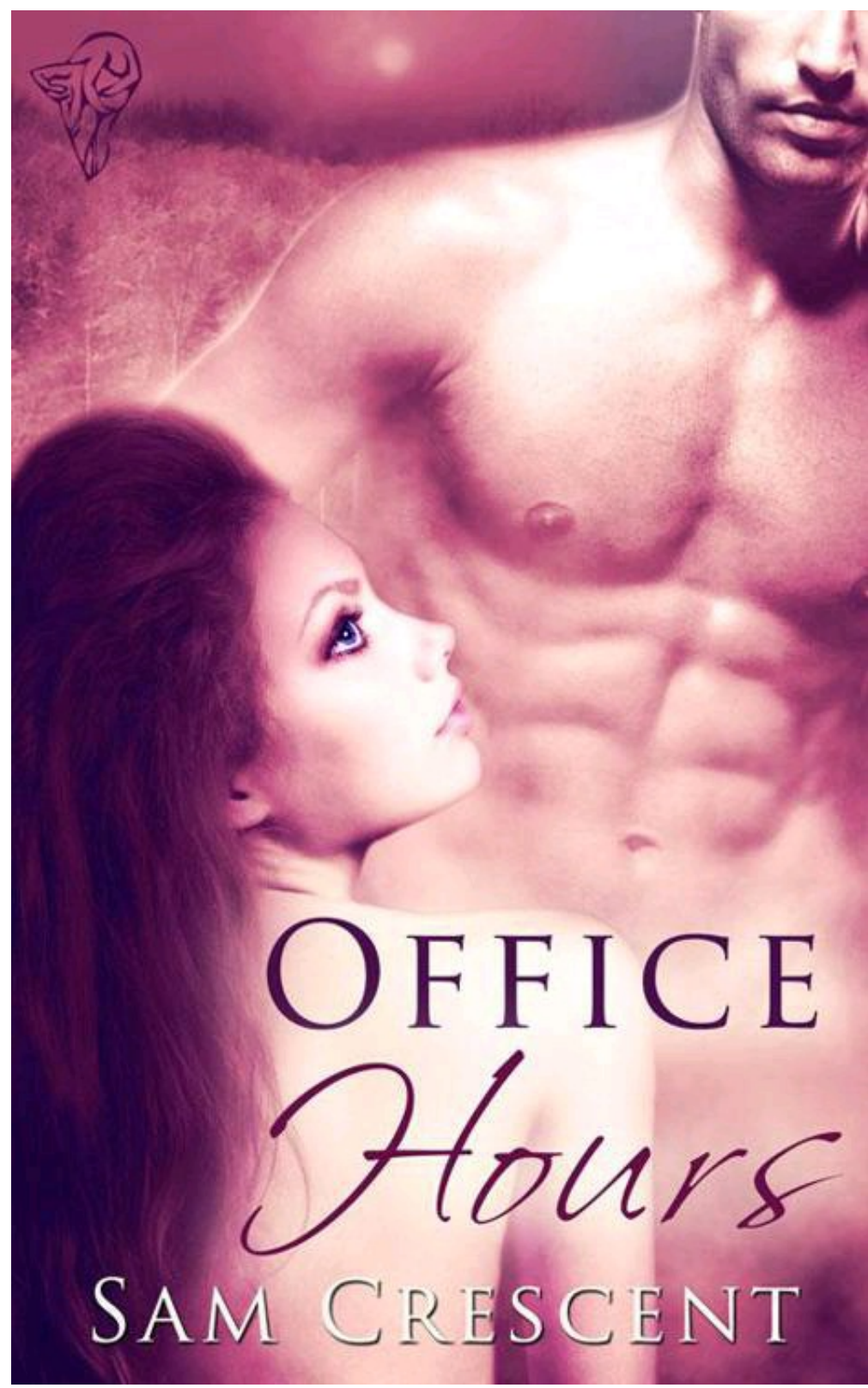




OFFICE
Hours

SAM CRESCENT



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Office Hours

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This

story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

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Dedication

I want to dedicate this book to Sid. For always standing by me and never allowing me to give up. You are a fantastic friend. This one is for you.

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Chapter One

“What the hell is this?” Anya King stormed into her boss’s office carrying the offending memo and slammed it with as much force as she could muster onto his desk.

Nathan Banks stopped typing to glance at his personal assistant, then at the memo he’d left on her desk while she went out to lunch. “It’s about a team-building weekend. It’s a new scheme to help colleagues work together better.”

“I can clearly see what it’s about, Mr Banks. What I want to know is why my name is on that list?” Anya placed a hand on her hip. She needed to keep her head, relax and breathe.

“I signed us up for the course as a team.” He pushed the paper away, looking at her with calm composure. Anya felt anything but calm.

“You did this without even consulting me?” She swallowed down her anger, keeping her fiery temper at bay. Work relationships were supposed to be kept professional. It wouldn’t do for her to lose her temper.

“ In case you hadn’t noticed, Miss King, *I* happen to own this company, what *I* say goes and if *I* think this weekend will benefit *my* company, as *my* personal assistant you’ll be accompanying me. No questions asked.” He looked pointedly at the memo until she picked it up again.

Anya watched him go back to his computer, his sure, sturdy hands typing purposefully away. Clever hands that could bring a woman all kinds of sexual pleasure, if all of the rumours floating around the office were true. Anya tried not to think about her boss and sex.

It was wrong and unprofessional, but sometimes when she was alone images of Nathan crept into her mind, and not all of them in employer-employee situations.

“I have plans this weekend.” She folded her arms underneath her full breasts. She needed this weekend! There was only so long she could resist her natural urges. Face it, she was over-sexed. Images of Nathan fucking her had entered her mind one too many times of late. Time away with another man, or men, should put her system back to rights. Nathan could go back to being just a man she happened to work for.

“Cancel it.” He didn’t even lift his head.

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“How am I supposed to cancel at the last minute?” She wasn’t going to give in just like that. He was

going to hear her out whether he liked it or not.

But Nathan was just as stubborn as she. “Find a way. It’s not my problem. I’ll see you here tomorrow at nine. Pack for a busy weekend and read the memo, it’ll tell you what you need.” He dismissed her, lifting up his phone to dial an associate.

Anya thought about waiting it out, to see if he really was calling someone and not just doing it to get rid of her. Instead she nodded, simmering to herself, took the memo and quietly left his office, closing the door without making a sound.

Sitting behind her desk, she grabbed her bag, pulling out her ticket and the file about her planned pleasure weekend. Tomorrow she was supposed to be leaving for a small, isolated mansion, where every little lust and desire the body craved could be experienced, along with the promise of total anonymity. The ticket alone would have left most people crying at the cost. She could only just afford it on her salary.

She sighed. It was a good job the ticket could be used on any weekend over the course of a month. But her ticket was for December, one of the busiest times of the year, which meant her time was already in short supply.

Anya usually went for the first weekend of the month, but overtime at work, along with life in general, had got the better of her this month, so she had been planning to spend the second weekend of December at her erotic hideaway. *Had* been, until her domineering boss had *demand*ed her presence on his stupid team-building weekend. He said, “Jump,” and she had no choice but to say, “How high?” Anya took pride in her work, but sometimes being the best personal assistant was a pain in the arse. The reward for good work was more work.

Shaking her head in disappointment, she reflected that at least there were still two weekends left after this work-together-better nonsense or whatever he wanted to call it. She folded up her ticket and placed it carefully back in her bag.

She could survive this weekend, but she would need reinforcements. Sexual reinforcements.

It had been too long. She could feel the ache pulsing through her body. The need to be fucked hard and to be sated by several men, or at least one man, was strong. She could sense the tension close to the surface, a tension that only a weekend of hard sex could relieve. She OFFICE HOURS

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rubbed her hands down her skirt, feeling the ache a simple touch could evoke, the ache she loved

She smiled, wondering what her very conservative boss would think of his personal assistant having sexy weekends away. Dirty, hot, sweaty, sex-filled weekends. Going by the rumours, this guy was a one-position—the missionary position—kind of guy. To Anya that sounded, plain and simply boring.

Poor Nathan. Sexy as he was, some men had it and some men obviously didn't.

Anya took another deep breath and began working, trying to immerse herself in paperwork. Business always did have the desired effect. Within minutes, files were being consulted and contacts were being made, sex a distant thought in the back of her mind.

"I'll see you tomorrow at nine, sir." Anya popped her head through his office door at seven that evening, when she had completed all of her work and managed to get in some paid overtime as well. She had a bright smile on her face, a contrast to earlier, when her face had conveyed the annoyance she'd felt at the time.

He nodded.

"Where are we going?" Curiosity always did get the better of her.

"Buxton in Derbyshire. A beautiful place."

"Sounds wonderful. Night night," she called, moving away.

She just had time to hit the shops for a bit of Christmas shopping.

Special office Secret Santa. Everybody's names would be put into a basket and, one by one, they'd pick out a name. The idea was to buy a gift for the person whose name you pulled out. And—just her luck—she'd managed to pick Nathan. Karma, or what?

She loved her work, she loved the company. It was just the boss. He was a stuck-up workaholic. If he'd only relax a little, he would find a whole new world of possibilities.

Relax a bit. She smiled as she had the perfect present idea.

Chuckling, she walked out onto the busy street. Christmas shoppers were everywhere, looking for bargains, trying to buy those perfect Christmas presents for family and friends.

Soon Anya was caught up in the hustle and bustle, immersing herself in the Christmas glow.

"Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow."

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Nathan watched Anya disappear into the crowds below his window, relief pulsing through him. He couldn't lie—he'd been expecting an outburst of some kind. Not asking her permission before booking the damn trip had been a test. He made his way through his office, nodding at his cleaning staff. He passed the lift and went straight for the stairs, running down them at speed to his parked car.

He smiled, beeping open the dark, sleek Bentley—a beaut, one of his finer purchases in life.

Once behind the wheel, he turned the key in the ignition, savouring the power as the engine roared to life. He was all about power, all about dominating in the work place and at home.

Nathan was on the look-out for a truly amazing submissive. A woman who could speak her mind, whom he could go toe-to-toe with in everyday life, but who in the bedroom would be hot, wet, ready and willing, no questions asked. Sheer obedience.

Someone like Anya King, he mused to himself, would surely be too prudish, efficient and business-minded as she was. And too bossy and difficult to let him fuck her body senseless many times a night, any way, anyhow he wanted.

He imagined Anya's sex life—if she had one, that was—to be boring. She might even still be a virgin. Not something he gave much thought to, if he was truthful. There were many more women out there, and they were always ready to fill his fantasies and his bed.

He thought about what it was like to have a woman begging for him. Well—begging for anyone. The fun was rather spoilt when he realised his partner was begging not for Nathan but for a dominant, any dominant. Asking for nothing but to be taken by whoever was available at the time.

He shook his head. No, he wanted one woman. One woman who would be totally satisfied with him and him alone in the bedroom and in her life. Who would trust him with her body, trust him to guarantee she'd receive the ultimate pleasure if she only submitted to him. His cock ached for her, whoever she might be. His soul yearned. He would find her, of that he was determined. Certain.

He drove through the streets, thankful the holiday season was almost upon them.

Having family around was important, and he intended to spend his holiday with his family.

Briefly, his curiosity got the better of him and he wondered what his oh-so efficient assistant OFFICE HOURS

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had planned for the Christmas season. He quickly stemmed the thought. Work stayed at work and sex stayed in the bedroom. No more dirty thoughts about his PA.

An hour later, after hitting some heavy traffic, he parked in the underground parking area available with his flat. He nodded to the doorman and proceeded to the lift that would take him straight up to his penthouse suite. The view overlooking London city was truly spectacular around the festive season.

Nathan poured himself a shot of dark whisky and for several moments took in the sights he paid handsomely for. The liquor burned the back of his throat, the delicious intensity giving him a buzz. He loosened his tie, closing his curtains, shutting out the world.

Peace descended on him, quiet and tranquil. Closing his eyes, he rested on the sofa, leaning back, allowing the tight knots to work out of his shoulders and back, the pulsing headache to ease as he relaxed his entire body.

He sighed. Having a woman to work out the kinks in his body would be even better.

He checked the time. Nine-thirty glowed at him from his digital clock. Groaning, he stood up, stretching, and moved to his bedroom where a suitcase lay filled with the weekend's clothes. Sweaters, light trousers—in case he got wet they would dry quickly in the cold air. He smiled in gratitude, thankful for the laundry service. They would be receiving a healthy Christmas bonus this year.

After a shower he added his toiletries to the bag and zipped it up, leaving it on his chair until the morning.

It was going to be a long weekend.

Anya walked into her office at exactly nine o'clock. She wouldn't give Nathan the satisfaction of arriving late. No. So she'd made sure she stayed on the staircase outside their floor for the last five minutes, timing it perfectly, keeping her eyes on the clock just above the door so when the hands reached exactly nine o'clock, she could enter.

