



# Dirty Nasty Billionaire: Part 1

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**Description:** "My name is Delaney Masterson. I graduated from New England College, right here in Boston. And I've never had an orgasm."

When I admit this awful truth about myself to my co-workers, the worst possible thing happens. It gets back to my boss — Nixon Blake, the six feet tall, ripped, chiseled founder of the internet's biggest search engine. He's a man with a jaw that could cut glass, the perfect amount of stubble, and ice blue eyes that could cause your blood to freeze in your veins. And then there's his dark, wavy hair that looks like it would be heaven to run your fingers through. He's also a tech billionaire. When I go to apologize, Nixon Blake isn't having any of it. I think he's for sure going to fire me, but then he does something completely unexpected. He rises from his chair and comes toward me. His feet fall heavy on the floor, and I'm surprised the room doesn't shake with the force of his gait. Everything about him says he knows how big and powerful he is. He stops right in front of me, so close that I have to look up to keep eye contact. "You want to know something about me that would surprise you?" His voice is low, forcing me to be completely still. I can barely breathe, and so instead of a response, I just nod.

There's the tiniest spark of fire behind his icy eyes. "I've spent nearly every second since your little declaration," he says, his tongue rolling over the word, "thinking about all the different ways I could make you come." I am so screwed...

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# Page 1

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## Chapter 1

Everything is going just as planned. Until it's not...

I wake up before my alarm, like my body has been anticipating the moment all night long. Despite my nerves, I awake well-rested and full of adrenaline. I practically leap out of bed, pouring myself a cup of coffee I barely need. My energy is overflowing.

I shower and dress in the corporate-but-casual outfit that I'd picked out weeks ago with my roommate Elise: skinny black pants, a white silk button-up (untucked, because that says, "I'm professional, but cool"), and a gray tweed blazer. Plus a pair of black leather Rag and Bone booties on my feet that I'd scored on eBay for a song.

My laptop, tablet, and an old-fashioned datebook are tucked into a white leather tote with my initials monogrammed in tiny gold letters at the top, a graduation gift from my parents after I told them I'd won the internship.

The day is cold and gray, the streets wet from an evening drizzle. It's only slightly unseasonable for May in Boston, but I don't give a damn about the weather. I catch the red line at Porter Square, a ten-minute walk from the tiny two apartment I share with Elise in Cambridge, and join the rest of the morning commuters headed into downtown. After four surprisingly short years working my ass off at New England College, I'm finally one of them.

When I emerge from the T at South Station, I don't even pause, turning across the bridge at Summer Street towards Scour's headquarters, an old brick factory building that was converted to office space just a few years ago.

I'd practiced the trip at least ten times.

I'm not normally this neurotic (though, okay, Elise had certainly used that descriptor for me on more than one occasion — usually after she came home from a fraternity party to find me doing extra credit for one of my honors business classes). It's just that this isn't any summer internship. This is the Business Lab Program at Scour, the world's largest search engine (some people go so far as to refer to the entire internet as Scour ... these people are usually over the age of sixty-five and don't know how to use Facebook).

Thousands of new graduates with an interest in the intersection of business and tech apply every year. They come from Harvard and Stanford and Princeton and MIT. They send their pristine transcripts and their impressive resumes and personal statements that they'd slaved over for months (although, if I'm honest, I started working on mine over winter break of sophomore year). Thousands of applications — some say as many as Harvard receives each year — and only four are chosen. Making the Business Lab Program infinitely more selective than those snooty snoots in Cambridge.

All those applicants, and I was chosen.

But the competition is just beginning.

Because the four interns aren't just gaining valuable experience at one of the most influential tech companies in the world — they are also competing for a job. At the end of the summer, when projects are done and each has been evaluated, one of us will be hired on to lead a department at Scour. One of us will join the ranks of hot-shot Scour employees at a starting salary that would make most of my well-heeled classmates at NEC green with envy.

And from the moment I received the call telling me that I'd be one of the four, I'd

been strategizing just how I can become the one. While my classmates started coasting towards graduation around the beginning of April, weeks left on their degrees, most with jobs secured (or safety nets firmly in place courtesy of mommy and daddy), I threw myself into studying Scour.

I read everything I could find about past interns and new hires. I read everything I could find about the company itself, which led me down quite a rabbit hole reading about its founder, Nixon Blake. And while there wasn't that much to find, I committed it all to memory.

I feel only a little bit like a lunatic, knowing that I have Nixon Blake's vital statistics running through my head like a Top 40 radio hit:

Graduate, summa cum laude, from New England College (my alma mater, as of last week)

Founded the company freshman year, when his roommate complained about not being able to find bootleg copies of his textbook online

Was seed-funded by his sophomore year, and was a junior when Wollensky Venture Capital came a-calling and made him filthy, stinking rich

Has since grown Scour into an international juggernaut, basically becoming synonymous with the internet and releasing a Scour laptop, tablet, and phone

At over six feet tall, ripped, and chiseled, Nixon is a complete and total smoke show

It's always when I get to that last fact that my brain stumbles, the Scour image search wallpapering the inside of my mind with shots of a guy with a jaw that could cut glass, a tasteful amount of stubble, and ice blue eyes that could cause your blood to freeze in your veins. And then there's his dark, wavy hair that looks like it would be

heaven to run your fingers through.

Jesus, Delaney. Down girl.

I pause, now standing at the wide glass doors of Scour world headquarters, letting the last bit of burning desire run out of my body. I can't let myself be distracted by Nixon Blake, even if he is the sexiest human I've ever seen (in photos, and oh god, soon to be in real life). I might possibly end up working directly for him some day, so I need to turn that part of my brain off.

It's usually not a problem for me, after all.

I take a deep breath. "You will be the top intern. This job is yours," I whisper to myself before charging through the door, my boots clip-clopping on the polished floor and into my future.

## Page 2

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### Chapter 2

Brand new security badge in hand (the photo only slightly terrible — at least my eyes are open), I board the elevator with a scattering of Scour employees. All of them have headphones in place, their eyes plastered to the devices clutched in their palms (all the newest generation of Scour's smart phone, of course). I feel like maybe I should pull mine out too, just to fit in...

I find myself jostled to the rear of the elevator, my back pressed up against the steel wall.

"Ninth floor, please," I say in the direction of the panel of buttons. There are at least two rows of bodies that separate me from my final destination, but since every inhabitant of the elevator has headphones on, no one hears. I have to lean forward, snaking my arm between messenger bags and hands clutching cups of coffee until I'm able to reach the button myself. I earn an evil eye from a guy wearing a knit beanie (definitely a coder) when his espresso sloshes onto his hand when I inadvertently bump his arm.

"Oops!" I mouth the words, because of course, he can't hear a word I say. When he turns back around, I mouth a few more choice words. I love tech, but I do not love tech bros. It's just a tradeoff I'm willing to make, especially if it means working at Scour.

