

Fortunate Meeting

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<https://discord.gg/rphq>

“Can you move?” a voice behind her growls. Startled she turns toward the man behind her in the line shooting him a quizzicle look with her emerald eyes .

“I’m sorry?” she says in a fluster. “Did you want to get past?”

“No. I want these fucking idiots at the desk to hurry up. I’m going to miss my damn plane.” He sneers, and she could smell the alcohol wafting off him. “They make me sick.” I turn back to the front. Great, a drunk in the check-in line. Just what I need. Heathrow Airport is bustling. Bad weather has delayed most of the flights, and to be honest, she wished they would delay hers. Then she could turn around and go back to the hotel and sleep for a week. She was not in the mood for this shit. She heard the man turn and complain to the people behind him, and she rolls her eyes. Why are people so damn rude? For another ten minutes, she listened to him bitch, sigh, and moan until she cant take it no longer. She turns to him rather abrutly her face stern.

“They are working as fast as they can. There’s no need to be rude,” she snaps

“What?” he yells as he turns his anger on her.

“Manners are free,” she mutters under her breath.

“Manners are free?” he cries. “What are you, a schoolteacher? Or just a raving bitch?” she glares at him. Oh, I dare all right. I’ve just spent the last forty-eight hours in hell. I flew across

the world to go to a wedding, only to watch my ex-boyfriend drape himself over his new girlfriend. I'm in the mood to cut somebody today. Don't mess with me. She turns back to the front as her fury begins to boil. He kicks her suitcase at her feet, and she turns.

"Stop it," she snaps. He gets right up in her face, and she winces at the smell of his breath.

"I'll do whatever I fucking like." she sees security come through the lounge as they watch him. The staff has seen what's going on here and called for backup. She fakes a smile.

"Please don't kick my bag, sir," she says sweetly.

"I'll kick whatever I fucking like."

He picks up her suitcase and throws it across the airport.

"What the hell?" she screeched

"Hey," the man behind us cries. "Don't touch her stuff. Security!" he says.

Mr. Drunk and Disorderly throws a punch at her savior, and a scuffle breaks out. Security comes running in from everywhere, and she is pushed back as he throws punches and screams obscenities. Oh hell, I do not need this today. Eventually they get him under control, and he is taken away in handcuffs. The kind security guard picks up my bag.

“Sorry about that,” he apologizes. “Come with me,” he says as he unhooks the rope on the line.

“Thank you.” she smiles awkwardly at everyone else in the line. She hated jumping the queue, but at this point, she just didn't care.

“Great.” she sheepishly follows him, and he takes her to a youngman's counter. He looks up and smiles broadly.

“Hello.”

“Hi.”

“Are you okay?” he asks.

“Yes, I'm fine. Thank you for asking.”

“Look after her,” the security guard tells the ticket man, and he gives us both a wink and disappears through the crowd.

“Identification, please?” the man asks. She scrambles through her purse and digs out her passport and passes it over; he smiles as he looks at the photo. Oh man, that's the worst photo in all of history.

“Did you see me on Most Wanted?” she asks

“Possibly. That photo: Is it even you?” He laughs. She smiles, embarrassed.

“I hope not. I'm in trouble if it is.” He types in her details.

“Okay, so we have you flying to New York today with a . . .” He stops typing and reads.

“Uh-huh. Preferably not next to that man.”

“He won’t be going anywhere today,” he replies as he continues to type at a ridiculous speed.

“Other than the lockup.”

“Why would you get drunk before coming to the airport?” she asks.

“He hasn’t even been inside to the airport bars yet.”

“You would be surprised by what goes on around here,” he sighs. She smiles ;this guy is nice. He prints off her tickets.

“I’ve upgraded you.”

“What?”

“First class, as an apology for him mishandling your bag.” her eyes widen.

“Oh, that’s not necessary . . . really,” she stammers. He hands the tickets over and smiles broadly.

“Enjoy your flight.”

“Thank you so much,” she gushes . He gives her a wink, and she could just reach over and hug him. But of course she wont! She will pretend that cool things like this happen to her every day.

“Thanks again.” she smiles

" You have access to the VIP lounge, which is located on level one. Lunch and drinks are on the house in there. Have a safe flight." With one last smile, he looks back to the line.

“Next, please.”

she walks through the baggage checks with a huge goofy grin on her face was this really happening to her? She had never flown first class! all though the second she walked into the VIP lounge she felt nerves bubbling inside her, god she was not dressed for this place! She was wearing a simple pair of leggings and a large baggy jumper, her long brunette hair tied up in a pony tail, her emerald green eyes looking to the patriots in the establishment, most people were so focused on their laptops and phones they probably wouldn't even notice her anyway, she stood approximately 5ft 7, her body slim yet held curves in all the right places, she was wearing minimal make up though she wished she had made more effort now! she stepped through the lounge and headed straight to the bar, ordering her self a coffee , I mean what she wanted was a champagne ...or a shot or hell both after dealing with that obnoxious man but she didn't want people to judge her giving how early it was, looking around she spotted a large plush couch by a window making a beeline for that she moved to sit beside it as she waited for her flight to be called, taking a swig of her coffee before she reached into her bag and grabbed out

her book, settling back her eyes watching the planes outside the window as well as the rain that had started to fall against the run way.

The morning had started off without much trouble. He had kissed his wife goodbye, had been driven to the airport by his driver, he still couldn't believe he had a driver now, and then got checked in without much trouble. There were great perks to flying first class and not having to wait in line happened to be his favorite one of them. Especially when a scuffle seemed to be happening at the very end of the hall where the regular people waited.

He got his bags checked in at the desk and made his way towards the VIP lounge where he could wait. He knew he still had plenty of things to do before the flight actually got on it's way. So like most of them he sat down on one of the comfortable seats and opened up his laptop. His fingers would move swiftly over the keyboard as he answered his emails in a timely fashion. He would also still need to prepare his speech for the conference. He had been invited to speak about his succes, about his rise as CEO and his future in the industry. He wasn't the type to feel weird about talking about himself, yet this felt different.

When his phone ran he raised his eyes from the screen long enough to pick it up his call and spotted the girl by the window. He couldn't help but raise his eyebrow slightly,

wondering if she had snuck in there by accident. She seemed out of place, a bit uncomfortable even. He gave her no further mind though and continued with his call and emails till it was time to board.

Even within the first class, there were ranks of tickets. So when it came to calling for tickets to the front, Nathaniel would be called out as one of the first. It was the perk of being an CEO, he could ask for small luxuries like that. He boarded the plane and stored his luggage away in the spot right above his seat and settled in at the window seat that he had reserved for himself. He had checked the seating plan and as far as he knew he the seat beside him would be empty.

Emily absentmindedly watched the planes outside as they took off and landed, taking another swig of her coffee she found her eyes travelling around the room to the people who were sat there with her. Amongst everyone else she sure stuck out like a sore thumb and inwardly cursed at her self...not that she minded being upgraded! It would sure be a talk to tell around a family gathering anyway, she just wished she was more prepared...

The announcer over the tannoy distracted her from her thoughts, peering down to her ticket she saw it was her turn to get up, standing she grasped her book and shower her bag over her shoulder, showing the ticket to the lady she watched as the woman seemed to be confused looking at the ticket and

then to her making a small frown crease her features before she eventually let her in.

Stepping into the first class department she found nerves kick in to see just how posh it truly was...the spacious seats, the TV screens the large windows...she wondered then if she had a window seat... making her way down the aisle she found herself peering up she noticed a male sitting beside her.

Moving to her tip toes she attempted to put her bag in the overhead locker but failing miserably.

" Excuse me?...I'm sorry to disturb you, I don't suppose you would mind helping me get my bag in the locker would you?.."

He looked up as the girl addressed him, having been to distracted by his phone to see her standing there. When his eyes met hers he recognized her as the girl he had seen in the lounge. He couldn't help but raise an eyebrow at her as he looked her over. "Sure. Let me help you with that." He said then, giving her a smile and getting up from his seat.

He took the bag from her and easily placed it in the overhead compartment. She would smell his cologne with how close he was standing to her. A smell of rosewood and sage that didn't smell cheap at all. He was dressed in a suit that was fitted perfectly to his body in a beautiful dark blue color. His light blue undershirt matched in perfect and was finished off with a blue tie with a subtle flower print. "There you are." He said as he closed the compartment, locking her bag in there.

He no longer questioned if the girl belonged here. Her ticket had been checked by the attendants at least twice now, she was meant to be in first class. Now he mostly wondering how she got there. A gift by a lover? Mistake from the airline? Perhaps she won a prize? Whatever the story was, his curiosity was peaked. "First time flying first class?" He asked as he sat back down in his own seat.

Emily smiled as the male agreed tucking some hair behind her ear as she stepped aside to allow him more room.

" Thanks alot...appears I'm alot shorter then I realised..." she joked, her eyes couldn't stop themselves from travelling down his frame then, taking in the seemingly expensive suit he was wearing, the smell of his after shave engulfed her senses briefly, her mind clouded by his scent she almost missed his last words before she blinked a few times and tried desperately to hide her blush.

" Ah thanks..." she muttered sheepishly before she moved to take her own seat, his comment had her expression turning bashful. " That obvious huh?..." she said with a sigh. " Yes my first time....purely accidental to...if that drunken guy hadn't decided to start on me in the queue I wouldn't be here now either..."

He almost had that look of 'I see' on his face as she explained how she had found herself in this position. She was the person that ruckus had been focused on he had heard before. The

airline had simply decided to cover themselves and offer her an upgrade. The flight had been booked full so it barely cost them anything to move her up here, yet to her it would seem like a big deal.

"Lucky you." He said almost in a teasing way. "You just seemed like a little lamb trying to hide between the wolves. So yeah, you seemed out of place Miss." He offered her. "I could help you find the right seat if you wanted." The plane was starting to fill up slowly and most seats were getting taken by now.

She saw his expression and couldn't help but want the chair to swallow her up in that moment, she could of lied and told him she had done this a million times before but it was god damn obvious she hadn't! I mean looking at the TV screen in front of her she knew trying to operate that would be a big give away if nothing else.

She heard his words and she couldn't help but smile. "Lucky maybe....though I'm starting to wonder if I should of stuck to coach atleast I knew what I was doing back there..." she mumbled sheepishly.

His next words had her grinning before she chuckled "Lost lamb sounds about right..." she joked back, his offer about finding the right seat had her expression furrow. "and what's wrong with this seat?..." she asked casually.

Had she not flown much before at all? "Well, nothing is wrong with that seat unless it belongs to someone else." He let her know. "Your ticket should have a seat assigned to it. This is how we keep childish arguments like who gets the window seat at bay here in first class." He chuckled softly at his own joke. "So usually, you sit in the spot that is picked out for you." He said and held out his hand for her to give him her ticket.

If she agreed he would take it from her and take a quick look at it. It brought a grin to his face and he handed it back to her. "4B." He simply stated. "That means you are right in the seat where you belong."

It made sense. The seat had been empty in the booking, it had been a good chance that she would have been put in this one. Surely this would make this boring flight a lot more interesting. Somehow he wanted to know more about her. "So New York.. what would it be you are flying out there for? A vacation?" He guessed.

Emily felt embarrassment wash over her then at his explanation...well of course that is exactly what he was referring to...reaching into her pocket she pulled her ticket out slipping it over to him smirking at his words.

" Oh arguments over the window seat are a regular occurrence then huh?..." she teased, watching as he read her ticket before handing it back causing her to grin. " You know...any gentleman might offer the window seat to a lady...you know if

they were feeling generous that is.." she teased her eyes watching more people as they moved through the aisles to their seats.

His question had her smiling. " Not quite...I'm staying there with my family right now as I finish studying, I've just been to a wedding so I'm on my way home....how about you?.." she asked finding this man beside her to be interesting to say the least...and of course extremely handsome if she cared to admit to herself.

"Don't push your luck now Miss, I paid a lot more for this seat than you did." He grinned back at her. He didn't mind her asking, but he wasn't about to give up his seat that easily. He almost wanted to tell her that maybe if she was nice he would switch half way through, but that seemed a bit too forward to say to a stranger.

He listened to her as she explained that she was heading back home. "I see, my apologies for assuming you were from London. Your accent seemed like you would be." He was almost surprised that he had been wrong. At the same time, knowing the girl lived on the other side of the world only made her more intriguing to him. "I hope the wedding was a lot of fun." He offered her. "I am heading out to New York for my work." He said and really that wasn't a lie. "Visiting an important client for my corporation." That was though. "It is boring work, but has to be done."

He looked her over once more as she had sat down now, taking her in more as a person than as someone who was lost. She was beautiful, cute even. Her blond hair framing her face perfectly and her green eyes seeming so deep and full of joy. He even swore he could see a hint of a blush at her face, though it might just be the make-up she was wearing.

Emily laughed now at his words, small dimples appearing at the side of her face as she did. " Oh I guess I can't argue with you there, tell you what next time you can deal with the drunken fool and get your seat for free hmm?.." she teased with a wink.

" Oh well I am originally from England, my family only moved to America four years ago as my father moved for a promotion with work, I travel between both countries with my studies , once I'm finished my studies in New York which I'll hopefully do in the next six months, I'm hoping to get a job in London and move back permentantly, America is great and all but...England is my home.." she said with a small smile.

At his question about the wedding her face furrowed before she quickly changed it to smile, no stranger needed to hear her woes about her arsehole ex boyfriend! . " Oh yeah..it was a good friend of mine who got married , so it was a nice day, shame the weather wasnt better but what can you do.. ." she said casually.

His explanation about work had her smiling. " someone has to do it right?.." she teased, she got distracted then as she heard the doors closing , the lock gtwisting in as the stewardesses came forward to prepare for take of, she watched as everyone started to get their belts on and settled back in their chairs. Her hands shakily grabbed her belt and placed it on, ensuring it was secure as she felt the plane jerk as it started to prepare for take of...god she hated take off, she never understood why but they always made her so nervous as she clutched her hands together infront of her in a attempt to steady herself.

“That surely explains he accent.” He offered her back as she explained about how she still had the London accent. She watched her decently intensely as she continued to talk to him. Really watching the way he lips moved in her face and how small dimples would appear in her cheeks as she smiled. Her face was so full of expression that he just found himself looking. “Surely they were not expecting good weather if they got married in London.” He chuckled. “No offence, but if you want good weather you should go to Hawaii or Bali.” He knew a lot of people couldn’t afford that, but it had been what his wife and him had chosen to do.

Even when the attendants were starting to prepare the plane for take off he couldn’t help but occasianally glance her way. She claimed she had flown before, yet she seemed so incredibly uncomfortable about everything that was going on. It was honestly adorable. He just clasped down her buckle and

didn't even pay attention to the safety talk. He had flown so many times he knew exactly what was where and what to do if something happened.

Even during take off she seemed like she was convinced that the plane was going to crash right then and there. He wondered why exactly it was making her so nervous. He figured that speaking to her would probably not make her feel any better in that moment so he waited till the plane seemed to pull more straight and climb slowly into the clouds. He swallowed a few times, getting the pressure of his ears and the moment the seatbelt light turned off again he undid his buckle. "So which was worse? The drunken passenger, or the plane taking off?" He couldn't help teasing her, but he also wanted her to lighten up again.

Emily grinned then at his explanation about London. " Hey sometimes we're blessed with warm weather you know, okay admittedly it's not very often but still..." she perked her brow and watched him more carefully in that expensive suit he was wearing as he made other wedding venue suggestions smiling towards him. " well not everyone has the money or time to male expensive trips like that ya know..Mr i fly first class regularly.. " she teased, of course she didn't know that but he gave of the feeling that he did.

Emily found her fingers flexing in her grasp, like him she didn't pay attention to the safety instructions she didn't need

to, she had flown enough to know them her self, that didn't make her less anxious, her fear of take off was always there regardless of the amount of times she flew, the irrational fear if something was going to happen it would happen then was so embedded in her mind she simply couldn't get over it.

Eventually how ever the plane finally steadied out, she heard the ping signalling you could remove your belts, she finally opened her eyes and unclasped her belt with a steady sigh.

His words then only made her blush, knowing he must of been watching her display and feeling incredibly silly she smiled sheepishly towards him " I would rather deal with a million drunken guys then that...I dunno why but no matter how many times I fly I simply can't get over the fear I have with take off...stupid really.." she said bashfully.

This time he was sure that he had caught her blushing and he honestly felt a sense of pride about it. The more he spoke with her the more attracted he felt to the small awkward girl on the plane.

"A wise person once told me that men have nothing to fear, but fear itself." He shared with her as he rubbed his hand over the light stubble on his chin. "It always stayed with me. It taught me that I could be afraid of something my entire life even though that thing would never hurt me. Or I could tell it to fuck itself and enjoy doing it." He shared with her. The wise person had been his mentor, the CEO before him and the man

who had eventually retired just to leave the company in his hands.

"And now that you are in first class, you can enjoy it more than ever." He grinned at her and waved over an attendant.

"What can I get you sir?" She asked with a kind smile. "I will take a whiskey sour and whatever my friend here wants to calm her nerves."

" wise words indeed..." she commented at his words, his attention turning to look at him watching as his hand moved against the stubble on his chin, before she chuckled . " telling it to go fuck itself sounds more like it..I may always be afraid of it, but it doesn't stop me doing it, who knows maybe one day I'll relax and simply enjoy the take of ." She teased with a shrug.

" Oh I plan to enjoy the fruits of first class whilst I'm here, things like this doesn't happen to me very often so I plan to take full advantage.." she teased.

Turning to the attendant she smiled warmly. " I'll have a singapore sling please .. " turning back to the man beside her.

" I'll have you know I'm perfectly fine now were in the air..." she said just before the plane jolted a little and she gasped clutching the arm of her chair, watching him grin she tsked. " Don't you laugh! I am fine..." she said before chuckling her self.

He was happy she accepted his offer for his drink. It meant to him that at least she was somewhat interested and didn't think he was being creepy. She was enjoying herself and even trusted him enough to drink.

When the plane jolted and scared her he couldn't help but let a genuine laugh escape his mouth. He tried to hide it behind his hand as she scolded at him, but the smile was clear in his green eyes.

It didn't take long for the drinks to arrive and be put on their trays. He clinged her glass to hers. "To telling fear to fuck itself." He offered her with the London accent deep in his voice. He took a small sip of it and waited for her to do the same.

"So now that I have done my gentleman duty and offered you a drink. Will you tell me your name?" The smile in his eyes gave away how much he enjoyed playing this game with her.

As he laughed at her she couldn't stop her chuckle from growing a little bit louder, to watch him trying so desperately to hold his laugh in , and god she couldn't help but think how incredibly handsome he looked in that moment.

She thanked the lady as she brought their drinks over , grabbing her drink she brought it clinging her glass to his she grinned. " and go fuck it's self it can..." she teased taking a small swig of her drink, almost groaning at how delicious it tasted.

" A drink which is probably free anyway right?... " she teased with a grin. " but my name is Emily... my friends call me Em...and yours?..." she asked bringing her drink to her lips to take another sip.

He couldn't say he hated the look of her with a drink in her hand. "I am sorry to disappoint you, but rarely anything in this world is as free as your first class upgrade." He smile at her. "Any drink that is ordered is being billed straight to my creditcard. So no, Emily, that drink is not free." He grinned at her before he took another sip of his drink, giving him time to think over his next move.

He was married, married to a woman who he should have never gotten married too. Even though he loved her, over the years he had learned that they were too different from each other to be that close. They did better as friends then lovers. He missed intimacy more then anything, the feeling of the female body against him, the heat and ectasy that sex could bring. She had not been able to give it to him for many years. So in that moment he didn't want to be himself. He didn't want to be married. He didn't want to be the newly formed CEO of the Daily Mail. He wanted to be a guy on a plane on his way to a big client. "My name is Ben." He smiled back at her, hoping it wasn't too easy a name to lie about.

As he explained he would be paying for them she blinked a few times looking down to her drink. " Really?.." she said

sounding surprised. " well I'm surprised, surely you pay enough to ride first class they would at least give you a complimentary drink...I mean in coach they give you peanuts..." she teased with a smile. Finally relaxing in her chair as she took another swig " but thank you for the drink...I'll order tap water going forward.. " she teased.

" Ben..." she repeated, her smile stretching into a soft expression towards him. " well its nice to meet you Ben..." and it was..she found her self increasingly interested in this man beside her . ' So...you said your going to see a client right? What is it you do?.."

He would lie if he said her interest wasn't to his liking. It was nice that she wanted to know who he was and what he did. But he needed to come up with a lie and quick. Even a quick google of the Daily Mail would show his face at the front page.

"I work for a logistic solution company. We manufacture machines for the needs of large packing facilities. Machine that place bottle caps, fold boxes to the right size, those kind of things. I am going to a potential new client to see what kind of solutions we can offer and if they are interested." The lie came easy. After all it was something a friend of his did so he knew exactly how it worked. It was a good lie too even if he said so himself.

"How about you? You said you still attended school. What do you study?" He asked quick to work the conversation back to her.

Emily listened with Interest as he spoke smiling warmly as she brought her drink to her lips to take another sip. " well it sounds interesting to say the least...and it must pay well for you to afford that fancy suit of yours and to fly in style hmm?.." she teased with a grin.

His question being directed back to her had her eyes twinkling with a deep rooted passion she clearly had for what ever it was she was doing.

" I'm studying Media management...I really want to be a publisher, I find something so exhilarating about chasing stories, writing breaking news reports...I've always been interested in it since I was a child..so hopefully all my hard work pays of " she said with a smile.

He couldn't hide the small frown from his face as she answered his question. The smile could be easily mistaken for thinking it was a weird or dumb choice but that wasn't the case at all. From all the things the girl could study she was studying in the exact field that he worked in. In another place and time he could have offered her a job once her studies had finished. An internship that could help her get started. However since he decided to lie that was no longer an option. He regretted his decision just a bit then.

Yes the frown left him as quickly as it came and he made a point to turn to her more as he finished a sip of his own drink as well, swirling the ice cubes around so they clang together in the glass. "That does sound very interesting." He said, giving her a warm smile. "What is the most exciting story you chased so far?"

Of course Emily noticed the way his face twisted at her preference for a job, and perhaps she did wonder for a second if he may think like most people she told did that it was a pretty crazy job to go for, some people thought the prospect of sitting in a office writing stories a boring job. But not her...she found the whole thing exhilarating..

" I think so anyway, most people I tell don't see the fascination with it, my family certainly don't anyway..and my grandmother..well..when I told her I wanted to go into media management I think she cried for a week.." she teased with a grin. " she had her heart set on me being a nurse but, it just never interested me..."

She took another swig of her drink, her own ice cubes rattling against the glass as she pondered his question. " well I haven't passed yet so unfortunately we don't get given all the juicy stories, but me and a partner did get to do a report on a burglary and a old dairy farm..that was good, just being able to go out and interview people together go to the police gather everything we needed to make the report , we got high marks

for that which I was dead chuffed with...I spent so many nights up just working on it.." she teased her finger idly running along the top of the glass. " it was fun...I just hope I do enough to get to do it full time "

He gave a good laugh at that. "A nurse huh? Yeah I could see that." He teased her.