She felt rather smug.

“On time as usual.” She could hear the mockery in his tone but she refused to bite. She would be utterly professional until five o'clock this afternoon, when she was due to finish work, then Boss Man was in for a surprise—or maybe she would leave it until they left the office, who knew?

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“You said nine. I'm here.” She walked straight into his office. Anya wore a pair of black walking trousers and a light T-shirt with two thick, woolly sweaters. She also had with her a waterproof jacket, just in case. She didn't like the cold. A suitcase hung at her side. “What're we waiting for?”

He lifted his eyebrow at her attitude. If Anya hadn't known better, she would have thought he was imagining her without any clothes on. Naked. Smiling, Anya cocked a hip.

Stupid, though—he wouldn't have the first clue what to do with a woman. It was going to be a long weekend.

“We're waiting for my driver.” He lifted up a mug of coffee and took a long, leisurely sip. Anya took the seat across from him and eased back, waiting.

The silence between them felt surprisingly comfortable. Anya closed her eyes briefly, her thoughts wandering to the possibilities of the weekend ahead.

“What’re you thinking?” Nathan asked, breaking the silence.

Anya opened her eyes, “I was wondering about this weekend. What exactly is this work-together—”

“Team-building weekend,” he corrected. Anya glared at him, not liking his interruption.

“Yes, team-building weekend.” She crossed her leg over her knee. “I have never been on this type of training exercise before, Mr Banks. Could you please explain in little more detail what exactly it is and what we can expect from this weekend?” Genuinely interested, she waited while Nathan rested his coffee cup on his knee before answering.

“On Saturday we’ll be driven ten miles in any direction away from our hotel. We’ll be given a walking bag each, one with a tent, a map and a compass, and the other with food and water.”

“And how long are we expected to take to get back to the hotel?” *A tent?* She would not be staying outside, no matter where they were. No way.

“Couples have ended up staying out overnight together. I’ve been told it’s very successful and extremely safe. Don’t worry, Miss King, I’ve thought about your safety.” There was something about what he’d said... Anya’s brain scrambled as she tried to think what it was.

“*Couples?*”

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Nathan Banks blushed. Anya watched his pale features deepen as a red, embarrassed blush worked up his neck, swamping his cheeks, but she couldn’t find the will to laugh or mock. He’d messed up the bookings—served him right for not appreciating his efficient PA more!—and they were going on some harebrained lovers’ retreat.

“You’ve signed us up for some lovers’ retreat in the dead of winter, days before Christmas?”

“I’m sure it will be worthwhile,” he blustered. “It works to bring couples together.

There’s no reason that shouldn’t extend to working relationships within the work place.” He scowled, growling at her. “I’m more than capable of organising a business trip.” Obviously not! “Will there be other couples there?” She checked her watch. Nine-ten.

She drummed her fingers on her knee.

“I believe so. Stop fidgeting.” He gestured to her drumming fingers.

She stopped, instantly laying her hand flat on her knee instead.

“It’s not like your driver to be late,” she pointed out.

The phone rang and Nathan looked relieved. “Yeah, you’re ready—excellent. We’ll be right down.” He placed the receiver back on the cradle, and Anya couldn’t help it.

“Speak of the devil, or is it more like saved by the bell?” she teased, following him out of his office.

She nodded and waved at some colleagues as they passed. Mr Grumpy stared straight ahead, not acknowledging anyone. Maybe this weekend would be a good thing, teach Mr Rude some manners.

She wondered how many nicknames she’d have for Sour Face by Monday morning.

It was their first lift ride together, and she couldn’t help but notice how he dominated the small space, staring at the buttons on the panel as they descended each floor.

“Are you scared of lifts?” she said out of the blue. She suddenly wanted to know more about him. Maybe it was her sex drive kicking in, Nathan being the only available male near her.

“Do I look scared of lifts?” he snapped, his back ramrod straight.

“Touchy today, I see.” She smirked when he tapped the button for the ground floor again.

His shoulders relaxed as the ping of the lift confirmed they had reached the ground floor.

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His driver greeted them, a charming smile adorning his handsome features. He took Anya’s suitcase, placing it alongside Nathan’s in the boot of the car.

“Thanks, Paul.” She smiled at him as he opened her door. She sat next to Nathan, her leg brushing against the side of his.

She wouldn’t move her leg. She was having way too much fun tormenting him. He didn’t move his leg, either. Instead he pulled his BlackBerry out of his pocket, and started making a phone call.

Slightly annoyed that her teasing seemed to have gone unnoticed, Anya spent most of the time looking out of the window as they travelled down the motorway. Her thoughts were running wild thinking about sex. She hoped her toys would be able to help her get through this weekend without her thoughts turning constantly to sex, about a cock fucking her pussy. She reached inside her jacket and pressed

the 'mild' button on the remote control to her secret weapon. She sat back, allowing the silent vibrations to ease her tight, aching pussy. The vibrating panties had been her best purchase yet. No one could hear them, and only the most astute man would see her becoming increasingly aroused. If only Nathan knew how close she was to getting off, while he was obviously making another million to add to his already wealthy name. He was all business and she was close to orgasm.

She would take the orgasm over the million pounds, every time. She squeezed her legs together, taking a deep breath as she felt the first ripples of climax ease over her. The light orgasm took the edge off her frustration, but she raised the tempo after her climax eased off.

If only she could squeeze her nipples and thrust a fake cock inside her—it'd slide in so easily, all of her cream creating the perfect lube for a cock. She stifled a moan, turning off the machine as another, stronger climax overtook her. She didn't want the batteries sucked dry before the weekend had even begun.

She lay back, relaxed and tired. They were stuck in traffic—at the rate they were moving they'd get there faster by walking. Anya closed her eyes, drifting off into a sated sleep, her last thought,

If only Nathan knew.

Nathan switched his phone off, watching Anya sleep peacefully with a smile on her lips. He wondered what she was dreaming about to put such ease on her face. A musky, OFFICE HOURS

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beautifully feminine smell filled the car. When he'd first smelt it teasing his nostrils, he'd been sure it was her female essence, but now he thought he must be losing his mind. There was no way she could have climaxed in the back of his limousine.

Anya would never do such a thing—surely she was too prim and proper. No way he'd ever catch her with her hand down her pants. She had her hair in a bun, for crying out loud!

He sat staring at her, her lips full, slightly open, teasing him. He shook his head. *Get her out of your mind.*

His cock swelled in his pants, forcing him to recognise his fella's existence—no action in a while, and now he was trying to poke his head out when he least wanted it.

No sex with the PA. No sex with the PA.

He could just imagine a sexual harassment case being slammed in his lap.

That killed his mood.

He called to his driver, "How much longer, Paul?" He tapped on the arm of the chair, doing exactly

what he'd told Anya not to do earlier. Fidgeting.

“Sorry, Mr Banks, an accident has completely blocked the road. A few more hours yet, I'm afraid.”

Nathan nodded, rubbing his face, hit by boredom.

He tried to keep his gaze turned away from Anya but his betraying eyes kept seeking out her sleeping form. Giving in, he gave her his full, undivided attention, without fear of her scorn or a sexual harassment case. He started with her face. Tiny strands of hair escaped her bun. He leaned in closer to see the fiery red colour, and his cock jumped in his pants. Images of her spread out on his bed sheets, her red hair spread across his lap as she sucked him off, her hair fisted in his hand, assailed him. He clenched his hands together in his lap, the temptation to grab a handful of her glorious red hair too intense. It would be deeply inappropriate. He'd never really taken in the colour of her hair before. Was she the same around her pussy, or did she shave? Wax? He wanted to rip her pants from her body so he could see, could answer his own questions. Instead, he sat on his hands, moving his eyes away from her sexually appealing hair. Nathan didn't understand why it aroused him so much. Her complexion was smooth, her face pale and unmarked—the sunshine would be dangerous to her skin. Her nose was small, delicate, cute, her eyes a deep blue he remembered from all the times she'd looked at him with mocking laughter. Her lips were plump. How would they look stretched around his shaft and juicy with her saliva? Nathan OFFICE HOURS

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couldn't resist—he touched himself, the twitch of his cock against his pants protesting its tight confines. He grumbled, wanting to take himself in hand and rub himself to completion.

The thought of her reaction if she woke up stopped him.

Sexual harassment.

Sexual harassment.

Though her body was covered by the warm winter jacket, he knew how full and supple she was. Her legs were smooth and curvy, with the strength to wrap tightly around his waist as he drove into her. Even her toes were probably as sexy as hell. He groaned, slumping back against his seat, folding his arms over his chest, his face set in what he knew was a childish pout. He wanted his PA. No way! He wouldn't allow her to dominate his thoughts.

She was an overbearing tight-ass who had unattractive boobs.

Definitely. He was being ridiculous.

He shook his head, staring out of the lonely window at the slow-moving traffic.

He jumped as Anya's head connected with his lap, her body curling against his tense leg. She moaned

softly in her sleep, her hand moving until it rested snugly against the inside of his thigh, inches away from his increasing length.

This cannot be happening. Her womanly scent teased his nostrils. The desire to open a window to allow the fresh air to play on his face was almost too tempting, but a sudden concern for her health stopped him. He didn't want her getting ill this weekend. Even if she had taunted him, she was still his PA, and a good one. He needed her. Nathan had been intrigued when he'd discovered the team-building weekend on the internet and had wanted to see if it would work and improve his working relationship with Anya. Of course he hadn't read the small print—being on a course designed to strengthen *romantic* relationships might complicate things a little.

Unconsciously, he began to stroke his hand through her hair, teasing his fingertips with the silkiness of the strands as they glided over his fingers. She must treat it with some special hair-care products—there was no way a woman could get her hair to be this silky naturally.

Why the hell am I thinking about women's hair-care products? Like I care? He tried to stop touching her, but he couldn't help himself. He rested his head against the window, closing his eyes as he continued to run his hand through her hair.

Her scent began to comfort him, shocking him with the effect she was having on his body and nerves.

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What would this weekend bring?

He knew they worked together wonderfully—she always knew when he needed her to make a phone call or to take notes, or when to arrange a business lunch. Though she refused to get his laundry and personal items for relationships. She wouldn't organise dates for him.

She would get his coffee, but only if she wanted one herself. She didn't take any shit off him or anyone. If a client tried to get a grope, she would shut him down instantly, no teasing or tormenting, trying to find out what she could get out of the situation. Professional all the way, and because of that he had the deepest respect for her. Anya King was among a handful of women he respected. Most of the women he'd come across wanted to fuck their way to a promotion—in his book a promotion was earned and not on the back.

Some business associates might take what younger, ambitious women had on offer, and maybe if he'd been younger he would have too, but he'd had his fill of women willing to do anything for a price, and now he was looking for the woman who'd do anything just because she wanted to and not because of what she might gain financially.

Nathan found he prayed every day for such a woman.

He mindlessly soothed back Anya's hair with his fingers as he continued to take in the views outside the window, musing on how trusting she was as she lay in his lap.

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Chapter Two

“Anya...Anya...Anya...” On and on her name was called, her body being shaken ever so slightly. Anya swatted at the offending interruption with her hand.

“Go away,” she grumbled, squeezing the comfortable, but stiff, pillow.

“Anya, we’re here.” The call was soothing, trying to draw her out of her incredibly erotic dream.

“I’m asleep. Whoever you are, leave your number, I won’t call,” she growled. She kept her eyes shut, trying to fall back to sleep.

“What?”

Anya opened her eyes wide. *No way*, she shouldn’t be able to hear that voice in her flat.

No way, that voice wouldn’t call her by her given name. Her eyes travelled up the long, lean leg she was currently squeezing, travelling up until she met the face of her boss.

Oh shit.

Anya jerked into a sitting position so fast that she fell in a heap on the limousine floor.

Slightly bewildered, she looked up to see hills upon hills separated by olde worlde dry-stone walls outside the car windows. Greenery was everywhere, stretching as far as the eye could see.

Buxton?

“Where are we?” she asked, trying to distract Nathan from the question he must have been dying to ask.

“Buxton. This is where we’ll be staying.” He gestured to a quaint-looking pub that, according to the sign, served Italian food all day long.

“A pub?” she questioned.

“What is wrong with a pub?” he queried, still staring curiously at her.

“Nathan Banks, you’re a multi-millionaire—surely you prefer a few of the little creature comforts us mere mortals are used to as well.” It was the first time she’d ever spoken of his extreme wealth.

He laughed. “I love my creature comforts. I love a nice soft bed, a good bouncy pillow, a warm place to stay, hot delicious food...”

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“Precisely,” Anya agreed.

“But this is not about creature comforts, Anya, this is about working together in the wilderness.”

“This isn’t the wilderness, sir, this is a pub. There’s probably less wildlife.” Anya pulled herself back onto the seat beside him and looked out at the place she’d be staying. A beautiful place—she wouldn’t tell him how much she looked forward to staying there. On all of his other business trips, he’d demanded top-rate hotel accommodation, no expense spared.

