



Burning Attraction Complete

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Burning Attraction Book 1

“Mr. Anders, you do not know this company or the people who work here. I do.” Sarah Sweeney stood her ground against Jake Anders, the fancy accountant some faceless board had hired to determine the fate of her company.

“Like it or not, Ms. Sweeney, I’m in charge.” Jake Anders jabbed the buttons on the control panel. The elevator didn’t respond.

“You’re right. I don’t like it. Joe Martinez loved this company and everyone who worked for him. He not only built a successful business, he created a family.”

Sarah Sweeney paced from one side of the elevator to the other. They were stuck between the fourth and fifth floors. Bad enough that she’d been forced to endure her temporary boss’s company for dinner, now she was stuck in the elevator with him.

“Another example of what’s wrong with this company. This building is old and should be torn down,” Jake said.

Sarah sighed. He did have a point. The elevator could be a temperamental S-O-B. “It’s an old historic building. Joe Martinez loved the idea of sharing his world with the past. Anyway, the company can’t afford to move.” Sarah fought the emotion clogging her throat. She missed her boss, his sense of humor and his love of life. He’d been a father figure to so many people.

“Which is why it might be better to sell or just close down. The board isn’t going to throw good money after bad and from what I’ve seen so far, the numbers aren’t

good.” Disgust laced Jake’s words as he glared at the unresponsive buttons.

“There’s more to this company than numbers on a spreadsheet. There are a lot of good people here who loved Joe Martinez and were loyal to him,” Sarah responded.

She had to find a way to convince this man that the company was solid. “The drop in profits is temporary, something Mr. Joe anticipated and planned for. We have a new contract worth more than a million dollars, and that’s just to begin with.”

Jake leaned against the wall, his eyes cold and calculating. “No. You have the promise of a new contract. Until the contract is signed and the money comes in, you have nothing.”

Sarah itched to throw something at this cold-hearted accountant who couldn’t see past the bottom line. He had to be the most frustrating man she’d ever encountered. She’d never worked with anyone who came this close to making her lose control.

“I’ve worked here for more than ten years, was Mr. Joe’s personal admin for five and I’m telling you…”

“Precisely what I do not need to hear from you.” Jake folded his arms in front of his impressive chest. “I want facts and figures. Nothing more. Nothing less.”

Sarah hated Jake’s cool impersonal tone. “You’ll have them but there’s more to this company than numbers,” she said. She hated the thought that this dull and boring stranger with no personality was here to determine how much the company was worth so that Mr. Joe’s nephew could sell all that Mr. Joe had worked hard to accomplish. It wasn’t right that some stranger from New York held the fate of the business in his large, perfectly manicured hands.

Pacing, she ignored Jake, who watched her as he’d watched her all week. The thought

of being stuck in the elevator all night with Jake Anders was a nightmare come true. The last time the elevator broke down, her best friend, Lainey, had been stuck inside all night with a guy in sales.

Sarah studied Jake, looking for any sign that he was human and not a calculator with legs. He was a big man who filled the small enclosure. The cut of his expensive suit revealed a muscular frame, wide at the shoulders and narrow at the hips. But it was his quiet authority and his take-charge attitude that made the confines of the elevator seem much too small.

Sarah marched over to Jake. In her heels, she only had to tip her head back an inch to meet his gaze. “I want to speak to Aaron Martinez, the man who now owns Mr. Joe’s business.” Sarah hardened her voice, matching Jake’s cool tones with her own.

Up close, he was even better looking, especially the clarity of those aged-whiskey colored eyes.

Handsome is as handsome does. Her mother’s pithy platitude came to mind. Jake might have the face and body of a God, be the best-looking man in all of San Francisco, but he had the personality of a weasel and the heart of a gnat. The entire company was grieving and all this man saw were dollar signs.

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Jake arched one thick, black brow. “If Aaron wants to speak to you, he’ll be in touch,” he said, his gaze sweeping slowly over Sarah’s furious face then sliding down her body.

Never one to back down from authority or men who thought that because they had dicks, they were smarter, Sarah narrowed her eyes. “Like what you see?” She thought of Lainey’s night of wild sex. Too bad she was stuck with this man. There’d be no indulging in her own fantasy of wild crazy sex with a stranger in an elevator.

Jake took his time looking at Sarah. He returned his gaze to hers. “The cut and style of your suit doesn’t do you justice, Ms. Sweeney.”

Furious, Sarah spun around then cried out when the heel of her shoe snapped. She flung out her arms and found herself crushed against Jake who’d yanked her hard against him to keep her from falling. She was surprised that he was all hard, lean muscle. No soft flab beneath his suit jacket that probably cost more than her entire outfit, jewelry included. She felt his heart beating against hers and drew in a deep breath of his clean scent.

With her heart thudding in her throat, Sarah stared into Jake’s eyes. His gaze wasn’t dull and indifferent now. His eyes were sharp, bold, and sexy as hell. His arm around her waist tightened, drawing her harder against him. Her arms had gone instinctively around his neck.

Her gaze dropped to his mouth, inches from hers. She had to admit that he had the most amazing set of lips: full, soft, and so damned tempting. She licked her own lips.

He smiled softly, his lips parting as though he knew what she was thinking.

Realizing who held her, and where her thoughts were taking her, she tried to step back. “Ah, you can let me go, Mr. Anders.”

“Can’t let you fall and break your ankle now can we Ms. Sweeney.” His mouth was a breath away from hers.

Sarah cleared her throat. Gone was the cool and indifferent voice. “No, because then I can’t get you your damn reports...”

His head dropped lower. His lips brushed hers.

The energy and sparks that had flared between them from the moment he’d stepped into her office burst into life. She gasped and his mouth closed over hers. Sarah’s lips parted in welcome and invitation. He didn’t disappoint. She kissed him back, and when his tongue slipped over her lips and delved deep, she opened her mouth and moaned.

Jake pulled her tighter against the hard wall of his chest. Sarah clung to him as she explored his mouth, her tongue seeking his and running over his teeth and lips. His groan fueled her own. His hands stroked up and down her back and urged her closer. The kiss shocked her. Nothing dull or uninteresting about the man now. He knew how to kiss!

And his hands! They were stroking her as though she were a purring cat. Down her spine, across her shoulders, down over her hips. She arched into him, felt his arousal and thought, damn, maybe she’d have sex after all!

She tipped her head back when Jake began trailing kisses along her jaw then down her throat. His hands cupped her bottom, pressing her hard against him. God, she was

aroused. Her panties were damp. She slid her hands over his shoulders, then up the hard wall of his chest. “Jake...”

Without warning the elevator jerked and began its upward climb. Sarah stumbled back, horrified by what she’d done. Jake looked as shocked as she felt. Then he shrugged. “Now that we’ve got that out of the way, we can get back to work.”

“You...” Sarah hobbled on her broken heel to the other side of the elevator and slipped out of her shoes. She picked up her briefcase. “You weasel! You’re the one with the roving bedroom eyes.” When the doors slid open on the top floor, she stormed out.

The fire in Sarah’s eyes pleased Jake more than he wanted to admit. She wasn’t as indifferent to him after all. Spotting the broken heel of her shoe on the elevator floor, he snatched it up and put it in his pocket then followed her down the corridor. She walked with as much dignity as she could in her stocking feet to her office, her shoes dangling from her fingers.

“Ms. Sweeney, fifteen minutes. My office.”

Jake grinned as he went into his uncle’s office. At the window, he stared out at the neon lit-up night.

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What would the efficient and capable Ms. Sweeney say if he told her that he was Aaron Jake Martinez-Anders? No doubt, she'd be furious with him over his deception but he did go by Jake Anders, choosing his stepfather's name over his birth father's, a man he'd never known.

Inheriting the business from his uncle, he'd decide to check it out, but didn't want anyone knowing that he was the new owner. He'd learn more about the business and those who worked here if they thought he was just an accountant.

He walked behind the desk but didn't sit. His uncle Joe had been his favorite uncle, even if he hadn't had much time to spend with the man. Jake knew Sarah thought him to be cold and unfeeling in his evaluation of the business, and in a sense, she was right. He hadn't gotten where he was by allowing emotion and sentiment to rule his moneymaking decisions. If the company was sound, he'd keep it. If it wasn't, he'd cut his losses and sell.

Sighing, he stuck his hand into his pocket and fingered the broken heel. He smiled. There was more to Sarah Sweeney than badly cut suits and a carefully controlled personality. She was begging to be explored.

Two hours later Sarah entered her boss's office. She glared at Jake when he leaned back in his chair as though he belonged there. In Sarah's mind, the chair, desk, and plush office still belonged to her boss who'd died suddenly. No, it wasn't right at all that this man be here. He should be using the conference room or one of the other offices.

"Here's the last report. I'm done for the day." She kept her voice cool, all business.

Jake nodded. "I appreciate you staying and finishing that report."

"Did I have a choice?" Her voice was dry. She deliberately kept her gaze from straying to his mouth. She did not want to think about that kiss or remember how her body had responded. Kissing Cory, her on-again, had never made her feel so instantly aroused.

Jake shrugged. "Could have said no." He rolled a pen between his fingers.

"And let you complain to the board about me? I think not, Mr. Anders. I'll give you whatever you want while you're here."

Jake grinned and dropped the pen. He leaned forward. "Whatever I want?" His gaze slid from her eyes to her lips.

Sarah felt as though he were kissing her again. She narrowed her eyes and pressed her lips together. "Business related, Mr. Anders." Damn, that kiss in the elevator might have been one of the hottest kisses she'd ever had but she wasn't about to let this man take advantage of her. She'd never mixed work and pleasure before.

"That's too bad, Ms. Sweeney. You're one hell of a good kisser." His eyes twinkled.

"Are you trying to piss me off, Mr. Anders?"

His gaze turned intent. "Just seeing if there's a passionate woman behind all that cool control."

"What's inside me is not your concern." Sarah turned and walked out. Back in her office, she gathered her purse and briefcase.

"Damn man." Goading her. She'd show him. He wouldn't be here for much longer.

Her shoulders sagged. No, he'd get on a plane and go back to New York. He wouldn't be here when she had to announce either a sale or closure. He wouldn't be the one to deal with the sadness and tears that would follow if the company closed down.

So if she was controlled, it was because she had to be strong. Not just for her, but for several hundred people who depended on this company and on her.

Squaring her shoulders, she nearly ran into Jake when she left her office.

"I'll walk you down. It's later than I thought."

"I can manage on my own, Mr. Anders." She kept her head high and walked past Jake.

Jake fell into step with her. "That may be so, but you're not walking to the parking lot in the dark alone," he said.

Part of Sarah was grateful. This part of town had more than its share of homeless, drunks, and even worse on the street after dark. She paused at the elevator and considered. They were on the twelfth floor and she didn't fancy the long climb down the rough metal stairs in her stocking-clad feet.

She stepped into the elevator. Jake lifted a brow. "You're sure?"

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Sarah shrugged. "It never breaks down twice in a row. Only about once a month or so. Should be safe."

"If you say so." Jake stepped in and stood on the other side of the elevator.

Sarah breathed a sigh of relief when the elevator began descending. "See, I told you..." She was cut off by a loud grinding sound.

Really? "Damn. Maybe we should have taken the stairs," she said aloud. Sarah ran one damp palm down the side of her black hip-and-ass hugging skirt. The memory of that brief but heart-stopping kiss she and Jake shared had her body singing for more. Once again, she thought of Lainey and her night of sex. The woman swore she'd had the best sex this side of the Rockies that night.

"Looks like we might be stuck here after all." Jake had his hands on his hips. He glared at Sarah. "You were second in command. How could you allow this elevator to go unfixed?"

Sarah lifted a brow. "You're making assumptions you know nothing about, Mr. Anders. I can show you invoices for each time we've had the service people out and all the scheduled maintenance as well." She shrugged. "As you said, it's old."

When Jake just stared at her, Sarah grinned. "There are stories that this place is haunted. Maybe we have a ghost playing pranks tonight. Maybe even Mr. Joe." Her boss had been famous for his romantic nature and matchmaking.

"Get real," Jake snapped as he poked and jabbed buttons.

Jake had long, slender fingers and Sarah had no trouble imagining them skimming over her naked flesh. She hid her groan with a cough. Too bad she wasn't the type to jump a man in an elevator, no matter how fantastically handsome he might be. The fact that they worked together dashed all her fantasies. That was rule number one for her.

So what about that kiss? She sighed. The kiss was a mistake. A big one. Work. She needed to think about work, not kisses, and certainly not sex in a decrepit elevator. Fate was a cruel, cruel bitch tonight.

"Not much else to do so we might as well go over those reports I printed out."

With her back to Jake, Sarah knelt to open her brief case. Reports instead of sex. Pretty sad and pathetic. Her panties were getting damp again just from thinking about kissing Jake. Hell, she wanted more than a kiss or two. And that proved that she'd gone too long without sex. Her body was in hyper-drive!

"Sarah."

She whipped her head around to stare at Jake. Sarah. Not Ms. Sweeney and where had that deep, throaty baritone come from? She'd worked with Mr. Dull all week and when he deemed to speak, his voice was cool business and to the point. No wasted words, no smiles, no chatting. Except for that brief but soul-shattering kiss earlier, he was Mr. No Personality.

"Come here." He pointed to a spot in front of him.

Jake's commanding voice sent shivers through her. Her nipples puckered as though he'd just run his tongue across them. She crossed her arms across her breasts. Who was he to order her around? "We're not on the clock, Mr. Anders," she said. Damn, she wanted to go to him and kneel right where he pointed, reach up, unzip his pants,

and free his dick. She bit her lower lip to keep from licking her lips. Yep, totally sex-starved. All Lainey's fault for telling her about her night of wild elevator sex.

Jake shrugged out of his expensive suit jacket then crossed the elevator. He pulled her up and framed her face in his hands then kissed her until she moaned. "You want me?" His voice was a low, sexy croon against her mouth.

Hell yes! Mesmerized by his intense stare, Sarah licked her lips, totally aroused by his sudden and unexpected frankness. And that voice! Nothing dull or boring about that sexy voice or those soft and slumberous golden eyes. Good god, he had bedroom eyes and a voice that could melt any woman's heart. Her panties were suddenly drenched and she was throbbing between her legs. Jake lowered his head and brushed his lips over hers again.

Her lips parted and she gasped when he boldly thrust his tongue inside. She moaned when Jake pulled her close and proceeded to kiss the hell out of her. Again. She kissed him back.

As sudden as he'd begun the kiss, Jake pulled back. Sarah gripped his shoulders to keep from falling. Had she ever had a kiss that hot? She didn't think so. Wow, this man was a total surprise!

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“I asked you a question.” Jake held her gaze with his.

Dazed, she blinked.

“Do you want me to make love to you right now, right here?” He slid his hands up to cup her face.

“I don’t date people I work for.” She had to hold onto her sanity.

“Technically, it’s not a date. Just sex. Besides, I’m just passing through.” His hands slid around to massage the back of her neck.

“You’re my boss,” she moaned.

“Not really. I’m just...”

“Passing though.” Sarah stared at Jake. Sparks had flown between them from the beginning. Maybe a round of wild sex was just what they needed.

“Well?” His voice was soft.

“Yes,” Sarah blurted. Good god, Sarah, what the hell are you doing? She never did anything impulsive. She wasn’t wildly adventuresome like Lainey. Sane Sarah. Serious Sarah. Not Sexy Sarah.

Jake smiled and took a step back. He unbuckled his belt. “We play by my rules.”

Sarah stared at his large hands, his long, long manicured fingers, and imagined them stroking her and sliding into her. The throbbing between her legs grew. She licked her lips. “Rules? What rules?” She just wanted sex, the best sex this side of the Rockies.

Jake tipped her chin up, forcing her to meet his gaze. “You do as I say. Whatever I say.”

Sarah swallowed her disappointment. Damn, trust her to get stuck with some weirdo. “I’m sorry. I’m not into kinky sex.” She frowned. No, she was boring, dull, and always cautious.

Jake chuckled and ran his hands down her arms then gripped her by the hips. He pulled her close. “I promise we won’t do anything you don’t want.”

