

A photograph of a man and a woman in a romantic embrace. The woman is in the foreground, looking over her shoulder towards the camera. The man is behind her, his arms wrapped around her. They are both wearing denim jeans. The background is a plain, light color.

**"HANDSOME,
AFFLUENT,
AND UNWILLING
TO COMMIT..."**

WANT & NEED

C J LAURENCE



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By C J LAURENCE

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DEDICATION

For Michele.
You know why.
XXX

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Chapter One

He captivated me entirely. His entire essence called to me as a glimmer of light beckons a moth. My body hummed in delight from his touch. The delicious strokes of pleasure from between my legs left me revelling in new levels of joy. His lust-filled gaze trailed down my heaving chest, sending shivers running through me. I found myself transfixed on his taut, muscled arms gripping my thighs—the image alone almost released me from his sensual assault.

He plunged himself in and out of me, faster, deeper, each urgent thrust pushing breathless gasps from me. With his chiselled cheeks and burning blue eyes, he brought me to my sweet edge in seconds. I collapsed back on his desk, panting and swimming in an ocean of decadence.

He glued his lips to mine as a groan vibrated through him. He stilled for a few seconds before he lay on top of me. His laboured breaths still resonated with something inside me.

As he sorted his clothes out, I propped myself up on my elbows, biting my lip with a seductive bat of my lashes.

“So,” he said, a cheeky grin tweaking the

corners of his mouth. "How do you think your appraisal went, Kyra?"

"I think it could have been better." I flashed him a wicked smile.

"I look forward to seeing your notes on improvement."

He moved back towards me with a mischievous grin, those succulent lips of his inching their way towards my neck. Like prey to a vampire, he had all the access he required. I couldn't help the moan of desire escaping me as he grazed kisses across my skin...

"Kyra. Hello, Kyra. Anybody home?" I startled, my cheeks heating up in an instant as I saw him smiling down at me from the edge of my desk. "Yes, sorry."

"You were away with the fairies there, weren't you? Anything good?" He darted his tongue over his lips, my heart rate spiking in an instant. "Can you please type these letters and give them back for me to sign?"

I nodded and made a grab for the papers, trying to hide my flustered state. With a sly smirk, he sauntered back to his office, the definitive click of the closing door piercing through the deafening silence.

Running a shaky hand through my dark hair, I breathed a sigh of relief. *Oh my god. I need to pack this in.*

He was my boss—a new director in our company. Young and smoking hot combined with an air of confidence that mesmerized any female within a ten-mile radius, he was never far from my thoughts. He carried himself like a Greek god, looked like a Greek god, and I had no doubt he *was*, in fact, a Greek god. If his body was anything like his edible face, I knew I'd be lost to him.

His name was Paul Connors and, as far as I knew, he was single. I convinced myself he flirted with me but I couldn't be sure. I was the PA to all the directors in the company, but he was the one who gave me the most work. The guy he'd replaced hardly gave me any.

Calming my rosy cheeks along with my imagination, I completed his work within an hour. Knocking on his office door, I waited for that honey laden voice to coat me in its sugary sweetness.

As effortless as silk falling from a blade, his voice slid across the room. "Come in."

I walked through, careful to avoid direct eye contact for as long as possible so I wouldn't keep picturing him naked.

"Shut the door, Kyra, please. I think we need a little chat. Please have a seat."

The second I closed the door, the atmosphere began crackling with tension. Each step I took

towards the soft blue chair seemed to be like an ominous walk of death. I placed the letters on his desk, my heart pounding so loudly against my ribs I was sure he could hear it.

"Thank you." He took a swig of his water, glee painted all over his handsome face. "Are you okay, Kyra? You seem very distracted of late. Is there anything you would like to discuss?"

I resisted the urge to squirm in my seat and focused on a painting on the wall behind him. The scorching burn of my cheeks complemented my now sweating palms.

"Um, no, I'm fine, thank you. I have a tendency to daydream now and again. I'm sorry, I'll curb it."

