







# Dirty Nasty Billionaire: Part 3

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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 org\*sm."

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 in big, big trouble...

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# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 6:15 am*

## Chapter 1

I need you. Sending a car.

The text comes at around 9pm. Elise has arrived back home after a long-overdue drinks date at a hole in the wall pub down the block. I'm about to slip into sweatpants when my phone chirps. I don't recognize the number at first, but as soon as I read the text, I know.

My heart starts pounding like someone is playing bass drum in my chest. Nixon has never summoned me outside of work. It has always been stolen moments in the middle of the day, or a secret meeting before leaving. For him to ask for me this late at night — for him to reach out on my personal cell — that's next-level. How did he even get my number? I never gave it to him. Of course, when you create the world's most powerful search engine which grew into the world's most powerful company, I'm sure getting a phone number isn't that hard. Hell, he's my boss, he probably just had to run a search in HR.

My fingers hover over the keys, trying to figure out what to send back. A thumbs up emoji? Or maybe the eggplant? Ugh, this is so fucking weird, I don't even know how to be. But luckily, I don't have to decide, because Elise knocks on my door.

"Uh, D? There's a guy at the door says he's got a car for you? Are you dating European royalty and you failed to mention it?"

My mouth drops open. Damn, he works fast. But that means I need to work fast, too. I still haven't said anything to Elise about what's going on with Nixon. I don't know

if I could make her understand. She'd point out that he's my boss, and then she'd say he's using me for sex. And while all that's true, there's also so much more to it. Hell, I don't even understand it myself.

And I definitely don't have time to unspool and untangle all that right now, especially not with a car on the street and a driver at my door, and Nixon god knows where waiting for me. So instead I grab my work bag and grimace.

"Yeah, I just got a text. Some kind of disaster at work? Everyone's being called in. I gotta go." I gather up my work bag and make a big show of putting my laptop in it. Gotta commit to the story, right?

"Please tell me Scour isn't melting down," Elise groans. "I haven't backed up my cloud storage, and if I lose all my grad school application essays, I'm murdering Nixon Blake myself."

I laugh as I rush out the door past her. "I'm sure it's not that big. I'll fill you in tomorrow. Don't wait up!"

And hopefully by tomorrow I'll have come up with a plausible story for her.

The driver is waiting by the shiny black Mercedes when I run out onto the sidewalk. He smiles serenely in his black suit and opens the rear passenger door for me. "Ms. Masterson?" He asks, and I nod, sliding onto the buttery soft leather seat.

The drive gives me ample time alone with my thoughts to wonder what caused Nixon to send that text. I most often see him after he's had some kind of trying experience, like the crowd at the gala or the sit-down with the reporter. I know today he had some kind of executive board meeting, and a bunch of investors were in house to take tours. Could that have been it? Did the meetings go long? How could someone like Nixon Blake, who built the world's most powerful tech company, spiral into a panic

after meeting with investors? Isn't that something he does regularly?

We take off, winding through the streets of Cambridge until we merge onto 93. At first I think we're headed to Scour, but when we exit the interstate, we pass the Summer Street bridge and head towards Downtown Crossing.

I lean forward in my seat. "Excuse me, where are we going?" I ask the driver.

"Mr. Blake is waiting for you at his residence," the driver replies.

His residence?

Which turns out to be a glass high rise near Downtown Crossing in the Financial District, the dense part of the city that comes closest to resembling New York. It's the only place you'll find skyscrapers, unless you count the Hancock and the Pru in Back Bay. And Nixon's building turns out to be the biggest of them all.

Of course.

The car pulls into an underground garage, and for a moment I get nervous, because it looks like the kind of place where a young woman might be taken to be murdered. And no one would know where to look for me, because I just lied to my roommate and haven't told a soul that I'm fucking Nixon Blake.

The car pulls to a stop in front of an elevator bank, and the driver gets out, opening the door for me.

"Penthouse," he says, pressing the elevator button for me. And when the mirrored doors slide open, I see that "Penthouse" is one of only three destinations, the other being "Lobby" and "Gym." A private elevator? I didn't even realize these existed. I've just arrived in luxury beyond my wildest dreams, apparently.

I press the button, and the mirrored doors slide closed, leaving the driver and his snazzy car back in the garage. The elevator begins to rise, smoothly, but at a pace so quick it makes my stomach jump. I instinctively reach out and grab the side of the elevator, trying to hold on to some sense of equilibrium.

In seconds, we're at the top. The door slides open, and I'm standing in a small vestibule. It feels like the waiting room before you get the pearly gates. Everything is so white. White marble floor, white walls, and a white metal door. It's cold, and when I step forward, my feet echo in the frozen, hermetically sealed room. I press a button next to the door that I think is a doorbell. After a beat, a low buzz emanates from the door. I glance up and see a small white security camera perched over the door, pointing directly down at me.

Apparently the buzz is my greeting.

I step forward and open the door, and am greeted with even more white, this time with a polished concrete floor, just like at Scour. I think I'm in an apartment, but it's hard to tell, because there's almost no furniture to be seen. No couch, or television. No dining room table or chairs. The open-concept kitchen is all white cabinets and stainless-steel appliances, one giant white marble island in the middle that looks like a tomb. But there aren't any dishes or packages of food. It hasn't even been staged, like how realtors do. It looks like the construction crew just finished in here this morning. It doesn't even have a homey smell, like an actual person lives here.

The rest of space is expansive, with ceilings that must be at least twenty feet high. Across from me, the entire wall is made up of floor-to-ceiling windows that look out across Boston, from the Harbor to the East, around downtown, the Common, and off towards Back Bay. I can see the Hancock and the Pru, I can see the illuminated gold dome of the Statehouse, and I can see the Charles River and Cambridge across it, headlights zipping up Memorial Drive in the inky black night. It's breathtaking.

I hear footsteps, and Nixon strides into the room, still in the clothes he was wearing at work today: a pair of dark wash jeans and a slate gray cashmere sweater, the sleeves pushed up.

But he looks like hell.



## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 6:15 am*

There are dark circles under his eyes, and his hair looks like he's been pushing it back from his forehead for hours in some kind of act of frustration. He looks exhausted, and a little bit manic.

"You're here," is all he says when he sees me standing in his apartment.

"I'm here," I reply.

