

LOVE Has NO Boundaries



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TAKING THE PLUNGE

Lacie J. Archer

Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

TAKING THE PLUNGE

By Lacie J. Archer

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love Has No Boundaries* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a free gift to you.

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what they do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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Photo Description

A naked, tattooed man stands under a shower head, looking over his shoulder.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

Oh shit... he must have heard me! But can you blame me for perving a little here? Who'd have thought that my boss was hiding that ink and perfect ass under his tight buttoned, prim and proper suit! Talk about a dream come true. Now if only the other vibes I've been getting from him are true...

Sincerely,

Shaz

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: lust, boss/employee, mutual masturbation, fluff, men with children, tattoos, piercings

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A dunk tank? Whose genius idea was it to have a dunk tank at the charity carnival in a few weeks? Especially one with a sign-up sheet posted for willing volunteer dunkees, my boss's name written boldly at the top. Note to self: stay as far away from said dunk tank as feasibly possible. No need to add the sight of Jonathan soaking wet, all that bronzed skin visible through the transparency of his plastered-to-him shirt, to my mental photo album.

It's bad enough that he looks hot as hell when he's all prim and proper in the office—now I would have to contend with the sight of him in something less professional? I sigh and glance at the layout of the carnival, scouring my options for something far, far away from the temptation. Finger stalling on the cotton candy booth on the opposite end of the cafeteria, I shrug and grab a pen.

“Mr. Kols, have you already decided which attraction you will be volunteering with for your four hours?”

I draw a deep breath, mouth suddenly dry, and turn to face the object of my errant thoughts. Suit a dove gray today, Jonathan lifts his coffee mug to his lips. Following the line of his lavender tie down to his belt, I am unable to stop the way my eyes demand I drink him in. Jonathan cocks his hip, pants tight across his thighs, leaning into the table's edge. Licking my lips, I say, “I was thinking of helping out with the kids at the cotton candy booth.”

Quirk lifting one side of his mouth, he asks, “Do you like cotton candy, Mr. Kols?”

I swallow at the lilt in his question, mind in an immediate tizzy over whether or not he is flirting with me. Twisting away from him before I embarrass myself, I lift the pen to the sign-up sheet. “It was one of my favorite parts back when I attended carnivals and fairs as a kid, so I figured it'd be nostalgic to work with it. Plus, there's nothing better than a bunch of kids spinning colored sugar, right?”

Except watching you fall into the pool of water, shirt riding up to reveal the physique I'm assuming you've got hidden under all of those buttons. Oh yes, that would be much better—but, much, much worse for my ability to work with you without mauling you. Placing the pen back in the holder, I brace myself, knowing I can no longer keep my back to him without being considered rude.

Chuckle warm, Jonathan shifts away from the table. “I’ve long thought so,” he says. Lashes dip to brush the sweep of his cheekbones as he lifts his cup to his lips, and my teeth sinking into my tongue is the only thing that keeps me from whimpering.

It isn’t fair. He is so far out of my league, even if he does play for the same team—which I don’t know for certain because it isn’t exactly something I can walk up to him and ask—but even if he is gay, there’s no way anything would ever happen. He’s my boss, for god’s sake. But oh, how I love having the perpetual eye candy, thought-derailment and all.

I motion back at the board and ask, “What made you pick the dunk tank? It’s certainly not what I would have guessed you opting for.”

“I wanted to do something out of the norm, something that would hopefully create a tighter working camaraderie in the department.” Nose scrunching up in the most adorable fashion, he adds, “Besides, what employee doesn’t enjoy seeing their boss brought down by a bunch of kids with softballs?”

Shifting from foot to foot, I attempt to hide the reaction his words and my thoughts are creating. “You’re not planning to wear one of your ridiculously expensive suits, are you? I can only imagine they’re dry clean only, and the water they put in those tanks has got to be bad for any type of clothing.”

“What, you don’t like my suits?” Jonathan asks with a subtle pout, pulling his jacket out to the side and giving me a clear look at the way his shirt fits almost like a glove. Heart rate quadrupling, I flounder for the right words, a slew of half-formed gibberish all I can manage. Smile taking on a slightly

predatory gleam, he shrugs. “Figured I’d go with something more casual and durable for my employee-boss bonding attempt.”

