



Dirty Nasty Billionaire: Part 2

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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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Chapter 1

“How was your first day?” My roommate Elise asks. We share a two-bedroom apartment on the top floor of a triple decker in Cambridge, an apartment we found the summer before our senior year. It’s cheap, thanks to the faulty radiator, the sloping floors, and the drafty windows, but I don’t care why it’s cheap. I only care that it is. And since Elise is using her brand-new degree to work as a recruiter for New England College (a job which pays less than a year of tuition at NEC), she appreciates it, too. She’s waiting for me on the ratty old couch in our living room, her feet up on the chipped Ikea coffee table, which is covered with a fleet of tiny white Chinese takeout boxes.

“It was ...” I pause, trying to figure out how to describe what happened today, from the promising start, to my morning crash-and-burn, to the earth-shattering orgasm that ended it. I can’t imagine what Elise would say if I told her that I got oral sex from Nixon Blake while perched on the edge of his desk in the executive suite on my first day. I have a feeling there would be a stern warning in there, at the very least. So instead I go a little more cryptic. “Unexpected.”

“Wow, something Delaney Masterson couldn’t plan for? That’s fucking unfathomable,” she says, diving into a box of lo mein with a pair of chopsticks.

I drop my tote bag on the floor by the door and practically bum rush her on the couch, snatching the lo mein container out of her hand. “You talk to high school students with that mouth?” I ask before shoving greasy noodles into my own.

“No, I save it for you, old roommate of mine,” she replies before tucking into some

General Tso's chicken.

Elise and I have been roommates since freshman year, when the housing office randomly paired us up. We always wondered if it was purposeful, throwing two scholarship girls from working class families into the same tiny room. And thank god they did, because I don't know if I would have survived with one of the trust fund princesses that ended up living on our floor. Elise may have gone the sorority route at NEC while I tended more towards the library, but at the end of the day we were always a pair. A team. I could always count on her to commiserate when I was stuck waiting tables for a bunch of Harvard bros wearing Nantucket red, who loved to flaunt their wealth until it came time to tip.

We lived in the dorms for three years before finally saying to hell with it and finding this apartment. And when we both scored jobs that kept us in the city, it went unsaid that we'd stay together. The thought of having to find another roommate (because until I score an actual job with Scour and not a low-paying internship, there's no way in a freezing cold hell that I can afford to live alone in this city), practically makes me break out in hives.

"So did you get to meet the Sexy CEO?" She asks. Elise spent more than her fair share of time staring over my shoulder at pictures of Nixon Blake during pre-internship deep dive.

I instantly choke on a slippery, salty noodle. I feel like I'm blushing red as a maraschino cherry, so I fan myself as if I'm just warm from the commute. "Yeah, he made an appearance."

"What was he like?"

Well, he gave me the first, and likely best, orgasm of my whole life and is now in possession of the tattered remains of my favorite panties ... so, pretty great.

“He’s a little aloof,” is what I say out loud.

“Do you think he’s good in bed?” She asks, and I immediately choke on a water chestnut. “Well come on, he’s got to be shit, right? He’s hot and rich and a genius. He has no reason to be good in bed. He could be fucking terrible at fucking, and he’d still have no problem getting women.”

I swallow the mouthful of lo mein, which gives me time to not say something completely ridiculous. “Elise, he’s hot and rich and a genius. He’s definitely good in bed,” I say, and try not to sound too much like I know what I’m talking about.

“Well, play your cards right and maybe you’ll find out,” she says. She drops her box of chicken back on the coffee table and rises from the couch. “I’m going to get a beer. You want one?”

“Sure,” I say, and as soon as she’s out of the room, I let my mind drift back to Nixon on his knees. It’s not an image I’m soon to forget, that’s for sure.

As if to prove my point, I spend the entire night dreaming about our encounter in his office. Which should be amazing (who doesn’t want to relive the best orgasm ever over and over again?), but when I wake up, I find myself surprisingly on edge. Because the reality of the situation has come crashing down upon me. I fooled around with my boss. And not just any boss, but the most powerful man in tech, the very field I want to enter at the very company I hope to work. The man who holds my future in his hands has seen me naked and splayed out on his desk.

Am I going to be able to look at him without blushing? Is he going to be able to see me as anything other than a sex object? He was very clear yesterday that what happened was to be forgotten (yeah right). We’ll be returning to boss and employee when I show up at Scour today. But how does that even work? Will it even work? Or will he summon me up to his office at the end of the day for another round?

I'm ashamed to say that the dominant thought is dear god I hope so.

* * *

I arrive at Scour, my emotions a roiling cauldron of anxiety, determination, and lust. I feel like if anyone looks at me wrong, I'm going to explode. I'm a live wire as I ride the elevator to the 9th floor, where my fellow interns probably aren't expecting me. I wouldn't expect me to show up after what happened yesterday.

Though if there's one perk of my encounter with Nixon yesterday (you know, other than the mind-blowing orgasm), it's that I've almost completely forgotten about the dumb thing I said that precipitated it.

But while I may have forgotten my get-to-know-you faux pas, my fellow interns certainly haven't. As soon as I walk in the door, Jenna and Amber start giggling. Colin can't bring himself to look up from his laptop, where he's furiously tapping away, his cheeks growing redder by the second.

I don't know how Nixon is going to see me, but they certainly still see me as the hapless girl who's never had an orgasm.

Little do they know that I'm the artist formerly known as the hapless girl who's never had an orgasm.

"So you're still here," Amber says.

"I am," I reply, dropping my bag into one of the chairs and taking a seat.

"Color me surprised. I sort of assumed you'd be busy too with the process of trying to change your name and leave the country to bother showing up to work," she drolls. "I gave your assignment to the nerd." Amber tosses her head in Colin's direction. He

finally glances up over his screen and mouths a quick sorry when she's not looking.

I give him a quick smile to let him know I don't hold it against him.

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“Well I’m here, my name is still Delaney, and I don’t plan on going anywhere.” The venom oozes out of me, and I want to pat myself on the back for my courage. “I may have made a mistake yesterday, but I’m here to stay, and I’m here to compete. I’m sorry if that derails your plans of being a Grade A Bitch, but you’re just going to have to get a new plan.”

Jenna’s eyes grow wide at the same time Amber’s narrow. She opens her mouth to reply, but I hold up a finger to stop her.

“Colin,” I say, emphasizing his name, since Amber hasn’t bothered to learn it, “you can fill me in on what you’re working on, then I can take that task over. And after lunch, we’re going to have a team meeting to divide up projects equitably. Despite attempts to usurp the role, no one here has been appointed team leader.”