He crosses the floor in two steps, pulling me into his arms. His mouth is covering mine before I can say a single more word, or ask him where his sofa went. It actually takes me a moment to surrender to him, because I'm so confused by the cold, austere world he apparently inhabits. For the first time, I don't sink into the heat of his body. The driver said this was his residence, and maybe he just moved in and is waiting for all his stuff to arrive, but something tells me this is actually just it. It's just like his office at Scour — just like all the offices at Scour. Cold, white, and devoid of emotion.

But Nixon isn't devoid of emotion. Not right now. And when he begins to walk me backwards towards the windows, his tongue parting my lips, I awaken to his desire.

I feel my back press up against cold glass. He reaches for the hem of my tank top and lifts it over my head. When he sees that I'm not wearing a bra (it's the first thing I take off as soon as I get home from work, and it's currently draped over the back of my couch at my apartment across the river in Cambridge), he lets out a low groan. He ducks his head and suck one of my nipples into his mouth, his hand reaching up to gently pinch my other nipple between his thumb and first finger. I think I now know the meaning of the phrase "hurts so good." I'm already breathless, but then he spins

me around, his chin resting on my shoulder, his hands cupping my breasts.

“Like what you see?” He asks.

“I didn’t come here for the view,” I reply.

“That’s my girl,” he says, and I can hear his lips curled up into a smile. Behind me, he sheds his sweater, and I hear him making quick work of his belt. I look down to watch his pants drop to the floor, and then he’s pushing down the waist of my skirt, until it joins his pants. I’m struck for a moment by the fact that our clothes are literally the only things on the floor in this entire apartment (well, what I’ve seen of it, at least), but that thought quickly melts away when he leans into me, his hard cock pressing into the small of my back.

“Can anyone see us?” I ask, staring out the windows, already dripping wet and dying to feel him inside me.

“Does it matter?” He asks. He takes hold of his cock and runs it along my ass. I lean back into him. He starts to bend down to reach for his jeans, and I know what he’s getting.

“Wait,” I say. I grab his wrist, spinning around to face him. “I’m on the pill. And I’ve been tested. So if you...” I trail off, not sure if I’m out of line. We never have these kinds of discussions. Or any kinds of discussions. Our talks usually fall into the “oh god” and “I’m gonna come” categories. Condoms just happened, as well they should have. But I know what I want, and I want him to know it, too.

“I’m good,” he tells me, and then his eyes flash when he realizes what this means. I start to turn back around, press my hands up against the glass so he can enter me from behind, but he stops me. “No,” he says, his voice a low rumble. “I want to watch you.”

He reaches down and grabs the back of my thigh, hiking one leg up so I'm open wide to him. His erection hovers between us, and I want him so bad I can taste it. But when I reach for him, to guide him inside me, he pushes my hand away. Because he's in charge right now. This moment, this is his, and he's going to take me.

Nixon usually drives into me with weight and force and purpose, but this time, he slides in nice and slow. I feel every ridge, every inch, as he enters, his cock rock hard and so warm. I didn't know anything could feel this good, and when I try to push my hips into him, to take him faster, he grabs my hips to stop me.

"No," he growls, looking straight into my eyes. There are flashes of fire amidst the cold blue of his irises. It ignites a heat deep within me. "Mine."

He grabs my wrists and pins them over my head against the glass, his eyes never leaving mine, as he fucks me slowly and deliberately. He owns every second of this, and he loves it.

I love it.

I let go and relinquish all control to him. I let my body respond to his, my hips moving to his slow, steady rhythm. Every time I feel the urge to close my eyes, he squeezes my wrists, bringing me back to him.

"I want to see the moment I make you come," he says, his voice full of steel.

He must see it before I even realize it's happening, because his eyes narrow, and his pace picks up. Soon the slow, deliberate rhythm becomes more desperate, more insistent. He's literally beckoning me to come. I'm pushing harder into him, feeling him hit deeper inside me than he ever has before. My orgasm builds with each thrust, until I'm crying out, begging him.

“More,” I say, the word coming out in a heave of breath. “Harder. Don’t stop.”

His only response is to fuck me harder, faster, and with more passion.

“I’m going to come,” I cry. At that, he lifts me, my legs wrapping around his waist, so that he’s holding me up as he fucks me to completion. I wrap my arms around him, feeling the ripple of muscles along his back with each thrust of his hips. “I’m coming. I’m coming now.”

And all the while, his eyes never leave mine, like he’s drinking up my orgasm. And the heat of his gaze makes the crashing waves even more intense. Right when I fall over the edge, I see his eyes narrow, his mouth dropping open slightly. And then I feel the heat as he explodes inside me, following me right over the cliff. Our shared orgasms seem to last forever. I never want them to stop.

I never want this to end.

“Fuck, Delaney,” he pants, gently lowering me to the cold concrete floor. “What are you doing to me?”

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 6:15 am*

### Chapter 2

I was planning to go home. It never occurred to me to do anything else.

But when we finally come down from fucking against a window as all of Boston lies beneath us, I start to gather up my clothes, reaching for my work bag, which is still over by the door.

“What are you doing?” He asks from behind the immense marble island, where he’s busy filling two glasses with water.

“Um, well,” I start, unsure how to finish. Admitting that I’m leaving before he can kick me out seems like it would start a conversation I don’t think he’s ready to have. I don’t know if I’m ready to have it, because part of me is scared that he’ll decide maybe it’s best if we just don’t do this anymore.

And fucking Nixon Blake has become the only thing in my life that I’m sure of these days.

His voice is gruff, and for the first time, he breaks eye contact with me, his eyes dropping to the sink in front of him. “You should stay,” he says finally, his voice slightly unsure. “If you want to.”

I pause, drinking in a long breath and the expanse of this moment. Not only is Nixon Blake inviting me to stay, he’s made it a request. No demand. No taking. I’ve never seen him look so vulnerable, and it has nothing to do with the fact that he’s wearing nothing but his black boxer briefs.

Instead of a response, I drop my bag back by the door, cross the cold concrete floor, and take the second glass off the marble island, where he's placed it, waiting for me. I take a long sip, then look up at him and smile.

Something's changed. Something is different. I have no idea what, but the ground beneath our feet has shifted.

And all I know is that I'm going to stay and see what's left after the earthquake.