My mind telling me, in no uncertain terms, exactly what type of bonding it’d like to do with him, I cough nervously. His gaze drops from my face and I stammer, “I-I might have to swing by, if only to take a chance at being able to add ‘dunked my boss’ to my resume.”

Good god, why did I say that? *You don’t want to be anywhere near that dunk tank, remember, idiot? What the hell happened to our brain-to-mouth filter? We don’t need a live visual of Jonathan falling into the water to replay every single time we’re horny.* It’s bad enough that I’m now almost positive Jonathan is gay, and apparently isn’t above a little tit-for-tat when it can’t be construed as actual flirting, but then my stupid mouth has to go and tell him we want to be one of the people to dunk him. Fucking hell, I was practically begging for a sexual harassment suit.

“I’m sure you won’t have too much trouble accomplishing that goal, if you do decide to try your hand at it,” he drawls. Placing his cup on the table he was previously leaning against, he licks his lips.

Stomach in my throat, I stare at the glistening sheen on the mouth I’ve spent a good number of months fantasizing about. With an unconscious step forward, matched by him, I lift my gaze to meet his. A faint light of promise steadily growing brighter and more recognizable in his hazel eyes, he gives me a smirk.

The jangle of his cell phone jerks me out of my reverie and I step back, the openness of his expression gone before he finishes pulling the offending piece of technology out of his coat’s inner pocket. Mug back in hand, he walks out of the cafeteria without a backwards glance.

I scrub my hands over my face with a sigh. What the hell was that all about? Had we seriously had a moment going? And if so, what the fuck? We weren’t supposed to have moments; I was supposed to pine all unrequited like for him, and he was supposed to be completely oblivious to said pining.

Reclaiming my tepid coffee, I make my way up to my cubicle. Probably for the best that his phone interrupted whatever had been happening, bad things always came from starting anything with your boss. It's why I'd made a point of never moving beyond some good-natured ogling in previous jobs. Because ogling didn't hurt anyone, and if the eye candy was universally admired it made for amusing banter during the slow times.

Smoothly-coiffed head of hair poking out of the cubicle beside mine, another of Jonathan's admirers whisper-growls, "What did you do to deserve being called to his office, Morgan?"

My curse loud in the stillness of the early morning, I flush at her scandalized arch of a brow. "Hell if I know, we were talking about the carnival down in the caf and he was interrupted by a phone call. Maybe he just wants to apologize for walking away mid-conversation?"

Stabbing her pen into her bun, Kadie snorts. "Sure, and I'm the Virgin Mary." Waving me in the direction of Jonathan's closed door, she adds, "Better go and answer his summons before he grows impatient. Although, if you dither here, he might come back out to get you, and give me another opportunity to stare at that fine ass."

Cheeks on fire I swallow, eyes flitting between that door and her devilish smirk. This couldn't be happening to me, it's almost as if I had woke up in a parallel version of my life. Jonathan has never given any indication that he's noticed me beyond my ability to get tasks completed on time. I slug back the remainder of my caffeine and shove my mug at Kadie. "Shove off you leech, and ogle on your own time. Pretty sure he bats for my team, anyway."

"Doesn't mean I can't look," she retorts, her fingers deftly straightening my tie. After a peck on my cheek she jabs a finger at the door.

I weave a path through the cubicle forest, heart rate mounting with each step I take, rap my knuckles against the wood just beneath the nameplate and wait. A muffled "come in" is my answer, so I take a deep breath and twist the doorknob. Closing the door behind me, I turn to find Jonathan still on the phone.

I track his fidgety path across the sunshine-filled office silently, wondering what the call is about. Must be something big to eat away at the poise he normally presents. His hand rakes through his hair, tousling the sandy brown mass too much for my sanity, and then he motions for me to take a seat in front of his desk, holding up a finger to indicate he'd be with me in a minute.

"No, no, I'll be there to pick her up from her appointment this afternoon, Wes." Lips white with pressure, he listens to the other end of the line. Hazel gaze flicks my way as he shakes his head and mutters, "I promised her I'd be the one to get her this time, and dammit if I won't be, even if I have to leave the office in the hands of one of my cubicle minions. Yes, Wes, go on your date night and tell my little butterfly I'll see her later today." Wandering behind the desk, he slides down into his leather chair with a sigh. "Uh-huh, love you too."

