

## Attraction

Samantha

I sent a quick email to Cia and Kimber telling them I was sent home with orders to go to a spa for a charity event. I hated canceling on them, but they both emailed back with apologies because they had completely forgotten about the event, they told me to enjoy my spa day.

I did as suggested and had a fabulous time at the spa. I even did a seaweed wrap and a hot stone massage. When I got to the beauty portion of the spa, I was asked if I wanted a scalp session. I asked what that was and was told that was where they oiled the scalp, and the beautician puts these silicone nger brushes on her ngers, and gives your slap a good scratching massage. It takes all the dead tissue off of the scalp. It helps with hair growth. I absolutely wanted that. I then got my nails on my feet and hands done. I felt really pampered.

When I got home, I took a two-hour nap. When I awoke, I saw I had two hours to get ready. I jumped in the shower and made sure my bits and pits were hairless, along with my legs. I dried my hair and then styled it in a high ponytail. I braided the tail and secured it with the palest of green bows. I went to my closet. The dress I had in mind I could not wear underwear with it. It molded to my body in pale green satin. It was halter style and had a teardrop cutout at the top of my br\*asts. I didn't need a bra with it, but I did put n\*pple covers on, because I did not need the girls saying high to Dashawn Krew and begging for attention. I knew the moment I saw him they would harden. The man was s\*x on legs. I put on white strappy sandaled heels. The straps criss-crossed up my calves and tied in the back. I looked at myself in the mirror and blew out a breath.

I was pretty enough. In the last ve years, I dropped to size eight. I was so busy, there were times I skipped meals and it showed. I went back to the bathroom, swiped on some black mascara, did a light brown and light gray smokey eye and rimmed them with a cat eye black liner. I looked exotic. I glossed my lips and I was ready.

I lived with my Uncle Sam and Aunt Clara. I didn't see a reason to get my own place. They weren't home often and living in New York was expensive. They loved that I was home again, and I was happy to make them happy. Natalie had called me from Milan and gushed about how she and her ancé were coming home for Christmas and I couldn't wait. I missed her dearly.

When I made it to the foyer, Maddie, a maid that I have known since I came to New York when I was 17, was opening the door. Dashawn stepped in and my breath hitched.

He was in a black tux and dear God, I wanted to run up and start humping his leg. F\*cking delicious.

"Mr. Krew," I said, breathlessly.

"Call me Dashawn, please. You look absolutely stunning, Samantha."

"Thank you, you do as well." He smiled at me and I moaned. I cut it off quickly and coughed hoping he didn't notice. I looked into his eyes and the way he was looking, I think he noticed.

"You're shawl, Miss Sam."

"Thank you, Maddie," I said as she handed me my faux mink shawl. Dashawn took it from my ngers and wrapped it around my shoulders. His ngers brushed my shoulders and I shivered. I really hoped my n\*pple covers were doing their job. I discreetly looked down, they were, thank God.

I felt his hand at the small of my back as he escorted me to the white limo that was waiting for us. The driver eyed me up and down, and Dashawn cleared his throat. When I looked at him, the anger on his face confused me.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes," he clipped out.

Oookaaaay.

When I looked back at the driver as I got in, his eyes were averted. Weird.

I scooted over so Dashawn could get in, but he had shut the door and got in the driver's face. His voice was too low. I couldn't hear what he was saying, but I could see the driver start to tremble. Did he do something wrong? Maybe he didn't open the door fast enough? Was Dashawn that strict as an employer? Dashawn was the one that opened the door and I heard the driver say, "Sorry, Money, it won't happen again."

"See that it doesn't, or I will pluck out your eyes with a spoon."

My eyebrows shot up.

"Not very CEO appropriate," I teased.

His eyes sparkled at me.

"He is a prospect that is already being punished for a f\*ck up he did at the club. He is now on strike two. That was Money, ranked member of the Lords Of Chaos appropriate."

"What did he do wrong?"

"Which time, strike one or two?"

"Both, if you can tell me? I know you guys have something called club business. I've read stories."