Amber stares at me hard for several seconds that feel like an eternity. I don’t expect her to go down without a fight, so when she mutters a terse “fine,” I know I need to steel myself for more. There’s no way someone like Amber is done.

The good thing is, neither am I.

* * *

I’m midway through research on a recent Stanford grad running a startup app that creates custom road trip pit stops (it’s cool, but the design could certainly use some work, maybe a quirky graphic designer to put a unique spin on it) when Nixon finally makes his appearance.

I sense him in the room before I see him. It's as if everyone has taken a collective breath in, and though everyone is trying not to act awed by him, you could hear a pin drop in the room. Jenna quickly lowers the volume on the obnoxious EDM playlist she's been blasting. Colin yanks his earbuds out with such force that one whips back around and hits him in the eye. Only Amber is able to act normal, which for her, means leaning over onto the conference table, her perky double Ds on full display. Of course, she's sporting a button up shirt with more than a few buttons missing.

"Good morning," Nixon says, his eyes sweeping around the conference table. I steady myself for his gaze to fall on me, perhaps even ready for some kind of knowing glance to pass between us. Yesterday he had my nipples in his mouth, after all. But his eyes never even make it to me. He pretends I'm not even in the room. I'm a ghost to him.

If there's any comfort, it's that he doesn't seem to be paying any attention to Amber's breasts, either.

Coldcomfort.

"Today I'm going to have you all down with the research team down on six. I want you to see how the professionals operate. You'll each be shadowing a Scour employee. Randi will fill you in." And then, without ever once letting his eyes come even in the vicinity of me, he turns and strides out.

And it doesn't escape the notice of Amber, who is positively giddy to see that I'm still on the outs. She must already be thinking about how she's going to decorate her future office at Scour. And from the way she kept giving Nixon fuck me eyes, I'm guessing she's imagining how she's going to redecorate his house.

Well, she's going to have to go through me, first.

Still, I'm unnerved by Nixon's freeze out. If he keeps this up, it might have been better for me to just remain the hapless idiot intern who can't figure out the appropriate place to talk about her orgasms, instead of the one who can't figure out the appropriate place to have one. At least before he spoke to me, he acted like I was actually alive.

Randi comes in soon after to lead us down to the sixth floor, where the research team works. There's about two dozen people in the department, all of whom spend their days (and probably their nights) doing the work that we've been tasked with over the summer. The researching of startups, visiting tech conferences, interviewing coders and investors, and basically trying to predict the future.

It's their work that determines where the Scour money goes, and what companies, apps, and devices they should acquire, either because they want to incorporate the technology into their portfolio, or because they want to shut down the competition. Based on my research, I know that after the coders, the researchers are the most prestigious employees at Scour. Their recommendations chart the course of Scour ... and its stock value. It the perfect job for me, a library nerd with a keen attention to detail. I'd want to work here even if it wasn't the prize at the end of the internship competition.

Randi gives us a quick orientation to the floor, then starts passing us off to various members of the research team. Amber and Jenna both wind up with bookish-looking women in glasses. Colin is paired with someone who looks like he could be a brother, or at least a distant cousin, right down to the matching hoodies. Which leaves me with —

“Brent, this is Delaney,” Randi says, walking me up to the desk of a sandy haired guy with trendy, horn-rimmed glasses and a smile that looks like he moonlights in ads for a dentist's office. He stands and flashes it at me as he shakes my hand with just the right amount of pressure. I try to match it. There's no worse first impression than a

dead fish handshake, my father always says.

Unless you want to go ahead and tell him your orgasm story, I think to myself, but I manage to beat the thought away and return a nice, professional smile.

“It’s nice to meet you, Brent,” I say.

“Back atcha, Delaney. You want to take a seat?” He pulls a rolling chair over from a vacant desk and sets me up right next to him, so I can see his laptop screen over his shoulder. We spend the next hour deep in conversation. He’s generous in answering my questions while I furiously take notes. He shows me Scour’s checklist for evaluating potential acquisitions, but is quick to tell me it’s really just the bare minimum. Then he moves into his own personal system, which involves a series of spreadsheets and documents. He pulls up his notes on Scour’s most recent acquisition, a mindfulness app, that was his recommendation. I’m so busy furiously taking notes and asking questions that at first, I ignore the goosebumps on the back of my neck. But pretty soon I’m sure I’m being watched, and when I glance up, I see Nixon in a conference room. Randi is holding a tablet and flicking through something, her eyes focused down, but he’s looking through the glass and straight at me. Not sweeping the room. Not evaluating the interns.

Staring.

At me.

The only time his eyes move is to flick over just slightly, like he’s trying to Jedi mind trick Brent straight out a nearby window.

For someone who pretended I didn’t exist this morning, suddenly he seems to have a lot of interest in looking at me.

And you know what? Fuck that.

I immediately slide my chair a little bit closer to Brent and lean over towards his laptop screen. I point at something in one of his spreadsheets.

“So how do you reconcile these two fields?” I ask. “Forgive my Excel ineptitude. I’ve always considered the program an instrument of torture.”

He laughs, and so I laugh, too. And while I’m definitely not flirting, and Brent seems to know I’m not flirting either, when I glance up at the conference room window, Nixon seems to have no idea. In fact, I can see the tension in his jaw from here.

I turn to Brent and smile again, but really I’m smiling at myself. Nixon said we were going to be boss and employee, not boss and invisible woman. If he wants to play games, I’m more than happy to join in.

Game. On.

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Chapter 2

“Wowza,” Elise says, dropping her spoon with a clatter into the bowl of Ben & Jerry’s cookie dough ice cream that’s resting in her lap.

“Good?” I ask. I give a little twirl, letting the silk flutter around my ankles.

“If you don’t get laid tonight, it’s because every single owner of penis at this event has been struck dead by the mere sight of you,” she says.

“That’s very ... descriptive,” I reply with a giggle.

I’d spent hours poring over the dress rental website before finally stumbling on the perfect gown for tonight’s State of Scour gala. All the interns were invited to the black tie event as a networking opportunity. The entire company, top to bottom, will be there, along with some of the biggest names in tech and venture capital, along with more than a few influential CEOs and politicians. I heard the governor would be there, and more than a few Senators. I wanted the perfect thing.

And the ice blue silk sheath is definitely it.

The fabric slips over my hips like water, kicking out with each step, a dangerous slit all the way up to my thigh revealing my milky skin. The dress features a deep V neck that nearly required boob tape, though thankfully everything seems to be remaining in place. The straps come up over my shoulder and tie in a sweet silk bow at the base of my neck, the tails falling down my back, which is complete own all the way down to my waist. It’s by far the most daring dress I’ve ever worn.

