

## Bad Love 121

### Chapter 121

LEAH

I reach for Aaron at the same time he drags me to him.

His lips scorch a path from my throat to my mouth and then his tongue is doing something that makes my whole body shiver deliciously.

I tear at his tie and pull it loose.

I'm working the buttons on his shirt even as he's lifting me on the conference table and dragging my legs around his hips.

His hands trace up and down my legs, molding to my ass and thighs, trailing up to fondle my breasts. It's like he can't decide where to touch first and the constant movement has me breathless with anticipation.

"More," I mumble against his mouth.

His hand sinks in my hair holding my head back so I can't move. His teeth tease along the column of my neck. His other hand tugs at my nipples, one then the other, and all the while I **can** feel the thick bulge of his cock pressing against me.

My breasts are **so** sensitive.

My body ignites. I'm wet in seconds and he growls against my mouth like he knows it. Of course he does.

He's a wolf, his senses are heightened.

I tear at his belt and undo his pants. His suit jacket hits the floor. And I'm pretty sure he loses a few buttons as I tear at his shirt.

"The door?"

"Fuck it."

I feel a rush of excitement. I know there are any number of employees outside this room working, but I don't care enough to stop what we're doing. I want Aaron too much in this moment to care about anything.

I close my eyes and arch up toward him, offering my body.

Aaron's arms tighten around me.

Then I feel the cold wood beneath my ass and on my legs as my pants and panties are drawn down. In the next beat, he's pushing inside me. It's a long, deep stroke that fills me completely.

He doesn't move for a second. And neither do I.

It's a moment to savor the nearness. The connection that only this man can bring to me.

Then he's thrusting and rubbing circles on my clit and I'm lost to the rhythm as he pounds into me.

I don't think.

Not about work.

Or war.

Or when my cancer will claim me.

I just *feel*.

The strength of this man.

The scent of his skin.

The pulse of my body clenching around him as he fills me deeply, completely.

I come and come and then as the pulses fade, he pulls out, drags me off the table and spins me around until I'm laid out over it, my ass in the air, breasts flat against the cold wood. Then he's lining up and pushing into me again.

I can't move. And with each thrust the table locks me in place.

Aaron sweeps my legs apart wider, letting him go deeper.

His hands cup my butt.

Then one pulls my hair until I'm arching back and into him.

He kisses me hard. "It's been too long, Leah. That you've

denied me."

I haven't denied him. We've both been busy. But conversation isn't something I can manage right now.

"I'm not going to make it fast, honey."

Oh my gods.

I drench him and he chuckles darkly. "I know," he murmurs.

"It's the same for me. The whole world could burn to the ground when I'm inside you."

Yes.

When we are together like this...it is everything.

His hand dips between my legs, spreading the wetness over my clit and then up to my ass.

**No.** He wouldn't. Not here. Would he???"

## Chapter 122

When Aaron's mouth slashes over mine, stealing my breath, I realize that he's stifling my screams. His thumb presses against the rim and then pushes in.

I gasp.

The table applies pressure from below and his finger pushes down from above. Inside, all I feel is every inch of him. Every ridge.

And as I lose control, he grows thicker. Bigger.

3

The stimulation is too much and I come clenching around his cock and finger in contractions that are like a vice.

He grunts and keeps pumping and as he reaches his own release, my body shatters again, pulling him deeper and milking every drop of him.

"Good damn," he mutters.

I'm boneless.

I don't move. I just stay draped over the table as he pulls out and crosses to the sidebar to wash up. I watch him, not even concerned about the door or who might walk in. I'm too sated to care.

Aaron washes his hands and buttons his shirt. Well mostly. It looks like he lost a few buttons toward the top. Of course, he just looks sexier for leaving his shirt open. He grabs his tie but instead of putting it back on, he eyes me like he's thinking of how I'd look tied up with it.

I feel a residual pulse. My body likes the idea.

Seeing that I'm not going anywhere, he grins then goes back to sidebar. He dampens a hand towel with warm water and comes back to clean me up. I just lay here and let him.

When he stands me up and sets me to rights, I'm boneless.