Dashawn chuckled, "Right. Well, his f\*ck ups are not club business, so I can tell you. Strike one, he fell asleep on post. He's lucky nothing happened while he slept, but something could have. And Strike two, he eyed something that is mine, and I didn't like it."

"What did he eye?" I roamed his body and saw a ring with a big ruby on his pinky nger.

"Was it the ring? It's really nice."

"No, and thank you. It was my grandfathers. He gave it to me when I took over Star Media."

"So what did he eye?"

"You aren't going to let this go, are you?"

"You don't have to tell me. I'm just a curious person, which I shouldn't be. Every time I've been curious it's turned out badly."

"He eyed something that is very precious to me and has been for a long time. I'll tell you soon, but not now. Tell me how curiosity has turned out badly for you."

"Well, I heard a noise once and went to investigate it. The boy that I was thinking about giving my rst time to, was balls deep in my best friend. The second time, you were there for. I was curious about being at a biker party, and you saw how that ended."

"Yeah, it was f\*cking hot."

"What? I beat up your girlfriend."

"First, Heather was not my girlfriend, she hadn't been for a while. I used her to get off and that was it. And 99 percent of the time I was drunk off my a\*s. We dated for two years when we were 16. I thought I was going to make her my Old Lady, but she cheated on me. After that she was dead to me, except for a convenient hole."

"That's harsh," I said, eyebrows furrowed.

"That's biker life and how I decided to punish her. She just didn't have any idea that I knew about her cheating."

I nodded, I didn't know anything about his biker life.

"What's the second thing?"

"I wanted you so badly that night, and seeing you beat her a\*s almost had me busting a nut in my pants. I went to go after you when you stormed out, but I needed to clean Heather up. Like I said earlier. I asked Ally about you and I wanted her to let you know I wanted more of you, but she shut me down and told me you were focused. I could have pushed it, but I had responsibilities with the club and I also didn't want to get in your way. But I have thought about you a lot since that night."

I blushed at his confession. I have also thought about him over the years. His blue eyes haunted me in my dreams and his smile with the dimples would pop up when I was feeling down.

I decided to let his confession slide. I didn't comment on it, because I didn't know what to say. I could see from the corner of my eye that he was staring at me. I looked at him, and he licked his lips. I could feel my breathing speeding up. Liquid heat pooled between my legs. He bit his bottom lip and I wanted to bite it myself. He brought his hand up, grazed his knuckles down my cheek, he got to my jaw and his thumb grazed my bottom lip, then his ngers trailed down my neck. He opened his hand and wrapped it around my neck. My breath hitched, I rubbed my legs together to nd some relief as my cl\*t screamed for someone to touch it.

"Still so soft, are you as soft in other places, sweet girl?"

I opened my mouth to say something, and he squeezed my neck and a moan came out instead. My eyelids uttered shut. I felt him shift beside me, the warmth of his breath shimmered across my lips.

"We're here," the driver said, and then he got out of the car.

His hand left my neck and my eyes popped open. I looked at him and he adjusted himself blatantly. My face went up in ames. He chuckled. His door was opened, and he stood outside facing the door. I could see the bulge in his pants as he adjusted his tux to hide himself. F\*ck, it was not small. A hand was suddenly in my face. I reached up and grasped it. As I stepped out, I saw a swarm of people taking pictures. Without a word, Dashawn hauled me to him, and we stepped on the red carpet. Reporters were calling out his name, asking who I was. He didn't say a word. He just maneuvered us in various poses, and then he nodded to them. He took my hand and tugged me along behind him until we entered the building where the charity was being held.

"I hate all the pomp and circumstance of these events. I want my jeans and leather and my bike. That would give them a show, wouldn't it?" He asked, as he looked down at me and smiled.

"I think they would have gone into a frenzy. Big Bad Gorgeous CEO Biker. I can see the headlines now."

"You think I'm gorgeous?"

My eyes widened. He chuckled. "Come on, Sweet Girl. Let's go make the rounds, eat, dance, and then I'll win you something nice at tonight's auction."

"You don't need to do that."

"Oh, but I do. I have a plan in my head, and I want to see it come to fruition."

"Plan?"

"You will see, hopefully."

I was curious, but would it be good or end in disaster, like always.