And I've never felt sexier.

"I have you to thank, of course," I say. I'd presented Elise with three options, two of them elegant, basic black floor-length gowns. But when she nearly hyperventilated looking at the ice blue number, I knew I had to do it.

And only partly because the color would be a perfect match for Nixon Blake's eyes.

Of course, I'm wondering if Nixon will notice me in it, even if that thought makes me feel a little bit pathetic, like Amber with her boobs always out whenever Nixon shows up in the conference room. But I can't help it.

"You can thank me by spilling all the details of whatever sexy CEO you wind up boning in a closet tonight." She gives me a tiny salute with her ice cream spoon. "I'll be here waiting. But don't rush home on my account."

* * *

The gala is being held at the Fairmont Copley Plaza Hotel, right in Copley Square, the spot famous for the Boston Marathon finish line, the Boston Public Library gazing down stately from the corner. Despite having visited the library plenty and wandered Copley Square hundreds of times, I've never once been inside the hotel. But tonight, that's about to change.

Because I blew all my money on renting this dress (worth it), I find myself on the T heading to the event. Despite the availability of a few seats, I remain standing, trying carefully not to touch anyone or anything with the delicate fabric. The downside of the ice blue dress is that I can't hide any imperfections. Which is why I'm also not wearing any undergarments. The feeling of the silk brushing against my bare skin is enough to give me flashbacks to Nixon's office.

I manage to arrive unscathed (though I do have a near-miss with a sorority girl waving a frappuccino around with reckless abandon), and I immediately lose my breath at the sight of the room.

The State of Scour is an annual event meant to be a report to the company and investors on the previous fiscal year, new developments and acquisitions, and plans for the upcoming year. Executives from the various departments all give reports. But instead of being a stuffy, miserably corporate event, Scour turns it into the gala event of the year in Boston. And the Grand Ballroom at the Fairmont Copley Plaza reflects that.

I step through the door and my eyes immediately go up to the ceiling, painted to look like the sky on a beautiful Boston spring morning, pale blue with delicate wisps of white clouds. Everything else in the room is grand and gilded, with sweeping gold arches and filigreed millwork over arches and windows and adorning the balconies. Already about half the crowd has arrived and is milling around banquet tables draped with rich white table cloths and set with china, silver, and stemware that probably costs more than my parents' house. There's a jazz band in white dinner jackets set up on the stage at the front of the ballroom, a podium in front of them waiting for the speeches and reports of the glorious riches Scour has earned over the last year.

A white-coated waiter passes by with a silver tray of champagne glasses, pausing to proffer his wares. I take one with a smile and a whispered thank you, which he certainly doesn't hear over the sounds of swing music and rich people chatter that fills the room. He's gone in a flash, off to unload the rest of his tray before disappearing to the magic "behind the scenes" of the Grand Ballroom.

We were given no instructions for tonight other than to "enjoy," and part of that, for me, will be avoiding Amber and Jenna at all costs. Though I would like to catch a glimpse of the look on Amber's face when she sees me in this dress for the first time. That'll be worth even a terse greeting with the Queen of Mean.

So I circulate, sipping my champagne and listening in on conversations. I hear about reelection plans, seed money rounds, Cape Cod vacation homes, and real estate deals, the profits from which could pay for me to go back and get three more degrees from New England College.

“He’s going to speak tonight, you know. He almost never does.”

I pause at that one, studiously rifling through the silver clutch I brought so it doesn’t seem like I’m eavesdropping. Because I know immediately that these two women, both looking to be in their mid-40s and both several glasses of champagne into their evening, are talking about Nixon Blake.

“You’re kidding,” says the one with a ruby the size of a child’s fist on a gold chain at her neck. “I never can tell if the man is just private, or if he’s got stage fright.”

“I can’t imagine having billions of dollars, the biggest company in the world, and stage fright,” says the other, whose hair is dyed a fairly unnatural shade of red. “He probably just likes to add to the Nixon Blake mystique.”

“Well he’s certainly mysterious. Gerald has invested many millions in Scour’s various projects, and I’ve never even heard the man’s voice.”

“You’re kidding.”

“I’m not. In fact, this is the first one of these things that I think he’s actually even bothered to make an appearance at. Gerald says he hires people to do the glad-handing for him.”

The women sip from their glasses and mmm hmmm to each other, and I move along before I arouse too much suspicion.

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And that's when I hear it, a collective intake of breath from a crowd of people so rarely impressed by anything. I turn and see the crowd part, and in walks Nixon Blake. He's wearing a tuxedo that looks like it was sewn directly onto his tall, muscular frame. He strides through the crowd, and for a moment, it looks like he's going to make his way to the front of the room completely unobstructed. But that lasts only a split second before hands start jutting out from the crowd, offering handshakes and pats on the back. Soon self-important men are stepping into his path, stopping him for conversations that clearly they think are very important. Women in low-cut gowns pass by him, running hands along his biceps, hoping for, perhaps, a private meeting.

I expect to see him handle it all with confidence and ease, as he does with everything in the office. But there's no trace of that now. Maybe most people wouldn't notice it, but having become a student of Nixon Blake's face over the last several weeks, I see immediately that something's not right. His jaw is a vice grip of tension, and every muscle in his body looks coiled like the tightest spring. He doesn't seem to be doing much talking as he tries to make his way through the crowd, it's more a collection of increasingly terse nods and a few words through clenched teeth. Soon his ice blue eyes are glancing around the room, as if searching for an exit.

Of course, no one else seems to notice these infinitesimal signs of a growing panic. Partly because only I would be studying him quite so closely, but mostly because the people who are accosting him, attempting to hijack his attention, are in these conversations 100% for themselves. They don't care what Nixon Blake has to say or how he's reacting. They only care that he's in front of them, and that they seem to have his attention.

But the more I watch him, the more I become convinced that he hasn't heard a single word that has been said to him. He keeps trying to push through the crowd, and he keeps getting intercepted. He tries to sidestep, and a woman in a strapless dress, her boobs hoisted nearly to her chin, gets in front of him. And when he frees himself of her, a rotund man with a bushy beard sticks his hand out and begins holding court.

I notice the exact moment when he sees the gilded door hidden in the wall. It's nearly camouflaged, probably nothing more than a supply closet or storage area for banquet chairs and tables. But Nixon seems to lock in on it like a target. He's nearly there when I see an older man with a receding hairline and a perfect smile step into his path. I recognize his face immediately, though I can't quite remember his name. He's a Senator from ... Virginia, maybe? Illinois? Without thinking, I start weaving through the crowd, using my small stature to slip effortlessly through the fray. As I walk, I whip out my phone and do some rapid-fired searching until I find him. Senator Jefferson Ford of Virginia, Republican from Virginia, recently reelected in a narrow victory.

