



Texting the Enemy (The Right Wrong Number)

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Category: Action&Adventure

Description: Faith Thatcher thinks she's my office rival, but she couldn't be more wrong.

She's my office crush, the badass boss of Marketing.

She's fiery and fierce and ferocious, and she uses every opportunity to prove it.

As head of Finance, I've just set the budgets for the latest quarter.

But then Faith demands a meeting to argue her case for additional funds for her latest marketing campaign, and naturally, I'm all too happy to have a private meeting with her.

I'm even happier when she accidentally sends a text to me about how hot I am—a message meant for her friend.

And so now that I know she wants me as much as I want her? Well!

I'll do what I've wanted to do since I laid eyes on her, which is to show her what it's like to be mine,

and mine alone.

Texting the Enemy is a short, steamy, insta-everything office romance.

Each book in the series can be read as a standalone story.

No OM / OW drama and no cliffhangers. No ddlg. Always a sweet HEA!

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FORD

Coffee in hand, I step into the office, following the same routine I do every morning. I smile as I greet the receptionist, Mrs. Smyth, and she gives me a wave from her desk. My colleagues are going through their own morning routines at their desks as I make my way to my own office at the back of the Finance floor. I settle into my leather office chair, cracking my knuckles as my computer starts up.

I load up my emails, calendar, and spreadsheets, though I refuse to look at them until I finish my coffee. I may be the head of Finance, but that doesn't mean I enjoy looking at the lists of numbers without caffeine in my system.

I already know my schedule by heart since meetings and deadlines are set weeks, if not months, in advance, so I only give the calendar a cursory glance. I go still, coffee halfway to my mouth. My eyes flick back to the calendar, sure I've imagined the new meeting at 9:30 today. That definitely wasn't there when I left work last Friday.

Setting my coffee down, I click on the appointment to bring up the meeting information. I can't stop the grin that spreads over my face as I realize who has scheduled it.

"Faith Thatcher," I murmur, the smile still stuck on my face. Faith is the new head of Marketing, taking over from the last who went on maternity leave and decided not to return. She's not been here for very long, but damn if she hasn't made an impression in that short time.

It's impossible not to be drawn to her in team meetings when I'm supposed to be listening and taking notes on important business shit that suddenly feels far less important than trying to decide on the exact color of Faith's eyes. Sea blue or sky blue?

My gaze drops down to the meeting description, and I chuckle when I see she's called for this meeting to review the budget for this quarter's marketing campaigns. The budget was set before she even started working here, and clearly, she isn't happy about it.

Not only is Faith drop-dead fucking gorgeous, but she's also a force to be reckoned with. She's taken the place by storm, commanding her team with determination but kindness, her spark shining bright. As intrigued as I am by her, the glares and snappy remarks she's shot my way before making it clear she doesn't view me as a friendly face. She thinks I'm a rival. That only intrigues me more, though. She's sassy and vibrant, and every time she snaps at me, my cock takes notice, and my lips kick up in a smile.

I grab my phone, pulling up the company managers' chat. It's mostly used for coordinating company-bought lunches and after-work events, but it has the benefit of having the numbers of all the managers. HR would probably disapprove of what I'm about to do, but that concern is barely on my radar, and it's certainly not enough to stop me.

I click on the members of this chat link and scroll through the numbers until I find the one with her name beside it. Copying and pasting the number into a new chat, I save her as a separate contact and type out my message.

Me: what's this meeting really about? The budget was agreed weeks ago...

I try and fail to distract myself by reading emails until she answers.

Faith: I never agreed to such a low number, my team and I deserve better. Hence the meeting.

I blink at my screen, barking out a laugh at her bluntness and boldness, then coughing to try to hide it. My reputation is certainly not as the cheerful, chuckling type. The exact opposite, actually; I'm known to be restrained and quiet. But something about Faith just brings out a side of me that I haven't seen in years. A side of me that I'd almost forgotten was there at all.

I sip my coffee, deciding how to answer and how to play this. She's decided I'm some sort of rival for her, and fuck if I don't like that. The challenge of it makes me grin.

Before I can answer her, though, a shadow falls over my desk. I sigh, quickly turning my phone off and setting it down so nobody can see what I am doing. It was only a text, but it feels like so much more somehow.

I glance up, raising a brow as I see who's stopped by and interrupted me.

"Tom," I greet blandly, staring at the head of IT who, for some reason, is at my desk at 9:15 AM on a Monday morning.

"Good morning, Ford," he replies, smiling.

On paper, it looks like Tom and I should get along—we're both similar ages, work out regularly, like our own space most of the time. But there's an air of arrogance and entitlement about him that rubs me the wrong way and has ever since he came to work here five years ago. Our relationship is terse, to put it lightly. Still, it's hardly an issue, given we rarely have to work together. Most days, I can forget he exists. Unfortunately, it seems that today isn't one of those days.

“What can I do for you?” I ask, trying to be polite but also wanting to know what the hell he wants so I can get him to leave again.

“No, nothing like that; I just caught a glimpse of that new marketing girl, and woah ,” he says, as though we’re something more than work colleagues, as though I’m the kind of guy he thinks will appreciate his gross comments. “How are we supposed to focus on work with that walking around here, right?”

Anger flares through me, bright and hot. How fucking dare he speak of Faith like that? Sure, I was just having similar thoughts. But it’s different.

It’s different because ... Fuck, it just is!

I have to physically bite my tongue to keep my thoughts to myself, though, because as dick-ish as his comment was, he hasn’t technically done anything wrong. And I can’t be bothered with an HR meeting about in-fighting right now.

So instead, I just pin him with a death glare until he takes the hint and sulks off, muttering something under his breath that I don’t care enough to try to make out.

I pick up my half-finished coffee as I stand, tucking my phone into my suit pocket. There’s still five minutes until the scheduled meeting time, but I know there’s no chance I’ll be able to get any work done with the possibility of seeing Faith distracting me.

The meeting room is just down the hall, so it takes me all of three seconds to get there. I expect to have to wait a while for Faith to show up, but to my surprise, when I push the door open, the blonde bombshell is already commanding an empty meeting table.

She looks up the second the door opens, her blue gaze sharp and piercing. I’m struck

dumb by it for a brief second, standing stock still in the doorway. I pride myself on my professional, unrattled demeanor. Even in emergencies, I'm composed and unshakeable.

But with Faith's narrowed eyes analyzing me?

I can't remember how to breathe properly.

It's like she's hit me in the chest, a physical reaction blooming beneath my ribs.

My head is empty of everything I'd come in here to discuss, three words ringing through my mind on repeat.

Faith is mine.

FAITH

I get to the meeting room fifteen minutes early to prepare my notes. I know the office grump, also known as Ford Grant, will be looking to do anything he can to deny my request. I like to refer to him as a gargoyle in my head since he's made of stone. Although, it would be so much easier to deal with him if he looked as monstrous as his stony counterparts. But no, that would be far too easy. Instead, Ford looks like he's cut straight from a muscle magazine or something.

If he weren't my office enemy, he'd be my office crush.

Who are you kidding? He's already both, my brain says. I shove the thought away with a frown, refusing to acknowledge that unhelpful comment.

Refocusing on the matter at hand, I read through my notes again. I wasn't here when the budget was agreed upon at the end of last quarter, and whoever the last marketing manager was clearly didn't care about pushing the company forward because there's no way I can make this abysmal number stretch to do what we need to do.

I plan to tell Ford exactly how I feel about it.