"I do get it though. Something about figuring out the truth, getting your fact and writing them down in a understandable fashion is a great feeling. It comes you a sense of purpose, you are educating people. Making them aware of what is important or not." He said before he realized he might need to dial it down. He was into logistics. Not media.

He looked over at her, seeing she had already sipped quite a bit of her drink and then downed his own in one go and set the glass down on the table with a deep refreshing 'aaaah'. "Feel free to order another anytime. I don't mind. Company pays." He said with a big grin since he had just claimed he had been the one paying for it. "What else do you dream of Emily? What else do you want to accomplish in your life?"

Emily blushed then before chuckling shaking her head. " yeah I bet you could..." she teased poking her tongue out at him, she liked him...

Hearing his explanation she smiled more sitting more up in her seat nodding excitedly towards him. " That's exactly it! Finally someone who understands what I'm trying to say....you

know your talent is lost in that market your in.." she teased with a smile.

She watched him finish his drink before she to did the same, placing it down on the table, hearing his words she frowned. " Oh is that right?...making me think it was you..." she teased before ushering the lady back over. " could we get the same again please..." she asked, the lady nodding as she took the empty glasses with her.

Turning back to Ben hearing his words she smiled with a shrug " Honestly?...I've been studying and working so much that thinking about anything else I might want in my life isn't something I've given much thought to....I guess every girl wants their Knight in shining armor though right?.." she teased watching as their drinks came back over she thanked the lady reaching to pick hers up almost immediately.

" But...right now my focus is to finish my studies...then who knows..."

He didn't protest when she ordered a new drink. Knowing it was his company that paid seemed to have gotten her away from her reservations. He accepted the glass from the attendant again that was now filled up once more. He quickly glanced over to the flight plan. 9 hours. He would gladly spend those talking to her, drinking, having fun. And then they would say their goodbyes. A little flirting wouldn't hurt anybody.

"You should think of your future though. Career is good, but it isn't everything." He knew what he talked about. "You have passion, I can tell from the way you talk about it. That is good, it will get you far." He explained to her. "And for a few years perhaps it will make you happy. But there is more to life than work." He smiled at her gently.

Emily watched him with interest then as he spoke. Her eyes for the briefest of moments looking out the window behind him to see them above the clouds now, the golden hue of the sun reflecting off them before she turned her attention back to him.

She sighed then allowing her finger to run along the rim of her glass. " You sound just like my mum.." she teased with a grin. " Emily...you spend so much Time in those books sometimes I think you forgot there Is a life outside those things..." she mimicked with a smile before it faltered a little before she gave him a knowing look. " you should like a man who speaks from experience hmm?.." she teased with a grin. " Tell me...what do you think I should do?.." she teased taking another sip of her drink as she did.

He chuckled back at her and followed her eyes as looked out of the window. The sights was beautiful and the sun would soon settle down for them. But since they were flying along the sun it would be a very long sunset that they could enjoy.

"Perhaps." He said as he took a sip of his drink with a grin on his face. "I think you should dream of the impossible." He then said even though he knew that sounded impossible. "Dream of going to space. Dream of having driving a car across the world." He gave examples and even motioned with his hands. "That way you can enjoy everything that come along the way, you will never stop reaching, pushing yourself to other things you never thought you might want to do." He said. "Now.. what would your impossible dream be, Emily?" He said, putting emphasis on speaking her name as he really looked into her eyes, refusing to let her gaze go until she answered him.

Emily listened carefully to what he had to say, her eyes focused completely on his own, she could feel her cheeks burning from the intensity of his gaze, she found her self lost in his eyes for a moment before she finally pulled her eyes away, taking a sip of her drink to steady the nerves that appeared to be growing inside of her.

" Oh I don't know...I guess I've never really given it much thought..." she said sheepishly, her hand coming to tuck her hair behind her ears. " what about you?...what would be your impossible dream?.."

Even after she looked away he wanted to hold her gaze. So he never actually stopped looking at her. He liked how her cheek flushed whenever she looked at him for long. It really made

him want to see just how red he could make her without even trying to hard.

He chuckled a bit nervously when she asked him about his impossible dream. His impossible dream might not seem impossible to her, but for him it was his reality.

"Unconditional love." He said as he stared into his drink for a moment and took a sip. "You can laugh at it if you want." He gave her permission.

Even as she turned her gaze away from him she could feel his eyes burning into her, it felt like it was burning into the depths of her soul, it brought all manner of nerves through her, she felt a tug deep within her gut that brought a small shiver through her.

She heard his nervous chuckle and couldn't help but smile turning her body to look at him more, of course what he said had her pausing, her eyes taking in his features, watching as he sheepishly looked into his glass.

" Why would I laugh?.." she asked carefully, her eyes watching him carefully now finding her self growing even more fond of this man beside her. " if you don't mind me asking...why is that impossible for you? Unconditional love is out there for everyone, at least I believe it is...you just need to find the right person to give it to you..."

He appreciated her not laughing at his little confession, but as she asked him about it more he was once again reminded that

he had said to much. He had forgot for a moment that he was supposed to be Ben, the logistics guy. Not Nathaniel the married CEO. He couldn't exactly go on and tell her he had a wife who couldn't give him what he needed.

He just sighed then, trying to think of an acceptable answer to give her. "I don't think this is the time and place to explain that to you. Just believe me when I say that I think it is my impossible mission." He said with an apologetic smile. "And who knows. Even though I call it an impossible mission I always believe it should be something that could be obtained, even if it is a 0,1% chance. So perhaps you are right and there would be someone out there who could offer me that.

She watched his expression then feeling her own expression softening, to hear his sigh and watch the way he appeared to have a conflict within himself she knew...regardless of what he might say next that he wouldn't tell her the complete truth, and could she blame him? They didn't really know each other after all. So why would he explain himself completely to her.

" Well I think with that attitude it will be impossible..." she teased trying to take away the slight awkwardness that had developed between them during that conversation. " You are in control of your own destiny Ben, no body else, if you want something you have to get it..go out and find it, might not be easy ...but with enough perseverance your get there in the end..." grinning towards him she took another swig of her

drink. " Besides a handsome man like you being single is just criminal.." she found her self saying without really realising it until it basically poured out of her mouth, inwardly cursing her self she popped her now empty glass down..Completely and utterly blaming the damn alcohol for that outburst.." I mean..you know..cause your a nice you and all..." she said stumbling over her words now .

He appreciated her being honest and direct with him. But it was rough to believe her when she didn't know the full story.

The next thing that came out of her mouth though was a complete surprise and he couldn't help but burst into a laugh. He tried to keep it muted, but when she started to stumble over her words and trying to make what she just had said sound less akward he couldn't hold it back and just let his laugh out.

"Well I am glad to hear you think I am nice Emily." He said still laughing a small bit. He held up his drink to her, knowing that little outburst could be blamed on the alcohol he had been buying for her. "Want another?" He teased her.

God hearing him laugh she wished to God the chair would just swallow her up, she never felt so embarrassed in her whole life! She didn't need to see her face to know she must look like a fucking beetroot!

" Could you laugh any louder?..." she grumbled, a clear humourous tone beneath it, lifting her hand she pushed him

in a playful manner, before she could no longer hold it in anymore and found her self laughing with him.

" Yes well....your not bad I suppose..." she mumbled with a smile, his next words had her sighing. " well...I mean why the hell not, its not like I could possibly say anything worse is it?.." she teased finishing the last of the drink she had of before signalling for more drinks for the pair.

God she was great. Her smile was contagious and he loved it when she turned even more red then she had before. This girl was something else. He never felt this attracted to anybody this fast. He had been supposes to work on his speech during his flight, but he already knew now that was not going to happen.

"You are not bad either, Emily." He offered her back, still not fully able to keep his laugh under control. He let her order them two more drinks. "Also please bring us some crisps and nuts, please." He asked with a smile to the attendant.

"Perhaps that should be our last though, at least for a little while. There is still seven hours left to this flight. You don't want to be drunk on the way down." He said as he turned back to her.

The drinks once again came quick and this time there were small packages with snacks that were brought along for them. She shouldn't drink on an empty stomach and neither should he.

of course she had no idea what he was thinking...but god if she had any idea what he was thinking he would know she felt the same, his laugh, his smile, the way the teased one another...talk about instantly being attracted to someone, perhaps being upgraded definitely wasn't such a bad thing.

His compliment had her gazing towards him, her cheeks still slightly flushed from her embarrassment and from the alcohol. " Thank you...glad you think so..." she responded, of course his laughter that he still couldn't control had her tsking him. " Compose yourself Ben...were travelling first class don't you know.." she teased trying to put on the best posh tone she possibly could.

Hearing his words next she rolled her eyes. " you worried what I might say or do if you allow me to drink for another seven hours?.." she teased wriggling her brows towards him before chuckling at his expression.

" Who am I kidding...keep drinking like this and your be carrying me of on the other side..." she teased.

Reaching forward she grabbed a packet of crisps opening them eagerly she popped some in her mouth. " I have to admit for my first experience flying first class its definitely going better than I imagined..." she teased grinning towards him. " Having you sitting beside me has definitely helped .." reaching forward she took a sip of her drink before reaching for another crisp popping it in her mouth before offering him one.

"Exactly." He chuckled to her comment about being carried off the plane if she kept drinking. "I would rather have you remember your experience during first class." He teased her. He mostly didn't want her to forget him, even if she thought he had a different name.

"It is not so much different. Sure the drinks are better and the chairs are more comfortable. But when it comes down to it, it is the same boring flight." He offered. He hated flying. Now that he thought about his best flights had been when he had been able to actually talk to someone. Though never like this.

He smiled at her when she said that having her there had helped. He placed a hand gently on the spot of her leg just above her knee before he spoke. "You sitting next to me had definitely made it more entertaining." He teased her and took a crisp for her and put it into his mouth.

Another bit of turbulence hit the plane and he found himself quickly grabbing both their drinks so they wouldn't spill all over them, causing his hand to leave her knee again. "Bumpy ride today.." he commented. That was usual with those planes.

Emily chuckled as he agreed with her. " Oh but I noticed you didn't say you would mind..." she teased with a grin. His next words had her eyes sparkling for a new reason. " Oh I wouldn't worry...I dont think ill forget this in a hurry..." she whispered, her smile softening as she watched him with slightly more interest.

" See you say that.. but in coach would I have a man sitting beside me who has made me laugh more times in the last hour than I probably have in the last six months, who's wearing a very luxirous suit, supplying me with drinks and crisps?... " she teased before popping another one into her mouth.

Suddenly she became aware of his hand against her knee, her eye moving down to see his hand situated there and found herself not minding it. " Well ...I'm glad I've entertained you..."

She might of said more had the plane not jolted suddenly causing her to gasp and grip what she thought was the arm holder onto for it to be his leg.. " sitting hell..." she mumbled nerves rumbling through her as she reached out and grabbed her glass. " Your telling me .." she mumbled nervously taking a big swig of her drink. " I swear pilots know when I'm on the flight and go..hey that Emily girl is on here lets remind her exactly why she Hates flying..." she teased.

He didn't mind that she held into him, in fact, it send tingles through him when she grabbed into him like that. So far they had mostly just been talking, but now they had gotten to that part where they were also touching he knew that he only wanted it more. He needed to really remind himself they were on a plane and hold himself back.

The turbulence didn't quit either. Even though the rumbling became less from time to time, it didn't seem to let up much.

He downed his glass, not wanting it to spill over his suit. He didn't want to comment on it, knowing his fellow passenger seemed to be a bit scared on planes. He was just about to pick up the conversation with her again when the seatbelt sign came on. "Ooh, time to buckle up again." He said and sat more straight so he could put his buckle on properly. He also kept an eye on her to make sure she wasn't freaking out.

"Dear passengers, this is your captain speaking." It sounded over the speakers suddenly. Curious.. Nate frowned his eyebrows together slightly. "You may have noticed our plane has been experiencing more turbulence then you are used to from us. This is due to a mechanical failure within the planes system. Due to this same error we are going to need to suspend our flight and ground the plane. We will be landing in about 30 minutes in Sydney, Canada." He couldn't help but sigh, that was going to cause trouble for him. "Please remain calm. There are no reasons to think the plane will not be able to make it to our grounding location. We apologize for the inconvenience and hope you had had a pleasant flight so far."

He looked over to Emily to see how she was taking the news.

Emily also downed the rest of her drink, trying to keep her nerves in check the last thing she wanted to do was show him how nervous she really was,. She didn't mind flying, she honestly didn't, but turbulence that was a whole different ball game.. she felt the rumbling becoming increasingly more

frequent and she would be lying if it said it didn't freak her out.

She heard a ping looking up to the seat belt sign she cursed inwardly. " It would appear so..." she mumbled, nerves clearly showing in her tone now as she shakily did her belt up ensuring it was tightened before her hands clutched hold of the arm rest either side of her chair , trying to sink down as much as she could into the plush chair she was sitting in perhaps hoping that she could simply forget what was going on around her.

And then she heard it...the pilot over the speakers...mechanical failure....there was a mechanical failure?!?...they were suspending the flight...she felt her heart racing in her chest then, she didn't care they werent going to new york now, she didn't even care they were going somewhere she never heard of before, all she cared about was getting their safety! And knowing there was a mechanical failure was doing nothing to help her keep calm.

" mechanical failure....perfect...just what I wanted to hear...why he has to announce it I'll never know..just say we need to land due to the weather, real simple...but no...he has to announce the plane is falling to bits..." she grumbled more to her self then anyone around her.

He could hear in her voice just how nervous she was. Even if that hadn't told him the way she was grabbing into the

armrests so much that her fingers turned white would surely have done it. He turned towards her as much as he could being buckled in. They had probably another 20 minutes before landing would commence and he was not going to watch her freak out for that whole time.

“Hey, Emily, look at me.” He said. He took his hand and placed it under her chin to gently turn her face towards him and looked her in the eyes. “There are a million systems on a plane like this. One small failure is not going to make it crash. They are just taking precaution. The captain said so himself, there is no reason to panic.” He gave her a gentle smile hoping it would calm her down. “Just breath. You will be okay.”

She was so caught up in her own thoughts that she nearly forgot about Ben being beside her until he spoke up, she felt the gentle caresse of his finger under her chin before he turned her so she could face him, her eyes drinking in him listening to his calming reassuring words she sighed with a nodd.

" I know, I know there isn't, I just don't see why he has to tell us that, you hear mechanical failure and well...." she stopped then seeing his smile, she felt a blush cross her face again at joy ridiculous she was probably being compared to how calm and collected he was being beside her.

" Okay, just breath...everything will be fine.." she whispered, feeling the plane jolt again she frowned closing her eyes. " Just

tell me when were near the ground, and if you see flames just don't tell me...I'd rather die not knowing.." she mumbled, even though nervous there was a clear playfulness beneath it.

“At least you still have your sense of humor when you die.” He teased her and let go of her chin so she could get back to sitting in a way that was comfortable for her. She clearly was still not fine, but at least she was not panicking as much as she did. He placed his hand on hers and gave it a small squeeze. Her grabbing into things seemed like a clear sign that she was freaking out so that way he would know when things got bad again.

“Why don’t we play a game till then? Get your mind away from things.” He suggested. She was a person who liked media management, that meant she would often need to know things about people just by looking at them. He as sure this one game he liked playing as a kid would be right up her ally. “You pick a person that we can see and then you give them a name and a story.” He explained to her with a smile. He was looking forward to this.

He pointed towards a lady that was sitting a few rows away from them. She was an older lady with a chain of pearls resting around her neck the was dressed rather nicely and had a small chihuahua in a carrying case beside her. “Her name is Elizabeth Mayweather. She is a distant cousin from the Queen of England. Because they share the same name she had

decided that she might as well be a princess and will claim so towards other people.” He said, staring into her eyes then to see if she was enjoying this too. “She is going to New York because he dog Fifi is sick and the best surgeon in the world that could help him lives there.”

" Your not supposed to say that, your supposed to reassure me that I'm going to be perfectly fine and I'm talking nonsense..." she teased, before she became aware of a weight against her hand, her breathing hiltng for a moment before she opened her eyes carefully looking down to her hand she saw his wrapped around her own then, her hand twisting beneath his so she could hold it better, the simple act already enough to help ease those bubbling nerves she felt..

" A game?...is this where your going to suggest we play eye spy?..." she said with a playful grin, before his suggestion rang out and she smiled more moving to sit up more the game clearly peeking her interest. " Okay....Why don't you start us of.."

Her eyes fell to the woman as he spoke, a grin spreading more over her delicate features as he gave her back story and she had to admit it sounded very compelling to say the least.

She caught his gaze then her clear enjoyment showing across her face as she chuckled softly. " Such a compelling story....Okay my turn.." she said with clear excitement, looking around the plane to pick a target she pointed to a man on the

far right, a rather plump man in a elegant suit, he had no hair and had a golden thick chain around his neck, a thick role x watch on his wrist flicking his laptop down he seemed frustrated about the current stop over causing Emily to smile more.

" His name is Vito Genovese, originally from Italy, he is from the widely known Genovese family, known for getting involved in the wrong side of the law, very widely known in the counter drugs line, protected by police and law firms through wealth and power, he is pretty untouchable in the modern world...he was on his way to a very luducrative business deal in New York but has had to tell his potential partners to delay due to flight disruptions...see how sweaty he is?.." she whispered leaning in closer to him now . " He's panicking the deal might fall through. ..and that just won't do well for his reputation..v .ya know...being a mafia boss and all.." she teased before chuckling at her own statement

He loved seeing her like this and it seemed that just the little game had been enough to get her to not even notice the small bit of turbulence that was still rumbling through the plane. He followed her eyes to the men she was talking about, needing to lean over a bit to see him. It brought their faces pretty close and she once again would get a good whiff of his cologne as he did.

He listened to her story and it brought a smile to his face. She was good at this, but he wasn't going to not tease her about it. "That guy?" He said when she was done talking, the grin already building on his features. "Nah. That is Little Smells. A wannabe rapper who doesn't realize he is way too old to do so. The golden chain gives it away." He stuck his tongue out just slightly to let her know he was joking around with her.

When it was his turn he then pointed towards the stewardess that had been serving them drinks. He had noticed her staring at them every once in a while. "That is Vanessa Payne. A rather normal girl who had dreamed of becoming a stewardess her whole life. She eventually made it and she actually really enjoys her time in the air, loves how she gets to explore the world." He said. "But because of her busy career and many travels she has never been able to hold a boyfriend. It is safe to say that she is showing just the slightest jealousy towards a certain pair of passengers who seem to be hitting it off." He hinted softly, a sparkle growing in his eyes as he wanted to know what she thought of that.

Of course she could smell his cologne especially when he edged closer to her so their faces were practically touching, of course once she had finished her explanation he just had to go and say something causing her to roll her eyes with a humorous snort.

" Little smells?... " she said trying to contain her laughter as she shook her head. " uh huh..you see that's what he wants people to think, a amateur like you would fall for that facade, but professionals like me see the real man.." she said poking her tongue right back at him.

Her attention turned to the lady in question now, his words causing her to smile before he spoke these final words and she paused, her eyes twisting carefully to look towards him then, her small growing softer her eyes showing a hint of understanding beneath them .

" Oh?... and what passengers might they be?..." she whispered, becoming very aware of just how close their faces were in that moment, but she didn't pull back....Strangely she didn't want to, she liked this man, he made her laugh, he was charming, and fuck he was good looking...the smell of his cologne doing nothing but making her insides twist even more

He felt pulled towards her more than anything. His eyes would dance down to her lips as she asked who those passengers might be. The way she whispered to him seemed to make the world around them fade away softly into the background. They seemed to just be in their own little bubble. The plane no longer existed, neither did the other passengers. He no longer cared about the eyes of the stewardess staring his way.

Yet guilt nipped at him. The guilt of lying to her, guilt of flirting with this other woman while his wife was sitting at home. He

had enjoyed himself more than he had done in a very long time. Felt feelings he had not been able to for a long time as well. Yet he couldn't bring himself to kiss her in that moment. Couldn't bring himself to finish what he had started.

"Landing sequence will commence shortly. Please remain seated and place your table trays in the upright position." The voice suddenly sounded from the speakers. It was his cue to pull back, to sit back straighter in his seat and get himself back together. "Seems like we are almost there." He said, giving a slightly pained smile.

Like him she felt like the entire plane had vanished, she no longer felt the turbulence, all she was focused on entirely and completely was him, she felt the tug, felt the incredibly strong tug for this man, and god right now she just wanted to kiss him, she wanted him to close the distance between them, god she just wanted him...

She could of cursed once she heard the voice over the speakers, watching as he instantly pulled back, she however hesitated for a moment before she to eventually moved, pulling the tray that was in front of her up as instructed she moved to sit herself back.

"It would appear so..." she responded, she could feel the plane descending then, felt the gentle rock of the wings and the gentle shudder as she saw them descending through the clouds, seeing drops of rain scattering over the large window

pane , the familiar bright lights flashing indicating they were near the run way before finally she felt the jolt as they touched down, the engine starting to give a smaller gentler hum as the plane showed down.

" Ladies and Gentlemen if you would please remain seated whilst we bring the plane round to park, and await any further instructions.. "

" Well at least there was no fire huh?.." Emily teased giving Ben a small smile as he sat beside her, finally being able to relax properly now they were on the ground.

He really needed to take some deep breath to compose himself again. Concentrating on putting the tray upright and eating the last bit of peanuts. An attendance came by to pick up their last bit of garbage and then they were ready to really land. And even though he had pulled away, he did not let go of the hand that he had been holding. He figured that landing was also something she didn't like.

The plane descended slowly and really it was quite a smooth landing. He had been on planes that landed more roughly. It slowed down to almost a stop and then started to make it's way towards the airport to connect the shuttle that would let them descend. He could feel her hand relax underneath his and it was then that he let go of her. "Could still happen." He teased her about the fire though his half smile let her know he was not being serious.

The local time was 9:48 when they landed. The air was already dark and with the time different of the flight he knew that both of them had to be sort of tired. Yet he was still not ready to say goodbye to her.

“Ladies and Gentleman. You are now allowed to depart the plane. We once again apologize for the sudden change of plans and hope you have enjoyed your flight with ur regardless. The airline crew will await you in the lobby to give you further instructions. Please have a nice day.”

Nate couldn't help but grumble to himself. He knew how this went. It was late, likely the next plan would not go till the following morning. They would all be send to cheap hotels to stay the night. This was where first class meant nothing, they wouldn't send you to a better hotel. He would need to find himself a place to go to.

“Ready to depart?” He asked Emily with a smile and would help her get her bag down from the compartment. “They are going to offer you a free stay at an hotel for the night. Decline it.” He whispered to us. “I will find you a better place to stay. I promise it won't be expensive.”

" Shut up..." she muttered over to him at his words, feeling his hand move away from her own she wanted to reach back out, wanted to grasp it and hold it again, wanted to feel that firm grip beneath her palm, the relisation hitting her that they were about to get of, they would be separated, they would be

giving rooms to stay in giving the time and probably fly out tomorrow...she didn't even know if she would be sitting next to him again, if at all...sometimes you don't always travel back on the same plane..