Letting the phone clatter onto a pile of paperwork, Jonathan grimaces and says, "My apologies Mr. Kols, I had hoped to be finished before you arrive. However, my brother seems to think I can't manage my niece without a three-hour-long dissertation on her needs and wants. But enough of that, I actually had planned on calling you in to see me today."

"Am I in trouble, sir?"

Laugh bright, and going straight to my groin, he plants his hands on the desktop. "Far from it Mr. Kols. I called you in to let you know that you have been recommended for a promotion."

I blink dumbly at him, echoing, "A promotion?"

A flash of teeth. He nods. "Indeed, one effective after the carnival, if you choose to accept it. Of course, it does move you out of my division and into Rosalin's upstairs, but it will allow you to utilize more of your graphic arts degree than working in Finance is currently doing."

Out of his division? Had he known this morning—of course he had, he said he'd been planning on calling me in today. Was that why he had suddenly started pseudo-flirting with me, because he knew what was on the table?

“I’ll be sorry to see you go, since you are one of my best. However, I do recognize that your skills can be a great asset to Visual Marketing. And the move includes a nice pay increase as well.” Leaning forward, he plants his chin in his palm, grinning at me. “So, what do you say? Shall I tell Rosalin she’s stealing you away?”

In a daze I make my way back to my desk. Two more weeks and I will see the increase in my checks, three and I’ll find myself breaking out my ink and pencils upstairs, or so Jonathan assured me. Kadie pops free of her cubicle as soon as I round the corner to our aisle, and she wiggles a thumb between up and down.

I shrug and plunk myself in my chair, a kick of my heel sending me wheeling back to meet her. “I’m being promoted to Visual Marketing after the carnival,” I say.

“So, you’ll no longer be working under Mr. Sexy Ass, or even in the same division?”

I shake my head mutely, lips twitching at the office’s too true nickname for Jonathan.

“That sucks Morgan, but hey, on the flip side, asking him out on a date won’t be on the ‘no-no’ list anymore since he’ll no longer be your boss.” Wriggling her nose, Kadie scoots herself back into her cubicle as her phone begins to ring. “Think of the bright side. Plus, we can always get together for lunches and dish about the eye candy, just like we do now.”

I glance up at the sound of a stifled cough, heart suddenly lodged in my throat at the amused pair of hazel eyes much closer than is comfortable. Considering Kadie’s and my conversation, I swallow convulsively.

Mouth curled up in a decidedly dangerous smile, Jonathan gives me a wink before continuing his walk towards the elevators.

I swirl the paper cone inside the machine, vibrant blue candy-floss forming up after just a couple of rounds, then hand it over to the smiling little boy with a flourish, grinning at his joyful giggle. I wave to his parents as they walk away before turning to the three teenage girls manning the booth with me. “You do know my shift officially ended ten minutes ago, right?”

“Yup, but you’re still here,” one of them says with a snap of her gum. “Besides, watching you interact with the munchkins is almost too cute for words.”

I make a face at the truth in her comment. I hadn’t left when my four hours were up, choosing to stick around and make more kids smile with the offer of candy. And maybe, just maybe hoping Jonathan would bring his niece by. *Right, you’re just hoping for an opportunity to ogle his ass in whatever he’s wearing, and in front of these impressionable girls too. You are pathetic.*

Jerking my wandering thoughts back under control, I stick my tongue out at them. “Well excuse me for taking pleasure in making children smile.”

Laughing, the girl wearing a purple wig throws her arms around my shoulders. I roll my eyes and grab her hips, swinging her around in a circle. This was what I had hoped for when I’d signed up for this booth. Well, this and the ability to avoid watching the object of my lust plunge into water. Setting her back on her feet, I plant a kiss on her cheek.

“Uncle Jon, can we get some cotton candy?” a bright voice chirps from behind me.

Straightening herself, the girl in my arms glances over my shoulder. Eyes bugging out, she gapes at whoever is waiting. Breath short, she whispers, “Lord have mercy, he is gorgeous.”

Heart giving a leap, I release her and twist around to find Jonathan on the other side of the booth, a sprite of a girl wearing wings perched on his shoulders. Hair artlessly tousled, he gives me a slow smile. “I don’t know Butterfly, it looks like the workers may have been eating all of the candy.”