Nixon doesn't say anything else. He simply takes me by the hand and begins walking down the expansive hall. Once again, I'm greeted by blank white walls, cold concrete floors, and rows of closed doors. At the end of the hall, we finally reach one that's open, and inside I'm greeted by Nixon Blake's bedroom. Though to call it a bedroom feels wrong. The word bedroom conjures up images of nightstands stacked with books waiting to be read, perhaps a dresser with a few personal items scattered on top. An alarm clock or a framed photo or a tossed bath towel. Something.

To say Nixon's room is sparse would be a vast understatement. The room is perched on the corner of the apartment, on the corner of the building. Two of the walls are blank white, the other two are floor-to-ceiling windows, just like the rest of the apartment. These look straight out past Boston Harbor and into the inky black night of the Atlantic Ocean. I feel like if I walked into that corner, where the two walls of windows meet, I'd feel as if I were going to plummet to earth.

The only piece of furniture in the room is a king-sized mattress and box spring, centered on the floor in the middle of the room. It's topped with white sheets and a single white blanket, a small collection of white pillows waiting for sleep.

And that's it.

"Is something wrong?" Nixon asks, strolling towards the mattress. His voice is

already growing heavy with impending sleep.

I don't even know how to begin to answer that question. No, nothing's wrong. But something is definitely ... off.

"Can you point me to the bathroom?" I ask. He nods to an open door in the corner of the room as he collapses onto the bed. I scurry over and find the master bath. It's nearly the size of my entire apartment, with concrete floors and a white tiled walk-in shower with immaculate glass walls. The counter is white marble, the fixtures a harsh stainless steel. While my bathroom is topped with makeup and hairbrushes and toothpaste tubes and various glasses of water that migrated in there and never left, Nixon's bathroom is, once again, a total blank. There's not a water spot in sight. Not a tube or jar or pot of anything. I glance over my shoulder to see if he's watching me, and when I don't hear anything, I cross to the sink and slowly, carefully pull open the medicine cabinet. Maybe he's just a person who doesn't like clutter. Maybe when I open this door, I'll see the overflowing detritus of an actual person who lives here. But inside all I find is a single toothbrush, a tube of toothpaste, a single razor, and one can of shaving gel. It's all lined up perfectly. Nothing out of place. Nothing but blank space. It looks like it's been staged for a photo shoot.

How could someone live like this?

And, the bigger question, what happened to him for this all to seem normal in his mind?

\* \* \*

The next morning, I creep out of bed before he does, and head for the kitchen. I open the cabinets to see he's got all the right supplies: nonstick pans, plates, silverware, spatulas, mixing bowls. They all look like they've never been used, though. I wouldn't be surprised to lift them up and find price tags still pristine and stuck to the

bottom. When I open the fridge, I find nothing but bottles of water. A quick sweep of the rest of the cabinets turns up nothing but a box of granola bars that look like they were purchased during the last presidential administration. There's actually a light coating of dust on the box.

"What do you eat?" I ask when he strolls out into the kitchen, still in nothing but his boxers. At that exact moment, the door buzzes. Nixon pulls it open, and a doorman in a uniform nicer than any of the clothes I own holds out a brown paper bag. He studiously keeps his eyes up, ignoring the fact that the man answering the door is practically naked. I'm glad I thought to throw on the sweater that he discarded, because it comes down nearly to my knees and hides the fact that I'm otherwise clad in nothing but my underwear.

"Your food delivery, sir," he says.

"Thank you," Nixon replies, taking the bag and shutting the door in the man's face. I'm not entirely convinced that Nixon even realized an actual human person was standing in the foyer. For as much as he paid attention, he might have thought a robot was at his door. He comes over and places the bag on the marble island. When he opens it, the smell of bacon and eggs wafts out. My stomach growls. We worked up quite an appetite last night ... and this morning (twice). "I don't cook," he says, passing me a foil wrapped package that turns out to be a bagel breakfast sandwich, melty smoked gouda oozing out the side.

"Ok, but you don't even have any snacks. Unless you count those old granola bars, which I definitely do not," I reply through a mouthful of scrambled egg goodness.

At the mention of the granola bars, he stalks over to the cabinet, pulls them from the depths where I discovered them, and promptly drops them into a trashcan hidden beneath the sink. He apparently doesn't count them, either.



“I prefer to call out for what I need,” he says. There’s a slight edge in his voice that surprises me. It occurs to me that this is the most personal conversation we’ve ever had. And it seems like Nixon isn’t very used to it. “I don’t like clutter. And it’s a perk of being rich.”

I raise my eyebrows, because I don’t like clutter is a hell of an understatement. But he’s starting to look tense, so I let it go.

A river of awkward silence flows between us as we both pay way too much attention on eating our breakfast sandwiches. I don’t think any two egg sandwiches have ever been so doted on in the history of breakfast. Luckily they’re delicious.

## Page 4

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He finishes his first, then glances up at me. I'm just about to go ahead and excuse myself to end whatever this morning-after awkwardness is, when he says, "So how's the internship going?"

Well that's unexpected. I've been careful not to ever bring up work with Nixon, because even though I'm screwing my boss, I want it to have absolutely nothing to do with my work. I want to rock the final presentation and earn the permanent position because I'm a boss bitch, not because I let Nixon Blake come inside me.

Oh my god, I let Nixon Blake come inside me.

"Um, it's going well," I say. And when he doesn't say anything else, I find myself talking more. "I'm really enjoying researching the companies, and working with Colin has been great. He's like, the code whisperer. He can tell when there's a fatal flaw in an app that's going to hop up and bite the company down the road, so between my financial brain and his tech genius, we make a great team. Of course, Jenna and Amber are another story. Jenna is ... well, she's whatever Amber is at any given moment, and most moments Amber is a Grade A bitch."

"Oh?"

"She's just always trying to get ahead by stepping on someone else. And it seems like most of the time that person is me. Which sucks."

"Well, it's good to have stiff competition," he says.

"Oh, competition I can handle. It's that she fights dirty. It's not professional. She's

constantly trying to sabotage my work with Colin, or just generally saying shitty things to try to knock me off my game. It's so middle school. I don't get it. Who acts like that?"