I have a lot to prove here, and Ford poses a big threat. I need to prove to him that I know what I'm talking about, that I deserve my place here, and that I deserve a decent budget to blow them all away with. He clearly doesn't like me; I can tell from his cold stares and silent treatment, and that just makes me want to prove myself even

more.

I exhale slowly, squaring my shoulders as the door swings open.

My head snaps up the second Ford enters.

It's like the whole world shrinks until nothing is left but Ford and me. The air between us crackles with unspoken energy, sending sparks and goosebumps along my skin. I try not to react, clenching my jaw and hiding my hands under the table so he can't see the way I'm fidgeting.

Keep it cool, Faith , I tell myself.

But it's impossible to ignore the attraction simmering in my chest. Impossible to ignore the craving in my bones, the hunger burning low in my stomach. As hard as I try, I can't deny the way my whole being begs for him.

I hate him, right? So why do I want him so damn bad?

I try to find a place of calm inside myself because there's no point in me wasting energy snapping at Ford or winding him up. He never rises to the bait, and that's just as annoying as everything else about him.

Ford startles, as if coming out of a dream, and finally steps into the room fully. The door falls closed behind him with a final thud that reverberates through my whole body.

I can't let him get the first word in, so I start talking before he even sits down across from me.

"Thank you for meeting me, Ford," I begin, shuffling the papers in front of me again.

“I asked you here because I have to say that this budget is just not going to work. Why anybody ever agreed to this, honestly ridiculously low number, is beyond me. I cannot be expected to get the results I need with such a limited scope. Frankly, it’s impossible for me to run the campaigns we all know we need with these numbers. Honestly, Ford, I have to wonder whether this is personal. You’re obstructing my work, and this is unreasonable. I’d expect better from someone who’s supposed to be as knowledgeable as you are as the head of Finance.”

The whole time I’m ranting, furious, and full of indignation, Ford just sits there across from me, sipping on a coffee and looking at me with an utterly unfazed expression on his stupidly handsome face. There’s a tasteful smatter of stubble on his cut jaw, a flop of hair over his forehead that only highlights his cut-from-stone perfection even more. Those dark forest-green eyes of his are locked onto me, and I can’t look away.

I can’t break his stare.

I can’t back down.

I keep going, doubling down and hammering my point in, ensuring he knows exactly how I feel. By the time I’m done, there’s a smirk tilting up the right corner of his lips and a heat to his green eyes that sends my heart racing. He waits a beat before answering me, stretching out the tension to the point I feel like I might break before it does.

“Well?” I say, unable to take it anymore. “Aren’t you going to say anything?”

That smirk stretches again. Ford leans forward, elbows on the table. “All you had to do was ask, Faith,” he says, his voice velvety and low.

I gape at him, too stunned to come up with a witty retort. Did he really just say that?

I can't have him seeing through me right now, and from the weight of his stare, I know he's studying the cracks in my armor. I look away, pulling out my phone like it can shield me under the guise of checking the time. I keep my phone angled beneath the table, tapping out a quick message to my best friend, Natalie.

Me: I can't decide if I want to fight this man or fuck him.

I hit send under the table without looking, my gaze trapped by Ford's, and set my phone back down. I take a deep breath, trying to center myself and find the words to continue the conversation.

"You're hardly the most approachable man in the office," I say, "and I strive for professionalism, which is why I called the meeting?—"

At that moment, Ford's phone beeps in his pocket, interrupting me. I sigh heavily as he pulls it out of his pocket and checks it, despite the fact I did the same thing seconds ago. Winding him up is just too tempting, even though it never works. Or, at least, it never normally does.

But Ford's eyes lift from the screen to me, dark and swirling like the heart of a storm. His jaw tenses, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallows thickly. Awareness prickles through me like a physical touch.

With that one look, I realize just how much Ford has been holding back, hiding beneath the calm facade.

"Striving for professionalism, are you?" Ford repeats my own words back to me, one dark eyebrow raised at me.

I raise my chin, not backing down. "Yes."

Ford laughs. He actually laughs. The sound is a low rumble, like a roll of thunder over my skin, and just as dangerous as a storm. I freeze, feeling a rush of adrenaline begin to seep into my bloodstream. My body sways closer to him across the table without my permission.

His eyes dip from mine back to his phone screen, his lips turning up in that lopsided smirk that sets my heart racing so hard my ribs ache. I nearly stop breathing as he reads the words off his phone.

The words I just typed out.

“I can’t decide if I want to fight this man,” Ford says slowly and calmly. I brace myself, gripping the edge of the table like it’ll save me from the words I know are about to leave his mouth. “Or fuck him.”

The air between us goes still and taut as a drawn bowstring. I don’t dare to move even an inch.

How the fuck did I manage to send that text to him and not Natalie?! I guess that’s what I get for sending a text without looking at the screen properly. Shit .

I stammer, unable to find any words to explain myself. That dark, hot gleam in Ford’s eyes makes it impossible to remember how to act normally.

“Can’t decide, huh?” he asks. “Let’s figure it out then.”

Before I can react, he pushes to his feet, strides to the door, and clicks it locked. He crosses to the windows and yanks the blinds shut next.

Suddenly, this meeting room feels much smaller and much more intimate than it ever has before.

We're in our office, but with the door locks and blinds drawn, any pretense of professionalism I'd been trying to cling to vanishes.

FORD

My blood is burning, my cock swollen and aching against the waistband of my expensive suit pants, my gaze locked onto Faith. Faith, who's just surprised the fuck out of me with what she's said in that text. It obviously wasn't meant for me, but goddamn am I glad she made that mistake.

I prowl towards her, watching every reaction she has. The widening of her eyes, pupils blooming until the black nearly swallows the blue, the goosebumps traveling over her arms, and the thrumming pulse in her throat.

I don't sit back down in my seat. Instead, I stride to her, leaning down and bracing my hands on the arms of her chair, blocking her in. Her breaths are ragged and quick, and I can't help but notice the way her breasts rise and fall beneath her silky blouse.

She's so goddamned gorgeous.

"You going to fight me, baby?" I ask, my voice low even to my own ears. The pet name slips out without my consciously meaning to say it, but it feels right.

"W-what?" Faith stammers out, blinking up at me.

"You heard me," I say. "Are you going to fight me? Go ahead, baby. Hit me. Let me feel all that anger you've got for me, huh?"

“No, I-I can’t fight you,” she gasps, her fingers tightening on the arms of the chair, her hands so close to mine that it takes all my self-control not to grab her. “Ford, what are you doing? You can’t be serious.”

“You’re the one that said it, Faith,” I remind her, smirking down at her. “Don’t know whether to fight me or fuck me, right? So, what’s it going to be?”

“Look, I’m sorry about the text. It was meant for my best friend, and I know it was completely unprofessional and ridiculous, but God, you just get under my skin, Ford,” Faith rushes to say, far more flustered than I’ve ever seen her. It’s fascinating watching that carefully crafted professionalism falter, and I want to see everything underneath. I want to strip her down and see her at her most bare, see her shuddering and speechless and defenseless for me.

I want to make her mine.

“So, not fighting then,” I muse, leaning closer, so close that her breath puffs against my lips. I want to taste her so badly it hurts. “That leaves us with one other option, baby.”

“Ford...” she whispers, trembling now. Her plush lips are parted with those uneven breaths, and she’s leaning towards me now a little, arching towards me like she craves this just as much as I do.