As we ride up the elevator, I notice that even though everyone is dressed casually, with messenger bags thrown over shoulders, none of them appear disheveled. I don't know if jeans and a knit cap can be described as sleek, but these people somehow

manage to get there. I think their collective wardrobes probably cost more than my rent. But I guess that's what happens when you work for Scour, where all the employees are paid at least 30% above market, receive incredible stock portfolios, and that's to say nothing of benefits, vacations, and in-house perks. All of them got the phones they can't stop staring at for free, for example. And the laptops and tablets in their bags, all the newest generations, were also gifts.

And, almost desperately, I want everything they have. And more.

It's not like I grew up with very much money. My parents are both Boston public school teachers. I grew up in a cramped apartment in South Boston, and not the part of South Boston that is now considered trendy. Still, the only reason my parents can still afford to live there is because they inherited the place from my grandmother after she moved to Florida. If my parents want to move, they'll probably have to leave the city. And my dad, a die-hard Bruins fan in winter and Red Sox fan in summer, would sooner cut off his own arm than leave Boston, the city where he was born and raised.

To say that my potential salary at Scour would be a windfall would be putting it mildly. I survived my four years at New England College on a series of scholarships, loans, work study jobs, and summers waitressing at a tourist trap near Faneuil Hall.

I want this job, but I also need it.

The elevator stops at every floor on the way to mine, and each time the doors slide open, I see an identical white wall, the Scour name and binoculars logo in cut steel on the wall over a sleek steel and white reception desk. It's like Groundhog Day every time the elevator stops, only a hell of a lot less colorful.

I've always pictured tech offices like grown-up daycare centers, with pool tables and bright colors, people riding scooters through the halls while taking breaks in giant, futuristic nap pods. But that's not Scour. What I've seen so far of the headquarters is

as austere as an East German prison — but classier. Well, maybe that’s why Scour is so successful. No need to waste money on pool.

Everything about Scour says we work hard. And they’ve got the bank accounts to prove it.

When I finally step out onto the ninth floor (white wall, steel logo, glass reception desk, just like all the rest), I glance at my phone and see that I’m a full fifteen minutes early. Early is great (as my high school soccer coach used to say, “Early is on time, on time is late, and late is dead), but fifteen minutes early seems a little brown-nosey, even for me. So when I spot the bathroom sign, I figure it’s a good opportunity to make sure that the damp morning air didn’t totally destroy my careful home blowout.

I shut myself in a stall to relieve myself of the cups of coffee I consumed while quietly freaking out this morning. Then I hear the bathroom door open, two sets of high heels clicking and clacking on the polished concrete floor.

“Do you think we’re going to get to meet him today?” The voice is squeaky and tinged with a New York accent, all long vowels and nasally.

“God I hope so. It’s never too early to start making an impression, if you know what I mean,” comes the reply, this one confident and almost sultry, which is wildly out of place in a public restroom.

“What, scoring the job isn’t enough, you’ve gotta screw the boss, too?”

“From what I hear, he’s hardly opposed. Besides, I’d have to be shriveled up and half-dead not to want to screw Nixon Blake. And if you say you don’t, you’re clearly lying. He’s basically Zuckerberg, but hotter than pre-divorce Brad Pitt.”

“And single.”



“Exactly. Someone’s gotta win the prize. Why not me?”

“Fine, you can have the dick. I’ll take the job.”

“Excuse me, Jenna, but I think I’ll be winning both.”

The girls dissolve into giggles, but I stay perched in the stall until I hear their giggles disappear behind the closing door.

Okay, if those two are my competition for this job, then I’m golden. Because I’ve dealt with more than my fair share of entitled princesses as a scholarship student at New England College, and not a single one had ever been anything more than stepping stone for me. I sprinted past them all, and even their connections and their famous last names couldn’t get them to bump me off my internship placement with Scour.

As nervous as I am, I’m also feeling a little more confident now.

After a quick touchup on my hair and a dab of lip gloss, I find my way into the hall and to my new workspace. The steel plate outside the door reads “Business Lab Program.” Inside I find a blindingly white conference room with a white lacquered conference table taking up most of the space. Sleek, ergonomic white rolling chairs surround the table. The far wall is floor-to-ceiling windows looking out on Boston Harbor. The opposite wall is floor-to-ceiling glass, making it feel a little bit like being on display at the zoo. The other two walls are floor-to-ceiling white boards, and in a metal box on the table, a collection of dry erase markers. It feels spare and clinical, the only color in the room coming from the people inside it.

Two of whom, I quickly realize, are the owners of the big mouths I heard in the bathroom.

“Hi, I’m Jenna,” squeaks the presumed New Yorker. She’s short, but everything about her is big — hair, lips, and boobs. Her friend, who is tall and thin, but also the owner of a rather impressive rack, gives me a terse smile from her seat at the table right up front, then goes right back to her phone. “That’s Amber,” Jenna says, pointing to her friend.

“Hi, I’m Delaney,” I say. I get a big, toothy smile from Jenna, but nothing from Amber, who continues to pretend either I don’t exist, or if I do, I’m not worthy of her attention.

## Page 3

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A voice clears from the back of the room, and that's when I see the fourth in our group. He's in khaki pants, a plaid button up, and what I'm guessing must be his formal hoodie.

"Hi, I'm Colin," he says, having to clear his throat about three more times just to get the words out. He runs his hand through his wild curly mop before offering a handshake. Jenna grimaces and nods at him by way of greeting. Amber continues to pretend her phone is the only sentient being in the room. So I guess that leaves me. I reach out and take his hand, only slightly greasy from his hair.

"Nice to meet you, Colin," I say with a smile. I may be plotting how I'm going to defeat all three of them, but that doesn't mean I can't be nice while I'm doing it. I'm not a monster, after all. And besides, Colin has a friendly smile that makes me like him immediately.

"Now that we're all friends, it's time to get down to work, don't you think?"

We all spin around to the front of the room, and standing there, looking every inch of his six foot three frame, is Nixon Blake. And let me just say that staring at his photo on a screen for more than a few hours of research does nothing to prepare me for the actual sight of him.

Jenna drops into her chair, Amber's phone is forgotten, and Colin sits down so quickly he nearly misses the rolling office chair and hits the ground. I'm the only one still standing, and that's because the sight of him momentarily paralyzes me. I'm standing on the polished concrete of the sleek office floor, but it feels like I've stepped into quicksand, and I'm sinking further under his gaze.

Holy shit does this man command a room.

He's in dark denim jeans that look like they were tailored to every muscle of his body, and a white oxford shirt with the sleeves rolled up, which give a stunning view of his tan, muscular forearms. But it's his eyes — ice blue and piercing, that are the real stunner. They act like laser beams, demanding and captivating attention from beneath a head of dark, tousled hair. Everything about the man says, I'm smarter than you, richer than you, better looking than you, and we all know it. So pay attention.