He helps me into his clothes, his hands lingering over my breasts. Does he notice that they're bigger, more sensitive? Does he feel how firm my lower abdomen is or how it's already starting to fill out.

I'm blushing and unable to meet his eyes.

I'm excited for the changes to my body. It means life is taking root.

Even as I'm dying, I can still support and give rise to my baby.

He tucks me on the chin and I look at him. The kiss he gives me is soft. It's so gentle and sweet it makes me want to weep.

He invades my space again and deepens the kiss.

But as he does, reality seeps back in.

We're in a corporate office.

I just fired half a dozen board members, and this company is still on the brink of collapse.

And if this business goes down, my pack loses everything..

As my thoughts are racing, he's watching me carefully. Almost bemusedly. "It's going to be fine, Leah."

Not sure what he's referring to-me, the company, the pack/ Council drama. Not that it matters. I nod politely. "Of course

One brow arches up. He hates when I patronize him.

"Thank you for coming today," I say. "Your presence helped

His lips twitch.

Right. "Then again, you don't need help, do you, Aaron? You have controlling shares."

"I'll make you a deal," he says. "Let's set up a trust for Roberts Corp."

A trust? "For who?"

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"Our children."

## Chapter 123

Oh my god. Does he know?

He stares at me with a predatory gleam.

"I'm not agreeing to a divorce, Leah."

"We aren't actually married, remember? You exchanged vows with Jessica."

"Those were words spoken between kids."

"So your words have no meaning then? You don't stand by them."

He growls. His hands slap down on the conference table, boxing me in. But I won't cower from this man or be intimidated. Not

anymore.

I tilt my chin up.

"Don't be so naive," he says. "People have relationships. They fall in love and break up."

"Precisely."

He leans in menacingly. "I'm not talking about us. I had a past before I met you, princess."

"Huh. That's nice for you. There's only ever been you. So I can't say the same."

"Is that what this is about? You want another man? You think that pretty boy Adam can make you scream the way I can?"

Adam? I'm not attracted to him that way. "How would I know about s\*x with someone else? I haven't tried that yet."

"Is that what this is about? You want to f\*\*k someone else?"

I didn't say that.

He snarls and his eyes flash gold. If I were to take another man to my bed, I suspect I'd be signing his death warrant.

"Tobin is a savage, so I hope you're not thinking about setting your sights on him."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"Or maybe it's my Beta, James, that you think would be better. He's always sticking up for you-"

"What!? Aaron. I'm not interested in someone else."

That seems to take the fight right out of him. He stops arguing and his dark eyes search mine like he has to make sure I'm telling him the truth. My traitorous body likes this possessive side of him. My nipples tighten at this display of jealousy.

He's a huge, powerful, handsome Alpha that could have any female he wanted.

For some reason, he still wants me.

"You're getting this all wrong." I try to find the words to make him understand. "I need to be happy for me, Aaron. And I don't need a man for that."

"I'm not just some man. I'm your ma-

He cuts off abruptly.

Did he mean mate?

I'm human.

5

He can't mate me. The bond isn't one that exists in a human sense because it is the wolves that bond and recognize each other. There is a duality to the relationship.

I touch his face. His skin is smooth and warm to the touch. "I don't have a wolf. It can never be."

Abruptly, I start coughing. I cover my mouth as I cough and wheeze.

Aaron goes to the small refrigerator tucked behind the wet bar. He grabs a bottle of water. Before he turns back he sniffs the air and murmurs, "That's odd. I smell blood."

I look at my hand and see red.

Chapter 124

I spring off the table so fast I nearly break a heel.

"Where's the bathroom?"

Aaron points to a corner of the room.

I rush over, still coughing and hoping he doesn't smell or see.

When I get into the room I spit into the sink.

Blood.

Not a lot.

But enough.

Time is ticking. And no matter that I feel okay and the baby is growing, I'm still dying.

"Leah, you okay?"

It's Aaron. He's at the door. If I know him-and I do-he's about two seconds from bursting in here. "I'm good!"

I rinse my mouth with water and spit.

AARON

Leah's not acting right.

Maybe she's shy.

The s\*x was phenomenal and she was completely exhausted afterwards, but we can't exactly cuddle or curl up for a nap. At least not here.

