Eight

After kissing Ethan, my whole world exploded and I died. Well, that's what it felt like when his lips touched mine. A girl always thinks that those super unexpected kisses only happen in movies and that if a guy is going to kiss you you'll see it coming a mile away. So wrong. When Ethan kissed me, I didn't know how to react and I took a few seconds to make my lips work. And finally I kissed him back. It seemed like we'd both been wanting it for so long.

After I pulled away, it seemed as if the words in my throat were stuck and suddenly I was mute. The situation immediately turned painfully awkward when Ethan apologized twice for bad manners then proceeded to send me back to work before I really got fired. A part of me wanted to talk about it, but I knew Ethan was probably mentally beating himself up about kissing an employee. He made it clear when I first started that he was a professional man. However, If I'd know a few little pictures would have gotten me a kiss from Ethan, I would have been sent him a s**t load of selfies a long time ago.

Despite how passionate the kiss was, we haven't had any physical encounters since then and it's now Friday morning and tonight I will be walking into the private club where Ethan will be. The fact that I went behind his back to get an invite still has me feeling extremely guilty, but technically it's his fault for not giving me the chance to make my own choice about going. He could have baby stepped me into whatever lifestyle he's living. I'm opening minded. I'm fun. I'm hip. Hell, get enough drinks in me and I possess killer go go dancing skills.

After work, I ride home with Ethan next to me doing his usual activities that included playing games or checking emails on his phone. As I'm sitting there, I can't help but wonder what time my dress from Kate will arrive. She texted me yesterday saying that it would be after work, but didn't tell me a specific time which only makes me more nervous. Sitting back against the warm leather seats, I twiddle my thumbs and sway my knee as I stare out the window.

"Thea"

My head flies around "Huh?" Ethan is staring at me with a weird expression as he raises and eyebrow.

"You okay?"

"I'm fine. Just tired. Ready for the weekend." I shrug, hoping my tone is believable. Ethan nods and looks down at his phone "Any plans for the evening?"

Yeah, I'm going to a top secret club that may be a brothel "Not unless you consider watching horror movies and making peanut butter cookies plans."

Ethan chuckles "So that's no plans then. And make a few extra cookies for me. I'll pick them up in the morning"

"Why can't you come get them tonight?" I ask knowing good and well that I won't be playing Susie homemaker tonight, but I want to see what he's going to say. Ethan shrugs lightly and sighs "I have an important dinner to attend tonight."

"Oh cool. Potential clients?"

"Something like that. I'm sure it's going to run late though. They will want to go out for drinks after." From his tone, you'd think he was telling the truth, but I know the truth. I know exactly where he will be tonight and I'll be there too, but what if we bump into each other?

Oh, God what if he recognizes me on the spot? He will be pissed that I went behind his back and lied to him. Maybe I should make those cookies. I may need them to smooth over whatever drama may happen tonight if he indeed does catch me.

If he would have just let me come willingly, I wouldn't have this problem so technically it isn't my fault.

I'm about to say something when my phone vibrates in my lap. Glancing down, I see a text from Kate. I pick the phone up quickly before Ethan looks down at it. In the text, she tells me that a car will come pick me up at 11 sharp. All these kind gestures from Kate make me wonder what exactly her intentions are for wanting me to come so badly. I don't completely trust her, but she hasn't given me much reason not to either so I'm just going to go with it and keep my guard up around her. Tonight is going to be stressful enough. The last thing I need is to have to watch out for her too.

The rest of the way home is quiet as usual and when I get into my apartment, I flop down on the couch, tossing my phone and purse on the coffee table. Pulling the hair tie out, I run my fingers through my hair, giving my scalp a good rub. During lunch, Ethan was, for some reason, unnerved at the fact that on more than one occasion my hair almost dipped into my salad dressing and requested me to put it up. I didn't argue about it because frankly, I'm more than used to it now. When he pulled a rubber band from his pocket, I just took it without questions.