“Tell me no, then, Faith,” I challenge. I want this, I want her, but if she doesn’t want it, then I’ll force myself to walk away. Her consent matters more than anything to me.

I wait a beat, tension hanging heavy between us, giving her time to tell me no, to stop this completely.

But Faith presses her lips together, trapping any words in, refusing to back down like

always.

My stubborn little angel.

“Ah, I see,” I whisper, my lips skimming hers with every low word. “So it’s ‘fuck’ then.”

At that word, Faith shudders, a full-body shiver that makes me groan. I need to have her. I suddenly can’t stand another second when I’m not touching her.

She gasps as I pounce, grabbing her by the waist and pulling her close to me. Her arms and legs wrap around me instinctively, the position pressing her core to the aching length of my cock. Even through our clothes, I can feel her heat.

Our mouths crash together as I set her on the table, the height perfect for her to keep her legs wrapped around my waist. One of my hands is on her thigh, the other tangled in the hair at the nape of her neck, angling her so I can deepen the kiss.

Her tongue strokes against mine, and I groan deep in my chest at the taste of her. Mint and something sweet, uniquely Faith . She whimpers so prettily against me when I nip her bottom lip, and I swallow the sound hungrily.

She squirms against me, and I rock my hips forward, both of us mindlessly seeking friction, seeking contact, seeking more.

I need to know if she’s as desperate for this as I am, if she’s wet and needy for me, if she’d be as hot and soft against my touch as I imagine she is.

“Tell me I can touch you,” I groan against her mouth, my hand wandering up her thigh, squeezing the soft flesh. “I need to make you come, baby.”

She whimpers, her hips shifting as my hand skims closer to where she wants me.

“Yes,” she whispers back breathily. “Touch me.”

I don’t waste a single second. I slide my hand up her skirt, her skin so fucking soft and warm beneath my palm. My fingers drag over her center, feeling the damp fabric of her panties that separate me from paradise.

“Oh baby, you’re soaked,” I say, lust filling me completely. “So needy for me.”

“Ford, please,” Faith gasps as I tease her through her underwear.

“You beg so pretty for me.”

I give her exactly what she wants, pushing the wet fabric to the side and slipping two fingers into her wet heat.

We moan in sync, her from the pleasure of being filled, me from the feeling of her wrapped around my fingers. My cock is rock hard, straining against my pants, begging to be surrounded by her.

But not yet. This is about Faith. About showing her just how good I can make her feel, how good I can look after her.

I fuck her with my fingers while she squirms and gasps. It’s obvious she’s trying to keep quiet, and though logically, I know we should be trying to stay quiet and avoid being caught, logic went out the window the second Faith sent that text. I want her screaming my name, moaning loud for me, but instead I press my free hand over her mouth and feel her gasp into my palm.

My thumb finds her clit, and her eyes fall closed, her hips moving with me as she

chases her pleasure.

“Come all over my hand, baby,” I growl.

She shatters, her teeth digging into my palm to muffle her scream, as she follows my request perfectly like the good girl she is.

I open my mouth to praise her, but a rough knock on the door interrupts me. Both of us go stock still, my fingers still inside her, and her cheeks flushed from her orgasm.

“This room is booked!” a male voice shouts, breaking the silence.

I recognize who it is instantly, cursing under my breath as I release Faith. Unable to help myself, I lick the taste of her off my fingers, groaning at her flavor.

“Whoever’s in there, you need to leave! My room booking started five minutes ago!” Tom calls, his voice grating on my nerves for the second time this morning.

Faith’s eyes are wide and glassy from the combination of shock and lingering pleasure, and I’ve never wanted to fight Tom more than I do at this moment.

“Hello?!” he calls again, sounding more exasperated by the second.

Faith’s shoulders begin to shake, and she slaps her hand over her mouth. For a second, a spark of fear goes through me as I think she’s crying. Then, the quietest giggle slips past her fingers, and I realize she’s not upset at all. She’s laughing. My lips quirk up in a smirk as I pin her with a be quiet look that lacks any actual sternness. I try to swallow down my own laughter, forcing myself to look away from her so we don’t give ourselves away.

“I never thought I’d say this,” I whisper under my breath, regret heavy in my tone.

“But get dressed, baby, as fast as you can.”

As though she’s only just realized her heels are on the floor and her skirt is rucked up and messy, Faith jumps into action. Unable to keep delaying this, I run a hand through my hair, smooth down the front of my pants, and then head to the door.

Just as I unlock and open the meeting room door, Faith curses and squeals. My gaze snaps away from Tom’s disgruntled face to my girl, who’s currently falling through the air, one heel on her foot, the other flying off and landing on the carpet halfway across the room. Clearly, trying to hurry and put heels on is not a good combination.

Without thought, I reach for her, grabbing her around the waist before she can fall on her face. She falls into my arms with a soft oof , and for a second that stretches on for what feels like an hour, her face is pressed against my chest, and my hands grip her small waist tightly, possessively.

A loud cough breaks the moment, and we both turn to see Tom frowning at us, a mixture of confusion and suspicion on his face. Faith straightens her spine, raising her chin as she scrambles out of my arms, despite the fact I had no desire to let her go. She meets Tom’s eyes, though her cheeks are pink with embarrassment. Ensuring she’s steady, I retrieve her other heel and help her slip it on.

“Sorry about that,” Faith says, breaking the tense silence. “I’m not usually so clumsy.”

“Right...” Tom murmurs in response, glancing between the two of us.

He opens his mouth as though he’s going to ask something, and I can’t risk that.

“Apologies for overstaying our time,” I say, my voice smooth and professional as though we haven’t just been caught, as I stride towards the door. He has to move out

of the way for Faith and me to rush through, clutching a file to his chest like he's worried her 'clumsiness' is contagious. "We had a lot to work through."

Without another word, I subtly nudge Faith and walk away down the hall, her hot on my heels and Tom's stare burning a hole into my back. Goddamn, I really don't like that man.

I hear the meeting room door close behind us and quickly glance around to make sure nobody else is lingering within earshot.

"Text me your address and be ready at seven tonight," I tell Faith, thoroughly enjoying the way her eyes widen and her pink lips pop open. Her pupils are still blown out, and if I could, I'd throw her over my shoulder and take us both home right fucking now.

"What? Why?" she asks, crossing her arms over her chest.

I grin, stepping close to her so she has to tip her head back to look up at me. "Because I'm not done with you yet," I say. "Fuck, baby, I don't think I ever will be."

She smirks, and my heart tries to throw itself out of my chest with how hard it beats for her. "Oh really? And if I don't follow your instructions?"

A smirk takes over my face as I pretend to think about it. "Well, then you might not get the budget you need for that campaign," I answer teasingly, ensuring my tone implies the fact that I'm not serious. I'll give her whatever the fuck she wants if she so much as bats those lashes at me, but teasing her back is so much fun.

With a wink, I turn on my heel and walk away, just in time to see a colleague walk in our direction. I greet them as though I didn't just have my fingers buried in my dream girl and my head isn't filled with all the filthy things I want to do to her later tonight.

I can't wait.

FAITH

I t's nearly impossible to focus on work for the rest of the day. My mind is so preoccupied that I water the same plant on my desk three times and have to drain it over the kitchen sink so I don't kill it. I would one hundred percent blame Ford for the death of one of my plant babies, and the thought of him smirking and teasing me about it does nothing to help the butterflies fluttering excitedly around in my stomach.