There is a President's Suite on the top floor. But that hasn't been used since her old man started flaking off and I didn't think she'd be as comfortable in that space.

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I scrub my hands with soap.

As I stare in the mirror I hardly recognize myself. My eyes are bright. My hair is a mess. My skin is flushed.

I look like I've been thoroughly f\*\*ked.

If it wasn't for the blood and the pregnancy, I could pretend I was an average twenty-something engaging in an office affair.

I could laugh about what had happened and relish the naughtiness of it. Instead, I have to think about politics and my pack, and a baby who is going to enter a world of strife and change, who won't have me to love and protect him.

A

Then again, I wasn't really 'thinking' when I f\*\*ked her just now.

I often lose my mind where this female is concerned.

She started acting weird when I mentioned children. But that is the inevitable outcome for us. I don't care that she's human. That alone should convey that I'm invested in her and our marriage. Why else would I consider it?

L

There's a knock on the door before Liam enters.

Smart boy to knock before entering.

His nostrils flare, no doubt scenting that we'd had s\*x.

Which is probably awkward as f\*\*k for him, seeing as how it's his sister and all that. But I'm not going to apologize. I eye him hard. I'll put his head through that conference table if he makes Leah feel embarrassed in any way.

"Each board member has been escorted from the premises. All clearances have been revoked and they've been locked out of all corporate servers."

"Good," Leah says. She steps out of the bathroom and has smoothed her hair back into some tight knot. I don't like it like that.

She moves to the head of the table and sits.

"Please," she holds out her hands indicating that we should sit. I move to her right hand side and take the chair nearest to her.

Liam sits and opens a laptop. He slides it to her.

Leah cues up a picture of the Roberts Corp headquarters.

"This building," she begins, "and the surrounding acreage of grounds total some 16 acres."

We have over 16,000 acres of just irrigated pasture on our lands.

"We could sell it," Liam says.

She shakes her head.

"I have a different plan. She pulls up drawings in quick succession. They're a series of four-story residential developments. "Housing," she says.

"The smallest house here is over two million dollars. People need to work, but most can't afford that kind of mortgage. But they can pay between 5-10k a month."

"That kind of rent or lease is way more than most people make in a year," Liam counters.

"For sure," she agrees. "But not in this part of the country." Leah pulls up another set of charts and diagnostics. "The cost of living here is higher than in 97% of the rest of the country."

Liam doesn't look convinced. "So we just abandon the tech company? We have over a hundred engineers employed here as well as marketing, data analysts, consumer services...We have two government Defense contracts, Leah."

I watch the interplay between them. I can scent the anger building in Liam. I wonder if Leah can, on some level, detect it too.

"I'm not saying to discard years of work. I'm suggesting we downscale. Keep the products in development that have been beta tested. Honor the contracts with the Military. Table the ones that have not shown a profit."

"So we can become housing landlords."

Liam's voice is thick with disdain.

Leah just smiles. "Yes. We own the land. We will own the buildings. We can continue to have a steady-and increasing—revenue stream for the next century. Big tech projects are s\*xier and more fun-when they pan out. I'm just suggesting that we build our portfolio and diversify so we have revenue to protect against the unpredictability of all the projects that don't succeed.."

"It's a solid plan," I say.

Both siblings look at me. Leah gives a tiny smile. Liam still looks pissed, only doubly so now because I inserted myself into the conversation.

"Well," Liam says. "I guess it's good that you agree, seeing as how you have the controlling shares."

"Precisely."

"What's the investment capital, Leah?" I ask her.

"150 million to break ground. Another 50 million to handle the interiors once the actual complexes are built."

"Counting the twenty I already gave you?" I ask.

She shakes her head. "I need that for daily operating expenses. If my short term investments can turn the profits I'm projecting they will, then the initial loan can be repaid more quickly."

"Loan?" Liam looks surprised.

"Yes." She stares at me, not her brother. "This isn't a full takeover, Aaron. We'll treat this as a loan, and you can profit on a fair interest rate. When the loan is paid back, you sell back 2% of your shares to Pack Roberts, again, at fair market value."

"So you can regain control of the company?"

"Yes."