She found her self feeling saddened at fact that she might not see this man again , he had been a breath of fresh air...she nodded thought enjoyed the last few hours with him and honestly she wasn't prepared for it to end yet.

She was so distracted by her inner thoughts she almost didn't hear Ben speak before she suddenly became aware of him looking at her and quickly fumbled with her belt. " Oh .Yes...I am .." she hurriedly said moving to stand up, she thanked him as he passed her; her bag tossing it over her shoulder. She went to walk of before his words stopped her, turning she looked towards him.her brows furrowing.

" You don't need to do that Ben... " she whispered to him, and in that moment as much as she wanted to decline his offer and accept what ever the airline was prepared to give her..she found she couldn't, for the pure simple fact she selfishly wanted more time with him, and maybe this was the only way to do it.

" Okay....if your sure.." she whispered back, before finally turning around and making her way down the aisle with Little Smells and Elizabeth May weather the thought causing her to chuckle softly to herself.

He let her walk in front of her, resisting the urge to rest his hand in the small of her back. He adjusted his suit after sitting for that long and his tie as well. Within mere minute he looked at the top of his game again and took his bag to put over his shoulder. He checked his phone now that they had reception again and he knew he needed take make calls. But he would get to that.

Once they got in the lobby he spoke to one of the representatives about how to go on. He made it known he had to fly out as soon as he could and they assured him they would contact him with the next flight option as soon as they could. He declined their offer for the hotel and instead was promised a small refund on his ticket. To them he was a client who had flown a lot already and that they couldn't miss out on.

He would then look on his phone to find a hotel that was close enough to the airport and that would be comfortable to stay at. There was a 5 star hotel close to them from a company he was familiar with and he decided that was where they would be going. While Emily was still busy talking with a representative he pulled his phone and made the call.

“Yes, hello. I would like to make a reservation for two rooms.” He spoke. “Yes, to the name Nathaniel Kingston... That is correct...” he said, he then looked over towards Emily. “Do me a favor as well. Please adres me as Ben Ludic and when the lady comes in to pay for her room charge her \$40.” It seemed

like a price that wasn't going to break her bank but would maybe still be a slightly realistic for how luxurious the hotel would be. "Charge to rest to me along with \$100 for your trouble." He said. He didn't care about the money at that moment, he wanted her to be comfortable. The clerk at the other side gladly agreed to go with his request. Money could buy anything, even for people to lie for you.

He smiled up at Emily when she eventually came over. "Let's collect your luggage and find a taxi. I found us a place to stay. It w

ould be \$40, would that be alright?" He asked.

Emily stepped out from the plane and into the large lounge complex, watching the array of people mingling around talking to the representatives. Emily watched as Ben got into a discussion with somebody himself, she to finding a woman and moving to talk to her about what was to happen next.

She declined the offer for the hotel expressing she would find a different hotel on her own, her eyes flicking up to see Ben on the phone she couldn't help but allow her eyes to travel down him, now he was standing she got a better look at him...

Shaking her head she moved her attention back to the woman who explained she would go on the next available flight outbound for new york, but there were other passengers who had more pressing needs and arrangements that required to be met first which she understood and accepted.

Finally making her way back to Ben she returned his smile. " Yes that's fine, do you want me to pay when we get there? If not I might have \$40 in my purse now.." she spoke as they made there way over to luggage claim.

"No, you can pay when we get there." He had arranged for them to tell her the right price so he wouldn't need to go through collecting her money.

They would wait for their luggage and talk more among themselves. Multiple times Nate felt compelled to touch her, to take her hand, to put his hand on her waist or hips, yet he refrained. They were in a public place now and he did not want to be spotted by someone who might know who he was while he was with Emily.

Once their luggage was collected he offered to carry hers for her and they caught a taxi to the hotel that they were going to say at. Just arriving at the hotel he knew that maybe he had overshot and should have chosen something that was a bit more mainstream, but he wanted her to be comfortable.

They walked into the lobby, greeted by the high ceiling, the comfortable orange lights and a clerk who came to collect their bags for them right away. Ben made his way to the desk. "Reservation for Ben Ludic. We talked over the phone." He said, reminding the clerk of their little conversation. "Ooh yes, of course Mr Ludic. Two rooms, is that correct?" He asked. "Yes, correct" he said.

He would let Emily pay first and then just tell them to charge his creditcard, making sure she couldn't see the amount he was charged for.

Emily nodded as he explained about payment, and for a moment she felt a little nervous, she was starting to wonder if she should of just accept the airport hotel...it might of been easier, not that she didn't wanna spend anymore time with him because she did, but she wasn't sure if he was doing it because he felt he had to..not because he wanted to, and then what was the deal on the plane?...she sighed shaking her head trying to push those thoughts away.

She waited patiently beside him, their bodies close to one another and like him she wanted to reach for him, to take his hand to lean in closer but she didn't.

She followed him out of the lobby and to the waiting taxi, her eyes taking in what scenery she could see as they made there way towards the hotel he had booked, her eyes watching as the rain pattered against the window.

Of course when she saw the hotel come into view she felt her eyes widen at how glorious it looked, the outside how ever was nothing compared to the inside, if she felt under dressed on the plane she certainly didn't feel any better now!.." Are you sure this place is \$40?.." she whispered teasingly before she made her way to the desk smiling warmly woman behind the desk before reaching into her purse to grab her card swiftly

paying for her room before popping her card away and turned to look at the hotel again in wonder at how beautiful it was.

“Would you like your bags to be taken to your rooms?” The guy behind the desk ask them. “That would be much appreciated. The black suitcase and grey bag are mine, the others are for this lady.” He said and picked up his own room card. He was been put in room 213, while she had gotten 215. This meant they were most likely right next to eachother.

He then did put his hand in the small of her back and gently took her away from the desk a little bit into the lobby. He knew that she was liking the view, but perhaps looking a little bit concious too. She had been in a plane for multiple hours. Then he remembered that she had been coming from a wedding. She probably had better clothes with her.

He bit his lip slightly as he considered his next move. He wanted more. He almost felt like fate had brought them here. He suddenly just decided he would live his best life for just that night and forget about it in the morning.

He gently turned her towards him and looked her in the eye. “Would you allow me to offer you one last drink?” He asked her with a glimmer in her eyes. “Why don’t you go refresh yourself quickly, it was a long flight. I will meet you in the bar.”

Emily thanked the person behind the desk as the porters took their luggage to their rooms, she took her room key and

fidgeted with it in her hand, she didn't want to go to her room, hell she didn't want to leave his side if she was honest...she had alot of fun with him and frankly wasn't prepared to say goodbye just yet...but it seemed all the Dutch courage she had on the plane had vanished much to her annoyance.

Walking gracefully beside him, perhaps about to turn and say something before he swiftly turned her and spoke first, a smile crossing her face then at his suggestion. " I'd like that..." looking down to her attire she smirked with a small blush. " I think getting changed would be quite good idea...I wont be long...promise " leaving his side she made her way to the lift and pinged her floor watching his eyes as he found her own before the lift doors pinged and she found her self bouncing, he wanted a drink....she couldn't let his last memory of her be this..dressed in baggy trousers and jumper..no..she needed to show him exactly what she was capable of.

It took her very little time at all to get her self ready, shoving on the of the shoulder black dress she wore to the wedding grateful that it hadn't creased in her luggage, the spaghetti strap heels she wore gave her a bit more height, her hair was down now falling in soft waves around her neck and upper back, she had applied a little bit more makeup, grabbing her clutch she stuffed her key back into her bag, before making her way across room to look at herself in the long length of the mirror, she knew she was making far to much effort to sit in a hotel lobby but fuck it all...she wanted this man to remember

her! With one last spray of perfume she was gone, down the elevator and back into the bar.

She felt eyes watching her as she stepped through the hotel lobby, nerves bubbling inside her before she quickly squashed them away, finding him sat at the bar she found herself growing even more nervous before she finally got the courage to walk up to him.

" Is this seat taken?... " she asked playfully.

He smiled as she accepted his invitation and when she walked off he followed her all the way till the doors of the lift closed behind her.

He took a few deep breaths, getting ready to face the night and let himself enjoy it. He would lie if the few drinks on the plane had not helped. He would otherwise never have made the decision he had.

He took his place at the bar and ordered the same drink for her that she had enjoyed on the plane along with a vodka on the rocks for himself. He had wanted something slightly stronger.

He found him tapping his foot as he waited for her to show. He had been staring inside his drink when he suddenly heard her voice behind her.

He turned to look and frankly was not ready for the sight that greeted him. His eyes took her in, going over all the curves that had suddenly gotten visible on her. He had known she had

a figure, but he had not expected to find this under her comfy plane clothing. He was quite speechless for a small bit.

Eventually found his stature back and just gave her a smile. "We have got to stop bumping into each other like this." He teased her before padding the stool beside him and handing him the drink that was already poured for her. "Unless you wish for something else?" He offered. Once she had the drink she wanted he couldn't help but speak up. "You look beautiful." He complimented her.

Emily smiled at his words now, a small laugh radiating from her chest " Oh I don't know, I don't mind it so much..." she whispered, her hand coming to tuck a stray piece of hair behind her ears, watching as he padded the stool beside him she moved elegantly to sit down beside him. Her leg lifting to sit more comfortably, the slit in her dress revealing her toned soft leg more as she took the drink he handed her, thanking him as she did.

" No this is fine...thanks " she said bringing her glass to her lips she took a sip of it before popping it back down in front of her.

His compliment made her blush, looking down to her drink she ran her finger along the rim gently. " Thankyou, I thought I would show you that I don't walk round in slob all the time, I can look all decent when I try.." she teased with a grin. " I'm probably far to over dressed..but...I thought what the hell, I

wanted to make a effort..do you approve?.." she teased with a playful grin.

He couldn't stop staring at her. The way the dress hugged her around her waist, how her leg peeked out from the slit so seductively and how it pressed her chest together to make them appear even more volumous as they might actually be. He knew then that the whiskey was a bad idea, but he was already in too far to stop himself now.

"Well, I can't claim you did not surprise me." He chuckled at her as he took a sip from the whiskey. The liquid burned his throat as it went down, but he liked it that way. "If it wasn't this late I would take you some place where you would not feel overdressed. Share a nice dinner together." He shared with her when she asked if he approved, painting a picture of what they could have done if they met in a different setting.

He moved a bit closer to her and placed his hand on the leg that as peeking out from the split of her dress and caressed it softly with his fingers. "I am glad a drunken guy picked a fight with you." He chuckled as he found her eyes again.

" well good, I was hoping to surprise you.." she teased with a wink, her finger continuing to run along the rim of her glass, her eyes travelling back to meet his, her face softening at his suggestion. " That would of been nice, though I'm more then happy sitting here with you...even if I feel like everyone is

looking at me for a completely different reason this time.." she whispered, her cheeks still slightly flushed.

She watched him move closer, tipping her own body closer to his she watched as his hand came down and travelled along her bare leg, sending a soft jolt of shivers through her, her tongue coming out to caress her lips feeling them going dry with the nerves she now felt.

Her own hand came out now, moving to sit on his own thigh, her fingers flexing over the muscle she could feel very evidently beneath the fabric of his suit. " Me to..." she whispered with a grin her own gaze meeting his now, feeling the same electric spark she felt earlier on the plane. " Though I can't say he would be having such a good time like I am.." she teased reaching for her drink to take a swig, suddenly wishing she had something a little stronger...

His reaction to her hand touching him back was just as hers was. He could feel that tingle in his leg where her hand was caressing him. He never wanted to break eye contact with her again and he couldn't say he wasn't slightly disappointed when she seemed to be alright doing so as she grabbed for her drink. "Just let them stare." He said to her as he took another sip from his drink as well.

The term liquid courage might have never been as accurate as it had been there as he pushed his hand ever so slightly more up her leg. The edges of his fingers now softly caressing

underneath the top of the split in her dress. "Are you?" He asked then. "Are you having a good time with me?" He grinned at her as he brought his face close to her one she looked back.

she could almost sense the change in his demeanour then, his seemingly nervousness on the plane appeared to be vanishing, and he appeared to be a lot more comfortable sitting here with her, his words sent a small shudder through her, her hand tipping her drink up to take another slow sip placing her glass back down she pushed it gently away from her, this time not breaking eye contact with him.

"I don't care if they stare, it's not them I'm interested in anyway..." she whispered, and fuck it wasn't especially when he pushed his hand up her dress more as she felt his slightly cooler fingers against her skin sending all kinds of nervous twitches through her.

His words made her smile, the flushed look only growing as he appeared to get closer to her, the smell of his cologne engulfed her senses once more as her hand flexed on his thigh giving it a small squeeze "Very much so..." she whispered, her tone taking on a more sultry undertone as her hand moved up his thigh more her nails dragging along his inner thigh playfully. "Are you having a good time with you?.."

"are you having a good time with me?.." ^^

He could drown in her eyes if she would let him. He could no longer pull them away hers. He found her eyes so deep, so full of life. The green color of them pulling him in inch by inch until there would be no space between the at all. Even as she was just talking to him he was slowly inching closer to her. His eyes peeked to her lips, finding them incredibly inviting.

He moved his free hand up to her chin and let them glide down her cheek towards her neck where his fingers rested gently underneath her ear. He gave her a small pull towards him as he closed his eyes and pressed his lips firmly but gently against hers. If she accepted his kiss she would taste the slight sweetness the whiskey had left behind in mouth. His other hand gliding even further up her leg, making the tips of his fingers just slightly underneath her panties.

He only broke the kiss for a long enough time to whisper back to her. "I am."

By God she could barely register anything around her but the man in front of her, his gaze was heated, so full of life, she could smell the whiskey on his breath as he edged closer to her, the smell of his cologne, her entire senses were being invaded by him and she didn't mind it in the slightest..in fact she wanted it, she wanted more of him.

Suddenly she felt his hand against her chin , his fingers grazing over her cheek and neck causing her to shiver tenderly enjoying the soft touch before she was tugged the small

minimal space that was needed for their lips to connect, she couldn't stop the groan that left her lips as she drank him in, kissing him back, feeling like a electric charge exploded inside of her feeling his hand moving up her leg more she felt her body responding to him, feeling his fingers pull beneath her panties making her whole body grow warm with desire.

As he pulled away she took in air, her cheeks flushed for a whole different reason now, her eyes darkened and full of hunger as she heard his words, her tongue coming out to lick along her lips tasting the sweetness he left behind.

God she wanted more, needed more and she couldn't stop herself then as she leaned back in, capturing his lips again with the deep seeded hunger she felt pulling inside her for this man. Her tongue slipping in briefly to better taste the whiskey that was there, her hand coming to clutch at his neck to hold him to her before she eventually pulled away, her breath almost a pant.

" I want you Ben..." she whispered seductively to him.. " And I have a feeling you want me to..."

She kissed him back and he could instantly feel that hunger inside of him grow even more. When she initiated the second kiss that only became worse. He got off his stool, using the hand that was already crawling up her leg to pull her body against him. The other hand made it's way into the hair at the

base of her neck as he deepened the kiss between them, tilting his head for her.

This girl seemed to just be everything that he had been missing for seven years. She was passionate, driven, funny, beautiful.. She was everything he had been longing for and he was not ready to let guilt keep her away from him any longer. He tasted her drink in her mouth, he even swore he could still taste a hint of the peanuts that they had enjoyed on the plane, but mostly he concentrated on the other taste that was there, the taste of her.

Her let her pull away and looked up into her face. He could see that same hunger inside of her that was growing inside of him. The hunger that was starting to make his pants feel uncomfortably tight. The blush on her cheek no longer seemed to be from her embarrassment. He didn't even care that their drinks were still unfinished at the bartop next to them, he needed her.

“Spend the night with me, Emily.” He whispered back into her lips, only half asking.

she gasped as she felt him move of his stool felt the way he tugged her closer against his body, feeling his hand move to go into her hair had her groaning again into his mouth, her tongue toying with his , the more she tasted the more she felt the hunger increasing inside of her, her own hand moved from

his neck to travel up his cheek to pull through his hair tugging him even closer if that was physically possible right now.

God she was so lost in this man she almost forgot where she was, forgot there were other people in the bar with them, she was so lust drunk she couldn't think straight, she couldn't remember a time she had been with a man who had ticked every damn box she had for the perfect match, and fuck he was...and if this kiss was anything to go by...she shuddered at the thought, god she wanted him...

She could see some hunger radiating from him as she felt burning inside of her, clenching her thighs tightly almost afraid if she didn't everyone would know exactly how she was feeling right then, especially when his heated words came across his lips had her pooling with even more desire.

" I thought you would never ask..." she whispered heatedly. " Fuck the drinks Ben...I can't wait for you any longer..."

He could not suppress the grin that grew on his face when she told him to fuck the drinks. She didn't need to tell him twice and he grabbed her hand to pull her along towards the elevators that were in the hotel lobby. He knew people were staring at them, but he was sure he wasn't the first person that had dragged a girl up to his room to have sex with. They could stare all they wanted, he couldn't care any more.

He hit the button for the elevator and was happy when he found it waiting on the bottom floor and when it was just the

two of them that entered. The moments the door started to close he hit the bottom for the right floor and pushed her against the mirrored wall at the back of it. He pushed his body against hers, his hand sliding around her waist towards her behind, where it stayed and grasped her gently. He pressed his lips against hers again, pulling at his tie as he couldn't stand the tightness of it around his neck any longer. He let his tongue freely explore her, his stubble most likely rubbing up against her chin as he got more eager with his kissing.

Before Emily really had time to react she was being dragged off her bar stool chuckling as she followed him eagerly towards the elevator, like him she couldn't care less who watched...let them stare, right now all she cared about was the man who was now dragging her into the elevator.

As he turned for her she was turning for him, hissing as she felt the cold mirrored wall on her back, her hand coming to his own waist to drag him closer to her, pressing her own lips against his as she kissed him back hotly moaning into his mouth as her tongue danced eagerly along with his.

Her hands rose up his chest dragging her nails along the fabric of his shirt when she came to his tie and made quick work of tugging it from his neck, pulling it apart so it hung loosely, her hands winding round his collar to the back of his neck one hand moving up to eagerly pull through his hair, her body pressed against his own, her breasts pressed against his firm

chest as she wished to god the elevator would reach their floor so she could get him out of these clothes, her other hand already eagerly unbuttoning a few of his shirt buttons.

He was half surprised that the shy girl he had seemed to be teasing on the plane had suddenly turned into the woman who was undoing the buttons on his shirt in a public elevator. Yet all it did was turn him on for her even more. She squeezed her behind even more, pushing her pelvis into him so she could feel his erection pressing against her.

The ding of the elevator was almost like salvation as it told them they were on the right floor now. There were two people waiting to board and they shot them strange looks, especially as Nate came out with his tie clumsily around his neck an half his buttons undone. Yet he just chuckled and once again took her arm to pull her along to his room.

Lucky for him they were close to the elevator and after clumsily trying to pry the keycard out of his jacket he finally opened the door to their own private place. The placed the card into the slot for the lights without even really letting go of her and the lights sprung on.

The room was spacious and wide, sporting a desk and a small sitting area along with the bed. It also had a beautiful view over the city that they were staying at. Yet he didn't care much for the room in that moment, he merely cared about her.

He once again pressed his mouth against her, his hand running eagerly through her hair. This time he didn't hold back and his hand slid underneath her dress, finding the panties that were underneath and pulling them down her legs. "Finally alone." He whispered into her with a grin that she could feel against her lips.

God she was aching for him, her desire was growing stronger by every minute she was half tempted to slam her hand on the emergency button and take him here in this elevator! His heated mouth against hers doing nothing but strengthening her need for him, her fingers dug into his hair moaning into his mouth before she heard the elevator ping, pulling away just as the doors opened to reveal the two people standing their giving them perplexed looks which only had Emily giggling as she hastily followed Ben down the hall to where his room was.

Her hand continuing its onslaught on unbuttoning his shirt before he finally got them into his room, her eyes taking in the attire briefly, I mean how was one not to notice how glorious it was at first? Not that it lasted long...her attention soon moved back to Ben seeing his heated gaze, his words whispered so eagerly against her own had her smiling.

"I've wanted you all alone most of the day you know that right?..." she whispered lustfully towards him, her hand finishing unbuttoning the last of his shirt tugging it open she

pulled it hastily of his arms tossing it to the floor , her lips moving to kiss him hungrily shimmering her panties down her legs she kicked them off, her nails dragging down his bare chest to the belt on his trousers her fingers making easy work on unbuckling it.

“You did huh?” He teased her, that same grin still on his face that had been there before. He helped her getting out of his jacket and shirt, exposing his bare chest. He was not the most muscular guy out there but he did have some lines that defined his chest. A bit of hair covered his chest that was the same dark blond that was on his head. He groaned as she dug her nails into him and it only made him tug into her more.

He moved his hands to the back of her, finding the zipper of her dress and gently pulled it down. No matter how much he wanted her out of it, it was not worth ruining such a beautiful dress. As he started to drop from his body along with his pants he started to walk her back towards the bed until the back on her knees would hit the edge of it. He made sure she landed softly into the covers and crawled on top of her with nothing but his boxers still on his body.

His lips found her neck then, planting eager kisses along the nape of her neck all the way to the base of her ear. His hand found it's way between her legs, pressing against the warmth of her sex. He could feel the wetness that was there already and it only made him want her more. His thumb would find

it's way between her folds till he found the sensitive spot that he had been searching for and gently started to pleasure her. "I want to hear you moan for me, Emily." He half growled into her ear.

"Mmhmm..." she responded eagerly, her nails dragging along the length of his chest admiring the small definition that was there, to her he was fucking gorgeous...and there was no two ways about it.

She felt his hand reach behind her, heard the zipper to her dress going down before the straps fell down her arms the dress gently gliding down her frame before it pooled at the bottom of her feet, she wasn't wearing a bra, her breasts on full view, they wasn't large but any standards but they were decent, small perky mounds, her nappies already hard from the teasing that was going in between the two of them .

She stepped back eagerly feeling the bed behind her she calloped onto the bed, her body shuffling up it slightly, her bottom lip going between her teeth as she watched him crawling up to her.

She released a groan as his lips found her neck, tilting her head to the side allowing him better access her hand coming up to pull through his hair, her legs parted enough to allow him entry to her sex, her breathing hitched as she felt his thumb go to her sensitive feeling him rubbing gently caused her to jolt , the pleasure rushing through her already. " Oh god

Ben..." she whimpered her body responding almost immediately to his touch...it had been a long time since she had been with a man and it felt good.

He almost hated the fact he had given her a fake name in that moment. He wanted her to say his actual name, not this name that he had made up for himself. Yet there was nothing he could do about it in that moment. But besides the name it was the other sounds that she made that were like an instant drug to him. He wanted to hear more of those sweet sounds that came from her lips. He wanted her to feel good more than anything. In that moment he didn't even care much about his own pleasure or needs. Even when he himself was hard and ready for her.

"That's it." He said, digging his teeth just slightly into her neck, his stubble brushing against her skin. He slowly slid two of his fingers inside of her, finding them sliding in eager due to her wetness. He moved them in and out of her, trying to find those sensitive spots that he knew lived inside of her, all the while rubbing his thumb over her button.

