

Dress Like Honey

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Chapter 1

Her hips swayed, and she curled her finger, beckoning me to join her.

The lights in the club were drawn to her, showing off her dress, which was so tight it could have been honey dripped over her bare skin.

I was straight, why was she looking at me? My thighs twitched, the urge to feel that silky smooth dress rubbing against me. What was this feeling?

But there was no music. There had been music. I couldn't remember which song had been playing.

Damn.

I opened my eyes, and the office lighting returned.

'You okay, Natasha?'

I looked over my monitor at Dan. 'Yup. Just lost myself in a daydream there.'

'All right, well let's focus up a bit. The customer needs these reports tomorrow.'

'Working as hard as I can,' I muttered.

I hadn't wanted to go out last night, but Jess had forced me. I hadn't even been drinking because I knew I was going to have a tough day at work in the morning. But *she* had stood out like a beacon. Now every time I closed my eyes I saw her standing there again, in that spotlight.

'Natasha?'

'Yes, Dan, I'm working, don't worry.'

We'd both mastered our passive aggressive tone. Dan and I couldn't stand each other, but we were both the best at this job, so management always stuck us together. Apparently the rest of the office had somehow managed to convince the higher-ups that using a spreadsheet was a real challenge. If only I had done that. I wouldn't have to deal with Dan. Dan who ran his hand through his hair compulsively every five seconds, and insisted on leaning back and tapping his chest like a drummer whenever he needed to think. If that wasn't enough, he'd click his clicky pen and roll it up in his tie like a child.

The worst part? How damn hot he was! Honestly, why this company was hiring male models, I just didn't know. He and Matt Bomer were carved from the same stone. And the suits he wore? Every single one was a tailored masterpiece, somehow giving him just enough flexibility to be able to bend over and make every man, woman, and inanimate object stop and take a look. Dan knew it, of course. When it wasn't crunch time, he'd be walking around, flirting with anything that walked and could vaguely classify itself as female.

I hadn't liked him from the moment I saw his smug, chiseled jaw. Let's be clear - not jealous.

Dan leaned back in his chair and started tapping his chest. If I could roll my eyes any harder I'd be looking at my own brain. You know when someone just pisses you off by breathing? Yeah, well he was breathing.

'Hey, Natasha? How about some coffee?'

'Could use some myself, thanks.' I countered.

I could see him grimace over the top of my monitor. 'You know how it is, though. If I go and get the coffee, I won't be back for an hour as everyone stops to talk along the way. Why don't you make it? No one talks to you.'

That prick. I mean, it was true, but still.

'That's efficient thinking, Dan. How do you take it?'

'Black, no sugar.'

I stood up and winked at him. 'Gotcha.'

I left the crunch office, the one that Dan and I got locked in when the deadlines got tight, and headed for the kitchen. Sure enough, no one said anything to me. I got out two mugs - one

slightly larger than would be mine, obviously - and as I followed standard Dan procedure and stirred milk and sugar into both of them - because fuck Dan, am I right? - my mind wandered back to last night.

Jess had forced me out to some new club called "Velvet". She was recently single and insisted that we should go on the hunt together. I had just wanted to wrap up with a hot drink and a book, but sometimes you have to do what your one and only friend wants. I guess.

Jess and I had caught up - she'd complained about her ex still texting her, I'd complained about work - at that point she'd been drunk enough to start dancing. I hadn't been drinking, and really didn't want to tire myself out. I stayed at the bar.

The first guy to interrupt my quiet contemplation had been cute, but I wasn't looking, so got rid of him quickly enough.

The next guy had bought me a drink even after I'd refused.

The third had been a real charmer and even got a laugh out of me, and who knows, maybe he would have been fun. But that was when I'd seen her.

Why did I care? She was just another woman dancing in the crowd. There had been dozens. Sure, she was hot, but lots of them had been. She wasn't anything special.

