Four

When I wake on my first day of my new job, nervous is an understatement. I am beyond nervous. I know Ethan is a nice guy, but is he a nice boss? That is the real question.

Rolling out of bed, I still feel like I am in a foreign place. I don't think of this apartment as my apartment just yet. I guess I just need to give it time to grow on me. I spent all day yesterday getting a feel of the place after Ethan had my groceries delivered at 7am to ensure that I'd have breakfast. Tricky bastard.

Shuffling to the bathroom, I let my hair out of the braid and turn on the shower. I wasn't used to having hot water every time I showered so this is just fantastic. The bathroom steams up quickly as I step inside. Trying not to let my nerves get the best of me, I put all my focus into shaving my legs and washing my hair, still pretty damn happy that it's not red anymore.

As I rinse my hair, I hum some cheesy pop song that's been stuck in my head since watching MTV until 2am last night. As I'm turning off the water, the smell of bacon cuts through the smell of my lavender body wash. Quickly wrapping a towel around myself, I speed walk to the kitchen, leaving wet footprints behind. When I get to the living room, I am shocked to find Ethan in my kitchen, sleeves rolled up and jacket hanging off the corner of a bar stool at the breakfast bar.

"What the hell, Ethan?"

His eyes shoot to mine for a split second before turning back to the stove to flip the bacon. I wonder if he made eggs....oh snap out of it you greedy woman.

"Ethan, why are you here?"

"Making breakfast. Sleep well?"

"Uh, I'm not blind, I can see you're cooking and yes I slept fine, but why are you cooking in my kitchen?" I hold the towel around me for dear life, half angry, half wondering if there will be pancakes.

Ethan doesn't answer, he just grabs two plates out of the cabinet and begins putting food on them. After a few moments, he sits both plates on the breakfast bar and I inhale sharply. Pancakes. My ultimate downfall.

"Come, sit down and eat" He orders and I stand there for a moment. Ethan looks up and raises an eyebrow. "Thea, come eat, now. You have work in an hour."

"But...I should....I'm naked" A shiver runs over me as cool air brushes over my wet legs.

"Not completely" Ethan shakes his head and pats the seat next to him. "I won't tell you again. Come eat, please before your food gets cold and to answer your previous question, I was out of eggs."

"So you just thought you'd come down here and cook? Isn't that abusing your power a bit? I didn't take this apartment for you to just come and go as you please" I shift my weight to one foot, trying to stand my ground, but good lord, pancakes!

"Thea, I'm not abusing my power. I made you breakfast"

"What if I didn't want breakfast?"

Ethan frowns at me, stuffing a fork full of fluffy warm pancakes into his bossy trap. "Thea, your pancakes are getting cold. If you don't want them then I do"

Eyeing the full, steaming plate of morning deliciousness, I roll my eyes and walk to the breakfast bar. Carefully sitting down to ensure precise towel placement, I pick up the fork and knife and cut into the fluffy goodness. Biting down on the pancakes, I nearly have a food orgasm. Out of the corner of my eye, Ethan is smirking.

"At least I know one way to keep you quiet" he mumbles as he bites down on a strip of bacon.

"You're a weird boss." I say, licking syrup from the corner of my mouth.

"I'm an involved boss"

"Mhm. I've encountered a few involved bosses in my day. The last time I checked, they are either divorced or serving jail time for s****l harassment." I snort, but my humor doesn't travel to Ethan.

"You've been sexually harassed before?"

I shake my head "No, but I've worked with girls who have. It makes the job hard for young girls to have to put up with sleazy assholes who think just because they hire a young woman that her ass should fall into the palm of his hand."

Ethan stares at me for a moment before looking down at his food. "Well, you won't have to worry about that with me. I've never had relations with my employees."

"That's commendable. Someone like you should have assistants falling into his lap"

"And you're my assistant" A smirk grows in his lips and I open my mouth to say something, but only air comes out. Ethan chuckles.

"Don't worry, Thea. I understand what you were saying. I don't expect you to fall into my lap."

"Good, because I won't." Would I?

After breakfast, Ethan leaves to go back to his place of living, but tells me to meet him downstairs so I can ride to work with him. I quickly get dressed in a dark green dress with a slip black belt around the waist.

Slipping my feet into a pair of red bottom black heels, my toes have never felt this rich before. After blow drying my hair, I run the flat iron over it before pulling half back and braiding it, loosely to keep it out of my face. When I look at myself in the mirror, I giggle loudly.

"Damn, Thea, you look like an adult."

Grabbing my bag, I slip my phone, earbuds, and journal into it, figuring I'd get some writing down on lunch break. At 8:30, I ride down to the lobby and see Ethan waiting by a black car. When I walk out, a smile flashes over his face along with surprise.

"Wow, Thea. You look great"

"Thank you. It feels different" I scrunch my nose, looking down at myself.