And we do.

“Welcome to Scour,” he says, his voice full of steel and bravado. “The four of you were selected from a pool of candidates so large it could have crashed our servers, if we were dumb enough to have servers as shitty as the ones over at Twitter. Every applicant had stellar grades, incredible recommendations, and outstanding test scores. You four are the best of the best.”

Amber sits up even straighter, if at all possible, and leans forward onto the conference table. It gives Nixon Blake a front-row seat to Victoria's proverbial Secret, that Amber seems ready to spill to the world. But if he notices, though, he opts to ignore. Which makes me like him even more, if possible.

And then he seems to drop the sliver of welcome wagon he was presenting. The hammer drops. “If you think that means anything now that you're here, you're sadly mistaken. You'll be spending the rest of the summer — every moment — proving to me that you deserve to be here, both for the duration of the internship, and, for one of you, as a new employee at Scour.”

I can feel pricks of sweat starting at the back of my neck. Please god do not let me get sweat stains right now. First of all, I'm wearing silk. Second, I have a strong suspicion that Scour employees do not sweat. Help me Jesus.

As if to confirm my suspicions, Nixon arches an eyebrow. “Now, I want to start off seeing how you perform under pressure. I want you to introduce yourselves to me. Not your resume; I’ve got that. I want you to tell me something about yourself that would surprise me.” The word sounds loaded on his lips (oh my god, those lips), and it causes my heart to immediately start beating at roughly the rhythm of cha cha dancers on Dancing with the Stars.

Nixon glances around the table, leveling his gaze first on Jenna. “You. Go.”

I swear, all the blood drains from her face, but she quickly recovers. She squares her shoulders and opens her mouth, the squeaky voice and New York drawl suddenly gone.

“My name is Jenna Andrews, senior at Columbia, and not only do I have my pilot’s license, but I flew a Cessna over an active volcano.” Then she flashes a smile, her eyebrows raised. I admit it, I’m impressed. I certainly wasn’t expecting that from the tiny brunette sexpot. But when I glance at Nixon, he only nods. He’s unmoved, his eyes already moving on.

Next they land on Colin, who withers under his stare, and unfortunately doesn’t recover quite as quickly as Jenna. “I’m Colin Lewiston, MIT.” He stops to clear his throat twice, but when he starts speaking again, there’s a bit more confidence there. I’m silently rooting for his voice not to crack (even if he is my competition). “When I was a kid, I traveled with the Ringling Brothers as a clown. I can juggle sabers and fire — and once, flaming sabers.”

Whoa. Ok, did not see that coming from our crew’s resident nerd. But Nixon still seems remote. It’s like Colin just told us he likes the color blue and his favorite food is spaghetti. What is it going to take to impress this guy?

Amber is next, and everything about her says I got this. I steady myself. I can already

tell she's going to be more competition than her bathroom conversation would lead me to believe. Something tells me that she fights dirty.

"I'm Amber Rizetti, Columbia University. And I have an Olympic Gold Medal in archery. I hit a bullseye in Rio." She says all this while staring Nixon Blake straight in the eye. And still, he doesn't blink. Not even a flinch.

Okay, so flying over a volcano, juggling swords, and winning a fucking gold medal while cosplaying Katniss from The Hunger Games won't do it. If I want to shock Nixon Blake, I'm really gonna have to go for it. Like, really go for it. After all, he told us we were supposed to surprise him. That's the task. And I want this job.

I don't have anything nearly impressive on my resume as some of the others, so if I'm going to make myself stand out, I have to try something different.

At least, that's the only explanation I can give for what I'm about to say. I swear, if I had half a second more to think about it, I would have gone with my season spent playing roller derby sophomore year of college. That was always good for a game of two truths and a lie back in the dorms. I know full well that with my blonde hair, porcelain complexion, and curvy body, I look like the girl next door. I look like someone who avoided sports in favor of the debate team and student council (state champion and class president, thank you very much). No one ever expects me to play a full contact sport on roller skates. I might have even gotten a reaction out of that one.

Instead, I open my mouth and say this.

"My name is Delaney Masterson. I'm a senior at New England College, right here in Boston. And I've never had an orgasm."

Maybe I thought it would make people laugh. Or even raise a few eyebrows. Break

some ice. Something. Instead the room goes deadly silent. Jenna's mouth drops open, but no sound comes out. Colin turns red as an apple and immediately stares down at his feet. Amber looks like she just won a second gold medal and had ten orgasms just this morning.

I force myself to look at Nixon, who is looking straight back at me. There's a tiny shred of hope that maybe, though I humiliated myself in front of my fellow interns, I will have at least accomplished the task. Maybe, just maybe, I've surprised him. But those blue eyes turn the blood in my veins to ice.

God, I think. Should I laugh and try to play it off as a joke? I can't decide, and the moment passes.

I don't let myself look away. This is the worst thing I've ever done, but the only thing that could make it worse in this moment would be to look away. So I hold his gaze. I won't let this break me. Not in front of him, at least.

## Page 4

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I wait for him to chastise me. Or fire me. But what comes next is worse.

He pretends like I never said a word.

He drives his hands deep into his pockets and nods at the room. “Welcome to Scour, everyone. It’s going to be an intense summer. My VP of Operations, Randi Powers, will be in in a minute to talk to you more about your project.”

And then he’s gone.

As soon as the glass door swings shut, Jenna and Amber dissolve into laughter, a few gasping oh my gods escaping amidst the glee. Colin still can’t look at me.

I don’t blame him.

I feel like I want to throw up. Or die. Or throw up, and then die. Mortified doesn’t even begin to cover it. If I don’t get fired, at the very least I’m going to go down in history as the girl who said the dumbest, most embarrassing thing ever on her first day at Scour. They’ll probably tell my story at every orientation, most likely coupled with a presentation from HR on how not to behave when working for a multinational tech company and, oh yeah, also competing to try and get a permanent position.

What. The Fuck. Was. I. Thinking???

That lone thought plays on a loop in my brain, like a dance beat at the world’s worst club. I’m in absolute hell. I’m in a dance club in hell.



The silence in the room is only amplifying my doomsday thoughts, but mercifully, Randi Powers strolls in. If she knows what just happened, she's a fantastic actor, because she gives no indication that someone in here just committed career suicide in front of Forbes' Richest Man Alive and People's Sexiest.

Randi Powers looks like the coolest girl in tech. She's clad in skinny jeans, a crisp blue Oxford, and a pair of black heels that probably cost twice as much as my rent. Her long brown hair is pulled up in a relaxed top knot, and she's perfected the no-makeup makeup look. Under normal circumstances, I'd already be plotting how I could set up a coffee date with her so I could learn everything she has to teach me about how to be a powerful, badass bitch in a male-dominated world. But that was before orgasm-gate (as I'm already starting to call it in my head).