Okay, that's kind of like saying that the Mona Lisa is just another painting. But why did I care? Why was I hung up on her? Then I remembered that finger curling upwards, telling me to come. Those hips swaying out of time with the fast paced music, but in time with my heartbeat. And those eyes. A deep green, beneath her dark brown hair. The light had swirled around her, highlighting parts of her, but never all of her at once. Her legs were first, and I couldn't help but think of them wrapping around me, then her hips and the fun I could have with them, and then her face, and the rest of the club dissolved away.

'What do you think?'

I snapped back to myself, still stirring the coffees in the kitchen. Two older men were talking about something and were apparently trying to include me in what was probably something far less interesting than my memories of last night.

'The benefits of using open source software in the company? You use the spreadsheet package, right?'

'Oh. Umm, yeah. I mean, increased flexibility and security, but only if you pay the higher upkeep costs, you know?'

They both nodded in agreement, and continued talking as I made my excuses to get back to work.

I carefully placed Dan's coffee down next to him. 'There's yours, cream and two sugars, as you asked.'

He clicked his clicky pen furiously for a few seconds. He picked the coffee up and took a long sip. 'Thanks, that's perfect.'

I was pretty sure that one of us was going to escalate this passive aggressiveness to murder in a few month's time.

The rest of the office started packing up, and the shouts of people arranging plans for the weekend could be heard loud and clear, and each one sounded like they were rubbing my nose in their freedom.

Right on cue, my boss stuck his head in the door. 'Doing great work in here guys. You'll be ready for the hand over tomorrow?'

We both nodded enthusiastically, and the boss left.

'Dan, will you *actually* be ready for tomorrow?'

He narrowed his eyes. 'I'll be as ready as you are, sure.'

I narrowed my eyes in return. 'Yes. Good to know.'

Oh data entry. The bane of my existence. It was going to be a long night.

My phone buzzed. *Tash, let's go out again. Velvet yeah?*

I bit my lip. Damn it, Jess! I had work to do. I couldn't just drop it all and go out. I'd be fired faster than Hillary Clinton's emails got deleted if I didn't deliver this project by tomorrow.

Why did she want to go out again, anyway? She hadn't met the sexy Goddess of her dreams. Okay, that was a weird thought. I wasn't even into women!

Why? What's up? I replied.

A girl can't want to go to the same place two days in a row?!

Oh jeez. You got some, didn't you?

Hehe. No, but I really need a duck tonight! Then a second later. *Autocorrect. You know what I meant ;)*

I didn't have *much* left to do on the report. I could finish it up tomorrow. I mean, I didn't want to go out, but maybe I'd see her again. I'd just go for an hour. Yes, a quick scan of the dance floor, make sure Jessica was safe, and then a good night's rest, into work tomorrow to finish up, and that would be it. I could go to Velvet on an existential quest to figure out just what I was feeling, and still get my work done.

I could have my cake and eat it too.

You're on.

Chapter 2

Jess walked into Velvet before me, wearing a tight white dress, white four inch heels - conservative for her - and a white tiara with her blonde hair halfway down her back. Not my style, but Jess had always been able to pull this stuff off. She was tiny, and guys seemed to love her for it. She played it up for them.

I stared at her butt as she walked. It was a good butt, no doubt. But it didn't interest me like the honey dress had. What was with that?

Jess led me to the bar and waited for a bartender to notice. I slid in next to her and turned around to keep an eye on the crowd, and hopefully my mysterious woman.

Jess grabbed my arm and turned me around. 'Jeez, come on. Don't be so obvious.'

The lights were low and the DJ was playing something from the top of the charts.

'I wasn't being obvious,' I said.

'No, no, no. You've got to show them that you don't care. Men love that.'

I scrunched my face up from the mental pain. 'I really don't think that's a good way of viewing relationships in a general sense, but also, I'm not looking for guys.'

Jess shrugged. 'I'm fresh out of a long term relationship, Tash. If I don't get some dick then what's the point?!'

'Oh. You're in that kind of mood. Better drink up!'