Even one of my team members, Kelly, comments that I seem out of sorts, and I have to laugh and say I didn't sleep well last night to play it off. On the bright side, the lie means she buys me my favorite coffee to help me feel better, which is so lovely it momentarily distracts me from the events in the meeting room earlier. I value having a good relationship with all those on my team, and in times like this, where I'm more distracted than I've ever been, it means that they cut me some slack. Thank God, because I've been reviewing the same outline for the past hour but am no further on with making notes on it like I should be.

Ford has achieved something no other man has done in years, hell, in perhaps my whole life—he's successfully distracted me from my work.

Worse, perhaps, is the dawning realization that all the time I've spent absolutely convinced that I detested Ford was actually just time spent lying to myself. Because now, after what happened between us, it seems glaringly obvious that I never really hated him at all.

In actual fact, all those feelings were just pent-up desire. Desire that I refused to let myself even acknowledge until I couldn't physically ignore it anymore. And now that it's been unleashed, I feel like it's taking over my whole, entire being.

At lunch, I frantically text Natalie—actually Natalie this time—and explain everything that happened this morning, unable to process it by myself anymore. She immediately calls me and, like I knew she would, starts demanding all the details.

“Oh my God, Faith!” she screams down the phone, so loud I have to hold it away from my ear. “This is the most exciting thing you’ve told me in years. Oh my God, I need to know everything. Fill me in!”

I laugh at her. Natalie’s right; I spend a lot of time working and furthering my career and not a lot of time out socializing or meeting guys. Ford is the first man ever to make me feel like this.

I tell her everything, from how he teased me to him touching me to us nearly getting caught.

“It’s like a total office love story!” she insists, and I can feel her excitement through the phone, echoing my own. “If you guys get married, I better be the maid of honor. And I want credit for getting you two together!”

I laugh. “How exactly do you get credit, Nat? You’ve never even met him.”

She scoffs like it’s obvious. “The only reason you guys messed around in that room is because you were trying to text me after all. I’m gonna start writing my wedding speech now. How dirty can I make it?”

I laugh again, telling her not to get ahead of herself even as I’m already imagining walking down the aisle in my dream dress to the head of Finance at the end. It’s an

insane thought, but one I can't get rid of for the rest of the afternoon.

By the time five o'clock finally rolls around, I nearly sprint out the office doors. I made Ford wait a couple of hours before fulfilling his demand to text him my address for tonight, and he replied with a winking emoji that I wanted to roll my eyes at but really just made me squirm.

The second I get home, I hop in the shower, taking my time shaving and exfoliating and using a deep conditioner mask I normally save for my self-care days. Afterward, I blow dry my hair and redo my makeup, purposefully taking longer than the tasks really need in order to drag out the hours I have left to wait. I'm not usually the kind of girl who gets hung up on a guy like this, but this whole day has thrown me for a loop.

There's still an hour until Ford's due to pick me up by the time I'm done with my hair and makeup, so I pick out my outfit—a cute black dress and heels—and grab myself a glass of white wine to try to relax. I call Natalie again to fill her in on the plans for tonight and get so caught up in talking to her that when there's a knock on my door, I jolt.

Quickly hanging up on my best friend with a promise to update her on the date later, I grab a jacket and bag and open the door. The air escapes my lungs as I take in the man standing on the other side.

Ford looks ... well, he looks like something out of my dreams.

I feel slightly less awkward about the fact I'm literally gawping at him because he's staring right back at me with awe and hunger written all over his handsome face.

For a second, I genuinely consider telling him to cancel whatever plans he has and tugging him straight to my bed instead.

“Fuck, baby...” Ford groans, his voice gravelly and delicious. “You look fucking edible.”

I blush, trying to remember how to speak. “So do you,” I answer, clenching my thighs together to try and get rid of the pulsing between my legs at the sight of him. I slip out of my apartment, lock the door behind me, and take Ford’s offered arm so he can lead me out to his car.

“So, where are we going?” I ask once we’re inside the sleek, fancy-as-hell car that I’m in no way surprised he drives.

He grins at me, one hand on the wheel and the other on my thigh, driving me crazy in the best way.

“Telling you would ruin the surprise,” he says, and I roll my eyes at him as though I’m completely unaffected by his touch and voice and general overpowering presence.

We chat about life and work during the short drive to the restaurant, and when Ford opens my door and helps me out of the car, I gasp.

“I’ve seen this place in all the food reviewers’ blogs!” I squeal, excitement bubbling over. “I’ve been wanting to try it for ages but never had the time.”

Ford grins as he slips his hand into mine, squeezing once. “I’m glad you approve,” he says, leading me up the small steps and into the restaurant.

It’s just as amazing as I’ve seen everyone say it is. From the decor to the service to the food, it’s the best meal I’ve ever had. I catch Ford watching me eat more than once and dramatically moan when I bite into my dessert just to tease him. From the way his jaw ticks, I know I’ve hit my mark.

The server comes over with the bill, and automatically, I reach for my purse to pay my half.

“What do you think you’re doing?” Ford practically growls across the table.

I pause, purse in hand, and raise my gaze to his, eyebrows arched. “Excuse me?”

Ford pins me with a stare that makes my panties wet instantly. “Put your purse away,” he states, enunciating every word.

I blink. “Why would I do that?” I challenge, rising to the bait. “I’m paying my half.”

Ford laughs. Laughs! “Oh baby,” he croons, leaning closer to me and making the rest of the restaurant fade into nothingness around us. “It’s a good thing you’re a quick learner because if you try to pay for anything when you’re with me ever again, you won’t be able to sit for a week.”

I’m at a loss for words, shocked. Recovering as quickly as I can, I argue back, “I’m an independent woman, Ford. I can afford my half of dinner. I’m not some little girl you have to buy pretty things for.”

Ford’s eyes gleam. “I know you’re independent,” he says, voice low and hypnotizing. “I don’t doubt your strength for a damn second. But I asked you out, so I am going to buy you dinner. That’s that.”

He leaves me absolutely no room to continue arguing back, and I can’t deny the rush of warmth that spreads through me when he shows his dominant side like this. I do my best to hide how flustered I am, purely because I don’t want him to think he’s got the upper hand here—I’ve spent weeks establishing myself as a force to reckon with, after all—but Ford smirks and raises a brow at me, and I know he sees right through my hastily adorned facade.

He pays and then pulls out my seat for me, taking my hand in his as we walk out. I don't want this date to be over, don't want this night to be over. Now that Ford's shown me who he really is, I want to discover every aspect of him.

"Come back to mine," I say, looking up at him as we emerge into the cool evening air.

Ford pauses, tugging me closer to him so I'm pressed against his chest, not an inch between us. My blood heats rapidly, and need explodes through me as I remember his touch earlier in the meeting room.

"If I come back to yours, I'm claiming you as mine," Ford growls, the words both a threat and a promise. If they're meant to make me hesitate, however, they have the opposite effect. "Make sure that's what you want, Faith, because I'll never let you go."

I don't even pause to think about it. "Yes," I breathe, need soaking the word. "That's what I want, Ford. Claim me. Make me yours."

Within seconds, he bundles us both into the car and floors it back to my place. Adrenaline and excitement bubble through me, and my thighs clench together as desire builds between them.

The second we get back to mine, the tension between us explodes. I don't know which one of us moves first, but our lips crash together, and Ford's hands grip my thighs and lift me so I'm straddling his waist.