"Well if she fights dirty, then maybe you need to, too. That, or just develop a thicker skin." His assessment stings, but he's not done. "I know we've got an unusual arrangement going on, but when it comes to work, you succeed or fail on your own merits. And if, in the end, Amber puts up a stronger presentation, then she's getting the job. I don't give special favors to anyone. No matter how much I might ... like them ... personally."

The speech sends my mind spinning, because he said so much. I'm pissed that he thinks I'd expect preferential treatment, and I don't like that he thinks I'm trying to take Amber's knees out from under her with him. He asked me how work was going. I was venting. Sort of like I'd vent to my boyfriend. But of course, Nixon Blake isn't my boyfriend. He's my "arrangement," as he put it.

But the bitterness is cut by what he said at the end. He likes me. Personally. It's the closest he's ever come to expressing any kind of affection for me when we've got our clothes on. I'm desperate to ask him just what the fuck is going on, but the full weight of the morning is starting to get heavy. Letting Nixon fuck me without a condom was wild enough, but then to sleep in his bed next to him, to see the austerity of his home life, and to realize that there is definitely something going on with Nixon Blake that I can't even begin to know ... well, it stops me from pushing him any further.

### Chapter 3

If I thought that being an invited guest in Nixon Blake's bed would change anything about our arrangement, I was dead wrong. Sure, now I get to see him first thing in the morning, with his bedhead, like a normal person. But that remains the only normal thing about him.

The man is like a machine. He rises with the sun, cranking out several sets of pushups and sit ups as soon as his feet hit the cold floor. He showers and shaves with military efficiency. And by the time I've crawled out of bed and tracked down my clothes from wherever they've been discarded from the previous night's orgasms, he's ready to walk out the door. I don't even bother to carry spare clothes or toiletries in my bag, because there's no point in getting ready for work at his place. He goes in so early that I have more than enough time to get back to my apartment in Cambridge, shower and get ready, and then hop on the T and head back into the Scour offices for another day. No one's the wiser.

Except for Elise, of course.

She wanders out of the bathroom, toothbrush in hand, when I stroll in after another marathon night with Nixon. Everything about me screams I had multiple orgasms last night!, from my matted hair to my bee-stung lips.

"Eventually you're going to have to tell me who this mystery guy is," she says, arching an eyebrow at me.

I had to abandon the "emergency at work" ruse when I stopped coming home at

night. I wasn't even going to try to convince Elise that I was camping out at Scour every night (Although one night, I did meet Nixon back at the office after midnight, where we fucked on the intern conference table. What I would give for Amber to know that.).

"I know," I reply, hoping I can shrug her off for another day. I'm not ready to let anyone into our little world yet. Partly because I love the secrecy of it, and partly because I'm afraid that Nixon will find out that I've told, and that will be the end. After seeing his apartment, I know he's not messing around when he talks about despising clutter. I know that extends to his personal life, too. And I'm not ready for this to be the end yet. "We'll have drinks soon, and I'll tell you all about him. I promise."

She gives me a look that says she doesn't quite believe me, but I don't have time to reassure her further. I have to get to work.

\* \* \*

We've fallen into a routine.

I come over every night. We have epic sex all over his apartment. We crawl into bed. We sleep soundly beside one another. We wake up, Nixon has breakfast delivered, and we actually chat like adult humans before heading off to work (separately, of course).

It's perfect.

Almost.

Amber has been sniffing around a lot lately. I think she can see that my work is growing stronger every day, and she can no longer count on trouncing me in the final

presentation. She's taken to trying to tear down everything I do, in an effort to throw me off my game. But it's not working. Sex with Nixon is stronger than that. It's like some kind of super power. I've never been so happy and relaxed and productive.

But Amber's attention means we have to be even more careful about where Nixon and I meet up. We've stopped having sex at the office, because the risk is just too high. Luckily, I'm at his apartment every single night, so it's like no time has been lost.

Still, the seed of an idea has been germinating in my mind. I know that no one at Scour can know that Nixon and I are together, at least not until the internship is done. Maybe once I'm an actual full-fledged employee (after I rock the presentations, which I definitely will), we can reassess, but right now, I know it's a no go.

But there won't be any Scour employees at my sister's wedding in two weeks. Hell, there won't even be anyone from the tech scene. My sister Miranda is a kindergarten teacher; her fiancée Brad is a firefighter. None of them are going to have any idea who Nixon Blake is, and if they do, none of them will care.

Miranda's been pestering me about a plus one for months, ever since I told her I'd definitely be flying solo.

"Oh come on, you'll meet someone, and then you'll be sorry that you turned down the invite," she said, glaring at my RSVP card, which I'd hand-delivered. "You know what? Big sister knows best. I'm putting you down for a plus one, to be determined. He'll have the steak."

"You're going to be the one who's sorry when there's an empty seat at your reception, and you've paid for a steak dinner that no one's going to eat."

"Whatever, you can take it home to your roommate," she'd rolled her eyes at me.

“Hey, there’s an idea! Elise can be my plus one!”

“No,” she snapped. “Bring a man, or bring no one. Unless you’re having sex with Elise, in which case, I’m thrilled.”

“Elise’s boyfriend would be very disappointed to hear that,” I tell Miranda, even though Elise dumped Kevin last week after finding out that he planned to backpack in Europe for two months without her.

“Oh fuck off, he’d be thrilled.”

I’d promptly forgotten about the soon-to-be-empty chair next to me at Miranda’s impending nuptials, and she’d forgotten to hound me about it, what with being so busy organizing a wedding like she was plotting the invasion of Normandy. But yesterday, a text had popped up from my older sister.

DOING PLACE CARDS.

I NEED THE NAME OF YOUR PLUS ONE.

My fingers were poised over the keys to tell her there would be no plus one. But what if there was? Nixon could come as my date. We could drink champagne together, eat cake, dance a little. It would be great to see him away from all the stress of work, where he always seemed wound so tight. Miranda and Brad are getting married on the Cape, on the beach in Wellfleet. Their reception will be at this amazing oyster house. Nixon and I could get a hotel room and spend the whole night in a place with actual furniture.

## Page 6

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It was almost hard to imagine.

I waited until the morning, when Nixon was usually more open to talking. I waited until our egg sandwiches had been delivered. I waited until his first cup of coffee was gone.

I waited.