Those sorts of places really unnerved Anya—she didn’t like the attitudes of the wealthy elite.

They tended to think they could have anything and anyone. If anyone turned them down, they just increased the price. Some of Nathan’s friends had propositioned her in the past, and if she’d been any other woman, she was sure they’d have succeeded in scaring or bribing her into bed. But she was not any ordinary woman, she was Anya King. Anya King took shit from no one. It had been nice to see their shocked features when she’d refused their offers of sex, and other things. One married man had even offered her a place as his primary mistress, living in wealth and luxury for the rest of her life. The guy had been a pig, a little older than Nathan but not by much, a pompous ass who had thought she was for sale. She’d soon taught him a thing or two. His wife now had his balls in her hands.

She didn’t mess with married men. If married men propositioned her, she’d tell the wife. Monogamy in a relationship was important to her—a committed relationship quite a different thing to a one-time fling—and she would not go against her beliefs for anyone.

“What was that about when you woke up?” Nathan broke into her thoughts with his dreaded question.

Stalling, she said, “What are you talking about?” She put on her best bewildered face, gazing at him with what she hoped was a confused look.

“You know what I mean, Anya,” he said, not giving her a chance to escape.

Searching, searching, she ran through her mind like an internet search, trying to pull out as fast as she could the best excuse, or even the best version of the truth.

“I was dreaming.” *The* best excuse she could come up with. It sounded lame and clichéd even to her.

“When you’re dreaming, you don’t say full sentences,” he argued.

“Yes, you do,” she contradicted.

“No, you don’t. You’re sleeping, Anya.” As if that was a good explanation.

“I talk in my sleep all the time.”

“Anya.”

“What? Are you suddenly the expert on sleep-talking? Proper protocol—I’ve not given you permission to use my given name, *Mr Banks*.” Stalling, still.

“I did not know you had a boyfriend, *Miss King*.” He looked down at his hands, fisted on his leg. She frowned at his trousers then up at him.

“I don’t,” she answered with the truth.

“Then who were you talking about?”

She thought for a second. She had no idea who she’d been talking about—she’d never taken a man back to her flat. Her flat was her space. She didn’t want any upset relating to the one place of peace in her life.

“I’ve had boyfriends before, obviously.” Although she preferred to keep her flat private, she had stayed over, some time ago, at an old boyfriend’s place. Usually she tried to stay well clear of sharing space with her lovers.

“Oh, when?”

“Years ago.” She gave her answer instantly, without thinking. Why was that?

“Oh.”

“Oh,” she agreed.

Anya had learnt early on that relationships could get really messy. Her first ever sexual relationship had been with an Italian man. A man older than her and completely gorgeous.

He’d taught her everything she knew, and how sticky and heartbreaking it could be discovering your lover was married, not just for her but also for his wife. Antonio had been ten years older, wealthy and leaking sexuality and charm. He’d charmed her from the very beginning, winning her heart in a matter of hours with his wit and charisma, making her laugh and cry, making her intrigued, curious to know more. Every time she’d been in his company, she’d made sure she dressed to impress him, adoring his compliments and attention. He had taken her to fancy restaurants, buying her champagne and jewels. She had fallen so hard, thinking about him, constantly wondering what he was doing. What he was thinking, whether he missed. She’d yearned for him to be near her, loving her body the way only he could. At night he’d possessed her body, taking her to dimensions of pleasure she’d never even known existed.

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After three months, Anya had broached the subject of moving in together, commitment.

She could not imagine spending time with anyone else, being with anyone else.

Reality check. A cruel betrayal by Antonio, the man she loved. His scorn at the idea of making it a permanent relationship, including marriage. Her hopes had disintegrated in front of her very eyes. They were fucking, pure and simple, he'd told her. She should not have believed that because a man has given her jewels, food and wine, that they were anything long-term. She could be a lover—he had loads of them, all over the world, plenty of females to warm his bed—but she'd never be his wife. He'd had one of those as well, one from an upstanding family, with morals and money.

Harsh words crumbling her ideals, she'd picked herself up from the gutter, concentrating on working hard and playing hard, never again allowing a man to get too close.

“Are you dating anyone now?” The question jolted her out of her glum memories of the past.

“What?”

“Have you got a boyfriend?”

“I don't date.” She stopped the conversation abruptly, reaching for the door handle then rushing out into the bitterly cold fresh air.

Taking huge gulps of air, she tried to breathe out the pain of the past.

After five minutes, having got her bearings, she was ready to face the weekend ahead.

“Feel better?” he asked as she approached the car again, his arms folded, leaning against the door.

“Ten times better.”

“Let's go then.”

As she followed him into the spacious pub, the smell of basil, garlic and pasta assailed her senses, making her mouth water.

Nathan walked to the reception desk. “I have reservations for Nathan Banks and Anya King.”

The young lady at the reception desk, dazzled by his good looks, smiled and blushed, batting fake eyelashes at him. Anya rolled her eyes and waited, arms folded. This weekend could end with her resignation.

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“Ah, yes. Linda and Andrew told me to show you to your rooms and let you rest.

They’ll be with you shortly.”

She took a key and escorted them up some cramped back stairs. Anya laughed at the faces Paul was pulling while bringing up their suitcases. “His case is heavier than yours,” he muttered, making her laugh out loud.

Nathan turned, giving them a funny look. His Boss look.

“Here is your bedroom, Mr Banks—spacious, the best in the house. Follow me, Miss King—your room is down the hall.” Her frosty glare made Anya want to stick her tongue out, but she resisted, sending her the best smile she could muster.

“I’m sorry, but I ordered rooms side-by-side with an adjoining door.” He sent the other woman a dazzling smile.

“Are you a couple?” she enquired—very unprofessional.

Anya, wanting to have a little laugh, went to his side and took hold of his large hand, her other running across his chest. “Sweetheart, we can’t hide it any more. We would love the two rooms for more privacy. He *did* negotiate weeks ago.” She smiled possessively. *If I’m not getting any, neither is he.* She chuckled as the woman walked into his room and pointed out the door to the adjoining rooms, which apparently was free after all. She left the key and stormed out.

She pulled her hand away from his and took her case from Paul.

“Pick us up at nine on Sunday night,” Nathan instructed, before the driver left, shutting the door behind him and leaving them in total privacy. “What,” he said, “was all that about?”

“The girl had a crush on you. I thought it best to protect you from a possible night invasion.” Anya shrugged, opening her connecting door to be confronted with a nightmare of peach and frills. “Yuck. I’m so getting a raise when we get back home.”

“She wouldn’t have come to my room.”

“Next time I’ll leave you to the calculating mind of women, but this weekend is about *team-building* not about *sex*, ” she answered, before moving into her own room and shutting him out. After all, she *was* a woman. She knew the calculating minds of her own sex, which was why she worked damned hard to carve out her own respect.

Some serious private time was needed. She slammed her case onto the bed, unlocked the clasps and unzipped the case lid, flipping it open.

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Oh, no.

Anya rummaged through the clothes, the underwear.

It was like some sick joke out of a sit-com.

She shook her head and clicked the locks back into place, then went back to the door connecting her room and Boss Man's. Building up her courage, she opened the door. At the end of the bed Nathan stood with a bright purple, seven-inch Heartthrob vibrating dildo in his hand and her various styles of crotchless panties and peep-hole bras in a range of colours spread across the bed along with her other clothes and very special toys.

Smiling, Anya brought in his case and placed it gently on the bed. "You found Tim." She saw him gulp, looking from the fake cock to her, and back again.

"You brought a dildo with you?"

"Shh." Anya placed a finger against his dry lips. "You'll hurt his feelings." She picked up her clothes and shoved them into the suitcase.

"Why do you need this?" His question stopped her for a second. Turning, she gave him her full attention. She contemplated telling him the truth, weighing up the consequences.

Fuck it, he'd brought her on this trip, he could deal with the truth. He was a big grown man.

"Since my very bossy boss told me I had to go on this team-building crap, my weekend of getting fucked went out of the window. So I brought reinforcements. I love cock, Mr Banks, and you have stopped me getting my dose." She took the purple pleasure device from his motionless fingers and left with her head held high.

She closed the door once again, laughing.

Oh, did she need some quiet girl time.

Nathan couldn't move. His feet felt glued to the floor. Licking dry lips, he stared from where she'd stood a few moments ago to the door she'd shut firmly behind her. His body tense, his mind ran riot with thoughts of her, right now, at this very second, lying naked, spread across the frilly bed, penetrating her pussy with *that* poor excuse for a cock.

What could he do? He fisted his hands at his sides to keep himself from rushing into the next room to show her what a real cock felt like. Sweat beaded on his forehead even though the room had a chill. He couldn't walk in. Over and over, he ran those instructions through his head. The other part of him, the dominant one, thought, *She wants you. Take her. She's* OFFICE HOURS

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yours. Brand her so no other man will touch her. Shaking his head, he paced, trying to use up the adrenaline that was speeding through his veins, making his cock as hard as rock. His skin was itchy with the need for release—her tempting smell in the confines of the car and now this, it was too much.

Looking into the mirror he could see the crazed animal banging against his sides trying to get out, the primal instinct to go and mark her. Jesus, he was a human being.

He kicked off his clothes and walked around his room, proud and naked, his shaft hard, forcing him to take himself in hand. Standing in front of the vanity mirror, he began to fuck his hand. Pointing the mirror down, he watched his hand working himself, but pictured Anya on her knees in front of him, pleasuring herself as she took him in her generous mouth.

In the next room, Anya lay naked on her bed, her fingers gleaming with her pussy juice, the purple cock fucking its way into her to the tempo of her wrist. Her fantasy was of Nathan kneeling before her, his dark head between her naked thighs, his tongue working her aching pussy, tonguing her sensitive clit. Moaning aloud, Anya climaxed intensely, but was filled with a sudden disappointment that it was not by the man to whom she was feeling an overwhelming attraction.

Nathan knocked on her door several hours later, waiting impatiently for a response, on edge, wondering if she was masturbating. What was she doing? He tapped on the door again, listening.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," she repeated, then opened the door. "Good evening, Mr Banks." Her cheeky smile tempted him with its secrets.

"We're needed downstairs." He turned, heading down the hall. Nathan heard the door close, and the sound of feet rushing towards him.

"Wait up, grumpy."

He stopped suddenly, causing her to careen into his back.

"I'm not grumpy." He didn't like the idea of her thinking he was grumpy.

"If the cap fits..." He lost it. Turning and taking hold of her arms, he pushed her up against the nearest wall, crowding her. His entire body blocked her in. Her eyes widened, but he could see clearly in her eyes that she was not afraid. Instead, intrigue swarmed in their depths. Desire, maybe?

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"I'm not grumpy," he reinforced. He moved his hands up to either side of her head. No flinching, no darting eyes, no fear whatsoever.

"If you say so," she teased. She brought her hands up to grab his chest and a quiver of excitement from her touch worked through his body. She purred at his reaction.

"You're testing dangerous ground, Miss King," he told her, holding her hands steady against his rapidly beating heart.

"I love dangerous. Dangerous is fun."

Oh God. He was losing himself. He could feel it. This passion smoking inside her, teasing him, calling to him, begging him to see her, to release her to him and him alone.

"You have no idea what I could do to you," he whispered, a breath away from touching her lips.

"According to rumour, Mr Banks, there is *nothing* you could do to satisfy me." She chuckled, loving his frown, the darkness in his features making him all the more tempting.

"We're wanted, sir." She raised an eyebrow and stood back, leaving him bewildered.

Nathan followed, keeping a safe distance that gave him an excellent view of her tight arse as she sashayed up to the bar.

He joined her, making sure his body made contact at all times. Her essence was driving him crazy with lust. So she'd heard the rumours he'd made sure had spread like wildfire around the office. They had worked well. No more bored nobodies tried to get into his bed.

Objective complete, now he had the element of surprise on his side.

"What can I get you?" the barman asked them, his eyes eating Anya.

Putting a possessive arm around her shoulders, the statement, *She's mine, back off*, running through his mind, Nathan said, "I'll have a glass of your finest whisky. What will it be, baby, white wine?" Using her tactics from earlier. He saw her scowl but he continued stroking her shoulder.

"I don't drink, honey-plum. Just water for me, thanks."

"Come on, sugar lips, just one drink," he coaxed.

"No, just water, thank you." She dazzled the barman with a sultry smile. He nodded, getting the order.

Nathan kept his arm around her refusing to let her go.

“Elaborate display, *Mr Banks*.”

“Payback, *Miss King*.”

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He rather enjoyed this little game.

“Oh, right.” Anya smirked, not moving or trying to untangle herself from his grip. He kept stroking her arm.

“Whisky for you, sir. Plain, bottled water for the lady.” The barman gently placed their order in front of them.