I slip my phone back into my silver clutch right as I arrive at my destination.

"Senator Ford!" I say, sliding myself between him and Nixon. I thrust my hand out to the Senator, who looks down at me with a face full of confusion. "I'm such a fan. I was so glad to see your reelection victory back in November."

I pump his hand and, as much as it pains me to do it, push my chest out enough that it causes his eyes to linger on the deep V of my dress. And in that moment, I can feel Nixon's absence behind me. Because I know what to listen for, I hear the soft click of the hidden door, and I know that he's reached his destination.

Mission accomplished.

Of course, he's not out of the woods, because within a minute (during which I have to

keep making awkward conversation with a Senator who seems intent on ogling my breasts), I can see the vultures descend. They try to look as if they're not waiting for him, ready to pounce the moment he reappears. Rich people don't like to look like they want anything. Ever. But they want Nixon Blake's attention right now, and it's killing them that there's no dollar amount that will make him appear.

And so I thank the Senator and excuse myself, positioning myself in front of the hidden door like a bouncer. I put on my most professional smile and use the voice I employed when I worked as a hostess at the Crab Shack, trying to beat back the crowds from the Boston Harbor on the 4th of July.

"I'm so sorry, but Mr. Blake is currently on a very important call," I say to the two men who look persistent enough to hang around, or maybe even bum rush me. "He really doesn't want to be disturbed."

They wait me out for just a minute more before retreating back into the crowd. I let out a long breath. I don't know what's going on behind the door that I'm currently guarding, but I know it's important that I'm here. I know it's important that I helped him escape. I know that, though he did his best to hide it, he's vulnerable. And I feel the need to protect him.

I decide to wait for a while longer, because I don't know how many people saw him disappear behind this door, and I don't want anyone waiting for him when he finally emerges. Whatever he needs right now, I want to make sure he has it. I don't have to wait long, though, before the door opens. Just a crack, and he doesn't come out.

I go in.

He grabs me by arm and pulls me back so quickly that I barely know what just happened. One minute I'm in a glittering ballroom listening to a band play swing music, and the next I'm standing in a darkened room, the musty smell of an attic

surrounding me. The shiny parquet floor is gone, and now I'm standing on concrete. All the sounds of the party are muted. It takes a moment for my eyes to adjust, but soon I realize that I was right. This is a storage room for extra banquet tables, collapsed and leaned up against one wall, and stacks upon stacks of chairs.

Nixon takes hold of my wrists, his grip tight as a vice. My hands go cold.

"What are you doing?" He growls, pulling me towards him. "Why are you here?"

"I —" I pause, unsure how to answer. "I just thought you needed help."

His chest heaves as he takes fast, deep breaths in and out. "What makes you think that I would need your help?"

"I don't know. You seemed ... upset. Like you needed some space. To be alone."

"I don't need your help," he says again, his voice nothing but a low rumble. His breaths are coming faster, and the sound of them is starting to make me feel lightheaded. Something is very, very wrong. But he pushes away from me, turning to pace the tiny room like a caged animal. "You need to stay away from me. Very far away."

I can see himself winding up, and I know I have to do something, and fast. So I step in front of him, and my hands float up to his chest, which is rising and falling at a breakneck pace. I rest my palms softly on his heaving chest, then press down with light pressure. He stops pacing, but I can feel that he's wound so tight he could pounce. "Hey," I say, my voice low and soothing. "Breathe with me."

I pull in a long, slow, deep breath through my nose, then blow it out long and slow through my mouth. And though Nixon Blake doesn't seem like the kind of person who is used to taking direction, it only takes him a moment before he follows suit.

His breaths begin to slow, but not enough. He still seems on the verge of hyperventilating. I have to calm him down. Distract him.

“Hey,” I say again, pressing harder on his chest. “Let me help you.”

“You can’t help me,” he says between breaths. “You can’t even begin to know what’s in my head.”

“I don’t need to know. I just need to distract you,” I tell him. “Let me help you with that.”

I reach up slowly until my hand grips the tail of the satin bow at the back of my neck. Before I can overthink it, I give the fabric a sturdy tug. It releases like water, the straps slipping down my shoulders, taking the entire front of my dress with it. It pools around my hips, my bare ivory skin practically lighting up the room. I’m not sure if it’s the slight chill in the room, or the feeling of Nixon’s eyes drifting down, but my nipples pebble, and now it’s my chest that’s heaving.

He lets out one long breath, his chest still for the first time since he arrived in the ballroom.

“Let me take your mind off of everything,” I say, leaning in and rising up on my tiptoes until my lips just brush his ear. “Use me.”

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The words are barely out of my mouth before he grips my hips and pushes me until my bare back slams against the door. His mouth covers mine, his lips pressing down firm and full of want. He grabs my wrists again, this time pulling my arms up above my head and pinning me to the wall. I let out a soft moan that grows louder as his lips drift down my jaw, tracing a line down my neck and across my collarbone. My hips respond, grinding against him. With just the thinnest piece of silk separating me from Nixon, I can feel his cock grow hard in his pants, and oh my god I want it.

“Delaney,” he groans before sucking a nipple into his mouth and pinching it between his teeth. “I want you.”

“Take me,” I say, pulling my hands from his grip and weaving my fingers into his hair. I give it a sharp tug, his head jerking back so that we lock eyes for a moment. “I’m yours.”

A growl begins rumbling low in his belly, crawling up through him like a caged panther until it escapes from between his teeth. And that’s the last moment that I’m in control of him. His hands go to my hips, where he pushes my dress down until it pools at my feet like an oil slick.

“No panties,” he whispers. “Dirty girl.”

I start to kick off my silver stilettos, but Nixon drops to his knees and takes firm hold of my thighs. “No,” he growls. “Leave them on.” Then he reaches down and lifts one leg until it rests, still clad in a four-inch heel, on his shoulder. Which opens my pussy wide to his wanting mouth. He buries his lips in me, his tongue dipping deep inside before lapping up to play with my clit. My body feels electrified, and I find myself

digging my heel into his shoulder as I try to remain standing. My hands fly back up to push against the wall while I grind away on his tongue. I can already feel the orgasm building, radiating down my thighs, where his hands grip so tightly he's probably leaving fingerprints in my milky white skin.