He was flipping through his phone, checking the stock market, when I finally drew up enough courage to broach the subject.

“My sister is getting married next weekend,” I tell him.

“I didn’t know you had a sister,” he replies, his eyes still glued to his phone. For all his virtuosic characteristics, Nixon is still a stereotypical dude when it comes to paying attention to his various devices.

“Yeah, she’s four years older. She’s a kindergarten teacher. She’s getting married down on the Cape. In Wellfleet.”

“That sounds nice.”

“Yeah. I’m the maid of honor, of course.”

“Hmmm,” he replies, a little V forming in between his eyebrows. I try to read it, to figure out if stocks are up or down today. Will it make a difference in his reception to my idea?



I spend way too long trying to figure it out before deciding I'm being ridiculous. I can't read Nixon Blake like an oracle. And besides, it's not like I'm asking him to elope or sell his company. I'm just asking him to go to a wedding with me. The man has had his tongue on every square inch of my body, why does this seem like an unreasonable request?

I suck in a deep breath, and decide to just jump off the high dive. "Hey, so you should come with me," I say. "As my date."

His eyes snap up from his phone. Now I have his attention.

He looks at me hard, his eyes narrowed, like he's trying to figure out if I was speaking English just then. If there was a clock on the wall, I'd be able to hear the interminable tick tick tick of the seconds as I wait for his response. I can tell the moment he's decided, because he suddenly seems completely relaxed.

"I can't do that," He says, his voice monotone. And then he's back to his phone, like I just asked if he wanted more coffee and he passed.

I feel like I've been slapped. "Why?" I ask.

"Because you work for me." His voice is the same monotone. It's like he's built up a brick wall between us in these last few seconds, like he didn't just come inside me. What is his problem? I'm angry and frustrated, and it makes me impetuous.

"Then I won't work for you." The words fly out of my mouth before I have a chance to think them, but as soon as they're out, I know it's what I want. I want to be with Nixon. I want to leave this apartment with him. I want to experience life with him. And if this job, this internship, is what's standing in the way of that, then fuck it. I don't need it. I graduated at the top of my class from one of the most prestigious liberal arts colleges in the country. I've got a fantastic resume and killer

recommendations. Hell, I got this internship to begin with. Getting another job shouldn't be hard. I was already fielding offers when I got the acceptance from Scour.

Now it's Nixon's turn to look like he's been slapped. "Excuse me?"

"I'll quit. I'll find another job. You said it yourself, I'm incredible. I could find another position no problem."

I've seen Nixon Blake in the throes of passion. I've seen him panicked. I've seen him pissed. I've seen him amused. But never once in the time that I've known him have I seen Nixon Blake confused. I know I've really got his attention, because he abandons his phone on the kitchen island.

"Why would you do that?" He asks.

I bark out a laugh, because for a fucking genius, he's not very smart. "Because I want to be with you, you idiot!" I practically shout, my voice echoing throughout the expansive, empty apartment. But if I expected him to sweep me up into his arms, plant a kiss on my lips, and tell me that he wants to be with me, too, then I was mistaken.

"That's not possible, Delaney."

What?

"Why not? You said you can't do something as simple as going to my sister's wedding because I work for you, so I can change that. Then what's standing in the way?" I'm pushing him. Hard. It's a risk, but I've pushed him before. My challenging him is what got me Nixon Blake to begin with. So I'll push him further now.

But I've miscalculated.

“Because it’s just not possible!” He slams his fist down on the marble with such force that I’m surprised that a spider web of cracks doesn’t emanate from the spot. The tension in his body is like a spring coiled up and ready to burst. It’s completely unsettling. Not because I feel afraid of him. I know he’d never hurt me. It’s that I can’t believe I’m the cause of it. Usually I’m the one who can bring him down from this. I’ve never been the one to cause it before.

He seems to realize that he’s gone too far, because his face softens, just a little bit.

“This was mistake. I never should have ... I’m just not capable of having a relationship. Not like the kind you want.”

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*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 6:15 am*

What is he even saying?

“You’re so full of shit. All relationships are hard. All relationships make you vulnerable. You’re not special. You’re just making excuses!”

“You don’t get it. I can be with you, it’s everyone else that’s the problem. I can’t go to a wedding with you. I could barely make it through an event for a company I fucking founded. You think I can stand in a room full of strangers? All the noise and the activity and the small talk?” He says it like it’s akin to having bamboo shoots shoved into his eyeballs. He’s truly cracked. “I don’t do that. I can’t do that.”

I can feel my heart breaking, both for myself, and for him. “I don’t know what happened in your life to get you to this point, but it’s not too late. You can get help. You can overcome this. There’s therapy and medication. Your life doesn’t have to be like this. You’re not even living! You’re just ... existing.”

There’s an ocean of silence between us. I try to catch his eye, to pull him into one of our intense gazes, but he just keeps staring at the white marble of the island.

I try one last time.

“I want to tell you that I’m falling in love with you, but that would be a lie,” I say, my voice barely above a whisper. “Because I fell in love with you so long ago. I’ve been in love with you all this time. And I’ve been trying to pretend for you, but I can’t do that anymore.”

I glance up at him to see he’s finally returning my gaze. But he doesn’t say anything.

Doesn't move an inch.

I sigh. "And the worst part of all this is, I think you love me, too." I reach for my bag from the floor and head for the door. There's nothing left for me here. If he's not willing to commit, then I can't let myself hang around. I can't let myself get hurt anymore than I already have. But before I leave, I pause at the door. I can't bring myself to turn around and face him.

"It's such a fucking waste," I say.

The next sound I hear is the door closing behind me.

### Chapter 4

Itold Nixon that I'd quit, but that was only because I wanted to be with him. If he doesn't want to be with me, then fuck that. I'm showing up at the office today, just like every other day, and I'm going to own that internship. I'm going to Boss Bitch so hard that Amber's going to want to give up. I'm going to make him give me that goddamn job.

But as soon as I stroll into the intern conference room, I know that Amber won't be quitting. She's got a wicked Cheshire grin on her face that tells me she has something up her sleeve.

"Hi guys," I say, dropping into my usual seat and pulling my laptop out of my bag. My voice is casual, but I'm instantly on edge. Something is up.

But she's not giving it away quite yet.