Now all I can think is that I hope she doesn't notice me. Which does not bode well for my future career here at Scour, or anywhere else. Ugh, I'm going to have to change my name and join the Peace Corps after this, assuming they'd even take me (I don't do very well in the great outdoors).

"Welcome to Scour, everyone! I'm Randi Powers, VP of Operations," she says, scooting a chair aside and perching on the edge of the conference table. She's everything I want to be. "Congratulations on earning your spot here. Having seen your resumes and read your statements, I'm sure you won't let us down."

This elicits more muffled laughter from Amber and Jenna, and now I'm sweating like I've just run a marathon. Seriously, fully kill me.

Randi begins to fill us in on our tasks for the summer.

It turns out, our goal is to research new, up-and-coming tech companies, learning everything we can about their operations, finances, and long-term potential so that at the end of the summer, we can make a recommendation as to which company Scour

should acquire.

The pitches will be made directly to Nixon and the rest of the executive board. Each of us will come up with a business strategy and cost structure to justify buying out the particular company we've chosen. After we make our pitches, Nixon will choose a company to buy and will then hire that intern on to finish out the acquisition and become the team leader of that project.

It's the highest stakes internship on the planet. You're literally lobbying to spend millions of dollars of company money, and at the same time interviewing for a high-level job. Not to mention the fact that our teammates...Yeah, they're also our competitors. And one look at Amber, who can still barely contain her glee over my most embarrassing moment, and I can tell that (if I don't get fired) this is really going to be a rip-roaring summer.

I can't believe I started the morning with so much confidence and murdered every last shred of it by 9:15.

"Ok, why don't we take a break?" Randi says, clapping her hands together like a very chic soccer coach. "Feel free to visit the commissary and grab a snack, and I'll see everyone back here in an hour." And then she disappears out the glass door.

Colin rises from his chair, then stands awkwardly, his hands shoved in his pockets. "So, uh, should we all go together?"

"Thanks, but I don't need chaperones," Amber says, lifting her expensive leather tote bag onto her shoulder. "I'll see you guys in an hour."

She starts for the door, then pauses, her gaze falling on me. "Maybe not you, though. If they don't fire you, you should probably just quit. And maybe move. I don't think I could show my face on the Eastern Seaboard again after that. Maybe you could go to

Minneapolis? Atlanta?” She says it like it’s Siberia. Her laughter follows her out the door. Jenna trots quickly after her.

That leaves me alone in the room with Colin, who looks like he has no idea how to escape. “Uh, it’s probably ... I mean, it wasn’t that ... bad?” His face is growing red at just the memory of what I said. Colin is definitely not a good actor.

“It was, but thanks,” I say, scooting my chair in so he can hustle by. “Let’s just not talk about it, ok?”

“Ok,” he says, letting out a whoosh of breath. At least I won’t have to worry about him hassling me the way Amber’s clearly going to. He looks like he’d just as soon forget the whole thing ever happened.

You and me both, buddy.

Instead of going to the commissary, where I’ll wonder if everyone already knows and is whispering about me (I’m sure Amber’s just dying to start telling people), or hiding in the bathroom being even more pathetic than I already am, I decide to take the middle ground and go for a walk. It’s still cool and gray, the wind fierce off the Atlantic, but at least the drizzle has stopped. Though at this point, what do I care if I come back with raccoon eyes and frizzy hair? I’ll forever be the girl who admitted to never having had an orgasm in front of her coworkers on the first day of one of the most prestigious internships in America.

This will probably be viral on YouTube before day’s end.

I ride the elevator back down to the first floor, much more deflated than I rode it up. I can’t believe I arrived this morning so full of hope and plans. I rolled into Scour ready to rule the entire place. But with one slip of the tongue, now I’m going to be clawing my way up from the bottom of the barrel — if they let me keep working in

the barrel, that is. Once I've escaped the building, I stroll along the streets of Fort Point, my hands tucked down deep in my pockets. But the cold wind barely registers. My brain is racing so fast it could generate enough heat to warm my apartment on the coldest winter day. I'm probably still sweating, with my luck. This silk shirt might be beyond saving.

## Page 5

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I just can't figure out why I said it. I'm definitely not that girl, the one who says words like "orgasm" at work. I say the word "orgasm" about as often as I've had one, which, as I've made plainly clear, is never.

It's not that I'm a virgin. Or even celibate. I've dated in college, a few guys here and there. I had a serious boyfriend freshman year. His name was Damon, and in hindsight, he was kind of a dick. But I showed up on the campus of New England College as a fresh-faced, doe-eyed girl-next-door ready to reinvent herself. I had worked my ass off in high school, hard enough to get accepted to the most prestigious private liberal arts college in the country, and I'd earned the full-tuition scholarship to go along with it (and thank god, because my parents, both high school teachers, definitely could not have afforded the tuition). I was ready for all that hard work to pay off, and so when I met Damon at a Welcome Week party, both of us clutching red solo cups, I let myself think he was the hottest, smartest, most interesting guy in the world. In the moment, half a flat keg beer in, his musings on free market capitalism and personal responsibility seemed so cosmopolitan. I felt grown up. And so when he asked me to dinner, I went. And when he kissed me, I kissed him back. And when he asked me to be his girlfriend, I said yes.

He started trying to get in my pants by the second week, but I straight up wasn't ready, and I told him so. I'm no hot house flower, as my mom always says. I have no problem telling anyone no, much less a college freshman with libertarian tendencies. And when he respected that, it made me like him more. But looking back, it wasn't super respectful to keep trying to shove his hand down my pants every chance he got, forcing me to say no and watch him retreat every single time. He always stopped when I asked him to, but what I was really asking was for him to stop trying.

After a few months, he wore me down. I mean, I also wanted to have sex. From all the movies I'd seen and romance novels I'd read, it seemed like fun. But I think part of me knew all along that Damon wasn't the one. Or even one of the ones. He was just a distraction, but it finally seemed easier to just get it over with.

I wish I could say my first time was magical. Or even decent. But really it was just over with. It was painful, like I'd heard it would be. But that was it. That was the predominant feeling of my very first time having sex. Awkward, sweaty, and with the medicinal smell of spermicidal lubricant. Ooo la la. It lasted all of five minutes, and that's a generous estimate. A girl would have to have the clitoris of a live wire to have an orgasm from that, and even then, it's not like he ever spent any time in the general vicinity of the clitoris. Hell, I doubt he could have identified my clitoris with a diagram, a flashlight, and a ten thousand dollar grand prize at the end.