His tongue performs intricate figure eights around my clit until I'm nearly screaming out in the darkened room. Thank god for the jazz band and the chatty crowd, or all of the Boston tech scene would know that I absolutely have had an orgasm.

But just before my body explodes in pleasure, Nixon pulls back.

"Please," I beg, the absence of his tongue on me causing my pussy to throb like a live wire. "Don't stop."

"I'm not ready for you to come yet," he says, standing up. He sheds his tuxedo jacket, which falls to the floor, and I know what's coming is going to be even better. I yank at the end of his bowtie, loosening it, then whipping it off as my fingers work frantically at the buttons on his shirt. Soon the muscular expanse of his chest is before me, and I run my hands along his tan skin, just a scattering of dark chest hair visible. I look up and lock eyes with him. He's staring down at me with that intense Nixon Blake gaze, and I can hear the clink of his belt buckle as he begins to free his cock.

Jesus Christ, is this real life?

My hands drift down to meet his, and he lets me lower the zipper on his perfectly tailored pants. A pair of boxer briefs is currently doing the Herculean task of containing nine inches of Nixon Blake, and I waste no time reaching my hand into the waistband and wrapping my fingers around him. He groans as my grip tightens. But again, he has other plans. He grabs my hips, spinning me around until my hands are pressed against the door, then he pulls me back so that I bend just slightly. I glance over my shoulder to see him grab his jacket and reach into the interior pocket. He

takes something out that crinkles softly in the darkness, a package of some sort.

He leans over me, one hand reaching around to cup my breast, the other sliding down until the rough pad of his finger slips across my clit.

“You’re so wet,” he whispers in my ear. “Tell me what you want.”

“I want you,” I say, the words shuddering out of me as he toys with my most sensitive spot.

“No, Delaney,” he chides, pulling his hand away. “Tell me what you want.”

I pause, having never said anything like this out loud in my life. But if it will bring him back to me, I’ll say anything.

“I want your cock,” I tell him, the pleading oozing out of my voice. “I want you to fuck me.”

“That’s my girl,” he says. My heart turns ten backflips at hearing him say that, but I don’t have time to wonder just what he means by my girl, because I hear the crinkle of foil, and within seconds the condom is on and he’s driving into me in one swift, slick motion. My fingers curl like I’m going to sink them into the wood, and I push back into him so I can feel him deeper inside me.

“You feel so fucking good,” I moan as he pulls out and then slides back in again and again, each time hitting a spot deep inside me that sends electric shocks throughout my body.

I can’t believe this is happening.

We are fucking with every important person from Scour standing just feet away,

outside this door. It's frightening and thrilling all at once.

But I trust him. I trust Nixon, that he will protect me. And I'm not sure if I'm right to feel this way, but I do anyhow.

"I've wanted to fuck you since the first moment I laid eyes on you." He grips my hips, pulling me back into him. "I knew had to have you."

"I'm yours," I cry out as he drives even deeper inside. My muscles tense around his cock, gripping him tight, which makes him moan into my ear.

"You're mine," he growls, and that's the last thing I hear before my body explodes. The orgasm washes over me like waves pounding at the shore, and I'm helpless but to ride it out. "That's it. Come for me."

"God, yes." I wait for the pleasure to subside, but it only grows, my body unwilling to let it — to let him — go. "I'm coming. I'm coming."

And then his pace quickens, his grip on my hips tightening. He leans forward and sinks his teeth softly into my shoulder, a rumble starting deep in his throat.

"Come," I whisper, mirroring his own words back to him. "Come for me."

"Delaney," he says through shattered breaths, before I feel him follow me over the cliff. "Delaney, fuck yes."

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He thrusts into me one last time, before wrapping his arms around my waist and pulling me flush against his body. I can feel his chest rising and falling, the pounding of his heart. I can feel his breath on my ear, can hear him barely whisper, as if he thinks I won't hear it, "You're mine."

The small room is silent as we both come down from our orgasms. I let out a soft whimper when he finally pulls out. I want him to stay inside me all night.

I want him to stay inside me forever.

The thought scares me, but I also know I can't run from it. I can't ignore it. I can't pretend it's not there. Something changed just now, at least for me. And I think for him, too.

I don't want to say anything like that, though, not after all the work we did to calm him down. So instead, I just rest my cheek against the warm wood of the door and try to catch my breath.

Nixon drops to his knees behind me, planting a soft kiss on my ass as he reaches down and pulls the silk dress up my thighs from where it was still pooled around my feet. As he brings the straps up, his fingers brush against my nipples, eliciting a gasp from my lips. His tongue traces a lazy line up the back of my neck as he pulls the straps around. I pull my hair to the side so he can retie the bow. And before I know it, I'm put back together, with no sign that just moments ago, Nixon Blake had me naked and pressed up against a door, fucking me to the greatest orgasm of my life while several hundred of the richest and smartest people in the country partied just on the other side of it.

I turn around to face him as he's buckling his pants, his chest still bare. I run my hands across his chest again, wondering if it'll be the last time. Dear god, I hope not.

"I trust I was able to help," I say, trying to sound playful. I want to give him an out in case this was another one-time thing. I want him to know that I'm fine with what just happened, and fine if it never happens again. Even if I'm really, really not.

I'm completely surprised when he reaches up, a finger below my chin, raising it up so I stare straight up into those perfect eyes.

"Delaney, I mean it," he says, his voice low and full of fire. "You're mine."

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Chapter 3

Nixon buttoned his shirt and retied his bowtie, then slipped out of the door and headed straight for the nearest exit. He had his phone pressed to his ear to avoid any social interactions or interceptions. The person on the other end of that call? Me. Purring a play-by-play of our evening, while I waited for probably far too long in the supply closet before finally making my own exit. Better safe than sorry, though.

“You’re home early,” Elise says when I walk in the door of our apartment a little while later. I glance at the clock on the wall and see that it’s only 10:30. But I couldn’t imagine staying in that room listening to executives talk about profit margins after what had just happened.

I felt so alive with pleasure that I was sure everyone would be able to see the experience written all over my face. I figured if anyone asked about my early departure, I could just claim a migraine. This time I definitely won’t make the mistake of talking about my orgasm at work.

“I take it that means you didn’t meet anyone?” she clarifies.

I’ve never kept a secret from Elise before. I’ve never really had any secrets to keep. So it’s totally new territory when I offer her a shrug and a grimace. But Nixon made it clear that no one can know. No one. And besides, I’m pretty sure I know what Elise would say about this new development in my work life, and I just don’t want to hear it. I don’t want any doubts creeping in after what happened tonight. I just want to enjoy it. To enjoy him.