As if by magic, the bartender could sense just how much Jess needed some liquid courage, and appeared. Jess ordered herself a drink, and a diet coke for me.

'Actually,' I jumped in, 'give me a Long Island Iced Tea.'

The bartender nodded and set to work.

Jess turned to me. 'Umm, what? You haven't drunk with me in ages? Is this... is this Tash from Uni, back again?'

'I just want a drink, okay?'

‘Uh huh. Sure.’ Jess adjusted her ample cleavage for maximum devastation on the next guy that saw her. Again, I was straight, so this had no effect on me, and so my mouth didn’t hang open in appreciation and jealousy. Not at all.

I followed her lead and looked into the mirror behind the bar. My mousey brown hair was hanging in loose curls, artfully designed just an hour ago, my eyebrows were plucked to perfection, and I was showing just enough to catch some attention with my off the shoulder dress. I’d never tried to attract a woman before though. Did they look for what guys looked for? Not that I’d tried to catch a guy in years either. Not that I was trying to catch a woman!

Jeez, Tash, get your story *straight*.

‘Okay, so,’ Jess began, ‘what are you really doing back here? When I sent that text, I honestly didn’t actually expect you to say yes.’

‘It’s been a while, right?’

‘Two nights, Tash. *In a row!*’

I started fidgeting with my hands, but luckily, just then the bartender put the long island in front of me. I gripped onto it like it would save me.

‘I saw someone last night,’ I finally said. ‘I’m not saying they were the hottest person I’ve ever seen, or anything like that, but... I don’t know, there was just something about them.’

Jess laughed. ‘So you’re basically stalking a guy tonight?’

‘No!’

Now that she mentioned it, this was a bit stalkery, but it wasn’t a guy, so I was still in the right.

‘We’ve all been there, nothing to be ashamed about! I’ve stalked a few guys in my time.’

‘That’s a really weird thing to admit Jess.’

She giggled. ‘I know, right? But I’ve found some self respect since then, and let the boys come to mama.’

I gave her a sideways glance. ‘You’re saying I don’t have any self respect?’

‘No! I mean... awwwkwarrrrd.’

We laughed it off and started drinking.

‘Do you know anything about them?’ Jess asked.

Do I admit it’s a woman or not? She’s my best friend, but... Hell, even I don’t know what I want, or mean, or anything. She just looked nice, and I was putting way too much thought into those deep green eyes of hers. It was probably nothing! I abandoned work and came out to a club for nothing. Yes.

‘Not really. Nice hair. Amazing body. Eyes that pierce your soul. The usual!’

Jess nodded along, confused.

'Anyway!' I wanted to get the topic away from my confused feelings. 'What about you? Just want to get that hole filled?'

Jess looked at me, disgusted.

I suddenly realised what I said. 'In your heart! That hole in your heart. Trying to plug it up, get over your ex. That kind of filling the hole. Oh, jeez. Or the first type of hole filling, you know me, no judgement!'

She giggled again. 'A little from column A, a little from column B. But no, I'm kind of...' She looked around behind her, quickly checking to see if the bait that was her body was luring anyone in. 'I *also* saw a guy last night. Okay?'

'Oh! So stalker Jess isn't completely in the past?'

She sighed. 'No. She's very active and very stalkery.'

'Tell me about him! Did you guys do anything?'

'He's the perfect height—'

'You being five four, that would make him six two?'

'Yes, exactly. So I can wear my highest heels, and he can still be four inches taller than me. That's just standard, Tash, get with it.'

'Yes, of course, how could I question that one true metric of a man's worth. Please continue.'

'Perfect height. Deep brown eyes. A classic haircut, and a dress sense that almost matches my own.'

I looked her up and down. 'He was wearing a tight white dress designed to show literally everything?'

She pulled at the bottom of her dress to make sure her butt wasn't actually out for all to see. 'Haha, very funny. But no, he was classically handsome, and well dressed, and knew how to take care of himself. He was just.... Nice. And we had a quick dance - during which he was a perfect gentleman - and that's all.'