"Why should I agree to that?" I ask her.

She counters with a smile: "Are you addressing that question to your wife or your enemy Alpha?" she says.

Chapter 125

Touche.

Smart girl.

I can't insist on being married and then treat her like a stranger. Even if I shouldn't mix business with pleasure.

"125 total, and I compromise to sell back 1%."

She shakes her head. "This is my family's corporation, Aaron. We need to get back control of it."

"I am your family, Leah. You don't get to pull that card only when it suits you."

Equal shares would mean we'd have to vote and interact on decisions. He ll, I let her run the show today only because I respect her opinions and I wanted to see what she'd do with this situation.

I can dismantle this company and sell it off. I can bring in external investors and not disrupt my own cash flow. There are a dozen deals that can be made to liquidate. Not to mention that with Pack Roberts being in debt as bad as it is, I can get those lenders to call in their loans and crush Roberts Corp in one

fell  
blow.

More gently I say, "You do know you're in no position to negotiate, right? I've reviewed all the financials, honey."

She swallows hard but holds my gaze. "You can't have it both ways, either, Aaron. You're either with me or against me."

She's throwing my words back in my face and I can't even fault her for it.

"Fifty percent. Even shares. And I give you the capital. I'll pay the interest on your other loans, so they don't call them in. Princess," I warn her. "I can destroy this company." I glance at Liam briefly. "And you both know it. This is my final offer. Take it or leave it."

LEAH

I took Aaron's deal.

It's not like we had better options and we both knew it. I came in high hoping we'd land where we did, and if I'm being totally honest, I would've taken a lot less.

Liam is furious.

It's just the two of us now. We're seated in the boardroom. Aaron left as well as several of the wolves that accompanied him. Liam has his own group of wolves maintaining security. "Come with me," he says.

"Where?"

"Anywhere but here. I can still smell the s\*x on the hardwood and, no offense, I'm a little si ck of it."

My face burns.

I don't bother denying and I'm not going to apologize. I'm a grown adult. But his judgment of me doesn't feel nice.

We leave the main conference room and get back into the elevator. There is a scanner that he places his hand on and it brings us to a higher, unlisted floor.

The doors open silently and there is a flurry of activity. At least a dozen people occupy desks with multiple monitors. They all appear to be working hard... on something.

2

"Dad's office is one floor down. If you plan to work from here or stay here, you can occupy it. The couch is comfortable enough and the bathroom has a shower in it. We can have clothes delivered to you."

"What is this floor?"

"State-of-the-art AI software designed specifically for unmanned, autonomous weaponry systems."

I see the mechanical aspects of drones and spider-looking robotics, and even simpler models that look like a jacked up Roomba vacuum.

The walls are some kind of reinforced concrete. There are computer stations everywhere. This is like some high-tech bunker.

"Liam, what do you mean weaponry?"

"We have a multi-billion dollar DoD contract if we can deliver on the software."

"What kind of software?" I ask carefully.

"It's the tech that mans these robotics," he tells me, "creating an autonomous, intelligent machinery capable of acting independently to carry out missions. It will change the face of warfare forever."

This is... terrifying.

"

I can't put my head in the sand and pretend the tech doesn't exist, but actively developing it doesn't sit



right with me.

"This is where all the money's been going," I venture.

"Yeah. We splash around some so people think we're partying and living extravagantly, and we let the packhouse go to hell because it reinforces the image. But that's not the case. We pull all the money we can out of every other department and personal asset to feed it back into this program."

They've fooled everyone... even me.

"We're not stupid, sister. Or mismanaging anything. This is Dad's vision. And I'm going to see it through."

Lies. So many lies.

And secrets.

"This will save lives all over the world," Liam tells me.

Whose lives?

Not the people they're attacking. And isn't this like the premise of the plot from Terminator!? Where AI is meant to stop war, but then it goes rogue and kills everybody. I blame Aaron and his obsession with action flicks for my overactive imagination.

But what if it isn't?

What if in this very room, we are developing the AI that will one day decimate entire cities?

And what about this power used against another pack? We could annihilate our own species.

I look at the engineers bent over their laptops and monitors typing away and analyzing code or tinkering with whatever these machines are.