He moved down from her neck, leaving a small trail of kisses as he finally made his way to the mounds that her breast made. He found her nipples and took them into his mouth, sucking on them and rolling the tip of his tongue over them. It might have been a long time since he had been intimate with anybody, but he had not forgotten how to pleasure a woman.

she groaned softly as she heard his heated words, felt the way his teeth dug into her neck, the stubble brushing over her skin causing her to tremour, her eyes closed as she allowed her senses to be over run with the feeling of what he was doing, a gasp left her lips her legs opening more as she felt his fingers enter her, feeling them flexing in and out her breath hitched a moan leaving her lips to show she was deeply enjoying what he was doing.

His lips were moving then, down her neck and chest until they reached her breasts, her hand digging through his hair clutching through the strands as his lips connected with her nipple feeling him suck on them she gasped her back arching , her head pressed harder into the plush bed beneath her.

" Don't stop Ben...god I'm so close..." she moaned, and Jesus she was embarasingly close, she could feel that delicious warming sensation pulling through her stomach, her body unable to stop from squirming as it built up higher and higher inside her, she wanted to hold it of, wanted to let this feeling last longer but she couldn't hold it in anymore.

His fingers, his mouth on her nipples sent her to a new height of pleasure she hadn't felt for such a long time that she simply couldn't control it anymore, crying out , her body shuddered as she felt her release gasping as the pleasure shot through her in waves her chest heaving as she simply basked in the glorious hum that pulsed through her then.

He loved that sound in her and he was everything in his power to make her give him of it. He could feel her hands grasping into his hair, pulling him closer into her chest, her back arching as she pushed herself more into her finger. He adjusted himself slightly, getting in a position where he could move his fingers in and out of her more easily. He found that spot that seemed to make her twitch and didn't let it go anymore.

“Let it out, Emily.” He said as she let him know just how close she was getting. “Come for me.” He grinned, feeling a sense of pride in the fact that he was making her squirm underneath her. He nipped at her nipples and left small gentle marks on her breasts. He never let up the rhythm he had found with his hands and simply enjoyed every moment of her body giving into the feeling he was creating.

And then he sent her over the edge, her sex clasp around his finger as she found her release with him. He let her ride it out until her body relaxed underneath him. He took his fingers out of her and looked up at her with a slightly grin on his face. He wiped his hand on the covers, not caring he had to sleep in it later and moved himself up and over her. He pressed a part of his weight into her as he intertwined one of his hands into her and pressed his lips against hers once more, giving her as much space to breathe as she might need.

God she was in pure ecstasy, she was sure if she opened her eyes she would see stars above her head, she couldn't remember the last time she had a orgasm which was painfully embarrassing! But right now she was soaring so high she didn't give it much thought, she felt the bed shift her eyes opening to watch as Ben came over her again, her hands moved to come around his neck tugging him closer, her lips finding his again, she kissed him with the same hunger she had earlier, feeling his hardened erection push between her legs she whimpered her tongue toying with his briefly.

Her hand reached between their bodies then to where his boxers were, her fingers moving over the rim of it before she wasted no time in tugging them away, her hand slipping into them, her hand finding what she was searching for, her hand coiling around his hardened shaft, her hand moving up and down, eager to please him like he had pleased her.

" I want to please you to..." She whispered against his lip, her teeth coming to tug on his bottom lip tugging it back lightly before moving in to suck on it gently. " What can I do to please you Ben..." she whispered huskily her hand continuing its gentle strokes inside his boxers.

He loved watching the expression on her face as she wallowed in that last little bit of her orgasm. He almost made a pledge to himself that the next he wanted to see her face as she came for

him. If he was lucky enough to get over that edge again that was.

She slowly came back into the world and started to kiss him back. He returned her kisses, enjoying the warmth of her breath as she was still catching her breath.

He was always caught of guard as her hand found it's way into his boxer. A groan escaping his lips as she folded her hands around his length and moved it back and forth. He had been hard for a while and it had made him sensitive.

He moved his hand back, pushed his boxers down to give her all the space that she needed, not able to endure that piece of clothing any longer. He was a good size. Nothing to brag about but more then enough to please a woman.

His length would twitch in her hand as she asked him what she could do to please him, feeling his arousal growing even after he had believed he couldn't want her even more. He moved a hand down to her thigh, softly caressing it as she considered his options. "I want to be inside of you, Emily." He said back to her as he found her eyes and held them with his. "But tell me if you need more time." He was considered with her, not the type of guy to push his own agenda when it came to sex. He did not want to push her if she felt she needed more time to recover from her orgasm before going again.

He bit his lip then, remembering quite a crucial part of having sex with a person he had met just that day. "I didn't bring any condoms.." he admitted to her.

God she loved watching his own facial expression as she toyed with him, felt how hard he felt beneath her fingers and that just made her want him even more, her hand twisted and flexed around his length as he pulled his boxers down so she had better access to him, his sweet groan sent a shudder of delight through her.

His words sent a soft shiver through her, a smile coming across her face , shaking her head as he spoke his concern, leaning forward she silenced him with a kiss " I dont need any more time, I want you...I want you inside me Ben.." she whispered her hand continuing to toy with him as they spoke.

His next words had her pausing looking to him she grinned , her lips coming to press into his " You don't need it, I'm on birth control..." she whispered lustfully against his lips, her tongue coming to lap along his lips. " If you do want some you might get some from reception...if you wanna go down there that is.." she teased leaning back she moved to lay on the bed, her hand releasing his shaft as they dragged up his chest and to his shoulders, her nails delicately scratching along his skin.

He studied her eyes as she admitted to not having any either and letting him know he was birth control. Did he dare to go in without? Was he going to trust her that much? She didn't seem

like the type to go around and hook up with anyone and he didn't see why she would lie about being on birth control. But even with that the trip down to the reception seemed even worse than that.. he would just need to get tested once he got back.

He leaned in then and kisses her back. "Are you sure?" He asked her, needing to know she had thought this through. If she once again confirmed with him that this was indeed what she wanted, he would shift in the bedsheets and take one of her legs, putting it over his arm as her legs once again, this time stealing a small peek of the entirety of her body and grinning at what he saw. "God. You are beautiful." He said to her as he positioned himself in front of her sex and pushed himself deep inside of her, groaning through his teeth as he did so.

She was warm and wet and inviting. Tight yet comfortable. He would need to pace himself if he wanted to last, and he did.

" I wouldn't of suggested it if I wasn't sure..." she whispered, her hand twisting to roll through his hair as she felt him shifting on the bed, moving her leg when he positioned it better, she saw his eyes then as they peeled down her frame, and for the first time since they walked in this room she felt her face blush at his gaze, seeing the heated wonder beneath it, she never had a man look at her the way he was looking at

her then, it made her feel special, made her feel good...made her feel sexy..

" same to your handsome..." she whispered back with a wink, feeling him position himself before he finally entered her, she released a gasp her hands coking up to grip his arms as she felt him enter her completely groaning at how big he felt inside her, but god he felt good, and she relaxed into his movements, her arms coming up to wrap around his neck to tug him down to kiss him again, her hips grinding up to meet his, as they fell into a gentle rhythm together.

Finally being inside her made him realise how much he had wanted this. How much he had wanted to be one with the girl he met on the plane. He could feel that bolt of electricity going through him, only wanting more and more of her. She pulled him down towards her and he gladly returned her eager kisses as he started to move his hips against her movement. He soon found himself grunting into her lips, astonished by how amazing she felt.

After a bit he broke their kiss and brought his hands to her waist. He sat himself upright, sitting on his knees as he pulled her body into him. He wanted to see her as he took her. To see her body respond to what he was doing to her, take in every single detail of how beautiful she was.

His fingers dug slightly into her waist as he started to thrust more firmly into her, able to hit her deep in the position he

had put her in. He watched himself moving in and out of her as he did so, seeing how her body accepted him. The lines in his stomach being a bit more visible now that he was flexing the during his thrusts. He watched her breasts bounce with his movement and he also watched the expressions that danced on her face. Already he could feel himself inches towards his climax, hating it as he wanted her longer. “God Em..” he grunted, starting to pant just slightly as he moved. “Should I pull out?” He asked, letting her know he was getting close and wanting to be respectful.

Emily groaned into his mouth as they kissed, her tongue toying with his for the briefest of moments, her hands exploring his back, her nails scratching down the flesh eagerly, spurring him on, wanting more of his touch, wanting more of his movements.

He broke the kiss and she gasped, taking in a deep breath as she watched him, her eyes deep and clouded with lust before she watched him sit back, felt him drag her body up around him, her legs moving to position themselves better.

She felt the sting of his fingers in her waist but god she didn't care, before she felt his movements quicken causing her to gasp before more frequent moans began to ring out of her mouth, her hands moving to dig into the sheets beneath her.

The new position meant he hit her in the same spot he was getting earlier, each thrust had him grinding against that

sensitive spot of hers and she could feel yet another orgasm looming.

His words had her groaning shaking her head feviously on the bed. " Please don't stop..I want you there, God Ben I'm gonna cum again.." she moaned feeling her body growing tight and rigid beneath him , her hips joined his rhyme rolling up to meet his heated thrusts with purpose , before she finally cried out again, her back arching once more as yet another blinding orgasm hit her.

" Oh god Ben..." she cried her body trembling as her nails dug into the bed sheets, her breath a gentle pant now as his thrusts continued to push the waves of delight through her.

The permission to stay inside only riley him up more, once again just really starting to thrust into her as he could feel just the slightest bit of sweat starting to cover his forehead.

"Come for me.. Em.." he grunted at her in half a growl as he could already feel her sex twitching around him. When she eventually found her own release he could feel her clamping down on him, making it difficult to move into her. Yet he managed to push into her one more time, really pulling her waist into him as he inserted himself as deep as he could go. His torso bended over just slightly as he came inside of her, panting short breaths as he did.

He had not felt that satisfied in so long, so loved, so wanted. He couldn't help but have a grin of pride of his face as she once again spoke the fake name he had given her.

He pulled himself out of her gently and used his boxer to wipe himself clean before he let himself fall down beside her, wrapped his arms around her and pulled her to him to his little spoon. "God Em.." he whispered to her, the grin clear in his voice. "Where did that blushing girl from the plane go..? Not that I might this." He chuckled into the back of her neck as he kissed her there, taking in the smell of her after their sex.

She felt his own orgasm hit then causing her to moan more feeling him twitching inside of her , her breath was a pant, her own body felt warm and flushed from his antics, christ that was good....that was more than good that was great, her whole body was tingling with pressure, each nerve ending felt alive and wired .

Feeling him pull out she groaned at the sensation feeling very sensitive down there, her eyes were closed for a moment as she simply tried to steady her self , tried to regain some composure after feeling like she had been sitting on cloud nine the entire time.

His heated whisper at her smiling, her head nuzzling back into his , her cheeks flushed before she chuckled a breathless chuckle her self. " Well apparently gin works wonders at

taking anyway any embarrassment.." she teased feeling his lips against her neck had her sighing.

She twisted her body then so she could face him, seeing his own flustered face her hand come up to push some of his hair away, and perhaps for the first time during there time together she really took him in, his eyes his facial features a small smile coming across her face.

She might of looked like she was going to say something, but instead she didn't, instead she leaned in and kissed him, holding it briefly as her hand clutched his cheek before finally pulling back moving go nuzzle her self down in the crook of his neck. " Just let me know when your ready for round two...." she teased with a giggle..

He gave her space to turn toward him and looked into her eyes with a gentle smile. As she moved in he kissed her back, pulling her closed into him as they cuddled in the sheets. Where most of their kisses before had been about passion and lust. This one was softer, more gentle. It was more about the act of being intertwined together then anything else.

"So tomorrow this shy girl will be back?" He smiled at her. He liked that hot and wanting side of her, but he had loved the shy girl with the passion for her study as well. He brushed her hair as she laid her head underneath his chin. A deep sigh left his mouth as he just felt at home with her. He felt comfortable

and relaxed, like this was where he had been meant to be all along. Naked in the sheets with her in his arms.

"Perhaps we should both get some sleep?" He suggested as his fingers played over her scalp. "You must be tired." He said. It wasn't that he didn't want her again, but he knew that they could be informed of need flight plans soon. He also had yet to inform the people he needed to that he was going to be late. Because of the fake name he was not able to do that with her in the room.

she smiled at his comment shrugging lightly. "

Probably...believe it or not I don't make a habit of sleeping with people I've just Met..but something felt right with you.." she admitted carefully, and she wasn't wrong something did just feel right with him, she felt a connection...something she hadn't felt for a long time, it felt nice....to be wanted.

She closed her eyes and simply took a moment to breath him in, breath in his scent, the warmth of him, one hand moved to trace along his waist and over to his chest allowing her fingers to toy with the hairs that graced his skin.

His words caused her to sigh nuzzling her head against him more before she nodded. " Hmm a little.." she whispered tilting her head up to look towards his face then. " Do you want me to go to my room?... " she asked, a part of her hoped he would say no....she didn't wanna leave this bed, she didn't wanna leave him, laying in the warmth of his embrace felt

nice, felt safe. But of course if he wanted her to she wasn't going to say no..

She hugged her closer against him, getting one more good whiff of her scent before he replied to her question if he wanted her to go to her own room. "No.. I don't." He admitted as he smiled at her. "But I should have already landed in New York by now. People are going to wonder where I am. I need to make some calls." He said to her. "The company I work for is pretty big on confidentiality, so I can't exactly make those calls with you here." he kissed her forehead in an attempt to apologize for it and pulled himself away from her, something that took way more effort from his side then he had thought it would.

"Besides, I really think you should get some sleep. You will have more flying to do tomorrow." He chuckle at her, knowing how nervous flying made her. He got up from the bed and opened his suitcase to at least put on some boxers instead of walking around naked then. "I will find you in the morning. Perhaps the shy girl will be back by then." He said, giving her a knowing grin.

Emily smiled at his admittance, just knowing that he didnt want her to go was enough, his explanation had her stomach growing with a sense of sadness that she would have to leave. " I understand, you don't need to explain yourself..." she whispered.

She felt him move away her eyes watching as he climbed from the bed, her eyes travelling down his frame drinking him in before she finally moved herself, the covers falling from her body as she climbed out of bed reaching down for her underwear she pulled them on reaching down for her dress.

She groaned as he mentioned the flight. "Oh you just had to bring that up..." she mused smirking over to him as she tugged the dress on, not doing it up properly she was after all only going in the room next door.

His words hit her, grabbing her purse she grabbed her key out turning to look at him her face softened as she chuckled. "who knows, you might be surprised..." she teased, she paused at the door her hand on the handle turning briefly to look at him one more time, she wanted to say something....anything but nothing came out, instead she simply smiled at him. "Bye..." she whispered into the room before eventually turning the door knob and leaving, the door closing softly behind her as she went.

He enjoyed the sight of her as she crawled out of bed. Soft marks covering her breast from his nipping that would likely be gone in the morning. Her soft curves. He liked everything about her. From her breasts, to her stomach, to her cute small feet. He couldn't help but not stare at her until she had covered herself up with her dress, and even then she looked beautiful.

When she left the room he said the same she did. “Bye.” And she was gone. The room was suddenly eerily quiet without her and already he wanted to go after her and just turn off his phone until the morning. He could be missing in action for a night right? But he knew he couldn’t.

So instead he got to his phone calls and emails, letting the people know that he needed that he would not be in New York by now. If the flight wasn’t later than 10 in the morning, he could at least still make it to the conference and do his speech there.

Two hours later, as he was working on his speech his phone went. “Good evening Mr Kingston. We have found a seat on a flight to New York for you in two hours. Would you be able to make it to the airport in that timeframe?” The lady on the phone asked him. He bit down on his lip. He wasn’t expecting a flight to be available that quick. “Yes, yes I can make that.” He said with a lump in his throat. “Very well! We will see you then.” The lady said in a happy voice.

He wasn’t happy about it, but he could not have told them no. He needed to make it out there. At the same time the alcohol was also starting to leave his system, and the guilt was starting to get the best of him. He had cheated on his wife and he knew that there was nothing he could do to make that right. Even if he couldn’t say he regretted it, he was unhappy with himself at the same time.

He packed his stuff and headed out of his room, passing by the one where Emily would be sleeping. Want pulled at his heart almost instantly. He was reminded of how he had felt when he had been with her, how he had

felt at home with her in his arms. A feeling he had never felt before. Yet this had to be it.. saying goodbye to her would be even worse.

He ripped a note from a notepad that he had in his bag and wrote her small not.

*Dear Emily,

Seems my flight came early. I am sorry I didn't get to say goodbye. I won't forget about you, ever.

Ben*

He considered signing it with his own Nate, but it seemed better to just leave it at Ben. He slipped the note underneath the door and went off to catch his plane.

The moment Emily stepped into her room she felt empty....she felt cold..she felt lost, never had she experienced a time with a man like she did today with Ben, he wad everything she had dreamed of, everything she had craved and wanted in her life, he was everything she didnt even know she needed.

She frowned at her self then stepping out of the dress she went to her suitcase and grabbed a long t-shirt on to wear, this was

exactly why she didn't do one night stands....but it didn't feel like that, it felt different it felt special, he made her feel special..

Before she knew it;, it was morning, the soft golden raise of sunrise pulled through the window making her eyes squint as she woke up stretching across the bed , her eyes moving over to the door before she saw something against the floor, pulling her self out of bed she moved over to the piece of paper, picking it up her eyes widening and a tightness engulfed her chest to read the words written there.

Dear Emily,

Seems my flight came early. I am sorry I didn't get to say goodbye.

I won't forget about you, ever.

Ben

Her hands trembled as she held the note and she wondered how long ago he wrote this, quickly hurrying she pulled on some clothes grabbing her case she bound for downstairs, her eyes scanning the sml crowd to see if she could see him, running to reception her breath slightly heavier then normal from rushing

" Excuse me can you tell me if Ben Ludric is still here?...has he left yet?.." the woman looked puzzled for a moment looking to

her colleague who quickly came forward smiling warmly towards Emily.

" I'm sorry darling his flight left early hours of this morning...." Emily felt her chest tighten then feeling her mouth run dry.

" I see...did ...did he leave anything for me?.." she asked carefully, the woman giving her a sympathetic smile . " I'm afraid not..."

Emily simply nodded then. " Thankyou..." she whispered moving away from the reception she sat down on a chair, her hand looking to the note in her hand feeling emotions rush through her, turning it over she saw no number..no address...nothing and she suddenly felt stupid..silly even..this was why she didn't do one night stands...

" I'll never forget you neither..."

It had been about a year since that night had happened between Emily and Nathaniel. It had been a memory that he looked back upon with mixed feelings. On one had he always felt warm and tingly whenever he thought about her, feeling that need again to feel her in his arms. On the other side it was the night he had been unfaithful to his wife and something he felt guilty about till this day. He had never admitted it to her, there was no use doing that. But even though the memory was mixed, he had thought about her often and long.

He always liked the idea to give students who came fresh from school a chance to prove themselves within his company. Thought normally they would only hire experienced people, one of the first changes he had made when he became CEO was to create two spots each year for what he called 'trainees'. A spot to be filled by someone fresh of school who looked most promising. They would get one year to prove themselves and at the end either be let go, or hired as a full employee.

When that year's selection process came to an end and a stack of ten resumes were brought to his desk it was a big shock to see her picture being among them. On paper she was impressive. She had gone to a very well known university, gotten amazing grades and the portfolio she had send along contained well written stories. It took him more than a day to decide what to do. To decide if he was ready to face the girl again, for her to find out who he really was. In the end he knew he could not deny her this shot. She was the best candidate on paper and he had first hand experienced just how much passion she had. She was hired.

It wasn't long until they pulled up at the impressive building , her eyes taking in the large structure she felt nerves taking over her then but she steadied herself with a deep breath before moving forward walking through the double doors and entering the place, her eyes taking in the hustle and bustle her eyes lighting up with excitement before she moved towards reception.

" Good morning, my name is Emily Watson, I wonder if you could help direct me as to where I need to go?... " she asked sheepishly.

"Mum...if you keep talking to me I'm going to be late.... " she grumbled down the phone checking the time on the wall as she pulled her stockings up, reaching over she grabbed her skirt pulling it on and zipping it up, keeping the phone between her ear and shoulder as she reached for her blouse.

Today was the day.. after all her hard work, after all the blood sweat and tears she put into her portfolio her interview everything she finally got the chance to prove her self as trainee publisher for the daily mail...when the acceptance letter come through she couldn't stop the scream of delight that rocketed through her. To know she had done..to know that all her hard work had paid of.

She laughed on the phone then to hear her grandmother in the background complaining about her going for this job, and with a brain as bright as hers she was wasted rolling her eyes she buttoned up her blouse.

" Mum tell grandma I promise if this doesn't work out I'll enroll into nursing school okay?... " she teased down the phone. " Now I have to go I promise I'll call you later...I love you..." hanging up she shoved her phone into her purse spraying her self with perfume she grabbed her bag tossing it over her shoulder.

Opening her drawer she rummaged for her keys before she came across a piece of paper, looking at it she see it was the note Ben had left her...her brows furrowed to look at it, the same feelings flooding over her like they always did when ever she looked at it, she didn't know why she kept it....but she couldn't bring herself to throw it away, grabbing her keys she tossed them in her bag, checked her appearance over quickly before hurrying out of her small one bedroom apartment out onto the street managing to hail a cab she climbed in giving the address as she closed the door behind her.

“Oooh yes! Miss Weston. If you would please take a seat over there. Someone will be with you soon.” She said to Emily and pointed to one of the seat where another guy was already waiting. He was the other trainee that had been selected, but she would only find out about that when they were eventually called.

“Miss Weston, Mister Finch?” A lady greeted them and when they confirmed she smiled at them. “Well, there you both are! The trainees of this year. I hope you understand just how lucky you both are.” She let them know. “If you would follow me.” She said and would start to show them around.

She would lead them both around the building. She would start at the lower floors, which would be where they would spend most of their time. The more they would go up with the elevator the higher ranked the people would be that stayed

there. Eventually they would reach the 4th floor. "And this is where Mr Kingston himself resides along with his closest team members. This area will be off limits for you unless you are asked to go up." She said with a smile as she led them in. The floor was a series of cubical rooms, most of them with big glass walls that made the floor appear open and spacious. In one of the rooms a group of about 6 people were gathered around an oval table, looking towards a screen where a series of graphs was displayed. "I see he is in a meeting right now."

Nate was the one who was presenting, talking over the latest numbers with some of his investors. It took him a bit to notice the pair of them being led around and when he eventually looked up his eyes instantly found those of Emily. He could feel his heart just take a jump in his chest as he laid eyes upon her once again. His eyes showed that mix of happiness and unsureness that he had been feeling all this while. Eventually he had to look away and try to concentrate on his meeting once again

"Of course thank you..." she said moving to take a seat on one of the chairs, her eyes moved to the man beside her and she smiled warmly towards him clutching her bag, her nerves were slowly vanishing now instead excitement grew within her to finally be here, somewhere she had only dreamed of being.

When she was addressed she stood smiling warmly to the woman. " It's a honor truly to be here..." and god it was, she had to stop her self from gushing feeling embarrassment over take her before she quickly followed the woman.