Anya reached out, holding the barman’s hand in place. “Sorry to be such a bother, but how do we get food here? Having been travelling for some time and my boss here being pretty demanding—he wants my full attention in the bedroom—I’m famished. Not allowed to eat food when other stuff is on the menu.” Anya swallowed her smile, hearing Nathan choking on his whisky. *Two can play at that game*.

The barman blushed, looking between them, unsure what to do.

“Um...u...um,” he stammered. “I’ll get you a menu.” He moved away at speed.

Unscrewing the lid on her water bottle, she smiled innocently at Nathan.

“Nathan...” They both turned at the greeting. A couple rushed over to them.

Discreetly, he removed his arm, hoping against hope Anya behaved herself.

“Linda, Andrew.”

“And who is this delightful creature?” They turned their attention towards Anya.

Anya stood, greeting them, “I’m Anya King, his ever-so-efficient personal assistant.”

“Well, he spoke well of you, my dear, but he didn’t tell us how gorgeous you were,” Linda charmed.

“Anyway, how are your rooms?” she asked.

“Good.”

“Too frilly.”

Nathan scowled at her again, but she refused to back down.

“Too frilly—I agree, dear. I keep trying to get that room changed, but never get round to it.” Anya smiled, liking the couple immensely.

“Well, enjoy your meal, and we’ll see you both at five tomorrow morning.” Anya waved goodbye, her face falling.

“Five, like *five in the morning*?”

“Yep, we’ll see how clever you feel then.”

Anya pulled faces behind his back, feeling childish and silly.

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They ate, discussing work topics, keeping their personal life—such as it was—separate.

Anya had to acknowledge they worked well together.

By nine o’clock they were ascending the stairs.

“Do you want a wake-up call?” he asked, not wanting the moment they were sharing to end.

“No, I should be able to handle waking up. See you at five, Mr Banks.” OFFICE HOURS

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Chapter Three

The following morning, about six couples assembled outside in the freezing cold, Anya and Nathan included. Anya kept moving around, jumping up and down, even without her caffeine hit, shaking her hands, oblivious to the funny looks being shot her way, trying her damndest to stay warm.

Nathan, aware of the looks, harshly told her, “Will you stop fidgeting?” Giving him a glare but continuing her pattern of jump, jump, jump, skip and shake, she said, “I’m bloody cold. I’m trying to warm up. Grumpy,” she added for good measure.

He scowled, opening his arms wide. “Come here. We’ll warm up together.” Anya raised an eyebrow. Nathan countered her eyebrow raise with one of his own. She thought about it for a split second. She refused to look a gift horse in the mouth, not being childish, so she went into his arms willingly. Anya would do anything to stay warm, even smooch up to her grumpy boss. His arms enfolded her, his heat hitting her cold limbs instantly.

His smell teased her, invading her senses just like he’d invaded her dreams the previous night. Hot, scorching passion. She nuzzled in closer to his wide chest, his presence calming her.

“Well done! Our first couple working as a team,” Linda cheered them. “Part of working together is helping your partner to stay warm, even using each other as heat sources. Well done.”

Anya could feel the death stares all the way through her back. She snuggled closer, Nathan’s protection surrounding her. He rubbed her back.

“Right! Thank you all for coming. You’re all aware this course is based on struggling couples. We want to show you how working together can make your relationship stronger.” Anya turned, keeping in close contact with Nathan, her own personal heat source, but giving her full attention to Linda.

Well, almost her full attention.

“You’ll be given a sack which contains a tent for both of you as well as a map and a compass, and another holding food and water. One sack each. You’ll be driven no further than ten miles from this location, and you’ll be expected to walk back. Phones have one call OFFICE HOURS

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available for when you wish to terminate the experiment and come straight back here, or if you get lost and need collection. They’re also equipped to make calls to the emergency services, but we’ve never had any injuries or accidents on this course. Good luck—the cars are waiting for you round the front.”

Anya smiled at the man handing out the sacks.

“Which sack do you want?” Nathan offered.

“What choice do I have?” She mourned the loss of his touch.

“Food or tent.”

“I’ll have the food.”

They took their chosen sacks and made their way over to one of the cars.

Nathan helped her into the car and followed behind her, locking the cold away.

“Okay, who should navigate?” Nathan asked, getting out the map and compass.

“I’ll pass and let you navigate us, Boss Man.” Nathan thought they needed a better working relationship? Well he could be responsible for finding their way home.

The ride in the car lasted thirty minutes. Anya had no idea where they were—tall trees and miles upon miles of fields dominated the view. Sighing, Anya heaved her tired body out of the warm, comfortable interior of the luxurious car.

“You have your sacks and call phone?” asked the driver. They nodded. “Okay, head that way.” The driver departed, leaving Anya envious of the warmth of the car.

“Right, Mr Banks,” Anya heaved the sack onto her back. “Where do we start?” Bloody good question. Nathan turned full circle, trying to decipher which would be the best route to take. Everything looked the bloody same.

He blocked out all the noise—the sounds of the wind howling, the light, wet drizzle of rain. Still in the pitch black, Anya shone the torch on the map.

“A little light makes reading a lot easier, or so I’ve been told,” Anya mocked.

“I’m not in the mood, Anya.” He pulled her hand to the right angle so he could see more clearly.

“I wasn’t the one to suggest this weekend. Remember that when you lose us up a silly hill.”

“Okay, we need to continue along this road and then cross the field and head through the forest.” Anya pulled her hand away and followed by his side. Silence descended upon OFFICE HOURS

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them, the darkness beginning to slowly disappear as the morning light increased. The direness of their situation was too much for Anya.

“So you consider this fun?” she queried.

“Maybe.”

“Maybe. Maybe, what kind of answer is that?”

“What are you doing with a purple dildo?” he countered.

“I needed to come,” she answered straight away. They were on her time—she would not hide or be ashamed of who she was.

“Yes, I like the great outdoors,” he said, finally answering her question.

“You know that *normal* people enjoy going on hikes or trails in warm, sunny weather as opposed to winter, two weeks before Christmas? Why did you decide we needed this trip anyway? I mean, I thought we got on really well, a good business relationship. Thank you.” He opened the gate for her and she stood waiting for him, shining the torch so he could see where he was walking.

She looked incredibly cute with her winter walking clothes on and the huge sack crowding her small frame. He thought about her question as they made their way over the wet field, warmth from the exercise fast replacing the cold.

“I was intrigued by the general idea of helping couples and thought any help would be good help, Anya. Nothing to do with our skills at all, more a way of trying to improve them.” Anya took a moment to reflect on his words. “I’m sorry if I’ve been hard on you. What you’ve just said sounds reasonable,” she said.

Nathan nodded. He could hear how genuine she sounded. “Why have you been acting differently, Anya?”

Nathan didn’t mind the change in her. In fact he liked the little fire-cracker—hot, passionate and fierce. Everything he loved in a woman. Especially a woman who was not afraid to speak her mind.

“When I’m in the office, I’m in a working environment. It’s important to my career to be professional. I respect the structure of the working life. Now, though, it’s my time and so I act how I am, but come Monday at nine o’clock the professional Miss King will be back.

When I finish work, whether at five or after overtime, I’m in my own time and Anya comes back. Me. This is me, this is who I am, and I’m not ashamed. I refuse to hide behind anything, OFFICE HOURS

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not even my position at work.” From the force with which she spoke, Nathan had no doubt she was telling the truth.

They walked in companionable silence until they hit the forest. At the edge they stopped for Nathan to have a quick look at the map. Anya put away her torch as the first rays of sunlight hit the horizon, beginning to light up their day. With each breath, steam erupted from their mouths. Nathan saw her watching the sunrise, peaceful, tranquil.

“Beautiful, don’t you think?” he enquired, curious about her thoughts.

She nodded, not moving or turning away, simply enjoying the carefree moment.

“Breathtaking.”

He came to stand beside her, his body close to hers so she would not feel the chill of the morning. Her slight body seemed so vulnerable in the cold, he wanted to enfold her in his arms, protect her from everything.

“Do you have that feeling, like it’s going to snow?” Her frown betrayed her concern.

“I don’t think it’s going to snow. In fact I’m one hundred percent certain it’s not.” The moment the words had left his lips, Nathan wished with all of his might he could take them back.

He saw her shake her head.

“Right. Where to next, sir?” She saluted him with a smile.

Laughing at her joke, Nathan took her hand, leading the way through the forest.

“It’s dark in here,” She mumbled to herself.

“I’ll keep all the big, bad creatures away from you,” he teased.

They concentrated on the path in front of them, avoiding the old rabbit holes, puddles and fallen trees on the ground before them, being extra careful to take only small steps so neither of them got hurt.

When the path cleared for a few feet, Anya began talking. “So, do we win anything?”

“What?”

“Just wondered if we’ll win anything for being the first couple back?”

“I believe, Miss King, that what we’ll win will be the experience.”

“Call me Anya.”

“Sorry?”

“You can call me Anya. We’re not in office hours.”

“Anya.” He tested her name, loving the way it moved off his tongue, teasing his lips.

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“See, not so hard.”

He chuckled.

“You know, you should do that more often.” Anya bent down to pick up a twig, swinging it in front of her.

“Do what?”

“Smile, laugh. It suits you,” she complimented, moving in front of him.

He chuckled again. She truly was the cutest thing he’d ever seen.

A few yards further down, they hit a mud path. Nathan went first to see how bad it was.

“Seems all right, just take it slow.”

He could hear her grumbling, but the little firecracker took her first step into the mud.

She squealed as she almost slipped, her arms flailing, her legs wobbling. With luck, though she managed to stay upright and he, though he did not know how, managed to keep a straight face.

“Eww, I’m going to mess up my new boots.” Anya tiptoed along the dirt path, trying to avoid the thickest parts of the gooey mud.

“Anya, the point of boots is for them to get dirty and worn. You’re going to break your ankle, or even worse your neck. Just walk properly,” he demanded, the sophisticated boss back.

“Do you have any idea how hard it was to find a decent pair of walking boots in pink?

And how much they cost?” Hands on hips, eyebrow raised, she stayed stubbornly on tiptoes.

Nathan thought she looked incredibly cute. He wouldn’t tell her his thoughts, though, and instead he stood there waiting for her. A nice blush spread along her cheeks, the colour illuminating her pale skin. He imagined she would look like this during sex—hot, sweaty, approaching orgasm. Anya was blowing all his past assumptions about her to pieces. He rather liked this side of her, the woman rather than the bossy personal assistant. The two pigtails suited her much better than the matronly bun.

“I thought you’d have had enough pink not to need it in the shoes.” Nathan bit his lip, containing his smile.

“What the hell is *that* supposed to mean?” Her body tensed, her eyes narrowed. He was a goner.

“Your hair...”

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“Is *red*,” she snapped.

“Pink,” he teased.

“Red—whoa.” Arms wide, trying to steady herself, her concentration lost to the argument about her hair colour.

Too late, the mud turning into a skidding pit, she landed on her arse in a big humpf.

Nathan laughed a deep, throaty laugh. She went from cute to absolutely gorgeous!

“Oh, yuck, this will stain,” she groaned, trying to stand. “Disgusting.” The complaints kept on coming.

Nathan couldn’t stop laughing.

“Stop being a know-it-all-jerk and come and help me.” A fierce finger pointed at him and then at herself.

Still chuckling, Nathan came, taking hold of her hand—soft, delicate hands, he noticed—his fingers involuntarily caressing hers as he pulled, lifting her up out of the dirt.

Unstable, he went to hold her but lost his footing, falling onto his back as she landed on top of him.

Frozen in time, their eyes met, everything fading away. The cold was replaced by the heat created by their bodies. He cupped her hips through her jacket. Anya could feel his growing erection nudging her belly, begging for attention.

“My hands are dirty,” she whispered.

The tension evaporated. Nathan nodded, waiting for her to get off him.

Anya delicately moved away from him, trying not to knee him in the balls. She moved over to the stream, washing her hands in the freezing water.

“Do you want me to call us in, stop this exercise?” He pulled the mobile they’d been given out of his pocket.

She shook her head. “It’s no problem. A bit of mud is nothing.”

“When you’re ready, we’ll move on.”

She took a few moments getting her bearings and slowing her pounding heart. His cock had been poking her belly. She shivered, the butterfly clips she wore on her nipples tightening as they grew, filling with blood, her arousal running hotter than ever. She could feel the aroused flush spreading through her cheeks. Jumping up and down, she tried with all of her might to cover up her reactions to him. It wouldn’t do for her to become intimately involved with her boss, no matter how much she wanted to.

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“Right, dirt mostly gone. I’m ready to win this race, sir.” Using humour to cover up her nervousness, she saluted him again.

They followed the path at Nathan’s instruction, climbing over fallen branches and tiptoeing over protruding rocks, working together as a team to get back to base—or get back to the pub. For several hours Anya followed him, wondering where they were going.