A chill crawls up my spine. I've been arrogant and wading into waters without knowing their depth.

Now, I'm in way over my head.

And given just how much they've lied about already, I can't help but ask, "Liam, what else aren't you telling me?"

## Chapter 126

My brother brings me up to speed.

I suppose I should consider myself lucky that he told me at all, but he's also sworn me to secrecy, and while I wasn't actually planning on telling Aaron-at least not right away-something about another lie between me and him really makes my stomach sink.

I'm pretty sure Liam already knows I'm sick. I can't see Adam keeping that a secret. But he hasn't asked me straight out, and I'm not talking about it, so we'll just let this one bit of drama sit for a bit.

Besides, we have bigger things-literally-with the development he's been working on and its military applications.

Liam and I spend two weeks in California.

He books us at a nearby hotel, although most nights we pass out in my dad's old office. Trimming down the company is unpleasant. But I force myself to sit in the room during those HR meetings and personally thank each employee for their service. The severance packages are very generous, but that doesn't ease my guilt.

The real estate venture is still a 'go' and that falls into my lap to research contractors and building companies capable of the work in the time we want, and to begin getting permits and architects lined up. There is an endless list of work to do, and it keeps me busy.

When I'm not focused on the building venture, I'm with my brother holed up on the upper floor working with his AI team on the big Defense contract. I try to work from there too, just so I can learn more about

the actual software and become better acquainted with his team. There are three wolves among the engineers. A guy named Dennis and two females, Sophie and Kate. The three of them are brilliant and I marvel at the speed and manner in which they process data.

Aaron calls or texts everyday.

I miss him.

I miss the pleasure he brings me.

Adam messages too.

If Aaron's texts bring me joy, Adam's are there to keep me grounded.

Take your vitamins.

Get more sleep.

Come back to pack, you're due for an ultrasound.

There's never anything wrong with what he says, but I sense a bit of resentment from Adam. Maybe it's because he's a doctor and I'm not taking his guidance. Or, maybe like so many other wolves, he isn't okay with my continued relationship with

Aaron.

"Are you okay?" It's Dennis.

He's an intuitive wolf, and for as much as he fits the tech image with his t-shirts and Tesla, he's built like a defensive lineman. A good 6'3" and dense as a tree.

"I'm fine," I tell him.

It's a lie. I'm restless. "You've been cooped up here with the rest of us for twelve hours. Why don't you take a break, grab a coffee."

Between the baby and the cancer...I'm off caffeine.

"I could eat something," I say.

I eye up who's left on this high security floor.

The wolves are first into the office and last to leave. They work tirelessly. They have more at stake than some of the other teammates because they're part of Pack Roberts. Not born into it, but initiated in by my father. I'm happy for that. A pack needs new members, new energy and ideas.

Granted, as far as 'ideas' go, I'd prefer we weren't neck deep in a Defense Administration contract for the government, but the new packmates are welcome.

Dennis looks around the room. Seeing that everyone is occupied, he says, "Allow me to escort you down to the cafe, Alpha."

I'm pleased that he addresses me by the proper title.

Not everyone does, and my leadership position is not one that everyone approves of.

We take the elevator down. "Did you see the revised deadline from the Pentagon?" Dennis asks.

"No."

"They want to begin Phase 1 testing. They're moving up our contract date."

Can they do that? "How much time do we have?" I ask.

"We have less than 30 days to deliver on the AI prototypes.

That's...not possible. "Just creating the security firewalls for it will take twice that time."

He grins at me. "Look at you picking up fast.

"Can we hit the deadline?" I ask him before we reach the ground floor.

"No." He doesn't mince words. "We'd need four more headcount to shift a portion of the code writing."

"Do you have people in mind?"

He nods solemnly.

"Hire them."

"When?"

"Now."

He whips out his phone and starts messaging. When the elevator dings, he's too busy typing to step out.

"Pizza... or Burrito?" I ask him. "Nevermind. I'll get both and a couple of burgers."

His face lights up.

"You have my cell. If anyone else wants something extra, text me."

"Okay. Thanks Alpha Leah."

As the elevator door closes, my own phone starts blowing up.

It's Adam. Again. Insisting I come home.

