Dinner and Dessert

Angela

"You what?"

"I got you a job," Xavier repeated, his smile growing impossibly larger.

engineering department, and he's willing to take you onboard."

Is he kidding?

I opened and closed my mouth a few times, unable to find the words—any words—to reply.

Only a handful of days ago he was lecturing me about how I didn't need a job. Now he'd gone out and found me one?

"I remembered you telling me that you'd been working at an aerospace company when we first met," Xavier

"I—What? That's crazy," I managed to splutter out. I'd applied for the SkyTech internship last year when my dad was in the hospital and had been rejected.

explained. "I have a friend of a friend who is CTO at SkyTech. He said there is an internship opening in their

Now, suddenly, they want me?

Xavier shrugged then picked up his utensils. "It would be as a personal favor. I know you're up for it though."

My stomach twisted, and I pushed my plate away, suddenly not hungry. It wasn't my skill they wanted. I was just a paragraph in a business exchange. Part of negotiation. A favor to a friend.

"I can picture it now," Xavier rattled on. "My beautiful wife, head of engineering at SkyTech." That was what this was about, Xavier turning me into his dream wife. If I needed a job, then it would be one that he

This wasn't about him though. For once, I wanted to do something for myself. "I already got a job," I said quietly.

Xavier choked on a mouthful of rare beef. "What?"

I sat up a little straighter in my chair. "I already got a job."

approved of. On his terms. Using his pull.

He took a gulp of red wine. "Where?"

"Doing what?"

"Well...I guess for myself. Like a freelancer."

I picked up my fork and started to move the finely chopped vegetables around my plate. "Event planning."

Xavier's eyebrows shot up. "Event planning? I thought you trained in mechanical engineering."

"I did."

Xavier snorted. "Perfect. So I've gone out of my way to secure this job for you, and now you're going to throw that all away to fulfill your week-long dream of becoming an event planner. You have no experience. How are you going to find clients?"

"I already have one, actually. I met her for lunch today. My first event is planned for next week."

"How did you get the job, Angela? I can't have you planning strangers' bar mitzvahs and retirement parties. I can already see the headlines," Xavier barked.

He pushed himself out of his chair and ran his hands through his hair as he looked out the windows over the city.

"Of course!" Xavier snapped, turning to face me. "I should have known. My dad's still got you under his thumb. You're his little Eliza Doolittle."

went and sold your sob story to my father. Then he came sweeping in to save you, like always. Don't you trust me? Don't you have any faith in me?"

I took a step back.

I crossed my arms over my chest. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"That's not fair, Xavier," I pushed back. "You can't make this about you. You can't get mad at me for finding a solution without you." "For fuck's sake, Angela," Xavier said, stepping closer, "I got you a job. I've fucking sworn off women. I take you out on

"It means that you two are always scheming behind my back. I told you that you didn't need to have a job, and you

"Angela—" Xavier raged then stopped. His nostrils flared. A muscle in his jaw jumped.

Xavier

and bit down hard, earning another quick inhale. Her tiny hands slid up my chest, taking hold of the collar of my shirt and pulling me closer to her.

Angela gasped as our lips crashed together in a mess of teeth and tongue. I took her full bottom lip between my teeth

Fucking was one thing. That was easy, fun, detached.

And that fact that she wasn't giving it to me was making me crazy.

What I needed from Angela was so much *more*.

along the ridges of my abdomen.

She had fucking lace panties on.

breaking our contact.

What more could it take? What else could I do to prove to her that I wanted her? That I wanted us?

I was going to lose it soon if I couldn't take her. If she wouldn't let me have her.

Angela never made the first move, never initiated contact. This was a fucking first, and I wasn't about to stop her. I couldn't hold back the groan that came as she ran her hands down the planes of my bare chest, as her nails scratched

More. Without breaking contact, I reached one arm behind me and grabbed the back of one of the dining room chairs,

swinging it around. I wrapped my other arm around Angela's waist, lifting her onto my lap as I sat back in the chair.

I almost lost it as her hips ground into mine, as she wound her arms around my neck, pulling us impossibly closer.

The delicate fabric was practically begging to be ripped. I couldn't though, not yet. She'd never let me play so much before, and I wasn't about to waste it ripping underwear.