"That's fine. We all do it." He flashed me a dazzling smile, more heat gathering in every part of me. "Well, my door is always open if you need to talk about any problems you may have. And I do mean *any* problems."

My heart skipped a beat. Was he insinuating he knew I had a crush on him? A smile escaped onto my lips as I thought about telling him my problem was *him*. Just his voice made me melt like butter under a hot knife.

"Are you smiling about anything nice?" he asked, amusement dancing through his eyes.

I crossed my legs and mumbled an apology, trying to think of anything other than him to

calm my raging hormones. I lowered my gaze in shame, that at thirty years old, I couldn't control myself any better than a teenager with front row seats at a One Direction concert.

"You know," he said, lowering his voice. "I would love to know what you daydream about."

His blasé statement caught my attention and I snapped my head up, startled. "Sorry, what?"

"Well, maybe it's something that would benefit the company."

My heart raced like a stampede of wild horses. "Sorry to disappoint."

His svelte mouth creased into an innocent smile. "I'll let you get back to work. I heard old Andrews shouting for his papers earlier."

He stood and gestured towards the door. Like some cliché movie moment, we both grabbed the door handle at the same time. A breath caught in my throat and I snatched my hand back, hoping he hadn't noticed the slight sheen to my skin. The unexpected contact only threatened to turn that sheen into a nervous sweat.

He took a step towards me, invading my personal space just a little too much for a professional relationship. "Just to clarify," he said, leaning into me. "You never disappoint me, Kyra."

I gasped, his hot breath lingering over my skin. Goosebumps covered me as I noticed the glee skipping across his features. Those dangerous eyes of his danced with mischief, tickling me for a response, but I had nothing.

He opened the door, signalling for me to exit. "Back to work, Kyra."

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Chapter Two

All weekend I thought of nothing but what he'd said, and finally convinced myself I was reading far more into it than I should be. Putting aside the fact he was my boss, a guy like him would never be interested in me anyway. I vaguely wondered if he had a line of women following him everywhere. It really wouldn't surprise me. Like lines from detention, I repeated to myself I would control my daydreams about him. It wasn't healthy—or normal.

Monday morning soon arrived and I couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief when I realised I was the first one in.

The building I worked in was three storeys high. As was just my luck, I happened to be on the top floor. To the left of my desk was a long line of offices, one for each of the directors. I sat with my back against the far wall, enabling me a clear view of anyone who walked in, plus the visitors seating area in front of me.

Awaiting their next guests, the plush grey sofas needed plumping, and the country house magazines strewn all over the glass table needed tidying. I hummed to myself as I fussed over everything. My thoughts trailed off to Paul

for just a second and I became all fingers and thumbs. The magazines fell from my hands, scattering across the soft beige carpet. I cursed under my breath and cleared up my mess. As I stood back up and turned around, I screamed as I met Paul's handsome face inches from my own.

"Oh my god!" The adrenaline pulsing through my veins made me lightheaded. I couldn't quite work out if it was shock or nerves.

"Good morning," he said, giving me a warm smile.

"Morning. You scared the hell out of me. I didn't think anyone was in yet."

"Sorry to disappoint."

The tension between us was impossible to ignore. I felt as if I could reach out and strum it like a strained elastic band. Every passing second heightened the sizzling atmosphere to new levels. I didn't know what to do except escape this awkward situation, so I offered him a cup of coffee.

"That would be lovely, thank you." As he moved behind me, en-route to his office, he whispered in my ear, "And I would love to be your God."

Shock rendered me motionless for several seconds. By the time I whipped around to face him, he was already closing his office door. I didn't imagine that, did I? Maybe I wasn't

reading too much into this after all.

Past my desk was a small corridor leading to the small kitchen. In a complete daze, I wandered down and made his coffee. As I raced through all the recent happenings, I realised with a heart-warming swell he was definitely hitting on me. He had to be.

I took his coffee to him, surprised to see we were still on our own. My gut began to churn as I wondered exactly why that was.

