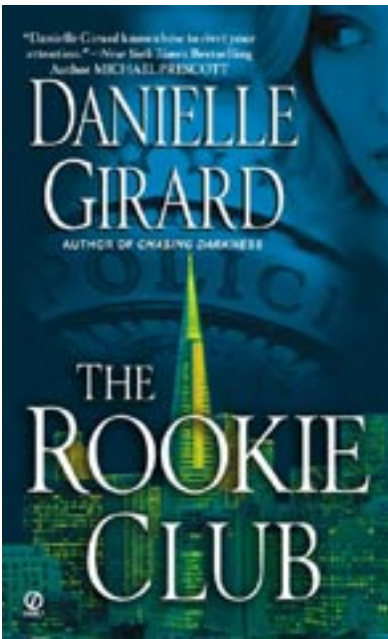


Chapter Three



They stood at the closed office door. He pressed her against the hard surface as his tongue explored her mouth. His huge hands gripped her breasts then trailed downward, cupping between her legs. She pulled back for a quick breath. Her insides fluttered with the feel of him. She had a buzz, heightened by alcohol and the fight.

She gripped the knob and pushed the door open. With his tie in her fist, they stumbled into her office. She glanced at the room. He came up behind her, pressed his erection against her. With a sweeping motion, she cleared the papers off her desk and turned toward him, propping herself on the edge. Spreading her legs, she pulled him between them. Crossed her feet on either side of his buttocks and gripped him between tight thighs.

“You’re so hot,” he whispered, kissing her neck.

She let her head fall back, hair cascading down her back. She knew what this looked like. She’d practiced in a mirror. It was good. Irresistible. And he was no different than the others.

His mouth trailed toward the mound of her breasts. She pulled his head into her, pressed his nose to her flesh. His fingers fumbled on her buttons. She leaned back, drew her feet onto the desk. One at a time, she let her heels drop to the floor. His expression grew fierce as her jacket came off. She unhooked her bra, let it fall off her shoulders.

He cupped her breasts, rubbed her nipples. She arched her back, set her feet on his shoulders, rammed her hips toward him. He unzipped her pants. His breath rasped in the silent room. She moaned, watching the reaction it caused. His hands fumbled. His mouth dropped open. He could hardly contain himself.

He yanked at his tie, yoking himself. She laughed and sat up to help him. She moved her fingers slowly, drawing out each motion until he was clawing at his buttons. He tugged the shirt from his pants. A button popped off and struck the hardwood desk. He grunted.

She laughed. He swooped down and grabbed her mouth in his, swallowing the snicker that rose in her throat.

She closed her eyes. Her pants slipped off her legs. Her underwear tugged away from her hips. Warm fingers fondled her. She arched, moaned.

Suddenly, he was inside her. She gasped as he filled her. The motions grew frantic. She clung to the desk. He gripped her thighs.

He struck into her as though he were punching through her spine. The pain was welcome. It was always welcome. She lolled her head up, watched the frenzy. A minute passed. Then several. His expression tightened into a grimace. His fingers dug into her buttocks. He stopped, drove again and she felt the pulsating inside her.

He smiled, proud as he slumped over her.

She ran her hands through his thick hair like she might a child, held him against her.

Chapter Three

“Oh, God, baby,” he whispered.

She smiled. She waited until the pulsing had stopped and pressed him up gently. “You should go.”

He lifted his head and kissed her lips. “When can I see you again?”

She held the smile, softened her brow. “Soon, sweetie. You can call me tomorrow.”

He kissed her lips. She pursed them, let him search for the passion he’d felt. He thought it was still there. It was gone for her. He pulled himself out, grabbed a fistful of tissues and wiped himself before handing her the box.

She glanced at the red in his cheeks. He looked like an overgrown schoolboy. But didn’t they all?

She slipped back into her pants, found her bra, pulled the jacket back over her shoulders. Turned her back to button it.

She saw his button on the floor and pointed to it. “Don’t forget that.”

He cupped it in his palm. “Maybe I’ll leave it here as a souvenir.” He set it on the edge of the desk and kissed her again. Then, taking his coat off the chair, he left.

He turned back once at the door and winked.

She smiled, thinking he was an idiot. They were all idiots.

When the department door clicked shut, she scooped the button up and tossed it toward the secretary’s trashcan. Missed. Next time, my ass, she thought.

Back in her office, she ran her hands through her hair and pulled her compact out of her purse. The brown eyes in the reflection were wide, flat of emotion. She smiled, watched them light up. Control, she thought.

She clicked the mirror closed and dropped it in her purse. She glanced at the mess. To hell with it.

She heard a creak behind her. She spun around, startled.

His frame filled the doorway. His eyes narrowed.

Her pulse raced. A rush of heat filled her belly. Seeing him created a bigger buzz than the last ten minutes. She thought of the other man inside her. Secretly reveled at the thought of another lay. She stepped forward. “Hello.”

He crossed the threshold and shut the door behind him. Locked it.

She reached out for him, but he thrust her hand away.

“What is going on?”

She frowned, tossed her hair. “You should leave.” She moved to pass him.

He clamped his hand into her hair, wrenched her head back.

Tears flooded her eyes. A wave of panic swelled up around her. She fought it back. “Let me go.”

“What the hell game are you playing?”

“Let go now.”

He lifted her by her hair. She felt his ragged breath, so much more powerful than the one before. It made her excited. She tried to touch his face.

He shoved her away.

She tumbled to the ground, slammed her face on the edge of the desk. She cried out.

She sat up, felt the fury rise inside her. “You pathetic moron. Did you really

Chapter Three

think I'd be satisfied by you? You don't even know how to fuck."

He bared his teeth, sank them into his lip.

She smiled, soaked in the pathetic expression on his face. "We're through."

"You c-c-can't."

Power streamed through her. She stood, smiling. Touched her lip, licked the warm blood. Shoulders back, she let the power buzz through her. She moved past him, reached for her purse. She turned back, raised an eyebrow. "I just d-d-did."

"You whore!" He spit the words, launched himself at her.

She backed away.

He was too fast.

He knocked her down. She tried to roll over but he straddled her. Using his hips and thighs, he pressed her to the floor.

She felt fear.

She'd never seen him angry. Not even a little. He raised his hand to strike her.

She reached out, gripped his balls. She squeezed and twisted as hard as she could.

He fell backwards, cupping them.

She used the break to push him off. Scrambled to her feet. She reached for the door, but he caught her foot.

Standing, he whirled her to face him. Anger burned in his cheeks.

She struggled to speak. Shook her head as his fingers dug into her shoulders.

Felt the intensity as he launched her across the room.

She caught her foot, tumbled sideways. She saw the desk come up at her. She reached to brace herself. Too late.

She struck the corner of the desk. She saw a swell like a giant wave crashing down on her head.

Then everything went black.