Her heart went into overdrive. She wanted Jake, this side of Jake anyway. What other secrets was this man hiding? Her mind said this was crazy, her body demanded she give in to Jake. Her body won.

“Okay.” She reached out to touch him.

He stepped back and returned to his side of the elevator and pointed. “You have to come to me.”

His take-charge, I’m-the-boss tone had her frowning yet her knees went weak. She squeezed her thighs together to ease the throbbing. Damn, his voice alone could make her come! “What the hell,” she said. For one night, she’d toss boring and controlled out the window. She took one-step, then two.

“Now what?” she asked.

“Take off your clothes,” Jake commanded.

Sarah made quick work of sliding out of skirt.

“Slow, Sarah. Very slow,” Jake said.

He wanted her to tease him. She could do that. Holding his gaze, she unbuttoned her blouse, easing each button through its hole, then she allowed the silky fabric to drift to the floor. Turning slightly, she slid her fingers beneath the waistband of her ruined pantyhose and slowly slid the hose past her hips then bent at the waist to ease first one leg, then the other free.

“Nice. Very nice,” Jake said.

Grinning, ridiculously pleased with his praise, Sarah grasped the front closure of her bra. Jake’s fingers stopped her.

“Red, my favorite color. Leave it.” He smiled and ran his finger just inside her lacy bra cup. “You’re not the prude I thought after all, are you, Sarah?” Jake’s gaze slid down over her breasts over her belly, lingering on the matching lacy triangle of fabric that didn’t quite hide her blond curls. He pointed to the floor. “Knees.”

Kneeling in front of Jake, eyes level with his zippered pants, Sarah reached out to stroke him. She wanted him with a desperateness that was shocking. She’d never wanted a man this bad.

He grabbed her hand gently. “No touching. Put your hands behind your back.”

Sarah grasped her fingers behind her back. Her breasts were thrust out in invitation.

“That’s good.” He ran his palms over her breasts.

She arched into his hands then moaned when he removed his warm hands. She licked

her lips when he slid the zipper of his pants down a measly inch then two, then all the way. He took his time removing pants and shoes. He returned to stand before her, the bulge beneath his boxers impressive.

“What do you want?” He nudged her knees apart with his foot. His crotch was inches from her mouth.

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The throbbing between her legs turned to pulsating need. “You.”

He chuckled. “You can do better than that, Sarah. Look at me and tell me what you want.”

Sarah glanced up. Nothing cool and business-like about him now. “I want you in my mouth.”

Jake shook his head, amused. “You want my cock in your mouth?”

“Yes.”

“Say it.” He swayed his hips, brushing that part of him across her mouth.

“I want your cock in my mouth.” And wow, did she ever. Her face burned. She’d never talked dirty. It was a total turn on!

Jake discarded his shirt, revealing a tanned and muscular chest, wide at the shoulders, narrow at the hips. “Like what you see?”

“Hell yes,” Sarah breathed. She couldn’t believe her good luck. Mr. Dull had morphed into Mr. Wow. Jake walked behind her. She turned to watch him but he pushed her head down so she stared at the floor.

“Tonight, I am your Boss. Say it.”

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw his shorts hit the floor. “You’re the Boss.” Her

heart beat wildly. Did she just agree to be his sex slave?

His hands slid through her hair, loosening her French braid. She shuddered as his fingers slid over her scalp, her shoulders, following the long strands along to the gentle dip of her spine. “You have beautiful hair.”

Jake knelt behind her. “You’ve been teasing me all week, haven’t you, Sarah. Hiding your curves beneath boring suits.”

Her head snapped up. “Boring...” She yelped when he yanked on her hair and remembered that he was her Boss and figured she was supposed to play along. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to tease you,” she said.

“Tease you, Sir,” Jake corrected her.

Sarah wrinkled her nose. How bad did she want this? Pretty bad, but it was getting over the top. “Aren’t you carrying this a bit too far...?”

Jake yanked her hair again. She yelped again. It didn’t really hurt but he’d gotten her attention.

“My rules, Sarah. I won’t tell you again.”

Sarah swallowed her pride and her need to remain in control. “I didn’t mean to tease you, Sir.” He’d better be damn good lover!

Jake skimmed his palms slowly over her hips and down her thighs. She gasped and wanted to turn in his arms and kiss him and be kissed. She was so damn aroused.

“What have we here?” Jake ran his finger along the thong that disappeared into her ass crack. She groaned, her butt tightening. He snapped the thong. “Firecracker red.

Are you hot for me?”

“God yes. I mean, yes Sir. I’m hot for you.” She cried out when he slid his finger beneath the thong, his finger skimming over her anus then finding the spot where she throbbed.

“Is your pussy hot and wet?”

“Yes.” She moaned, loving his dirty talk.

His fingers were poised at her entrance. “Yes, Sir, Sarah. Tell me your pussy is hot and wet.” He nipped her ear lobe, his breath hot and sweet.

“Yes, Sir. My pussy is hot and wet.” God, she’d never, ever used that word but right now it felt right. She gasped when he fingers traveled up into the gentle folds of her labia. He touched her clit and her hips jerked.

“Your clit is swollen and ready and you are so wet.” He drew her pussy juices up and traced lazy circles across her sensitive bud.

Her hips bucked forward, seeking more. “Yes Sir. Please Sir.” She bit back her scream of frustration when he pulled his hand away.

“I was right. You are a tease.” His hands slid up and around to cup her breasts, his fingers trapping her hard nipples through the thin lace of her bra.

“I’m going to fuck you, Sarah.” His breathing quickened in her ear.

“Oh yes, Sir. Please Sir.”

“Please sir, what?”

“Please Sir, please fuck me.”

“Good girl,” Jake chuckled. “You’re a fast learner.” His knees gently pushed hers further apart.

Sarah was open, exposed, and so damn hot and ready. Jake’s cock pulsed against her. Her hands, still behind her back, itched to reach up and stroke that hard shaft. His body shifted closer, his thighs against her ass, his body trapping her hands between them as he released the front catch on her bra. Her breasts fell into his waiting hands.

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She bit her lips as he squeezed and played with her nipples. Her clit throbbed and pulsed with each touch. She wanted him to fuck her, needed him to shove his cock into her. The wetness on her back from his pre-cum told her he was ready.

“I’m going to touch your pussy now.” Jake slid his hand over her belly, an inch at a time. Sarah moaned. Who’d have thought dirty talk could make her so wild and crazy with need?

His eased her legs even further apart. “Oh god!” Did he want her to beg?

He tweaked one taunt nipple hard enough that she gasped. “No talking unless I ask you a question.” One hand slid between her legs and stroked her through her wet panties.

Sarah trembled. Her muscles contracted.

“You come when I say and not before. Understand?”

“Ye...yes. Yes Sir!” She fought the urge to press herself into his hand and come right there and then. Damn, she was beyond ready.

Jake stroked lightly, the pad of his finger barely touching her. Her hips bucked.

His other hand cupped her hard from behind, stroking from anus to clit, pressing her into the heel of his hand. Oh god, oh god, oh god. She was going to come.

Jake removed his hands. Her body jerked. “You are so damn hot. My cock is hard.

I'm going to fuck you now, Sarah. On your hands and knees," he ordered softly as he pulled her thong down.

She lifted each knee in turn. "Yes! Yes! Fuck me." Sarah sobbed as she dropped onto all fours. Jake covered her body, his head beside hers. He nipped her ear. "The rules, Sarah."

Rules? How could she think of rules when her body was on fire for him? "Oh god," she moaned, feeling his hot, heavy cock between her legs. "Please, Sir, fuck me. Fuck me hard." She clenched her thighs.

"When I say!" he bit harder.

Sarah panted. "Yes Sir."

"What do you want?"

"I want your cock inside me." She nearly screamed the words.

Jake gripped her hips and slid into her hot, wet pussy one teasing, agonizing inch at a time until she thought she'd scream. He was huge, stretching her, filling her completely. Unsure whether she was allowed to make noise, Sarah bit her lips as she tightened her muscles, gripping him.

And was rewarded by a sharp slap to her bottom. The stinging pain startled her.

"You will not move." He slid out of her then back in. Over and over with agonizing slowness.

Sarah trembled and shook with the force of the need to come building inside her. Sex, making love, had never been this intense, overwhelming, shattering need.

Jake bent back over her, pressing her down to her forearms so her ass was in the air. He held her tight against him. One hand rubbed her ass where he'd spanked her. "You have a nice ass and a tight, wet pussy, Sarah. Did you know that I watch you in the office, and I think about this when we're working together?"

"God, Mr. Anders. Sir. Please." She shuddered as he fondled her ass, his finger stroking along her crack. He found her swollen clit and circled her hard tip. She bucked back against him, sobbing with need.

"Come for me. Come now!"

Sarah didn't need to be told twice. He moved inside her, thrusting deeper, harder and his fingers were sliding up along her wet folds. Then he concentrated on her clit, rubbing, circling until she screamed his name. Her orgasm ripped through her, spasm after spasm.

Jake gripped her hips and thrust his cock hard and deep. Over and over, driving her toward another orgasm.

"Jake!" She shuddered as waves of another intense orgasm claimed her body and mind. Behind her, Jake gave one last thrust, pulled out, and shot his seed across her ass.

Good god, that was the best sex she'd ever had. She lifted herself up to thank Jake.

"I'm not done."

Sarah blinked. "Aren't you?"

He chuckled behind her. "Oh no, my hot, sexy Sarah. I think I can go another round or two."

“Oh my god, you’re a sex fiend.” She felt him wiping his cum from her ass.

“Complaining?”

“Hell no.”

“My rules. Remember.” His voice deepened in warning.

As she’d just had the best sex she’d ever had, on either side of the Rockies, she nodded.

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“Good. Do you like rewards, Sarah?”

“Yes, Sir.” She fell back into the submissive role he’d demanded of her.

“You’ve been a bad girl teasing me all week. I think you want me to punish you.” His hands stroked her ass.

“You want to spank me?” her voice rose in disbelief.

“Yes. And you want me to spank you. Don’t you, Sarah?”

Was the man crazy? No one wanted to be spanked, did they? Yet he hadn’t hurt her. In fact, she liked having him take control and tell her what to do. It was a nice change from being in charge and responsible for the company and everyone who worked there. And he’d told her he’d stop if she wanted.

Jake slid one hand under her to cup her clit, two fingers sliding along her wet lips then into her pussy. She moaned. Oh god. She had to be a very bad girl to want this! But heaven help her, she wanted another round or two of sex with Jake. “Yes. I need to be spanked.” Had she really said that?

Sarah tensed but Jake’s fingers stroked gently over her clit. As soon as she moaned with need and pressed down onto his fingers, he spanked her on the ass.

She squealed. It stung! Before she could protest, another slap followed. His fingers stroked inside her, his thumb rubbing her tight clit. Each time her hips thrust against his long, clever fingers, he spanked her, rotating from one cheek to the other. She

didn't know which was worse, fighting the urge to come or the glowing pain of her ass.

"You're hot and wet. You want me."

"Yes," she squealed.

"That wasn't a question." He lowered her to the floor and rolled her over onto her back. "You've been very good. I'm going to reward you." He tore open a small foil packet and while she watched, slid the condom over his hard cock.

The look in his eyes made her moan. "Bend your knees," he ordered.

She did, widening them further at his urging. She gasped when his fingers spread her wet, swollen folds. His dark head lowered.

Sarah fisted her hands at her sides when his tongue darted into her pussy, tasting her, then traveled up to her clit. The tip of his tongue found the tip of her clit and flicked her over and over.

She jerked her hips when he suckled gently.

Oh my god. Sarah wanted to scream the words. When he shoved two fingers inside and stroked, she cried out.

"Do you want to come again?" he asked.

"Yes. Yes. Yes Sir!" She didn't care if she was begging.

"I want to taste you when you come. Come now, Sarah."

Normally she hated being told what to do but when Jake gave her orders in that deep, throaty, arousing baritone, her body obeyed. She couldn't have stopped the violent orgasm if she tried. Before she could recover, he was thrusting inside her. Hard. Fast. Furious. Driving her back toward another orgasm.

“Look at me, Sarah. Look at me.”

Sarah stared into Jake's eyes, saw the pain of release in his eyes, and knew she was the reason. Her obedience had turned him into a hot, sexy lover. She wrapped her legs around him and squeezed him, holding him inside when she felt him spasm. The walls of her pussy pulsed around his shaft and she bucked, over and over, as she gave in to another orgasm, one that just kept coming.

By the time he collapsed onto her, she was gasping and crying. He pulled her onto her side to face him. His fingers were gentle and tender as he stroked her cheeks, his thumb capturing her tears. He moved one hand to her sore ass and soothed it.

“That was fantastic,” he said, his voice back to normal.

How had she ever thought this man to be dull and boring? She reached out and cupped the side of his face. “Best sex this side of the Rockies,” she agreed.

“Just this side of the Rockies?”

Sarah giggled. “How did you know I had an elevator fantasy?”

He grinned. “Doesn't everyone?” He trailed his finger over her breasts.

Sarah sighed then sobered. “This might not have been a good idea. We have to work together.”

Jake nodded. “That’s why I have rules.”

God, she could only imagine his other rules. His demand to be in charge had made her lose total control, something she’d never done. Sarah was always in control. She gave the orders, in the bedroom and out. “Well, let’s hear your rules,” she said. For sex like they’d just had, she might agree to anything!

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Jake smiled. “I think we have enough to work with for the moment.”

“Maybe so.” She reached up to draw him to her to kiss him. He stiffened. His eyes were dark, the amusement gone.

“Um, do I have to ask if I can kiss you?” she asked.

“No. You must wait until I tell you to kiss me.”

“What if I want to be in charge?”

He shook his head. “My...”

“Rules,” she finished, rolling her eyes.

“You agreed.”

His deep, commanding voice hummed through Sarah. God, she wanted him. Any way he wanted her, she was willing. Hell, she’d be his sex slave if he asked! Well, maybe not quite that far...

“Say it,” Jake commanded.

Staring into those intense eyes, Sarah licked her lips. “I agreed. You’re the boss.”

Jake got to his feet and pulled Sarah up. His eyes roamed over her naked, curvy, and very sexy body. “I think we need a break,” he said.

Sarah giggled. “That is an understatement. I think you might have fucked the life out of me. I’m orgasmed out!”

Jake grinned. “Is that a challenge?” He laughed when Sarah scooted out of his reach. He grabbed his shorts and put them on. Across from him, Sarah snatched up her bra and panties.

“I wouldn’t bother with those,” Jake said.

She arched one shapely brow. “Why not?”

Sarah, the very controlled and capable admin for his uncle’s company was back. “Because I’ll just have to take them off again.” He deliberately let his gaze roam over her body. He deepened his voice. “I plan on fucking you again, Sarah.”

She rolled her eyes. “Going for the best sex both sides of the Rockies?”

“Damn straight.” He released his ‘Dom’ voice.

To his pleasure and amazement Sarah tossed the sexy lingerie into the corner of the elevator and pulled on her skirt then her blouse.

“Leave it open,” he said.

Sarah’s green eyes narrowed.

He sighed then gave her his most persuasive smile. “Please? I want to look at you while we go over some of these reports. Might as well get some work done if we’re stuck here until maintenance arrives in the morning.”

Sarah shook her head. “You, Mr. Anders, are a sex fiend.”

“And you, Ms. Sweeney, are a fraud, hiding that hot little body of yours.”

As soon as each of them snapped open their briefcases, both returned to their boss/employee relationship, though Jake, for the first time in his life, had a hard time concentrating on facts and figures.

Sarah sat on the other side of the elevator, scribbling notes. She was back in admin mode but she didn't look like the efficient and controlled woman he'd worked with all week. Her blond hair framed her face and fell in a shiny sheet over her breasts. Damn, his own Lady Godiva. Maybe he'd make her ride him.