"Thank you." He smiled and cleared his throat. "Just you and me today, Kyra."

My heart stopped dead, anticipation lodging in my throat. "Oh. Okay. I haven't been informed of anything to alter the movements diary."

"Andrews and Chapman have a delayed flight back from New York—no doubt you will have an email from them both. Michaels is off sick and Harris is on holiday as you know. Nicholls, Tate, and Atkins are in the meeting in Devon with Mr. Collins. That leaves just me. And you."

"Okay." I thought over my options for a split second before a naughty thought skimmed its way past my lips. "I guess I'm all yours, then."

He raised his eyebrows, seemingly stunned by my response. I grasped my opportunity with both hands, and left him to chew over it as I sashayed my way out of his office.

Two can play that game, mate. You're not

catching me off guard anymore and enjoying it.

He remained in his office for the rest of the morning, only appearing as the clock struck one p.m.—lunchtime. As I gathered my bag, ready to head out, he strode towards me, the confidence in his advance making my imagination run riot once again.

“Chicken tikka?”

I stared back dumbfounded, my image of him grabbing my face and kissing me bursting like a balloon under a pin.

“The sandwich shop. That is where you were going, right?”

I nodded, words forming into sentences in my mind but still not reaching my voice box.

“Well, I’m going there, so do you want me to get yours for you?”

“Um okay, thanks.” I started fishing around in my bag for my purse, grateful for any chance to distract myself from my thoughts.

“I think I can afford to buy you a sandwich, Kyra.”

I collapsed in my chair, my brows furrowing together. He *was*, without doubt, hitting on me. He had to be. But then I hadn’t seen him around other women so maybe this was just him. Fifteen minutes later, when he came back with my sandwich, I still sat there trying to work out what the hell was going on.

I smiled and gave him my thanks as I took my lunch from him. He disappeared back inside his office, leaving me wondering about his actions once again. I headed to the kitchen to make a cup of tea, and help calm my thoughts. Unfortunately, daydreams of me spread over his desk took control as I stirred the milk in—and kept on stirring.

“Have you stirred that enough?”

I shrieked in surprise, jumped, and splashed tea all over the worktop as I dropped the spoon with a clatter. My cheeks flamed up in an instant under his radiating gaze. It suddenly struck me I had no way out of here—he was stood in the doorway, the only way in and out. I suddenly felt like an antelope cornered by a lion.

“Daydreaming again?”

I nodded.

He stepped towards me and lowered his voice. “You really need to indulge me with your daydreams, Kyra. I’m curious.”

“Oh, they’re nothing. Just wondering what will happen in the soaps and stuff on TV.”

“Ahh.” He took another step towards me, the gap between us now barely a couple of feet. “And there was me hoping they might have been about me.”

My mouth dropped open. “What?”

A beaming smile spread over his face, and he closed the gap between us completely. I didn't know where to look or what to say.

His attention fell to my mug. "Can I try your tea? Seeing as you always make me coffee?"

I nodded. "But you never ask for tea."

"Well, I do like a bit of variety now and again."

My heart rate tripled. He reached past me, brushing my arms as he did so. A breath caught in my throat as crippling tingles nearly brought me to my knees. His eyes met mine—nothing but glittering gems of mischief.

He sipped my tea and gave a small groan. "Good tea. Is everything you make this good?"

"What...what do you mean?" My mind now raced in time with my heartbeat. Where was this going? Was he going to kiss me? Or was he just enjoying seeing me squirm?

"Anything." He shrugged his shoulders, trailing his tongue over his bottom lip. "Drinks, food, other things..."

Before I could even register his words, the office door slammed shut, alerting us to someone's presence. The building tension melted like an ice cube in hot water. I scurried my way around him to see who the visitor was. It was one of the managers looking for Mr. Collins. Explaining the situation whilst quietly

thankful for their intervention, I flopped down in my chair as they left.

Where the hell had that been going? Paul appeared in his office doorway as the door clicked shut behind the manager. "Can I talk to you please?"