"Different good?" Ethan asks.

"Yes, different good."

"Great. Well, let's get your first day started. I hope your phone is fully charged" He flashes me a small smile before opening the back door for me.

I slide inside and he gets in behind me. Seconds later, the driver pulls off. Ethan pulls out his own phone and scrolls through it.

"Phone out and open your calendar" He orders and I dig in my bag, finding it quickly. I unlock it and find the calendar "Okay"

"12:00, business meeting with George Butler. Don't worry about lunch, it will be provided. 2:00, meeting with HR. 2:45, some files will be delivered. Be at your desk to get them for me, I'll be out. 3:00, contract signing with a company I'm buying. Please have some hot coffee ready in the conference room. 4:30, I need you at my apartment. I'm having a suit delivered and I don't want anyone's fingers on it except yours. When you return, meet me in the conference room for a security debriefing." Ethan sighs and closes his phone and I bite my lip, putting in the day's agenda.

When I'm done, I relax a bit. I think I can do this. It doesn't seem hard at all.

When we arrive at the building, I follow Ethan in as my heel clack against the floor like everyone else. I'm one of these stiletto Barbies now. Jeez.

In the office, Ethan shows me my little office cube attached to his office. It's pretty out of vision to everyone else unless they come around the corner from general population. Ethan gives me a brief summary on how to transfer calls to him and my computer log in information, before going into his office, leaving me. I sit down and place my bag under the desk and suddenly the phone rings, making me jump.

"Hello"

"Always answer saying, "This is Mr. Sawyer's office, how can I help you?" Repeat it please" Ethan orders with the same stern voice from when we were in the car. I inhale and before I can get the words out, I giggle.

"Thea" Ethan's low voice stiffens me.

"Sorry" I mumble and clear my throat. "Mr. Sawyer's office, how may I help you?"

"Great. Now, get my coffee. And I hope you have a productive first day, Thea" I can almost hear the humor in his voice. I know damn well what he is doing.

"Yes, sir" I hang up the phone and make my way out to find out where to even get coffee. Thankfully, I run into Anna. Finally a familiar face. She shoots me a welcoming smile and wink before bouncing on her way.

By 11:40, I've answered 100 phone calls and gotten like five cups of coffee. Why five? Because I managed to f**k up his coffee twice. The first time, too much sugar and the second time, not enough cream. I literally ended up having to measure it out. Picky bastard.

When my office finally quiets down, I lean back in my chair and twirl my pen around between my fingers as my mind drifts off. Funny thing about being a writer, it's easy to day dream. It only take a few seconds before an idea or fantasy crosses my mind and takes me away from reality. A smirk draws at the corner of my mouth as I imagine a guy hiking a woman up on top of my desk and taking her while people walk by without knowing what's going on. He muffles her screams with his hand over her mouth as he thrusts over and over and-

"Thea!"

I yelp and sit up "What?"

I peer over through the glass window, looking into Ethan's office and he is gazing at me and he is pissed. The door to his office is cracked and I hear him tell me to come here even though I read his lips just fine. I stand and walk into his office, feeling both guilty and turned on at the same time.

"Yes" I mumble as I stand in front of his desk.

"I called you three times. Were you ignoring me?"

"No! I swear I wasn't. I didn't hear you."

"Are you deaf?"

The last thing I should have did was the first. I snorted. I couldn't catch it if I tried. Ethan's face tells me that I'm treading dangerous grounds.

"You clearly have a lot to learn, Thea." He sighs. "I'm being nice to you, but I will not tolerate disrespect."

My face burns with embarrassment. "I'm so sorry, Ethan. I was day dreaming"

I shrug and he raises an eyebrow.

"Day dreaming? About?"

My eyes widen at his question. There was no way in hell I was going to tell him that I was day dreaming about two people f*****g in my desk.

"I was day dreaming about....about....I was just thinking about...crap" I whisper to myself.

High five, Thea. You're a writer who can't even lie.

"You know what, if you can't even lie about it then clearly I don't need to know. I need you to focus, Thea. If you can't then-"

"You're going to fire me" I interrupt, finishing his sentence. "I look down at my pretty shoes and wonder if I'll be able to pawn them when I'm jobless again.

"No, I'm not going to fire you. I just need you to work a little harder. Okay?"

I nod "Yes, I promise. I'll do whatever you need me to."

"Good. Now, it's almost noon. We have a meeting to attend." Ethan gives me a reassuring smile before standing up. I let him step in front of me and he pauses, snapping his finger.

"Look in my desk and grab an orange file please, I forgot to grab it"

I nod and quickly walk behind his desk as he turns his back to me, going through his phone. I look through the drawers and when I get to the last one, I find the file. I pick it up, but pause. Under the file is a simple black mask like the kind in masquerades. I run my fingers over it. Why does Ethan have a mask in his drawer? Is he into theater or something? Under the mask, I see a small white card, but can't make out the small cursive writing.