“Look, I’m all for the wilderness and finding nature, but if we don’t stop and eat soon, I’m going to pass out from starvation. These curves didn’t appear by themselves, you know.” She panted, her poor tummy growling for food. Even the rocks were starting to look edible—

all she could see was southern-fried chicken with mounds of crispy golden fries. Yum.

Nathan looked around, nodding. “Okay. We’ll eat.” Finding a space close to their path, they settled down, Anya rummaging around her sack.

“Sandwiches?” Disgust filled her voice.

“It is not some military experiment. A two-day kind-of-hike.” He smiled, taking one of the sandwiches from her. “Um, egg mayonnaise, delicious.” It may not be southern-fried chicken, but right now she was starving. She took a huge bite, devouring the bread. Wow, egg mayonnaise had suddenly become a delicacy. “Man, that tastes so good.” She munched through her next couple of sandwiches in no time.

“Right, save some. We’ve possibly got two more days of walking to get through.” Nathan shook the crumbs from his clothes and stretched.

Grumbling but silently agreeing, she packed away the food, not bothering to see what other sandwiches they had left.

She copied Nathan, stretching her limbs, content that the ache in her joints was taking away the ache in more personal regions.

Smiling, she followed his path humming to herself as she did.

“So, how far away are we from our destination?” Anya asked to fill the silence.

“About nine miles,” he said, feeling confident, not even looking at his map to confirm.

“Cool. Would you be running if we were in a competition?” Curiosity was biting at her again. She wanted to know more about the man she worked for.

“What do you mean?”

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“Well, you’re a very competitive person. I’ve seen you inside the office over a challenge or anything against the clock—you’re always the first one there.” She waited for him to respond.

He turned to speak to her. “Put it this way. If we were in a competition, I’d be carrying you on my back and I’d be running. No second place for us.” He raised an eyebrow with a sexy, cocky smile, “Because I’m a winner!” Thumping his chest in a Tarzan-like motion, he burst out laughing.

Anya patted him on the back, giggling. “Do you have a loin cloth to match your attitude? That could improve my weekend.” Her voice was deep, sensual, filled with promise.

“You’re quite a free spirit.”

“Coming from a man acting like an ape, and who may possibly wear loin cloths, I’ll take that as a compliment.” She smiled, swinging her arms around, enjoying the fresh air, the space, despite the change in her plans for the weekend. Nathan Banks, her formidable boss, was turning out to be exceedingly good company. Maybe there was something else behind all of those appalling rumours. Anya was shocked by the sexual intrigue her body began to feel towards her boss.

Bad Anya! Very, very bad Anya!

She scolded herself over and over again. ‘Disaster’ was the only word to describe what would happen if she was to allow her hormone riddled-body to take control and sleep with Nathan this weekend.

She watched his tight arse swaying in front of her, moving, tempting her, making her wonder what he would look like in a tiger-skin loin cloth. She shook her head as her eyes followed his movements and looked away.

She looked above her at the beauty of the blue sky. A classic winter morning. Anya was sure she could sense snow coming, but Tarzan knew best.

“Where did you get your boots from?” Nathan asked her.

“The Internet.”

“Get me a receipt and I’ll pay you back for the damage.” *Aww, so sweet.* “Don’t be bloody stupid. I was only teasing. I can afford new ones, and anyway I bought them to get dirty, silly.” She punched him lightly on the shoulder, playfully, giggling.

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“Hey, you.” He cupped her waist, holding her to him, ruffling her hair.

“Oi, leave the hair. You called it pink earlier.”

“But a lovely pink.”

Anya sent him a glare.

“Okay—hot, sexy pink.”

She elbowed him in the stomach, playfully.

He squeezed her waist, holding her against him. Her body fitted perfectly.

The moment, so innocent, turned swiftly heat-filled. His hand caressed her hip. His other hand, thumb running along her collar bone, created oodles of sensation, making her shiver and gasp, wanting to feel more of him against her.

They both paused, their breath mingling in the cold air. The air ruffled the hair escaping from her ponytails.

For the first time, Anya felt uncomfortable, not because she was having personal feelings for a man, or because the man in question was her boss, but because she could feel that her reaction to him was different, more intense, the feelings devouring her emotions.

The hardness around her heart was melting to make way for the man to sneak past her defences. “We really should move on.” Whispering, she moved away from him. Away from the possibility of feeling. Away from love.

Nathan watched her move forwards, holding onto a log as she climbed over a rotting tree root. She looked delicate but earthy among all the natural browns and greens and the wholesome smell of dirt. A natural at everything she did. The pale winter sky highlighted the deep red tones of her hair, making her stand out like an exploding sunrise, a multitude of colours combined together in a beautiful scenic

view.

Soon he would be writing poetry about the colours of her hair, he mocked himself.

He was amazed by his recent openness, the way his humour had shone through. Never before could he have imagined beating his chest like an ape to impress a woman, to earn a smile.

How could he have been working with this woman and not seen the natural grace, elegance and beauty shining deep within her? The coldness was a defence against everyone so she wouldn't get hurt. His eyes had been opened wide to everything she'd been trying to hide, simply by being with her. He began to wonder what had made her the woman she was OFFICE HOURS

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today? Who'd hurt her? Hurt from a past lover, or just the hardness of the world? Either one was as bad as the other. He wanted to soothe the hurt, protect her from the pain and the struggle.

Shaking his head he dismissed his thoughts as they moved on together, covering a good portion of the walk.

“When we get back, I'm going to have a huge steak and chips, the lot,” Nathan said aloud. Thoughts of food were easier to deal with than the complications of this woman.

“We're in a pub that serves Italian food. I think I'll either have linguine alla carbonara or pollo alla cacciatore.” She rubbed her stomach, her mouth watering just thinking about it.

“You're having what?” Nathan raised an eyebrow.

“Well, the first is linguine, a kind of pasta with a creamy-eggy-smoky-bacon type sauce.

I have burned off the calories for the calories of thick, heavy cream—yum. The other dish is chicken with wine, tomatoes and other stuff—yummy and delicious and my taste buds are tingling, I saw them on the menu last night, but I wasn't hungry then. Now I'm *starving*.” Her mouth was watering, her belly grumbling. “Can we please get back?” Nathan nodded and they both picked up their pace, moving faster. Working as a team, helping each other, sharing water, sharing *everything* together. The intimacy did not escape either of them. Neither did the way they thought, their minds attuned to each other. Working as one.

At times they felt like a real couple, something neither had experienced in the full sense of the word.

Until they came up against a huge wall, unexpected, not planned for, with nowhere else to go. They would either have to go through it or go over it.

“Okay, so this has seriously dented my plans for an Italian dinner.” Anya looked one way and then the other, “Right, Mr Banks, any clues or help?” Hands on hips, Anya waited.

Frowning, concerned, he got out his map. There was nothing on the map that said anything about a wall. For the first time, Nathan was not so sure of where he was.

There was only one thing he could think of.

“Climb the wall.” Nathan folded the map, placing it carefully in his pocket.

“What?” Anya glanced from the wall to Nathan and back again.

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“We need to climb this wall. I’ll give you a boost up. You’re too small to get over on your own.” He stood next to the wall, cupping his hands together so she would have somewhere to step up to.

“There has to be another way around. Here, let me double-check the map.” She put her hand out for him to give her the map.

“No, that wasn’t the agreement, remember? You control food and camp, and I control navigation. Now step up.” He nodded down to his hands, concerned about where they were and not wanting to embarrass himself if he’d made a huge mistake.

Groaning, Anya saw no other choice. She took one final look around and then pressed one foot into his tightly clasped hands. “Don’t drop me.”

“You’re too light to drop.”

She blew a raspberry, heaving her body weight unsteadily onto his hands.

“Whoa, steady.” She tensed, wobbling.

“Hold on to the wall,” he ordered.

“But my nails!” she joked, already holding on to the wall.

“Stop joking around and hold on to the god damn wall.”

“Stop cursing,” she complained, gripping the wall. “There is nothing to hold on to!”

“Just grip it.” Frustration marred his voice.

“Don’t yell at—Ahh!” Too busy arguing, she slipped. At the same time, instinct took over and Nathan reached up to steady her, to stop her falling and hurting herself. His hand, palm side up, cupped her between the legs. “Oh.” Frozen, Anya could not help the heat pouring from her mound.

Time froze as sensation increased. He aligned his fingers against her deliciously swollen clit.

She could hear his breath coming out in pants, but he wasn't doing anything. Tired, bored and desperate, she wiggled her pelvis against his misplaced hand. Her head fell back, a scream of pleasure erupting from her lips.

“Anya...” He hesitated for a second before his finger pressed deeper through her clothing, pressing harder against her pleasure centre. Her mind focussed on his movement.

Hours of searching for a way to relieve herself, and in a shock of fate she'd come in her boss's hand!

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“Oh my God,” she screamed, collapsing against the wall as a wave of orgasm, strong and overpowering, overcame her. Her eyes closed. She couldn't hear a thing over the buzzing in her ears. Anya felt him gently ease her down, turning her so she was in front of him, but her eyes remained closed.

It didn't just happen, she chanted over and over in her mind.

“Anya?” She kept her eyes closed. “Anya? Anya?” He repeated her name several more times, then he grabbed her jaw roughly, startling her into opening her eyes.

“There she is.” He didn't remove his hands, holding her firmly, securely in his grip.

Anya noticed his eyes did not hold anger or disgust; more intrigue and confusion.

“What?” Her whisper was filled with defiance, daring him to ridicule her.

Nathan opened his mouth to speak and then closed it, not sure what to say or even think. He never could have anticipated the events that had transpired between him and his personal assistant. Anya was proving to be the complete opposite to all of his ideas about her. The woman owned a vibrating purple fake cock, for crying out loud. The thought of her skimpy underwear left him salivating. Holy shit, this woman was turning out to be the woman of his dreams.

“What?” She snapped again, grabbing his attention.

“You truly are something else.” Nathan stroked a fiery red curl away from her face.

Anya leaned close to him, invading his personal space. “You've seen nothing yet,” she threatened.

His cock jumped in his pants as the natural, earthy scent of her release teased his senses, sending out promises he hoped she would act on.

Images of her in his life, his bed, were consuming him daily, hourly—Christ, every waking and sleeping moment was filled with thoughts of her in his life.

A snowflake fell between them.

“What the hell?” Panic erupted between both of them as they looked around.

“Could be the start of a snow storm.” Nathan pulled out the map, searching for a building or a barn, anywhere they could take cover. The need to protect her was fierce, knowing he might have brought them the wrong way. “A couple of fields away there is a house, according to the map.” He put it away, cupping his hands again. “Hurry.” With no arguments this time, Anya did what she was told, stepping up and jumping over the wall. After a moment, Nathan landed effortlessly beside her. He took hold of her

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hand and they ran together as fast as they could, vision fast decreasing as the storm built into full force, the snowflakes thick and feathery, the cold nipping their fingertips.

“How much farther?” she called over the winds.

Nathan didn’t answer, but took her hand in a firm grip so they wouldn’t lose each other. They ran for the next five minutes, and Nathan was beginning to wonder if he’d made the worst mistake of his life, was about to give up hope, when he finally saw the house.

Perhaps he’d not misread the map and they were back on course?

But as they got nearer it became clear it was an abandoned house in the middle of nowhere. Nope, he’d taken a wrong turning somewhere.

“No one is there.” Stating the obvious.

“Anya, try thinking positively.” Nathan looked at the boarded-up doors assessingly.

But before he could come up with a plan to get into the building, in one swift movement out of the corner of his eye, he saw Anya throw a brick through the nearest window.

“What the hell are you doing?” he yelled.

“Getting us to safety. If this piece of shit is owned by anyone, you can leave a card, offer to pay for any repairs necessary. It’s the least you can do for putting my life in danger,” she accused, moments before she disappeared through the smashed window.

Having no choice, he followed her through.

“Here, help me prop this against it.” They propped a huge cabinet in front of the window, using dust covers to seal it as best as they could. “Wow, at least it’s fully furnished.

I take back about it being a piece of shit.”

“We’ll probably go to gaol,” Nathan moaned, opening a door.

“Rather gaol than freezing to death. Why don’t you phone through, see if anyone will be able to come and pick us up.?” Shivering, Anya began to unpack their cases, seeing what they could use, checking the house for any way of starting a fire.

“Nathan...” she yelled, “Do you know how to start a fire?”

“Stop bloody yelling at me, woman! I’m not deaf! There’s no signal. So no way of getting in touch with the outside world. We’re alone.”

“Spooky.”

“This is no laughing matter.”

Hands on hips, Anya stormed over to him. “Do I look like I’m laughing? Hmm? I don’t find our situation funny at all. Now, do you know how to start a fucking fire?” OFFICE HOURS

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He nodded, chastened.

After lighting a fire, Nathan went to see how she was doing.

He found her going through the contents of the sack, shivering.

“Jesus, Anya, you’re freezing.” He pulled her into his arms, rubbing her back, trying to heat her up.