So yeah, I wasn't surprised that there was no orgasm involved in my first time. I expected that. But when I didn't come the second time, or the third, I started to wonder if it was me. Damon lasted a little longer each time, and he even started to hang out in the neighborhood of my clit. But still, my pleasure never grew. If anything, I got annoyed with the additional time. It felt like something endure. So can you blame me for not being super excited to have a whole lot of sex with him? Damon sure could. He blamed me a lot, and when I dug in my heels, he hit the road. It was humiliating to get dumped for being a "frigid bitch," even if he was a totally hapless lover. The whole experience left me feeling like sex wasn't even worth it.

After that, I decided that maybe the old Delaney from high school was the right Delaney, and so I threw myself back into school and studying and achieving, and decided to forget about guys and sex. It turned out to be pretty easy, since in my experience, guys and sex were so forgettable. And all I got out of that choice was the top internship at a huge company and a shot at an amazing job.

Assuming I didn't just totally blow it back there.

I'm the last person to arrive back at the office. Colin is sitting back in his seat, a pile of snacks in front of him. Jenna is picking at a giant chocolate chip cookie, looking like she wished she could eat it, but refusing to take the calories. And Amber, with a cup of tea in her perfectly manicured hand, is standing at one of the white boards, scrawling in elegant cursive, a list of priorities for our project.

"Colin, why don't you take the technical stuff. Play with the apps, tell us how they look from a development standpoint. I want to know what people on message boards are going to be complaining about when they finally hit the App Store. Jenna, you can put that accounting knowledge to use to look at their balance sheets," she says, then turns to see me walking in. She arches an eyebrow. "Oh, so you came back. Well, then why don't you take organizational structure. Make sure these Silicon Valley idiots actually know how to run a day-to-day."

All I can do is nod, then take my seat and pull out my laptop. I hate myself for kowtowing to this girl. That's not who I am. I may be an orgasmless wonder, but that doesn't mean I'm meek.

Hell, my outburst during introductions probably stemmed from the fact that I'm usually the one leading the room. I'm used to everyone looking to me for direction. I'm used to being in charge, the center of activity. And I probably would be if I'd said, "Hi, I'm Delaney, and I spent a season knocking girls down playing roller derby." My stupid competitive spirit (and, if I'm being honest, Nixon Blake's gorgeous, laser-like stare), made me try something outside the box.

And my punishment is listening to Amber act like the boss while everyone else pretends I'm radioactive.

What a fucking great first day.

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### Chapter 3

I spend the rest of the day alternating between praying they don't fire me and wanting to quit and bolt for the door. Which doesn't make for a great situation when I'm trying to do my very best work and impress everyone in the room. So far all I've done is convince everyone else in the room that I'm radioactive.

Also, completely inept.

"Um, Delaney?" Amber says, her voice all syrupy sweet. She holds up a stack of documents fresh off the printer. "Why do all these FOIA requests say 2118 on them? Last time I checked, it was impossible to request financial documents from the future."

"Shit," I mutter, doing a quick CTRL+F search on my laptop to see that, yep, I made that particular mistake a good twenty-seven times. What is wrong with me?

Probably a winning combination of my missing orgasm and my big mouth.

"Sorry," I say. "I can fix it, one sec."

"Actually, I already took care of it," she says. She sounds like she's talking to a kindergartener, and the sickly-sweet smile on her face tells me it's 100% intentional. She doesn't even consider me competition anymore. I'm simply someone to be managed. Tolerated. Maybe even ignored. She wrinkles her nose at me. "Why don't you go take a break, ok?"



Why don't you shove it up your tight little ass? Is what I want to say — which is what I would say — if I hadn't given Amber the upper hand on a silver platter. In any other circumstance I'd clap back at her so hard her teeth would rattle. But today I can't seem to muster even a speck of confidence. I'm just the girl who can't have an orgasm, after all.

I suck in a breath to avoid the tears that I know are just seconds away, and nod. I push back from the table, and soundlessly slink out the door.

My first instinct is to go hide in the bathroom for a while, maybe even let myself have the good cry I know is coming. But as I pass the break room, I notice it's empty. And there's a display of snacks that rivals the 7/11 at the end of my block. Instead of a good cry, maybe a good sugar binge will do the trick.

I step into the gleaming white room, marveling at the white marble counter tops and stainless-steel appliances, but also shivering at the sterile nature of the room, of the entire building. Nothing about Scour is meant to make you feel comfortable. I wonder again if it's a productivity strategy, if this is how they've managed to overtake the entire tech industry in under a decade.

The fridge in the corner is the size of a Cadillac. A touch-screen the size of an iPad displays an endless scroll of tweets from the company feed. I pull it open and grab a can of Coke, pausing for a moment in front of the frigid air that bursts out. Maybe this will help me stop fucking sweating.

On the counter, everything is in clear glass containers, like at a fancy candy store, silver scoops in porcelain bowls at their feet. I take one of the clear cellophane bags and start scooping: Swedish fish, gummy bears, M&Ms, mini snickers bars, malted milk balls, something that I hope isn't chocolate covered raisins (because gross), and those things that look like chocolate chips with sprinkles on them. I don't know why, but getting a stomach ache or a cavity (or both) sounds like a really good idea right

now.

My bag is so full that I have to use both hands to lift it. When I get back to the conference room, I know Amber is going to have something snide to say about my haul, but you know what? Fuck her. It can't get any worse at this point, so I might as well drown my sorrows in a metric ton of sugar.

I turn around to hustle back, but am stopped by some kind of brick wall that's been erected right in the middle of the break room. I drop my bag, the sugary contents spilling out the top. Milk balls roll across the floor, disappearing under the fridge. I look down to see my candy resting atop a pair of brown leather lace-up hiking boots. My eyes move upwards, following the line of dark skinny jeans, to an cool blue cashmere sweater, and then up ... and up, until I finally connect with a pair of ice blue eyes, now narrowed at me.

Not a brick wall in the break room.

Nixon Blake.

Shit.

I want to bend down and clean up the mess. I want to take a step back, so I'm not pressed up against his rock hard chest. I want to apologize, or run far, far away. But I'm rooted to the ground, the force of his gaze gluing my feet to the floor. The only part of me that's moving is my beating heart, which I'm sure must be pounding so hard it's causing my chest to heave. But his eyes don't leave mine, which only serves to make every part of me feel warm and wanting. Oh god, I want him. Because that's what I need right now. To stand here in front of Nixon Blake and soak my panties. Fantastic.

We stand there for what feels like forever, and I realize that he's daring me to make

the first move. He's not going to let me off the hook. Not for this, and probably not for what I said earlier. If I weren't so freaked out, I'd file it away as another billionaire CEO strategy, the perfect way to get the upper hand.

I finally manage to gather my wits and take a step back, then I drop to the floor and start scooping up candy by the fistful and deposit it back into the bag still clutched in my fist.

"I'm so sorry," I mutter.

"Good first day?" He asks. When I look up (way up ... Jesus this man is tall), I see that the corner of his mouth is quirked up. A smirk.