Lazily kicking my shoes off, I lay my head down on a couch pillow and close my eyes. Today has been an unusually long Friday. We had a heap of meetings meaning I had a heap of work to do and on top of that I just couldn't stop thinking about this club. It's literally driving me crazy at this point. If I had to wait another week I would explode. Closing my eyes, I take a deep breath, letting myself rest a bit before tonight. Unfortunately, whoever began knocking at my door a second later had different plans.

I let out an irritated groan before sitting up and walking to the door. Opening it, I see a guy standing there with a garment bag and box. "Uh" He looks at the note on the bag "Thea Washington"

"Yup" I nod. He hands over the goods and I close the door with my foot. Well, this must be my look for the evening compliments of Kate. I go to my room and sit the box down on the bed. Holding the garment bag up, I unzip it. Letting the bag drop to the floor, my eyes widen at the black dress. It isn't the tight skimpy dress that I thought Kate would have delivered. It's actually the complete opposite. The loose fitted dress stops about mid-thigh and covering the black under side is a black lace material. The long sleeves are black lace too. Holding it up, it almost looks as if it's from the 70's. I lay it down on the bed before opening the large black box that came with it. Inside is the infamous black mask, but unlike the plain one Ethan has, this one is covered in lace too. I lift it up and put it next to the dress. Next, I hook my fingers in the straps of a pair of black wedge heels. Cute.

My eyes spot a small box and when I pick it up, I see the word Gucci on it. I open it and see that it's perfume. Kate really went all out, I guess. There should be more giving people like her and Ethan in the world. Sitting the perfume down, I shake my head. This is far too much for just one night at a club.

Leaving my goodies on the bed for later, I walk to the kitchen to make myself an early dinner. To keep my mind off tonight, I go all out and make lasagna with garlic bread. For dessert, peanut butter cookies. I pull out a few containers and put the food in before heading up to Ethan's place. It's still too early for him to be getting ready so delivering food will be harmless. At his door, I knock and hear his footsteps as he approaches the door. When he opens, he smiles "Thea, what can I do you for?" He says before he can get a good look of what's in my hands.

"I made dinner. Thought you'd like some."

"Are their cookies involved?" He smiles hard, rubbing his hands together like a starving man.

"There are indeed peanut butter cookies in this container" I hold it up and give it a little shake.

Ethan lets me in and I carry the food to his kitchen counter. Ethan walks around the kitchen before finding a fork and popping open the container with the lasagna. I watch him take a bite and when his eyes roll back, I laugh. "Well, I take that as a compliment"

"You should" He says with food still in his mouth. As he eats, I circle the stool are and look over his place. Nice and tidy as usual. Nothing particular out of place. No black masks laying around. When I turn back around, Ethan is still eating.

"Would you like some water?" I ask, hopping off the stool to make myself useful while I'm here. Ethan nods, graciously as I open a few cabinets before finding a cup. Opening the fridge, I pour some cool water and turn back to him. When he looks at me, a snicker escapes my mouth.

"Uh, you got a little sauce right there" I point to his mouth. When he wipes the wrong side, I shake my head, taking a step towards him. With my thumb, I wipe the corner of his mouth for bringing it to my own mouth. Ethan watches as I slip the tip of my thumb into my mouth, licking the bit of sauce off. I don't know why, but in the process, I see his pupils dilate a bit. Oh, what is going on?

After Ethan finishes half of the portion I gave him, he drinks a bit of water before turning to the container of cookies. Opening it, he pulls out two before returning the top. "Thanks so much for this, Thea"

"It's no problem. I don't have anyone to cook for so this is the next best thing" I shrug.

'Well, you can cook for me anytime you want. I won't complain one bit." He smiles, popping half the cooking in his mouth before moaning. "So good"

"It's gluten free" I comment, but I doubt he hears it as he closes his eyes, taking it all in. When Ethan is full and rubbing his stomach, I put the food into the fridge for whenever he wants to finish it. "I hope I didn't spoil your business dinner" I say as I close the fridge door.