Her eyes couldn't stop looking around at every corner they went to, she was completely fascinated with the building, it was beautiful and seeing people hard at work just had a buzz running through her.

Upon reaching the fourth floor she looked around at how glorious it was, the glass walls were stunning, her eyes were taking in every little detail until she turned her gaze and met a pair of eyes she didn't think she would ever see again..she paused in her movements, her breath catching in her throat , her heart hammering in her chest to see him standing there , conducting a meeting....a meeting? .

" I'm sorry excuse me..." she said quickly. " Who is that man in there?.." she asked again, the woman looked at her then giving her a puzzled expression before smiling. " Mr Nathaniel Kingston....the CEO of the daily mail..." she said quickly, and just like Emily felt emotions crash around her...he wasn't Ben...he didn't do what he told her to do...he was Nathaniel...he was CEO of this company...he lied to her...

" Mrs Watson?... " Emily blinked then realising she was staring into his office turning she noticed the other two had started walking of without her. " Sorry..I'm coming. ." She said

hurriedly taking one last look at him before she followed them back to the elevators.

He couldn't help but glance towards her a few more times and he caught the very end of her expression as she got turned around to go back down with the elevator. He bit down on his lip, she knew now. There was no way they didn't tell her who he was. It was routine for every new employee to at least come and meet him. If he had not been in a meeting, the woman would have brought them in to say hello. He wondered if he was happy or sad about the fact it didn't happen.

He got back to his meeting and after that multiple more things that required his attention before he could do anything else. He was distracted and everything seemed to take him much longer than it should. He needed to address what was bothering him or he would just stay this nervous all day. He hit the little button at his desk that would let his secretary know he needed something.

“Yes Mr Kingston?” She asked as she popped her head around the corner. She was a woman in her mid 40s. “Would you please bring the new trainee Miss Winston up to my office? I have not gotten a chance to say hello to her yet. I will meet Mr Finch after her.” He said to her and forced a smile on his face.

The entire time he was waiting after that he just tapped his foot to the ground as she tried to prepare himself for what was coming.

Emily was shown to her desk now, sitting behind it she had some files on her desk already, pretty mundane tasks for now, well she wouldn't be giving anything to hard for now would she?...though she found she just sat there staring at them, her mind still trying to process what she saw upstairs, maybe she saw wrong...maybe it wasn't him, but she knew it was, there was no mistaken who that was..and she was filled with so many emotions , so much so that she didn't know it she was going to cry...she thought what they shared was special....she thought maybe it was special to him to..but now, not she realised he lied to her...he lied and he...

" Mrs Watson?... " she jumped in her chair then hearing someone speak to her, the ladies face furrowed then. " I'm terribly sorry to startle you Mrs Watson, Mr Kingston has requested he see you in his office, he likes to introduce himself to all the new employees.. "

Emily felt nerves run through her then, looking to her pile of work then back to the woman, she wanted to say no...wanted to tell her she didn't wanna see him but she couldn't, giving her a small smile she moved to stand straightening her skirt " Okay... "

The elevator ride up to his floor was painful, her hands rubbed together nervously, she felt sick, she felt betrayed..and above all else she felt angry.. .angry that he lied to her...

She saw his office come into view then, watching as the receptionist knocked at his door , she heard his voice call out, and could she hint a slight nervousness tone to it?..she stepped in first before ushering her forward.

Stepping into his office she felt her breath hitching, there he was sitting behind that impressive desk, she could smell his cologne and got it hit her like a tone of bricks.

" I'll leave you two a moment, just come get me when your ready to leave Mrs Watson and I'll escort you back down.." she said giving the pair a smile before leaving...the door closing and the room encast in silence.

He had thought he was ready to see her again, but he had been wrong. He had not been ready for it all, not ready to have her find out the truth. As he saw the elevator doors open he just looked away until she was brought to the office. The lump in his throat was back again and for a while he just simply didn't know what to even say to her.

"I know you must be angry with me." He then started, his voice catching half way through the sentence and he needed to swallow before he could actually continue. "And you have every right to be." He continued, letting that settle in. "I just wanted you to know that you didn't get this job because of what happened between us. You got it because you deserved it. You were the best candidate in every way and giving it to you

would have been unfair.” He explained, needing her to know that. He didn’t want her to feel like she got the job out of pity.

He took another deep breath as he suppressed the need to walk over and touch her, to comfort her now that she seemed so upset. “If you want nothing to do with me, I will understand. I will make sure that I will stay out of your way.”

I know you must be angry with me....

She huffed then shaking her head she couldn't even look at him, she felt so many emotions pulling inside of her she just didn't know what to do with her self, so many things she wanted to ask him, so many questions she had but now she was her she didn't know what to say .

His explanation did nothing to settle her nerves, nothing to settle the sadness and disappointment beneath her. Her eyes finally come up to him then .

" Why?...why did you lie to me?.." she whispered her emotions clearly showing in her voice before she shook her head. " Actually you know what don't answer that..." she said bitterness clearly showing in her tone maybe because she was to scared to hear what he had to say, trying desperately to keep her tears at bay that seemed to be coming to her eyes now.

" I've spent the last twelve months trying to figure out why you left like you did, why didn't leave me a

number..anything...well now I know. Because you lied to me, everything about that day was a lie, you made me feel like i was something special and all along you was just stringing me along..you must of thought i was so...stupid... " she found anger coming out now her hand coming to swipe a tear away, watching him moving round the desk she stepped back.

" No....no don't.. .I dont need your pity I don't need your sympathy, you made a fool out of me once..I'm gonna let you do it again.." she whispered moving go stand tall again taking a deep breath as she swiped one last tear away.

" Is there anything else you need for me Mr Kingson?..or can I please leave..."

He couldn't say that it wasn't the type of response he had thought she might have, but he had hoped that she didn't He wanted to say so many things to her, yet he knew that nothing he said would make her feel any better in that moment. He fully deserved her anger and eventually he just leaned back against his desk and took it no matter how much it hurt to hear her say that.

When she was done he just looked up at her, trying to find the slightest bit of longing in her eyes. The slightest hint of the girl he had been with that night, of the shy girl he had met on the plane. But there was nothing at that moment. Just her anger and confusion.

“No.. you may leave.” He said, giving himself over to her. As she would turn to actually leave there was just one thing that he needed to know. “You were the first I ever shared a bed like that with Em. You were also the last one.” She had no reason to believe him, yet it was the only thing he couldn’t bear to no say.

How could she not notice the hurt that crossed his features at her words, she could see the way his emotions twisted and for a split second she felt guilty...guilt that she was clearly making him feel bad, but damnit she shouldn't, she shouldn't care one bit about his feelings, he didn't care about hers....did he?

Thinking back to that night it all felt so special..he was so caring, so loving...surely that wasnt a lie .but how was she to know.

When he said she could leave she turned to grab the handle before she heard him, and she paused at the door, her fingers went to turn but she found she couldn't his words were laying heavily on her then, turning back round she looked at him, her face had changed, a softer tone to it as she looked across the room to where he was.

" Re...Really?... " she asked carefully, a part of her wanted to walk out, walk out and leave him sat there, she didn't wanna give him the time of day but she found she couldn't....somehow his words had touched her and she wanted to know what he meant.

He was surprised she stopped her angry walk out. He had been convinced that would have been the last he would see of her as he would keep his word and leave her alone within the company. As a CEO there was no reason for him to be in contact with a trainee if she did not wish for it.

“Yes.” He said as he found her eyes again. The anger had seemed to calm down just slightly inside of her. “I didn’t lie about my feelings for you.” He added to it. He bit down on his lip, knowing there was still one important thing that she did not know about yet, yet he could not get himself to spit it out just yet. How could he tell her he was married?

“You don’t have to do this now Emily. I surprised you and that is unfair of me.” He then said. “Go back to your work. Take your time to think about all of this.” He suggested. “Come back to me tomorrow, I will answer any questions you have for me.” He offered her. “No more lies, I promise.” He added to it and felt a clump form in his throat one more time before he said the last thing. “And the offer still stands. If you want me to just leave you alone, I will. You don’t have to have anything to do with me. Even within the Daily Mail.”

Emily felt her heart jolt when he confirmed he meant what he said, her eyes watched him carefully wondering deep down if he was being honest or not, she wanted to believe him, but there was a part of her that she questioned if he was being honest.

Emily sighed then turning a bit more to look towards him, her face furrowing. " Yeah..you did..'she whispered out of all the people she thought she would be meeting today seeing him here, and finding out he was her boss was not what she expected.

Her face faltered then when he reinforced what he said, that he would leave her alone if she wanted him to, she remained silent for a moment her eyes connecting with his and god all she wanted to do was go back...to that hotel room..when he was Ben..before this happened and she could remain in the blissful unknown.

" Let's see how tomorrow goes...yeah?... " she said carefully, sighing lightly her fingers fidgeting with themselves as she looked to the door. " where?...where do you want to see me tomorrow?.." she asked carefully, maybe she was crazy...her head was screaming at her to walk out tell him where to go, but she couldn't....because as stupid as it was, she didn't wanna lose him again....

He nodded to her when she decided to take his offer to wait a day. In the end he had been preparing to meet her again for over a week now and yet even he had been ill prepared for just how angry she had been with him. Yet he couldn't leave this without giving her what she deserved. The truth. Even if she did decide that she did not want to see him ever again, he

knew it had been his own fault and perhaps that would be the best for both of them.

“Let’s meet outside the company. Let me take you for a dinner?” He suggested, though he instantly knew how odd of a suggestion that was. “No.. actually.. sorry.” He said, bringing his hand up and rubbing the space between her eyebrows as he thought about that. “How about the park? It is like three blocks from here. We can meet around 7?” He suggested.

His suggestion had her perking a brow seeing how nervous he appeared to get how ever had her smiling, she couldn't help but find it cute...to see him tripping over himself,.before her face faltered...she should be angry at him...and yet here she wad willing to meet him and listen to him when really she should be telling him to go do one.....

" The park will be fine ill be there at 7..." she said turning round to grab the door she found her self pausing again, turning to look towards him. " If your not there, I'll take that as you changed your mind..and your leave me alone...okay?..." she said softly, waiting for his confirmation before she nodded.

" I'll see you tomorrow..." she whispered before she finally opened the door and stepped out, the lady outside waiting for her smiled. " All done Mrs Watson?..."

" Yes I am thank you..."

" He's a wonderful man isn't it?.." she said gently Emily following her pausing at the Elevator her words causing her to smile lightly. " I thought so..." she whispered, and god she did...she just wondered if she would still feel the same tomorrow...

He looked at her as she accepted his invitation to meet at the park. He would need to clear his schedule, often working late, but he could do that. "I will be there Emily. It is up to you if I leave you alone." He reminded her. He would give her as much as she needed to at least feel at peace with the situation. He felt a load fall of his shoulders as she turned around and eventually left.

Yet he wanted to throw things. He found himself giving one loud yell and threw some of the paperwork on his desk to the ground before he calmed down again. He wasn't angry at Emily, he was angry at himself. He was so angry that he could have hurt such a wonderful woman in the way he had. He had thought it would be harmless, that night in Sydney, Canada, but he could not have been more wrong. He had hurt her and he had hurt her deeply. "You are an idiot Nate."

His assistant peeked her head out from around the corner as she had heard the ruckus. "Are you alright Sir?" She asked, unsure if she should interfere. She had hardly ever seen him upset. "No Samantha." He turned to her, giving her the best smile he could manage. "I am alright. Would you ask Mr Finch

to come up next for me?" He asked, knowing he needed to get on with his business. He would just need to wait for tomorrow night.

For the next few days Emily submerged her self in work, she didn't wanna trail behind after all, she worked hard to get this job, she didn't wanna fail already because of what was going on around her, she tried to keep her self busy, tried to keep her self distracted, she didn't wanna think about him anymore.. she didn't wanna think about what tonight would bring, if she was honest with her self..she was scared.. petrified even of what he might say to her, of what he had to tell her, and frankly she was worried she wouldn't be able to handle it...

She found her self watching the clock for most of the day..tapping her foot or her pen on the side with the nerves that was bubbling up inside of her...god did she really wanna go?...she had to...she needed answers, if nothing else.

Checking her watch she sighed 6.50 she was early, she peered around the park it was quiet which was good, the sun was just setting as she moved to take a seat on one of the benches at the edge. The sun was just starting to set the soft golden light shimmering through the large trees that were dotted around the park, shimmering and casting glorious shadows on the floor which she followed, smiling warmly at the beautiful scene in front of her before a strong breeze blew over her , her

hair whipping back as she closed her eyes and simply embasked in the calmness of the moment, knowing in just a short while she will feel anything but calm.

That day and the next one Nathan just felt off. He didn't feel like himself and found it hard to find his ability to concentrate on his work. He kept wondering if she would just tell him to leave, to not hear him out and decide she hated him for what he did. And the truth was, maybe it was for the best. He couldn't be close to her as Nate as he had been as Ben. He was painfully aware that no matter what she did, he was screwed.

But when the day came he made sure to finish his work on time and traded his suit for a more casual outfit to meet her. He wanted her to see him as Nathan and not as his boss in that moment and perhaps a change of attire would help with that. Though it might just be his own optimistic thinking.

He made it there by 6:57, still on time that she wouldn't think he had decided not to show up. Though he had needed to hurry to make it in time and was just slightly winded as he rounded the last corner. He searched for her with his eyes and eventually found her sitting on a bench close to the edge of the park.

“Hey.” He said, giving her a careful smile that seemed to hide so many emotions in him. “Can I sit next to you? Or would you prefer if I stand?” He asked, wanting to make sure he was not making her more uncomfortable then she might already be.

Emily was so focused on watching the scenery around her she barely registered the time, or how close to the time he was meant to be there it was, for a second she felt calm..she didn't feel nerves..not like she had all day, not like she had the last few days since she saw him again.

She heard his voice then, knocking her from her calmness , she twisted her head to meet his gaze then, her eyes travelled down his frame to see him looking so casual, it was a nice look on him.

" I'm not going to make you stand the whole time..." she whispered softly giving him a small smile before her expression shifted to a more sadened look, shifting over on the bench. " You an sit down.. ." She said her hands clasped in her lap then , fingers figgeting like they normally did when she was nervous.

He nodded and sat down next to her. He kept his knees slightly spread and leaned forward with his elbow resting on his upper leg as he stared out in front of them. He could see her fidgeting with her fingers from the corner of her eyes and figured she was just as nervous as he was.

The quiet lasted a long time between them and he just wasn't sure how to start this thing that they were meant to do. The talk that they were meant to have. He wanted to take her hand, make her stop fidgeting and calm her down, but he knew that

would probably have the complete opposite effect in this situation that they had found themselves in.

“So what did you think about these last few days? Do you have questions for me?”

She watched as he moved to sit beside her, watched as he leaned forward watching as he gazed out to look at the scenery much like she did earlier, her eyes softened then to see the haze of the sun set glistening against his skin and hair and god she wanted to touch him, wanted to reach out and stroke some hair from his face but she didn't, with a sigh she looked away, leaning back on the bench as she did.

The silence was defening it stretched out far longer then she liked, she wanted to talk but didn't know what to say, before he finally broke the silence. Her gaze turned to look at him them, her eyes softening.

" I just wanna know why ...why did you lie to me? Why did you make up that name? That story about you?.." she whispered sighing as she looked away from him to look out across the park the wind picking up again . " Why wasn't you just honest with me?.."

He considered her question and thought about the best way to phrase what he wanted to tell her. He had promised to tell her the truth and he would. He took a deep breath.

“Just a few weeks before we met I was raised to the position of CEO of Daily Mail. It had been what I had always wanted. At least that is what I had thought I had always wanted. It didn’t take long to find out that.. It wasn’t enough for me.” He explained as he looked over to her. “It was the reason I told you on that plane that you needed to dream bigger than that, needed more goals than just a career.’ He explained to her. “I guess for just a little bit there I didn’t want to be Nathaniel, the CEO of the Daily Mail. I just wanted to be a guy on a plane, having a good time.” He said to her truthfully as he now looked down at his hands that rested between his legs and rubbed them together. “I never thought it would have such a big impact.” He sighed out big time. “I am not trying to talk right what I did. Just trying to explain.”

Emily remained silent as he spoke, her face furrowing as he explained his reasons for why he lied to her, her brows furrowing together as she sighed her hands clutching together watching as he started to rub his own hands together, and like him she wanted to reach over and take his hand, to hold it and help to steady both their nerves that were clearly playing havoc on them.

" Nathaniel.." she whispered god it felt weird to say that, when all she wanted to do was call him Ben it was the first time she had used his name since she found out " It wouldn't of made a difference to me you know...who you was, what your name was, what you did...none of that mattered, I was having a good

time ..with a guy on a plane I didn't care about what he did, only about...how he made me feel..." she whispered looking down to her hands before back to meet his gaze.

" why can't Nathaniel have fun?..why did you have to make up this character to allow yourself that?...you didn't need to lie to me..I didn't care who you was..I like you I.. " she stopped then sighing. " I guess I don't really understand still...why you still did it..."

He smiled awkwardly mostly to himself as she said it wouldn't matter to her. Just hearing her say his actual name send a jolt through him. "It mattered to me." He admitted.

He bit down on his lip, unable to look at her. He knew there was that one fact that she didn't know about. The one thing he still needed to tell her. He was half surprised she had not already found out by now. One small google would reveal the fact that he was married even if he didn't wear his ring. Though even google didn't knew the full story behind his marriage.

He just needed to get it out, to tell her the full truth. She deserved that much from him. "I have a wife Emily.." it came out as barely a whisper.

it mattered to him...she sighed then, she still didn't understand, she didn't understand what more to say or do her eyes looked out to the scenery, she wanted to

understand...understand more why he did it, why he felt he had to do it...and then he said it...

" I have a wife Emily..."

She froze then, her breath hitching as she turned to look at him. " w...what did you say?..." she asked carefully seeing the look on his face her face furrowed more, she felt her heart race inside her chest then, felt her hands becoming clammy.

" you...cheated on your wife?...with me?...does she know?..." she asked seeing his expression she gasped moving to stand up.

" you mean to say after spending the night with me...making me believe all that stuff you said, making me feel like you cared about me you came home and carried on with your life as normal?.." she said, her bottom lip trembling , she hated her self for getting so emotional all the damn time but she couldn't stop her self.

" there's me thinking I shared something special with someone, believing maybe just maybe that someone cared about that moment to...that maybe he thought about me as well....only to find out that once he was through with me he went back to his wife?.." she sucked in a deep breath then shaking her head

" I feel so stupid ..." she whispered pulling her hands through her hair in a attempt to settle her emotions.

He had known this was going to be bad once that fact came to light, yet he had been ill prepared. He could simply feel his soul being crushed as she now saw him as a cheating monster. As someone who would sleep with a stranger and cheat on his wife like it didn't matter to anybody. He bit down on his jaw as he put it on the same pile as the belief that he had not cared for her at all. He sometimes wished he didn't.

He got up from the bench then and walked up to her again, though he kept his distance enough to not scare her. "It is not that simple." He said to her, for the first time a hint of anger could be heard in his voice. "Stop saying that I didn't care!" He yelled just a little bit too loud.

"I didn't go back to my wife and went on with my life." He said. "I went back to a woman who is unable to give me anything I need. A woman who, despite her love for me, can't take care of me because she can't even take care of herself." He said, trying to calm himself down. "You don't know what it is like Emily.." he just said as desperation now took over the tone in his voice. "To go back there everyday and wondering what state I might find her in."

His yelled made her jump, his yell brought her back round to reality, looking at him her breath hitching now as she shook her head " what do you want me to think Nathaniel!? I..." she paused how ever when she saw the look on his face saw the

torment behind his eyes and she stopped then, stopped shouting, her face furrowing as his words came out

She paused then, the breeze blowing over her as she heard the desperate tone in his voice and couldn't help but wonder then how much more was going on then she realised.

She stepped forward then, she lifted her hand wanting to take his but paused pulling it back . " Nathaniel...." she whispered, when he didn't look at her straight away she lifted her hand out taking his chin she rose his face to hers, seeing the torment between his eyes , she felt all her anger vanish, felt every emotion she felt in that moment disappear the only emotion she felt was concern...concern for him.

" Nathaniel what's going on?..." she whispered unable to stop her fingers from moving over his jaw before she slowly moved them away. " Talk to me..."

When his hand found her he just wanted to lean into it. He wanted her comfort, her warmth. He wanted her more than anything he had wanted in his life. And it only pained him to know that he could not have her. He moved her hand up to meet hers, to keep her there, but by the time he reached it she had already pulled away.

His eyes found hers, his filled with the sadness and distraught that he was feeling. Could he tell her about that part of his life? The part that he kept hidden away in the shadows. Even some

of the people that were closest to him did not know about the issues he was facing at home.

“Six years ago my wife went out for a night out with her friends. They stopped at a gasstation for some gas along the way. It was just a wrong time wrong place kind of situation. The shop got robbed at gunpoint in that exact moment. Her friend tried to pull her phone to call the cops, the burglar noticed..” he swallowed. “She got shot right through the head in front of my wife.”

He paused then needing to sit down. “When I got there she was covered in blood, frantic, crying. I took her home, tried to calm her down. The next morning she attempted to take her life.” He bit down on his jaw as he recalled those moments. “I had to get her committed and it took two months before they deemed her fit to go home with me, but she never recovered from it.”

“For six years now I have been watching her recover, just to dive right down that hole again. Every time I try to get close to her she pushes me away, convinced that if she would let me I will die like her friend did. I have given her everything I have...” he paused needing to swallow the tears away that were dangerously close to showing up. “I never meant to cheat on her.. I just wanted to feel wanted and loved. When you showed up on that plane there was just that instant

connection and I know you felt it too. I never meant to take it that far.." he burrowed his face in his hands.

Emily was almost to afraid of what he might say, his look his expressions how twisted and tormented he looked...to be honest it scared her, scared her what he might say...but what he did say made her chest ache forcibly.

She found tears coming to her eyes for a different reason now, thinking of the torment he must of gone through, what he was still going through, how hard it must be to care for someone who pushed you away constantly...and then knowing, knowing deep down even if he wanted to leave her how could he? Knowing how fragile that woman was .

" Nathaniel..." she whispered , watching how he burried his head into his hands she moved to sit beside him and without thinking she wrapped her arms around him pulling him close, closing her eyes as she held him, offering the comfort he clearly needed.

" Shh..." she whispered hearing his emotions broke her and she pulled him closer. " Im sorry ...I'm sorry for what your going through, what your both going through...." she whispered against his hair before she pulled away, her hands coming to clutch his cheeks holding him there so she could look at him.

" Is there nothing else you can do? To help her?..othrr therapies? Other treatments maybe?.."

He leaned into her and turned himself so that he could rest his head on her shoulder. Her comfort was nice and it genuinely calmed him down. He took in her scent and even after twelve months it gave him that instant comfort. He couldn't keep himself from pushing his nose into her hair and really taking her in before she pulled back and looked into his eyes. "I don't know.. I tried everything. It never seems to help her long term." He said.

He brought his hand up to Emily's cheek and gently held her there as their faces were so close together. "I never meant to hurt you Emily.." he said, honestly and regret written in his face. "I never meant to take it that far." He wanted to kiss her, but he held himself back, knowing he could never have her again.