I can feel heat rush to my cheeks. I'm probably as red as Colin, and there's nothing I can do about it.

"Fine," is all I can muster in response, because I'm sure my face tells a different story.

"Are you sure there's not a problem?"

I'm still on my hands and knees, chasing M&Ms. What the fuck do you think? The response is right there on the tip of my tongue, but I think I've said more than enough to get me in trouble. Being a smartass to the owner of the company is probably not a good decision at this juncture. Not when I'm already dealing with peak embarrassment. Not when I'm playing fourth chair at a competitive internship, letting someone like Amber take over the group when I know — I know — that this job is mine to lose. I worked my ass off to get here, and I was ready to thoroughly dominate. I should be the one ordering Amber around.

But I can't say any of that. I can't tattle. It sounds weak. It is weak. And Nixon

definitely would not be impressed with that. Boss bitches don't tattle. They take. They lead. And I'm a boss bitch.

Until today.

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Until I'm staring into Nixon Blake's gorgeous eyes, that seem to freeze me in place while also burning a bonfire in my core.

Nixon bends down and plucks a gummy bear from the toe of his boot, dropping it into the bag in my hand. Then he locks me into his gaze again.

"Good," he says, his voice low and gravelly. Just the sound of it causes my insides to liquify. "I'd hate to think I made a mistake bringing you here."

I suck in a breath, feeling like I've been slapped.

He stares at me for a beat longer, making his disappointment known. Then he stands up and heads for the door, crossing the floor in just two strides of his long legs, his boots thudding on the concrete floor. Just before he's gone, he pauses and turns. I'm still on the floor, a fistful of Swedish fish in one hand, a bag of dirty floor candy in the other.

"I was expecting more, Delaney. A lot more." He practically growls the words, and in flash, he's gone.

In that moment, something ignites within me. It's a swirling, fiery mixture of anger and frustration and a little bit of righteous indignation. Ok, sure, I said a dumb thing. But if he was going to fire me, he should have done it by now. He can't keep me around, dangling by a thread, so he can toy with me like some sick game of cat and mouse. So I spent part of my first day being less than my best self. But if I'm here to stay, then I'm going to spend the rest of this internship showing him I'm better than that. I'm going to spend the rest of this internship showing him that I deserve to be

here, and that in the end, I'm the one who deserves that job.

I rise to my feet and chuck the bag of candy into the trash can, where it swooshes in. Nothing but net. I smooth out my shirt, push my shoulders back, and then march out of the break room. When I get to the elevator, I mash the button like the force will make it come faster. Once inside, I push the button for the tenth floor — the top, where I'm sure Nixon's office must be. He seems like the kind of guy who stays on top at all times.

And for a split second, that thought gives me pause, because my mind conjures up an image of Nixon, out of that blue cashmere sweater, his bare chest hovering over me, supported by those muscular arms, his eyes on me once again as he —

Oh shit. Cut it out, Delaney.

I suck in a breath and let it out until the elevator doors slide open, my resolve recaptured.

I step out of the elevators into the executive suite. It's as stark and hermetic as the rest of the building: polished concrete floors, white walls, furnishings of glass and chrome and black leather. It seems like it's meant to make you feel off-balance, and it does. It definitely does.

The glass-topped desk that I assume belongs to Nixon's assistant is empty. As is the desk that must belong to his second assistant. I glance at my watch. It's just after 5pm. I'm guessing they're gone? It seems strange that someone as demanding and exacting as Nixon Blake, who built an empire from his dorm room, would have assistants who just peaced out when the clock struck five.

The emptiness serves to put me more off-balance, but I have a few seconds to give myself a pep talk before I got knock on his door. That is, until Nixon steps out of the

frosted glass door that leads into this office, his face buried in his phone.

Showtime.

“Excuse me, Mr. Blake?”

He glances up, blinking, like he’s trying to figure out if I’m a mirage or a real person.

“What are you doing up here?” He asks.

“I needed to speak with you privately, if that’s ok?”

He glances at the empty desks. “Fine.” He turns and heads back into his office. He doesn’t invite me in, or hold the door for me. I have to let myself in, which feels all kinds of wrong, but I suck it up and go. Operation Boss Bitch starts now.

The office is, if possible, even more austere than the rest of the building. It’s enormous, sure, as an executive suite should be. But instead of luxe furniture, enormous, priceless works of art, or framed photos of achievements, this office is a complete blank canvas. One wall is entirely glass, looking straight out onto the gray afternoon of the Boston Harbor. There’s one desk, a glass and chrome monstrosity, topped with nothing but an enormous desktop computer, a laptop, and a few small tablets and devices. There are no photos, no handwritten notes or file folders, no nameplates. It looks more like a display you’d see in a computer store than a desk an actual human person uses for work. Across from it are two very cold, very hard-looking metal chairs that do anything but invite you to sit in them. There’s a black leather couch tucked away in a corner. The walls — white — are empty. The floor — polished concrete — is bare. The only color in the room comes from the blue cashmere sweater he’s wearing — and Nixon Blake’s ice blue eyes.

He sets his phone down on the desk and stares at me from behind his desk. He

doesn't say anything, but everything about his posture and expression reads get to it, and get out.

I clear my throat as quietly as possible, then begin, my voice thankfully clear and strong.

"I wanted to apologize for the inappropriate remark I made this morning," I say. I force myself to keep eye contact with him, even though every part of me wants to stare down at my second-hand shoes. It takes every bit of my concentration to keep my voice from shaking. I continue. "I was trying to be funny — shocking — and I drastically missed the mark."

I take a breath, ready to launch into the second part of my speech, the part about how that remark doesn't represent me, and that not only do I deserve to be here, but I fully intend to prove it and earn back his respect. But before I can get there, Nixon speaks first.

"So you weren't telling the truth, then? You have had an orgasm?" He's staring directly at me, his mouth set in a firm line. But one eyebrow rises, just a fraction of a movement, that looks like a challenge. When I don't respond (because my brain still grinding away on the sound of his deep voice saying the word 'orgasm'), he levels a hard stare at me. "Yes. Or. No?"

He's not going to let me off easy. He's not going to let me just apologize. I'm going to have to prove to him that I'm made of just as much concrete and steel as this building. I'm going to have to prove that I'm not going to get rattled, either by saying orgasm, or hearing it said to me (by the hottest man on the planet). So I pull my posture up, raising my chin just a bit.

"No, I haven't," I say, willing my voice not to shake. "That was true. But it's not the point."



He crosses his arms over his chest, causing his biceps to bulge in a way that begs my eyes to go there and linger, but I don't.

“What is the point, then?” He asks.

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“I shouldn’t have said it. I was trying to stand out, to make myself noticed.” Is he getting off on this?

“Well you succeeded. Which then begs the question, why would you apologize? You’re not one of those girls who’s always apologizing, are you?”