Sarah leaned to one side to pick up a stack of papers. One pert breast peaked out from her gaping blouse to taunt him. He grinned, his cock stirring, ready for round two. Or was it three. Sarah Sweeney was the sexiest woman he'd been with in a long time. Being rich, he was never short of good-looking woman with hot bodies but Sarah was different and he planned to explore all she had to offer.

He stared at the report but didn't bother to read it. His mind was focused on the puzzle of Sarah. What would Ms. Efficiency say if he told her that he was a Dom and that she'd just played the role of a submissive? Normally, he preferred a professional sub, someone who knew the game, the rules, and was less likely to form complicated attachments.

Sarah was not a sub. She was a strong, controlled woman, and having her relinquish that control had to be the greatest gift he'd ever been given. No denying that sex between them was better than good. He frowned. Something about Sarah had made this interlude special.

Her naivety amused and aroused him. He'd assumed she'd known he was a Dom the moment he'd ordered her to him but it hadn't taken him long to figure out she was totally vanilla.

That surprised him. He'd spotted her friend Lainey and the guy from sales at one of the BDSM clubs. Neither had seen him but he'd figured that Sarah knew about the Dom/sub role the two had going.

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So Jake had been gentle with her. He hadn't wanted to take the time to go into the rules, afraid he'd freak her out. It wasn't as if she could run like hell from him. Wonder if she'd agree to be his sub while he was here? She was the best fuck he'd had in a long time.

"Mr. Anders, may I ask you something?"

Startled out of his thoughts, Jake tossed the report he'd been unable to concentrate on to the floor and stretched his arms over his head. "I think we've moved past that formality Sarah. When we're not in the office, call me Jake."

Sarah nodded, all business. "You have a point Jake." She fingered her earlobe.

"What do you want to know, Sarah?" Jake asked. He had a good idea what was coming.

"What are you going to do about the company?" Sarah asked.

He leaned back. "I don't know."

Sarah pulled her knees to her chest, treating him to the sight of her pussy. "It's solid and there are a lot of good employees who are devoted and loyal."

"I agree. Unfortunately, the building is in disrepair. If I recommend keeping the business, we'll need to move to safer and updated quarters."

Sarah nodded. "I won't disagree, but financially that might put a strain on resources. I

understand this company falls under a family umbrella. Will they help?"

Jake shrugged. "Hard to tell."

Sarah wrinkled her nose. "If the company moves, I think I'll miss this elevator."

Jake laughed. "I think we can both agree on that. I wonder how many other encounters have taken place here." He'd heard about Lainey and Paul and their night in the elevator.

"Jake, I have a suggestion," Sarah said.

Jake watched her nervously finger her unadorned earlobe, her nervous tell. He had several suggestions himself and the first one involved getting Sarah naked again. His cock was definitely ready for another round. He inclined his head. "Go ahead."

She swung her legs to her side and leaned forward. "Recommend that I be appointed CEO." She blurted the suggestion.

No, Jake was not surprised. And from everything he'd seen, Sarah was qualified. She'd been his uncle's assistant for nearly five years and before that had worked her way to that top position. Since his uncle's death she'd managed the company competently and, as far as he could tell, had the trust and respect of the employees. "The board may want someone with more experience. If they don't sell," he said.

"Mr. Anders...Jake, I'm damn good at my job, and I know this company better than anyone they can find and appoint," Sarah countered.

Jake drew in a deep breath. He should tell her that it wasn't up to a faceless board. The business was his, and the decision to keep or sell was his and his alone. He frowned. He didn't want anyone to know. Not yet.

“We still have a lot of work to do before I can recommend anything,” he said.

Sarah leaned back, clearly disappointed. “You’ll keep me in mind?”

Jake smiled. “Yes.” She was very much in his mind and in his blood. When she shivered and wrapped her arms around herself Jake decided it was time to warm her up and he had the perfect way to get their blood moving.

Before he could order her to take off her clothes, she tipped her head to one side. “You know, I kind of liked what we did earlier.”

Her admission shocked the hell out of him. “All of it?”

She wrinkled her nose. “Well, the spanking part wasn’t too bad. Maybe I liked it a little.”

Her confession had his cock going rock hard. “Just a little?” he asked.

She shrugged. “I’ve never done that before.”

He chuckled. Yep, another round of fantastic sex was about to take place. He decided to probe her, learn what she’d liked and why so he could make their next session just as earth shattering as their first. “What else did you like?”

She chewed her lower lip. “I liked you telling me what to do. It felt good not to be in control.” She licked her lips as she met his gaze. “It was exciting.”

“Are you ready for me to fuck you until you’re screaming for release?” Damn, he wanted to shove his cock into her hot wet pussy and feel her orgasm pulsing around him.

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She shifted, embarrassed, and started gathering up the scattered reports. “I’ve never...”

The jerk of the elevator as it suddenly began its descent stopped whatever Sarah had been about to say.

Burning Attraction Book 2

“Shit!”

Sarah was off Jake in a flash. She fumbled with the buttons on her blouse and had just bent over to grab her panty hose, thong, and bra when the elevator stopped and the doors whooshed open.

Sarah whirled around then wished with all her might for the doors to swish shut when she saw her best friend Lainey, and Cory, her on-again-off-again boyfriend. Lainey’s gaze took in the scene and her jaw dropped.

“Sarah!” Cory rushed in and grabbed her by the arm. “Are you all right?”

“I’m fine.” Better than fine, except for being embarrassed! She couldn’t bear to look at Jake.

“I was so worried when you didn’t show up at the restaurant for dinner so I called Lainey...”

His voice trailed off. He was staring at her hand. “What the hell?” he said. He

grabbed the clothing out of her hand and stared in open-mouthed disbelief at her red and very wet thong. His face turned the same shade. He dropped it, glanced from her to Jake and back. He reached out and grabbed her shoulders, his fingers biting into her flesh. “What the fuck were you doing?”

Lainey’s lips twisted with humor. “I’d say you just nailed what they were doing, Cory. It’s a tad bit obvious.” Her eyes sparkled with amusement as she met Sarah’s mortified glance.

“How could you?” Cory shouted. “What the hell got into you?”

Sarah winced. “Cory...” Before she could tell him it was none of his business who she fucked, that they were currently in one of their ‘off’ cycles, Jake stepped between them.

“Take your hands off her,” he warned.

”You fucked my girlfriend.” Cory balled up his fist and slammed it into Jake’s face.

“Cory!” Horrified and furious, Sarah shoved Cory out of the elevator. “That’s my boss!” Shit, she was fired for sure now.

Jake strode past without a word, his steps loud as he made his way across the lobby and out the doors. Sarah wanted to run after him to see if he was okay but Cory grabbed her arm.

“You owe me an explanation,” he demanded. “We had a date.”

Sarah cringed as Cory’s voice turned whinny. She whirled around and jabbed a finger into his chest. “Like hell! I owe you nothing. We aren’t together anymore!”

Cory stumbled back and shoved his hands in his pockets, shoulders hunched. “You know perfectly well that I asked you to dinner to take you back.” He glared at her discarded clothing then kicked the garments at her.

Crossing her arms across her chest, Sarah glared at Cory. “I never asked to come back and I had no intention of going back to you. I made that perfectly clear.” Her voice was low, barely controlled. “Dinner was supposed to be friends enjoying a meal after a long work day, nothing more.”

She glanced at Lainey. “I assume you called maintenance?”

Lainey grimaced. “Yeah. Got here and found that the elevator was broken down. Figured you were stuck inside. Tried to call.”

Sarah nodded. “No cell service. Thanks Lainey.” Sarah grabbed her clothing and her briefcase and left the office building, ignoring the maintenance worker who was pretending that he wasn’t there.

Cory ran after her. “Come on, Sarah. You know I love you. We’ll talk at home.” He put his hand on her arm.

Sarah pulled away. “Go away, Cory.”

Lainey hurried forward. “I’ll ride with you, Sarah. I came in Cory’s car.”

“What about me?” Cory asked.

“Go home, Cory,” Sarah retorted.

In the car, Sarah buried her head in her hands. “Oh my god! He hit Jake. I’m doomed. I’m so fired!” Her job was all she had.

“I can’t believe you and Mr. Anders had sex in the elevator!” Lainey was practically squealing with excitement. “Couldn’t have been as good as my night with Paul. We were stuck all night!”

“Oh my god. I can’t believe I did that.” Sarah groaned.

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Lainey patted Sarah on the shoulders. “We’ll go get a drink and you can tell me all about it.”

Peeking at her friend between her fingers, Sarah saw humor and a good deal of anticipation in her friend Lainey’s eyes. “Nothing to tell,” Sarah said.

“You’re not going to tell me that you didn’t have sex with the best-looking man in the city?” Lainey asked.

Sarah rolled her eyes. “It was a bit obvious that we’d had sex.”

“OMG! Well, how was it? How was Mr. New York?” Lainey’s voice ended on a squeal.

Sarah dropped her hands and started her car. She grinned. “Best sex this side of the Rockies.” She’d deal with Cory later...or not...and Jake? Him as well.

“Drinks, Girlfriend. Then you are going to spill all the juicy details to your very best friend,” Lainey said.

Drinks were served at Sarah’s apartment so she could shower and change into her comfortable sweats. She curled up on the couch, her feet tucked beneath her and her hands cradling her glass of white wine.

“Well, don’t keep me in suspense. How was it?” Lainey asked.

Despite all that happened, Sarah grinned. “Good.”

Lainey frowned. “Just good?”

“All right, it was damn good. Best sex I’ve ever had, even if it was a bit strange.”

Lainey lifted her brows. “Don’t tell me our Mr. New York Accountant is into kinky stuff?”

Sarah took a sip of wine. “No, not kinky, at least I don’t think it was.” Just remembering how he’d ordered her to him made her hot inside.

“Spill it!”

“I think that was his job,” Sarah said with a wicked grin. She held up a hand, blocking the pillow that Lainey tossed.

“All right. It was strange because he kept ordering me around and telling me what to do or not do.” Sarah’s insides were melting at the memories of obeying his every command.

“Like what?” Lainey’s voice was breathless.

Sarah set her wine glass down. “Well, to start with, he ordered me to come to him.” She wrinkled her nose. “Like you’d tell your dog to come. He even pointed to a spot in front of him.” She didn’t add that she’d obeyed like a well-trained dog and had lapped up the entire encounter.

“OMG! Sarah! Did you do it?”

Shrugging, Sarah grinned. “Said it was the only way I was going to have sex with him. Jake made it crystal clear that we had to follow his rules.”

“OMG, Jake is a Dom! You had sex with a Dom!” Lainey went into a mock swoon. She fanned herself with a magazine from the end table.

Sarah rolled her eyes at her pal’s antics. “What’s a Dom?”

Giggling and laughing so hard that she had tears streaming down her face, Lainey gasped, “He’s a Dominant, and you were his submissive.”

Sarah’s eyes popped open. “What?”

“You know, BDSM,” Lainey said.

“No way! You mean he likes to tie people up or spank them...” Sarah felt herself turning red when she recalled the flat of his palm against her ass.

“He spanked you?” Lainey asked.

“Um, guess I wasn’t a good submissive?” Sarah said.

Lainey howled with laughter. The absurdity of it made Sarah giggle. Not only had she had elevator sex, the best sex this side of the Rockies, but she’d had kinky sex as well!

Sobering, Lainey leaned forward. “He didn’t hurt you, did he? Or make you do anything you didn’t want to do?”

Remembering all the things he’d done, the incredible orgasms she’d had, Sarah grinned. “No. I think I liked it.” Better than liked. Her body throbbed just remembering what he’d done and if she didn’t stop thinking about sex with Jake, she’d have to change her panties again. Damn, she was wet with lust.

“So how do you know what Jake is?” Sarah asked.

Lainey grinned. “Paul and I are into role playing.”

Sarah decided she didn’t want to know who played what role! “So tell me about Dominants and submissives,” she asked instead.

“Well, the Dom, that’s Jake, will expect you to be submissive whenever the two of you are alone...if you are going to see each other for, um, sex.”

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“You mean I have to obey him,” Sarah said.

“And if he expects it, you have to present yourself to him.”

“Huh?”

Lainey slid down to the floor and got onto her knees. She knelt there with her back and shoulders straight, head bent, hands behind her back.

Sarah groaned. “I was totally submissive!” She who liked to control everything around her, including when, where and how she had sex. “How could I do this?”

“You liked it.” Lainey curled her feet beneath her and leaned on the coffee table.

“Yeah, I did. It felt kind of nice not to be in charge for once,” Sarah admitted.

“And it wasn’t boring sex with Cory,” Lainey said shrewdly.

Sarah ignored that.

“You know I’m right. That’s why you two always break off. He’s boring,” Lainey said, pressing her point.

“Cory’s safe,” Sarah argued. Boring and dull, predictable and safe. Like her.

Glancing at her watch, Lainey stood. “I’d better get home. Gotta work in the morning.”

Sarah sighed. "I don't want to think about work. I'm either fired or Jake will recommend that the board sell or close. Either way, I'm out of a job for sure."

Sarah's cell phone rang. She glanced at it then sent the call to voice mail.

"Cory?" Lainey asked.

"Don't want to talk about him. Or to him," Sarah said. She walked her friend to the door.

Once she was alone, Sarah headed for her computer and, once on the internet, researched Dominants and submissives. She figured Jake was done with her but, just in case, she wanted to learn all she could.

"Ms. Sweeney, could you come here, please."

Here it comes. She was going to get fired for sure. She couldn't believe that Cory had given her boss a beautiful shiner. Everyone was talking and wondering what had happened to Mr. New York.

Sarah entered her boss's office and winced at Jake's face. "Mr. Anders, I am so sorry!"

"Close the door, Sarah."

Sarah, not Ms. Sweeney. Maybe he wasn't going to fire her! Of course, he needed her, at least until he had all the information he needed for that damn New York board. After shutting the door, Sarah turned.

"I don't blame you, Sarah." Jake stood and indicated the chairs and couch in the sunny corner of the office. "Let's sit."

Taking one of the leather chairs, Sarah smoothed her hands down her skirt. “I’m glad you don’t blame me, but still, Cory had no right to do what he did.”

Jake lifted a brow. “I’m not sure I blame him. I’d be upset if I found out my girlfriend was playing around.” His voice was cool.

Sarah narrowed her gaze. “If you want to know if Cory is my boyfriend, ask.” Her voice matched his.

Tapping his fingers on his knee, Jake lifted a brow. “Is he your boyfriend, Sarah?”

The lack of emotion in his voice made her frown and his piercing gaze made her feel like an errant employee caught napping on the job. The air of authority radiating from him was that of a CEO rather than a fancy accountant.

“My relationship with Cory isn’t any of your business any more than my relationship with you is any of his. But because of what he did, I feel you are entitled to an answer.”

Jake steepled his fingers in front of him. “Point taken.”

“Cory and I have been in a relationship on and off for years. Currently, we’re not involved and he had no right hitting you.”

“Yet he did,” Jake said.

“I don’t know what got into him.” Sarah wanted to groan and hide her face in shame. Her relationships with Cory were uneventful. Boring. Even making love was dull and uneventful. He’d never made her scream or beg. Sex with Cory was a walk in the park. Fucking Jake had been a wild roller coaster ride.

“Don’t you? I fucked his girl,” Jake said.

Sarah rolled her eyes. “I told you. I’m not his girl.”

Shrewd eyes held hers. “You had a date.”

“It was dinner, between friends,” Sarah said, though she had suspected that Cory wanted to pick up where they’d left off.

“You’re not that naive, Sarah.”

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“No. But I was hoping we could remain friends.”

“You won’t see him again,” Jake said.

Sarah arched her brows. “Excuse me?”

“You heard me.” Jake leaned back, his gaze holding hers.

Sarah narrowed her own gaze. “Yes, I heard. Since when do you have the right to dictate who I can see?”

“Since I’m the man who plans to give you the best sex on either side of the Rockies.” Jake’s eyes softened and he devoured her with a single, hot look.

Sarah’s insides turned to jelly. She’d never experienced anything like that wild time in the elevator. She frowned when she recalled what Lainey had said. “And you have rules, don’t you, Jake,” she said.

“You didn’t mind those rules, did you, Sarah?”