'Wow. That's kind of tame, Jess. I mean, with your last guy, I think when I asked what you liked about him, you just forwarded one of his pics, which was literally his dick next to his credit card. I'm pretty sure I remember something about size and money being all you care about?'

'All in the past! I've seen the error of my ways.'

'Well, good luck out there, hunter.' I gave her a wink and slapped her butt.

She giggled.

'We're both looking for our Mr. Right tonight,' Jess said.

I still didn't want to correct her that I was actually looking for Ms. Right.

She whipped her head round, like a hawk seeing a mouse. 'Oh my God, I'm sure that was him.' She headed off into the throng of dancers, shouting behind her. 'Find me before you go!' And I was on my own.

I turned to face the crowd, and hopefully find my Ms. Right.

I thought about my options. I could stay at the bar and wait. I mean, last night that's what I'd done, and she'd found me. Or I could go out there and search, braving the rough wilderness that is the dance floor.

I'll be honest, I really wanted to stay at the bar. But she'd done the work yesterday, so it was only fair that I did it today. I picked up my drink and started towards the mass of bodies.

Before I made it there, a man stepped in front of me.

'Hey, beautiful, did it hurt?'

I was *about* to fall for it, and actually did "did what hurt?" but I caught myself.

'Not nearly as much as this conversation if we actually had one. Bye!' And continued on my way.

Last night, she'd been in a spot all on her own. The crowd had parted, moved by her otherworldly beauty, no one daring to interfere with perfection. But tonight, there were no spaces my honey dress could strut her stuff.

I'd done a quick scan of the dance floor and had reached one of the walls. Time to turn around and look again. I'd finished my drink so left it on one of the tables.

Taking a closer look this time, there were way more guys than girls. That should have made it easier for me. The dance floor was like a tide of people. Groups of guys would move into groups of girls, merge with them, interlocking, and then break apart, some of the guys remaining behind and breaking off into couples. A few singles moved between the larger groups, clearly searching for the one thing that everyone was here to get, but none of them seemed to find it, instead leaving the dancing mass, disappointed. I was one of them, but I hadn't given up yet. My honey dress could be just past the next group of people, could be revealed in the next flash of a strobe light.

But it was getting harder to move as the floor filled up, and the drink kicked in, and, to be honest, as I started to lose hope.

Having made it to the other side of the dance floor, I sighed. Maybe it wasn't meant to be. Maybe she hadn't even been real. The whole thing was very weird. I'd never been attracted to a woman before. Not even Jess, who any man found it hard to keep their hands off.

The honey dress had probably been a trick of the light, nothing more. Even if she was real, and I saw her again, she wouldn't hold the same mystery. I was building up something that wasn't real. I was being stupid.

Time to get over my silly little fantasy. I was in a room filled with hot guys. It was time to find one of them for myself. It had been so long, I wasn't even sure I could. Or if they'd want to. I mean, it wasn't like I was constantly being hit on at work, and I was no Jess. Taller than her so I didn't fulfill their weird little girl fantasies. No blonde hair or perfect makeup.

And yet, when I stopped looking for Ms. Right, and started paying attention to who was around me, I could see them looking. Some of the groups of guys huddled together, every now and again one of them turning to look at me. The lone guys changing their route to walk past me over and over again.

I didn't know why, but it didn't matter. It was time to let myself go.

I walked into the centre of the dance floor and listened to the music. It had changed from the top of the charts to some indefinable thud against my chest.

One of the faceless guys broke away from his group of friends and made his way over to me. I swayed my hips back and forth in a poor imitation of what the honey dress had done, but it seemed to work for this guy.

He was tall, with short blonde hair, skinny jeans, and a white vest. As far as I could tell, he was literally Alexander Skarsgård's clone.

He slipped one long, taut arm around my hips and pulled me into him, and began moving his hips with mine. I'd forgotten how small the difference was between dancing and dry humping as he stuck his leg between mine and we continued to move with the beat.

