## Million Dollar View

**XAVIER** 

"Baby!" Angela called from the kitchen.

tackling me to the ground. Her enthusiasm made me smile, even after one of the longest workdays of my life.

I was taking off my work shoes when she came running, her dress and apron flowing, slippers scuffing, nearly

Jazz was playing in the kitchen. I smelled something delicious. I knew it was her famous lasagna.

"Someone's happy to see me," I observed. I wrapped my arms around her and breathed in the sweet scent of her shampoo.

"So happy," she responded. "It's been a crazy day!"

"I could say the same thing," I grumbled.

She caught me by my shoulders and looked at me searchingly. I knew she wanted to hear what was bothering me

But to tell her about the long day in the office would be like reliving it all over again.

I didn't want to think about Penny anymore, hovering outside my office like a bumblebee, expecting the worst.

And *sheesh*, it was just as painful to think about that in the afternoon, Henry strode into the Knight Enterprises office like he owned the place, shouting for me like he'd bought the other seventy percent of my company.

Just the memory made me wince. I couldn't bring myself to match Angela's enthusiasm. I set off for our bedroom to change out of my suit.

Maybe if I put on something more comfortable, I'd feel more comfortable.

When I was dressed, I groaned, belly-flopping onto the bed. Angela nestled next to me. I wrapped my arms around her warm little body.

"You're drinking wine?" I asked.

"Yes," she said with a smile, kissing my temple, "and dinner is almost ready."

She followed at my heels, waiting as I pulled on my sweatpants.

I kissed her cheeks all the way to her lips.

"Mmmmmm."

I frowned.

physically together again.

from under me.

her immaculate ass.

Her.

I shrugged.

"Uh—"

sold at the opening!"

"I'm so proud of you."

And I meant it.

exhibition ended, and she'd get a special delivery

I grabbed her hand that was gripping the edge of the table.

"Maybe you'll feel better after you eat," she suggested. "Also, Xavier, you should really read Brad's diaries! I read a few entries, and they blew me away. I felt so close to him."

"I don't know ..."

As if Penny wasn't enough, now I have to think of Henry, too

"Thank you, Angel," I said, squeezing her thigh beneath the table.

"No! Be serious." She slapped my thigh, but giggled happily.

"Oh, please." She rolled her eyes. "If she's in love with anyone, it's you."

"You're the best wife in the world?" I tried, fixing her with my most smoldering look.

Angela didn't push me. We moved to the dining room, where the table was already set. Long candles flickered in their silver stands on a pristine white tablecloth. I knew I should be feeling grateful, but I couldn't shake the feeling that Knight Enterprises was about to be stolen out

It was still too soon for me. I didn't think I could bear the pain of feeling close to him, knowing that we'd never be

"I'm going to get the lasagna," Angela said, placing my napkin in my lap and filling my glass with a vintage Merlot. "Have a drink! *That* will make you feel better."

She kissed me on the cheek, and I watched her saunter into the kitchen, the strings from her apron tied right above

I took a swig, hardly tasting the wine, luxurious though it was. As Angela returned with the casserole dish between

two mitted hands, I resolved to put business from my mind as best I could and focus on what mattered:

She served a big, steaming square onto my plate and then onto her own. We sat together at one end of the huge dining room table, with me at the head and her beside me.

She smiled at me through a big bite of pasta and cheese. "Guess what," she prompted, practically bouncing around in her chair.

"Marlena's in love with you because the show went so well?"

I had to pounce to get one of Marlena's paintings. They were snatched up like candy.

"That's fantastic." I smiled to myself, thinking of the role I had in her happiness, and imagining her delight when the

"Okay, I'll tell you," Angela relented, letting her fork fall to her plate with a clatter. "All of Marlena's paintings were

"That's not all," she went on. "I met a woman at the event named Hannah Flintour. She's the editor of Vague magazine. Have you heard of her?"

My jaw dropped. Angela giggled with delight. Of course I'd heard of the woman. We'd met her a few times at fashion

events in the city. Flintour had a reputation for being cold and ruthless, and she didn't try to change anyone's mind.

That said, she was fashion royalty. And anyone who could warm the ice queen's heart was set for life.

"Well, Vague has a gala every year, and they're looking for a new planner

"I'm not expecting anything, of course," she added hurriedly, "but it's just exciting."

Rupert said she was impressed by *me!*"

event planning had become so serious.

I thought it was just something to fill her time

"You're tired?" Angela asked, disappointed.

That was all the invitation I needed.

ceiling windows.

much I want you right now."

"Then show me," I said.

"Take them off," he begged.

my underwear before taking it off.

"I need you," he whispered.

I couldn't take it anymore.

I felt my breasts bouncing, but I didn't care.