Planting my hands on my hips, I tear my gaze from him to meet his niece's look of concern. "Don't you listen to your naughty uncle, we've got plenty left for you, sugar."

An over-dramatic look of hurt coloring his face and hazel eyes dancing, he says, "Well, I stand corrected." Lifted over his head with a shriek of joy, the girl loops her arms around his neck as he settles her on his hip. "So, Butterfly, want some? Just don't tell your parents I was the one that gave it to you."

Her small hand smacking his chest, she gives me a brilliant, gap-toothed grin, "Course you didn't, Uncle Jon. The nice man at the booth is going to."

Giving her a wide grin, I grab an empty paper cone. "What's your name, sugar? And how did you get stuck with such a tease of an uncle?" *Fuck, what was I thinking, asking that? Think the candy's fried my filter.*

Leaning as far forward as Jonathan's grip on her will allow, she says, "He only teases the people he likes." Eyes bright, she glances up at her uncle's flushed face. "You like the candy man, don't you Uncle Jon? I think he's pretty too" —slight huff and pout—"but I think he's much too old for me. Just right for you, though."

Cheeks a matching shade of red, Jonathan and I meet each other's gaze, time seeming to slow until I blink. Heaven help us, his niece is trying to set us up with all the heavy-handed skill of a child. She must really adore him. Blue floss now wrapped up in a fluffy ball, I hand it over to her. "Here you go, you pint-sized terror."

Mouth full of dissolving sugar, she mumbles, "My name's Nadalie, pretty candy man."

"Right. Nadalie, pint-sized terror—same thing, right?"

Wide smile her only answer, she squirms free of Jonathan's hold and skips off to answer the call of her name from a man who looks vaguely like Jonathan.

Fingers pinching a bit of cotton candy off of my cone, Jonathan gives my growl of discontent a smirk. “What? Can’t share your treat like a big boy?”

I flush, and glare at him. “No, it’s mine, and I don’t have to share if I don’t want to.”

Giving me a pout, he glances up ahead as his niece shrieks with laughter at something. The man is an absolute menace to my sanity. Not that he hasn’t been before this, but gods, now that I am apparently fair game it seems as though every other comment out of his mouth is heavily laced with flirtatiousness. I shake my head as we wander along behind Nadalie and her parents. I want to respond to him, want to take the chance he knows exactly what he is doing; but what if this is merely how he behaves outside of business, and he isn’t coming on to me?

I chance a look in his direction to find him watching me with an arched brow, so I roll my eyes and tilt the candy in his direction without comment. *Like I’m going to pass up the opportunity to share something with him, even in a purely platonic fashion. He was way too hot to be denied a request for more than a few teasing minutes.*

“So Mr. Kols—”

“Morgan. My name is Morgan, and I’d rather like it if you could manage to use it,” I say, cutting him off. *Oh yes, I would definitely like to hear him say my name. Especially if he were saying it as he came.* A burn of heat crawls up my neck and I groan. *Goddammit, why the hell did I have to go and think that?*

His laughter as warm as the pair of fingers that tweak my nose, he murmurs, “All right, Morgan. If you don’t think it’s too inappropriate for me to address you as such.”

I huff, making a face as my ears continue to burn. It really isn’t fair, the unspoken game Jonathan seems to be playing with me. “I wouldn’t have asked you to lay off the formalities if I thought it was too inappropriate.” *Lies, all lies. You totally would. You’d love for him to treat you inappropriately.*

“Right. Morgan it is,” he drawls with a smirk. I switch the cotton candy to my other hand, holding it just out of his reach with a look. Hazel eyes wide, he

makes grabby hands at the fluffy ball. “Oh come on Morgan, please? Why do you keep taking the sugar away from me?”

Ball in hand, I force myself to focus on the brightly-painted bull’s-eye to the left of Jonathan’s perch. If I allow my eyes to drift, there is absolutely no way I am going to be able to hit the target and knock him into the water. Hell, even just knowing he was sitting there, cotton T-shirt clinging to his skin and a bright smile lighting his face, was almost enough to throw my concentration off. I flick my eyes up absently.

“Come on, Morgan, you can’t add dunking your boss to your resume if you don’t throw the ball.”