It had been so long since I'd touched anyone like this. There were worse people to go home with than Alex's lookalike, so I turned my head to let it rest on his chest as he pulled me closer.

I saw Jess through the crowd. She'd found her man. I caught her gaze, and we smiled at each other. She pointed at the guy she was dancing with who had his back to me and made a very crude gesture. The guy was tall with dark hair, and a shirt pulled tight over a strong back - that was all I could tell. Exactly her type. Then she pointed at my guy and made the same motion with her hands then a shrug.

I looked up into the piercing blue eyes of this stranger, felt his arms holding me close, and his hips moving with mine, trying their best to get me excited. I looked back at Jess and shook my head.

The guy was perfect, but he wasn't what I wanted. I put my hand on his chest and pushed him gently away. He took the signal, shrugged, and went back to a group of laughing friends. He may have been perfect, but even the best salad in the world won't satisfy you if all you can think about is steak.

I motioned to Jess that I was heading off, and she frowned, shooin me away.

At least one of us got what they wanted tonight. But there'd been no sign of my honey dress mystery woman.

For the best, really. I needed to get up early to finish those reports. I guess having a fulfilling work life would have to makeup for having an unfulfilling social and sex life.

I had just left Velvett when Jess caught up with me, teetering along as fast as her heels would take her.

'What are you doing?' I asked, shocked. 'What about your guy?'

'Always leave them wanting more, Tash!' Jess winked at me. 'He won't be able to get me out of his mind. I guarantee it. Now I just have to wait for his call.'

Chapter 3

'Aaaaand I'm done.'

I looked over my monitor at Dan. Unsurprisingly, his stupid face looked smug.

'Almost there, too,' I said.

He stood up and walked around the crunch office a bit. He was stretching out, and oh sweet lord it was annoying.

'What are you doing?' I asked.

'Oh, sorry. Late night last night. After you left early, I figured I'd do the same.'

'Just couldn't wait to spend another day, a Saturday no less, locked up with me, huh?' I quipped while tapping away on the keyboard.

'What can I say? I'm a sucker for pain.' He winked at me.

That was odd. He normally saved his flirting for people he actually liked. I guess when it's only the two of us in the office, I'm his last resort. I followed standard Dan procedure and rolled my eyes.

'Aww come on, Natasha. It's just us now, you don't have to keep up the act. Just relax a bit.'

It took me a few seconds to figure out what he meant, and I had to actually stop typing.

'Dan, do you think the way I act around here is an act?'

'Well, sure. You're a professional, and you want to be viewed as one, right? Personally, I think you took the no flirting thing a bit far, but to each their own.'

'No flir- what the hell?! I don't flirt because no one here ever even talks to me, let alone likes me as a person.'

Dan kept pacing. He unbuttoned his suit jacket and put his hands on his hips. Classic Dan power pose.

'Hmm. I guess that's one way to look at it. So, not an act?'

'No Dan, not an act. This is how normal people go through life and react to hostility in the workplace. Something you've never faced, obviously.'

He chuckled. 'Yeah, I haven't. Because I'm nice to people.'

'Nice? Dan, you flirt with anything that could even loosely be called female. Is that your definition of nice?'

His brow furrowed, creasing his perfect face. Perfectly annoying face.

‘Huh. That’s just me, I guess. The more I talk to people, the more they like me, and that seems to get me into important meetings with important people. Then I show my actual worth as an employee. I don’t flirt more than anyone else in here.’

‘Okay. Fine. Well, I don’t look like...’ I pointed at him vaguely. He looked confused. ‘I’m not hot. No one talks to me, because I’m not hot, okay?’

‘Wow.’ He stopped pacing and leaned against the window behind him, hands still on hips. ‘I... You’ve defeated me. I don’t even know where to start with that. My main take away from it though, was that you think I’m hot?’

I rolled my eyes, and this time managed to look back inside my head. Oh God. I was hoping he wouldn’t figure that out. ‘No! I’m not saying you’re hot!’