“No.” She crossed her legs, deliberately showing a lot of thigh. “Why didn’t you tell me that you’re a Dom?”

Jake grinned slowly. “You figured it out. I suppose Lainey clued you in.”

Sarah waited for his answer.

He shrugged. “Didn’t seem like there was time. And if we were stuck in that elevator all night, I didn’t want you to be scared of me. So I kept it light and easy.”

“I suppose that makes sense. Does that mean you’re into bondage and whips and making women kneel for hours and hours?” Sarah asked. She was shocked by some of the things she’d learned on the internet and knew there were things she would not do, no matter how incredible the sex.

Jake leaned forward, his hands dangling between his legs. “Sarah, what happens between a Dom and his sub is agreed upon beforehand. There are rules and lines and they’re not crossed. Most partnerships sign contracts. For some, it’s a simple act of getting together to role-play. Others prefer a full time relationship. It’s like any other relationship built on respect and trust.”

“What about you? Do you want a slave twenty-four-seven?” Sarah asked.

Jake shook his head. “No. I like strong women who know what they want. And that’s part of what I like, having a strong woman submit.” He smiled gently. “Like you.”

Sarah crossed her arms across her chest when Jake stood and came to stand in front of her. “This is not a good idea, Jake.” She knew without a doubt he wanted her. As much as she wanted him. “I have rules too. Like no office entanglements,” she said.

Jake pulled her up, his hands holding hers. “You said you liked it last night. Were you lying?”

Sarah felt her face flame. “You know I wasn’t.”

He chuckled. “Yeah, you were hot and wild. You have no idea how much you gave me. You were wonderful.” He brought her hand up and kissed her knuckles.

“It’s really not a good idea to do it again,” Sarah said.

Jake held her gaze. “Because of Cory?”

Sarah rolled her eyes. “No! He has nothing to do with this.”

“Then why?”

“You’re only here for a couple of weeks then you’ll go back and tell that damn board to sell or close us down. You can indulge in your games, but when you leave I have to get on with my life and probably a new job.”

“What if I tell you that I’m not going to recommend that they close the company?”
Jake said.

“What about selling?” she asked.

Jake shrugged. “That’s the owner’s decision.”

“And my job?”

“I can’t guarantee anything at this point. Except that I want you. I want to get to know the calm controlled woman who hides her passionate nature.”

“Maybe that was just a fluke. That wasn’t me.” Sarah said.

Jake laughed and tipped her head up with one finger. “Shall I kiss you and find out?”

God, Sarah wanted him to kiss her. She wanted to go up in flames. Damn, she wanted to beg Jake to fuck her right there.”

“What do you want, Sarah?” His voice deepened to a low, husky baritone.

“Oh my god, Jake, that voice. You could bottle it.”

“Be my sub, Sarah. Let me teach you. You can trust me. You can let yourself go and know you’ll be safe.” His lips hovered over her mouth.

She was tempted. She’d given in to his every command and he’d made it worthwhile to do so.

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“I won’t be a slave and no whips!”

Jake smiled slowly. “Go lock the door, Sarah.”

“Now? Someone might come.”

He grinned wolfishly. “That’s the plan.” He kissed her gently. “I left orders that we were not to be disturbed.” He pulled back.

Her mind might have had misgivings but not her body. She turned, hurried to the door and locked it, then returned to Jake. He was sitting on the edge of the couch. He beckoned.

Sarah went and stood in front of him. “Yes, Sir.”

He smiled. “Lay across my lap, Sarah.”

She wasn’t sure she wanted to get into spanking before she was thoroughly aroused but she draped herself over his knees.

“That’s good.” His hand slid up her thigh, up beneath her skirt and skimmed over her buttocks.

She felt the air slide across her flesh when he lifted her skirt.

“Oh Sarah! You are naughty.”

Sarah felt a bit silly for wearing another pair of thong underwear...black this time...with a black garter to hold up her hose. Her ass was completely bare to him and he was stroking and fondling.

“I guess I won’t spank you, though your ass is just begging for it.” His finger slipped down and into her wet pussy.

“You’re wet and hot for me, aren’t you?” he asked.

“Yes, Sir.” God was she. She squirmed when he slid two fingers in then out. But before she could get much more aroused, Jake lifted her up, standing himself.

“Then I will reward you. You want my cock in your pussy?” he asked.

“Yes, Sir. I want your cock in my pussy.” Sarah knew what he wanted to hear and was only too eager to comply.

Jake pulled out a condom from his wallet and, with her watching, freed himself and quickly put it on.

Sarah licked her lips. Watching him handle his dick made her jealous. She wanted to be the one touching him, sliding the condom slowly down his cock, stroking him firmly as she did so.

“On your hands and knees. Show me you want me to fuck you,” Jake commanded.

Sarah dropped to all fours, careful to widen the space between her knees. She had to pull her skirt up to her waist.

“You’re mine while I’m here, Sarah. No Cory. No one else. I don’t share.” He slid one hand beneath her to cup her wet pussy, his fingers sliding over her clit. His other

hand stroked her ass.

Sarah groaned then bit back a startled yelp when he nipped her on the ass.

“Do you agree, Sarah?”

“Yes,” Sarah whimpered. Her hips moved against his hand.

“I make the same promise. You’re mine but I’m yours as well.” He slid a finger deep into her.

Sarah wanted to scream but didn’t dare. Her heart thudded and her clit throbbed as he teased the hard nub.

“You’re a fast learner,” he said as he slid his hot and heavy cock inside her.

Sarah moaned and arched her buttocks up and back, taking him deep inside her. He moved slowly. In then out. Then slowly back in, his hands on her hips, controlling her every move.

“Tonight, I’m going to take you to dinner and after I’ll make you scream for me Sarah. Do you want to scream for me?”

“Yes. Yes, Sir. I want to scream for you.” Sarah had to bite down on her lips to keep from screaming right then. Each stroke brought her closer. His groan was music to her ears and when he began stroking his cock harder and faster inside her she nearly sobbed with relief for his release meant hers.

“Come with me, Sarah. Come now.” He plunged hard and fast, pulling her tight against him, one hand snaking down to rub her clit.

Sarah's orgasm gripped her. She couldn't stifle her scream. His hand, smelling of her, closed over her mouth as her pussy gripped his cock, drawing him in further, holding him to her as he shot his seed into her.

Breathing hard, she and Jake rolled onto the floor. "That was incredible," Sarah groaned, hoping she didn't do much damage to her hose or skirt. At this rate, she might have to bring spares to work!

Jake rolled on top of her and stared down at her. "You are an incredible woman, Sarah." He stood and helped her up. Once they were dressed, he tipped her chin up and kissed her thoroughly.

"I'll pick you up for dinner." Jake stepped back.

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“Just dinner?” she asked.

Jake smiled. “Dinner, dancing and maybe desert.”

“Are you ready?” Jake picked up Sarah’s overnight bag.

Sarah nodded. “Yes. You know we could stay here. We don’t have to go to the hotel.”

Jake let his eyes roam over Sarah. She was wearing a silky blue dress that hugged her curves and matched her sparkling eyes. The low neckline teased him with lots of creamy flesh. He reached out and traced the fabric, his finger sliding beneath the neckline. “I like the hotel. Room service means we don’t have to leave to go eat or stop to fix food.” Sarah’s place, while nice, was too domesticated.

“All right.” Sarah picked up her briefcase and purse and left her apartment with Jake following. He snagged her by the waist and bent his head to her ear. “Are you wearing panties?”

Sarah grinned. “You told me not to.”

Jake groaned. He might be the Dom but he had the feeling that it was Sarah, in her role as sub, who held the controls of their relationship. For the last two weeks they’d fallen into a satisfying routine. They kept their relationship strictly business during the work day...no more sex in his office...with dinner and a round or two of sex a couple nights a week. But the weekends were theirs. Dinner and dancing Friday night followed by desert that continued all day Sat and Sun, in between work sessions.

He reached into his pocket, pulled out a velvet case and handed it to her.

“What is it, Jake?”

“Open it,” he said.

Sarah opened the case and gasped. “Jake! I can’t take this!”

Jake pulled out the sapphire and diamond pendant. “You can. A good Dom rewards his sub.” He slid his hands around her neck and fastened the catch.

“Jake, you reward me every time we have sex.” Sarah reached up to finger the pendant then reached back to take it off.

“Don’t. I like the way it lays against your skin. Please accept it. It gives me great pleasure to do this.”

Sarah sighed. “No more gifts, Jake. Promise.”

Jake sighed. “For now.” He leaned down and kissed her, ran his hands over her ass then grinned. “We’d better go now before we have desert before dinner.”

Laughing, Sarah swatted his hand away. “You mean, desert again before dinner!”

An hour later they were seated in a candle-lit corner of the La Folie. “I can’t believe you got reservations here. It’s one of the best restaurants in San Francisco,” Sarah said, impressed.

“Guess I was lucky.”

Sarah frowned. “Jake, you don’t have to spend money on me. I’m happy with a diner

or take out or room service.”

Jake slid his arm around Sarah’s shoulders. “I have an expense account,” he said.

Sarah tipped her head back to look at him. “They must pay you really well.”

“Who?” Jake’s attention was on her mouth, remembering how she’d looked sucking his cock with those red lips before they’d showered and dressed for dinner out on the town.

She jabbed him in the ribs. “The Board of Directors.”

“Oh, yeah.” Sometimes he forgot that he was playing a role. Soon, he’d have to confess the truth to Sarah. He had all the information he needed and could return to New York anytime. But he didn’t want to leave. Not yet, even though his other businesses needed his attention.

“I’m good at what I do and am paid accordingly,” he said. That, at least, was the truth!

“And when you’re done here, what’s next?” she asked.

Jake shrugged. “There’s always a business that needs taking care of.”

Sarah tipped her head to the side. “I couldn’t do it.”

“Couldn’t do what?”

“Go from company to company, hotel to hotel.”

Jake shrugged. “You get used to it.”

“Not me.” She sighed. “I’m the type who needs roots. You know, this is the only company I’ve worked for since I graduated high school.”

Jake nodded. “You worked your way up. I read your file.”

Sarah nodded. “Joe Martinez gave me a chance. He insisted I go to college and get my degree. The company even paid for most of my college fees.”

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Jake nodded. He offered the same programs in his own businesses, something his uncle Joe had started. The old man had been right. It paid off in the end with well-trained and loyal employees. Again, Jake had to watch what he said. Sunday, he'd tell Sarah the truth. She was smart and business savvy. She'd understand why he'd kept his identity a secret.

He reached for her hand and kissed her palm. "You never wanted to see what else was out there?"

Sighing, Sarah shook her head. "No. I love my job, loved working for Mr. Joe. He was the father I never had," she said softly. She pulled her hand free and stared down at her hands.

"What is it, Sarah?"

Sarah didn't look at him. "This job is important to me, Jake. It's part of who and what I am."

Jake sighed. He understood what she was saying and longed to tell her that he'd decided to keep the business and that she wouldn't lose her job. She was right. She knew the company and the people better than anyone. But he didn't want to say anything until all the paperwork was done and the business officially his.

"I don't think you have to worry about your job, Sarah."

"Easy for you to say, but until I hear that from the owner or the board, I'll worry."

Jake slid his arm across her shoulders. “But not tonight. Tonight is for us. Dinner and dancing.”

“And desert,” Sarah added.

He chuckled and leaned down to kiss her. “Lots of desert.” He whispered a suggestion.

Sarah squirmed. “Jake! Is that even possible?”

Sarah lay face down on the bed completely satiated. Acting out Jake’s suggestion in the restaurant left her feeling like a puddle of jelly. She felt the mattress give when he got up. She groaned and pushed herself up.

“Stay,” Jake ordered.

His voice had her eagerly complying. “Not sure I could move if I wanted,” she said.

“Rules, Sarah.”

Smirking, her face buried in her pillow, Sarah complied. “Not sure I could move if I wanted, Sir!” she said. His reminding her of the rules had become part of the game.

A sharp smack to her buttocks made her squirm. “Insubordination needs to be punished Sarah. Do you want me to punish you?”

Sarah’s insides melted even more. His punishments produced the most incredible orgasms.

“Yes, Sir.”

She groaned when the flat of his palm stroked her ass. Expecting and waiting for the slap, Sarah frowned when something soft and light stroked across one cheek, then the other. It trailed up her back, following the line of her spine up then back down, all the way down between her ass cheeks. "Show me your sweet ass, Sarah. I love your ass," Jake said.

Sarah tucked her knees beneath her, presenting her ass to Jake. She squealed into her pillow when he spanked one cheek. Another round of teasing with what felt like a feather followed. Again, she wiggled her butt and received another stinging slap. Over and over, Jake alternated teasing and tickling her with spanking. Her ass burned and her clit throbbed. She groaned, waiting for him to plunge his cock into her.

"Turn over, Sarah and close your eyes," Jake ordered.

Sarah did as told.

"Hands over your head."

She laced her fingers together and waited. And waited. She frowned, tempted to break the rule of silence unless spoken too when something soft stroked across one taut nipple. The feather stroked and teased then moved to her face, tracing each of her features. The tip trailed along her jaw and down her throat.

"Do you like this, Sarah?"

"Yes, Sir. I like what you are doing." And she did. When the feather stroked her belly, she gasped, the tickling sensation turning quickly to desire.

"Spread your legs for me."

Sarah obeyed eagerly but nothing happened. Again, he was making her wait. She

shifted.

“No moving,” Jake commanded.

The wait seemed to last forever. Anticipation heightened every sense and when the tip of the feather stroked her thigh, traveling up, she bit back her cry. Over and over, he stroked her groin, never touching her pussy. Up one leg, down the other, up her inner thighs then back up her belly.

Air wafted over her pussy, hitting the juices spilling from her. She shuddered against the coldness.

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“You’re wet and ready for me, aren’t you, Sarah?”

“God yes,” she moaned.

The movement of air stopped.

“Yes, Sir. I’m ready. Please, fuck me now, Sir.” It was hard to keep her eyes closed. She wanted to see Jake’s face, see the desire she put there when she obeyed his rules.

His answer was to run the feather across her swollen clit and trace the opening of her lips.

“Do you trust me, Sarah?”

Sarah frowned. Every weekend he pushed her just a bit further, forcing her to explore her own sensuality by giving up a bit more control. “Yes. I trust you,” she said.

“Keep your eyes closed.”

Sarah felt the bed dip as he straddled her. He slid something over her head and across her eyes then reached for her hands. Something soft slid over her wrists. Startled, she realized he’d cuffed and blindfolded her.

“Jake!”

“What’s the safe word, Sarah?”

Sarah frowned. “Muggle,” she said. Jake had been amused when he found out that she watched the Harry Potter movies over and over.

“Use it if it becomes too much for you.”

Sarah felt his mouth move over hers. “Trust me, Sarah,” he said.

Sighing when he moved off her, off the bed, Sarah lay perfectly still. As before, nothing happened yet her senses were hyper-aware. She followed his path as he walked around the bed, heard a bag zip open. Then he was back.

“Bend your knees. Open for me.”

Sarah obeyed and felt his fingers parting her, opening her. His finger dipped into her then slid down and lingered on her anus. Stiff, unsure she was going to like what he planned, Sarah bit her lower lip. Something cold squirted onto her and Jake’s finger slid in. She jerked against the restraints.

“So tight. Relax Sarah.”

Sarah had ass sex once and didn’t like it. She was ready to use the safe word when something hard slid into her. It didn’t hurt and when Jake pulled her legs down, she realized he’d used some sort of butt plug.

Her body tightened around it, which made her clit throb even harder. The feather returned, stroked her breasts, then arrowed down to her clit. Sarah cried out, her legs squeezing together.

Jake spread her legs and Sarah felt him putting soft cuffs around each ankle. She bit her lips. Blinded and unable to move, she was truly helpless to whatever he planned. Her body and mind were on edge.

“Jake!”

A pinch to her nipple made her cry out.

Once again, she felt Jake climb on the bed. His hands skimmed up her trembling legs, slid over her thighs and stopped at the junction of her sex. A breath of air flowed over her, from her pussy, up the split of her lips and across her throbbing clit.