I grit my teeth at him describing me as a girl, like I’m some high school cheerleader who stumbled into his office, giggling and lost.

“No, I’m not a woman who apologizes,” I reply, proud of myself for my little act of linguistic rebellion.

He doesn’t take a bit of notice. “Good. Because lesson number one is to never apologize. Make bold moves, and own them.”

It sounds like a challenge, and the Boss Bitch inside me rises right to meet it. He wants a fighter? He wants someone who wants it? That I can do. I fought my way to one of the top colleges in the country. I fought my way through four years there to graduate at the top of my class. And I fought my way through thousands of applicants to score this fucking internship. And so I decide to make another attempt at surprising him. This one a little more me.

“You don’t have time for apologies, but you have time for frivolous get-to-know-you games meant to make everyone uncomfortable while you remain impervious and aloof? That seems like a bit of a contradiction.” And my voice doesn’t even shake. Not a bit.

Now Nixon Blake's eyebrows are both rising. That he did not expect.

"What's your point?" His eyes are narrowed, his voice sharp as a knife.

"It means that now you know about my sex life, but I don't know anything about you," I say, my eyebrow arching, my tongue lingering purposefully on the words sex life. Take that, Nixon Blake. "I notice you didn't tell us anything about yourself." Now it's my turn to cross my arms over my chest, a hip jutting out just slightly. A challenge right back at him.

He shifts slightly in his chair, and for the first time since I walked in, he breaks his gaze. Holy crap, did I really just challenge Nixon Blake and win?

He rises from his chair and strides across the floor. His feet fall heavy on the concrete floor, and I'm surprised the room doesn't shake with the force of his gait. Everything about him says he knows how big and powerful he is, and he doesn't like that for a moment, I've made him feel anything less than that. And I think he's about to show me just how wrong I am.

He stops right in front of me, so close that I have to look up slightly to keep eye contact. This man knows how to work his height to his advantage.

"You want to know something about me that would surprise you?" His voice is low, forcing me to be completely still. I can barely breathe, and so instead of a response, I just nod.

There's the tiniest spark of fire behind his icy eyes. "I've spent nearly every second since your little declaration," he says, his tongue rolling over the word, "thinking about all the different ways I could make you come."

The breath rushes out of me in one fast whoosh, and I nearly let the world holy shit

follow it. But instead, I whisper the words I've spent years trying hard not think, much less say.

"I don't think anyone can."

And there it is. My greatest fear. Since I'm saying all kinds of things today that I'd rather have kept to myself, why not let this one out, as well? Because what if the truth isn't that Damon was terrible in bed? What if the truth is that it's impossible for me to have an orgasm, ever, with anyone? Saying it out loud makes me feel terrified and vulnerable, but I keep all that hidden behind a mask of defiance.

Nixon pauses, studying me, waiting to see if I'm going to step away, tell him to stop. But I don't want him to stop. Because as soon as I said the words out loud, I realized that something inside my body is responding to him, churning up feelings and sensations I've never experienced before. And I want more.

Nixon lets out a little huff of breath — a little laugh, his lips curled up into a devious smile. "You want me to try, though," he growls, sending a chill down my spine, "don't you?"

I try to say yes, but no sound comes out, just a slight tremor of my lips. And so I look him in his eyes and nod. Yes, I really really do. If anyone can make me come, Nixon Blake can. I'm sure of it.

"I could fuck you right now, you know. Lay you out across my desk. You'd come again, and again," he says, before leaning so close his lips nearly brush against my ear, "and again."

All I can do is suck in a ragged breath.

And then he steps back. The space between us widens, the heat disappearing with the

growing gap. My mouth drops open slightly. I feel the absences of his body like a missing limb.

“Unfortunately, Delaney, you work for me.” Nixon turns and strides back to his desk. “That would be inappropriate.” His lips curl around the word, like he’s laughing at the notion.

Inappropriate. All I’ve been today is inappropriate. Telling my boss I’ve never had an orgasm. Following him into his office. Challenging him. Standing so close I could practically feel his heart — assuming he has one — beating against my chest. What’s a little bit more? The tension may be dissipating, but I know how to ratchet it up again. I know how to get Nixon Blake going.

So I square my shoulders, chin raised, a devilish grin playing at the corners of my lips. Two can play this game.

“Or maybe it’s that you’re afraid you can’t do it?”

His gaze snaps to mine, and then he smirks.

“I think you know that’s not true,” he replies. He looks amused by me, like a tiger watching a kitten try to join the hunt. He seems to pause, turning an idea over in his mind. He leans back until he’s sitting on the edge of his desk, his arms crossed over the expanse of his muscular chest.

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“Ok, I’ll take that challenge. I’ll make you come — right here, right now,” he says. The words practically knock me to the floor. This is not what I was expecting, but it’s an offer I definitely want to entertain. He stands up to his full height again. “Just once. And then nothing else can happen. Never again, because you work for me. And I don’t make a habit of mixing work with pleasure.”

Just the word pleasure coming out of his mouth is enough to send me teetering on the brink of an orgasm, and suddenly I have absolutely no doubt about what’s about to happen. I have no doubt about what he can do, about what I’m about to feel.

“Deal?” He asks, and I nod. But he shakes his head. “I need to hear you say it, Delaney.”

“Deal,” I say, forcing my voice out as strong and authoritative as I can muster.

Before the words have even left my lips, he’s crossing the floor. He pulls me to him roughly, one arm snaking around my waist, the other at the back of my neck, my hair clutched in his fist. In one movement, he’s taken control of my body.

He’s like a master musician, and my body is merely an instrument for him to play all the way to a stunning climax. His lips cover mine, firm and wanting. He pulls my lower lip and catches it between his teeth, eliciting a low moan from deep within me. I let my hands go up into his hair, and just as I suspected, it’s thick and silky soft. I could spend the whole evening running my hands through it.

But Nixon has other plans.

In an instant, my feet are off the ground. He's lifted me like I'm nothing but a breath of air, and he carries me over to his desk, where he pushes aside his collection of wireless devices with one hand while depositing me on the edge of the desk with the other. He kisses me with such force and passion that I have to place my hands to the desk behind me to hold myself up. His hands are on my waist, but very quickly they begin migrating up my ribcage until his thumbs brush over the firm peaks of my nipples. The silk of my shirt and the delicate lace of my bra beneath give him ready access. But it's not close enough, because very soon his fingers are making quick work of the buttons while his lips move along my jaw until his tongue is tracing small circles in the tender spot just behind my ear. I want to cry out, but I don't know if there's anyone else on the floor who might hear me. Though very little of my brain is able to grab hold of that worry as Nixon pulls my shirt open, his hands reaching to pull aside the lace of my bra until my nipples are free for his pleasure — and mine.