“This is no good.” He started pulling her jacket off.

“What are you doing?”

“Take your clothes off. We need to get warm.” He started pulling his own clothes off, showing her his powerful, muscled body.

“H—how is taking our c—clothes off going to keep us w—warm, s—stupid?”

“Remember what Linda and Andrew told us about body heat? Now strip.” Freezing cold, Anya didn’t bother arguing—she wanted the warmth too much.

Within seconds, they had both stripped off. Nathan moved first, taking her in his arms leading her

back to the heat of the fire. Pulling off one of the furniture covers, he draped it over them both.

“You feel warm.” Anya cupped his back, his arse inches away from her touch.

Nathan stroked her back, her butterfly nipple clips digging into his skin, his cock hardening with every passing second. Her body pressed against him, sending pleasure sensations colliding around his body, his skin sensitive to the touch. Her scent hit him—

heady, earthy female and desirable woman.

She moaned, pressing closer.

“Stop it, Anya.” But he didn’t pull away. He *couldn’t* pull away.

“Stop what?” Anya glanced up at him, clear, aching need reflecting back at him.

“This... This is not right.”

“Why not? We both want to. I can feel it.”

“You can’t handle me,” he warned.

“You think I can’t handle you?” Teasing, Anya stroked her nails along his chest, biting into his light smattering of curls.

“No other woman before you ever could.”

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Anya smiled. This man had no idea who he was dealing with. She wiggled closer, her breasts flush against his chest, her belly pressing against his arousal. “None of your other women have ever been me.” She moved her hands down until she cupped him in her palm.

“You think grabbing my cock is going to change my mind?” He didn’t move away.

“No. I just wanted to touch you.”

“You have no idea who you’re dealing with.”

Anya chuckled, his attempt to scare her doing the exact opposite, her swollen clit rubbing against the cotton of her skin-hugging panties Oh, she really wanted to come.

“What do you want to do to me?”

“Wicked things.”

Anya laughed. “Wicked things.” She pulled on his cock, making him gasp. Ah, she understood. “Wicked things. Do you mean stuff like putting me over your knee and spanking my arse until it shines red from your hand print? Punishment for being a bad girl?” she whispered in his ear. “Forcing me to take all of your cock to the back of my throat till you come, making me swallow every delicious drop? How about fucking my arse, stretched as you pummel this length inside me? Believe me, Nathan, when I say you don’t scare me, I mean it. I would do anything. I mean I would do *anything*.” With no warning whatsoever, he grabbed her face between his two large hands, not hard enough to hurt but forceful with passion. Anya gasped. That one simple movement took her breath away. No man in all of her life had ever touched her in such a way. His eyes penetrated her very soul. She could feel him all the way down to her toes. He lowered his lips, grazing hers, the shock of the contact making an electric connection between them. Her hands stayed by her sides.

He pulled back slightly to gaze at her. His lips grazed hers once more, gentle, delicate, a mere whisper of contact. Anya half-feared she was imagining it. He tilted her head, deepening the kiss. His lips opened, his tongue encouraging her to open to him. She met his tongue with her own, stroking his lips, tasting him, absorbing his own unique taste into the furthest part of her brain, where she would never forget him.

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Neither of them touched but for the connection of their kiss, a kiss that lasted a lifetime, a turning point in their relationship. Something shifted inside Anya. She didn’t know what, but she could feel it changing her.

He took over, calling to a secret part of Anya long ago hidden in her desperate search for independence.

“Mr Banks...” She pulled away, protesting, frightened of what this all meant.

“No, don’t pull away. Nathan.”

“What?”

“Call me Nathan. I love to hear my name from your lips.” Adamant, determined, he stroked her wayward hair away from her face, exposing her to his searching eyes.

“Nathan.” She tested his name on her lips.

“You truly are the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.” He was enraptured by her glazed, confused expression.

“You’ve not seen enough of the women in the world to make a decent comparison.” Tears shone in her eyes as she tried to smile, his compliment touching her heart.

“No, but I’ve seen enough women to make an average and there aren’t many women with pink hair.”

Anya laughed. She couldn’t help it. “You and numbers.” She cupped his cheek, stroking along his jaw line. “You need to shave.” Her voice was hoarse as she rubbed her cheek along the lines of the stubble decorating his jaw line.

“Consider it shaved as soon as we get to the hotel.”

“It’s a pub, but sounds like a good plan.”

“I want to fuck you, Anya.” Blunt and to the point. He cupped her cheeks between his hands. He heard her gasp, the rise and fall of her breasts giving away her own desire.

“Fuck me,” she told him.

His crushed his lips to hers, his dominant side shining through, taking control His hands were all over her, her face, her hair. He cupped her arse, squeezing the plumpness. She writhed in his arms, coming alive with every daring caress.

“Feels so good,” she panted.

Anya stroked his cock, the tip leaking his pre-cum. She rubbed her thumb along the slit, gathering up his juice, and brought it to her mouth, sucking in his taste.

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“Fuck, that’s sexy,” he growled. He glided his finger through her wet, moist heat, then brought his fingers up and sucked her taste into his mouth. Sweet, juicy, the way only Anya could taste on his lips. She moaned, watching him. He took her to the floor, the soft carpet cushioning her body, the heat from the fire warming her skin. He followed her down, stroking her skin, teasing the butterfly clips. “This is hot.” He flicked one nipple.

Anya smiled up at him, waiting for him to make the first move. He took off the clips, freeing her aching nipples. He handled her body with care, but with a demanding hand, showing her with his movements who was boss.

“Open your legs.”

She opened them slightly, letting him look at her.

“Wider.”

She opened them slightly wider. Impatient, he grasped her thighs between his palms and spread her wide open for his view, nothing covered.

He drew back, mesmerised by the perfection of his woman. He normally preferred a woman to be shaven clean, but instead a neatly-trimmed red bush pouted at him, her lips open and glistening with her leaking juice. Her clit swelled, peeking out, testing his control.

With one arm supporting her head, she ran the other, along her slit, coating her fingers.

He took hold of her wrist, stopping her, then brought her fingers to his lips, sucking her—no control. He dived down between her legs, tasting her, his tongue pushing through her pubic hair, taking her bud between his teeth. A little pressure had her arching off the floor, pulling at his hair, keeping him in place as she thrust her pussy against his face, complete mindless abandon taking over.

He penetrated her tight pussy with three fingers, feeling her walls contracting round him.

“Harder, Nathan,” she ordered, her eyes closed, her orgasm approaching.

Nathan pulled away, drawing it out, making sure she was dripping with her cream before he allowed her over the next tidal wave.

“Harder,” she begged, her voice harsh and rough.

He waited till she cried out with impatience, then he bit down hard, thrusting his fingers inside her at the same time. He felt her walls tighten on his fingers, her orgasm throbbing against his hand. She screamed out his name, her body stretched taut. He eased slowly from her pulsing pussy.

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“Fuck me, Nathan. Now. Please.”

No need to ask twice. He positioned himself between her creamy thighs, pressed his penis to her entrance and, taking one last look at her delightful pussy, he pushed forwards, feeling her open up to him, accepting him inside her body, fitting him snugly within her depths.

He stared into her dazed eyes, the moment surreal, powerful, overriding everything that he was. He saw her and saw life. He saw love. He saw his one true woman. The thought stopped him in his tracks. A fiery redheaded witch owned him. He could feel it deep down in his soul. Her arms stroked along his back, her eyes holding his. He took hold of her hands, interlocking their fingers, matching with their hands the love making between their bodies.

He took her lip between his, making love to her mouth and body as well as her soul.

“So tight,” he moaned, pulling out and then pushing all the way back in.

“Oh, God.” She screamed as he penetrated her more deeply, taking her to a place she’d never been. In some part of her mind she could feel the possession he was wielding, commanding her body to know only his touch. Denying all future partners the same chance as him. Her body called to him, feeding his hunger with her own. She looked down at their connected bodies, watching his shaft, glistening with her juice, disappear inside her and reappear. She watched fascinated, the best porn film she’d ever seen. A beautiful sight to behold.

“I won’t last if you keep looking at me like that,” he complained.

She looked at him, her thoughts mirrored in her eyes. She knew what he meant—she would not play the innocent. “You’re so beautiful,” she told him honestly.

“I’m not a patch on you,” he gritted out, fighting against his climax.

“We’re beautiful together.” She watched them coming together. She could see his cock getting harder, his breath coming in pants. Sweat dripped between them. She pushed her hips up to meet him, taking all of him inside her, feeling him hitting the top of her cervix.

Anya felt him tense. A hard, male shout erupted in the room. She felt his cock punch inside her as his seed erupted.

They collapsed together, heat surrounding them. Nathan didn’t move away from her.

Their bodies remained joined.

Neither wanted to lose the soul-searing connection they’d just shared.

They both lay stroking each other, watching the fire burn.

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Chapter Four

“Do you think we’ll make it home in time for Monday?” Anya hoped not. She loved the tender way he was stroking her naked back. “That feels nice,” she purred, arching into his touch.

He chuckled. “I have no idea if we’ll make it home. Do you care, Anya?” His hand curved over her arse, slapping the flesh, making her moan.

“I could stay here forever,” she admitted, groaning with each of his caresses over her body.

“You’ve the softest skin I’ve ever felt.” He rolled her over so her breasts were in clear view of his hungry gaze.

Anya gasped as his large hands cupped her left breast, tweaking the nipple.

“So responsive.” With heavy-lidded eyes, she watched him move, rummaging through discarded clothing until he found the two beautiful, glittering butterfly nipple clips. She lay frozen, curious, waiting to see what he’d do next.

He lay back next to her.

“These are the prettiest clamps I’ve ever seen on a woman.” He spoke the truth.

“You’ve seen a lot?”

He smiled mysteriously at the question.

Anya’s hands curled into the fabric of the carpet beneath her back. She groaned out loud, a throaty sound echoing round the walls as he placed a clip delicately on each beading nipple. The sensation shot straight to her pussy. He opened her legs so she was blatantly on display. She watched him as he gazed at her, the juices flowing. He tugged on the hanging butterfly. Anya whimpered, cupping her own ass so she wouldn’t interfere with what he was doing to her. She could feel her juices running into the crease of her arse, moistening her forbidden entrance.

“You like that, sweetheart?” he groaned in her ear, pulling on a clip. She bit her lip, tasting blood. “Don’t hurt yourself.” He pressed a thumb between her lips, making her suck on him. His other thumb pressed on her clit, her essence coating his thumb. She thrust her pelvis up to meet his hands, already feeling the building of orgasm. Unexpectedly, he OFFICE HOURS

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released the clip. Screaming, Anya went over the edge, the dual sensation creating an unbelievable orgasm that lasted and lasted. As she started to come down from the high, he released the other clip,

sending her hurtling into another screaming orgasm.

She came to several minutes later to find him smiling down at her. A cheeky grin that made him incredibly sexy.

“You’re back with me?”

She wouldn’t be embarrassed.

“That was amazing,” she complimented him. “Can I ask you something?” She needed to know.

“Anything.”

“I’ve heard rumours you’re shit in bed. Why?” She searched his face for any change.

Still smiling, he spoke. “I take it I meet your high standards?” He stuck two fingers inside her cunt.

Gasping, knowing he was evading the question, she said, “I know what I like and I’m not ashamed of the fact.”

“I created them on purpose.” He twisted his fingers making her writhe in pleasure.

“You were purposefully awful in bed?” She panted, confusion filled her eyes.

“I’d take a woman home, she’d try to make all the right noises, I’d realise she was faking it. Not turned on by my sexual dominance,” he said. Smiling, he added a third digit, spreading her wide, “I don’t want a woman who fakes her pleasure in my bed. Are you faking now?” He paused, feeling her heat spread onto his fingers. “I asked you a question.” He slapped her pussy, waiting, his hand perched at her fuckable hole. He waited until she finally gasped “no”, quickly, urgently shoving her pelvis onto his fingers. He continued,

“After realising the women are in it to get to your money, it no longer holds its worth.” Depression hit him as he realised how many women he’d wasted time with, how long he’d been searching, when all the time this little spitfire had held everything he wanted. He wondered if Anya had any idea of the depth of the feelings consuming him right now.

Anya nodded, understanding him. Eerie how much she actually enjoyed his company and his long fingers, how she wished they were as fat as his cock.

“I guess that makes sense.”

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“What about you? What made you the way you are?” he asked, genuinely interested.

He removed his fingers, slapping her thigh, leaving her wanting more. He chuckled at the outrage on her face.

She rolled over, resting her head in her hands while she composed herself. Thinking.

He moved in front of her, stroking her hair—she’d noticed he had a thing about her hair.

Smiling wickedly, she leaned over, lightly stroking his length.