Jake parted her flesh and blew air up one side and down the other. Sarah pulled against her restraints and bucked. Each time her buttocks clenched, the feel of the butt plug sent tremors of need straight to her clit.

Separating her even more, Sarah felt Jake's warm breath on her clit and tried to lift her hips, inviting, no begging him to take her into his mouth. His hands held her still and then he began blowing rapidly on her clit.

Sarah moaned. Jake might as well have his finger on her, stroking her. She was going to come. She pulled and fought against all the restraints, including Jake in her desperate need.

“Not yet, Sarah. When I say.”

“God, Jake. Please,” she begged.

“Please what, Sarah?”

“Please, Sir. Let me come.” Her words were breathy whimpers.

“When my tongue touches your clit, you may come.”

Sarah waited and waited, fighting the urge as his finger slid into her and touched the

sensitive spot inside her. His breaths alone continued to stroke her clit. She squeezed her ass together and jerked her pussy up when he pulled his finger out.

Near breaking, afraid she was going to come, Sarah screamed when his tongue stroked the inside of her lips. She shook and trembled and waited for him to lick her clit but his tongue skipped over her and traced a path down to her pussy then back up between her parted lips.

Over and over, Jake teased her. His hands slid beneath her, lifting her ass off the bed. Sarah felt the orgasm building and knew she wasn't going to be able to stop it from consuming her. She tightened herself, drew in a deep breath, then felt Jake's tongue slide up and dance over her clit.

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Sarah screamed Jake's name. Jake's lips closed over her and he suckled, sending her over the edge. The orgasm went on forever, Jake's mouth swallowing every last shudder.

Breathing hard, sobbing with the sheer overwhelming awe of what he'd wrought from her, Sarah felt Jake removing her restraints then her blindfold. His eyes were pools of molten gold as he removed her butt plug and straddled her.

"What do you want now, Sarah?" The tip of his cock was poised at the entrance to her weeping pussy.

"I want your cock inside me."

"Like this?" He slid into her a stingy inch at a time.

"No! Hard and fast. Fuck me, Jake." Sarah couldn't believe she had another orgasm inside her after that last incredible one but her body was already throbbing and demanding more.

Jake bent over and claimed her mouth. "Hard and fast it is." His tongue thrust inside her mouth at the same time that his cock plunged inside to the hilt. Sarah wrapped her legs around his waist, felt the softness of his balls against her ass, and moaned.

Consumed by Jake's hard thrusts and demanding mouth, Sarah gave herself over to her Dom once more and felt her own power grow when he came with a cry that matched her own.

A knock at the door woke Sarah. She yawned. Thank god for room service. Maybe Jake was right. This was much better than staying in her apartment where her old coffee pot took forever. At Jake's groan she smiled, loving the fact that he was not a morning person. "Coffee's here and I'm so tired I could drink the entire pot," she said.

"I'll go let room service in," Jake said, sliding out of bed and shrugging into one of the hotel robes. He ran a hand through his hair. "I'll be right back." He leaned down and kissed her. "I can think of something better than coffee to get your blood going."

Sarah shook her head. "Jake Anders, you are insatiable."

Jake grinned. "And you, Sarah Sweeney, are irresistible."

When the knocking continued Jake sighed and hurried out of the bedroom. Sarah snuggled under the covers, anticipating his gentle loving. Mornings were always like that. None of the Dom and sub role-playing. Just two people who enjoyed each other.

Conversation from the other room reached her. It sounded like arguing. She frowned, got out of bed, shrugged into her own robe and opened the door. A smartly dressed woman in red stood in the middle of the room. She was model thin and TV star gorgeous.

"What's going on?" Sarah asked.

Jake waved her back. "Sarah, I'll handle this. Wait for me in the bedroom."

The woman gave Sarah the once over. "Oh, did I interrupt one of your little play sessions, Aaron?" The woman narrowed her eyes, her cherry-red lips hard.

"I'm Juliana. Aaron's fiancé."

Burning Attraction Book 3

Fiancé? What the hell? Then Sarah realized that the woman had called Jake Aaron. Sarah glanced from the woman to Jake.

“Aaron? Who is Aaron?”

But she knew. Her heart sank as she stared at Jake. Gone was easy going, sexy-as-hell Jake. The cool indifferent accountant was back. Except he wasn’t just any boring, dull accountant. He was Aaron Martinez. The new owner and Joe’s nephew.

“You’re Aaron Martinez!” Fury replaced shock. Sarah felt stupid for not suspecting what was now so obvious. So much made sense now. Like his generous expense account and the suite at one of the top hotels. No wonder he always seemed more like a man in charge instead of a hired underling.

Jake ran his hand through his hair and pulled free from Juliana. “I can explain, Sarah.”

“No need, Jake...Aaron. I get the picture.” Boy did she and she was a pathetic fool. Jake reached for her. She shoved him away.

“You’ve been using me and deceiving everyone in the company. Mr. Joe, your uncle, built that company on trust and loyalty and you abused both, you weasel. I was right. You have the heart of a gnat.” She whirled around, grabbed her clothes, and locked herself in the bathroom.

“Sarah! Let me in.”

Sarah ignored Jake’s demands that she come out and talk. Dressed, she stared at her pale features in the mirror. She shook her head and closed her eyes. “What a fool,”

she whispered. Not only was he the new owner, but he was engaged to a glamorous woman. She turned, braced herself for another confrontation with Jake, and left the bathroom.

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He wasn't in the bedroom. Good. She tossed her clothes and makeup into her overnight bag then stared at the bed, the faux-fur cuffs, and the large feather on the floor and wanted to cry. Last night had been the best sex she'd ever had and knew she'd never have sex that incredible again with anyone else. Taking a deep breath, she left the bedroom.

Jake was waiting for her. He was dressed. Juliana was settled on the couch and they were arguing.

"Sarah, we need to talk. You need to hear me out." Jake hurried over to her.

Sarah dropped her bag, and stood, toe to toe with him. She jabbed her finger into his chest. "No, Jake, Aaron, whoever you are, I don't have to do anything. I'm done." She stalked past him, grabbed her briefcase from the table where they'd worked last night in between rounds of sex. She pulled out reports and financials and tossed them onto the table along with her keys to the building.

"I quit."

"Sarah, you can't quit..."

"Just did." She stalked past him, opened the door and left.

Jake ran his hands through his hair. He had to go after her. She couldn't quit. He needed her, in the office, in his bed and in his life.

"Quite touching," Juliana drawled.

He whirled around. “What the hell are you doing here, Juliana?” He stared at the woman he’d known since childhood. As always, she was dressed to perfection: immaculate hair and makeup, and adorned with the right jewelry and accessories. He thought of the cheap, bad suits Sarah wore and found he preferred Sarah’s honest appearance.

Sarah was real. While she always dressed appropriately and was beautiful no matter what she wore, she didn’t have that false, untouchable look as though she’d walked off a page of a glamour mag.

Sarah was touchable whereas Juliana didn’t even like to kiss in public in case her hair got mussed or her lipstick smeared.

Juliana pouted. “That’s not any way to talk to your fiancé, Darling.”

“We’re not engaged. Remember? You’re the one who broke it off.” Jake thanked his lucky stars that she’d changed her mind right before his uncle had died. He wanted more than an empty-headed trophy wife.

“Jake, you know I didn’t mean those awful things I said to you. Then your uncle died and I thought to give you time to get things settled.”

“Things were settled between us before I left New York. We are not engaged and we are not going to ever get married.”

Juliana studied her nails. “I changed my mind. I want you back.”

Jake shrugged into his leather jacket. “I have not changed my mind. You need to leave.” He tried to imagine her in the elevator, giving herself over to him. The image didn’t come because Juliana was a cold fish in bed. She endured “the mess” as she’d once put it, because pleasing Jake in bed was her duty.

“You’ll come around, Darling. You always do.” Juliana said, standing and glancing around. “Why are you staying here when you have a suite at Hotel Nikko? This place is beneath you, Darling.” She grinned maliciously. “I’m guessing you didn’t want your little playmate to see just how rich you are by taking her to your other hotel.”

“None of your business, Juliana.” Jake frowned. She was right in that he hadn’t wanted Sarah to see his suite. Someone as astute as Sarah would have immediately guessed the truth so he’d booked a smaller, less opulent suite for when he and Sarah were together. “How did you know I was here?” he asked.

Juliana pulled out her phone and flashed it at him. “I used the find your phone feature. Wasn’t too hard to get the staff to tell me what your room number was. Too bad I interrupted your fun and games. But don’t worry. I forgive you.”

Jake pulled open the door. “Get out, Juliana and you can bet that I’m changing my password.”

“By the way, Jake. Your mother and I met right before I left to discuss wedding plans. She’s so happy we’re back together. You really don’t want to upset her. We’ll talk when you get back home,” Juliana said.

Furious with her for ruining his time with Sarah and manipulating his family into believing they were still engaged, Jake held out his hand. “My ring, Juliana.” He should have taken it back when he broke off the engagement but he hadn’t thought about it.

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Juliana looked as though she wanted to rake her blood-red nails down his face. He didn't say anything. Just waited. Finally, she yanked the ring off and dropped it on the ground before turning and walking out.

Jake shut the door with quiet finality behind her.

“What have I done?” If Sarah had a buck for every time she asked herself that question over the last three days, she'd be as rich as Jake Anders, no, Aaron Martinez. Curled up on her sofa, she rested her head on her knees.

“What am I going to do?”

She'd quit her job, a job she loved. She felt as though her heart had been ripped from her chest. Until Jake Anders entered her life she'd been happy and content. She achieved her goal of rising to the top position, not counting her boss's job as CEO. Jake's arrival had changed everything.

And not just her sex life! Though she had to admit, before Jake she'd had no sex life for a long time, by choice. Sex with Jake had been so incredible and wonderful that she doubted she'd ever find another partner who'd make her feel the way he did. She veered away from exploring why Jake affected her so differently than any other man.

Sarah stood and paced. A glance at the clock showed it was 2 p.m. Her mind went immediately to her work schedule and what she'd be doing. “Forget it.” She wasn't at work but damn, she wanted to be there.

She hated change. She liked things to stay the same. Safe. She glanced around her

apartment, pleased by the clean, uncluttered presentation. She'd had a nice safe life, both at home and work. Even Cory, though dull as dust, had been safe and no threat to her goals. She knew what to expect from him and he'd never asked more from her than she'd been prepared to give.

And that had been the problem between her and Cory. There'd been no spark, no excitement. Until Jake, she hadn't known that she even wanted or needed something else in her life.

Jake had changed her. Even her satisfaction with her job. With Mr. Joe gone Sarah didn't want to be someone else's assistant. She wanted the top spot. She wanted a nameplate that read: Sarah Sweeney, CEO.

"And people in hell want ice water. You blew it, Sarah. Big time."

The ringing of her phone startled her. She whipped around and stared at the table where the phone sat. She didn't answer it but allowed it go to voice mail instead.

"Dammit, Sarah, pick up the phone."

Jake again and this time, he sounded irritated. Good. "Go away, Jake," she muttered. "Not talking to you."

"You can't just quit, Ms. Sweeney."

Sarah gave a bark of laughter, grabbed a pillow from the couch, and held it tight. "Ha! I did just that, Mr. Anders. I quit. There. I said it again." Her voice was edged with tears.

"We need to talk, Sarah." Jake softened his voice.

“Nope, said everything there is to say.”

Jake’s voice went silent, and then he hung up. Sarah closed her eyes. How many calls did this make? Nine? She went back to the couch and picked up her cell phone. She stared at the dark screen and counted to three. On four, the screen lit up with an incoming call. Jake. She pressed the button and sent him to voice mail.

“Okay, Sarah, snap out of it. You quit. Can’t undo that so move on,” she told herself. She needed to find another job. A ding from her phone announced an incoming text message. She looked. Lainey.

You okay?

Sarah thumbed back. I’m fine.

Want me to call?

No. Need time.

K. Here for you.

Thx.

She set her phone down, went into her office and booted up her laptop. Best way to stop feeling sorry for herself was to be productive and that meant looking for another job.

Jake rode up the elevator to Sarah’s apartment. He didn’t blame her for being pissed. He’d hidden his true identity but his reasons for doing so were sound. And, he hadn’t lied exactly. Just omitted all the details. His degrees did include one in accounting, how could he know what was going on in his businesses if he didn’t understand the

numbers?

His uncle Joe had insisted he get his minor in accounting and he'd been right. Jake had already caught one employee embezzling. Had he not understood the books and numbers, he might never have known.

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The elevator stopped and the doors swooshed open. Jake strode down the long hall. Outside Sarah's door, he hesitated. Coming to explain to her why he'd kept the truth from her was only one reason he was there.

He ran his hands through his hair. The other? He missed her. And not just their dinners or the role-play of Dom and sub, though he had to admit, he'd never enjoyed another sub as much as he did Sarah.

She'd up the stakes and he knew, no matter how many clubs he went to, or how many professional subs he could have, there'd never be another like Sarah.

He sighed. Yeah, he missed their 'deserts' but more, he just plain missed being around her: talking business, arguing over numbers, and brainstorming ways to improve his uncle's business.

Sarah had a head for business and enough heart to care what happened to his uncle's company which gave her a distinct edge over himself or someone else who wasn't emotionally invested. Dammit, she belonged to the company, more than he'd ever belong.

She understood his uncle and shared the dead man's vision. Joe had been the mind and force behind the company's success but with him gone, Sarah was the heart and soul.

And if he was honest with himself, she was more than just a passing fancy or a temporary indulgence. She mattered. Afraid to explore why or how much, he put the thought away and knocked on the door.

Sarah peered through the peephole and swallowed her groan. Jake was staring at her through the hole as though he could see her. Her heart swelled with happiness and anticipation. Her mind quickly suppressed her desire. She backed away. Go away. She wasn't surprised to see him there. Only that he'd taken three days to show up.

Jake knocked again, louder. "I know you're home, Sarah. Open the door!"

Another peek. Sarah sighed. Jake was standing, feet spread, arms crossed, looking very determined in his million-dollar suit and silk tie. The man could have just come from a modeling shoot. Her heart wanted to let him in, her mind said no way.

"Sarah, I'm not leaving until we talk."

He lifted his hand. Before he could pound on her door a third time, Sarah yanked the door open. She drank in the sight of him then hardened her heart. "Go away, Jake. I don't want to talk to you!"

"Too bad." Jake narrowed his eyes. "We can either talk out here where everyone can listen or you can invite me in."

Sarah whirled around but didn't lead the way to her living room. She wasn't making him comfortable. "Fine. Say what you want to say then leave. Go back to your fiancé!" Sarah recalled Juliana's dressed-to-kill dress and kiss-me-senseless red lips and the possessive way she'd held on to Jake.

For a long moment, Sarah and Jake just stared at one another. "I'm not engaged, Sarah. She broke it off long before I left New York."

"Not what she said." Sarah wasn't sure which hurt the most: his deception or learning he was engaged.

Jake threw up his arms. “She changed her mind. I didn’t. There’s nothing more to say to that. She’s gone and she won’t be back. Ever. Satisfied?”

“Why didn’t you say so?” Sarah tried to keep the hurt from her voice.

Jake’s brows rose. “You thought I’ve been fucking her?”

“She said you were engaged. What was I supposed to think?”

“You could have answered my calls.” He paced in front of her.

Sarah drank in the sight of him. “You were calling about me returning to work. You never said anything about not being engaged.”

“Because Juliana doesn’t matter!”

Sarah stormed over to him. “You weasel.” She jabbed him in the chest. “She mattered to me, Jake.” Jab. “It mattered because you’ve been fucking me.” Jab-jab. For three days she’d imagined Jake and that woman sharing dinners and more.

He grinned. “You were jealous.”

“You jerk. You can go fuck her or anyone else you want.”

Jake grabbed Sarah’s hand, brought it to his lips, and kissed her pulse-point. “I’m sorry Sarah. I didn’t realize that you had no way of knowing what she said wasn’t true. She left right after you left and I haven’t seen her since. And don’t plan to.”