“It was pretty boring, to be honest,” I lie to her. It hurts to do it, but I have no choice.

And then I drift towards my room before the look on my face completely gives me away.

* * *

“Who did these financial reports?” Randi Powers pops into the intern conference room looking effortlessly beautiful in a navy shift and a pair of Frye booties. She’s waving a binder of financials about a potential acquisition.

Shit.

It’s Monday, the first day back at the office after the State of Scour gala. I haven’t seen or heard from Nixon since he walked out of the supply closet, so it’ll also be the first day I’ve seen him since I was bent over against a door with his cock buried nine inches deep.

Oh my god, am I blushing?

I pinch my thigh to try and bring myself back to the conference room and Randi’s question, even though all I want to do right now is lean back in my chair and let my mind wander back to Friday night. And maybe let my hand do a little wandering, too.

Shit, that’s not working. Focus.

“I did,” I say, bracing myself for what could be an epic dressing down. I’ve been a favorite target for Amber and Jenna, which has often resulted in a few mistakes on my part. Not my finest work, that’s for sure. But Randi just smiles.

“These are fantastic. I really like the way you broke down the P and L. Keep it up,

Delaney.”

I smile, and Colin gives me a high five from behind his laptop. He, at least, seems to have been able to move on from my first day faux pas. It took him a full week before he could look at me without blushing, but now that he’s out of tomato territory, he and I have become something of a team. We make natural foils for Amber and her little roadie, Jenna.

And they definitely have not forgotten about my orgasm. Or (former) lack thereof.

Randi’s praise seems to make Amber burn with the fury of a thousand suns, and I know she’s going to spend the rest of the day punishing me for taking the spotlight off of her. But I don’t care. I’ve gotten used to ignoring her vicious barbs and mean girl mannerisms. Partly because, as Randi just said, I’ve been thoroughly killing it lately.

And partly because my body is in a perpetual state of post-orgasm glow. To say I’m relaxed would be an understatement. I wish I’d known about orgasms during college. Maybe then I wouldn’t have been so stressed out during finals.

Randi places the binder down on the conference table, flipping through a few file folders of research reports waiting for her there. “Nixon said he wanted to go over these reports with you personally, so stop by his office before you head out for the day, ok?”

I smile and nod. “Will do,” I tell her, and then she’s gone.

“He probably hasn’t seen your research files on SmartSpace yet,” Jenna assures Amber, her voice low, as if we don’t all be able to hear her in this tiny room. She’s referring to another potential app that helps amateur interior designers plan their furniture layout at home.

“I’m sure,” Amber replies. She studiously smooths out her skirt, then flips her long hair over her shoulder. She’s trying very hard to act unaffected, but she’s only barely able to mask her roiling jealousy. She’s been practically doing backflips trying to draw Nixon’s attention, but the few times he’s dropped into our intern conference room, it’s only to offer rare cursory praise sandwiched between a whole hell of a lot of constructive criticism.

Sometimes I imagine what it would be like to tell her. To just out with “I’ve fucked Nixon Blake.” Her face would probably melt. She’d look like a Picasso. She’d turn so many colors. It would be great.

But of course, I can’t say any of that. Not that we ever talked about it (or anything), but I know that no one can know about what happened between me and Nixon.

No one can know what might else might happen. Like what might happen when I go to his office this evening.

The rest of the day screeches to a halt, the clock seeming to tick in reverse. Hours feels like days, and I swear I’ve aged a decade by the time the clock hits 5pm. But when it does, I try to gather up my things as nonchalantly as possible. It’s hard to beat back my instinct to run screaming to the elevator, but I manage to keep it in.

“Don’t you have to go see Nixon?” Jenna squawks.

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“Oh, right,” I reply, as if the notion had just occurred to me. Damn, if I’d known I was such a good actress, maybe I could have moved to LA after graduation. I’d be well on my way to an Oscar by now. I shrug as I heave my leather tote onto my shoulder. “I guess I’ll just stop by on my way out.”

The elevator ride is interminable, and it gives me time to build up a good foundation of worry. What if Friday night was an anomaly? Or worse, what if it was a mistake? What if he spent the weekend second-guessing what happened, and he’s ready to tell me that I’m not his after all. What if he’s calling me up to his office to apologize and tell me it can never happen again?

I’d take it like a professional, of course. I wouldn’t fight, or beg, or plead. But holy shit would I be disappointed. Because all I’ve thought about since Friday night was that supply closet and what happened in there. And the muscular expanse of Nixon’s chest. And that incredible cock, which, while I felt every inch of it, I got to see very little of, thanks to the darkness and the fact that he was behind me. I’d be lying if I said I didn’t want to set my eyes on it.

And my hands.

And my tongue.

By the time the doors slide open, I’m sure my cheeks are as flushed as strawberries, and I fan myself to try and mitigate the damage. I need to prepare myself for the worst.

The twin desks for Nixon’s assistants are empty once again. So I approach the glass

door to his office and give it a tentative knock.

“Come in.” His voice is low and rumbles from inside his office. It sends a rush of heat through my body, and a rush of moisture into my panties.

I push the door open and step in. I’m aware that the red sundress I’m wearing, with a sweetheart neckline and delicate straps (topped with a very professional black blazer, of course), is providing the only color in the room. Nixon himself is wearing a pair of gray jeans and a black cashmere v-neck sweater, the sleeves pushed up on his tanned muscular arms. He’s sitting at his desk, a table in his hand, his other pushing his thick, dark hair back from his head. There are deep worry lines across his forehead, and he looks exhausted.

“You wanted to see me?” I ask. I adjust the bag on my shoulder just for something to do. I sort of feel like I’ve been summoned to the principal’s office, and here I am standing in the center of the office, waiting for my scolding.

He glances up, and as soon as he lays those ice blue eyes on me, whatever tension he was feeling visibly melts away. He places the phone on the desktop, and the hand that was in his hair goes to his jaw, rubbing across the sexy shadow of stubble that’s grown there.

“I did,” he says, the growl that I recognize from our previous encounters creeping into his voice. “If that’s ok.”

A smile tugs at the corner of my mouth. “It is,” I reply.

He rises from his chair and strides around to the front of his desk, leaning back against it, his long legs out in front of him, crossed at the ankle. He crosses his arms across his chest, then lifts one hand to beckon me closer. And now my smile is full-blown. I can’t even begin to hide it.

I approach slowly, because I know as soon as I'm in front of him, any sense of control over this situation will be gone. This is my only chance to own him. To make him mine. And so I walk slowly. I make him wait.

Boss Bitch.