My hands ran down her waist to her thighs, dipping under the hem of her dress.

I felt her heat through the fabric of my suit. There was next to nothing between her hot core and my cock.

I brought my free hand up to take a handful of her breast and ran my thumb over the silk, over her puckered nipple.

Instead, I brought my hands up and collected her long gold curls in one fist. Gently, I pulled her head to the side,

She pressed herself closer, as though determined not to stop, and bucked her hips forward again.

"Can't you feel how badly I want you?" I hummed, nipping and kissing down her throat.

I hooked my fingers along the deep neckline, pulling it and the lace of her bra down.

"Yes," she breathed, her voice sounding far away.

"Won't you let me have what I want?"

Yes, I wanted to tell him. ~Yes.~

"Yes," I begged. "Xavier, please."

shoulder. "Tell me you want me."

"Xavier," she moaned, her hand tightening around my forearm.

As her full porcelain breast sprang free, I pulled Angela's head back and took her nipple into my mouth.

I want you more than anything. In this moment, nothing else mattered.

The order was hard and soft all at once. Like ice cream in hot coffee. Or a diamond wrapped in velvet.

My fingers fisted in his dark hair, and I ground my hips into him, needing to feel his hardness against me. Wanting it

I shivered as he placed a kiss between my breasts, ran his nose up my breastbone, kissed the junction of my neck and

"I do," I promised.

I moaned, pressing into his touch, and then...a phone rang.

"I can't." I'd received too many emergency calls to ignore the ringing.

There were no other words I could use to express what I wanted, what I needed.

Like a fire alarm, it brought reality into a hard and sharp focus. "Ignore it," Xavier said, his hands tightening around my waist.

I pushed up and off of him and ran to grab my purse off an armchair in the living room. "Hello?"

"Actually ..." I began, only to have my words fade out as I took in Xavier's lust-filled gaze, and a familiar spark of fear fizzled up inside me. I brought a hand up to my swollen lips. What have I done?

and want them so badly at the same time. "Angela?" Brad said. "I can call back another time."

I could never imagine making love after arguing like that. I didn't even know it was possible to be so mad at someone

"That's wonderful news!" Brad cried.

Xavier dropped his cutlery onto his half-empty plate. "Then why the hell do you want to do event planning?" I felt a vein of anger bubble up, a defense mechanism against Xavier's increasingly condescending tone. "Mechanical engineering is what I am good at, but I am very passionate about event planning."

"Your dad set it up," I said, standing too.

dates. All I do is listen to you." I nodded, dropping my arms. "Well, I'm sorry that's been so hard for you."

Xavier had never hurt me. Never would. I knew that. The look in his eyes now was dangerous, though. My lips fell open, but before I could apologize for the things I'd said, Xavier grabbed my arm, pulling me against him and pressing his lips to mine.

Even though she wore heels, I had a few inches on her, and it was hard to get close enough, tangled enough.

It had been a long time since I'd felt this way. Since I'd had this burning need to bury my cock in a woman.

I drove my hands into her soft hair and slid my tongue into her mouth.

A burst of surprise ran through me as I felt her undo one of my shirt buttons. Then another.

Lower. Fucking lower. Harder.

Angela moaned, rocking her hips forward, as my fingers spread across the backs of her legs and dug into her ass.

Angela

But the words got stuck in my throat as Xavier circled his tongue around my pebbled nipple.

Xavier pulled me back up and kissed me again, making me dizzy. I replied eagerly, hungrily. His free hand slid up my thigh, higher and higher, until his thumb ran down the seam along the center of my panties.

"Angela," Brad said from the other line. "I just thought I'd call and see how your meeting went today. I hope I'm not interrupting anything."

I swallowed thickly. Clearly I'd had too many mimosas at The Boathouse this afternoon.

I'd never felt so out of control in my entire life.

If Brad hadn't called just then, we might have

I heard Xavier muttering behind me as I headed down the hall to my old bedroom. I shut the door behind me. "So, how was your meeting?" Brad asked as I pressed my back against the door and slid down onto the hardwood

"I actually have some news for you too," I told him. "I found you a way to find a date."

"No," I said, turning my back to Xavier. "Now is perfect." floor. I felt the flush in my cheeks and neck, my own heart pounding in my chest. "Good," I managed to get out. "Great actually."