"Thea, did you find it."

Quickly closing the drawer, I straighten "Uh, yeah. I got it"

In the conference room, Ethan and I sit at a long table with multiple chairs and a projector screen. I sit my things down and pull out my journal just in case I have to make a note. The man he is meeting is sitting at one end with another guy. I listen as Ethan greets them before sitting back down. As they get to talking, sit quietly. It gets boring really fast and I hardly understand what they are talking about. Suddenly, without looking at me, Ethan slides a sticky note over.

Fix your posture and you don't have to listen to us if you don't want. You are free to....day dream

I nearly laugh, but I bite down on my lip. Sitting up straighter, I look at Ethan and he nods. Opening my journal, I let my pen go to work on the page with a scene I've been thinking about since my earlier day dream.

.....She slowly undid his tie, not taking her eyes off of his. He was shocked that his shy neighbor was standing in front of him, skirt up around her waist and shirt hanging off of her, mostly unbuttoned. She was so tempting, so arousing right now as she took charge of him. His eyes flickered down to her half undone shirt, her luscious plump breasts dying to be free from the lace bra restricting them. His hands reached up to rest on her hips as her delicate fingers worked the buttons of his shirt. "Where is this coming from?" He whispered harshly, trying to ignore the growth in his pants pushing and fighting against the zipper. "I've always wanted you. So many nights, I pleasured myself to the thought of you plunging into my tight canal. I need you inside of me, inside of my mouth and my-" she couldn't continue due to his lips suddenly on hers. He kissed her hard and passionately. His hands slid up her sides and over her swelled mounds. Gripping the shirt, he yanked it apart sending buttons clinking to the floor. She gasped and felt her hot juices flood her panties. "Please take me" Her small sensual voice coaxed him and his c**k throbbed. "Down on your knees, little minx" He nearly groaned. Falling to her knees, she reached up and undid his pants, gasping when she came face to face with his rod, swollen and hung. Looking up at him, he ran his fingers through her hair, gripping it hard. "I'm going to f**k your mouth and I want you to gag, baby. Then I'm going to slam into your hot waiting pus-"

The sound of someone clearing their throat causes me to pause in my writing. Looking up, the men across the table are talking. It isn't until I look to my left that I see Ethan staring at me. I don't need to ask to know that he peeked at what I was writing. His expression said it all. My throat tightens and I slam my journal closed. Panic consumes me and I want to crawl under a rock and die. My breath shallows and Ethan leans over into my ear.

"Unless you want them gawking at you, I suggest you calm down. You're turning red."

I don't reply, I just nod and try to take a few deep breaths. Did he read the whole thing? Hell, it doesn't matter. The whole damn page was dirty. When I look over at Ethan again, his knuckles are nearly white as he grips his pen too hard. Oh god, he's furious with me. He has to be. I just sat in a meeting and wrote a bunch of s*x filth as Ethan negotiated with an important potential client. I'm so red.

I sat quietly as they continued the meeting and Ethan didn't look over at me anymore. My nerves heighten and I'm almost afraid of what he is going to say when we get back to his office. However, I can't ponder on it completely, because I am extremely turned on. Under the table, I'm pressing my thighs together as my panties dampen a bit. Curse me and my filth writing.

When the meeting is over, I follow Ethan out of the room. He shakes hands and says bye to the men before heading to his office, not speaking a word to me. Back in the office, I go to sit in my desk as Ethan goes into his own office.

"Nope, don't sit. Come here, now" He wasn't even looking. How did he know I sat down?

Getting back up, I walk into his office as he sits behind his desk and pulls at his tie a bit.

"Thea, what the hell?"

"You shouldn't have been spying in my journal"

Ethan frowns. "I was going to ask if you wanted a sub sandwich for lunch and it caught my attention. What was I supposed to do?"

"Look away?" I shrug.

"Easier said than done. Thea, I swear I don't know what to do with you" His tone causes my whole body to tense. I don't know what to say. I technically didn't do anything wrong. I mean, I was just writing. My hands clench around my journal as I hold it behind my back. Ethan stands up and paces around his desk. His expression is hard and mean.

"Ethan, I know it wasn't professional and..."

"Shh. Don't speak. There is no excuse for what you did." He steps in front of me and I look up at him. Behind my back, my hands are now trembling, my breath shallow.

I don't even take in enough air to make my chest rise. Ethan stares down at me and despite the situation, I can't help but feel a pull in my lower belly. His domineering stance makes my p***y clench with need. Leaning over into my ear, Ethan's warm breath tickles my neck.

"Do you know how hard I was in there? How badly I wanted to take you on that conference table and f**k you in front of both of those men? To let them watch me pound into you, relentlessly?"