When I'm finally in front of him, I make a show of taking my time to set my bag down in one of the metal chairs opposite his desk, until finally he clears his throat and levels a chilling stare at me.

"You're taking too long," he tells me.

I beam at him, batting my eyes like a Pollyanna. "Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Blake, is there something I could do that would make up for it?"

He laughs, rolling his eyes towards the ceiling.

"You're not going to make this easy on me, are you?"

"No, I'm very much not," I say, completely enjoying that I can play, too.

"I like that," he says, suddenly leveling a gaze that's all fire at me. He rises from his perch on the desk and steps close, so close that I can feel the heat coming off his body. "You fight back."

"I bite," I reply, my voice a low whisper.

I barely get the words out before his hands are in my hair, pulling me to him, his mouth covering mine. As much as I'd like to keep playing, to show him what I've got, I'm no match for this kiss. I melt into him. My hands press into his chest as his tongue parts my lips. He spins us around until I'm the one with my back to the desk.

He reaches down to cup my ass, lifting me until I'm sitting on the edge of the glass desktop, then he uses his hips to part my knees, stepping into the space. All the while, his mouth never leaves mine.

We make out like teenagers, his teeth nipping at my lower lip, sometimes tracing a line up my jaw and planting kisses in the spot behind my ear that makes my toes curl and a moan escape my lips. I'm so lost in his lips that I don't even notice that one of his large hands has migrated south until I feel his thumb pressed up against the silk of my panties. A breath leaves lips in a long, low whoosh, my head dropping back as I revel in the pleasure of just that one touch.

"A dress," he growls. "That's convenient."

"Uh huh," is all I can say as his thumb starts tracing firm circles around my clit.

"Is it possible you were thinking about me when you chose it this morning?" He asks. His lips are at my ear, the hot breath from his deep voice pushing me closer to the edge than it should. "Were you thinking about how easy it would be for me to fuck you while you were wearing this?"

Before I can answer, he drops to his knees, his hands sliding the hem of my dress up around my hips. He bends low between my legs, nuzzling at my pussy, still covered by red silk. I cry out.

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“Delaney, your panties are wet,” he says. His voice is low and teasing. He reaches up and hooks his thumbs into the waist band, tugging at them until I lift my ass. They slide down, and he leaves them in a tangle on the floor. He leans in close, his lips not quite touching me. It makes my toes curl. It makes me cry out. I reach for his hair and weave my fingers into the soft waves. I try to pull him to me, but he resists. “Oh no,” his voice rumbles. “You’re not in charge of this.”

I whimper. He’s hasn’t even touched my bare skin, and I already feel seconds away from an orgasm. I need his lips on me now.

“Tell me what you want, Delaney.”

“I want you to taste me.” I say the words without thinking, words that would normally cause me to flush with embarrassment. But Nixon makes me feel so sexy, so sexual, that telling him what I want him to do to my body feels as natural as breathing.

Thankfully, I don’t have to ask twice. His tongue roughly parts my folds, traveling across the slickness of my pussy until he reaches my clit. He rests the flat of his tongue there, then sucks it into his mouth.

I nearly come undone.

My hands, still tangled in his hair, grab fistfuls and pull. I cry out my, head thrown back, as the first wave of an orgasm washes over me.

“Don’t stop!” I cry out when he pulls back. I want more, so much more. I want his

tongue on me always.

“Oh, I don’t plan to,” he says, rising to his full height. He towers over me, his eyes burning down onto me with such force I swear they’re going to leave marks. He reaches for his belt, undoing his pants quickly. He reaches into his black boxer briefs and pulls out his cock, and that’s when I finally get my first glimpse of it. It’s the biggest I’ve ever seen, and that includes when Elise and I got drunk freshman year and pulled up a bunch of porn on her laptop. We’d giggled, full of second-hand embarrassment. The idea of a huge cock scared me then, but all I feel when I see Nixon’s is lust. I want it. I want to touch it, to taste it, to feel it inside me. I know from Friday night that he fills every space inside me. I know from Friday that it feels amazing.

And I want it.

I put my hands on his chest and push him until he steps back slightly. I can see a moment of confusion on his face, but it quickly dissipates when I wrap my hand around the wide girth of him, then bend over and wrap my lips around the tip. I let my tongue flick across the head, where a warm drop of precum is oozing. I moan my pleasure, and now it’s his hands in my hair. I smile as I hear the groans emanating from his chest. I suck him further into my mouth, letting the flat of my tongue run along the underside of his cock. He bumps the back of my throat, and I hum into him.

“Fuck, Delaney, you’re so good at that.” Which is not a compliment I’ve ever gotten before, but I suspect my newfound skill comes from just how desperately I want him.

And then he pushes me back, almost roughly. He reaches down and lifts me effortlessly back onto the desk. He pushes my knees apart roughly, then leans forward, his hands on the glass on either side of my body. I feel the heat of his cock brush against my pussy. I could shift slightly, and he’d slip inside me. But he stands and holds up a blue foil square. A condom. I quickly shake away the disappointment,

because of course he has a condom. Of course we'd use one. I've never had sex without one. I don't think I ever would, unless I was with someone I knew I'd be with forever — or at least for a very very long time. Still, something about the feel of his bare skin filled me with desire, and it felt dangerous to be so close.

He arches an eyebrow at me, as if he can hear the dangerous thoughts in my head. But of course, he can't (can he?). He rolls the condom on, grabs my hips, and drives deep inside of me. The feeling of it nearly sends me crashing through the glass top of his desk. I scream — fully scream — wrapping my legs around his waist and pulling him deeper inside.

Nixon reaches for the hem of my dress, and in one swift motion, has it over my head, joining my panties in a puddle on the floor. He reaches up and flicks the hooks on my bra (which thankfully matches my red silk panties), tossing it aside. He sucks one of my nipples into his mouth, his teeth nipping roughly at the delicate skin. The whole time he thrusts away, my hips moving in perfect tandem with his. I've never felt anything like this, and I never, ever want it to stop.

I wrap my arms around his neck. His mouth moves to cover mine, and as soon as our tongues meet, I feel my orgasm burst wide, deep inside me. I kiss him like he's giving me air, grinding against him as I ride every wave.

“Delaney,” Nixon growls, his voice ragged. His entire body tenses, and I realize he's coming with me. I pull him tight, our hips thrusting into each other. Our foreheads are pressed together, my hand behind his neck, anchoring me to him, or maybe just anchoring me to reality. Because nothing about this feels real. It all feels just too good.