His lips leave my neck, and I'm momentarily disappointed at the loss. Until he ducks his head and sucks one of my nipples into his mouth, his tongue flicking over the stiff peak.

"Oh god," I mutter, my breath ragged. Any thought that I'm unable to have an orgasm has long since disappeared. I know that Nixon Blake is going to make me come harder than I ever thought possible, and all I can do now is sit here on the edge of his pristine desk and enjoy it.

Holy fuck am I going to enjoy it.

While he works his tongue over one nipple, his palm takes hold of my other breast. His other hand grips the small of my back, holding me to him. Every place where he's touching me is alight with a fire, heat radiating through my body. I drop my head back, my mouth open as I heave out breath after breath. I could come just from this, but as if he can hear my thoughts, he pulls back. I look up, my eyes catching his, and he shakes his head, as if not say, No, Delaney. I have other plans. He's going to make

me come, that's for sure, but it's going to be on his time. And he's not ready yet. He's going to make me wait.

He's going to make me beg.

His eyes never leave mine as he reaches for the button on my pants. He takes his time lowering the zipper, then grips my hips. I lift my hips slightly, and he peels them down, lowering himself to his knees behind the desk as he goes. He plants soft, teasing kisses along my inner thighs as he pulls off my boots, my pants following closely behind. Then he sits back on his heels, looking up at me. I'm now sitting on the edge of his desk, my shirt open and off my shoulders, my bra pulled down, my breasts on full display. Nixon's eyes travel the length of me, raising goosebumps along my pale skin with the rake of his gaze, until they stop at the black lace boy shorts I'd carefully selected this morning — only I was thinking they were comfortable and afforded me a lack of panty lines. I never imagined I was selecting the panties that Nixon Blake would be staring at.

He places his hands firmly on my knees and pushes, spreading my legs open before him. He runs his hands up the inside of my thighs, and I quiver beneath his touch. He follows the trail with a sweep of his tongue, pausing to nip at my milky white skin as he goes.

I let out another deep, guttural moan.

When he reaches the center of me, where the black lace of my panties meet in a delicate seam, he pauses. He lets out a long, hot breath, the air feeling as firm as the press of his fingers, which are gripping the inside of my thighs, holding me open to him. His lips are so close they're practically brushing against me. But he's not touching. Not yet. Fuck, why isn't he touching me?

"Tell me what you want, Delaney," he growls, the heat from his breath coming out



with each word and sending me closer and closer to the edge.

“Please,” I heave out, barely able to form anything coherent.

“Tell me what you want, Delaney,” he says again, his grip tightening on my thighs. I look down and see his eyes gazing up at me, and though he’s the one on his knees, I’m the one completely at his mercy.

“I want you to make me come,” I moan, voice shaking now despite my best efforts.

He smirks, then reaches up to my hips, his hands gripping the lace of my panties. And then he pulls, the fabric giving way easily, until the tattered lace fabric is clutched in his fists. He quickly tosses it aside, his hands back on my thighs as he opens me wide to his waiting tongue. With one last low growl, he leans in, his mouth covering my pussy in one swift movement. At first it’s just pressure and pleasure, my head dropping back completely until my long blonde hair is practically pooling on his desk. I lean back on my elbows, giving myself over to the pleasure — over to him. The force of my ecstasy sends my legs tensing, but Nixon holds me wide open with a firm grip as his lips part slightly, his tongue moving up my delicate folds. When he reaches the top, his tongue pauses on my clit, first pressing down hard, then moving in a slow, sensual circle. Every single part of me comes alive, heat burning off every square inch of my skin.

His hands rise up to grip my hips, his shoulders between my knees. He has complete control of my body, and I happily surrender to him.

“You’re so wet, Delaney,” he says, pausing to blow little breaths onto my clit. Then he runs his tongue up the length of me. “You taste so fucking good.”

All I can do is whimper in response. I can already feel the orgasm beginning to build deep within my belly. It feels like nothing I’ve ever experienced, a mixture of

pleasure and adrenaline and something else I couldn't even begin to describe. It radiates out through my arms and down to my toes. Nixon doesn't have to worry about maintaining access, because I suddenly I can't let him in enough. I bring a foot up to the edge of desk, letting my knee drop back so I'm open even wider to him. I want his tongue over every part of me.

I can feel his lips curl up.

"I don't think the question is if you're coming to come," he says, his lips brushing against my clit again. "I think the question is how many times."

And then his tongue is on my clit, flat and pressing down. The pressure brings me all the way to the brink, and when he pulls back and flicks at it quickly with the tip of his tongue, the orgasm explodes through me like a firework on the Fourth of July. Only it just keeps exploding. Over and over again, I feel the orgasm rush through me. He didn't just bring me to the peak of pleasure, he's pinning me there with his tongue. My body shudders with each wave, and I realize that I'm crying out with my full voice.

"Oh my god, oh my god, oh fuck," I scream, and just when I think it can't get any more intense, he slips two fingers deep inside me, then curls them up, like he's beckoning me to come again.

And I do.

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I reach forward and return my fingers to his hair, gripping and pulling his face into my pussy, my hips grinding against him as if moving completely independently of my body. He moans into me, his tongue still making delicate work of my clit, which is now radiating heat and pleasure and electricity throughout my body. I don't know if this is several orgasms or one sustained orgasm, and I don't care. I just want to feel this. More. All of it. Forever. I never want it to stop.

But then he pulls away. His fingers slide out of me. He sits back on his heels, then rises. My gaze drops to his jeans, where I can see the generous bulge. And suddenly I'm hungry. Fuck, I'm ravenous. One orgasm just isn't enough. I need more. I suddenly can't go another second without feeling him inside me. And I'm shocked to feel my hands reach for his belt. I want to see the cock that goes with this tall, muscle frame. If he can do that with his tongue, I want to know what else he can do.

But he steps back, reaching up to wipe his lips with his palm. He shakes his head, that smug smirk back on his face.

“That wasn't the deal, Delaney.”

I can't help the anger that flare within me, because even though I just had the most fucking incredible orgasm that I'm sure anyone's ever had on this whole entire planet, in the end, he still played me. He's still in total control. I may have challenged him, but he's won.

“I trust that you'll honor our deal,” he says, reaching for his phone. It's infuriating, the way he can go from eating me out to checking his goddamn email that quickly. The air leaves the room, and I quickly reach for my skinny black pants. I pull them

on, quickly stepping back into my boots while I button up my shirt.

I realize I have one last chance to score some points here, so I hop off his desk, my feet landing with a solid thud on the concrete floor. I bend down and pick up the tattered scrap of lace that was my panties. With my clothes all put back together, I wad them up in my fist, then reach over and slide them into the pocket of his jeans, my hand lingering for only a fraction of a second on the erection that betrays his desire for me. Then I turn and stride towards the door.

“It’s a deal, Mr. Blake,” I say, before going on my way.

THE END OF PART ONE