I knew for sure I wasn't imagining things now.

I stood up and edged my way through his door, shutting it behind me. I didn't know why, considering no one else was in. Just a habit, I think, from hearing the dreaded *can we talk* sentence.

When I turned around, his handsome face was millimetres from mine. I jumped back, finding the solid wall behind me. He stared straight through me, boring a hole through any weak defences I might have had against him.

"Paul—"

He grabbed my waist and pressed his lips to mine, kissing me with such hunger it took my breath away. He tickled my lips with his tongue, and when I yielded to his wants, he explored me with raging desire. Passion and urgency took hold of us both, spurring us into lust-fuelled action. His hands wandered over my body and I yanked his shirt free, desperate to feel his smooth skin.

Needing air, I broke our brief embrace,

managing to whisper, "What the hell?"

"I'm sorry...did I read you wrong?"

I couldn't help the grin spreading across my swollen lips. "No."

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Chapter Three

Several minutes later, we came up for air, both of us panting. I was nothing short of a hot, flustered mess after groping my way across his delicious torso. Being able to finally touch him achieved nothing but to further my need for him. Naked images of him flooded my mind, sending my imagination into overdrive.

"You okay?" he asked.

I nodded, a stupid grin on my face.

He pecked my lips before rearranging his shirt. Once he'd finished, he stood, staring at me, a smile folding over his lips.

I pushed myself away from the wall, smoothing down my own clothes. "What the hell was that?"

"I'm sorry. I couldn't help myself any longer."

Those simple words sent my head into a complete spin. It seemed so...surreal to hear those words coming from him, from my *boss*. I faltered, not really knowing what to say back to that.

"I'm guessing by the fact you didn't slap me, you're glad I couldn't?" he said.

That I could definitely answer. "You have no idea."

"Can I take you out to dinner?"

"Is that just a formality before the inevitable?"

In mock horror, he slapped a hand over his chest. "I can behave for however long is required."

"Of course you can."

"That sounds like a challenge to me, Miss Wilson."

"Maybe it is," I said, giving him a cheeky wink.

"Friday night. After all, we don't want you tired for work the next day, do we?"

I flashed him my best smile. "No, not at all."

By the end of the week, the atmosphere between us evolved into nothing short of animalistic lust, a primitive need to satisfy each other's cravings.

Paul handed me work at any given opportunity, stroking my fingers as he passed it over. Each piece I handed back would result in a closed door, stolen kisses, and disturbed clothes. I had a feeling dessert on Friday night would not consist of food—unless the food was on one of us.

The burning desire smouldering deep inside

me was something I'd never harboured for anyone else. Something about him bewitched me, lost me in a world of insatiable daydreams, made me question the true depths of myself.

I wasn't really the relationship type of girl. Sleeping around wasn't my thing either, just the odd one-night stand here and there. My dating history was sporadic at best and not what you would classify as experienced. My longest relationship had lasted a mere six months before I chucked the poor guy when he confessed his love for me. On the surface, commitment scared me, and the second I heard the dreaded 'L' word, I would run for the hills, leaving them stood balking in my dust.

Yet Paul captured my attention to an extent I never knew a man could. I wanted him for more than one night, but the alternative option to that scared me. To bare my soul to someone, to bond myself to them and only them...it made me shudder. But a part of me, deep down, craved that stability—I just chose to ignore it.

I finished work on Friday, my nerves a bouncing ball of excitement and curiosity. I didn't need any drugs to get high, I just needed him.

As I took the last piece of work into his office, I bent a little lower than necessary, giving him the perfect view of my cleavage.

He raised an eyebrow and ran his tongue over his bottom lip. "Anybody would think you were trying to seduce me, Miss Wilson."

"Is that a problem?"

"Not normally, no. However, I do recall you set me a challenge and I intend to complete it."

I settled a hand on my breast, fiddling with the ends of my hair. "We'll see about that."