Her face softened then as he explained that he had tried everything that nothing they seemed to try lasted long term. Her face furrowed, her heart broke for this man sat here..and in that moment she didn't care about herself all she cared about was him...and how hopelessly frantic he must feel all the time wondering how is she, if she is okay...Will she be okay when he got home.

She suddenly felt his hand against her cheek, her eyes closing briefly so she could enjoy the contact of it nuzzling into his palm with a sigh. " I know..." she whispered , opening her eyes

so she could look at him , her own hand coming to push some hair from his face.

" You need to do something Nathaniel...you need to find a solution you can't live like this ..both of you can't live like this...its ripping you apart I can see that..." she whispered her hand coming to move over his jaw , she wasn't saying this because she wanted him...because she wanted him for herself, no she was saying this because she was worried.worried about the emotional impact this was going to have on him.." Your not going to be able to keep doing this forever...there will come a time when it's all to much Nathaniel..."

He considered her world and he knew that she was right. Yet what choice did he have? How could he divorce this woman that was in such a dark place. How could he lock her away in a facility and forget about her. He just didn't know how that could work for him. At first he had his job to concentrate on, to climb the ladder, to work hard for his career. But now that he had reached the top of the chain he didn't know what to focus on next.

His world was falling apart and it started with meeting her. With finding a person who made him feel alive and safe and calm. A woman who could even put her own needs aside and comfort him when she was supposed to angry at him. It sort of reminded him of how he felt himself and he knew he could not keep her locked in this game that he had started to play.

"I will leave you alone Emily.." he said as he forced a small smile to his lips. "Enjoy your job, you will grow fast, I know you will." He felt heartbroken. It felt like losing another woman to an impossible situation. "I just needed you to not remember me as a monster."

" I will leave you alone Emily..."

She felt her breath hitch then, her eyes widening as she looked towards him, he wanted to leave her alone, trouble was she didn't think she wanted him to...but then what did she want?...he wasn't going to leave her, and frankly she wouldn't expect him to, not with the situation, it broke her heart to know what he was dealing with .alone...

His words had her smiling . " I better do...I spent enough in university...." she whispered trying to bring some light into the conversation, she felt a tear come down her face then at his last words.

" Your not a monster.. .not even close..," she whispered, reaching out then she took his hand, holding it within her own grasp. " Nathaniel....you don't have to deal with this on your own, you don't need to carry the stress of this on your own...let me be there for you.." she whispered seeing his expression she smiled.

" I dont want anything Nathaniel...I dont expect anything, just...at least let me help you in what ever way I can and...if that means just being there If you need to talk....then thats

what ill do, i....." she paused deciding to stop saying what ever she might of said next. " we can..we can be friends...if, if you want that , that is..." she whispered, inside she felt her heart shattering to know she might be loosing the one man she had a real connection with, the one man who she truly wanted...but she couldn't expect that now, she couldnt ask that of him, she wouldnt be that person, .but she also didn't want to lose him completely...not again.

He felt bad when he looked up at her and saw a tear rolling down her cheek. He moved his hand up, wiping the tear away from her cheek. The last thing he wanted was for her cry about him. She should move on, go find someone who could give her what she had found with him. Someone who could commit to her 100% of the way. Who could support in every single way that she might need in her life.

As she started to stammer at her words, talking about how she wanted to be there for her, how she wanted to be his friend. He found himself biting down on his lip as she just brushed her cheek more, supporting her face in the palm of his hand. He wanted her and he knew that he would never be able to put that feeling aside and he wondering if she thought that she could.

"I can't Em.." he said, pain in his voice. "I can't be around you and not want you. I can't sit in the same room with you and not want to hold you, to kiss you." He brushed his finger over

her lip as even in that moment he was tempted to do it. "H just bit down on his own to keep him from doing it.

" I can't Em..."

The pain in his voice had a shattered breath leave her throat, even before he spoke...even before he said the words she knew he was going to say it, his words had another tear fall from her eyes, feeling his finger over her lip she opened her eyes then to look at him, one hand coming up to brush over his cheek...

She wanted to beg him..beg him to change his mind, she wanted things to be different...she wanted desperately to have him, but she knew she couldnt...she knew she never would. " I know.. .." she whispered because she knew deep down she felt the same way, she moved her hand away then, she didn't want to make this situation any worse, she didn't want him to feel guilty about anything.. .he had so much going on..

Reaching into her bag she grabbed a note pad, as she started writing on it ripping it of she handed it to him. " You might not want them, and you might not ever need them but...that's my address and my number if...if you ever just..." she stopped then feeling emotions pushing through her.

" If you ever change your mind, or just need to talk I.. .just know I'll be there..." she whispered swatting her tears away. " I suppose I should go, maybe....maybe I'll see you at work sometime?..."

He placed his forehead against hers for just a small moment as they had seemed to reach the conclusion that being friends just wouldn't work between them. He took a deep breath, just enjoying that feeling of being so close to her for one last time before he pulled back from her and created a small distance between them.

He took the note from her and looked at it. He was unsure how to feel about getting her number and even the place where she lived. Yet he accepted it and put it away safely in his wallet.

"Thank you." He said, forcing another small smile on his lips. He then stole the small notepad from her and wrote his own personal phonenumber down. "Just in case.." he repeated though he had no good excuse to actually give it to her. He didn't give his home adress to her, knowing that it needed to stay a safe place for his wife.

He sat there for a small moment more before he knew they needes to break free from her. He got up from the bench ans clenched his jaw. "I will see you." He said before he walked off.

As he walked away he put his hands in his pocket and finally let his emotions really run. He cried then, feeling tears falling down his face. It was better this way.. he convinced himself.

" Do you think you should slow down?.." a voice shouted over the loud banging music of the club she was in, the multicoloured strobe lights illuminating her frame, the red

dress she wore blew in the gentle wind that was generated from the air con in there.

" Nope...." Emily responded before she sunk her next shot. The alcohol burning the back of her throat reaching out for another one, her friend coming to grasp it.

" Emily seriously...your gonna make yourself sick..." her friend said her face furrowed with concern .

" Anna belle I am not gonna make myself sick...I'm having fun...I'm allowed to do that right?.." she teased fluttering her eyelashes at her, her friend snorted a laugh as she swiped the other shot from her and necked it quick

" come on I wanna dance!.." she said grabbing her hands she pulled her friend onto the dancefloor amongst all the other bodies as the music pushed through her as she finally let loose and allowed the music to sway her frame, forgetting about anything else..but this.

2.40am....and here she was...walking through the streets her head spinning, her hair stuck to her face and neck from how bloody hot she was, and she was thinking...thinking of him, thinking about what he was doing....why he wasn't with her...why when he wanted her so much...before she knew what she was doing she was dialling his number...hearing it ringing

she waited , nearly tripping she gripped hold of the fire escape ladder before continuing up the empty dark street.

It had not been an amazing day for Nate. Work had been meeting after meeting of boring people that had just wanted all of his attention for that little small tiny project they were trying to set up. He had approved a few but shot down many more causing people to get frustrated with him. He wondered when they learned he couldn't be persuaded with nice words. He needed results.

When he had come home he came home to a house that had been half torn apart. His wife sometimes did this, claiming she was looking for things when he knew she had in fact experienced a panic attack. When he had tried to comfort her she had shot him down and said she needed space.

He ended up cleaning up the living room while he could hear her crying in the upstairs room. When she got like it qad better to leave her alone so he had made his bed on the couch, trying to get some rest of his part.

It was about two hours later that he got woken up by his phone. "Hmm..." he grumbled as he moved over to it and squinted his eyes as he looked at the bright screen. He was more awake after he saw the name. He had saved Emily's number even if he had never dialed in and her name was now at his screen.

"Emily?" He said after answering it.

she heard his voice over the phone, his voice sounding rough and sleepy clearly he had just woken up which caused her to grin on the other side of the phone.

" You know...I did know if you would answer little old me or not...I'm glad you did...your voice sounds nice when your half asleep..." she slurred through the phone, taking a few careful steps the damn boots she was wearing so much harder to walk in now she was drunk!

" I was just walking home..and I just thought.. I would call you...you know to see how you are.. that and i just wanted to talk to you...." she whispered pathetically into the phone, sucking in a deep breath pushing her hair from her face as she clutched her back in her other hand.

" Why don't you want me Nathaniel?...I could be good for you ya know.." she slurred , nearly tripping again she gasped and reached for the lamppost to steady her self. " remind me not to wear these boots again...there a health hazard.." she mumbled down the phone, clearly struggling to walk.. and clearly very drunk...

He almost instantly sat up on the couch as he heard the slurring of her words. Was she drunk? He took the phone from his face and checked the time. 2:45.. that was definetly the right time to be drunk. He didn't even fully notice when she said she wanted him.

"Em.. are you drunk?" He asked her just straight up as he was already starting to get up from the couch and grabbing his pants, getting dressed clumsily. "Where are you?" The worry was clear in his voice. "Are you alone?" She had to be kidding him.. walking the streets drunk on her own.

she huffed at his words then. " No...I am not drunk..." she said carefully stepping over a man hole as she looked around, the streets were fairly empty which was good she didn't need someone spotting her like this " I've just had a few drinks..but I am not drunk.. nu uh..." she said in a matter of fact tone. " all though you like it when I'm drunk hmm?...you said so yourself..." she giggled down the phone.

She could hear the worry in his voice then and she couldn't help but giggle more. " oooo are you worried about me?..don't be worried about little old me I'm a big girl.. .I can take care of myself..." she teased down the phone.

" and I wasn't on my own...but I lost my friend, I came out for some air the bouncers wouldn't let me back in..so here I am...walking down.. " she paused now looking at the street name with squinted eyes

" Camden Road.. ..where is Camden Road?...is it near my flat?...maybe I should get a cab. Maybe i should turn around because i actually dont know where i am....." she screeched then as she nearly fell over, grabbing a wall beside her she groaned " Maybe I should sit down..." she mumbled into the

phone, the air thick around her as she allowed her self to sit on the step taking in a deep breath tossing her hair from her face.

" Okay...maybe I am drunk..."

He couldn't help but grumble into the phone as he heard her stumbling around. Multiple times he was sure she hurt herself in some way but she just ended to keep doing. He eventually managed to pull on his pants and pulled a sweater over his head and stepped into his shoes. All the while holding his phone to his ear. "Sure sounds like you are..." he said.

"Camden Road? Do you see anything else?" He asked her.

Her then slowly made his way upstairs and peeked into the room where his wife was vast asleep. It seemed that at least she had also found some rest. It wasn't ideal but he could go out without needing to worry about her.

"Just stay where you are okay?" He asked her as he finally felt ready to jump in his car to go get her. His shoes being untied and his hair an absolute mess from being asleep.

He stepped into his car and switched the phone over to the system that was in his car so he could keep talking to her while he drove. "You had a good night out then?" He decided, needing to keep her talking while he pur camden road into his navigation system and pulled out.

" I'm not that bad...." she slurred down the phone, reading her head against the wall she was currently sitting beside, a cold

win blowing past her causing her to shudder lightly, his question had her grinning.

" I see a road..." she said, she could almost hear his grumble in the background and it made her giggle. " Are you mad at me?..." she whispered down the phone. " Are you gonna spank me?... because I got to tell you I might not be against that..." she joked with another chuckle, before he repeated his question about anything being there and she huffed.

" Oh your no fun..." she pouted looking around briefly. " I see a library up the road..its closed now though so if you wanted a book your shit out of luck..." she slurred, she tried to stand but found she couldn't, she was far to tired.

" you don't need to get me...I'll be okay..once I get up again I'm sure I'll find my way home..." she slurred.

" I had a good night, alot of dancing...my feet hurt now though...can you dance? I bet you can...I bet your a good dancer.."

"Oooh, yes you are." He said when she claimed to not be that far gone. Her whole voice was slurring all over the place. She had been stumbling and now she was sitting beside a random road in the middle of the night. She was drunk alright.

He couldn't help but chuckle just slightly at her little comment about him spanking her. It was just so out of the blue and very unlike the Emily that he knew. He had learned before that

alcohol would make her more daring, but this.. this was a fun side of her. "I am not mad, I just don't like you being on your own in the middle of the night." He said.

He quickly checked on his phone to see if there was any library to be found on the map and he soon had a decent idea of where he needed to go to find her. He was driving a lot faster than he probably should, but it was the middle of the night so there was not a lot of traffic. He really hated her being alone, lucky that she seemed to stay on the phone so far.

"Ooh, I am coming to get you alright." He just said as she said she would be fine. Hell she wouldn't. "Yes I can dance, though I don't tend to go to night clubs." He let her know, wanting to keep her talking.

It only took a few minutes more to find the library and he slowed down to look out his window to see if he could find her. It didn't take long till he saw her small frame sitting against a wall, her hair messily sticking to her face, sitting in her red dress that now seemed quite dirty from the road. "There you are."

"Are you worried about me Nathaniel?..." she whispered down the phone as he voiced his concerns, she felt emotions rolling through her then as she sucked a deep breath, the wind whipping more of her hair from her face causing her to shudder delicately. "You don't need to worry....I'm sure I'll be okay.." she slurred again.

His reinforced sentence of coming to get her how ever had her giggling. " Am I going to be in trouble Mr Kingston?...are you going to give me a warning?...." she teased down the phone, sighing lightly she could feel her eyes growing heavy .

" Hmmm you should come dancing with me..we would have fun....I could show you my moves, I've been told there pretty good.." her voice was getting quieter now as she found her self growing more tired.

She barely registered the sound of the car pulling up , her body slumped against the wall , god she was so tired..she just wanted to fall asleep. " Just...wake me up when you get here..." she mumbled down the phone, un bekown to her that he was already there....

He quickly stepped out of the car, letting it run as he knew he would be back in it soon. He was still looking like he had just gotten out of bed, because well.. he did. His pants were crinkled, her sweater crooked and his hair all over the place. His shoes untied still as he had never bothered to get them laced up. He quickly walked over to her and then kneeled in front of her.

"Hey sleepyhead." He said as he couldn't keep himself from smiling at her. She just looked silly, sitting there half nodding off in that little red dress of hers. "You are in trouble." He chuckled. He would then gently put her arms around her and lift her up into the air so one of his arms was resting in the

smalls of her knee and the other holding into her back. "Let's get you home shall we?" He suggested.

Emily was so comfortable.. or at least as comfortable as she could be resting up against that wall, she was somewhat stirred when she heard the sound of a door opening, her eyes furrowing beneath the lids before she she heard his voice, her eyes opening almost instantly to see him kneeling in front of her, her own smile coming to see his smile for her.

" Why hello there handsome....fancy seeing you here..." she slurred her grin spreading. When he said she was in trouble she frowned a glint of playfulness behind her look how ever " Am I I'm big big trouble?....are you going to tell my boss? I've heard he can rather strict ..." she teased, watching him come towards her she pulled her arms up to wrap around him, instantly nuzzling in against his neck, she could smell his cologne and it sent all manner of emotions through her.

" Are you coming home with me?...." she whispered into his neck, her nose nuzzling against the flesh there, her fingers toying with the short strands of hair at the back of his neck.

God she was adorable when she was drunk.. He couldn't suppress a sigh as he was very aware that maybe in reality he was the actual person being in trouble here. "Ooh, I already told you boss and I can inform you that he does not agree with your decision to go home alone." He shared with her as she nuzzled up against his neck. He just closed his eyes for a

moment as they stood there, enjoying the feeling of having her this close to him again. "You smell like alcohol." He chuckled then. She really did.

He then walked them back to his car and opened the passenger side to gently set her down there. He even went as far as to buckle her in as he was sure she was too drunk to remember her own safety. She had already seemed to prove to him that she didn't. He closed the door for her and then got in the other side of the car. He easily typed in her address into the navigation system. The truth was that he had driven by her house a few times on bad days, yet he had always managed to turn himself away from it again.

"Are you comfortable?"

Emily pouted in his arms now sighing deeply. "I didn't mean to come home alone...blame the bouncer...he wouldn't let me back in the club it's his fault I'm here all alone..." she mumbled into his neck, god he smelled so good, she wanted to get closer, she wanted to nuzzle even more into him but she couldn't..

His complaint about her breath had her snorting. "well I have been drinking what did you expect me to smell of?...you know for a CEO you're not very smart..." she teased rubbing his nose against his neck once more.

When he put her into the car she grumbled, already feeling lonely not having the warmth or smell of him around her...she wanted him back, watching him climb in the car she moved

her hand reaching over to take his...she just wanted to hold him.

" Hmmm..its better then those steps.." she whispered, opening her eyes she got a good look at him and smirked. " Did I drag you out of bed?.." she whispered her hand coming to toy with the strands of his hair that were stuck up. " You look cute all ruffled like this...anyone told you that before?..."

"Well, you did call me at 2:40 am, what did you expect?" He said. "You know for someone graduating top of her class you really are not very smart." He threw back at her then, not able to suppress the chuckle on his own joke. She was so incredibly drunk and he couldn't help but really love it. It almost seemed like the whole tension that had lived between them over these past few days had completely left.

He let her take his hand and didn't complain about it. Though he sometimes needed his hand back from her to shift. He pulled up the car and drove slower this time, wanting to stretch that car ride out just a little bit. "Why didn't you call your friend when you couldn't get back in?"

Emily blinked then as she looked at the time reading it on the dash she grumbled " Oops...Guess time flies when your having fun..." she teased, his next words had her giggling . " I'm graduating top of my class huh?..." she teased nuzzling into the seat as he started to drive " I am smart...just not when I've been drinking...." she grumbled.

She felt him take her hand and smiled, her eyes watching as he clutched her hand when ever he could, her fingers dancing over them idly.

" I didn't want to..." she whispered, tilting her head up she watched him in the dimly lit car . " I wanted to call you...I just...I just wanted to Hear your voice " she whispered almost pathetically as she swallowed tilting her body round so she could sit more comfortably, her hand leaving his as it moved to rest against his leg.

Even though he was driving slow he knew that the drive to her house was not far anymore. Even if her walk would have been quite a long one, the drive there was barely anything. He couldn't help but enjoy having her next to him.

Her next words had him conflicted. Even if he was happy that she had wanted to call him, a part of him was worried about it. He had hoped that she would have accepted the situation by now and had been ready to move on from him. Even if he was stuck in the situation he was in, there was no need for her to be as well. She could move on, find a nice guy. She should do that.. but even as those thoughts drove through his head he knew that he likely couldn't bear seeing her with anybody else. He felt selfish..

The hand against his leg just broke the thought and for a moment he looked over to her before back to the road. She

looked almost sad. "Well, you can call me anytime if you want." He found himself saying as a smile tugged at his lips.

He soon pulled up the driving lot close to her apartments.

"Well, here we are Miss." He said as he turned the key off in the car. "You got your keys in that purse of yours?" He asked.

If she managed to find them he would walk up with her to her apartment to make sure she made it there without falling down a set of stairs.

she knew she shouldn't be acting like this, knew he probably didn't need her behaving this way around him, he had enough going on in his own life without this silly needy girl hanging on the hope that maybe...just maybe he might realise she was good for him, that she could make him happy..

As he admitted she could call him anytime she wanted her smile warmed nuzzling into the seat she sighed " Hmm...you might get more drunken calls though, I doubt I'll have the courage when I'm.sober..." she teased.

Her eyes noticed her apartment coming into view and she frowned, she didn't wanna go in...she didn't wanna leave him. " I dunno do I?.." she teased playfully smiling towards him before it faltered and she reached into her bag , her keys jangling as she held them in her hand.

Holding his arm for support as he assisted her into the apartment, thankfully her place was on the second floor so it was only one flight of stairs to get their, using him as support

to guide her there. Once she reached the door she turned around to look at him.

" Come in with me..." she whispered, her hand coming out to stroke tenderly along his chest. " Please....Please Nathaniel don't leave me on my own tonight..." she whispered desperately out to him, god she sounded so pathetic. , moving into him more she cuddled him, her head nuzzling his neck like she did earlier simply breathing him in.

" Please...."

He walked with her up the stairs and was glad he did so. Multiple times he needed to catch her as she seemed to stumble over her own shoes. She was right.. they were a serious health hazard.

When they reached her door he knew their small adventure in the night was over and he would need to go back being without her. He about to say something when she beat him to it.

"Come in with me.."

His head was telling him to tell her no, but once she cuddled into him that resolve faded quickly. He couldn't help but wrap his arms around her body and f Pull her closer against him as he felt her nose nuzzling against his neck.

How could he resist her when she was like this? How could he just say no to her and go back to a home where he was forced to sleep on a couch more often then not. She felt so warm, so

inviting. Her nuzzling so tempting and addictive to him. He took a nose full of her scent, and even with it mixed with the alcohol it was clearly that same girl from 12 months ago.

"Okay.." he eventually said, though his voice was unsteady. "But not for long." It was a compromise he had made with himself even if he was unsure if he could manage to stick to it.

she was prepared for him to say no...she was prepared for him to tell her he didn't want to, to watch him turn away and leave her again... but then he wrapped his arms around her and she melted against him, her hand moving to clutch into his shirt to hold him close, to feel this warmth...it felt nice to have him close again.

When he finally agreed she leaned back smiling up to him, her hand coming to push some hair from his face. " Not for long..." she whispered back to him, before she finally turned back around to open her apartment door, the lock clicking as she stepped in flicking the light on.

The place smelt like vanilla a warm comforting feeling came from her place, it wasn't big but it was cosy, large soft throws against the sofas, cushions dotted around, books lined on the small table in the living room as well as books which took up a entire space against the wall.

She moved into the apartment, nearly tripping again before she finally twisted her body to sit on the sofa. " Can you help me get these of?.. before I break my neck..." she slurred with a

smile, lifting her leg up to him now, the dress riding up exposing her thigh a bit more to him as she waited.

He couldn't lie, he was slightly surprised when the door opened and he was greeted by the warm and welcoming rooms that made up her apartment. The smell of vanilla instantly filled his nose and he couldn't help smile at it. It smelled exactly like she did. Sweet and comforting. He wasn't sure what exactly he had expected, but this had not been it.

"Can you help me get these of?" She asked him and he looked up at her as she was sitting down on her sofa, one leg stretched into the air for him to remove. He chuckled softly and went on one knee in front of her.

He started with the zipper on the side and moved it down just to expose those beautiful legs of her. He was instantly reminded of their night together those 12 months ago and he could feel a heat built inside of him. That heat only got worse as he looked up to find her dress riding up and her whole leg now exposed to him as he took off her boot.

Yet he pushed it down, biting down on his lip as he shifted a bit to make his pants feel less uncomfortable and move to do the same with her other boot. "There all safe now." He just said as he smiled up to her. Staying down on that knee in the hopes his erection would go down.

Emily smiled as he came over then to help take her boots off, her eyes softening to watch him drop to his knees, she felt his

hand come up the sound of the zipper running down on the boot created sound noise in the other silence that was drifting around them right now.

She bit down on her own lip as she watched him, watched as he took her in, and even she didn't miss the slight heat behind his gaze and it warmed her, her own mind flicking back to the moment they shared in the hotel room twelve months ago , how he made her feel...how he was the only one to make her feel like that.