I've already made an appointment with a local obstetrician.

66

Be home soon," I say out loud as I text it back to him.

"Oh, really?"

I look up at the deep rumbling voice that I know so well.

"I didn't see that text yet," Aaron tells me.

It's really him.

Here.

Back in California.

"What are you doing here?" I ask him.

"I got tired of waiting." Chapter 127

Aaron's tall, strong body seems to suck all the oxygen out of the space or perhaps that's just how he makes me feel-breathless.

His hair is combed back and a little longer on top. He's sporting scruff on his cheeks and chin. It looks good on him. His skin is darker like he's spent more time outside, and that's the scent that hits me as he comes closer.

It's fresh air. And summer nights.

Liam enters the lobby. He does a doubletake between me and

Aaron.

I feel like I need to apologize or explain. "Isn't this a nice surprise, brother?"

He snorts.

"Aaron," he says with a nod before pushing out the glass doors.

I stand there and watch him get into the backseat of a parked limousine. When the door opens I catch a flash of auburn hair. "Is that-"

"Tobin," Aaron says with a growl.

The door closes behind my brother before the car speeds off.

Aaron and I stand here, wondering what his connection to Tobin can possibly mean.

"Should I be concerned?" I ask him quietly.

"Tobin does everything by Pack Law. There's a reason he's the youngest member to earn a Council seat."

"Oh, I didn't realize he was actually on the Council. I thought he was just an Enforcer."

"He is. And he's savage. But he's also a strategist and historian."

"Oh. Great. A homicidal wolf with a high IQ. And political aspirations. Just what we need."

Aaron smirks and then nudges my shoulder. His gaze takes me in from the top of my head to my feet.

"You look...different."

I'm not sure what he means by that or if it's said as a compliment. But more importantly, I'm supposed to bring up food to the highly restricted floor. Aaron doesn't know about the DoD contract or the AI tech in development.

I don't like lying to him, but I also-as the Alpha of my pack-have to make decisions that put Pack first.

It has to be Pack above everything.

Even me.

Part of me understands the conundrum my father must have faced.

I don't think I could've made the choices my father did. Maybe that makes him a better Alpha than I will ever be.

"Hey, I was actually thinking about heading out," I tell Aaron. "I was coming down to the cafe to grab some dinner for the team. How about I run that back up and then we get out of here and get dinner ourselves?"

"Just you and me?"

I smile. "Aaron Rathborn, this might be our first date."

He snorts. "Guess I should make it one you'll remember."

Something about our exchange prompts an equal urge to laugh-and cry. Because there are so many 'firsts' that I will never experience.

He dips his head and kisses me on the mouth. "I'll make reservations."

"Nowhere too fancy. I'm not dressed for it."

He just nudges me in the direction of the lobby. "Don't you worry about that. Just leave everything to me..."

He drops another kiss on my mouth before pushing out the glass doors and slipping on sunglasses.

I head off toward the cafe and grab a tray to load up for the tech team. All the while I'm wondering what Aaron has up his

sleeve... Chapter 128

"I wasn't expecting this."

Aaron smiles.

After I delivered several orders of food to the AI team, I came back down to find Aaron waiting for me in the lobby. He led me outside to his SUV.

When I climbed into the backseat, there were a dozen gowns laid out.

444

And these aren't some Macy's special or prom knockoff.

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They're stunning eveningwear that probably costs hundreds of thousands.

"Aaron, I don't know what to say."

I'm blown away by the gesture.

"You don't have to say anything," he tells me. "Pick one."

He climbs into the car beside me and I scramble to move a few of the dresses. I don't want to wrinkle them, or God forbid, tear something.

"We'll swing by the hotel so I can change too." He glances at his watch. "We don't have much time before our reservation."

"Hey, Leah," James says.

I was so fixated on the expensive gowns, I didn't notice him at the wheel. "James! Long time, no see."

He grins in the rearview mirror. Something of Aaron's words when we last argued and he accused me of having feelings for James because James sticks up for me, has me looking at James a bit differently.

"You doing all right?" he asks.

This may be the first time he's actively engaged me in conversation. "Uh, yeah. No complaints.

"That's good."