I chose a strapless, black bodycon dress for my hot date. Slipping on a pair of nude stockings and some slinky black heels, I made final adjustments to my hair and makeup before his timely knock at the door.

Dressed in a soft lemon-coloured shirt and a pair of jet black trousers, he looked every inch the crisp, confident man I expected.

"Wow," he said. "You scrub up well." He held his hand out, flashing me a dazzling smile.

I giggled as I took his hand. "Thanks. You don't look too bad yourself."

He played the gentleman part and opened the car door for me. Once inside his sleek BMW, the tension between us dissolved when our eyes met. We both indulged in a nervous giggle before settling into small talk on the way to the restaurant.

The conversation ended with him asking about my best friend, Molly, who also worked at the same company. She would go berserk over this news, but at the moment she was on a plane on her way back from Hawaii.

He was taking me to a small Indian restaurant about thirty minutes away. They served the best prawn masala I'd ever tasted and I couldn't wait to taste it again. Being all traditional décor, complete with old paintings on the wall and Indian music playing in the background, it was a fantastic setting.

As we walked inside, a waiter led us to our table in the far corner of the small room. Two pink candles danced their flames on every table, a cosy, romantic vibe accompanying the dimmed lights.

Several minutes later, food and drinks were ordered and we were left to our own world once more. Paul raised an eyebrow as I ordered my favourite meal, which in comparison to his Vindaloo, was rather plain.

"I don't like ordering stuff I might not like, wasting money and the chance of a good meal."

He laughed. "I like your logic. But I love spicy food and see it as a challenge."

I ran my tongue over my lips. "Is it just food you like spicy?"

He shook his head and chuckled. "I am

completing that challenge this evening, Miss Wilson."

I reached for my drink and wrapped my tongue around the straw with deliberate, slow precision. His eyes darkened, glued to the sight of me stroking and flicking the end of my new toy.

Playing the innocent card, I threw him off track. "So, what happens at work now?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, isn't this kind of a bit weird? You are my boss."

He grinned, leaning across the table as he dropped his voice. "From Monday to Friday, eight thirty to four, yes, I am. Outside of those hours, I'll be whatever you want me to be."

I dropped the straw and traced my index finger over my bottom lip. "That's a dangerous statement to make to a woman like me."

He poked the inside of his cheek with his tongue. "That sounds interesting."

"On a serious note, what happens come Monday morning? Isn't it going to be a bit weird? I've been paranoid enough all week that people have noticed something."

"I'm a director, Kyra. No one is going to challenge me except the other directors or Mr. Collins himself. Stop worrying."

"But isn't it frowned upon for employees to

date?"

"It is advised against."

"And you're my boss, which makes it worse."

"Stop worrying. You're not going to get into any trouble. Just relax and enjoy it, okay?"

I nodded, taking my time to sip my drink through my straw. Knowing full well his gaze was again fixed on my lips, I entertained the moment for as long as I could.

Our starters arrived, dissolving the building atmosphere like an antacid in a glass of water. After a few seconds to settle into our delicious dishes passed, the dreaded interview process began.

"So, tell me about your hobbies," he said.

"Well, I like reading quite a lot. I keep snakes. I used to horse ride but haven't done that for a long time. I'm also doing a psychology degree so that takes up a lot of my spare time."

I took a mouthful of my food and nearly died on the spot from how beautiful it was. The creamy sauce blanketed my tongue with just a hint of coconut. He took a mouthful of his volcano on a plate and never even flinched.

"You keep snakes?"

I laughed. "Why does everyone always pick up on that bit?"

"You just don't look like the kind of woman

to keep snakes."

"And what am I supposed to look like?"

He laughed and evaded the question. "So what snakes have you got?"

"A Burmese, four boas, and two kings."

He stopped eating for a moment, his jaw dropping wide open. "You've got a Burmese python?"

"Yes, why?"

"Aren't they big?"

"Medium sized really. He's a pussycat. He's called Fluffy."

He almost choked on his food, which had me in stitches. "Fluffy? Are you being serious?"