"Bedroom's down the hall on the right," I mumble against his mouth, not willing to break the kiss fully just to give him the information. Ford tightens his hold on me, large hands cupping my ass and holding me tight to him as he makes quick work of navigating through my home toward the bedroom.

He lowers me to the bed on my back, following the movement with his body so he's braced over me. I moan against his mouth, bordering on desperate for him and too turned on to feel even the slightest bit embarrassed about it.

My dress rides up between us, his belt buckle catching on the fabric and exposing the black lace of my thong. Ford breaks the kiss with a low groan that goes straight to my core, making me squirm.

"Fuck, baby," he groans, "You're so goddamn beautiful."

His hands skate up my thighs, thumbs stroking against the sensitive flesh on my inner thigh. Instead of touching where I need him most, he finds the zipper of my dress and drags it down, the sound of metal teeth unfastening loud over our fast breaths. I sit up a little so he can peel the dress off me, satisfaction blooming through me at the way his pupils grow, black engulfing the green of his eyes as he takes me in. I thank my past self for choosing a nice matching lingerie set to wear underneath.

Ford's gaze is like a physical touch as it traces over my face, down to my chest, stomach, and hips. "I've never seen anything more fucking perfect in my life," he praises, and I can't help the little whimper that slips past my lips at his compliment.

"Ford," I breathe, struggling to get out any word except his name. "I need you."

Ford smirks, one finger tracing the lace at the edge of my bra and making me keen again. "I'll give you everything you want, baby," he promises, and I think I might have died and gone to heaven. Between his teasing touches and words, I'm burning up.

Ford's lips skim over my neck, sucking on my pulse point, and some part of me desperately hopes he leaves a mark despite how annoying it would be to have to cover it with concealer for work. I want him to mark me, to claim me the way he

promised, inside and out. I want to be his.

With one hand, he unclasps my bra, and then his mouth is on me again, nipping and licking sensitive skin. I spiral into a cloud of desire, wrapped up in the sensation of him. I claw at his shirt, fumbling with the buttons, needing to feel his skin on mine. He helps, shrugging the shirt off and throwing it to the floor, and my hands drop to his belt. I can already feel the outline of his length, long and hard, straining against the fabric, and my core flutters with anticipation.

With some more fumbling and help from Ford, he's stripped down to nothing but his underwear, just like me. I drink in the sight of him in nothing but boxers, the carved outlines of the muscles on his chest and abs, the defined shape of his biceps and thighs, every inch of him more mouthwatering than I even imagined. Finally, my eyes catch on his cock, and I reach for him, slipping my hand beneath his waistband. He hisses through his teeth as my fingers stroke him slowly, finding this part of him just as damn perfect as the rest of him. Truly, it's unfair how hot this man is. I mean, how is a girl supposed to cope?

"Faith," he pants as I tug his underwear down so his cock springs free. Suddenly, I need to taste him more than I need air, and I shuffle closer to take him in my mouth. "Fuck!"

I'd smile if my mouth weren't so full, loving the way he reacts to me. He's so big I struggle to take all of him, but I give it my best shot. He cradles the back of my head, not pushing or controlling, just holding like he can't bear not to be touching me. I swallow around him, and his jaw ticks as he grinds his teeth together, muscles straining for control. He tugs me away, and I begin to pout at him in protest before he says,

"If you keep going, I'm gonna fill your pretty little throat up instead of your perfect pussy," he says, and I lose my breath at the filthy words. "Unless you want me to

wear a condom.”

“Fuck no,” I answer immediately, then hurry to add, “I’m clean and on birth control. I want you to fill me up.”

Ford curses under his breath and then consumes me with a kiss, sending me spiraling all over again. His hand goes to my underwear, and I expect him to drag them off me, but instead, he fists the fabric at the side and tugs until it rips. I gasp as the ruined panties fall away.

“I’ll buy you a new set,” he murmurs against my lips. Then he touches me, and I can’t find any words to answer him even if I tried.

My breath catches in my lungs as he begins to press into me, filling me inch by inch. I fight to keep my eyes open against the pleasure, wanting to take in the expression on his face and the way his muscles tense and bunch as he loses himself in me.

“Fuck, Faith,” he pants, pleasure straining in his words and sending bolts of ecstasy through me. I love knowing I affect him just as much as he affects me, that this moment of us coming together the first time is as mindblowing for both of us. “You feel fucking incredible.”

I nod in agreement only because I’m too caught up in the feel of him to even attempt to form words. Finally, he’s all the way inside me, and I arch beneath him, silently begging him to move. I reach for him, winding my arms around his neck and pulling him closer to kiss him hungrily.

He swallows my moan as he moves his hips, fucking me in long strokes that wind pleasure tighter and tighter low in my stomach. Of their own accord, my thighs wrap around his hips as I move with him, taking him as deep as I can, wanting everything he can possibly give me.

Bracing his weight on one arm, he skates his hand down my bare skin, leaving a trail of sparks in his wake. I gasp and whine against his lips as his touch reaches my clit, teasing the bundle of nerves until I'm on the verge of exploding.

"Ford!" I cry out as bliss bursts through me, and I drown in the wave of an orgasm. Ford groans my name as he follows me over the edge, filling me just like I begged him to.

For a minute, we both just try to catch our breaths, our limbs tangled together and sweat coating our bodies. It feels so natural to lie here in his arms, sated and happy, like this was where I was always meant to be. I tilt my head back for a kiss, and Ford kisses me deeply and sweetly until I can't deny my own feelings any longer.

No matter how crazy it may be, I'm falling for him.

5

FORD

I wake before Faith does, who's sleeping like an angel on my chest. Her hair had dried from our shower last night and splayed over my skin and the pillows like a golden halo. For all the sass she has when she's awake, she looks so peaceful when she's dreaming. Peaceful and fucking edible.

Neither of us bothered getting dressed after we got cleaned up, and as she shuffled a little in her sleep, the blankets fell away to expose her soft, pale skin and delicious curves.

I meant what I told her before we came back to her place last night. She's mine now. I feel like a caveman, growling and staking my claim, feral at the thought of another man even coming close to her.

I can't bring myself to feel even remotely bad for it, though.

Faith stirs, yawning and stretching as she wakes up. I brush her hair out of her face as she blinks her blue eyes open, looking up at me. The sight of her sleepy smile steals the air from my lungs, and I forget how to breathe for a second.

"Good morning, handsome," she murmurs, snuggling closer to me as I play with her hair.

"Good morning, gorgeous," I say back, my voice still thick and low with sleep and

rising desire.

“What time is it?” Faith asks, wriggling and starting to sit up to reach for her phone.

I grab her around the waist and pull her on top of me, stopping her from moving away. “Don’t know, don’t care,” I mumble as I kiss her, smiling when she giggles against my lips.

“Shouldn’t we get up and eat breakfast and get ready?” she asks, raising a brow at me.

“Now that you mention it, I am starving,” I reply, grabbing her as I turn us so she’s on her back and I’m above her. She squeals, arms wrapping around me automatically as we cling to each other like we’ve been together far longer than just one night.

“Then why are we still in bed?” she laughs, shaking her head at me.

I grin down at her, feeling feral for this girl. “Oh, baby. It’s not food I’m hungry for.”

Faith’s eyes widen, and a bright pink blush takes over her cheeks. Her plush lips form a silent oh, and when I kiss her, she moans against my mouth, her body arching up against me. I kiss her deeply, claiming her mouth just like I plan to claim every inch of her body. I trail kisses down her neck then over her chest, making her gasp and squirm.