"Oh, Angela," he cried out, "I'm about to cum."

"Me, too," I moaned, leaning down so our faces were close together.

and together we came, his cock pulsing inside me as my walls contracted around him.

Finally.

perfect.

"I know."

inside of me.

material.

But Vague was the real deal—there was no way around it.

wanted to think about was work? Even if it was hers and not mine?

"That's so funny," she said, "because I need to rest my feet."

"I'm not at all surprised, my darling." I leaned over and kissed her cheek.

I shifted my gaze to my plate, which was empty. I was excited for my wife, but I was also surprised that her stint with

..." Angela went on, her eyes sparkling. "And

I leaned back in my seat, resting my hands on my full stomach. I let my eyes close.

... I mean, we obviously didn't need the money.

"Not tired. But I would love to lie down," I whispered, eyeing her. She smiled, biting her lip. Who knew the virgin I married would become such a vixen?

**ANGELA** 

I guess I hadn't been enthusiastic enough about Hannah Flintour. But how could I explain to her that the last thing I

I stood and took Angela's hand, leading her into the living room. We could go to bed later. Now, I wanted to take her on the chaise lounge.

Xavier and I stood in the living room. The only light came from the Manhattan skyline that shone through the floor-to-

Our building was the tallest around, and we were on the top floor. We must've had the best view in all of Manhattan

He undid the strings of my apron and leaned into my neck, nibbling my ear before whispering, "I can't tell you how

I ran my hands down my husband's firm chest, his washboard abs, and finally, down to his groin. I found his cock and

He removed his shirt while I pulled down his cashmere sweatpants, falling to my knees in front of him. His erection

I continued to stimulate him with my hand, exploring his body while it was still concealed from me. I kissed the trail

of hair that ran down his stomach before moving down, wrapping my lips around his solid member through the soft

He lifted my dress over my head and unhooked my bra. He kissed my breasts, running his finger under the band of

... Let me make love to you."

I felt like it was just us two, on top of the world. It was totally romantic. And totally sexy.

Xavier looked at me like he could not have cared less about the view.

began to massage it with both of my hands, feeling him stiffen under my touch. Xavier moaned.

was straining under his black boxer briefs, but I wanted to keep touching him like this.

I pressed my tongue against him until the wetness soaked through.

Lost in desire, I became uncharacteristically bold. "I need you, too

against my most sensitive place, where I was soaking wet and waiting for him.

"Oh my God, Angie," Xavier gasped, running his hands through my hair.

Maybe it was the view—the energy from the whole city—but I felt uncharacteristically bold.

I knew I was surprising him. I was surprising myself. But it felt *good*. I stood again and then pulled his underwear off, his cock rock solid as he angled it towards me.

I didn't need to tell him twice. Xavier reclined on the chaise lounge and held open his arms to me.

I stroked his member one last time before positioning it under me. And then I sank on top of him.

His perfect body looked even more unreal in the low light as I climbed on top of him, straddling him.

As he gently pushed his finger inside of me, I bucked against him. My husband's eyes on me, watching me enjoy his touch, made me feel like a goddess. With his other hand, he cupped my breast.

It felt like drinking water after a day in the sun. Placing the final piece of a jigsaw puzzle. Scratching an itch. It was

My body took control as I rode him, feeling his hands on my waist. I needed him deeper, again and again.

My husband's moans only made me more and more excited, heightening the warm feeling deep within me.

"Touch me," I whispered, and he ran his fingers up my thigh, making me shiver with anticipation. Finally, I felt him

Xavier's grip tightened, and I knew he was reaching his peak. I was even more excited because it was *my* rhythm that he was losing himself to. *I* was the one in control.

My energy spent, I collapsed on him, and he wrapped his arms around me. "Wow," he gasped.

I pushed myself up on my arms and smiled down at him, my hair surrounding us in a curtain of privacy. He was still

I continued moving on top of him, his ragged breath in my ear. I pushed into him, needing him deeper and deeper.

His body tensed under me, and I knew he was about to lose control. This brought the sensation inside me to a climax,

"Arlington? Rupert?" he suggested while I giggled. "Belinda, Valerie, Madeleine "Stella," I whispered. I had never thought of the name before, but it just felt ... right.

Just then, a ringtone sounded from the pile of clothes discarded to the floor. I detached myself from my husband and reached for it.

"Xavier!!!" I yelled. "I got an interview for the Vague Gala!"

I was about to ask him to clarify, but then I realized, and I just smiled.

"Stella," he repeated. He rose to a sitting position and kissed me.

Swiping open my phone with a shaking finger, I could hardly believe my eyes.

"What should we name it?" he whispered.

... from Hannah Flintour. I had a new email