I nodded. "Irony at its best."

"So why no more horse riding?"

I squirmed in my seat, not wanting to touch on this too much. "Bad accident. I will do it again one day but not yet."

I revelled in the perfect food, my mind wandering, heading down roads of his tight abs just across the table, just underneath that shirt...

"What happened?" he asked.

I hesitated for a second, trying to keep my composure. "Some idiot thought it would be funny to beep his horn right behind me whilst I was riding on the road. My horse bolted and ran across the path of an oncoming lorry. The

lorry clipped his back end and sent us flying into a dyke. Apparently, I'm lucky to be alive."

I said it as casually as I could to keep a lid on my emotions. The horse involved, Scotch, I bred myself from my father's favourite mare before he died. Scotch and I achieved a lot in the eight years we had with each other. Five years had now passed and I still ached for him every day.

"Crikey. That sounds awful. What happened to you? And the guy who caused it?"

"He was sent down for five years. It was no justice for me though. He'd killed my best friend through some stupid prank of wanting to show off in front of his mates. I had a broken arm, a broken hip, two broken legs, a punctured lung, a ruptured spleen, shattered ankles, and a fractured skull. I was in the hospital for months and out of work for a year."

"That's pretty bad. I'm sorry to hear that. You're okay now though?"

I nodded, smiling as I delved into my food.

Silence fell over us as we both cleared our plates. I tried to push thoughts of Scotch to the back of my mind but it never worked—he was always there.

After the waiter took our empty plates, he picked the conversation back up.

"So, the psychology degree. What's that about?"

I smiled, my hopes and dreams flooding through me. "I want to be a criminologist."

I was studying part-time through the Open University. The course would take six years before then specialising. After that, I would have to gain a doctorate at a university, which would be another three years.

"Impressive. Does that mean you'll be leaving us one day?"

I nodded, grinning. "One day." Downing the rest of my drink, I decided it was his turn.

"What about you?"

"Me?"

"Yeah. What are your hobbies and stuff?"

"I'm a bit of a film geek. I am also quite partial to a book or two here and there. I go fishing every so often and I like to ski too. That's about it."

I pursed my lips as his eyes twinkled at me with the hint of a secret. I let it go, pushing the questions away. "I guess you're always busy at work?"

"Yeah, you could say that."

I blushed as I thought of the next thing I wanted to ask but I had to know. "Do you mind me asking how old you are?"

He grinned. "I wondered if you'd ask that. I'm thirty-five."

I cocked my head to one side and sat back in

my chair. "I'm guessing you read my personnel file, which is how you knew where I lived seeing as you didn't ask for my address? So, I'm also guessing you know how old I am?"

He laughed. "I'm sorry. Guilty as charged."

"That's creepy."

"Either creepy or using initiative. Depends which way you look at it."

I burst out laughing at his ridiculous logic.

The waiter came back, asking if we would like dessert. We both declined before asking for the bill. As we left, he took my hand in his, my breath hitching in my throat as we ambled to his car. I couldn't help but think how wrong this felt with him being my boss, but at the same time it felt so...*right*.

He pulled up on my driveway a short while later, opening the door for me once again before walking me to my front door.

He took my hand in his, brushing his lips across the back of it. Tingles pulsed through every inch of me at his soft gesture.

"Thank you for a lovely night," he said.

"You're very welcome. Thank you for a lovely night too."

"Can I call you tomorrow?"

I smirked. "You can call. Doesn't mean I'll answer."

His hands trailed down to my waist, pulling

me closer to him. "I had no idea you could be so awkward."

"Well, you do now."

His voice became a whisper as he inched closer. "I like it."

He cushioned his soft lips against mine, his fingers pressing into my body as his tongue parted my lips. We melted together in a gentle, tender embrace that left me breathless as he caressed my tongue with his own. My hands seated against his solid chest, steadying my weakening knees. Once we broke our hold on each other, one of his hands found my cheek, stroking its heated surface with a quiet longing. My heart stopped before skipping a beat with a heavy thud.