He laughed, deep and rich. Damn him!

‘The lady doth protest too much, methinks!’

‘Oh, shut up. Like you know Hamlet.’

Dan shrugged. ‘I read. I’ve read. Once. Okay, okay.’ He pushed himself off from the wall, and stepped towards me, sitting down on my desk. I was pretty sure he’d never actually been this close to me before. ‘You say no one talks to you here?’

‘That’s a fact,’ I confirmed.

‘Let me tell you a secret.’ He looked around, and then leaned in to whisper something. I hesitated for a second, but then leaned in to meet him. ‘No one talks to you because they’re too scared.’

He leaned back and waited for my reaction, which was a glare of annoyance.

‘Scared of what, huh?’

He scanned his eyes up and down my body and nodded.

‘They’re scared of my body?’

‘Yes. Natasha, you are hot. So hot, people think they can’t talk to you.’

I snorted at the stupidity.

‘Dan, let me stop you there, okay? That level of “hotness” doesn’t exist. It’s not a real thing. If people aren’t talking to me it’s probably because of—’

‘Your resting bitch face. Yeah, that too.’

I laughed. Oh damn, he’d made me laugh. ‘Thanks for that.’

‘It’s true!’ He protested. ‘Hot girl, plus resting bitch face, equals scary and no one talks to you.’

‘That doesn’t make any sense! No one wanting to talk to me because I’m focused on my job, and not hot enough to turn heads, makes much more sense.’

He opened his mouth as if to protest, but before he spoke, close it again. He did that a few more times, trying out a different facial expression with each.

He finally found his voice. 'I'm hot, right?'

Now it was my turn to lose my voice. I looked at my lap and smoothed my pencil skirt out instead.

'You're blushing,' he said.

Before thinking, I blurt out, 'I am not!' Oh great, Tash, way to hide your feelings.

He did an admirable job at repressing a chuckle, and leaned back into me. 'Okay, so why would a guy you think is hot be flirting with you?'

I suddenly realised how close he was. His thighs were at the perfect height to rest my hand on. I quickly looked up from his legs and back to his face. 'A cruel joke, obviously.'

He was the one to roll his eyes this time. 'Try again.'

My throat suddenly went dry as he didn't pull away from me. He stayed uncomfortably close. Okay, it wasn't uncomfortable, but it was unprofessional. My voice came out like a squeak. 'Because, umm, you just want another notch in your belt, obviously.'

He kept those deep brown eyes of his locked on mine. 'No. I don't. Even if I did, I could have any woman here, and you know it.'

I should have hated the way he said that. He was so arrogant! But the way he said it, and the way he looked at me, his words didn't bother me, because his meaning was clear. He could have just said "I want *you*".

'Look, Dan,' I looked around, flustered. I put my hand on his thigh. Time to let him down gently. 'I do think you're hot, okay? And your words mean a lot, so thank you. But I can't do... *this*.'

He nodded slowly, and then gave me a lopsided grin that he must have practice a thousand times in the mirror, designed to get exactly what he wanted. Apparently the way that worked in women was making them soak their panties, Jesus.

'But, Natasha,' he looked down at my hand on his thigh, which had started rubbing up and down his leg the damn traitor! 'The lady doth protest too much, methinks.'

His legs spread open further, making my hand slip down to his inner thigh, and he moved a hand slowly but confidently to the back of my head. I knew what was about to happen, and now was my chance. I could stop it right now. I just had to turn my head away from his. Just turn my head. It wasn't turning. Shit. Did I want this? What about my mysterious woman? Like I was ever going to find her again. And it had been so long! Screw it! Dan was hot!

I closed my eyes, and his lips found mine. His first kiss was soft and tender. Totally not what I was expecting, and it disarmed me. I felt his cologne hit my senses, and I was filled with notes of bergamot and lemon.

Our eyes still closed, his grip on my hair firmed, and his second kiss was hard and aggressive, and our mouths opened and our tongues took on a life of their own.