“But we’ll be late for work...” she says, though it’s clear she’s not protesting my plan.

“I’ll be quick, promise,” I swear, knowing there’s no way in hell I’m going to work without the taste of my girl on my tongue. “Now spread these pretty thighs for me, baby,” I murmur against her stomach. “Let me feast on what’s mine.”

Faith whispers my name as she parts her legs, letting me settle between them. I glance up at her, finding her wide-eyed gaze locked on me, desire shining in the ocean blue of her eyes.

I hold her gaze as I dip my head, dragging my tongue through the center of her. I groan against her, one hand on her thigh, the other on her hip to hold her in place for me to eat.

“Fucking delicious, Faith,” I growl, licking the taste of her off my lips. “So wet for me, too. Such a good fucking girl.”

“Ford,” she gasps, and I swear that the melody of my name on her lips is my new favorite sound.

My cock is rock hard and begging for her, but the desire to make her unwind on my tongue is far stronger than the desire for my own pleasure. Her hands fist in the bed sheets as I tilt her hips, giving myself easier access to my breakfast before I devour her. My tongue traces every inch of her sweetness, dipping inside of her, circling her clit, driving her pleasure higher and higher until she’s chanting my name breathlessly, clawing at the sheets.

I drink her in, savoring every reaction she has, the way her thighs tighten right before she comes, gasping and shuddering beneath my touch. I don’t let up until she’s shaking from overstimulation, then I place one last kiss on her clit before I force myself to pull away.

“Oh my God,” Faith pants, opening her eyes to look at me as I sit up.

“I’m going to need to book out a meeting room every day at lunch,” I muse, “because nothing will satisfy me anymore but you.”

“I should complain about wasting valuable work time,” Faith teases, sitting up and grinning at me. “But, dammit, I can’t bring myself to think it’d be a waste at all. You’re thoroughly ruining me, Ford Grant.”

I laugh, standing and helping her to her feet, too. “I’m happy to let you ruin me in return, Faith Thatcher,” I say back.

“Oh yeah?” she asks, smirking as she sinks to her knees before me, swapping our earlier positions and dipping her head to return the favor.

I curse loudly as the wet heat of her mouth surrounds me, sending pleasure shooting up my spine. She’s perfection in human form, I’m sure of it. With every flick of her tongue and moan around the head of my cock, Faith damn near sucks the soul out of my body, and I’m all too happy to let her have it.

When I come, she swallows me down, smiling when I just stare down at her in pleasure-fueled shock.

“Dammit, baby, how are you even real?” I mumble, unable to resist one more kiss before we finally begin to get ready for work.

I have to wear the same clothes from the day before, but thankfully nobody should notice if I wear the same suit twice in a row anyway. Faith is half-ready when she notices the time and lets out a high-pitched squeal, mouth hanging open.

“Shit! We’re late,” she curses, rushing to finish getting dressed and nearly tripping over again, trying to shove her feet into her heels.

As fast as possible without breaking speed laws and delaying us even more by being fined, I drive us to the office, trying not to show her how amused I am by her being so flustered.

I'm not worried about being late until I reach my desk and realize a team meeting has been called this morning. A team meeting that started ... ten minutes ago.

Fuck.

Faith makes a beeline for the meeting room, with me right on her heels, grumbling about people needing to schedule their meetings better and give more notice. I chuckle quietly to myself at her hypocrisy, though I love how fierce she is.

Fuck, I love everything about her.

We reach the door at the same time, and I hold it open for her as she rushes in, following closely behind.

I only realize our mistake when the room goes absolutely silent when we enter. A table full of shocked faces stares directly at us, eyes wide, and suspicion is clearly written all over the expressions of our colleagues.

“Good morn—” I begin to say, just as Faith speaks at the same time.

“It's not what?—”

“Apologies for being late?—”

“We just bumped into each other?—”

Our excuses overlap, turning into a jumble of words that don't make any sense. I catch Tom's narrowed eyes and pursed lips from across the table as he glares daggers my way.

Whatever excuses or explanations we try to make, it's clear that nobody's buying it.

We're both late. We both walked in together. It's clear that we didn't just bump into each other coincidentally, especially because neither of us is ever normally late at all.

Of course, it's Tom who speaks first.

"Well, well, well," the asshole speaks up, shaking his head as his eyes flit between Faith and me. "Isn't this interesting? I expected better of you, Ford. I know I'm not the only one disappointed to see that you're so clearly violating the office code of conduct and with such little shame! You can't expect any of us to believe that you and Ms. Thatcher here just so happened to both be late and walk in side by side, looking like you got dressed in a huge rush. Isn't that the same suit you wore yesterday, Ford? It's looking a little ... rumpled."

My fists clench at my sides, and I open my mouth to tell him exactly what I think of him running his pathetic mouth, but Faith beats me to it.

With a sweet smile on her face and batting her long lashes innocently, she says, "That's rich coming from a man who can't take a hint even when it's shoved in his face and keeps making me incredibly uncomfortable despite me making it more than clear that I'm not and never will be interested in somebody like you. You're lucky I haven't filed a complaint about you, Tom."

Pride blooms through me at the strength and sass in Faith's words, though she keeps her tone entirely professional as she reprimands him. I have to adjust my stance to make sure it's not obvious to the whole room how much hearing her call him out turns me on.

I can't help myself from touching her, though, and Faith leans into me unashamedly as I slide my arm around her waist and pull her close, ensuring Tom sees every ounce of possession in my glare.

“You make her uncomfortable ever again and you’re going to have to deal with me,” I say, fighting to keep my voice professional but ensuring he hears the threat for what it is. “There’s nothing wrong with Faith and I seeing each other. We’re both consenting adults who can make their own choices without input from people like you.”

Tom’s eyes go wide as plates as he looks around the table in search of support or backup. His cheeks go red. “Are you hearing this?” he asks our colleagues, outraged. “He threatened me! That was a threat!”

Finally, someone else speaks up. It’s Georgia from Human Resources, a nice woman but one who takes no nonsense. Normally, we all make an effort not to get on her bad side, but as I stand there, arm around Faith, facing off Tom, I find that I no longer care if I’m breaking the rules. She can do her worst. Faith is worth it.

“Ford and Faith are right,” Georgia says, much to Tom’s horror. I take great satisfaction in the way he looks like he’s going to explode at her words. “There’s a work relationship form to sign, but there’s no policies that forbid them from being together.”

“But—” Tom tries to say, slamming his hand on the table as though being loud will make him right.

Georgia ignores his outburst as she addresses him. “You’re going to have even more problems if you want to try to pursue this. Not to mention that you’ll be in a hell of a lot of trouble for harassment if Faith decides to file a report, which she has every right to do. I would consider your next words very carefully, Tom.”

Tom splutters, making noise, though there are no discernible words coming out.

Joseph Greene, the head of our whole office and technically the boss of all of us,

clears his throat, drawing all our attention to him. “Ford and Faith are technically equals, each head of their respective departments. There’s no problem with the power dynamics here at all. By their own admission, their relationship is consensual. I don’t make it a habit of getting involved in my employees’ personal relationships, and I don’t plan on starting now. I advise you, Tom, to calm down and focus on your job, which, if I must remind you, is computers, not personal relationships.” Faith and I smile gratefully at him, and he adds, “Now, I’m sure we all have better things to be doing than sitting here discussing this. Let’s get back to the issues at hand, shall we?”