He gazed down at me with those dangerous blue oceans I could easily swim in. "I shall let Cinderella go to bed."

I nodded in agreement before we shared one final parting kiss.

As he walked back to his car, he turned to me with a cheeky wink. "Told you I could behave."

Chapter Four

I woke the next morning to the incessant ringing of my phone. Fumbling my way through the air, I managed to press the answer button somehow and croaked a greeting to the caller.

"I'm engaged!"

Molly's shrieking voice snapped me out of my half-asleep state as I struggled to comprehend what she just said.

"Ky? You there?"

I sat up, running a hand over my eyes. "Yeah. Sorry. What?"

"I'm engaged! Like, engaged, Ky!"

I smiled at her excitement while trying to absorb her news. "Wow. Congratulations!"

To say I was a little shocked was an understatement. Molly was your typical free spirit—tall, slim, drop dead gorgeous, and not interested in relationships. She'd been dating this guy, Chris, for nearly six months, which was a record for her. I had been more than surprised when she'd agreed to go on holiday with him.

"When can you come over? We have so much to catch up on!"

I sighed as I threw back the bed covers.

"Give me an hour."

A squeal of joy pierced my eardrums before the line went dead.

I arrived at Molly's an hour later, more awake and ready for her barrels of joy. The car door hadn't even opened before she came running out of the house, waving her new bling in my face.

I held her hand and stared at the huge diamond ring sitting on her finger. "Wow. That's huge."

She nodded, her long blonde hair waving with her enthusiasm. "I know."

"So how did he do it?"

A broad smile swept across her face as she relived her special moment. "It was so perfect. We were in this gorgeous restaurant right on the sea front. Candles, stars in the sky, he got down on one knee and everything."

I smiled. "I'm so pleased for you."

She grabbed my arm, dragging me out of the car before enveloping me in a bone crushing hug. "You know what this means?"

I stepped back, stretching out my shoulders. I raised an eyebrow, daring to ask, "What?"

She clasped her hands together and jumped

up and down on the spot. "Shopping!"

I plastered a fake smile on my face and suppressed a groan. It wasn't that I was unhappy for her, it just didn't seem *right*. Before her holiday, she'd been detailing the hot personal trainer in her gym to me. Now, it was like he never existed. Still, she deserved someone decent and Chris was a good guy.

As I followed her in the house, my phone rang—Paul. I burst into my own smile as I realised this news would kill her. When he started at the company a few weeks ago, she used any trick in the book to be upstairs in my office, poised on the end of my desk when he emerged from his office. He never even batted an eyelash at her, which only served to fuel her more.

I ran back outside, answering the call. "Well, hello there."

"Good morning. I'm delighted you decided to answer."

I giggled. "It was accidental. I meant to press reject."

A soft, honey laden laugh trickled down the line, sending shivers up and down my spine. "Well, I'm guessing that answers my question, then. May as well hang up now."

"Didn't anyone ever teach you that if you don't ask, you don't get?"

"As a matter of fact, Miss Wilson, I happen to live by that rule. Are you free tonight?"

I bit my lip, stifling the need to jump for joy.
"Perhaps..."

"No use playing hard to get after your seduction attempts this week."

"Touché. I suppose since it's you, I'm free tonight."

He chuckled. "Want to catch a movie?" My mind started whirring with ideas as I held in my giggles. "Sounds perfect."

We hung up after confirming times, which then left me to deal with Molly. I walked inside her house, ignoring her prying glances, and sat on the sofa with a cheeky grin.

"Who was that?" she asked.

I grinned. "My hot date."

"What hot date? Who? When did this happen? Details!"

"He took me out for dinner last night. Nothing happened."

She sat on the opposite sofa, her eyebrows wiggling with impatience. "So who is it?"

I bit my lip to stem my growing smile. "Paul."

She frowned. "Paul?"

"Mr. Connors to you."

She gasped, her hands flying to her open mouth. "No way! You're freaking kidding me?"