Damn. Two kisses. That was all it had taken to get me wet.

I slid my hand up his thigh until I felt it. He pulled back from the kiss, and he was about to say something, but I moved my hand to his tie, and pulled him back in. I didn't want to risk him ruining it by talking.

Our kisses deepened, and our mouths moved faster, and our tongues probed deeper.

I took my hand off his tie and pushed at his suit jacket. We kept kissing as he took it off, and then undid his tie.

I moved my hand back to his thigh, and ran it up into his crotch, and his stiffening manhood.

He pushed his hips into my touch, and I rubbed harder. Just then he pulled away, finally breaking our kiss. We both panted, slightly out of breath.

'Get up,' he commanded, and backed up to the wall behind him, putting several yards between us. He'd always been cocky in the past, but this tone was a different kind of self assuredness.

I stood up, and straightened my skirt.

He pointed to the floor just in front of my desk. 'There.'

I was already more turned on than I had been at any time in the past few years, but that voice coming out of those lips was going to drive me wild. I did as he said, putting myself between him and the desk.

He flicked his hand, gesturing for me to get onto the desk. I lowered my eyes and bit my lip. In a voice so low I was surprised he heard it, I whispered, 'Make me.'

His eyes grew wide, and he surged forwards. He crossed the space between us in a heartbeat and before I could react to his charge, his firm grip was hoisting my waist up and back, sliding me onto the desk.

He put his legs between mine, and slid his hands down to my skirt, pulling it up so I could spread my legs for him. As soon as the pencil skirt was around my hips, him taking a second to admire my lacy boy shorts, I lifted my legs up and around him, pulling him to me. God I wanted him so bad. I was so wet it hurt. I wanted him inside me, right fucking now!

We kissed again, and I grabbed at his shirt, lifting it up. I took a second to admire what lay beneath, and couldn't help a gasp escaping my lips. God damn. Dan had hit the genetic lottery with that face and this body.

'I want you,' I moaned, hoping he'd get the hint and fuck me.

He smiled his lopsided smile, and ran his hands down my body, caressing my breasts, then my hips, and then sliding around to the tops of my thighs. I ached as he teased me. I wanted him to touch me there already! But his hands didn't get any closer. His fingers were dangerously close, just enough to make me want it, but not enough to feel his touch on my lips.

He kissed me, and our mouths moved as one. I felt his hands squeeze and release, never getting closer to touching me, but it was like a massage, tantalising me from afar, pulling my lips apart then squeezing them together.

Okay, this was getting frustrating now. I hadn't waited two years to be teased for this long!

His mouth broke off from mine, and his kiss went lower. I felt his stubble rub against my neck, strong and firm, yet almost tickling me. He lips sucked gently on my neck, not enough to cause a hickey, but enough to tell me he was in charge and could do whatever he wanted to me.

Fucking. I hope it was fucking he wanted to do to me. Christ, I needed it *now*.

His mouth went lower, kissing through my blouse as he went, until finally his hands spread my legs wide and he moved his head between my legs.

Okay. I could take a bit of this before he fucked me.

I felt his hot breath against me, and it chilled the wetness already there. He pulled away, and pulled off my boy shorts.

He moaned in appreciation. I moaned in response. I wanted him to touch me there already!

His hot breath blew against my pussy. Once. Twice. Three times. I had to stop myself from shaking I was in so much anticipation.

Then his breath was gone. I looked down, and he was moving away! Fuck! I felt his mouth kiss my inner thigh just above the knee. I groaned in pleasure. He slowly kissed and nibbled and sucked his way along my inner thigh. Finally he was back and I could feel his breath against me. I could feel his stubble pushing against my inner thighs as he prepared to do it.

Then he pulled away again! Fuck!

He started the journey back up my other leg this time. Holy shit I needed to be fucked right now! I slid my hand between my leg, and finally felt *something* against my clit, even if it wasn't what I'd wanted to feel there.