James pulls out into traffic and Aaron tugs a seatbelt around me and buckles it.

James drives us to the same hotel I've been staying at and I try not to make a big deal about it. It's one of the few five-star hotels in the area and it makes sense that Aaron would want to stay at the best.

"How did you know I was staying here?" I ask him.

"Coincidence." He looks away. "Best hotel in this town."

I look at the gowns and debate how to scoop them up and carry them in without dragging them or dropping anything.

"Leave them," Aaron says.

He palms what looks to be a hundred dollar bill to the valet. "See that my wife's purchases are brought up to the Penthouse Suite."

"Of course, sir," the young man replies.

He nods and holds out his hand to help me out of the car but he avoids making eye contact with me.

Aaron waits a few steps ahead. When I join him, he puts his hand on the small of my back and guides me into the hotel.

Normally, I schlep it back here after a full day's work and retreat up to my hotel room. No one says hello or takes much notice.

But with Aaron beside me...

People stop what they're doing and look at us. They murmur greetings and nod or smile, and I find myself fighting a blush.

"You getting shy now?" he whispers.

I've always been shy.

He threads his fingers through mine and we walk hand and hand to the elevator.

He swipes his card to gain access to the penthouse suite.

"I'm on the fourth floor," I tell him.

"You're cute."

Oh. I guess it amuses him that I'd be thinking of going to my own room instead of with him.

"I want to take a quick shower, Aaron."

"Who's stopping you?"

I try to tug my hand away but he's not letting go of me. "A shower means clean bra and panties."

His dark gaze traces over my body like he's visually undressing me. "Go without 'em... for me." Chapter

I'm not about to rollout commando.

"I have a better idea," I tell him. "You grab them from my room or you wave your designer-clothes-fairy-wand and make some new ones appear for me."

He barks out a laugh.

It is kind of funny. But really, if he could find all those gowns then I'm thinking he can chase down a clean pair of underwear.

We enter his suite and I stop short. It's ginormous. And glamorous to the nth degree.

I whistle.

"And you kept me cooped up on Rathborn packlands for years..."

He looks around as if seeing this place through different eyes. "It's a place to sleep."

Okay, so the ambiance doesn't faze him. But something tells me if I tried to get him to overnight at a two star hotel, he wouldn't be so oblivious to his surroundings.

"I'm going to grab a shower," I tell him.

Aaron looks at his watch. "I'll be back."

"Where are you going?"

His mouth curves up on one side. "Didn't you just hand me a shopping list, honey?"

Oh. He's actually going to do it!?

"Aaron, you don't have to spend money. Seriously. I can grab clothes from my room. It's an elevator ride away."

But he's already backing out of the suite.

"I like tearing clothes off you, who knows maybe I'll like getting you dressed for a change."

With that he leaves with one sinful wink.

And on that note...I'm pretty sure these panties are shot.

I take a minute. I wring my hands as

I pace around all the rooms in this monstrously big suite. I'm pretty sure this is several thousand square feet.

What am I doing here?

Going on a date-with my husband.

My stomach flutters nervously.

He wants me back. He's not giving up.

But how much of that is for what I am and what I represent? Is any of his

I

affection actually for me?

There is so much bad blood between us  
and yet... there are moments. Like this  
one. When he's a different man entirely.  
There are several bedrooms and  
bathrooms in this glamorous suite, and I pick one with biggest shower. Everything is white marble and  
the space reminds  
me of a spa.  
I take my time in the shower.  
My body is stimulated from several different showerheads and jets, and  
steam rises from the exquisite heat.  
I run my hands through my hair, along my skin. The liquid soap slickens everything and feels pretty  
amazing  
when I wash my legs and chest.  
My breasts are heavy and the nipples  
tight. I think of Aaron, imagining him squeezing them, tugging at the tips with his lips and teeth.  
Then I mimic the motion with my own  
hands.  
Gods, that feels good.  
I'm pretty sure I've been wet since the moment Aaron arrived in the lobby of Roberts Corp and it's been  
weeks since I've been alone or found any release.  
As the thought forms, I already know what I'm going to do.  
I close my eyes and glide my  
amy  
hands  
across my chest, pinching my nipples  
and tugging at the tips until I feel that  
answering pulse between my legs.  
I tease myself, letting the water beat down on my breasts, moving so that one showerhead aims  
between my legs.  
Oh yes.  
I imagine it's Aaron's mouth there.  
His hands on my nipples.  
His body about to consume mine and  
leave me mindless with bliss.  
I keep up the motion on my breasts with  
one hand and let the other drift down  
E  
between my thighs.  
It's my body. I know how to touch myself. What rhythm and pressure will get me there fastest. It's never  
as good as when  
Aaron does it. But I can pretend.  
My fingers circle my clit, before dipping in to draw my own wetness back out.  
I bite my lip to hold back a moan.  
I'm so turned on.