Both her boots were of now , her toes digging into the rug beneath her. " Much better....Thankyou.." she whispered, watching him carefully before she moved to sit up on the couch, the dress riding up to sit at her hips.

" I can use a hand getting this dress of to...." she whispered to him, her hand coming up to take his bringing him forward so he was between her legs , knelt in front of her , her eyes darkened then, her tongue coming to lap over her bottom lip.

" I might get stuck in it if I do it myself..." she murmured playfully.

She was making this hard on, impossible even. Though he had resolved to not hurt her again, to stay away from her. He was now here in this apartment and she was playing him like a fiddle. He let her pull him closer towards her, her legs on either side of him as she looked up that gaze of her.

A gaze full of wanting, longing. He watched as her lips caressed her lower lip and she asked him to help her out of the dress. If he had had any hope of his erection going down he knew that hope was now lost forever. "Would you now?"

He moved her hair over her shoulder so he could reach the zipper in the back, exposing that beautiful long neck of hers and suddenly he just couldn't resist her no longer.

He pushed his groin against her and placed his lips in her neck as he kissed her there. At the same time his hand moving the zipper down on her back so her dress would fall away and expose even more of that beautiful shoulder of hers.

" mmhmm i would....its not a easy dress...and you wouldn't want me to be stuck..." she whispered to him, feel her stomach tightening as he came closer to her, the smell of his cologne, his warmth engulfing her already.

She felt his finger come to move her hair, shuddering to feel the contact before his fingers moved to the zipper pulling it down exposing her neck, she suddenly felt his body move closer to her, her hands reaching out to grip his shirt her fingers digging in as she felt his lips against her neck, dipping her head to the side to allow him better access as she felt her dress sliding down her more

" Nathaniel..." she whispered lustfullt, her legs pulling round his waist more to drag him closer to her.

It was like a bomb had bursted between them. His hands eagerly pulling her dress down to expose her upperbody to him. Her legs pulling around him only confirmed more how much he wanted it and he pressed even more into her. One hand moves to the base of her neck as he kissed her eagerly and passionately. He tasted the alcohol on her lips, on her tongue but he didn't mind at all. His other hand moved down and grabbed her breast in the palm of his hand, wanting to keep his body.

"Tell me to stop.." he just whispered into her mouth as he couldn't tear himself apart from her. He wanted her in every way. He wanted to take her right on that couch, to feel one with her once again. She was a drug to him and he couldn't pull himself away from her once he had started.

Emily whimpered as she felt his hands pulling her dress down more, exposing her bra covered breasts, her arms eagerly pulling out of the sleeves allowing the dress to slide down to sit at her waist, her hands coming up to run along his chest to his neck holding him firmly as he started to kiss her, groaning into his mouth she kissed him back with just as much passion, just as much force .

She felt his hand cover her breast and she moaned into his mouth. Hearing his words she groaned. " No....I Dont want you to, I don't want you to stop...I need you Nathaniel, I need you so badly," she whispered against his lips, her hands gripping

the jumper he was wearing she pulled her lips away long enough to pull it over his head tossing it to the floor, her hands moving go stroke along his chest again groaning to finally feel his skin again beneath her fingers

She wouldn't stop and he had known that the moment that he had put his lips to her neck. She wanted him, otherwise she would not have called him. The alcohol didn't make her more rational either and a part of him cursed himself for taking advantage of it. Yet she was there. Right underneath him, wanting to be one with him once again.

He pulled back from her then going just far enough away so they were not touching anymore. He pulled her dress up so it was now just hanging meaninglessly around her waist and then pulled her panties down. He wanted access to her even if he himself was not even close to being undressed. "You want me?" He teased her.

He moved his arms underneath her knees and pulled her forward so her bottom was now half hanging off the couch and put her knees over his shoulders. "Tell me how much.." he wanted to hear her say it, wanting to hear that heat in her voice as she spoke about him, drunk on her presence near him. He spread her folds with his finger and put his lips to her sex. Finding that button that was hiding there and gently caressing it with his tongue.

when he pulled back she groaned desperately , she wanted him back already she felt cold, she felt distant and she didn't like it...god her whole body was on fire and she wanted him, wanted his touch, his lips, his hands on her..

She watched as he hoisted her dress up felt her panties come down and get disregarded on the floor her eyes becoming heavy to watch his gaze on her now. His question had her shuddering. " Yes..." she whispered out to him

She felt his hands underneath her knees as she was pulled forward, groaning as her body laid down, watching as he tugged her legs over his shoulders and she bit her bottom lip her body squirming to know what was coming next.

His next words caused her to groan, a shudder rolling through her frame, before she felt his warm breath on her sex her body Jerking to feel his tongue on her sensitive button.

" God Nathaniel can't you tell..." she whispered hungrily to him. " Can't you feel how much I want you, what you do to me...I'm hungry for you all the time, hungry for your hands on me, your body on mine...your all I think about...god Nathaniel. ." She moaned again as she felt his tongue working that sensitive bud making it hard for her to concentrate on anything but the sensations.

He almost just growled into her as she spoke those words, as she said his actual name and not that stupid name he had made up on the plane. He got more aggressive with her then.

Really putting his mouth on her and sucking just slightly on her sex. He could taste her juices as she was already wet and fuck she tasted great. She squirmed underneath him, her body telling him just how much she liked what he was doing to her.

As he sat there he started to try and undo his own pants and ushering it down his legs along with his boxers as he never let her mouth leave her.

When he finally succeeded he stopped what he was doing and eagerly took her knees off his shoulders so her body would lower. In a swift motion he just pushed himself inside of her, knowing she was wet enough to take him. It took only a matter of seconds between his mouth being there and now his member entering her deeply.

"Was that what you wanted?" He asked her with a grin, loving to tease her, loving to make her talk. He moved his hand down, putting his thumb back on that small bud in her folds and started to move his hips into her. God.. she felt amazing.

she gasped as her back arched off the sofa as she felt his lips on her, felt him suck that spot that sent her wild, her hand coming down to dig in his hair her nails scratching through his scalp, her body was on fire, she was burning up just feeling him touch her there, something she had dreamt about...far too many times she cared to admit to!

She was so caught up in the sensation of his mouth on her sex she didn't hear his belt come undone or his trousers and

boxers being pulled down, her body squirmed god he had her so close already...

Suddenly and without warning her legs dropped from his shoulders, and before she could react she felt hum push inside her and she cried out with pleasure, her body shuddering either the sensation of him inside her again.

His words had her grinning a small giggle leaving his lips. " its all ove wanted for the past twelve months....it's all I've dreamt about..." she moaned , feeling his thumb on her bud she moaned, her hips moving to meet his her gaze moving to follow his own facial features, her eyes darkening to see the lust and need in his gaze for her, god he made her feel so beautiful...

They instantly fell back into a rhythm that was satisfying for both of them. Their bodies knowing exactly what to do with eachother. He crawled up a bit more into her. Sitting on his knees before the couch as he joined their bodies together. He found her mouth once more and eagerly kisses her lips, even going as far as biting slightly into and pulling. "I have dreamd about it too.." he admitted to her in her lips.

He felt his stomach working as he brought his hips more and more into her, making long and deep thrusts into her. God the felt good.

"Tell me what you dreamd about." He asked of her. "How do you want me to pleasure you Em?" He wanted to know her

desires, her fantasies. He wanted to please her in the exact way she had dreamed about, feeling like owed her that in a way.

Emily was in a world of pleasure, her whole body was tingling, her own body responded to his movements and god she wanted more...wanted more of his touch his lips his hands on her. Since that night together she craved him, craved his touch, god she just wanted him.

She felt him come closer, her hands coming to bury in his hair, she met his kisses back eagerly, groaning as he nipped at her bottom lip, his admittance caused her eyes to grow even darker " You have?..." she whispered , a part of her hand wondered if he did...if he did want her, but now having him again like this showed her at least just how much he wanted her to...

She groaned as his movements became a bit harder, his thrusts long, and god it felt incredible it made her toes curl into the carpet beneath her feet.

" You...always you.. .taking me like this, pleasing me in a way only you know how.." she moaned out, his question had her sighing, her hand coming to drag down his chest her nails scratching the skin.

" I want to pleasure you Nathaniel...I want to show you how much I want you..." she whispered, leaning her body up then she moved so she could sit slightly on his knees, her arms

wrapping around his neck as she kissed him again, her tongue fiercely dancing in his mouth with his own...

This wasn't just about her, this wasn't just about her pleasure, it was about his to...and fuck she wanted to give him something he wouldn't forget easily...she wanted to drive him crazy with passion like he was doing to her.

In her position she started to rock her own hips lifting her self up and down on his lap, her turn to take over now , her hips grinding down into his, her lips left his lips moving to kiss along his jaw and ear moving down to his neck she kissed the flesh her tongue running over it careful not to leave any marks

" What did you dream about when you thought of me?.." she turned the question round to him now whispering in his ear nipping the lobe playfully before she begun to move a little quicker on his lap.

He was somewhat surprised when she decided that she wanted to take the lead. That she wanted to be the one to move on him and decide the pace. As she moved over to put more of her weight into him he shifted along with her so he was no longer on his knees, but more sitting on the floor.

He couldn't keep the smirk of his face as instead of him thrusting into her she started to rock her hips against him, setting the pace and the motions for him to follow along. The brought his hands around her back and now that her back was

no longer against the couch he lifts the dress and bra over her and tosses it to the side, leaving her naked on top of him.

He kissed her back as he groaned into her mouth, the new position creating a complete different scala of sensations to his body.

"Exactly this.." he whispered as she suddenly moved her mouth to his neck and started to kiss him. "About you being on top.. riding me.. biting me.." he couldn't keep the grin of his face. Slowly he would let her lower, laying himself down against the cold floor and he didn't even mind. His hands went down to her hips, wanting to feel her move and grind on him as he let her do the work.

she shuddering now as he pulled the dress and bra of her body, leaving her completely naked like he was, she could feel him so much better this way, so much deeper, could feel every movement as she ground her hips and it caused her to groan again his neck, a thick needy groan because God she had wanted this for so long.

His whisper had her smiling then, shivering to know he had dreamt about this...knowing she was giving him what he wanted brought her more pleasure, more enjoyment than anything ever could..." I aim to please..." she whispered back to him, nipping at his bottom lip before she felt his movements , watched him lay down in the cold floor , her hands moving to press against the bottom of his stomach to

support her as she started to move, slowly at first her hips thrusting forwards and backwards the action causing pleasure to jolt through her as she ground against her sensitive spot.

" Nathaniel..." she whispered huskies, her hands dragging down his chest to move to his legs, her hands clutching his thighs as her body arched back a bit and she moved more, her hips moving with a bit more pace her breasts swaying with each hard fast thrust she gave to him, her breath coming out in a pant now as she felt her climax climbing inside of her her nails biting into his thighs.

" I'm so close...God I'm so close Nathaniel..."

It was an amazing feeling and everytime she moved back on him he could feel himself hitting into a tight spot inside of her. His grip on her hips got stronger and stronger as he could feel himself edging closer to his climax.

"Em... fuck.." he could barely bring himself to say as she was grinding into him. As he was starting to edge closer he would get up a bit more again, leaning on one arm as he starting to move into her more again create fast and deep thrust into her. He was panting by then, a small layer of sweat covering his chest and stomach as he panted.

When he found his climax into her it was explosive. Thrusting deep inside of her as he felt himself release inside of her. He stretched out his neck as a deep rumbling groan left his lips.

God to hear his moan sent shock waves through her, to hear her name roll off his tongue in such a sensual way sent more heat through her, she could feel a thin layer of sweat coating her own skin now, her hands gripping his thigh tighter.

As he moved it changed their position again and she moaned loudly her head dipping back her breath a pant as she felt her climax rise, and at the same time his hit so did hers, she cried his name as she felt her body tremble , she tried to catch her breath which was a deep pant now, sweat glistened against her own body .

She leaned forward then, releasing his legs and allowing her body to fall against his own, her head nuzzled against his neck peppering soft kisses on his skin, her hand stroking along his warm chest.

" God that was good..." she whispered before giving a small chuckle, nestling his neck , her arm pulling round his waist to hold him .

The moment his climax had ran he just let himself crash against the floor. Laying flat on the cold floor as he was panting loudly, his heart beating fast in his chest. She soon joined him as she lay down on his chest. She wrapped his arms around her while she rose along with him as he took his breaths. "It sure was.." he chuckled. "Goddamn you are good." He couldn't help saying it. The feeling of her riding him had been incredible.

Yet now that the heat was leaving them and giving him space to think about what had just happened he knew he had made a mistake. He had taken advantage of her being drunk, of her not being rational enough to understand that this was not something he wanted. He stared into the ceiling as he idly brushed his hand over her back. "We should get you in your bed." He whispered into her.

Emily chuckled then at his response her head nuzzling against his neck breathing deeply to catch that sweet cologne she loved so much, feeling the warmth of his body against hers, she didn't want to move, she didn't want this feeling to end. "I'm glad you enjoyed yourself..." she whispered, she wanted to say more but instead she didn't, instead she remained quiet for a moment simply enjoying the coming down moment with him.

She felt his hand run idly over her back, the sensation of his fingers brushing over her skin had her eyes closing, she felt tired now...but she didn't wanna sleep his words had her frowning her her arm tightening on him.

"Are you going to join me?..." she whispered, she didn't know why she asked she could already tell by the way he was stiffening in her arms that he was going to leave her, she swallowed hard burying her face into his neck.

"Your going to leave me again ...arnt you?.."

He just lay there for a moment as he let it settle what she said. Perhaps she was sobering up after their sex or she simply knew if now that she was far gone.

He just kept her there, kept moving his hands on her back, his member still inside her even as he was starting to get soft again. The situation just being so surreal.

"I am only going to hurt you Emily.." he whispered softly in her ear as he embraced her against him a bit tighter then. "We talked about this.. I shouldn't have come in with you."

Emily felt tears come to her eyes then, her hands wrapping around him holding him tighter burying her face against him as she tried not to cry, tried to keep herself together.

" Please....Please Nathaniel..." she whispered hopelessly against him, feeling a tear slipping free and fall to his neck.

" I know ...I know what we said...but i still want you, and I know you still want me....please..." she whispered her hand digging into his hair as she pulled him closer before she started to cry, her body shuddering against him .

" I need you in my life Nathaniel...I need you "

He only felt worse then he did when she started to cry. He just hugged her close as he sat himself upright with her. He just moved then from side to side as he held her against his chest.

"I can't give you all of me... and you deserve somebody who can." He just said with pain in his heart. Yet he had promised not to lie to her so he would not. "I can't make you happy Em.. Eventually you will find out that it won't be enough." He told her as he kept rocking them, both still naked against each other. "I don't want you to cry over me.."

Emily couldn't stop the tears from falling then, as he moved so did she, her arms wrapping around his neck holding him close to her, her head burried against his neck, she simply didn't wanna let him go..she felt her heart aching all over again, felt like everything was crashing down her once more.

" You don't get to tell me what will make me happy Nathaniel you don't get to do that..." she whispered against his flesh.

" You already make me happy..." she whispered, sniffing back her tears as she finally pulled back her hand coming to swipe her tears away, her eyes blood shot, as she hiccuped now, the alcohol in her system the tears she shed now contributing to the hiccups that were flowing through her.

She tried to compose her self, tried to pull her self together, her eyes looking towards him her eyes sorrowing as she let her hand come to cup his cheek leaning in she kissed him one more time before pulling back resting her head against his.

" Your all I want...your all I need...but I..." she stopped her self then unable to say anymore knowing it would simply hurt her too much to do.

She reluctantly pulled herself from his lap, she felt exhausted. The booze, the sex, the emotions it was all too much. She felt like jelly as she simply moved to the sofa basically falling onto it grabbing one of her large blankets she wrapped it round herself covering her naked frame.

" Go....Go Nathaniel....before I lock that door and flush the key away so you can't leave.." she whispered, she didn't want him to leave on an argument, she didn't want to leave things on bad terms again, she smiled to him then her bottom lip trembling as she tried desperately to stop herself from crying again.

He wanted to grab her and keep her against him when she made an attempt to go away from him. An instant feeling of missing engulfing him. This had been a mistake. For both of them it had been. He felt so stupid, he should have known better.

He didn't even know what to say to her as he got up and found his clothes to get himself dressed. The silence killing him and probably alike. "I will see you.. Emily." He eventually said as he turned around and left. It was better if he left quickly even if he knew they were both going to have to recover from the same heartbreak again.

He found himself outside, the cold wind greeting him and sobering him up from her sex again. Goddamn he was an idiot. He should have never gone in there. What was he thinking?

He sat behind his steering wheel and just bumped her head against it. He felt so angry with himself. Why couldn't he just stay away from her.. yet he sat behind that steering wheel and knew the last thing he wanted in that moment was to go home. That house had stopped being a home a long time ago.

Emily watched him silently as he started to get dressed. She didn't know what to say, she didn't know what to do...no...that wasn't true, she did know what she wanted to say, she wanted to beg him...beg him to stay with her, to change his mind...that she was good for him, she could make him happy..but she knew it would fall on deaf ears.

He wasn't going to choose her...at least that's how it seemed, no matter what , his wife needed him she understood that, but fuck she felt so selfish.. .because right now she didn't care about her...because she wanted him. But she had to accept the fact it was probably never going to happen.

" Bye..." she whispered before he left and she finally let the tears that had been bubbling inside of her out. She laid down grabbing her pillow she brought it forward. A strong smell of cologne against it as she burried her face against it her body shuddering as she cried...and wished to god things were different....why didn't he want her?...

In the very end her had gone home. It was probably 4:30 am by the time he entered the house. He checked up in his wife to make sure she was alright and it seemed that all that time she

had been sound asleep. He wanted to crawl in that with her and keep her close, yet he knew that even if it did it wouldn't help him.. it was not her he wanted.

When the morning came he felt horrible and tired. He had a short fuse and felt irritable. Still angry at his own stupidity. He went out for a walk, needing time to think..

While he walked he pulled his phone up multiple times and looked at the empty text message screen that belonged to Emily's name. Eventually his fingers found the keyboard. It was 11 am.. surely she would be awake by now?

I am sorry about last night.

Emily hadn't moved from her place on the sofa. She didn't know what time she eventually fell asleep, eventually her tears stopped and she could no longer cry anymore, she didn't remember falling asleep. But god she remembered waking up, looking to the clock and seeing 10.25 she groaned her head was pounding. Her eyes were stinging and god she was so thirsty...

Keeping the blanket wrapped around her she moved to the kitchen grabbing a bottle of water she opened it necking it back before leaning against the counter she closed her eyes then, memories of the night before came flooding back and she winced.

She shouldn't of called him...she shouldn't of done that.. .she cursed at her self then as she stepped back into the living

room, moving to lay down on the sofa she nuzzled the pillow again, his fragrance just there she felt emotions pull through her again as she hugged it close, putting the TV on for some background noise

She heard her phone ping then, reaching forward she looked at the screen and saw Nathaniels name, her heart skipped a beat then, with a shaky hand she opened the message , reading it she frowned before she wrote back.

This was my fault....I shouldn't of called you...I'm so sorry Nathaniel..

He had kept walking after he had send the text. Regretting it the moment he had hit the button to send it. He needed to let her go, give her space to get over him. He felt like he needed to be the strong one between them as he was the one keeping them apart.

It didn't take long before she answered him back and it stopped him in his walk. He stood there in the middle of the forest looking at that text screen.

I took advantage of you.. he texted and it was truly how he felt. She had been drunk.

I don't want to keep hurting you. was fhe next text he send after it.

He should have stopped there, yet another text rolled out of his finger. One that once again went against the intention of leaving her alone.

How are you feeling?

Emily heard her phone ping, looking down to her phone she frowned, moving to sit up a bit better on the sofa, sitting up more she rested against the back of the chair bringing her phone up to reply.

You didn't take advantage of me..I wanted it...I made the first move...if anything I took advantage of you..

She replied before she saw his next message come through and she frowned her face sorrowing not knowing how to respond before his next message come through.

Headache...thirsty...ravenous.. .basically hungover,I also look like I've been dragged through a headge backwards... I shouldnt of drank so much. Lesson learned...

This time he just stared at his phone, knowing that she likely had it in her hand and would reply to him. Neither of them were ready to stop communicating with each other. That much seemed to become more clear with time. Now that they had enjoyed each others company again, had been reminded of just how good it felt to be together, it seemed that they were not likely going to just let the other go no matter how wrong that might be.

He frowned when she said that she made the fist move and he didn't agree. Sure she had made the call that started it.. But he had kissed her neck even though he knew she would not be able to stop him in the state she was in.

When the second text came in he decided it just wasn't worth the arguing to go against that.

You shouldn't be out on the streets on your own like that. That was dangerous. You had me worried.

Emily felt her phone vibrate again , looking down to it she felt her heart soar in her chest. He was worried about her...when she thought back to last night she remembered hearing the tremour in his voice when he asked her where she was, she smiled then nuzzling the sofa a bit more.

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to make you worry, it wasn't my intention of being on my own, it wont happen again

She wrote and paused for a moment bringing her phone up again she started to write another message.

I appreciate you coming to get me though, that was kind of you, thankyou

She groaned feeling her head pounding a bit then, she needed a shower, she needed to eat...but she found her self staring down at her phone waiting to see if he would respond...it would appear he wasn't ready to let go, and neither was

Once again her answer came quick and she didn't make him wait long to get an answer back from her.

It better not, or I might need to actually spank you.

He quickly backspaced, this time having the mind to not press the enter key right away and instead the message that was send was only:

It better not.

He paused again as he was walking, looking around him as he saw his own breath in the cold midday.

Do we need to talk about it? We could grab a coffee.

Emily saw the message come through and couldn't help but smile bringing the phone to her she started typing.

and what you gonna do if it does?

She paused how ever frowning and she read it, as she to back spaced what she wrote instead writing..

It won't, i embarrassed myself enough to last me a lifetime

And god she had thinking about it had her insides churning, to think how she behaved now she acted..made her blush hotly shaking her head, she never behaved like this before.. his next message had her heart hammering in her chest, her finger trembling , god she wanted to see him...

I'd like coffee...and food...where do you wanna meet? she sent the message feeling her heart hammering in her chest before she looked at her self, fuck if she was seeing him she needed to look a damn sight better then this!

He couldn't help but feel nervous as he waited for her reply to it. He was not even scared that she would say no. He actually didn't know exactly what he was scared for. Maybe meeting in a public place as simply exactly what they needed. A place where they were not that tempted to go to far.

When she replied to him and agreed to meet him he couldn't help the smile on his face. It was his day off, he had nowhere to be. His wife was alright and actually even had a friend visiting her which meant that she was taken care off for the next few hours.

There is a small bakery I discovered a while ago. Meet me there.

He texted her back along with a gps location that he texted along with it. It was only a short walk from where he was and he knew he would likely make it there first.

And he did. By the time Emily made it to the bakery he had already found a table for himself. He was sitting down with a cup of hot chocolate with a good amount of whipped cream on it and a dusting of cinnamon on top. He had waited to order some food till she was there.