He grabbed my wrist, and pulled me away from myself. I whimpered. Yes, I actually fucking whimpered. I could feel my juices flowing from me, I was fucking ready, and he wouldn't even let me touch myself! This was torture!

'Dan!' I finally shouted. 'Fuck me, God damn it!'

He was back between my thighs, his hot breath against my dripping pussy. He looked up at me, smiled, then stood up. His whisper was a stark contrast to my shout, showing how in control of everything he was. 'A shame. I was looking forward to tasting you. You'll just have to taste yourself from my cock when I'm done fucking you.'

He unbuckled his belt, and pulled himself out. He was hard as a rock. I had the sudden urge to get on my knees and feel him in my mouth. I wanted to pleasure his big, stiff...

'Condom!' I said.

His eyes went wide. 'I don't... Wait, yes I do.' He walked round to his side of the desk, and rummaged through his messenger bag. He pulled out a condom. 'I was out last night. Can never be too careful.'

'I'm surprised you don't have the linings of your suit made out of them, but get back here and fuck me.'

He put his bag back on the floor, when his phone rang. No, Dan, don't answer your phone! He glanced at it. Oh shit, he picked it up. He looked at me, and his face was transformed into a pleading expression, including puppy dog eyes. I'd never seen him with them before. Not for anyone.

'Quickly,' I said

He answered with a brisk greeting. A few nods and hums. A quick "are you sure?". Another affirmative, and he hung up.

'Natasha. I'm so sorry, but I have to go.'

I fell back onto my desk. 'Fuck!'

He tucked himself back in, and walked round to me. He picked me up off the desk, and pulled my skirt down. He did up the top few buttons of my blouse, which I hadn't even noticed he'd undid.

'Honestly, Natasha, I'd rather be here, fucking you, but it's a family issue. Normally my sister handles this stuff, but she's busy. I *have* to go.'

I moaned - not with pleasure, this time. 'Super hot, great at business, *and* you value family responsibility. Well, aren't you just full of surprises.'

He kissed me, then put his suit jacket back on, and stuffed his tie in his pocket.

I followed him through the cubicles to the elevators to see him off. I don't really know why. I could have just let him go from the crunch office. It's not like this was going to be anything more than an office fling.

Waiting for the elevators, out of the crunch office, everything seemed different, like that sudden desire and wetness had been a strange byproduct of something other than myself. Instead of the heated lust we had just a minute earlier, we stood awkwardly in silence, waiting for the ding of the elevator.

Dan cleared his throat. 'So, umm... the customer should be here any second. But my bit of the work is done.'

I crossed my arms in front of myself, trying to regain some professionalism. 'Yup. It won't take me much longer. It'll be fine.'

He nodded enthusiastically, as if the harder he nodded, the faster the awkwardness would go away.

'Natasha, about back there, I—'

I held up a hand to stop him. 'I think it's okay to call me Tash now.'

He thought about it for a second. 'You know, I prefer Natasha.'

Just then, the elevator arrived. We both shuffled around awkwardly for a moment, until he kissed my cheek, got on, and the doors closed.

'What the hell did I just do?' I said to myself. With Dan gone, and me stood all alone in an empty office, I felt silly for giving into my primal desires like that. I even knew what the final straw had been that had sent me over the edge. 'Fucking Hamlet!' I shouted.

Then I heard footsteps, and a voice came from behind me. 'That's what I used to think when my parents forced me to learn it as a child. But it has some charm to it, no?'

I spun around, mortified that I'd just shouted "Fucking Hamlet" with the customer right behind me.

'Sorry,' the customer said before I really took her in. 'Your boss said I should just come right up.'

My mouth dropped open.

She was my height, with dark brown hair up in a bun, and wearing a tight business suit. She had vibrant green eyes. She may not have been wearing the same thing as the last time I saw her, and the lighting wasn't from a poorly lit club, but it was unmistakably her.

I couldn't pick my mouth up off the floor as I realised that the customer was my mysterious honey dress.

And Dan still had my panties.