"Why don't we have a team meeting to go over where everyone's at with their projects," Amber says. "I think it's important that we all stay updated, so that if anyone drops the ball, or drops out —" at this, she gives me a pointed look — "that the rest of us can easily pick up the ball and run it to the finish line."

She's definitely got something up her sleeve. But we make it all the way to lunch until I find out what it is.

I'm down in the cafeteria, a stark white wonderland of free food for Scour employees. The food is prepared by a Michelin star chef, and they serve everything from vegan to

paleo to gluten free to keto (whatever that is). I'm just settling down to an empty table with my tray, which is filled with grilled salmon, a summer salad, and a warm, fresh out of the oven chocolate chip cookie that is approximately the size of my head.

A file folder drops onto the table next to my tray.

I look up and see Amber standing there, her snotty grin so bright I swear you could see it from the top of the Prudential Center. She gestures at an empty chair beside me.

"May I?" She asks.

"Something about your expression tells me I don't have a choice," I reply.

She lets out a sick little giggle. "Oh, Delaney, we all make our own choices."

Ugh. "Amber, cut the crap. What's going on?"

"Why don't you look in the folder?" She nods to it, resting in the middle of the table. She's clearly been planning this, the lines she's going to say, all the stage directions. I hate that I have no choice but to follow along, but if I want it to end, I'm going to have to play. So I reach for the folder and flip it open.

Inside is a photo, slightly grainy, but maybe that's from being blown up into an 8x10. It takes me about point two seconds to realize that it's a photo of Nixon and me. I remember the moment clearly. It was a few weeks ago. He'd pulled me into the 6th floor supply closet, where he'd hoisted me up on a few stacked boxes of copy paper and fucked me until I came. Twice. The photo is of us emerging from the supply closet. I could almost explain it away, like were discussing supply chains or some such nonsense, except as he emerges from the door behind me, his hand is resting firmly on my ass. And I've got a smile on my face that's a mile wide. The photo may not show much, but it manages to spill all our secrets.

I realize there's more in the file, and I start flipping through. There are several of me coming out of Nixon's building, which by themselves wouldn't be incriminating, but coupled with the supply closet shot, tell all you need to know.

I huff out a breath and flip the folder closed before anyone else can catch a glimpse over my shoulder. But I clutch it in both hands so hard the cardboard crinkles.

"Oh, you can keep that one," Amber says, like she's offering me the extra soda in her lunch or something. "I have plenty more."

"What do you want?" I try to sound sharp, fierce, but I can hear my voice. I just sound exhausted. I can't believe she's doing this now, when Nixon and I aren't even together anymore. As if that would make a difference if the photos got out. My career at Scour would be done. No matter how hard I worked or how much I deserved it, no one would believe I earned the job. They'd think I fucked my way to the top. And admitting that Nixon and I were done would only make me sound pathetic. I'd be the girl who screwed her boss and got dumped. People would look at me like a walking lawsuit.

This can't get out.

"I don't want anything you can give me," Amber says. "I just wanted you to know."

"What are you going to do?"

"I just wanted you to know that I'm taking this to your boyfriend. I've got a meeting scheduled with him in about an hour. He's probably going to fire you, because that's what he can give me. Also, the final job." She grins like Miss America on acid, and I hate her so much right now, I want to knock every last one of her capped teeth into her head.



“He’s not my boyfriend,” I reply through gritted teeth, as if that matters in the slightest. As soon as I say it, I regret it. I wish I could take the words back, because they only seem to delight Amber further.

She reaches over and lays a hand on mine, a gesture that in any other situation would be sympathetic. But she’s just twisting the knife. “Oh sweetie,” she says, her lower lip jutting out in a cartoonish pout. She pats my hand. “Couldn’t even do that right?”

\* \* \*

I barely touch my lunch. My appetite is gone. I trudge back to the conference room like I’m headed to the guillotine. When I get back to the room, Colin is tapping away on his laptop, Jenna perusing her phone. Amber is nowhere to be found.

Because she’s meeting with Nixon.

As soon as she sees me, Jenna’s eyes light up. “You’re back! Amber wanted me to let you know that she’s got a meeting with Nixon.”

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A fact I already knew, but Amber wanted to make sure I didn't forget it. And as I watch the delight in Jenna's eyes, I know immediately. She's the one who took the photos. Because of course Amber wouldn't do her own dirty work. She'd have to recruit her little minion Jenna to do it for her.

"What do you get out of all this, Jenna?" I snap, and I see Colin glance up, confused.

"I don't know what you're talking about," she shoots back, innocent as all get out.

"You're smart. Capable. I've seen your facility with the financials. You have as good a shot at the job as any of us. Why are you letting Amber run the show and treat you like shit? She's only out for herself. When there's no one left to fuck over, she's going to turn on you."

Jenna's eyes narrow, but there's a flash of worry there, too. She knows what I've said is true, and if it hadn't occurred to her before, maybe she's not as savvy as I thought. But she doesn't say anything, just returns to her phone.

I slide back into my seat next to Colin, who glances up over the screen. He's hunkered down, like he's in a foxhole trying to avoid friendly fire.

"Anything I should know about?" he murmurs.

I sigh. I really don't to get into all of it with him. He'll find out soon enough, anyway.

"It's fine," I say. I pull out my laptop and toggle into the presentation I was working on about the interior design app. Colin and I both think it's a winner, and we've

teamed up to sell Scour on the acquisition. It's a risk, working with your competitor, but I was sure together we'd be able to beat Amber and Jenna. And if I was going to lose out on the job, I'd be ok losing it to him. And if I got hired? My first recommendation was going to be to bring Colin onto the team.

But that's probably all over now. There's really no point in continuing to work, except for the fact that I don't want to let Colin down. I might as well get as much accomplished as I can before Amber shows back up with Nixon, and probably some reps from Human Resources. And maybe a few lawyers, too. Hell, security could be showing up to escort me from the building.

When Amber finally stalks into the room, though, there's no trace of the smug satisfaction she displayed at lunch. She doesn't say a word to me, or even glance my way. She just drops down into her usual chair. She whips out her laptop and starts furiously typing.

Something didn't go according to her plan.

I don't know whether to be relieved or terrified.

Something tells me maybe a little of both.

### Chapter 5

Elise wakes me up by barreling through my bedroom door, still in her pajamas, her iPad in hand.