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The anger left Sarah. “I’m glad you didn’t fool around on her with me.” She tugged on her hand but Jake held firm.

“I wouldn’t do that, Sarah. I spoke the truth when I said that as long as we were together, it was exclusive.”

“Thank you.” She turned her back to him when he let her go. “You can go now.”

“Not yet.” Jake turned her gently. “I’m sorry, Sarah. I’m so sorry I didn’t tell you that Joe left the business to me. I never meant to hurt you or anyone else.”

Sarah shoved him away. “You lied. To everyone, Jake, but especially me. Part of me can see why you did what you did. But you could have told me. Trusted me. Instead, you let me believe that you were some fancy accountant sent by some faceless board. Mr. Joe built that company on honesty and hard work and you made a mockery of it...of him.”

Jake shook his head. “No. I just didn’t tell you the whole truth or present it in its full context. The board is interested in purchasing the business from me if I decide not to keep it.” He dug his hands into his pockets and rolled his shoulders.

“The board is made up of members of my family and they want to keep Joe’s business in the family...if it’s sound. And technically, I am an accountant,” Jake said, shrugging, “I’m that and more.”

“Yes, you’re the rich, billionaire owner, Jake. Or should I say, Aaron.”

“No, it’s Jake. Aaron Martinez was my father. I was named after him. He died young and my mother remarried.”

Sarah hugged herself. What he said made sense. She didn’t like it and was still angry that he couldn’t trust her. He could fuck her but not trust her. That rankled.

“That woman called you Aaron,” she said.

Jake shrugged. “Juliana and I went to school together, a stuffy, private school that insisted that I use my given name of Aaron.” He took a couple steps forward and lifted a hand to her face. “I miss you, Sarah. And not just at work. We’re good together. In the office and out.”

Jake rocked back on his heels. “Come back to work, Sarah.”

She stalked past him to open the door. “No. You’ve explained yourself, now go away.”

Jake snagged her by the upper arm. “Sarah, the company needs you. I need you.”

God, Sarah missed this man and wanted him with desperateness that scared her. She drank in the sight of him, committing every detail to memory from the color and shape of his eyes to the tiny scar above one eyebrow. He was becoming too important to her and he was definitely out of her league.

“We don’t always get what we want,” Sarah said. She wanted Jake but she wanted more than he could give her, more than what she’d wanted before he’d come. She could be grateful to him for showing her that she could be more, but falling in love with him was stupid and pointless because Mr. New York would return to his city and his life.

Jake's studied her. "Is there anything I can say to change your mind?"

Sarah's heart shriveled. He wasn't even going to try to change her mind. "No."

"Then I'll just have to show you," Jake said.

He grabbed her purse and keys from the table beside the door, pulled her out into the hall, and shut the door behind them.

"Let me go, Jake!"

Sarah didn't struggle. She wouldn't give him the satisfaction of knowing how close to tears she was.

"You're coming with me," he said.

Twenty minutes later, they pulled up in front of one of the most expensive hotels in San Francisco. Sarah's door was open by the valet staff. She got out and eyed the line of cabs. She should walk away and grab a cab home but Jake was right there, his hand under her elbow.

"This is a waste of time, Jake. I'm not coming back. To you or the company."

"Well, then, it's my time to waste." He stared down at her. "And as you have no job, you can spare the time."

Sarah was of two minds. She wanted both Jake and her job yet she needed to protect what she'd worked so hard to have: control over her life.

He slid a card into a slot in the elevator and the doors slid open.

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Sarah nearly gasped at the bright lights. Above her head a gleaming glass ceiling looked as though stars were shining down on her. The three sides of polished glass reflected both her and Jake's reflections. It was a far cry from the old and decrepit elevator where she'd had some of the best sex ever. She deliberately forced her mind not to think of that first incredible encounter. There was no doubt that this elevator was in top working condition and would not break down!

When it stopped, Sarah glanced up to see that they were on the 30th floor. She waited for the doors to open.

"They won't open until I press the button, Sarah."

Sarah frowned. "Excuse me?"

Jake shrugged. "If you won't listen to reason, then you leave me no choice but to show you that we belong together."

"We can't keep the elevator up here, Jake. Others will want to use it."

He smirked. "The thing about being rich, Sarah, is money buys me just about whatever I want. This elevator is out of order until we release it."

Knowing he meant to prove his point with sex, Sarah shoved past him. "Then I'll open the damn doors myself."

Jake whirled her around so she faced the back wall. He stood behind her, a head taller. "Look me in the eye and tell me that you don't want me."

Sarah clamped her lips together, her gaze locked with his in the mirrored surface.

Jake rested his hands on her shoulders, pulling her back against him. “Tell me you don’t want to be my submissive.”

Again, Sarah kept silent.

“Tell me you don’t want me to kiss you.” He bent his head and kissed her just beneath the ear.

Sarah shuddered involuntarily.

“Tell me you don’t want to get down on your knees and wait for me to tell you what to do.” His hands slid down her shoulders and his knees nudged hers from behind. He slid to the ground with her, both on their knees.

“Tell me you don’t want to undress and tease me by touching yourself and making my cock hard. Tell me that your panties aren’t wet just thinking about me fucking you right here and now.”

Sarah closed her eyes and bit her lip. Jake dropped his hands from her body, leaving her feeling cold and alone. Her body ached to do everything he’d just said. She wanted to do all those things and so much more. The silence grew.

Finally, she met his gaze.

“Tell me.” Jake’s voice was soft, almost a plea.

“Okay. Fine. I liked what we had, what we did,” she cried out. Tears fell down her cheeks. The pain and hurt rose to the surface. She’d hated spending those three nights thinking of him and Juliana, of Juliana doing all those things Jake asked of her.

“Did you sleep with her, Jake? After I left, did you fuck her?”

Jake shook his head slowly side to side. “The only one I want to fuck is you, Sarah.” He slid his hands across her shoulders and up her neck and beneath her long, blond hair. “She was never one of my subs. Before you, I went to clubs and only used professionals.”

Sarah’s shoulders sagged. “God help me, I can’t say no to you, Jake. No one has ever made me feel the way you make me feel.” Damn, she was falling in love. At the moment, she didn’t care. She needed this man in a primal way, as well as emotionally. For better or worse, she would take whatever he offered, for however long he offered it.

“What do you want, Sarah?” Jake asked.

“I want you to fuck me, Jake. Right here, right now.”

He smiled. “What else?”

“I want to watch what you do to me.” She licked her lips. She was wet just thinking of watching Jake drive her past her breaking point.

Jake sighed and pulled her hard against him. His voice slid into the low, throaty baritone she loved.

“Rules, Sarah.”

Sarah couldn’t help the small, shaky giggle.

“I want to watch what you do to me, Sir,” she responded, giving him permission to proceed.

“Better. You’re a good student and I like to reward good behavior. Take off your sweatshirt.”

Sarah just then realized she was in an exclusive hotel, with a man who was rich enough that he’d commandeered an elevator, and she was wearing her old, ratty sweats. “Oh my god! I look awful!” Her eyes were wide with horror.

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Jake pinched her ass, reminding her of their roles.

Swallowing, Sarah pulled her sweatshirt over her head. She hadn't even put on a bra.

Jake's gaze feasted on her breasts reflected in the mirror. "I like that you're not wearing a bra. Touch your breasts, Sarah," he ordered.

Sarah touched her nipples then slid her hands under her breasts, holding them out, presenting them to Jake. Behind her, he groaned, then slid his arms around her, taking her breasts in his hands.

He rolled her nipples and gently squeezed and kneaded each breast. His hands slid down her bare belly. He stood, pulling her up, keeping her in front of him.

"Now your pants."

Sarah kicked off her slippers. Slippers not shoes. She slid her pants down and had to bend forward to take them off. Jake didn't shift, allowing her ass to brush against his hard cock when she bent over.

His palms cupped her ass and when she stood back up his fingers dipped into the waistband of her panties. She wasn't wearing a thong but her panties were lacy and very brief. And red. Sarah saw the heat in his eyes and felt him growing harder behind her.

He shifted, kneeling behind her as he slowly drew her panties down, his fingers skimming over her hips, then her thighs and across the back of her knees. Sarah's

legs nearly gave out when his lips followed, planting a kiss in the center of each buttock, each thigh and behind each knee.

“Beautiful, Sarah. My Sarah.” He stood.

Sarah kept her shoulders squared, gaze fixed on his through the mirror.

“Open for me,” he ordered.

Sarah spread her legs apart. Jake cupped her ass with one hand, the other rested on her mound. Sarah shuddered when one, long, finger rested at the opening to her pussy. All she had to do was tilt her hips up to feel him inside her but she didn’t. The joy for her came from letting him take the lead and make the decisions.

“Are you wet for me?”

“I’m wet, Sir and ready.” Ready for whatever heights he’d take her to.

“Hmm, I’ll decide when you’re ready. Do you agree?”

“Yes, Sir.” Anything you want. Sarah moaned and closed her eyes when he traced her moist opening, making small circles, the pad of his finger teasing but never entering her.

“Keep your eyes open,” Jake ordered.

Sarah watched Jake through the mirrors. He turned their bodies so they faced one side of the elevator and bent her over, placing her hands on the bar. She turned her head to the side so she could see them, see him behind her, all of him, not just his face.

He smiled, his eyes hot and his lips full and soft. “I’m going to fuck you like this so

you can watch.”

Sarah moaned and watched his hand squeeze, stroke and cup her ass. “Open for me. More, Sarah,” Jake commanded.

She spread her feet further apart. Staring at her reflection, seeing her ass tipped up and her body open, ready and offering herself fully for Jake was incredible arousing.

He leaned over her, fully dressed. He dipped two fingers into her and his other hand slipped up to fondle her dangling breasts. His fingers played with her hard nipples.

Oh god. She pushed herself onto the fingers teasing her pussy. “Please Jake.”

He nipped her on the shoulder.

“Please, Sir. Please fuck me.” Sarah bit back her scream of frustration when Jake kept evading her every attempt to take his fingers fully into her.

“You’re going to come for me Sarah and when you do, I want you to scream my name.” He slid two fingers into her hard and fast. His other hand slid down her belly and held her.

Gasping, Sarah bucked against his hand, feeling his hard cock pressed against her ass. She stared in the mirror, seeing her naked body covered by his fully clothed body.

He was perfectly controlled. She was trembling and arching against him, her eyes wide and wild, her mouth open, ready to beg, eager to scream his name.

“Answer me, Sarah. Will you scream my name if I let you come?”

“Yes,” she gasped. “Yes, Sir,” she repeated, her voice rising when his fingers found

her sensitive G-spot and pressed hard. “Jake!”

“Not yet. I want you wild and wanting me, Sarah.” His clever fingers found and coaxed her clit until she was hard, throbbing, and desperate.

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Her buttocks clenched with every stroke of his fingers.

“Watch, Sarah, see what I see.”

Sarah found it hard to obey, harder still to watch a woman she didn’t recognize in the mirror. That wild, needy woman couldn’t be her, yet it was. She was on fire and on edge, ready to give in, but knew she had to wait. Had to wait until Jake gave permission. She wanted her reward more than fast satisfaction and her reward would be a soul-shattering orgasm.

“Are you ready?” His finger on her clit paused.

Sarah cried out and bucked against his hand. “Yes, Sir. Yes, Jake. Please Jake.”

“Are you going to scream?”

His fingers resumed stroking and teasing her clit. She groaned. If he didn’t give her permission now, she was going to lose control. “Yes,” she screamed.

In the mirror, Jake’s eyes were dark pools of gold. He held her gaze. “Now Sarah. Come now.”

Sarah let him push her over the edge and screamed his name. Before the last tremor left her body, Jake had freed his cock. He quickly sheathed himself. “Take me, Sarah, take me deep,” he cried.

Sarah held on to the bar and pushed herself back at the same time that Jake thrust his

hips forward. She cried out when his cock slammed deep into her.

“Watch, Sarah.”

Sarah couldn't have torn her eyes away had she wanted to. She watched Jake pull all the way out. Her juices coated his cock. His hands spread her ass cheeks and he thrust back into her, hard and quick. Her hips bucked, the walls of her pussy tightened around him but over and over he pulled out and, with them both watching, plunged back inside.

“You are so tight, so wet, and so hot, Sarah.” Jake began stroking his cock inside her, his pace quickening.

“Tell me you want me to come, Sarah.”

Sarah watched his face, saw the pain etched around his mouth as he struggled to hold onto his control. “I want you to come, Sir.”

“With me, Sarah. Together.”

“Yes...” She broke off when he touched her clit, circling his finger, keeping the same pace as his cock.

Sarah whimpered and, when he gave the order, she let the orgasm take her. She was still shuddering and trembling when Jake turned her, pulled her up into his arms and back down onto his cock.

He jabbed a button on the elevator then stepped out into a plush entryway.

Holding on to Jake, her head resting on his shoulder, Sarah cried out, “My clothes!”

“Elevator’s not going anywhere.” Jake shouldered a door open. “I want you in bed. My bed.” He strolled through a large living area and through a set of double doors. He set her down on a huge bed then stepped back and undressed.

Sarah had eyes only for Jake and when he climbed on top of her, she sighed. “What do you want me to do, Jake?”

Jake smiled. “Let me love you. No roles. Just you. Me. And this.” He parted her legs and slid into her, then covered her body with his.

Sarah ran her fingers through his hair and sighed when he kissed her. Her body throbbed around his cock but he didn’t move. Instead, he took his time exploring her mouth, his tongue dipping in and out.

“Tell me you want me, Sarah. Tell me you want this.” He slid out then slowly reentered.

“I want you, Jake. I want this.” She arched her hips up, letting him know she was ready and eager.

Jake rose above her. “Together, Sarah. Together, again.”

Sarah gripped his forearms when he suddenly quickened the pace, each thrust going in deep and hard. Her hips rose to meet his, taking his cock as deep inside as she could.

Sarah felt his desperate control, knew he was on the verge of coming. “Jake!”

Her cry snapped his last thread of control. His hips pumped hard and fast.

“Sarah!” He bent his head, his lips closing over one taut nipple.

Arching her back, Sarah met each thrust, her body tightening around him, seeking to hold him inside.

Jake's mouth closed over hers. "Now," he groaned. "Now, Sarah!"

"Yes, Jake. Yes!" And Sarah screamed his name.

Sarah woke in Jake's arms. A glance out the window showed that it was still light. Jake's deep, even breathing told her he was sleeping soundly. If his nights had been as restless and sleepless as hers had been, she couldn't blame him. She should get up and leave but couldn't. She wanted this time with Jake.

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What have you done? She drew in a deep breath of Jake's scent and knew her time with this incredible man would come at a high price.

Jake's arms tightened around her and he kissed her temple. "You're thinking too loud," he complained.

Sarah smiled. She loved how he woke on the grumpy side, even from a short nap.

He brushed the hair from her face, his palm cupping the side of her face as he shifted so he could stare down at her. "You are the most incredible woman I've ever known Sarah."

Sarah's heart sang at his words but her mind urged her to keep things light. "You're just saying that, Mr. Anders."

Jake chuckled. "Yes, I am saying exactly that, Ms. Sweeney." He kissed her gently. "Join me for dinner. We'll go wherever you want."

Sarah stared up into those golden eyes that melted her heart. She wanted nothing more than to stay with him right where they were but for her own sanity, she shook her head. "No. I need to go home now, Jake."

"Is it your clothes? We can swing by your apartment and you can dress up or we can just order room service. Whatever you want. And maybe this weekend we can take my jet and do breakfast in Paris."

"What I want is to go back to my place. Alone."

Jake frowned. “You’re still mad.”

Sarah touched his jaw, ran her finger along the strong lines. “No. Not really.” She was heart-sore. “I need time, Jake. I want to be alone for the rest of the evening.”

“All right. Will you come back to the office? I need you.”

“You have everything you need. We’ve finished going over the business. You don’t need me.”

“Not true. I need you, Sarah.” He cupped her face between his hands. “I love you, Sarah. Please say you’ll come back. To me and to the job.”