I wish Aaron was here with me now. In  
this shower. F\*\*king me up against the glass until I can't stand, much less think.  
The fantasy has my legs trembling and I redouble my efforts.  
I open my eyes and he's here.  
In the bathroom. Arms crossed leaning against the wall. His eyes glow wildly as he watches. He's been  
watching me!  
He stalks toward the shower. "Don't stop  
on account of me..." Chapter 130  
He stops in front of the glass. "I said not to stop."  
In the reflection of the mirror behind him,  
I can see myself blushing.  
He's fully clothed. Decked out in a three-piece suit and looking polished and proper. My hair is dripping  
in my eyes and my hand is between my legs.  
He's caught me masturbating-gah,  
I can't even think the word without  
wanting to cringe.  
"Stop blushing," he says. "It's cute, but don't get distracted."  
Easy for him to say.  
"Come here, honey. Up to the glass."  
Like a puppet, I move as he tells me.  
"Lean forward."  
I do.  
"That's right. Closer."  
I pause when my nipples touch the glass.  
It's cold.  
He smirks like he knew it would be.  
"Now move a bit. Graze them against  
this surface. I can look. But I can't touch.  
And it's f\*\*king killing me."  
I can see that. His pants are tented  
out and when he strokes his own co ck  
through his suit, I swallow audibly.  
"I told you what to do, Leah."  
I swivel my chest a bit and it creates this  
incredible friction against my nipples.  
And just like that, I'm hot and my body is  
ready again.  
"Now slide your hand down. Touch yourself. Show me what you like."  
"You already know what I like."  
He comes all the way up to the glass. He  
raises his fist against it and leans in. He's so frigggin' handsome and I want him  
badly.  
"Show me," he says again. Not letting me hide or talk my way out of this.  
He strokes himself boldly. There's no



sha me. He's a hardened ruthless male.

But I am an Alpha too.

And I shouldn't feel embarrassed or shy about taking my own pleasure or enjoying my body.

There's a bench against the opposite wall in this giant shower.

It has a wand showerhead beside it and a rainhead above it. I sit and lean back.

With one hand I reach up to the shower handle and switch this one on and let the water rain down on my chest and body.

Seated as I am, I can spread my legs, and I do.

Then I massage both my nipples.

All the while, Aaron watches me hungrily.

He wants to watch-I'll give him a show.

One he'll never forget.

I draw my legs closed slowly and he growls. Then I open them again, only wider this time. I slide to the edge of the

bench seat so the water drops from the high head onto my breasts. The constant pattering motion is incredible.

I draw wetness from myself and tug my nipples with it. The sensation is different than the water. It's smooth. Silky. When I touch myself again on my clit and dip two fingers inside, I'm entranced by the changes in texture.

Aaron growls.

He's right up against the glass like he wants to punch through it.

It's hot.

I close my eyes and focus on the feelings-the steady rhythm of thrusting in and out, imagining it's his hard co ck.

His fingers circling delicately.

"No," he commands. "Look at me."

I don't obey him right away because he is not in control of this scene.

It's my fantasy.

I wait until I'm close.

When my legs are trembling and I'm moaning because I want him inside me so f\*\*king badly.

Then I open my eyes and stare into his.

The orgasm rips through me. I clench down on my fingers, riding out every pulse and all the while Aaron watches me.

I close my eyes when it becomes too

intense.

When the last ripple of pleasure ebbs, I  
open my eyes.

And see Aaron walking away from me...