"What dinner?"

I knew it! Finally, I caught him in a lie! "Um, the business dinner you said you were having tonight. It's still on isn't it" I play it cool, but on the inside, I'm shining a light over his head while he quivers in fear.

Ethan nods quickly "Oh, yeah. It's still on. I guess it slipped my mind at the moment."

Yeah right.

I nod, letting it go, but Ethan mumbles something to himself that I don't hear.

"You say something" I ask, knowing damn well he did. Go ahead, Ethan. Lie again.

"Uh, just looking for something, but I can find it later. So you wanna hang out here for a bit. I know have to get ready for another couple hours."

You're not the only one who has to get ready. "Yeah, sure. What would you like to do?"

"That's a very dangerous question to ask a man, Thea." Ethan smirks and I bite my lip. "Oh, didn't you know? Danger is my middle name"

"Ha! Funny. I could have sworn it was Amilia" He squints at me with a funny look and I shake my head. Stupid background check. "Yes, well, it was supposed to be danger. Misspelling, I guess"

"Right" Ethan chuckles as he flops down on his couch, patting the area next to him. I take a seat further than he patted and he looks at me "Are you afraid to sit next to me, Thea. I don't bite" He pauses as if he is thinking of something mischievous.

"I'm not afraid. I'm just putting some space between us." I shrug and turn to the TV to ignore his gaze. Letting it drop, Ethan starts flipping through the channels until he falls on ESPN. Instead of pouting like most girls would, I look at game highlights with him. I enjoyed sports, but mostly football. Coming from Alabama, football is a religion. SEC to be exact. Leaving home made me miss the football atmosphere that seemed to linger year round. Upon moving here, I had some of my things stolen which included some of my football paraphernalia and of course no one in New York gives to shits about the University of Alabama football team. It's a crying shame.

As some NFL news goes on, I unlock my phone and check my barely used f*******:. Scrolling down the timeline, seeing news from people at home, I stop a status from Greg saying that he has a hot date tonight. I roll my eyes and huff. Asshole.

"Something wrong?" Ethan asks as I exit the app "Just peachy"

"That doesn't sound good" Ethan lets out a short clipped laugh.

"Just stupid people on Facebook." I look down at the screen, debating on going back to Greg's page to stalk a little.

Maybe find out who this date is. Am I jealous? Hell, no. I just may have to shoot the poor girl a message warning her that her date doesn't like taking no for an answer.

I pull my feet up under me and lean over on a large pillow as I open the f*******: app again. I begin searching down the timeline until I see a conversation between him and a girl name Ashley.

Scrolling down, I see their last comments are planning dinner for tonight. My thumb hovers over her name, decided whether or not to go on her profile. It's sort of my civic duty to inform other if they are making a mistake and this girl is making a big one.

Due to reflexes, my thumb twitches and hits her name, bring up her page. I quickly tap the message button and type that she shouldn't go out with Greg because he is a douche and damaged some of my property because I rejected him. I delete the same message twice before retyping it. Growing frustrated, I start popping the joints in the fingers of my free hand and I guess Ethan takes notice because suddenly my phone disappears from my hand.

"Hey, what are you doing?" I frown as Ethan reads over the message. I watch his face and he puts two and two together.

"Do you want me to send it?"

I nod "I can't. I keep thinking that I should just mind my business, but I don't want her to think that Greg is a nice guy. He's not."

I feel the emotions of that night come back even though I'd totally managed to push it away. Ethan taps the screen one time and hands the phone back.

"Done."

"Thanks" I mumble, sighing hard and sitting the phone in my lap.

Looking down at my palm, I remember exactly where the pieces of glass were from him making me fall on all the glass. I've never hated anyone before, but it's safe to say that I hate his stinking guts.