Thoroughly put in his place, Tom goes silent, beet red and fuming, as Faith and I take our seats for the meeting. Joseph provides a quick recap of the agenda, and we dive into work.

“Faith, I believe you had an outline of your next marketing campaign ready to present?” one of our colleagues prompts, and Faith grins, nodding.

“Yes! I truly think this is one of our best yet. The team has worked so hard on it,” she begins, quickly logging in to the computer attached to the projector to bring up the outline. She presents efficiently and engagingly, and I can’t take my eyes off her.

This smart, capable, sassy, strong woman is mine.

I’m the luckiest man in the whole fucking world.

Everybody, including me, loves the campaign idea, and our boss praises her highly for how well she works with her team and the quality of work she’s produced since starting here. She accepts the compliments gracefully, even going so far as to give me credit for helping her when she needed assistance. I smile, imagining all the ways I can show her how helpful I can be after work. Unsurprisingly, the campaign gets approved without any objections, and I squeeze her thigh under the table, silently showing my pride and support.

Fuck, I'm so proud of her.

She's incredible.

And all mine.

FAITH

“Here’s to all of you!” I say, waving my hand to the feast spread out in the kitchen. I bought lunch for my whole team after the campaign went live, and it was, almost instantly, a huge success. The team and I worked so hard on this project, and it paid off.

The team congratulates me back as they start grabbing plates and coffees, and I’m so glad to have such a good relationship with them all. I was worried when I started that it would be hard for me to take over from the last girl, but from the start, I loved this role.

I love it even more now that it’s led me to Ford.

It’s only been a month since that first day we got together, but I already can’t picture my life without him. I love him, as crazy as that may seem to anyone else but us. We spend every day together now, and I wouldn’t have it any other way.

As if thinking of him brought him here, I hear Ford’s voice behind me.

“Faith,” he says, and I turn immediately, stepping into his open arms without hesitation. He holds me close for as long as we can get away with in the office, and I inhale the scent of his cologne, savoring the feel of his muscles beneath his expensive suit. If we weren’t in full view of other people, I’d be jumping on him right now. “Congratulations on the campaign, baby. You did incredible.”

“Have I made you lots of money?” I joke, smiling up at him. I know the campaign has been great for business, and if anyone knows about the finances, it’s Ford.

He grins and leans down to whisper a number in my ear that makes my eyes go wide. Damn, we’ve done even better than I thought.

“You’re making my job harder for me again, baby,” Ford jokes. “Now I have to do even more calculations, thanks to you.”

I elbow him playfully, rolling my eyes. “I just like keeping you on your toes,” I tease back, smiling.

Ford laughs, reaching over to snag a strawberry from the table. “Let’s continue celebrating your success tonight.”

“What have you got planned?” I ask, curious and a little suspicious of the gleam in his eye. Excitement bubbles through me, knowing that whatever Ford has planned, I’ll love. He truly spoils me rotten, and as much as I still insist I can take care of myself, I have to admit I love it when he takes care of me, too.

“You’ll just have to be patient and wait and see,” Ford says with a wink. “You’ll find out tonight.”

Before I can argue my case for him telling me now, he turns and leaves. It’s Friday, so I already planned on spending the whole weekend with him, anyway. We’ve been talking about moving in together and whose apartment we should move into or if we should look for a new place together. We’re both fully committed to each other and our relationship, so it feels completely natural to me for us to drive to and from work together every day.

At five o’clock sharp, Ford comes by my desk to pick me up, stopping me from

working even five minutes past time. It's one of the things I love most about him, the way he makes sure I'm taking care of myself.

He carries my bag out to the car for me, holding the door open for me like the gentleman he is. After a quick stop at home to get changed into an outfit Ford bought for me—a red sparkly dress and silver heels that are so gorgeous I briefly wonder whether he has better taste than me—we head out for dinner and drinks.

“You look fucking incredible,” Ford says, complimenting me again as he drives. He has one hand on the steering wheel and the other on my thigh, thumb tracing circles on my sensitive skin.

“You've got great taste in dresses,” I say back, grinning at him.

He chuckles. “And women,” he teases back, squeezing my thigh.

I don't realize where he's taking me until he's helping me out of the car, and I catch sight of the sign.

“This is the most sought-after place in the city right now!” I exclaim, excitement taking over me. This rooftop bar and restaurant has been going viral for its cocktails and sharing plates, but it's booked out for months and impossible to get into. “How the hell did you get a reservation here?!”

Ford wraps his arm around my waist, leading me inside and up the elevator to the rooftop. “Don't you get it by now, Faith?” he asks, tipping my chin up with his free hand so I'm looking him in the eye. “I'd do anything for you.”

Butterflies take flight in my stomach and I steal a kiss that's cut short when the elevator doors open to the restaurant. It's just as gorgeous inside as it is in all the photos I've seen, full of lush greenery with a bar that wraps around the whole

restaurant so that no matter where you sit, you have fresh drinks right in front of you. Three of the walls are glass, giving the perfect view of the city below. French doors lead to a balcony outside where you can take your drinks before or after your meal.

The host greets us and leads us to our table, right by the huge window that gives us the perfect view of the city below as the sun sets. My eyes go wide as I take in the fancy cocktail menu, seeing so many delicious-sounding drinks that I swear my mouth starts watering.

“Have whatever you want, baby,” Ford says, smiling as I debate between a vanilla apricot drink or a classic strawberry one.

Instead of waiting for me to choose, he orders me both, plus a whisky on the rocks for himself and a selection of the sharing plates that I’m drooling over just the thought of.

When our drinks arrive, he raises his in a small toast. “To you, Faith,” he says softly, love shining in his eyes as he clinks our glasses together.

“How are you so perfect?” I say, sipping each of my drinks. I can’t decide which one is best. They’re both insanely good.

“You’re the perfect one, baby,” he argues, and I nudge him under the table playfully.

When our food arrives, it’s just as incredible as everyone says. Between the restaurant and the company, plus the success of the day, this is easily one of the best days of my life.

“I don’t think today could get any better.” I sigh happily as I finish my bite of decadent chocolate lava cake.

Ford chuckles, raising a brow at me. “Oh really? Well, that’s a challenge I’ll gladly

take,” he says, standing and pulling the chair out for me too.

I take his hand, and he leads me out to the balcony, which is surprisingly empty of anyone except us. The night air is cool but not cold, and I smile as a soft breeze blows my hair away from my face.

“It’s stunning,” I sigh happily, looking out onto the city below. From up this high, the lights sparkle like fairy lights, and the last rays of the sun are glowing just beneath the horizon, making the scene feel like something out of a movie.

“Truly beautiful,” Ford agrees, but when I turn to him, he’s not looking out over the city, his gaze is locked on me. At this moment, I don’t think I could possibly love this man any more than I do ... but then he drops to one knee.

“Oh my God!” I squeal automatically, slapping my hand over my mouth in total shock.

Ford grins at me as he holds up a black velvet box in one hand, opening it to reveal a shining diamond so bright it makes the city below look dull. My gaze is torn between the ring and the man I love, emotions bubbling up fast inside me. Shock, joy, and pure love surround me, and it takes me a minute to hear what Ford’s saying.

“Faith Thatcher,” he says, my name sounding ethereal on his tongue, “from the moment we met, I knew you’d be a force to be reckoned with, and I’ve never been so glad to be right.”

I can’t help but laugh at that because it’s true, after all.