I stick my tongue out at the glorious eye candy Jonathan makes, his bare feet dangling just above the water’s surface. *Just look at the way the soaked fabric molds to the body he’s been hiding under all those button-ups and jackets—isn’t he the sexiest thing you’ve ever seen? And those khakis, all tight across his thighs... I can almost make out what looks to be an impressive package between legs I want nothing more than to have wrapped around me.*

Swallowing, throat dry as a desert, I tear my eyes away from their perusal of him. I lob the first of three softballs at the target, and growl when it misses its mark. Second following in an almost identical path, I grimace at the good-natured jeering from the crowd. I toss the final ball in the air, contemplating my final throw. I have to hit the target, otherwise Jonathan is going to be hell to put up with for the remainder of the day.

A small hand tugs on my jeans, and I sink into a crouch to be more at Nadalie’s level. “You’ve gotta throw like Uncle Jon’s already in the water Mister Candy Man.” Pressing a kiss sticky with cotton candy to my cheek, she grins. “I know you can do it.”

Throw like he’s already in the water. I rise from my crouch, giving her head a pat. I close my eyes and suck in a breath, chest tight with the mental image of him hitting the water, T-shirt riding up to reveal the set of abs I always dreamed he had. Cock twitching against my zipper, I open my eyes to

find Jonathan's hazel eyes watching me with definite interest. I give him a smirk as the ball leaves my hand and sails directly into the center of the bull's-eye.

Seat collapsing from beneath him, Jonathan hits the water with a laugh. As the hemline rises up over his face, I drink in the sight of all the revealed skin. A glint of metal catches my eye, and I goggle at the slim silver ring in one of his nipples. How the fuck had I not seen that while watching his earlier dunking? God, I can almost taste the salty-sweet of his skin on my tongue. A whimper escapes from me as I struggle to compose myself when he pops up.

One hand tugs his shirt back down, hiding the expanse of flesh from sight, while the other shoves the bench back into a locked position. Hazel eyes turning my direction, he brushes dripping hair out of his face. "Well, Morgan, I guess I'll have to concede and let you put 'dunking your boss' on your resume, though I think Nadalie helped you cheat."

Hands shoved in my pockets to ease the pressure on my arousal, I wander toward the locker room the carnival has commandeered for the weekend. I left the dunking booth shortly after my success to avoid the embarrassment of storming up to the tank and dragging Jonathan out so I could beg him to fuck me—and of course, I've lost track of time and still have his phone and wallet in my pocket. *That fucking man is going to be the death of me. Especially with that stupid damn piercing in his nipple. God, just the thought of it is making me all hot and bothered.*

I use my shoulder to open the door to the room, nose wrinkling at the hanging scent of chlorine and sweat. I wend my way deeper into the echo-filled space, debating whether I should call out to see if he's even in here. *Fuck it, I'll do a circuit and if I don't see him, I can just head for the parking lot and haunt his car like the stalker I am.* Almost at the back, I pause at the sound of a shower running. *Oh hell no. I am not going back there to find him butt-ass-naked in the shower. No way, no how.*

Feet moving on their own accord, I grit my teeth as I near the showers. *Brilliant idea, Morgan, let's just waltz right up to him while he's possibly naked and try to hand him back his things. Like I'm going to be doing anything but staring at his—fucking hell.*

His back to me, Jonathan scrubs his hands through his hair, sending a cascade of soapy water down his bare skin and over the most perfect ass I've seen in years. Eyes glued to the sight of the wicked tattoo work covering most of his back, I place the contents of my pocket on a bench out of the water's spray.

I inch forward to get a closer look at the ink he's been hiding from the world. It is quite the masterpiece, and must have taken a number of months to get all of the work done. My lips twitch in amusement when I spot a little butterfly intermixed with the other, more "manly" images. *Nadalie. Even on your skin you show the love and adoration you feel for your niece.*

When my sneaker squeaks on the tile, I freeze, cursing under my breath when he stiffens. *Brilliant move genius, now he knows we're here and our carefree ogling is at an end.*

Twisting under the water, his hip just barely blocking my dangerous line of sight, Jonathan gives me a slow grin. Crooking his finger at me, he drawls, "Come here, pretty Morgan, and give in to what you're fighting against."