Deep in my thoughts, I flinch when I feel a soft touch on the side of my face. Turning my face, it's Ethan tucking my hair behind my ear. I force a small smile and he gives one back.

"He doesn't deserves space in your mind, Thea. Don't worry about him." Though my hair is now behind my ear, securely, Ethan hand remains at the side of my face, brushing over my skin with his fingertips.

Reaching up, I place my hand over his fingers, holding them in place. I begin to feel my heart beat in my finger tips and I don't even know if I'm breathing. Feeling the tension grow between us, I can feel the hesitation fuming off of Ethan, mostly likely trying to decide what he should do.

"God, just kiss me already" I blurt out, though it was only supposed to be a personal thought.

Ethan leans forward and presses his lips against mine and it's like everything around us turns black. Then I realize my eyes are closed. Ethan's hand slips behind my neck, pulling me closing as I part my lips capturing his. Sitting up on my knees, I rise over him and cup his jaw as I kiss him harder. I'm tired of him making a move and then taking it back. I want this. Hell, I haven't had s*x in weeks. I need something to hold me over.

I'm about to straddle Ethan's lap and blow his mind with a killer make out session when suddenly, my phone goes off. A notification. I try to ignore it, but when it goes off again, I pull back. Picking up the phone, I see that Ashley as messaged me back.

"Holy crap. She messaged me" I whisper, my thumb moving like lightning speed to open it.

When I read it, I breathe a sigh of relief.

"She canceled their date. She thanked me" I smile and Ethan nods, running his hand down my arm.

Too engulfed in my whole happiness, I barely hear Ethan whisper something, but I could swear it sounded like he said good girl. Who? Me or Ashley? I reread the message and nothing but joy spreads over me. I don't know for sure if Greg would have tried anything risky, I didn't want to sit back and wonder all night if he had.

Ethan's hand stops at my wrist and he runs his finger over a vein. When I look up from the phone, he is staring right at me.

"You're a good person, Thea."

"Thank you"

I'm still in my phone when Ethan stands from the couch.

"It's almost 9. I should start getting ready for this dinner. I want to catch a shower and hunt a suit from the closet."

I nod and stand from the couch. Jeez I need to start getting ready too. Ethan thinks I'm going to be cooped up in my apartment all night while he's out being mister naughty pants. Wrong.

"Yeah, I don't want to be the one to make you late"

Ethan walks me to the door and thanks me for the food again, completely walking around the fact that we kissed AGAIN. I start to walk out when I turn back around. I step to Ethan and step onto my tip toes, kissing him on the corner of the mouth.

"We're not at work, so no need to apologize this time." I smirk and turn to walk away when suddenly, I'm being pulled back and pressed against the wall.

Ethan's lips crash into mine and it melts me at the core. His tongue finds mine and I moan. f**k, his mouth feels amazing. Just as I'm getting all hazing, Ethan pulls back, just barely separating our faces. His dark eyes stare down at me and he groans.

"I wasn't planning on apologizing"

"Oh" Is all I can manage. Ethan steps back and I'm not even sure if I can walk straight. My theory is proven correct when I take one step and my knee gives out. Ethan catches my arm and gives me a cocky look.

"Damn, I'm good"

"Oh, shut up" I smack his arm as I stand up straight. Ethan chuckles a bit, before running his hand down my back and over my ass, giving it a small squeeze.

"Don't feel bad. You should see what you've done to me" He raises and eyebrow and I want nothing more than to see it, touch it, lick it, sit on it, and...well you catch my drift.

"I should let you go" I bite my lip and walk out, not looking back.

When I get back to my place, I head to the bathroom and turn the hot water on in the bath. I pour in bubble liquid before stripping off my clothes. Turned on and all wanton, I push Ethan from my mind to prepare for tonight.

As I'm sitting down in the bubbles, I try to keep the thought of Ethan from my mind and from between my legs. There was no denying that I wanted him, but the whole boss thing kind of put a damper on things as well of this whole secret club thing. That doesn't stop me from picking my fingers running though his dark short hair while his is devouring every bit of my s*x.