“You are the most gorgeous woman I’ve ever seen, and I’m in love with every aspect of you,” Ford continues, and I feel my eyes start to sting with emotion. “I love your sass, your intelligence, your passion. Every day, I’m thankful for you calling that

meeting to chew my ass out over your budget.”

“It worked out!” I agree, through joy and happy tears.

“That it did. Faith, baby, I have a question for you,” he says, his smile as wide as mine. “Will you marry me?”

I’m already nodding before he gets to finish his question. “Yes! Yes, oh my God, of course I will.”

He slides the ring onto my finger, a perfect fit, the princess-cut diamond glittering through my teary eyes. Seconds later, he’s on his feet and I’m in his arms, kissing him and spinning around as, through the windows, we hear people clap and cheer for us.

There are no words for how happy I am, but I know Ford will spend the rest of our lives making me feel this way.

I can’t wait.

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EPILOGUE

FORD

Two Years Later

After two years of being engaged and planning, Faith and I finally got married a week ago. Of course, Faith's best friend, Natalie, was Faith's maid of honor and did a whole speech about the mis-sent text and how we got together that had me rolling in laughter and Faith blushing furiously. The day was utterly perfect, but from the second I saw my wife in that white dress, I just wanted to be alone with her to show her exactly how much I love her. Thankfully, now that we're on our honeymoon, I have ample time to do just that.

St. Lucia is absolutely gorgeous, but it has nothing on my wife. I could travel the whole world and never find a sight that takes my breath away the way that Mrs. Faith Grant does. Her hair is wavy from the salt air, hanging loose down her back as the breeze plays with the golden strands, and her skin has started to tan from the sun, creating tan lines in the shape of her bikini straps.

I'm thinking about all the ways I can run my tongue over those tan lines when I catch sight of the emails open on her phone in her hand. Instantly, I close the distance between us, reaching around to snatch the device from her hand. Just like I thought, she's sneakily checking her work email.

"What do you think you're doing?" I ask, closing the tab and turning her phone off, setting it on the sideboard away from her reach.

“I was just?—”

“Checking your work email when you’re supposed to be relaxing?” I ask, and can’t help but chuckle at the guilty face Faith makes.

“Oops,” she says, shrugging while still smiling, clearly taking joy in winding me up just like always.

“You little brat,” I tease, shaking my head at her as she grins up at me.

“You love it,” she says back because no matter how much we banter and wind each other up, we both love the dynamic we have.

“I love you,” I answer, then strike, grabbing her by the waist and throwing her over my shoulder while she squeals. “But that doesn’t mean I’ll let you get away with this.”

“Ford!” Faith shrieks as I take off running, heading straight to the section of private beach that sits just in front of our honeymoon villa.

I run straight into the sea, laughing at the noises she makes as the warm water surrounds us. Careful not to let the water get on her face, I swap position, moving her so her legs are around my waist and her arms are wrapped around my shoulders. I kiss her, the sea lapping at our skin and the sun warming us, tasting sea salt and the unique sweetness of Faith. She moans, tightening her hold on me, my cock immediately hardening between us.

“I can’t wait to see where life takes us, baby,” I murmur, staring down at her in admiration. “Can’t wait to see more of your successes, and start a family with you, see you become a mom.”

Faith smirks up at me, utter mischief in bright eyes. It's one of my favorite expressions on her, second only to when pleasure takes her over. "Oh, you want to get me pregnant, do you?"

The way my cock presses harder against her answers for me, and she giggles as she reaches behind her, pulling on the straps of her bikini top until it falls away. I barely manage to snatch the wet fabric from the sea before it floats away, too enraptured by my wife. In the second I grab the bikini top, Faith slips out of my arms and, seconds later, hands me her bikini bottoms, too. For a minute, I'm in too much shock to say anything, giving her the chance she needs to start speeding away from me.

I turn, following her immediately as she takes off up the beach, completely naked.

"If you meant what you said," she calls out, hair wild and her smile wide, "come catch me and put a baby in me, then!"

That snaps me out of my stupor, and I charge after her, the idea of getting her pregnant driving me absolutely wild. Faith squeals and runs across the sand as I catch up to her, throwing her bikini down so that I can grab her instead.

"Hold on tight, baby," I growl as I reach her, spinning so I hit the ground first, and she lands on top of me, breathless and wet. "Let's get you pregnant."

I spend the rest of the day doing just that.

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EXTENDED EPILOGUE

FAITH

Five Years Later

Thank God Ford and I work at the same place because it makes ‘bring your child to work day’ much easier when you have twins. The plan was we’d each take one girl and then switch at lunchtime, but we really should’ve known better. The girls know they can cause chaos way better when they’re together, and they have no plans of being separated.

“Felicity, please stop drawing on your sister with pink highlighter!” I shake my head at my daughter even though I can’t contain my smile. My daughter looks up at me with bright blue eyes and a pout on her pink lips.

“What about the green one?” she asks sassily, picking up a green highlighter and aiming it at her sister’s arm.

“I know exactly where she got her sass from,” Ford pipes up as he walks in with two coffees, holding one out for me. I laugh, rolling my eyes at him.

“If she’s got my sass, Freya got your stubbornness,” I say, watching as our other daughter demands her sister draw a green butterfly on her hand instead of the flower she started.

“Always knew your kids would be mini forces to reckon with,” our coworker says,

grinning widely at our children as they play. “They’re such a mix of the two of you!”

“They keep us on our toes.” Ford laughs, watching as Felicity pretends to take a phone call. “But I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

“Me neither,” I agree.

“I’ll call you back in five minutes!” Felicity declares to the pretend caller as Freya grabs my keyboard and pretends to type.

“What are you working on, Freya?” I ask, curious and thoroughly enjoying watching them make a mess out of my desk.

“I’m emailing Finance!” she declares, making Ford, me, and everyone else in earshot burst into fits of laughter.

“Daddy, I want to email her back!” Felicity shouts out, hopping up from my desk chair and rushing over to leap into her daddy’s arms. Both our girls have Ford wrapped around their little fingers, just like I do, and watching him be a father is truly the most amazing thing.

I was shocked when, five years ago, we discovered we were expecting not one but two baby girls. But, with Ford by my side, I knew we’d manage every challenge that could come our way. We threw ourselves into renovating the spare room into their nursery, and Ford was so hands-on, researching and learning all he could, and so excited to be a dad. He’s truly everything I could ever wish for in a husband, though even seven years later, I still love to wind him up just as much as ever.

I take a sip of coffee, leaning into Ford’s side as one of my team members, an older lady named Claire, offers the girls cupcakes and gives them a jigsaw puzzle she brought in for the kids. Claire is like the mom of our team and has grandkids around the girls’ age, and I trust her implicitly to watch over them as she sets up the jigsaw

and the girls get frosting all over their faces.

“God help their coworkers when they’re older,” I joke to Ford as we take a minute to enjoy our hot coffees, thanks to Claire. “They’re gonna run their offices.”

Ford grins, kissing the top of my head. “Maybe they’ll meet their matches there, too,” he suggests. “Someone who can handle all their sass, just like how you found me.”

I elbow him playfully. “Depends if their head of Finance knows how to set decent budgets,” I tease back, laughing when he tickles my side in retaliation.

As I stand there, my husband’s arm wrapped around me and the sound of our daughters’ laughter echoing through the office, I can’t help but be grateful for the version of me all those years ago who mis-sent that text.

Because there’s nowhere else I’d rather be and nobody else I’d rather be here with.

The End

Thanks for reading!