“An Italian man named Antonio.” She lightly scratched his balls watching, him tense but not move to stop her. “My first lover. He taught me everything I know.” He winced as she licked along the line of his cock, swirling her tongue over the head. “He wined and dined me and fucked me into an erotic haze.” She suddenly bit, sucking the flesh on the inside of his thigh, her nails digging in, leaving marks. She came away, leaving a satisfactory love bite.

Marking her lover. “My body craved his touch, but my heart ached for love.” She dug her nails in, wanting to brand him like a tattoo. “I wanted marriage and babies and making love underneath trees and having romantic picnics. I wanted a man to adore me. But he was married and I was one of many...mistresses, was how he put it, but I felt like a whore. Not everything in life works out as planned.” She sucked his cock deep into her mouth, swallowing his juice. He gasped and fisted a handful of hair, but she moved away, untangling herself with ease, leaving him cursing.

“You could never be a whore, Anya,” he told her, his touch soothing in a way Antonio’s never had been.

“Anyway, I learned fast and I’ve never had a long term boyfriend again. I go for casual sex with no risk of commitment. No risk of getting hurt. That’s my sad little story.” She smiled but a tear escaped her eye.

“He really broke your heart,” he said, wanting to find this Antonio and hurt him.

Anya thought for a second, thought about the love and the loss of so long ago.

“You know what it’s like when you’re young—it’s a learning curve, and Antonio was experience. Funnily enough, spending time with you out here, forgetting the real world, has made me realise it was a young girl’s infatuation. Now I’m a woman. The affair was that, an affair. I just hated that he was married and he used me to cheat on the sanctity of his marriage.” Nathan kneeled behind her, cuddling her close.

“Marriage means a lot to you?”

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“Yeah, I think if you’re going to commit to someone in a church or whatever, then it has to be for life. It has to be one hundred per cent love on both people’s parts. Call me old fashioned—”

“No, I think the same way.”

Anya smiled. Nice to know there was a man out there who had the same values.

“Lie back,” she said, scooting over to him, her breasts bouncing from the movement.

He frowned for about half a second, then lay back. She pulled the blanket from him, exhibiting the male perfection of his body. He made her body burn in ways she’d never known could happen.

“Whatever you’re about to do, make sure I’ve a perfect view of this ass,” he instructed, lying back, cheeky, sexy grin lighting up his features.

“You are not the boss of me,” she mocked, kissing one of his nipples then moving to the other.

“You have no idea how bossy I can be, baby,” he threatened, making her chuckle with delight.

“Well if you want to feel good, relax and let me be the boss of you, and you never know—I might give you a little treat.” She dangled her breasts near his face, but too far away to let him suckle them.

“Evil wench.”

“*Not* being a good boy.”

Sighing, he lay back and she saw with amazement his body relax.

All hers.

Shivering with the delight, she worked his body with her hands and her mouth, kissing, nibbling and biting. She pulled the hair on his chest and he arched into her touch.

Swirling her tongue, teasing her way down his body, she tempted him but pulled back when he was on the brink of a climax.

“Fuck, woman,” he moaned, tensing and relaxing against the onslaught of her tongue.

“Naughty boy.” She bit him, hearing him curse and groan.

He was so tense with waiting. She took his dick, holding him in her hand, swirling her tongue along his head, tasting his salty essence and the heat of her own release. Moaning, she OFFICE HOURS

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took him to the back of her throat, swallowing him down. Nathan jack-knifed off the floor, tensing and groaning.

“Lie down,” she commanded, stroking his shaft.

Glaring, he complied, staring at her as she worked him with her mouth, her hands.

Tasting them both. He smiled, moaning, desperate, as she lifted her leg and moved over his body, straddling the upper part of his chest.

Hissing, he lay mesmerised by the view, the heat of her mouth loving him while he saw her spread before him. Beautiful, a work of art. Nathan moved his hands, cupping her arse cheeks, spreading her wider for his view. Cream soaked her slit, coating her pubic hair. He scored his fingers through her, coating his digits with her juice, a lubricant he spread to her dark, forbidden channel. Lubricating her, he heard the catch in her voice as he pressed lightly, teasing her, testing her to see if she was telling the truth about her sexual preferences.

She relaxed, swallowing him down further, giving her body to his touch. He penetrated her with a single digit, watching it disappear. The tight heat encompassed him and his cock jumped in her mouth. Their satisfied groans mingled, echoing around the spacious room.

He penetrated her ass with a second digit, watching her widen to accept his fingers. She exuded nothing but sheer bliss.

She pulled away from him, his fingers pulling out of her.

“I can’t wait,” she complained. Moving down his body so he could still see her backside, she slid onto his hard cock, pushing him inside her. She tightened her muscles feeling his hardness sink deeper.

“Shit,” he growled. Taking hold of her hips he lifted her and slammed her down harder, deeper. She screamed as he bumped her cervix—painful pleasure.

“Again, again, again,” she begged. He lifted her and slammed her down, nothing gentle. Rough, hard and ready. He could feel the tip of his cock bumping deep inside her, touching the tiny opening, trying to gain entrance into her womb.

Her delighted screams rang in his head.

The view was perfect—art.

“Fuck, so sexy. Nice, tight pussy.” His movements came faster, driving her closer and closer to orgasm.

“Oh shit, Nathan.” She screamed as her climax consumed her, taking her over the edge, sending her into oblivion.

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“That’s it, baby, come all over me, let me feel you burn,” he ordered.

Harder, deeper and faster—he pushed her further over the edge, keeping her at the edge then bringing her over again. Weakening her.

With one final push he came, his cum spurting deep inside her womb.

He swore, his muscles strained, his grip bruising.

She collapsed on top of him, panting for breath.

“You...are...dangerous...for...me...”

He chuckled, holding her body against him.

A perfect fit.

“What would you allow me to do to you?” Nathan asked sometime during the night.

They had been making love and having light naps, waking up against each other. The best night of his life.

“Anything,” she answered instantly. Trust, and something else Nathan was scared to label, sounded in her voice.

“You know that can be taken many ways? It’s an incredibly vague answer.” He took her hand, holding her close while she looked at the ceiling and he stared at the perfection of her face.

“You want me to give you a list?” she joked, squeezing his hand.

Nathan smiled at her light, teasing voice. “Yeah, it could turn me on.”

“You’re insatiable.”

“Only for you.”

Anya turned her head to see him, her eyes shining with bright humour, glancing at his spent cock waiting for more action. “You really think you can go again?”

“Don’t underestimate your attraction, Anya. Get Mr Dick ready and we’re good to go.”

“You’ve named your willy Mr Dick?”

“I’ve not heard the term willy in years.”

“Same thing. But seriously, have you named your member?”

“Yes, Mr Dick and I have had some serious private time getting to know each other lately, and might I just add he loves your dark, wet, juicy cave,” he informed her, laughing.

“Really?”

“Yes, he told me it’s the prettiest hole he’s been in and the most welcoming.” OFFICE HOURS

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“Wow, what a compliment.”

“Only telling the truth. He’s also said he would like to keep visiting your cave many, many more times.”

Laughing, Anya hugged him tight.

“So anyway, about this list?”

“Nathan, you tell me what you want and I’ll say yes or no.”

“Okay... Spanking.”

“With hands, definitely. Anything else, not so much. Feels too impersonal to me, and I don’t want to feel like I’m in some tacky porno.” Nathan agreed—when he spanked her, he would love to see the welts that were created by his hand nothing else.

“Anal.”

“Yes.”

“Tied up?”

“Only with silk, fabric... Nothing BDSM-ish.”

“Role playing?”

“Depends on the role.”

“Threesomes.”

He felt her tense and pause.

“Only if you wanted to,” she answered hesitantly. “I probably sound like a right prude.” She laughed nervously.

“You don’t to me. Why ‘if I wanted one’?”

“Because I’ve had threesomes before, and I’ve seen threesome relationships, and they don’t work—or at least for me they don’t. I prefer one man.” She shrugged, staring into the fire. “It was like a trophy piece for Antonio,” she admitted.

“Oh.”

“One night he brought one of his friends home. It was pretty much the last time we were together, and I heard him boasting to all of his friends what a gullible woman I was and how I’d do anything. Well, I won’t do *anything*. There’s a lot I’ll do, but I have my pride.”

“I think its noble, to be honest. Standards.” Nathan touched her back, bringing her comfort when nothing else could. She could feel it. Her heart was falling, weakening Oh no—

she may already be in love with her boss.

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Tensing, she shifted away, getting one of the covers to conceal herself in her moment of vulnerability.

“I don’t do threesomes either,” he confided, sitting next to her, wrapping his arm round her shoulders. He couldn’t *not* touch her. The feel of her drove him crazy, but to not feel her left him hollow. “I thought I was in love once. A beautiful woman, sexy as hell, adventurous.

No one could tie her down but I managed to—at least I thought I had. Anyway, my best friend came over and one thing led to another and we were screwing all over the apartment.

We all decided we enjoyed it, and then three months or so later she told me she preferred my mate, and they’re now happily married with children. So, no, I don’t want threesomes. I was just checking out your preferences because for me a threesome is a certain no-no.” Silence filled the space between them, each waiting for the other to speak.

“Okay, so after that embarrassing personal memory lane...” Anya tried to make light of it.

“Don’t make light of it. There’s no need. I’m not embarrassed to know about your personal life, Anya. I like your honesty.” He ran his fingers through her fiery red hair.

“You’re really trying to break down this block of ice I’ve lived with around my heart.” She made it more a statement of fact than a question.

His cheeky grin back in place, he leaned over and kissed her full on the lips. “Busted.

Me Tarzan.”

Smiling, Anya shook her head, placing a cold hand over his heart, serious. “Don’t start something you won’t finish, Nathan. If you want casual, I can do casual, but if you want more, you’ll get all of me,” she warned. She wouldn’t have another relationship start or end with one of them in the dark. All her cards were on the table.

“I would never hurt you.”

Again she smiled, a wobbly smile, but a smile nonetheless.

“Not intentionally, no. We don’t know what the future will be.” He silenced her with a kiss.

“All I know is I want to be with you,” he confirmed.

She nodded, accepting that, for now, it was all she could have.

Anya did not see the intense look of longing on his face, or feel the beating of his heart as it pumped blood, or read his mind that at that very second whispered, *I’m in love with Anya King*.

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Nathan tensed, his emotions scaring the living hell out of him. This woman, Anya King, spoke to his soul. He kept his feelings to himself. He had no idea why, but fear of her laughing at him stopped him in his tracks. Instead he held her close to him, stroking her hair, hair he now wanted laid across his pillow. Closing his eyes, he sent up a little prayer. For Anya to be his woman forever.

Anya waited, hoping he’d speak the words her heart wished to hear. She waited and waited, but nothing. He worked his hands worked her skin, sending her mindless for his love. Silently, heart breaking, she bit her lip, keeping her love in check. She squashed her disappointment as she scolded herself for her fairy-tale thinking.

What should she do?

Taking a deep breath, she decided that, just for this weekend, she could think in a fairy-tale way.

It would all come good in the end—or so her fragile heart could only hope.

She rolled over, looking at him. If this wasn’t permanent she would enjoy his attention and lavish her upon him, if only for tonight.

“Kiss me, Nathan.” She wanted to feel his lips against hers, feel the connection between two people the way it was shown in films and described in books. The way people always hope relationships will be.

Anya watched through unseeing eyes as he leaned over her and laid a gentle, fleeting kiss against her lips. The touch sparked through her body, sending lightning waves of emotion and sensation through her. Not a sexual wave but an emotional wave. Her heart pulsed to life, her body lost to everything but him, feeling him down to her toes as if she could feel his very essence. Holding on to him.

He pulled away. She held on to his arms, keeping him close.

“Kiss me like I’m the last woman alive, like I, I’m...” She paused, unsure. “...like...like I’m the woman you’re in love with.”

He stopped, stillness filling his form. Anya held her breath, wondering if she’d made the biggest mistake of her life.

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She was about to move or laugh it off, when he moved. His hand came up, cupping her chin, his huge body surrounding her in the protective heat of his arms. Suspended in air, Anya waited. He began to stroke her face, moving her hair out of the way, the softness of her hair a contrast to the roughness of his hand.

“What do you want, Anya?”

“A kiss.”

A simple request, just a kiss, but as most know a kiss can lead to...everything.

“I can wait for the rest,” he whispered. His lips descended on hers, shocking her with his passion, the hunger behind his kiss. Matching her own hunger, he made love to her with his tongue, tasting her, allowing her to taste him. Love rang between them; the air around them swirled with it.

They moaned in rapture as they danced the dance of lovers in love. Everything was said through actions, not through words. Their bodies moved with each other in harmony. Hands entwined, hard male breasts against plump feminine breasts, Nathan’s tight stomach against Anya’s slender, rounded tummy. Her legs opened, allowing him access to her secret longing, his maleness connecting them the only way a man and woman can connect. Moving to unheard music as the snow settled outside, they moved together, setting in motion the paths of souls ready to meet.