“Delaney, you need to wake up right now,” she says. Her voice is full of urgency and worry, and all I can think is oh my god, someone died. I sit bolt upright in bed with a gasp of fresh morning air.

“What?” I cry, scrambling for my phone to check the time. It’s five forty-five in the morning. But before I can register that it’s way too early and that I’m way too tired, I see the notification on the screen in a little white box. And my stomach turns a complete somersault.

Scour CEO Embroiled in Office Sex Scandal - Dalliance with intern causes discord

“Oh shit.”

“Yeah, ya think?” Elisa snaps. “I knew you were getting laid, but how could you not tell me you were fucking the boss of all bosses?”

“Wait, my name is in there?” I drop my phone and snatch her iPad out of her hand. I’m going to need a bigger screen to watch my entire life fall apart in real time.

Elise already has the CNN story pulled up. CNN. My sex life is on CNN. I let my eyes skim over the words, too frantic to slow down and read every one. Nixon Blake ... billionaire playboy ... caught having a sexual relationship with an intern ...

Delaney Masterson ... recent graduate ... New England College ... high honors ... sex in the office ... against company code of conduct.

Oh my god, there's even a quote from a Human Resources rep from Scour. And further down, several prominent employment lawyers weigh in. And noted feminists, some condemning Nixon Blake for harassment, some condemning me for trying to sleep my way to the top. And at the very bottom, over ten thousand comments from internet strangers all over the world, most of whom are very excited to call me a slut and a climber and a gold digger and a whore.

But that's not even the worst part. The very worst part? That's the red button at the top of the screen that reads "Start Slideshow."

I know I shouldn't. I know there's nothing in there I haven't already seen in Amber's file folder or, you know, lived. But somehow seeing it pixelated beneath CNN's Breaking News scroll feels important, and all the more humiliating.

There they are, the photos of me leaving Nixon's building with bee stung lips and sex hair. There's me coming out of the supply closet, Nixon's hand planted firmly on my ass while we smile conspiratorially. They even have a photo of Nixon at the State of Scour Gala where you can see me, slightly blurry, in the background. Of course, because I'm surrounded by a crowd of white-haired men in tuxedos and the errand older woman in a modest black dress, I look like a fucking sex-starved harlot in my slinky blue silk. These pictures tell quite the story — without quite telling any of it fully, of course, not that it matters to any of the hundreds of thousands of people probably clicking through over their morning coffee.

Which of course leads me to fall down a shame spiral imagining all the people I know who are seeing this. My high school chemistry teacher, Mr. Duncan. My parish priest, Father McCutcheon.

My parents.

“Oh god,” I croak out, before dropping Elise’s iPad and sprinting to the bathroom. I don’t vomit, but I come damn close. I fall to my knees on the cool tile, resting my head on the toilet seat. Maybe if I did throw up, I’d feel better. Maybe it would be like an exorcism.

But no, those photos, that story, would still be on CNN. And who knows where else. Seen by everyone with an internet connection.

My life is over.

Behind me, I hear a sigh. I look up and see Elise standing in the bathroom door, leaning against the door frame.

“I’ll say it again — you should have told me.”

“Why, so instead you could say ‘I told you so’?”

“Maybe? I don’t know. Or maybe I could have saved you from this to begin with. Dating an internationally-known and recognized billionaire bachelor is enough to land you in some media somewhere, of course. But when he’s the head of the company you work for? Come on, Delaney. You had to have known that was a disaster waiting to happen.”

Did I? I try to think back. Was there a time when I thought I shouldn’t be with Nixon Blake? Because if there was, that thought got swallowed by the incredible connection we shared. Yeah, ok, there were a lot of orgasms, but it was more than that. I got the sense that I knew Nixon better than anyone, even if that meant I didn’t know him very well at all. I felt like he let me inside his world a little bit, even if it was just a toe in the door. I fell in love with him, for god sakes. This wasn’t just a fling. How

can you ignore that kind of connection, those kinds of feelings?

“Oh shit, you fell in love with him, didn’t you?”

“What?” I say in a desperate attempt to protect some of my privacy, to protect even the tiniest sliver of my relationship with Nixon.

“Don’t even try to hide it. It’s written all over you face,” she says, the truth of the words washing over me. Because I’ve never been in love before, never even thought I was in love before. Not until I met Nixon. He’s my first in so many ways.

I look up at Elise, who seems to have, at least for the moment, gotten over the fact that I lied to her for so long (though knowing Elise, I’m definitely going to hear about it later ... and for years to come). She’s looking down at me, her face a mix of pity and sadness.

“Look, it’s not that bad,” she says, though even I can tell it’s half-hearted.

“Seriously? Not that bad? My parents are probably sitting at the breakfast table eating shredded wheat and reading about me fucking my boss in the copy room!”

“First of all, no one actually eats shredded wheat.”

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 6:15 am*

“You’ve met my parents,” I say with a bitter laugh. “Of course they eat shredded wheat. They’re the most upstanding, bland citizens in the country. This is going to kill them.”

“You’re they’re daughter. They’ll forgive you.”

“And the rest of the country?”

“They’ll forget. A Kardashian will get knocked up or some model will throw a cell phone, and you’ll be yesterday’s news. They’ll be packing fish with this news by tomorrow.”

“What year do you think it is, 1983? There are no newspapers, and the internet is forever. A search of my name will bring up this story forever. Oh my god, how am I going to get a job anywhere, when the person interviewing me will have quick access to my sexual history with just a few keystrokes? I’m going to have to become Amish, because those are going to be the only people who won’t know!”

Elise arches an eyebrow at me.

“Oh go on, just say it,” I spit the words at her. “You’re allowed.”

“Just this once, let me say, for the record, maybe you should have thought of that before you slept with your boss.”

I sigh. “Ok, I deserved that,” I reply. “Do you feel better now?”



“I’ll feel better when you get up off that bathroom floor, get dressed, and go to work.”

“Are you nuts? I can’t go to work! Everyone there knows! And what’s the point of competing for a job at Scour now? I’m never going to get it.”

“You’re going to go in there, and you’re going to see Nixon Blake, and you’re going to tell him he needs to make it right. He’s the boss. He’s richer than god and a genius to boot. He’s got the power, so he can — and he should — fix it.”