We stay there, him inside me, basking in our pleasure for so long I lose track of time. When he finally stands and slips out of me to dispose of the condom, I realize we're both slick with sweat. I reach up to my hair and feel the telltale tangles of sex and

pleasure.

Nixon returns to his post in front of me, ducking down to hand me my bra and panties, which I slip on. I should feel oceans of embarrassment right now, naked in my boss's office after he gave me a screaming orgasm. But I don't. Something about this feels right.

Well, not everything, of course.

Nixon runs his hands through his hair, pushing it back from his face. He buttons his pants, reaching for the sweater that he discarded at some point during our encounter. Stretching it back over his head, I feel both a sense of disappointment at him covering up that gloriously muscled chest, and lust at seeing the way his body works as he does something as simple as dressing. He's like a panther, strong yet subtle, handsome yet dangerous.

"Delaney," he says finally. I like the way he always says my name, like he really knows me.

"Nixon," I reply, slipping my dress over my head. I give my long blond hair a shake, and give him a smile.

"What we're doing here ..." he trails off, and I can sense the tension returning to his body. I hate to see that, especially after all the work we just did to unwind him, so I step in.

"We don't have to talk about it," I assure him, and I mean it.

He nods. "Except to say that we really can't ... talk about it. No one can know, of course."

“Of course,” I reply. I don’t feel like he’s trying to hide me, because I also don’t want anyone to know. If people found out I was sleeping with Nixon Blake, any hope I have of a job at Scour or any tech company — hell, any company in Boston — would disappear. I’d be the intern who screwed her way to the top. I’d be a cocktail party joke. My career would be over before it even began.

He searches my eyes, like he’s trying to make sure I understand. Or maybe he’s trying to see if there’s something else.

“I’m not done, though,” he says, finally. “With you.”

They’re the words I didn’t know I needed to hear, and I give him a smirk in return.

“I should fucking hope not.”

Chapter 4

Our new normal: I come to work, I bust my ass in the intern conference room, and I have orgasms with Nixon Blake.

Sometimes I visit his office after work (though always much later now, because multiple visits to the boss could start to draw suspicion). But sometimes we can't help ourselves in the middle of the day. One time he pulled me into an empty copy room when no one was looking, locking the door behind us and bending me over a fax machine. I had to literally bite my tongue to keep from screaming. Just the other day I met him in the 3rd floor bathroom, a unisex onesie bathroom, where I dropped to my knees and gave him what he called the best blowjob of his life.

The whole thing should be a terrible distraction from the work I'm doing for the Business Lab Program, but it seems to be having the opposite effect. Nixon makes me feel sexy and desired, and in turn I've never felt more confident. Randi has nothing but praise for the work I'm doing. Amber is acting like ten times more of a bitch, so of course I know that means I'm giving her a run for her money.

It's not all daisies and roses, of course. Our arrangement isn't without some confusion. It's clear that Nixon and I have a sexual connection. But beyond that, I don't know. I try to tell myself it's just sex, but every time I start to feel comfortable with that, something in my mind tugs and reminds me of the tenderness I felt towards him when he was having his come-apart at the State of Scour gala. Something inside me told me to protect him in that moment. He needed it, and I was able to provide it. It's what spurred our connection that night. So, to say that all we have is sex doesn't feel quite true.

But I also know that Nixon hasn't said anything about any kind of relationship outside his office, and I'm not going to be the one to bring it up. Even though he's my boss — and a filthy rich genius — when we have sex, it seems like we're on equal footing. I don't feel like he's taking advantage of me (except for in all the ways I want him to, of course). I like that sometimes I can be the boss of him, like when I pushed him down in his desk chair yesterday and hovered over his cock, making him wait a painful moment until I slid slowly down onto him. In that moment, I was in control. I knew it, and he knew it. And we both liked it.

I begin notice a pattern to our encounters, though. The PR department had set up a much-anticipated interview with a tech reporter from the Globe. Nixon never gives interviews. He once joked at a company-wide staff meeting that he hires the best people to do everything, and that includes talking to the press. But Scour was launching a third generation of their famous tablet, this one with touch screens on both sides. It would allow for an unprecedented 3D interaction with users, opening up doors for app developers to really innovate in ways never imagined before. Nixon had been at the forefront of designing the thing. He was hands on in a way most CEOs aren't once their companies reach a certain size, but Nixon's first love with Scour was always development. Any time he could get his hands dirty designing or coding, it seemed to be the thing that made him most happy, or at least most comfortable.

Unfortunately, this time it came with some press commitments.

And so, on a sunny Thursday afternoon, we watched as Juliette, head of PR, and Nixon led around a short, balding tech reporter from the Globe. Juliette was all smiles as they stopped into the intern conference room, where she gave her spiel about the Business Lab Program and how prestigious and innovative it was. We all smiled and answered his questions, but I couldn't stop stealing glances at Nixon. His jaw was clenched. Hell, every muscle in his body looked clenched. It was like he was about to be subjected to waterboarding, not a sit-down interview with a well-respected journalist from one of the country's top newspapers.

Two hours later, when I knew the reporter was done and gone, Randi popped her head into the conference room.

“Thanks for your help with the reporter today,” Randi said. “I know you weren’t quite expecting to be show ponies as part of your internship, but it was really great. Amber, I thought you did a great job conveying the learning outcomes from the program.”

Beside me, Amber beamed.

“Oh, and Delaney? Nixon said to stop by his office before you leave. He wants to discuss some mistakes you made on the financials for that geocaching app.”

I don’t even have to look. I know Amber is practically glowing with delight.

When I get to the 10th floor, I see the pair of empty desks. Again.

“Your assistants are big time slackers,” I say as I stroll into his office, then immediately stop. Nixon is sitting behind his desk, gripping the arms of his chair, and staring straight ahead. It feels colder in the room than it usually does, and quieter. The silence is deafening. It’s like he’s in a trance. “Nixon?”

He finally notices my presence, and he’s up and out of his chair so fast, it tips over and clatters onto the concrete floor. He crosses the office in what seems like two steps, taking me into his arms, his mouth covering mine. Before I can even catch my breath, he’s on his knees, tearing my panties off, his tongue working me straight towards an earth shattering orgasm.

It’s not until I’ve come and collapsed onto the floor next to him that he finally says anything.

“I don’t have assistants,” he says, breathing hard. “I don’t need people in my

business.”

“Everyone needs someone,” I say, almost reflexively.

“Not me,” he says.

My stomach drops as I realize how much has been said, almost by accident. I might be useful to Nixon when he’s stressed out and wants a quick release.

But he doesn’t need me.

He doesn’t need anyone at all.

THE END OF PART TWO