Of all the things he could have said, that was the last thing Sarah expected. She thought her heart just might shatter. Hours ago she’d have given anything to hear Jake utter those wonderful words. But they weren’t real, any more than her silly dream of hearing him speak them had been.

“Don’t say that, Jake.” She shoved him away and sat, pulling the sheet up to cover her breasts.

“It’s true.” Jake sat, facing her.

“No, it isn’t. Jake, you don’t know me and I don’t know you. All we have is...sex. We’ve had fantastic sex. That’s all.” Sarah knew she was telling herself this, as much as telling Jake. But it didn’t matter that she practically knew nothing about Jake. She loved him. She covered her mouth to stifle her cry.

She trusted him implicitly when it came to her body and the pleasure he gave her. But her heart and mind? She wouldn’t give him control over those parts of her. She was just a passing whim. Of that, she was sure. He was better suited to the Julianas of the

world.

“It’s more than sex, Sarah.”

Jake tried to take her hands in his but Sarah hugged herself and shook her head sadly. “No, Jake. You come from a different world. I wear bad suits and you wear suits that cost more than I pay for a month’s rent. You’ll return to New York and I’ll stay here and live my simple, boring life.”

“You can come with me.”

“That just proves how little you know of me. I don’t want to go to New York or hop over to Paris for breakfast. I fix a scrambled egg and burnt toast for breakfast every morning and I don’t burn the toast on purpose.” That in her mind said it all. He had the perfect life. Free to go where he wanted, do what he wanted, and be what he wanted. And at some point, he’d do just that.

“Sarah, we have time to get to know one another. This is just the beginning. This is just part of who we are when we are together,” Jake said.

Sarah sighed. “I’ll continue as your partner in bed. I’m too weak to deny myself what we do have. I won’t hold you to it though, and I won’t believe in forever. Let’s just take it a day at a time.”

“You think because I’m rich, I’ll leave.” Jake reached out and tipped her chin up, forcing her to meet his gaze. “I didn’t want to say anything until all the paperwork was in place but I’m keeping the company. You won’t lose your job. No one will lose their jobs and I’m not leaving.”

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Sarah sighed. "I'm glad, Jake. Your uncle would be pleased." She was happy and relieved that the people she worked with would be keeping their jobs.

"That's not all, Sarah. I want you to continue. As assistant to me. I'm going to stay...I'll have to travel, but I'm going to make San Francisco my home base. So will you come back?"

A week ago, Sarah would have been relieved to know she still had a job. But now? She shook her head. "I'm sorry, Jake, I'm not coming back."

Jake frowned. "Why Sarah? You love that company and you're damn good at your job."

Sarah couldn't tell him that couldn't bear to work with him every day knowing there would never be more to their relationship than boss/employee or Dom/sub. She needed to be his equal in some part of her life. That meant working away from Jake, not beneath him.

But he loves you.

Even if he truly did love her, as she loved him, she wanted and needed more for herself. She didn't want to come back to her old job. "I need to branch out. Leave the nest," she said.

Jake stood, gloriously naked. He ran his hand through his hair. "Bullshit. You're leaving because of me."

“No, not totally. I’ve never known anything else. If I stay, I never will. I’ll never be more than I am.”

She slid out of bed. “I know I’ve left you in a tight spot. I’ll come back, just to train my replacement.” With a heavy heart, Sarah walked out of the bedroom and into the elevator to gather her clothes and her tattered heart.

Burning Attraction Book 4

As promised, Sarah returned to work only to find that Jake had left for New York to take care of business. He’d left her with instructions to train her replacement, suggesting Lainey Caster, her own assistant.

She glanced at his closed door. After being gone nearly three weeks, he’d returned two days ago. Her heart ached. She wanted to see him, talk to him and, damn it, she wanted dinner, desert and her Dom. But whenever he needed something, he called in Lainey. As he should.

Still it hurt that he’d not made any effort to engage her beyond polite nods and greetings. For three weeks, she’d waited for him to call or text but not a word. Just impersonal emails regarding the company. It was as though he’d wiped her and what they’d had from his mind. Which meant you were right, he didn’t love you and he’d obviously changed his mind.

Her heart ached. It was better this way and in five days she’d never see him again.

“Sarah, are you sure you want me to take this promotion?” Lainey asked, setting a folder down on Sarah’s desk.

Sarah glanced up at her friend. “You’ll be great, Lainey. You were my assistant so you know most of what I did already. You deserve this promotion.”

Lainey looked uncertain. “I’m grateful Sarah, but I’m not you. This is your job.”

Sarah shook her head. “I made my decision and I don’t have any regrets.” Well, maybe a few but what was done, was done. She had five days left on the job. Jake had insisted on her giving him a month.

“You okay, Sarah?” Lainey asked.

Smiling bravely, Sarah nodded.

“Liar.”

Sarah shrugged. “I’ll be fine.”

“He’s a fool,” Lainey said softly.

So was she. Sarah turned her attention back to the report she was working on. Maybe she should go in there and tell him that Lainey was ready to take over. She wasn’t really needed and being this close to him was sheer torture.

As though he knew she was thinking about him, Jake came out of his office. “Ms. Sweeney, I need you to accompany me to the new building.”

Sarah drank in the sight of him in one of his tailored suits paired with a rich shirt the color of caramel that softened his eyes and brought out the lighter shades in his hair. She frowned. “Ms. Caster should go with you, Mr. Anders.”

Jake lifted a brow. “Telling me how to do my job, Ms. Sweeney?”

Sarah narrowed her eyes at Jake. He was all business and every inch the billionaire owner. She grabbed her purse and briefcase and stood. If that was the way he wanted

to play it, fine! “No, Sir. I would never presume to tell you how to do your job.”

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His eyes went to molten gold at her haughty tone of voice. Sarah wanted to groan. She wanted Jake the way a man in the desert desperately needs water. She was damn close to going down on her knees to beg him to take her back.

After another long moment, Jake turned. "Let's go."

Hell.

Sarah was curious about the new building. She'd driven past it, noted that it was located in a better area, but hadn't been brave enough to go inside. It wouldn't be her office building. In less than a week she'd no longer have any reason to step through those doors. She should outright refuse to go, should tell Jake she was done. She desperately needed to cut the emotional ties.

But she was a lovesick fool who wanted to be with him. Even if it caused more pain in the end. She followed him out of her office and past Lainey's desk. Behind Jake's back Lainey was fanning herself. Sarah rolled her eyes then hurried to catch up with Jake who remained coldly silent.

Two could play that game. The ride down the elevator and across the lobby was made in silence. Outside, a limo waited. Jake slid in beside her, loosened his tie, and then turned to study her.

"You're looking tired, Sarah."

Surprised by the personal comment, the first he'd made since he'd returned, Sarah shrugged. "I'm fine."

“Liar. Did you miss me?”

Caught off guard by his sudden attention, Sarah gripped her fingers in her lap, sitting tall and stiff, her gaze fixed on the back of the chauffeur’s head. “I see you every day, Mr. Anders...when you’re not in New York.”

Jake turned her head with a finger to her chin. He was smiling, his first true smile since she’d left him at the hotel. “Jake. We’re alone,” he said.

Sarah closed her heart to the pain the familiar banter brought. “You didn’t call.”

“No. You wanted time. I gave it to you.”

“I asked for one night. Not three weeks.” She turned her head to stare outside, unable to look at him, afraid he’d see just how much she loved him and wanted him. But she wanted forever and she wanted equal status. Not a boss and employee relationship or just a Dom and sub relationship. She wanted a true partnership.

“I need you to be sure, Sarah.”

“Sure of what?” Hurt and anger shattered her control. “I don’t know what we have, Jake. I don’t know what you want? Is it sex a few times a week? Weekends?”

“I’m sorry I didn’t call. I had things to arrange.”

She shrugged. “Your business. I’m not your keeper.” He still hadn’t answered what he wanted and she was too much of a coward to press.

“Have you found a job yet?”

“No.” Truthfully, she hadn’t even looked.

“Have you looked?” His voice was easy conversational as though they were the best of friends.

“None of your business, Jake.” What game was he playing? He was up to something because Jake didn’t do anything without a reason.

“How’s Cory?”

Sarah whipped her head around. Jake touched his cheek. The bruise was gone. He looked amused.

“What the hell are you doing, Jake?” She didn’t want to think about Cory or why the man had given Jake a black eye. She didn’t want to remember that first wonderful and exciting encounter in the elevator and her introduction to the world of Doms and subs.

Jake lifted a brow. “Making conversation. Getting to know you. Didn’t you say we didn’t know one another?”

Sarah’s jaw dropped and her head spun with confusion. “That was before!”

“Before what, Sarah?”

“Before you dropped off the face of the earth. Before you left me without a word.” Shaking her head, Sarah hardened her voice. “Jake...”

“What’s your favorite color?”

The interruption made her want to kick him. “Blue.” She touched the diamond and blue sapphire pendant beneath her blouse. She hadn’t been able to make herself give it back. “Listen...”

“Favorite food.”

“Stop it,” Sarah cried out. She’d accepted that things between them were over and that her life would be back to dull and uninspiring. Just her and her goldfish. Wouldn’t he find it amusing if he knew she’d been so lonely that she’d gone out and bought a couple of fish?

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“Just making conversation, Sarah. Answer the question.”

She did so automatically. “Italian,” she said with a sigh, leaning back in resignation.

“Do you have brothers or sisters?”

“No.”

“Want me to kiss you?”

“Yes.” Once again Sarah’s gaze shot to his. Jake was close, very close. “No!”

“Too late. You said yes.” Jake leaned forward, grasped her chin, and kissed her gently.

“Jake. Don’t do this.” Sarah closed her eyes, fighting back tears.

“I have no choice, my sweet Sarah. I can’t lose you.” Jake pulled back, his eyes warm and gentle. “I’ve missed you Sarah.”

“You have a funny way of showing it. You’ve been back two days Jake and you haven’t made any effort to talk to me or...or anything.”

“I’ve wanted to come to you every night.”

Sarah’s heart was thudding painfully. “But you didn’t.”

“No. I had things to finish first.”

The car slid to a stop. Jake straightened. “I want to show you something, Sarah. Will you come with me?”

“I’m here, aren’t I?” She tried for prim and in control even though she was feeling far from being in control. She stepped out of the limo. They were parked in the loading zone in front of the new office building.

Jake led her into the empty lobby. The first thing she noticed was the smell of fresh paint. Workmen, ladders, and tarps were everywhere. The air was filled with the sounds of hammering and the buzz of drills.

A man in a hard hat hurried toward them. “Mr. Anders. Good to see you.”

Jake made the introductions. Sarah shook the man’s hand.

“Is everything ready?” Jake asked.

“Yes, Sir. We’re getting ready to head out. Shall I lock up?”

“Yes. We’ll be upstairs, going over plans for a while yet.”

The man nodded and turned, yelling for his workers to finish up.

Jake lead Sarah across the lobby and down a short corridor to an elevator. She frowned. “Twenty floors? We can’t use all this space.”

“No. I bought it because it’s in a better location and it was empty which allowed me to gut it inside and redo it the way I want. I plan to lease half the building.”

He stepped in. Sarah hesitated. Every elevator she got into with Jake led to sex.

“Afraid?” He looked amused.

Tipping her chin, Sarah stepped inside. They stared at each other then Jake hit the button for floor twenty.

Sarah’s nerves were stretched taut. She wanted Jake, needed him. His attitude in the limo had hope singing through her veins.

“Sarah.”

Her heart hammered at the sound of his voice, the deep timbre that set the ends of her nerves tingling. She stared at him, remembered the first time he’d spoken to her in that sensual tone and looked at her through eyes glittering with desire.

“Do you want me to stop the elevator?” he asked.

Yes, her mind and body screamed. No, her heart said. Protect yourself.

The lift passed the tenth floor, the eleventh floor, the twelfth floor. The seconds ticked by. Floor sixteen. Stop the elevator. The words wouldn’t leave her mouth.

“Decide now.”

“Yes!”

Jake hit the emergency stop and the elevator came to a halt. Sarah wanted to fall to the floor and weep. She wanted this time, these last few hours or days with Jake. Whatever he offered, she’d take.

Jake stood in front of her. “What do you want, Sarah?”

Tears streamed down her face. “Dammit, Jake you know what I want.”

“Then tell me.” He framed her face in his hands. “Tell me that you want me, that you can’t sleep, or even think. Because that’s me without you, Sarah.”

“Oh god, I want you, Jake. I want you,” she sobbed.

He pulled her close and just held her. “I need you, Sarah. I love you. What do you want? Do you want me to submit to you? Get on my knees and beg? I will. Just say the word. You can be in control.” His hands cradled her face and his eyes were bright with love.

Hope sang in her heart. Sarah realized that when she submitted to Jake she ultimately was in control. She ran her fingers along his jaw. “I like pleasing you, Jake.” She slid her hands down his shoulders. “I like being your submissive. I want you to be my Dom. Tell me what you want. Please, Jake, tell me how to please you.”

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“I want you, Sarah. At my side each and every day. That’s what I want. That’s what will please me and that’s what will make me a happy man.”

The words were everything she wanted. Did she dare reach out and take him at his word. “I want dinner and desert with you every night and I want to wake up with you beside me,” she said, giving him a shaky smile.

“Are you sure, Sarah? I won’t let you go again.”

Sarah nodded. “Yes, Jake. I’m sure. And I won’t let you go either.” No matter what the future held, she needed this man. Stepping back, she knelt, assuming the position she knew he loved.

“That’s yes, Sir,” Jake said, his voice warm.

Sarah grinned. “Yes, Sir.” His voice aroused her and anticipation of what he’d ask of her had her clit throbbing. Her panties were already wet, her pussy eager for his cock.

“Stand and remove your clothes. Slowly.”

Sarah took her time shrugging out of her suit jacket. She reached down then slowly lowered the zipper of her skirt and wiggled free. Licking her lips, she drew her blouse over her head then paused, her fingers grasping the front closure of her bra.

When Jake just watched, his eyes on her fingers, she released the catch, dropped her arms, and let her bra join the rest of her clothing. Smiling, she drew her shoulders back, jutting her breasts out.

Jake groaned, his fingers twitched.

Feeling in control and in charge, Sarah removed her pantyhose, taking her time, letting her breasts sway when she bent down.

Standing in just her red thong, she waited.

“Touch yourself. Are you wet?” Jake finally spoke.

Sarah slid one finger along her crotch, feeling her own dampness. “Yes, Sir, I’m wet.” Jake’s eyes were on her finger as she stroked herself.

“Turn around.”

She complied.

“Run your hands over your ass.”

Sarah ran her hands over her cheeks, pulling them apart as she did so. “Like this, Sir?”

“You have a hot little ass, Sarah. Take off the panties.”

Sarah slid them off and stepped out of them, deliberately presenting her ass to him when she bent over. He didn’t disappoint her. His hands stroked her, and pulled her tight against him. He circled his hips. She felt his hard cock through his pants and groaned. Her body was on fire.

“You want my cock in your pussy, don’t you Sarah?”

“Yes, Sir, I want your cock inside me.”

“In your pussy?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Say it Sarah.”

He spread her cheeks but didn't touch herself where she throbbed. “I need your cock in my pussy. Please Jake. Please, Sir.” Damn, she loved it when he made her talk dirty.

“I can't do that.”

Sarah's head snapped up and forgetting her role, she spun around, eyes wide.

Jake's lips twitched. “If you want my cock, you have to undress me.”

Relieved, Sarah eagerly removed Jake's jacket, tie, and shirt but when she reached for his pants, she hesitated, then got down on her knees, and unbuckled his belt and the single button. Her fingers scrapped along the zipper as she reached for the tab. Tilting her head back, she licked her lips and held his gaze.

Seeing desire, and more, in his eyes, Sarah slowly unzipped Jake's pants and pulled them down. She removed his shoes and then his pants then stared at his boxers.