"Nope."

She jumped over to me, her green eyes filling with glee. "I want details."

"There are none. Yet."

Paul picked me up at six p.m., as punctual as ever. When I opened the door, I couldn't help my eyes roving over his fine form. Dark denim jeans hugging all the right areas combined with his bright white t-shirt clinging to his broad shoulders, I made sure I closed my mouth to prevent any drool escaping.

He smiled as he looked over my own casual look. "You really do look good in anything, don't you?"

I licked my lips and skipped outside. "You haven't seen me in my birthday suit yet."

He chuckled. "All in good time, Miss Wilson."

We arrived at the cinema early, which meant we had pick of the seats. Smirking to myself, I headed straight to the back corner. Paul's raised eyebrows with his own quirky smile told me he knew what I was doing. All afternoon I'd been thinking of devilish ways to seduce him in the darkness.

As the lights dimmed, coating us in shadows, his hand fell over my arm, tracing tiny, hair-raising patterns over my skin. My heart reacted

to his touch in an instant, thumping away against my rib cage as goosebumps appeared all over my body. I enjoyed it for a few minutes before I let my hand relax into his lap, resting just above his knee. I began drawing my own teasing shapes on his leg, inching my way towards *that* area as the film went on. I bit down on my tongue to hide my giggles, making sure I didn't move my eyes towards him at all.

He shifted in his seat then whispered in my ear, "I know what you're doing."

I dared to meet his sapphire eyes, almost gasping at the fire sparking in them. "I don't know what you're talking about."

He leaned in closer, his breath sending shivers down my spine. "You know damn well what I'm talking about."

I batted my eyelashes several times and shrugged my shoulders. His eyes closed for a brief second as I happened to brush a little closer than before. When he opened them again, the intensity of the blaze burning through them took my breath away.

"Kyra..."

I smiled, widening my eyes in my best innocent look. I couldn't let him know how affected I was by this too.

"Yes?"

I continued to walk my fingers around his lap

but said nothing more as he turned his attention back to the screen. Every so often, he would let out a slow, deep breath before fidgeting in his seat.

When the film finished, he grabbed my hand and marched us out to the car in fervid silence. I dared to steal a sideways glance at him. A muscle in his cheek twitched and his piercing blue eyes were consumed with desire. His focus was straight ahead on the car. Everything about him screamed a darkened sense of being. His ash blonde hair was now the only light to the charged atmosphere between us.

Closing in the last few feet towards the car, he swung me around and pressed me up against the cool metal with his solid body. My breath caught in my throat from the sudden movement. Before I could stop my world from spinning, he grabbed my face and planted his lips on mine, sending me into a whole new whirling reality. His tongue searched out mine, taking control of every essence of me with his assertive kiss. I could do little but melt into him as he continued his assault on my senses.

After a couple of minutes, he broke our heated moment, his breathing short and ragged. The intensity of the ardour simmering in his eyes seared right through my soul.

"That was the least I could restrain myself

to," he said. "Think *yourself* lucky."

I held his fiery eye contact and inched my way back towards his lips. Keeping him locked in the moment, one of my hands grabbed his crotch, making him jump from the sudden contact.

"That was the least I could restrain myself to, so think yourself lucky."

He settled a hardened stare on me, a promise of unrestrained pleasures coursing my way. "Oh, Miss Wilson..."

I shrugged my shoulders and let go. I turned round and opened the car door, purposefully pushing myself backwards into him before getting in. He strode round to the driver's side, his jaw set in a hard line and his eyes ablaze with lust. The entire ride home was cased in silence, the atmosphere between us continuing to pressurise by the second.

I let myself out of the car and walked to my front door, well aware of his radiating heat behind me. I stepped through into the house and turned to him, biting down on my bottom lip as I asked, "Are you coming in?"

He continued to stare at me for a few seconds, a wild mix of primal need and lust tumbling through his eyes. And then he launched himself at me, hands grabbing at anything and everything whilst crushing his perfect red lips to mine.