I pause, thinking about that idea. I could go talk to Nixon. He could put out a statement saying, I don’t know, that our relationship had nothing to do with work? Or he could just say that we had a relationship. Hell, if his biggest fear was getting found out, and that’s happened, then maybe that means nothing’s stopping us from being together. Maybe he could give an interview somewhere admitting to the relationship and saying it wasn’t just sex.

And for a moment, I feel a glimmer of hope. Because maybe, just maybe, this could be a good thing. Maybe this is what we needed to finally be together.

Elise reaches down and offers me a hand, dragging me off the bathroom floor, grabbing me by the shoulders, and pointing me towards my bedroom. “Now let’s go in there, pick out your most fuckable, yet work appropriate outfit, ok?”

I take a deep breath and let it out. Can I really do this? Go back into the lion’s den, my head held high despite my very public disgrace?

I guess I can. Because that’s just what I intend to do.

### Chapter 6

As I walk into Scour, I can feel every pair of eyes on me, all the way down to Frank, the security guard who sits at the desk by the elevator. Every last one of these people probably woke up to the same push notification I did. Every single one of them read about my relationship with Nixon. Every single one of them clicked through the pictures.

How long until I'm an office punchline? Probably an hour ago.

I board the elevator, and I swear, people actually move away from me. It's like I'm radioactive, like they're afraid they'll catch sex scandal from me. Oh, don't worry, everyone, I want to say. I'm sure none of you are as stupid as me. Did you hear what I said on the very first day of the internship?

When I reach forward and press the button for the 10th floor, which houses only the executive suite, I swear I hear a gasp from someone in the elevator. God, how long until this is on GizmoGossip? They're going to have to start a liveblog for all the updates. I wonder if there's a hashtag yet.

Dear god, please don't let my sex life become a hashtag.

By the time the elevator arrives at the 10th floor, I'm blessedly alone. I step out to the familiar sight of two empty desks, where Nixon's nonexistent assistants would sit if they, you know, existed. I can't help thinking about how weird it is that one of the richest men in the world doesn't have assistants because he doesn't like people 'in his shit.'

But I don't have time to dwell on any of the weirdness of Nixon Blake, because soon I'm standing at his door. I knock, then quickly let myself in before I can talk myself out of it. It's not like he's in a position to chastise me right now for not waiting to be invited.

To say he looks shocked to see me would be an understatement.

"Delaney," he says, and he actually drops his phone. The sound of it hitting the desktop is like a gunshot in the silent, empty room. He stands up from his chair, the quickness of the motion shoving it back into the wall behind his desk. But he doesn't move any more. He doesn't come over to me. He doesn't sweep me up into his arms and tell me it'll all be fun. Not that I was expecting him to.

Though it would have been nice.

The silence sits between us like a massive, unmovable boulder, and I realize that he has no idea how to play this situation. Any time I've ever been in this office, it's always ended in sex. But he's smart enough to know that's not where we're going right now.

I'm going to have to be the first one to speak.

"So I assume you've seen it," I say, because it's not like we're going to make small talk about the weather.

"I have," he replies. I see his jaw clench as he grits his teeth. "My phone has been ringing off the hook."

"How did this happen?"

"Well, I assume Amber made good on her threat and went to the press."

“You knew she was going to tell?”

“She told me that if I fired you and gave her the permanent position, she’d forget about what she knew.”

“And you didn’t do it.” A statement, not a question, because obviously I still work here (until I quit in just a few minutes) and the story is on the front page of CNN.

“No, I didn’t do it. I told you, I would hire the person who was most qualified, the person who earned it. Not the person I’m sleeping with, and not the person who blackmailed me.” He pauses, and for just a moment he actually looks sheepish, something I’ve never seen on Nixon Blake’s face before. But he quickly shakes it off, looking stern again.

“Except the person you’re sleeping with is the most qualified. And now my name is mud, thanks to you.”

There’s a flash in his eyes, and I know there’s a tiny part of him that’s enjoying that I’m challenging him. It’s what attracted him to me in the first place. But just as soon as the flash appears, it’s gone. Because he knows we are so far away from that now.

So far away.

“Yes, I understand that this is ... less than ideal.”

“It’s the absolute fucking worst, is what it is,” I shoot back. “I realize that this story is inconvenient for you. I’m sorry that you’re getting a lot of phone calls. I know you don’t like your private life out there, or whatever. But do you understand what this means for me? I’m not just a joke at Scour. I’m not just a punchline in tech. I’m a national laughingstock. I could wind up in a fucking Tonight Show monologue because of this. But all of that pales in comparison to the fact that my career is over. I’ll certainly never work in tech, even though, as you said, I’m amazing. Hell, I’ll be

lucky if I can get through an interview at the Gap without the manager asking me about this situation. You've taken everything from me, do you get that?"

"Yes," he says, his voice faltering. "I understand. I've actually spent the morning trying to come up with strategies for how to help you through this. Without doing more damage, of course. I think the best course of action would be for me to say, or at least imply, that I harassed you. That it was some nefarious workplace power imbalance situation. Then you could escape with your dignity, and hopefully your future employment still intact."

It wasn't the news I was hoping for. Sure, I came here to yell at him. And it felt damn good to do it. But with that done, I was hoping to work my way around to the other option. The one that actually felt like a real win for me. And it's now or never, I guess.

"Or you could just come clean," I tell him. "It's one last open door. One last escape route. One last chance for us to have an us." Because if he decides to just accept that it's out there, then we can actually be together. I hold my breath, waiting for his answer. He takes so long, I'm worried I might pass out.

"I can't do that, Delaney," he says finally.

"Why the fuck not?"

He shakes his head. "Look, this was a mistake. I never should have let this go as far as it did. I'm not good for you. You deserve something better — someone better." He pauses, glancing down at his desk, where he's slowly tracing his finger idly across the glass tabletop. "I think it's probably best if you stay far away from me. I'll give you any kind of reference you need."

"A reference? You think I want a reference?" My mouth hangs open as I stare him down, willing him to realize what he has. What we have. But he won't even look at me. And that's when I know we're really done. The man of the ice blue eyes and

piercing gaze can't even look at me. It's over.

"You fucking coward," I say, before turning on my heel walking out of his office.

Forever.

THE END OF PART THREE