Bad idea, very, very bad idea, even he's practically begging for you to—

I yelp and stumble forward when his wet hand fists the front of my shirt. His lips slam over mine and he snakes an arm around my waist. Pulled flush along the hard lines of the body I'd spent months fantasizing about, I moan into the hungry kiss. Slippery, wet skin under my fingers, I grip his biceps.

Oxygen becoming necessary, I rip my mouth free. "Not that I'm complaining, because fuck, I have wanted to kiss you since I first saw you, but what the hell, Jonathan?"

Releasing his hold on my now-soaked shirt, he tweaks my nose. "Been watching you watching me, and now that you're officially not my employee I

can molest you to my heart's content," he says. Hands sliding down to grab my ass, hauling me even closer to himself, he nips my bottom lip.

I walk my fingers up to cup the back of his head and hold him close, delving in to taste his mouth.

Moan caught in the back of my throat, I arch into the hand Jonathan has curled around my length. "Fucking hell, we're going to get in so much trouble if we get caught."

Smirking he rubs his thumb over the crown. I hiss and twitch, fingers digging at his shoulders.

"Live on the wild side a bit, Morgan," Jonathan purrs as he continues stroking my cock.

I smack him on the shoulder, squirming in his grip. "Wild side? Jonathan—fuck—you've got your hand—ah—in my pants, we're in a public-i-c shower, and you're n-naked. How much—oh god—wilder do you want me?"

Breath hot on my skin, he orders me to touch him. Mouth over mine, tongue slithering past my lips, he rocks against me. I shiver and drag my nails down his sides. Groan filling my mouth, Jonathan's hand stutters on my flesh. I wonder what sort of response I'll get from him if I give that ring in his nipple a tug. Pinky curled through it, I pull. His cry bounces around the tiled showers, fading out into the rest of the locker room, and I lick my lips, filing his reaction in my mind for later.

I muffle my cry of release in the crook of his throat, not wanting to send it echoing through the locker room. Teeth sink into my shoulder as Jonathan spills over my fingers. I continue to stroke the twitching cock in my grip until he lets out a shaky hiss, and lift my messy hand to my lips with a pleased leer. Twisting the cum-covered digits before my face, water from the still running shower begins to clean them. When I pop my index finger into my mouth, a

shudder runs through Jonathan. Mimicking my move, he loops his other arm around my hips.

I peck the corner of his mouth, and accept the deeper kiss he turns to press on me. *Morgan, Morgan, Morgan, you are well and truly fucked now, there will be no recovering from the spell Jonathan's cast on you. Not that you care.* There is a tease of teeth on my lip; I blink at his look. "What? Do I have cum on my face?" I ask with a grin.

Laughing, he kisses me again, and I taste myself on his lips. Hands fixing my pants, he murmurs, "Morgan, my Morgan, will you join me for dinner tonight?"

His Morgan? "Of course, I'd love to," I say, tugging gently on his piercing.

Wet clothes clinging to me, I laugh and twine my fingers with his as we wander back into the sunny afternoon. "You do realize we're going to look completely ridiculous when we rejoin your brother? You, freshly showered, and me, soaking wet, as though I just went through a round with the dunk tank. He's bound to wonder."

He lifts my knuckles to his lips and asks, "Does it bother you that he'll probably be able to figure out what happened?"

"With the imprint of your teeth on my shoulder? Not a bit." I nudge his hip with mine. "Come on, the faster we get through dinner, the sooner we can make our way to somewhere more private."

Speculation lighting his eyes, Jonathan gives my hand a squeeze. "Oh?"

"Yeah, I'm hoping you might be coerced to take me home and fuck me hard enough that I walk funny."

Cheeks red, he splutters as I grin and lift my hand to wave at the winged Nadalie, forcing him to keep his comments to himself.

THE END

Author Bio

Lacie J. Archer lives in the sunny part of California ruled by a Mouse, and has always loved writing. When not immersed in the lives and worlds of her imaginary friends, Lacie is a full time book minion, and kid wrangler, for that big name bookstore; you know the one. On the few days she's not busy trying to build book pyramids, or rescuing misplaced children, she enjoys working a myriad of odd jobs; which include night club door girl and cuddler of cats. Be sure to visit her at her numerous haunts online; Lacie promises she doesn't bite, hard.

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