Anya and Nathan arched in bliss, completely oblivious to each other’s thoughts, their own personal thoughts dominating their actions. Anyone looking from afar would have seen the love written on each

of their faces, the connection mirrored between them both. A picture no artist could paint, no filmmaker could film, and no sculptor could cast in bronze—utter beauty. This was as natural as it got, as innocent as it came.

* * * *

“Nathan, the snow has died down.” The following morning, after they had dressed, they stood looking out of the window.

“I think it would be best if I called through to make sure no one is stranded out there looking for us.”

Slightly disappointed, but understanding clearly why he needed to, she agreed. They were running out of food, and after last night’s activities she was ravenous.

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“Hello... Yes, we’re okay... Yes... GPS in the phone? Fantastic, see you soon.” Anya listened as he made his goodbyes, seemingly happy to get out of there. With a heavy heart, she began to pack away their belongings.

“They’re on their way, sending a couple of drivers. Apparently they weren’t expecting this storm for a few more days.”

Anya nodded, not sure what to say. How could she go back to her ordinary life after being a part of such tranquil bliss?

“This isn’t over, Anya.” He had read her mind, read the worry, the concern, the fear this all this between them was over.

“How can it not be?” Her old insecurities came to the surface.

“Because we can both make sure it’s not.” He sounded so sure of himself, in control, determined.

She moved from where she was putting their stuff away and surrounded herself in his embrace, trying to feel his love, his strength.

Over the past hours, as they’d made love and talked, he’d become another part of her—

a part she didn’t want to let go. She inhaled his scent, committing everything to memory. No one knew what the morning would bring.

A few hours later, a couple of drivers loaded up the cars, seating them both in the warmth of the back seat.

“So how far away were we?” Nathan asked out of general curiosity.

“Er, I’m afraid, sir, you were fifteen miles in the wrong direction—you’re the only couple not to make it back before the storm hit.” Sheepishly, the driver looked out of the window.

Nathan could feel Anya chuckling by his side.

“Oh well. We all make mistakes.”

He folded his arms. He wasn’t disappointed—if he’d not gone in the wrong direction, he wouldn’t have spent an incredible night and morning with the woman of his dreams. No, he wouldn’t be disappointed with his navigating skills.

He tried to think of anything else but the woman sitting next to him.

She dominated his senses.

What would happen come Monday morning?

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He only knew one thing.

He couldn’t live without her.

Anya stood in her room, her body alive, her heart beating rapidly in her chest as Nathan negotiated their return to home, to city life.

She felt empty. She didn’t want her old life back. She wanted Nathan, wanted to be in his arms. To be truly loved by another person. She knew deep down in her soul that she loved him. Loved him unlike any other person. Antonio didn’t hold a candle to the power of her feelings for that man stood below. She would do anything for him, be anything.

She folded her arms over her breasts trying to lock in her beating heart.

She turned as her door opened. “Hey, Sweetheart.” Linda let herself in. Anya smiled, pleased to see another friendly face.

“All the other couples have gone, just you and Nathan left,” Linda informed her.

“I guess that is what Nathan is talking about down there.” Anya pointed out of her window.

“Are you two just work colleagues?” Linda asked, coming to stand next to her, knowing Anya had

been watching him.

She must think I'm some sort of horrid stalker—be careful of your bunny rabbits, kiddies.

“Yes, I'm his personal assistant.”

“Nothing more...personal?”

Anya smiled. “No. I don't believe in mixing business and pleasure. I'm sure you can understand, as a woman yourself.”

“Yes, times may have changed so that women can work in competitive fields, but there are some who are willing to use woman-ness to their advantage.” Chuckling, Anya queried, ““Woman-ness'?””

“You may not mix business with pleasure, and I've only known Nathan for a short time, but I can already see a change in him, and if you ask me it's the change of a man in love. This weekend has changed you both. I can see it. Nathan is in love with you and, unless I'm very much mistaken, you're in love with him too.” Her first instinct was to deny it but then, needing another woman to understand her pain, she nodded, tears springing to her eyes as her heart danced a riot in her chest. “How can anybody live with this kind of pain?” she croaked out.

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“At least talk to him. My dear, he *loves* you.”

“And if you're wrong? What do I do then?”

Linda took her in her arms, holding her to her chest, comforting her as a mother would a child.

“You're a beautiful, bright, intelligent woman. If he doesn't see that, then he's not worth it.”

Linda comforted her for some time, until Nathan knocked on the door and escorted her down to her car that would take her home.

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Chapter Five

Monday Morning

Anya couldn't keep her eyes off the numbers of the lift as they lit up, each one taking her closer to her floor.

When she'd got home last night, she had immediately called to terminate her pleasure weekend membership, tearing up the tickets she kept locked in her safe at home. But questions, anxieties rioted around her brain, scaring her. What if this weekend had just been a fling? A one-time only affair? Could she bear to go through it all again, through the pain, the heartache if it turned out to be a one-time only deal?

She couldn't think like that. She was Anya King. Anya King didn't feel those emotions.

She knew better.

Her bravado lasted several seconds, until the ping of the lift alerted her to the fact she was finally at her floor.

Head held high, she smiled at everyone, greeting the people who acknowledged her but heading straight for her desk.

Calm, think calm.

Nothing seemed out of place and, with the shaking at a minimum, she started up her computer to check through her emails.

Nathan could see her through the glass, her glorious red hair tied back in that horrid bun. His heart raced—he felt like a kid in a sweet shop when she'd walked into the office.

The simple white blouse and knee-length black skirt did nothing for his raging cock. He shifted in his seat, trying to get comfortable without destroying his view of the delectable Miss King. Remembering the way her legs had fitted snugly around his waist as he ploughed into her, he wanted her again—forever. He didn't want to think about life without her. She completed him. Everything had happened so fast, from being rescued from the abandoned house to leaving the hotel—well, the pub—to taking her home. No chance to talk, no opportunity to find out what was going to happen with their relationship.

He stood up and sat down, stood up and sat down, indecision warring in his mind.

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The knock at the door had his heart careening out of his chest.

“Come in,” he called.

“Hello, sir, I’m here to collect your Secret Santa?” Disappointment spilled through him.

He pulled out the parcel he’d purchased the night before and placed it inside the bag of goodies while Rachel kept her eyes averted.

Anya stood behind her, waiting, her smiled excited. Rachel greeted Anya and then left, closing the door behind her.

For several minutes, Anya and Nathan stood gazing at each other, assessing, deciding who should be the first to speak.

“I…”

“I…” They both spoke at the same time. Nathan smiled, but Anya moved forwards handing him his mail and coffee. As she went to retreat, he took hold of her wrist in a firm grip. He heard her gasp, but she still refused to look at him.

“What’s going on, Anya?” Serious, he caressed her.

“Nothing, Mr Banks.” She tried to pull away.

“No,” he ordered. Still holding on to her wrist, he got up from his seat and walked around the desk until he stood before her, towering over while she stood between the hard desk and his hard body. He wouldn’t let her go easily.

“What do you want?” she begged.

“I want to know where the woman is whom I had an incredible weekend with?” He stroked her cheek, shocked when she pulled away from his touch. “What the hell, Anya?”

“Don’t speak to me like that, Mr Banks. I’m still your employee, and you’ll treat me with the respect I deserve,” she scolded him.

Confused, Nathan let her go, her tight arse mocking him as she walked away. Fuming, he slammed his fists onto the desk. With nothing else to be done, he tried to work, tried to get her out of his mind.

By the end of the afternoon, Nathan was shaking with anger and anticipation. He wouldn’t allow her to leave. Anya was the woman who called to him. She fitted him, just as he fitted her.

“Mr Banks, they’re doing the Secret Santa,” her voice came over the intercom. Intrigued despite himself, Nathan left his office and followed her into the main section of the building OFFICE HOURS

where a fully decorated tree awaited them. Bob from finance was dressed as Santa, handing out gifts from a sack. Christmas carols filled the air, getting people into the Christmas spirit.

“I have here Nathan Banks and Anya King.” Bob extended his hands. They weaved their way through the crowd together, thanking him for their presents. They didn’t open them, but stayed to watch the others, accepting a glass of punch apiece. After an hour, they both left to get back and complete their work.

Nathan couldn’t look at her. He closed his door, wanting privacy.

Once behind his desk he took the small package out, rolling it around his grip. He pulled the Christmas paper off a small round box. He opened the box. A bright red jelly cock-ring greeted him, along with a small note. He picked up the note.

Imagine me when you wear it. A xxx

Nathan got up again and went to his door.

Anya watched Nathan go to his office, not looking at her, with a heavy heart. A tiny box sat on her desk, staring at her. Moodily, she pulled the pretty red ribbon from the box.

Opening the little catch, she pulled the little note out of the way and gasped.

A perfect diamond ring, simple but elegant, glinted at her.

She opened the paper.

You mean everything, to me. Marry me? Tarzan Without thinking, she picked the box up and stormed to his office door. She slammed the door open, stumbling into his sexy chest.

“Anya—” He caught her, holding her steady.

“What the hell is this?” She thrust the ring in front of his face, her hands shaking, heart pounding. She watched him ever so slowly look down at the ring and then back at her.

He went down on his knees. Her eyes widened.

“Anya Lucia King, will you do me the honour of becoming my wife? You’re my soul mate. I love everything about you. I love your mind, your body, the way you tell me what to do without me even realising it. I love your contradictions. Anya, I love you with all my OFFICE HOURS

heart, everything that I am is yours. Please Anya, tell me that I didn't imagine this weekend and that you love me with the same ferocity as I love you," he begged her earnestly, holding her hand as if it were a life raft. Tears ran down her face, butterflies danced within her belly.

Her heart lifted as she gazed into his eyes.

Nodding, choking on the words, she said, "I love you so much it scares me." In one quick movement he scooped her up in his arms, crushing his lips against hers.

"Mine," he muttered, causing Anya to chuckle.

They collapsed onto his tanned leather sofa, cuddling watching a fresh wave of snowfall begin outside his office window.

"What if we don't work, Nathan?"

He held her close, "I'm not Antonio. You're my other half. I don't want to live my life without you. I want you to have my children and to grow old with me."

"I love you," Anya whispered, scared that this was all a dream.

"Never leave me, Anya."

"Never leave me, Nathan."

Together they sat, planning dates, as outside a dusting of snow settled over the city. A night for lovers began.

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Epilogue

One Year Later

“Mr Banks, I’m here to collect your Secret Santa.” Rachel showed him the sack.

Smiling, his wedding ring glinting in the light, he gave her time to turn away before placing his parcel in the red-golden sack.

“Thank you, Rachel.” He kissed her cheek, turning, expecting as she had been the previous year... Yep, there she stood, placing a parcel into the sack, his beautiful, sexy wife, Anya.

“Thank you, Rachel.”

“Thank you, Mrs Banks.”

Rachel left, leaving Anya blinking.

“You know, every time I hear my new name, it still causes my heart to skip a beat.” Anya shook her head, amazed.

“Yes. Hearing my wife being *called* my wife... Well, let’s just say it leaves me hard.” Anya gave him a pointed look.

They may be married, but she still regularly threatened to report him for sexual harassment. The workplace had gone mad with gossip when a sexual harassment suit from his wife had landed on his desk in the middle of the year. Chuckling to himself, he recalled the outraged and confused response from his lawyer.

He loved her, no doubt about that. She didn’t use her position as his wife to get special treatment. She expected to be treated as a colleague and employee inside the office—he even paid her a wage, which she refused to have increased unless everyone else was due an increase as well. Independent and determined to make sure her position in life wasn’t under threat, his little spitfire didn’t joke around. In the office she kept him on his toes, accepting his criticism and his praise, but at home she didn’t mix the two. If they had disagreements in the office, she didn’t bring it to the bedroom or their personal life.

Separate.

Business and pleasure. Never the same.

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“Finance needs your reports immediately.” She raised an eyebrow at his continued humour.

Shaking her head, she walked out, her arse wiggling. He repressed the urge to whistle in appreciation.

They both joined the party when Bob gave out the presents.

“Nathan Banks and Anya Banks.”

Once they had retrieved their gifts, Nathan accepted a glass of punch and Anya accepted a glass of water.

After mingling for an hour or so, they went back to their respective offices.

Looking at the box, Nathan wondered who his Secret Santa was this year. Shrugging, he pulled the fabric ribbon off the box and gasped.

A picture frame with their wedding photo and...

“Daddy, I cannot wait to join the family.”

I’m pregnant. A xxx

About the Author

Sam Crescent has always had a love of fiction, through her teen years she would find friendship between the pages rather than in an actual person. By the time she turned sixteen she discovered Mills and Boon and never looked back. She loved the quick happily-ever-after read. A guarantee that no matter what happened the heroes and heroines would always find their soul mate. After college and starting a degree, one lonely bored night she searched the internet looking for a new author to read. On that night and for the years to come she discovered romantica and erotic writing.

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