His stiff cock throbbed behind the fabric and she wanted to yank his boxers down and free him. Instead she slid her finger up his thighs, up beneath his boxers, her thumbs brushing his pubic hair and the sides of his root then sliding around to cup his ass, finding him rounded and muscled.

“Sarah!”

Feeling powerful, Sarah lifted her eyes. “Am I not doing it correctly, Sir?”

Jake groaned when her finger dug into his ass cheeks. His hips jerked and his hidden cock brushed her mouth. “You can’t have what you can’t see.” He tried to keep command in his voice but she heard the need.

In one quick motion, she freed his cock by removing his shorts. His cock bounced against her face.

“Let your hair down,” he ordered.

Sarah made quick work unbraiding her hair then finger combing it, pulling it over her shoulders so it framed her face and draped over her breasts. Jake took his cock in hand and stroked.

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“Do you like my cock, Sarah?”

His cock, gloriously erect stood at attention inches from her face.

“Oh yes, Sir. I love your cock.”

“Take me in your hands, Sarah and show me how much you love it.”

Sarah took him in hand and stroked. Spotting a clear drop of dew, she leaned forward and lapped it with the tip of her tongue. Jake thrust his hips forward.

Sarah opened her mouth and took him inside her. Using her hands, she guided him in and out, scraping her teeth over him, wrapping her tongue around his tip, teasing him as he teased her clit. Her fingers went to his root and found his soft balls and gently fondled them, feeling them tightening, drawing up inside as she loved his cock with her lips, mouth and tongue.

“God, enough. No more, Sarah. Stand up.” Jake pulled away “You were torturing me, weren’t you, Sarah?”

“No Sir. I was pleasing you.”

Jake shook his head. “You were trying to make me come. Weren’t you?”

Sarah hung her head in mock submission, wondering what he had in mind.

“Yes Sir. I wanted to bring you pleasure. I’m sorry, Sir.” Her clit throbbed with need

and her pussy eagerly awaited the reward of his cock inside her.

“Bad girls must be punished.”

She grinned. “Yes, Sir. I’ve been bad. You have to punish me.”

Jake got down onto his knees and pointed to a spot right in front of him. “I want to see your hot little pussy.”

Sarah eagerly went to him, standing close enough that his eyes were level with her mound of blond pubic hair. She arched her hips forward, inviting him to taste her.

Without taking his eyes off her, he reached forward and spread her legs. “I’m going to do to you what you were doing to me and you may not come. Is that clear?”

Sarah nodded, her body on edge and ready. “Yes Sir.”

“Open yourself. Let me see your clit.”

Sarah found it incredibly sexy to be standing inches from his face. She slid her fingers through her tight nest of pale curls and slowly pulled her lips apart, feeling the cool air mingled with Jake’s hot breath. Her body trembled. Holy shit, she was ready for him.

“So pink, so sweet.” His voice was a soft whisper. He leaned forward to breathe hot air across her clit.

She shivered.

“Show me how wet you are.”

Sarah held his gaze as she slid two fingers into her pussy then held them out to him.

He took her fingers and licked her pussy juices. “Mm, hot and wet. I’m going to bury my face between your legs and pay some loving attention to your clit.” His large hands cupped her ass.

Shit! Talk like that was going to make her lose control! He asked a question so she kept quiet. He grinned.

“Very good. Now open yourself for me again.”

Sarah pulled her lips apart. Jake widened her stance even more until she was totally open and exposed. He gripped her ass hard and slid his tongue along her moist lips and licked his way up through the folds on one side, skimmed over her clit then made returned his attention to her pussy. Over and over, he teased and taunted.

Sarah shuddered and tried to move her hips, wanting him to latch onto her clit but his hands held her firm, the pressure of his fingers digging into her flesh warning that he was in charge.

Sweat dampened her skin. God, he truly was torturing her. She couldn’t help the low whimper that escaped.

“What do you want, Sarah?”

“You, Sir.” Sarah played the game, her role.

“Tell me exactly what you want,” Jake ordered, lifting his head.

She would have smiled at his expected response if she wasn’t so dammed turned on and needy. “I want you to lick my clit then suck it until I scream.”

“That doesn’t sound like a punishment, Sarah.” He continued to tease her with his tongue.

“Please, Sir.” She groaned when his tongue flicked across her clit.

“Do you like this, Sarah?”

“Yes...” she screamed when Jake’s lips closed over her clit and began sucking. Two fingers entered her pussy and stroked, hard and fast, the pad of one finger finding that hypersensitive spot inside her.

His fingers on her ass slid into her crack and found her anus. He touched, probed. Her hips jerked, trapping his finger against her. She was still holding herself open to his wonderful mouth and tongue and his fingers were buried deep inside her pussy.

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Sarah fought the urge to come right there and then, knowing that if she waited it'd be so much more. But damn, the man was making it a true punishment.

“Too much,” she sobbed as he pulled out his fingers and fucked her with his tongue. “Jake!”

Pleasure was turning to pain and a deep, overwhelming need. “Jake!” She screamed his name as she felt her orgasm building, building, building. “I’m coming.”

Jake removed his hands and mouth, leaving her chilled and shuddering with desperate need. Sarah sobbed, her body on fire. “No!” He couldn’t stop now.

Jake stood, forcing her back against the wall of the elevator. He framed her face between his hands. “I’m going to make you beg, Sarah. I’m going to bring you to the peak then stop you. Over and over.”

He took her mouth in his and kissed her hard and deep, leaving her in no doubt that he controlled every movement she made. “God, Jake! Take me now. Fuck me.” Her desire was so great. She was dripping down her thighs.

Jake took a step back and folded his arms across his chest.

Sarah panicked. His message was clear. He could give and he could, and would, deny.

“I’m sorry. Yes, Jake. Yes, sir. Whatever you want, Sir.” She stood trembling. Waiting.

“Show me that pretty ass of yours Sarah.”

Sarah turned and put her hands back on the bar, bent over, and, understanding what Jake liked, spread her legs apart.

“Good girl,” he crooned, rubbing and caressing her ass.

Damn. His voice filled with promise made her want to beg him to do whatever he wanted. She tensed when his fingers slid over her anus then dipped into her pussy then back up. Her hips wiggled and jerked. Then he plunged into her so fast and sudden and hard that her breath caught in her throat.

“Take me, Sarah. Take all of me.”

Sarah gasped at the furious pace. He held her hips against him as he pounded into her. Her pussy was so wet, she was making sucking noises every time he pulled out. Jake shoved her toward another peak.

She was about to come but he pulled out. Their heavy breathing filled the air. It thrilled her to realize he was in as much pain as she. He might have stopped her, but he’d also denied himself. That, she knew, was her power over him and knowing she made him just as desperate, fueled her own desperate need.

“Turn around,” he ordered.

Sarah turned in his arms. His fingers captured her clit.

“Watch,” he ordered, his breath fanning the side of her face.

Opening her eyes, she saw their reflection in the closed silvery mirror of the elevator door. He stood behind her, his arms around her, one hand between her legs. He

stroked. “See how good we are together. See that we belong.”

Sarah knew if he let go she’d slide boneless to the floor. Her hips jerked and followed the motion of his fingers. He moved harder, faster. So did she. His body curved around hers, supporting her as he drove her toward another peak.

She’d never had an orgasm standing, didn’t know it was possible. “Can’t stop. Want...” she moaned.

“What do you want, Sarah?” He whispered the question in her ear.

“I want to come. Sir!” She tried to keep from screaming.

“Why should I allow you to come?”

“Jake!” she cried. His fingers went still.

“No! Don’t stop. Let me come. Please Sir!”

“Why?” His fingers rolled her tight bud then stroked.

“Because I love you,” she sobbed.

He smiled against her cheek. “And I love you, Sarah. Can you accept that? Will you believe me this time, my sweet Sarah?” He increased the pressure and speed.

“Yes, Jake. I believe you.” God, she wanted him so bad, not just for sex. She had to believe him, believe in him.

“Come, Sarah. Watch how I make you come.”

Holding her breath, Sarah stared at their reflections and watched his fingers move over her clit.

“Now!” he nipped her earlobe.

Sarah’s hips jerked, her back arched against Jake, her hips thrusting out and into his hand. Her orgasm consumed her.

Before the shudders stopped, Jake turned her, pressed her hard against the elevator door, lifted her, and impaled her with his cock. Sarah wrapped her legs around his waist. His fingers dug into her hips as he fucked her hard and furious.

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She screamed his name when he drove her over the edge into orgasmic ecstasy.

He yelled her name, went stiff, and shuddered with his own release.

Sarah groaned, tightening her legs around him to hold him inside her as long as possible. She loved his huge cock and the feel of his strong arms around her. She loved Jake with everything she had.

He lowered them to the ground, her sitting on him with his arms tight around her as though he couldn't bear to let her go yet.

"That was incredible." She buried her face in his neck and drew in a deep breath.

"Which side of the Rockies?" he asked, his voice closer to a groan.

Sarah giggled. "That might be the best sex on either side of the Rockies."

Jake laughed and pulled back. His eyes were soft, his features relaxed. Mr. Sex himself, Sarah thought. Her Mr. Sexy New York.

"You are truly amazing, Sarah." He traced the curve of her spine to the gentle swell of her ass. He kissed her tenderly, allowing her to kiss him back.

Sarah smiled shyly. "You're the one who is amazing, Jake. No one has ever made me feel like this."

Jake pulled her hair over her breasts then parted the strands until her nipples peeked

through. “Tonight, will you ride me and be my very own Lady Godiva?”

Sarah giggled. “I could ride you right now.” Don’t let him take her up on that. She wasn’t sure she could stand and walk, let alone come again.

“Nope. Gotta save myself for desert.” He sobered. “You will have dinner with me? And stay with me after?”

Resting her forehead against his, Sarah nodded. “Yes, Jake. I’ll stay with you.”

“Not just tonight, Sarah. Every night. I want to go to sleep with you in my arms and wake up and have you be the first thing I see every morning.”

Sarah grinned. “Yes, Jake.” She had her answer.

“Good. Now, let’s get dressed. I want you to see the offices.”

Sarah nodded. Inside, she felt a twinge of sadness. She wanted to share everything with Jake but seeing his office and Lainey’s would hurt and leave an ache of regret in her heart. But it was too late for her to reclaim her job. Truthfully, she didn’t want it. She just wanted to be with Jake.

Dressed, Jake let the elevator resume its ascent. The doors slid open. Jake stepped out and held out his hand. Sarah took it and followed. The elevator had opened up in one corner of an office instead of into a corridor.

The interior spoke of quiet elegance. The furniture was gleaming wood and looked expensive. She had no trouble visualizing Jake behind the dark cherry wood desk.

A corner window allowed light to spill into the room and the leather seating area invited her to sit and make herself at home. There was even a small conference table

and chairs.

“Wow, this is pretty fancy,” she said, turning to eye the elevator. “You even have your own private elevator?” Okay, that made her jealous. Maybe she could come to his office at the end of the workday.

Jake smiled. “I had it added. Special. Don’t you think the CEO should have a private elevator?”

Sarah kept her smile in place. “Absolutely.” She wandered around the large, spacious, and airy room that was nearly the square feet of her entire apartment. “It’s a nice office, Jake.”

“Just nice?” He leaned on the desk, arms crossed over his chest. He lifted a brow.

“Okay, it’s sumptuous. It’d be a dream come true if it was mine but I suppose you’re used to this kind of opulence.” She tried to keep the wistfulness from her voice when she peeked into the private bathroom, complete with shower.

“Would you say it’s fitting for a CEO?”

Sarah rolled her eyes. “Good god, Jake. This office would do the president of the United States proud.” Or the billionaire owner of a company she wouldn’t be around to see grow and thrive under Jake’s capable hands.

Jake snagged an arm around her waist. “Do you believe in dreams coming true, Sarah?”

Sarah wrinkled her nose and thought about it. Maybe not all her dreams would come true but one had. “You are my dream come true, Jake.”

He lifted a brow. “And I’m dinner and desert?”

“And my very own sexy Dom.”

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“Is that all you want?”

“It’s enough for now. I need you in my life. I’ll take whatever you want to give, for however long you want me.”

Jake framed her face. “What if I want forever, Sarah? Will you give me that?”

Sarah pulled his head down. “Yes,” she whispered against his mouth.

“Thank you, Sarah. That’s my dream come true.” He kissed her long and hard then lifted his head. “But I think we can do better for your dreams.”

He stepped away and walked around the desk to open a drawer. He pulled out a nameplate and set it on the desk.

Sarah’s eyes skimmed over it.

Sarah Sweeney, CEO

“Wha...” Her gaze shot back to his in shock. She picked up the triangular name badge, sure that she was seeing only what she yearned to see, but it was her name and the coveted title. She traced the lettering with one finger.

Jake came back to her. He set his briefcase on the desk. “Will you accept the position, Sarah? Will you take over?”

Sarah’s heart hammered and her throat was clogged with emotion. She held her

dream in her hands. Of all the things Jake could have said or done, this was the last thing she'd expected. "Jake, I don't understand. Why?" Her voice broke.

Jake put his hands on her shoulders. "I can't think of a better person to run my uncle's business. You were right when you said that no one knew the business or the people better than you did. You earned this."

Sarah searched his features, his lovely, beautiful eyes, and those full lips that could drive her wild when he used them on her body. She wanted this job more than anything. "But I thought you were staying to run your uncle's business."

"I wanted to but realistically I'm not the man for the job. This company, our company, needs a full time CEO. I have my own businesses to run, plus family obligations that require both my time and a fair amount of travel."

"You're not just doing this to keep me, are you?" Sarah knew she was the best choice but she wanted to be sure Jake truly believed that as well.

"No. If it wasn't a sound business decision, I wouldn't appoint you as CEO."

Sarah swiped the tears from her eyes. "I don't know what to say, Jake."

"Say yes, Sarah."

"I want the job, Jake." This put them on equal status in her mind, or as close as she could get.

"Is that all you want?" Jake's fingers skimmed up the side of her face.

Sarah shook her head. "No. I want you. More than I do any job."

Jake rested his forehead against hers. “I know you don’t want a boss/employee relationship.” Jake stepped back, turned to the desk, and opened his briefcase. He pulled out some papers and handed them to her. “How about a partnership? 50/50.”

Shocked by the legal documents, Sarah’s jaw dropped. He was giving her half the business. Not a quarter or a third but half. Truly making them equals. “Oh my god! Jake... You don’t have to do this. I’m happy with the promotion and with you. That’s all I need.”

“I know. But I need this. I want you as a true partner.” Jake leaned against her desk and pulled her close. “Sarah, no matter what happens between us, I want this. For you. Uncle Joe would have approved. Will you be my business partner?”

Sarah couldn’t believe it. Eyes shining with happiness, she nodded. “Yes.” She eyed the man she loved and knew she’d take a chance, give up control and see where her relationship with Jake went. Setting down the nameplate she went into his open arms.

“I’ll be your partner in the office, if you’ll be my Dom in the bedroom,” she said.

“Or elevator? We have our own private elevator.” He kissed her long and deep.

When Sarah got her breath back, she pulled back. “We?”

He lifted his head and pointed to a closed door. “My office is through there.”

Sarah laughed, grabbed his hand, and led the way into his office. His was as richly decorated as her office. He also had his own entrance and bathroom, a sitting area where he could entertain visitors and a large built in wall unit. Jake grabbed her hand, picked up a remote from his desk and handed it to her.

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“What’s this for?”

He hugged her from behind and nuzzled her neck. “Push the button.”

To her delight, the entire bottom of the wall unit opened and a bed slid out. She giggled. “Oh my! You have been busy, Jake.” She sighed and tipped her head to one side when he slid his tongue behind one ear.

“There’ll be no sex during business hours, Mr. Anders,” she said, attempting to sound stern.

“Whatever you say, Ms. Sweeney, but it’s after five. Office is closed.” He ran his hands over her ass. “You’re not wearing your panties, Ms. Sweeney.”

Sarah giggled when he scooped her up into his arms. “No. Didn’t see any point in putting them on, Mr. Anders.”

“Wise decision.” He kissed her. “Dinner or desert?”

Sarah pulled his head back down. “You.”

THE END