Where the hell did that come from?! "Ethan, I-"

My voice trembles as my n*****s harden and press against my bra, achingly. Jesus, take the wheel.

"Quiet, Thea. I'm not done. Three days I've known you and I thought I could see right through you. I was so wrong. Your s*x appeal is reserved right up here in that dirty little mind of yours." He lifts his hand and runs his thumb over my temple. Ethan begins pacing around me, circling me like shark waiting to attack its prey

"I can only imagine what you were day dreaming earlier, how soaked your panties were as you wrote in your journal. Oh, how slick my c**k would easily slide into you." Ethan pulls back and his deep brown eyes bore into mine.

Our bodies are so close that if we inhaled at the same time, our chests would touch. That wouldn't be so bad though, right....wrong! Thea, could you be more foolish and horny? Calm yourself woman!

Stepping back, I shake my head and look up at Ethan. "I...I need to make copies."

The only excuse I can muster up to get out. Ethan gives me a short nod, dismissing me. Turning on my heels, I get the hell out that office. When I'm out of his view, I lean against the wall and exhale hard.

"f**k, f**k, fuck." I hiss through my teeth before grabbing some papers I already made copies for. It wouldn't hurt to have a few more extra copies.

Anything to cool my nerves right now. The man didn't even touch me, yet I feel like I just came. As I make unnecessary copies, I lean up against the wall and wonder what the hell just happened. One minute he is my boss and the next he is my sexy, f**k me crazy, make me scream, boss. Damn it, Thea.

For the rest of the day, Ethan and I barely speak unless it has to do with meetings, coffee, and copies. By the time I have to leave to go pick up his suit, my feet no longer feel rich. They feel dirt poor in these red bottoms. As I climb into Ethan's car, I tell the driver to take me back to the apartment as I take the heels off my aching feet. Leaning my head back, I close my eyes and replay the way he looked and spoke to me. It was amazing and exhilarating. I've never had a man use such a tone with me. It makes my insides quiver in anticipation for more. As wrong as this may be, Ethan turned me on without any physical contact. Jeez.

When I get to the apartment, I wait in the lobby until a man with a garment bag strides in. "Ms. Washington?"

"Yes." I nod and he hands me a clip board.

"Sign please."

I quickly write my signature before grabbing the bag and heading up to Ethan's apartment. At his door, I fumble in my bag for the key he gave me before I left the office. After unlocking the door, I go straight to his bedroom and hang the bag in his closet, not touching anything else.

As I'm about to walk out, something under the bed catches my eye. I step to the bed and kneel down picking up a black mask just like the one from his office drawer. I look around for anything else, but there is nothing. His room is spotless. Sexy neat freak.

Putting the mask back where it was, I leave his bedroom, extremely curious about what Ethan's extracurricular activities are. I couldn't ask, but he may think that I was snooping or something.

Grabbing an apple out of his fruit bowl, I hurry back to work.

When 7:00 finally arrives, I'm tired as hell. It didn't seem like I did a lot, but between meetings, copies, and coffee, it's quite a tiring job. Ethan and I leave and on the ride home, we sit quietly as Ethan goes through his phone. 10 minutes into the ride, he finally speaks.

"How was your first day?"

Swallowing hard, I bite my lip.

"Interesting. Enlightening. Tiring" My eyes scan over him.

He looks just the same as when we left home this morning. Nothing out of place. Hair still combed back neatly where as little out of place stings of hair now framed my face. I try to imagine the many reasons one would need a black mask. I come up with nothing logical.

Ethan smirks and looks at me. "It was quite the interesting day for me as well."

And that's the extent of our conversation. He is so confusing. One minute he is being brooding and sexy and the next he is a mute. He either wants to f**k me or not.....I mean not that I would...I just mean...crap. I'm hot for the man.

When we arrive at the apartment, I get off the elevator on my floor, not daring to look back at Ethan. In my apartment, I drop my bag to the floor and kick my shoes off. I go straight to the fridge and grab a bottle of wine that came with my groceries yesterday morning. I hunt down a glass and fill it up as I begin boiling some spaghetti for dinner.

As I stir pasta and fry ground beef, all I can think about is today at work. I didn't want it to turn out like this. On my first day of a new job, I end up having the hots for my boss and if I'm right, he has the hots for me. I doubt we'll act on it though. It wouldn't be professional.

After cooking, eating, and two glasses of white wine, I'm beat. I shuffle to the bedroom and strip out of my clothes before washing my face and brushing my teeth. Pulling on a long shirt, I fall into bed at 11:00. Staring up at the ceiling, I fantasize about what Ethan said about f*****g me on the conference room table. The thought alone makes me moan softly. I begin to slip my fingers between my thighs, but I stop. Turning on my side, I open the bed tide table and retrieve the s*x toy I purchased.

"Time to break you in."