Frustrated out of my mind, I press my hands against my face, letting the warm water sooth me, before grabbing my loofa to bathe. If I sit here any longer, I'll lose track of time playing with myself.

When I'm out of the bath, I wrap a towel around my body and decide to pamper myself a bit. I shave and paint my toes before pulling my curling wand from the drawer. While it gets hot, I go to the kitchen and get a glass of wine. I turn on some music and hum along to it as I pull my hair out of the tie.

As I'm curling my hair and do my makeup, my nerves begin to pick up a bit. It crossed my mind to text Kate and cancel, but I'd slap myself with regret if I did. She has gone the extra mile to get me into this place and I'd be a fool to turn it down because I'm a little nervous. I've been in a club before. Usually it's dark and there is loud music. Nothing special.

But for some reason, I just know that this isn't that sort of club.

With loose curls and half of it pulled back, I smile at how I look before putting on the dress. Slipping it on, I look in the mirror and giggle. I haven't looked this good in a while. I go simple for work, but this is a whole other level. Taking everything from the box, I slip on my shoes and spritz perfume on my wrists, neck, and a little in my hair.

When I see the time, my heart almost skips a beat. 10 minutes till the car arrives. I quickly straighten the bathroom before turning off the light and grabbing a black clutch to put my keys, phone, and mask in before swallowing the last bit of wine in the glass.

At the two minute mark, I get a text for Kate saying she is here. Holy s**t, this is happening. Shutting off the lights in my place, I lock up and head for the elevator. No turning back now. When I get down to the lobby, I see a man standing by a black SUV. Coming out of the building, he opens the door and I slip in, thanking him.

Kate is sitting next to me with a slender black dress, hugging her body and resting on her upper thighs.

"Thea, you look adorably sexy. I knew the dress would be perfect with your long hair." She smiles, immediately resting a hand on my knee.

"Are you nervous?" She asks as her blond hair falls over her shoulder.

I nod and she gives me a soft smile. "I was too the first time I went, but I didn't have anyone to show me around. You have me tonight. So don't worry, Doll"

Her fingers caress over my knee and I nod again.

"Thanks for all of the goodies too"

"No problem at all. The perfume smells divine on you. I love it." Kate slides over the seat a bit until her thigh is touching mine.

"Tonight is going to be so fun. And don't worry about Ethan. He'll never recognize you, trust me. Everyone begins looking the same after a while. It's sort of a black tie dress code." That would explain all the black.

"Good. I feel bad enough lying to him about all of this. If he finds out he will be so pissed at me"

Suddenly, I just want to let this whole childish crap go. It's really not that serious that I even go. I'm just doing it in spite for Ethan brushing me off about it. I don't need this, but yet I'm still in the moving car. Still haven't said stop or go back.

"What he doesn't know won't hurt him. He'll just think you're my friend. And by the way, tonight and any other night you come, if you come, your name will be Dawn. You'll address me as Angela"

I nod at her instructions and she gives me a reassuring smirk as well as another rub of my knee.

25 minutes later to be exact, the SUV pulls up behind a seemingly abandoned building. The driver lets us out and Kate helps me tie my mask on before tying hers. Catching me off guard, Kate finds my hand, locking her fingers in mine before leaning in

"Are you ready, Doll?"

I nod, feeling so secretive that it almost becomes exhilarating. Kate gives my hand a gentle squeeze before pecking a small kiss on my lips, causing me to gasp softly in surprise. I start to say something, but she tugs me forward, walking up to a door. Kate gives it a knock and a small window opens.

"The devils lair" Kate coaxes in a seductive voice and a few locks pop as they are turns loose.

Her words send a hard chill over me and I take a deep breath. Kate looks down at me and smirks.

"Tonight is going to be amazing." She says just as the door opens. No going back now.