eventually forget. I won’t lie to you. It’s going to be hard. But I will find a way to get past it. I know you would have never turned to him if it wasn’t for the pain you were in.”

Sara seemed surprised by his declaration. “You’d forgive me?”

“Yes. I can’t lose you.”

She raised a hand and ran her fingers through her hair. “Mitch, you don’t understand. I was hurt, yes. But, no, I need to tell you the whole truth. I did ask Patrick to make love to me.” She took his hands and forced him to look back at her. “Mitch. I couldn’t, though. When he tried to touch me, I froze up. It was then, in that moment, that I knew I had to find you. I came here with the intention of forgiving you. I needed to give you another chance, for you as well as for me.”

“You couldn’t? You mean you didn’t?” Mitch waited for her answer while the air stopped flowing to and from his lungs.

She shook her head. “I told myself I wanted to, that I needed to. That it would make the pain go away. But, after mere seconds, I realized I would only cause more pain. I didn’t want him to touch me.

Not like you do. I knew in that moment, that if I ever let anyone else touch me, I would be hurting myself as much as you.”

She leaned in and kissed him lightly. “I belong to you. All of me, my heart, body, and soul. I love you.”

Mitch returned her kiss as though they hadn’t been together in years. “Thank God. Oh, honey. I would have forgiven you. I swear, I would have made myself understand. But the thought that he had touched you.”

“He didn’t. It’s just you and me.” She assured him.

She was in awe of him. When she had been at Patrick’s, she had realized that in spite of the pain, she couldn’t live without him. She had come home with the intention of forgiving him for sleeping with Claudia. And now, he sat here and did the same for her.

Mitch stood up and swept her up, carrying her to the bedroom kissing her the whole time. When he gently laid her on the bed and hovered over her, she felt wetness splash against her cheek. She gazed up at him and saw tears in his eyes.

“Mitch, what’s wrong?” She kissed him, hating seeing him so vulnerable.

“I thought I lost you. My heart stopped beating, and my blood stopped pumping. I could never have survived if you hadn’t come back.”

Sara caressed his stubbly chin and cheeks. “Mitch, from this moment on, I will always come back to you. No matter where we are, what has happened, or how old we are. I swear to you, I will always come back to you.”

Breathless with urgency now, Sara pleaded with him. “Mitch, please now. I need to feel you inside of me.”

He looked down at her as he stayed positioned right at her entrance. “I love you, Sara. I will love you all of my life. But the next time I make love with you, I need to do it with promises made.”

She was flush with her arousal. She looked up at him confused. She grabbed onto his hips and tried to pull him closer. "Mitch, I don't understand. I need you."

"I need you, too, honey. More than I could ever explain. I need to know that you'll marry me. I need to know that the next time you feel my hardness inside of you, that I am loving my future wife. Tell me you love me. Tell me you'll marry me." His words were pleading and patient both at the same time.

"Yes. I will marry you. Take me, Mitch, make me yours forever." She reached up to kiss him and gasped at the feel of his deep thrust inside her.

He kissed her in return, releasing all of the lustful desire that had been fueled by the pain of what they had gone through that day. They caressed and loved each other's bodies until they were on the brink, hovering between sanity and insanity.

Mitch rocked in and out of her body, loving the feel of her arching into him and the sound of her moans. "Yeah, you feel so good, honey. Oh, baby. We are going to have such a good life together."

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Nicole Morgan is an avid reader who kept having one recurring problem. Ideas of stories kept popping into her head. She ignored her desire to write until her curiosity got the better of her and she decided to research what steps she would have to take if she truly wanted to take a chance and write.

Nicole took a chance and followed her dream. She has been blessed with some fabulous opportunities and has met some wonderful people along the way. Writing is a true love to her and has brought her a new and profound happiness with every step she's taken along the way.

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