She waited for his reply and when he said where to meet him she smiled, feeling her heart ache in her chest to know she was going to see him there.

I'll meet you there

Putting her phone down she hurried up from the sofa to jump in the shower, it didn't take her long to get ready, all though admittedly she stayed in the shower longer than she intended, her body ached...and she knew exactly why it was aching and it filled her with embarrassment once more.. .god she was going to see him after acting the way she did the night before...

Grabbed her bag she shoved her phone in, placing her shoes on before she left her apartment, it was a bit cooler today, the air crisp which was nice , it woke her up a bit more, her hair was slightly damp after being washed, thankfully she looked fresh faced a damn sight better than she looked last time anyway..

Stepping into the cafe she looked around before she spotted him, sitting in the corner and she felt her mouth run dry...she didn't want to get her hopes up, he wanted to talk that's it...

She ordered herself a coffee asking them to bring it to the table they were sitting at before she made her way through the quiet establishment.

" Hey..." she whispered, feeling nerves rattling inside her as she moved to sit down.

He had been deep in thought when she had come into the cafe. His head leaning on his hand as he stared out of the window. He wasn't sure what to say to her, what the solution could be to the problem they were having. The problem where they could not stay away from each other.

He only noticed her when she walked up to the table he was at, her voice small as she said hey to him. Already she was so much different from the girl she had picked up at the side of the road the night before. More like the shy girl he had met on the plane. There were so many sides to her and he liked that about her. She always seemed to surprise him.

"Hey." He said back to her and motioned to the empty chair at the other side of the table as he played with the hot chocolate cup in his hand. He waited for her to sit down as he looked her over. Even in that simple outfit she looked amazing.

"I don't know what to do with you." He admitted with half a smile on his face that was both filled with happiness from seeing her and concern about what was going to happen.

Seeing him brought so many emotions through her, sitting down she looked him over then and couldn't help admire how handsome he looked in such a simple outfit.

His words had her blushing, sinking into her chair she groaned her hands fidgeting with one another. " Oh god don't...I'm so embarrassed..." she whispered, her cheeks flushing a bit now as she thought about how she acted.. the

things she said, the things she did...she found more embarrassment flooding through her.

" I've never acted like that before..I .dunno what.." just then she watched her coffee come over, quickly taking it she dipped her head down to hide her embarrassment thanking the server quickly before they left again.

" I'm sorry you had to see me like that..," she whispered bringing her coffee to her lips she took a quick swig, the warm liquid causing her to groan her tongue coming to lick the foam away , unable to look at him as she toyed with the rim of her mug.

"Ooh, it was quite enjoyable." He chuckled before his expression sank again. He just couldn't help himself. "Sorry.." he straight up apologized afterwards. He wished this freaking conversation had a backspace bar. He pressed his lips together and looked away from her as well as he rubbed his hand over the stubble of his beard.

"I want you Emily, that is not a secret I am trying to hide." He told her then, making sure their conversation was private in their little corner of the shop. "But I truly think it is better for you to let me go." He was honest, genuine. "I don't want to keep hurting you like that." He added to it as a small bit of silence fell between them once again. "You understand that I can't leave her, don't you?"

His words had her blushing more, she could feel the heat in her cheeks radiating then and fuck it all she wanted to run and hide somewhere " Nathaniel..." she whispered bashful...before he apologised and she looked up giving him a small smile..." It was good though..." she whispered back bashfully.

Emily lifted her eyes now so she could watch him, hearing his words she felt her heart sore in her chest.. maybe he had changed his mind...maybe he decided he wanted her...but then it came crashing down around her and her face faltered a small sigh leaving her lips, her face sadening.

" Nathaniel I.. "

But she stopped as she heard his last words...

you understand that I can't leave her, don't you

She paused then her fingers running over her cup, hearing those words...hearing him say it just reinforced to her that she was right, he wasn't going to leave her...he wouldn't leave her..she wasn't enough.

She swallowed her emotion then, not looking at him, she couldn't she was afraid if she did she would cry again..he didn't need to see her emotions again, she cried enough..

" I understand..." she whispered , her voice shaking with emotions her finger continuing to idle stroke her mug .

The shaking in her voice almost broke his heart and he felt himself grasping into his own cup. His selfish mind knew that he would take both if he let her, but at the same moment he couldn't do that to her. Keep her attached to him even when there was no chance of either of them surviving the fall.

“You need to tell me what to do.” He just said. “You need to tell how I can help you Em.” He touched her hand then, hoping she would look up to me. “Should I not respond if you call? Should I not text you? Should I find you another place to work?” He suggested. He wanted none of those but if she needed that he would try his best to do that for her.

She didn't look up she couldn't look up she couldn't, she felt her body run cold...perhaps she had been kidding her self all this time, secretly she had hoped that he might change his mind, that she might of been enough for him, enough to convince him to leave her , to be happy with her...she wasn't stupid, she knew why he didnt want to leave...but it hurt , hurt to know she wasn't enough...and she never would be.

She felt his hand come to hers, and for a moment she looked at it before she slipped her hand away, her hands trembling as she took hold of her mug trying to steady her self, trying to find the right words.

" I won't call...I wont text....I'll leave you alone...but I love that job I... " she whispered her voice trembling again a tear

coming down as she swiped it away. " I'm sorry I...I need to go..."

She simply couldn't sit here anymore, she couldn't control her emotions anymore and she didn't wanna cry in front of him again..she stood up grasping her bag she left her coffee and headed to the door. Pushing it open she gasped the cold air hitting her, as her tears finally came and she walked...walked as fast as she could...she didn't know where she was going...she just needed air...

He watched as the emotions danced on his face and he could already tell they were not good ones. He couldn't even hold her hand as the emotions seemed to grab at her.

"I won't call. I won't text.. I'll leave you alone.. but I love that job I..." she stammered over her words. "Em you don't need to do anything. I am trying to help." He said but it was already too late. "I'm sorry I...I need to go..."

He couldn't even stop her from getting up and leaving him at that table. He got up as well, wanting to go after her. "Em.. Emily wait!" He shouted after her, but she went anyway.

He cursed under his breath as he sat back down at the table feeling defeated. That was the third time he had made her cry. He was an idiot and an absolute jerk. He just put his head in his hands.

If that was her decision.. he needed to respect it.

His shout had killed her, to hear him call after her she wanted to turn round, she wanted to see him, she wanted him to tell her he changed his mind, that he didn't mean it...that she was worth it, it killed her...killed her to know she weren't enough, that he didn't care enough about her, not like she cared about him..

She walked for what felt like hours until she finally came to the park, the park where they had their first meeting..she sat down her chest heavy...she took a deep breath, she pulled her phone out, looking at his name she frowned.. .she said she wouldn't text him...but she found she couldn't stop herself..at least not this one last time anyway.

I promise I won't text again..but I need to know, is this it Nathaniel?... she wrote feeling her emotions rolling through her she started writing again.

what ever you decide I'll respect that, but if you tell me were done....then were done...i can't keep doing this, I want you Nathaniel...but if your never gonna want me i need to know...I need to know what to do..but just know, I care about you...alot...I always will...

She felt another tear come down as she folded her phone in her lap , and waited for perhaps the hardest message she might ever get.

It was a nice Saturday. The sun was out and even though it was pretty cold it was a good day for a run. So Ben had gone out

after sleeping in and had gotten on his gear to go for a run. He usually went a decent circle around the neighborhood and would end near the local park.

By the time he reached it he was slightly sweaty, his shoulder length hair sticking to his forehead despite having tied it to the back of his head with a bun. He paused then leaning over to lean on his knees to catch his breath for a small bit.

That is when he heard it, the small gasps for air and the noise of someone trying to clear their nose when they clearly couldn't. He looked up and saw the girl sitting on the bench, clearly distraught about something that had happened.

He walked over to her cautiously, keeping his distance to not make her feel uncomfortable. "Hey, are you okay?" He asked carefully. "Do you need help?"

Emily stared at her phone for longer then she intended...waiting...hoping that maybe he would message her, tell her he was wrong with what he said, telling her that he wanted her as much as she wanted him but nothing came.. she felt her fingers tremble then, sucking in a deep breath her hand coming to swipe her tears away..he wasn't going to text...maybe it was really over this time.

Suddenly she heard a males voice, jumping a little she looked up to see a man standing just short of where she was, sniffing quickly with embarrassment her hand coming up to swipe the tears away.

" Yes....yes I'm fine, thank you..." she whispered trying to keep the tremor out of her voice, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment now at getting caught in such a vulnerable position.

" I Dont need anything, I'll be okay..." she muttered reaching into her bag she grabbed a tissie to dry her eyes looking down to her feet to avoid the man's gaze.

“Wow! Sorry, didn’t mean to scare you there!” He instantly apologized as he saw her jump up from what he had said. She said she was fine but everything about her really told him she wasn’t. He frowned and scratched the back of his head, unsure of what to do about it. He never been that great around emotional people, let alone a stranger on a bench. Yet he really did want to make her feel better.

“You sure?” He asked then and hunched down to get more on eye level with her, swiping his hair from his face. “You are crying in a park in the middle of the day.” He said as he just gave her a nervous smile. “Surely there is something I can do to at least cheer you up a little bit?” He suggested even if he didn’t know himself what that might be.

Nate had been sitting long and hard on that text message. He had typed multiple, but deleted all of them right away before hitting the enter. She kept claiming he didn’t want her, but he did. He wanted her in every way.. he just couldn’t leave his wife. It would be her death, she would never recover from that.

By the time he eventually managed to form a text that he might be able to send to her his hot chocolate had been melting the whipped cream so much that it was creating a puddle into the table.

I want you Emily and I will never stop wanting you. But I cannot have you without being able to commit to you 100%. You deserve someone who cares for you, who can be there for me every step of your life. I am not that person. I won't text you anymore.

Emily watched the man come closer , watched him hunch over, her eyes taking in his complexion then seeing him swipe his hair from his face, his words caused her to smile before a small laugh came from her throat.

" I guess I am huh?.." she mused swiping one last tear away from her face, his last question hit her ears and she smiled at him, about to tell him she would be perfectly fine before she felt her phone vibrate, looking down to the message she felt her chest ache again, her brows furrowing together, she swallowed shoving her phone into her bag before she looked to the man in front of her again.

" Do you want to..maybe get a coffee?..." she asked carefully before fidgeting nervously at the bench..did she really wanna go somewhere with him?

" actually.. no...forget that, I'm sure the last thing you need is to deal with a emotional female on a Saturday morning.." she teased.

“See? That is already better.” He smiled at her as he heard the small laugh escape from her throat. He had thought he was making good progress on at least keeping that smile on her face when she looked down to her phone and that smile just completely faded again. His eyes almost automatically peeked to the screen, seeing it was a text screen. Was she fighting with someone over text? Is that why she was upset?

When she suddenly asked if he wanted to grab a coffee he just frowned a little bit. It came out of nowhere and before he had time to respond she had already moved on to saying he should forget about it.

“Hey, I just asked if there was something I could do to cheer you up. If a coffee would do that.” He shrugged, but then he looked down to his shorting gear and knew he probably smelled terrible. “I am totally sweaty though...”

Emily looked to the man in front of her, hearing his response she smiled, of course his next response had her laughing lightly.

" your not that sweaty...I've seen worse..." she teased.

" maybe we can get a take away coffee?...have a walk?...only if you want to, honestly I....I really don't want to take up your time if you have better things to do..." she whispered lightly. All though deep down right now she didn't wanna be alone, the thought of going back to her empty apartment to think over things again had her filled with dread.

He looked her over then, not even really checking her out but trying to understand what was going on. He had found her crying on a bench in a public park and now he was being invited to enjoy a coffee with her.

"I mean, yeah! Why not!" He just said. Why wouldn't he?
"Only if you are paying though." He laughed for a moment before he realized that she might not understand he meant it as a joke. "Just kidding of course... I can pay for my own coffee." He added quickly feeling a bit awkward already. He tried to wipe the most of the sweat from his face out into his sleeve. "So.. where to?"

Emily smiled then as she pulled her self up from the bench, placing her bag back on her shoulder. His joke had her grinning before she heard him double back and she couldn't help but chuckle.

" I can buy you coffee its the least I can do for putting you through the torment of seeing a woman sobbing on a bench.." she said, cringing lightly at her own words, god she must of looked a state.. ..she probably still did, her hand coming to brush at her face in a piss poor attempt and tsking away any of the flushed cheeks she was sure she had from crying.

" There's a coffee shack just on the other side of the park, we can go there? .." she suggested as she walked with him, her hands coming together in her front.

There was some silence between them for a moment before she looked to him again. " Do you run alot? " She asked casually as they walked side by side the cool breeze blowing her hair from her face .

" I used to run a bit..but I always ended up red faced and struggling for breath at the end, I figured it was more of a hazard then a benefit to me " She teased tucking some hair behind her ears.

"No really! You don't have too." He said, his hands crossing over each other and out a few times to stenghten his point. He had always been someone to really speak with his hands and body. "I just.. you know.." he scratched the back of his head again. "Couldn't leave you sitting there like that." He said.

He motioned for her to lead the way when she said she knew a place that they could go and followed after her once she did.

"Uhhh.. yeah frequently? It really clears my head when I run and it is healthy so I try to go af least twice a week." He told her. "Also just really needed something to wake me up after going out last night. God I drank too much." He laughed. He really had been that idiot in the club.

He looked at her as she said she had tried to run but couldn't do it. "You can run! It is just all about technique and breathing. If you breath wrong you get winded more quickly. And you just need to build it up. Don't chew off more then you can chew."

He explained. "I could take you along some time.. I mean if you would want."

Emily smiled then watching as he waved his hands about. "Honestly....I'm more than happy to buy you a coffee..its the least I can do, your giving up some of your Saturday morning for me after all.."

She listened as he said it cleared his head, made him feel good...maybe she needed to take it up again..she blushed a bit as he mentioned drinking groaning to her self. " Oh I know that feeling...I drank far to much last night to...never again.. ." she mumbled with a shake of her head.

Turning her attention to him then her brows furrowed together. " you say that, you havant seen me running...your soon changed your mind..." she teased with a grin.

At his offer she pondered for a moment before she smiled. " You know...I might take you up on that...It might do me some good.."

She looked forward now seeing the coffee shack up ahead .

" I'm Emily by the way "

He chuckled as she said that she would never drink that much again. "You know, I say that every time. Never works out." He said with a laugh. He didn't go out for drinks much, but when he did it always ended up just being a complete disaster. He just seemed to lose self control after hat first drink went in.

He kept walking along with her, feeling like at least his sweat was starting to now dry up. He was sure he smelled but maybe at least he wouldn't look like he was fresh of his run. He also was starting to run just a little bit cold now that his body was cooling down and he hugged his vest around himself.

He couldn't keep the smile of his face when she said she might take him up on the running bit. "Yeah, think about it. I am sure once you get the hang of it you will enjoy it. I promise we will take it easy." He offered her. He took a moment to reflect on what just happened and honestly he couldn't help but smile. Here he was, meeting a girl crying on a bench and now he might have found himself a running partner.

"Nice to meet you Emily! My name is Ben." He said and reached his hand out to her.

Emily laughed then shaking her head. "Yeah me to..." she agreed with him over the drink, but god she needed to stop...thinking about how she behaved had her frowning, she never thought rationally when she drank, and that showed after her behaviour last night, the thought had her body twisting with emotions once again before she shook her head, she couldn't keep doing this to herself...

As he spoke about running she smiled warmly towards him nodding her head. "Yeah I think I might, I could use some new hobbies..as long as you don't mind me cramping your style.." she teased.

my name is Ben

She froze then, turning to look towards him her eyes furrowing together. " Ben?.." she asked again, watching him confirm it was she couldn't help but still briefly, thoughts running through her head of Nathaniel then...how he was Ben...Ben the care free man who she laughed with, had fun with...only to discover HD wssnt Ben at all,. He was Nathaniel...and he was married, and now here she was...meeting a REAL Ben.

She blinked how ever when she realised she was simply staring at him, god how long was she stood here like this for? She blushed before quickly reaching out to take his hand

" It's nice to meet you to..." she hurriedly said, turning to see the coffee shack she was relieved atleast she could hopefully distract from her behaviour with coffee! God he was going to think she was crazy..

" What am I getting you? " she asked as she got in line.

"Ben?.." he said as she seemed to just stand there before him and not take his hand. He couldn't help but frown slightly at her responds to him just saying his name to her. "Well yeah.. I mean, officially it is Benjamin, but I really hate that. So Ben." He explained to her and chuckled a small bit at the confessions. It didn't seem to help her however as she was still

just standing there staring at him. "You alright?" He then asked, a bit unsure.

After that she seemed to snap out of it and she took his hand. He could see a small blush going to her cheeks and it only made him more confused. Who was this girl? What the fuck was going on with her? He shook her hand back anyway and was almost glad when she turned towards the coffee booth.

"Just black is fine." He said. He wasn't the type to get all kind of fancy coffees. He waited for her to order before he gave another joke a try, wanting to break the weird tension that suddenly seemed to be between them. "You must really hate the name Ben huh?" He chuckled.

It was finally her turn ordering him a black coffee and grabbing her self a cappuccino she leaned against the counter, her attention turned to him as he spoke sighing softly.

" It's not that..its just..."

She watched the coffees being brought down then, smiling to the lady she paid for them handing him his own as she clutched hers, Stepping back from the little van she moved into step with him again.

" I dont hate the name, just brought back some memories I...well I kind of wish I could forget really..." she said giving him a small almost a saddened smile, bringing her coffee to her lips to take a sip.

Even after saying those words she felt her chest ache, did she wanna forget about that?..forget about him?.. she didn't know, but she knew she was sick of the pain, sick of crying...she was sick of the hurt , quickly bringing her coffee to her lips she took another quick sip to hide her emotions.

" Sorry...you must think I'm crazy, I promise I'm not always like this..you just caught me.on a bad day..." she said apologetically.

He took the coffee cup from her and couldn't help feeling a little confused about her explanation. She really wasn't telling him much. Whatever it was that had given her a bad day it was weighting heavily on her chest. He walked along side of her and sipped his coffee as well. It was nice and hot and exactly what he needed to warm himself up.

"Nah, you are fine. We all get there sometime." He said, smiling at her. Sure he would like to see her when she was all happy and peppy, but it was fine if she wasn't feeling it at that moment. He had already had a far more interesting day he had expected to have.

"Does this Ben have something to do with why you were crying?" He asked. He didn't want to try and dig for what was going on, but at the same time he wasn't sure what else they would talk about. "I promise not all Ben's are jerks. Some of us are pretty cool." He tried once again to make her smile. If that didn't help much he would add more on top of it. "And if you

really need to I guess I could make an exception and go with Benjamin.” He whispered to her.

she smiled back at him as he seemed to show an understanding to what she was saying, a small sigh leaving her how ever as she looked out in front watching some of the leaves blow across the payment in front of her

happens to me more recently then it ever has before she thought to her self, and god wasn't that a depressing thought? To think how much she had cried...how much she had cried over him.

His next question had her pausing looking to him her face sorrowing before she nodded. " Yeah...it is, though that isn't even his actual name so..." she started watching his expression she frowned. " It's so complicated.." she muttered sadly.

*I promise not all Ben's are jerks...*she laughed then, her eyes showing a bit more life again. " Oh? Are you pretty cool then?.." she teased.

His next suggestion had her smile softening shaking her head. " You've already told me you hate that name, I'm not going to call you that, Ben is fine....I just need to get over myself.." she teased with a smile.

“Yeah of course I am! Have you looked at me? I got that hair baby.” He said as he through his hands in the air a bit almost spilling his coffee over himself. He laughed then, hoping she

would join in with him. He just wanted to see her smile and it was clear that talking about what happened was not going to do that for her. So he decided that from that moment, they would just talk about something else.

He took another sip of his coffee and he thought about how to do that. "You know what you should do?" He asked her then as he turned towards her. "You should go and pamper yourself." He suggested. "Get your hair done, get your nails done. Go to a spa for a massage. Whatever it is that makes you happy. Get that shitty energy out of your body."

Emily snorted a laugh then at his words watched how he got so animated and nearly spilt his coffee down himself which caused her to chuckle. "Easy with that coffee I don't wanna be covered today thanks..." she teased still chuckling as she shook her head at him, god he was a breath of fresh air...

you know what you should do? .."Hmmm?" she said turning to look at him now, as he rolled of his suggestions, she smiled warmly to him then, and damn...didn't it all sound good, maybe he was right maybe she should do that...it might make her feel better anyway.

" You know, that's a good idea, I think I might do that...anything is better than witting in my apartment on my own all day.." she teased with a smile.

"Exactly." He said making two little finger guns at her and winking. He then drank the last bit of his coffee in a few gulps.

He hated when his coffee got cold so he always rather just drink it fast then linger on it like some other people did. Sure fancy sugary coffee's tasted good cold, but a simple black needed to be enjoyed warm.

"There are plenty of places to get shit done. I believe there is like a really good nail studio at the end of that street." He pointed. "At least that is what Melissa always says. She's my roommate." He explained to her. "She is one of those girls that take two hours to get ready in the morning. Getting a shower in with her in the house is nearly impossible." He chuckled. "But surely if she says a place is good, it should be." He shrugged his shoulders. As they went past a garbage bin he deposited his cup into it.

she chuckled at his finger guns shaking her head. He was nice, he was funny..and if she cared to admit, he was rather handsome to..

" How do you know about nail studios hmm?.. do you get yours done?..." she teased, swallowing the rest of her coffee as she listened to him , chuckling at his complaint. " Ah yes, your screwed if a woman gets in that bathroom before you, best advice make camp the night before, at least your be there ready.." she teased tossing her own cup away dragging her bag back up her shoulder.

" I'll check it out, I'm sure it's great.." she said as they came to the park entrance now and she showed her movements

looking over to him. " Thanks Ben....ya know for this, I really appreciate it ..your a nice guy.." she said giving him a small smile.

"Oooh believe me. I have tried." He laughed. "Trouble is that she has to get out of the house at around the same time as I do, so if I camp that bathroom to get in there before she does I am stuck twiddling my thumbs for two hours straight when I could have been sound asleep." He shared with her. "Turns out the best way to deal with it is to just hope she finished 5 minutes early and I can sneak in a showed so quick the water ain't even warm by the time I get out again." He laughed and really enjoyed seeing that she joined in with it. She looked way better smiling then sitting on that bench crying to herself.

He couldn't help but scratch the back of his head again as she called him out for being a nice person. "Well you know.. It is no big deal. Anybody would have stopped to check up on you." He really believed that, in the good of the world. "Just.. no more crying on benches!" He warned her.

He just stood there a bit awkwardly knowing that she would likely go to that nail salon and he would go home for his shower and that would be it for them. He just was not sure if he was ready to let this go. "So uhmm.." he started, feeling a bit awkward right then. "How about I give you my number?" He suggested. "You know, in case you want to try that running thing."

Emily laughed then at his predicament, poor bloke couldn't even get in the bathroom, her laugh only growing brighter as he continued to tell her about his problems " well a cold shower is one way to wake yourself up in the morning..." she teased with a chuckle.

" Well I'm not sure about that.." she whispered tucking a strand of hair behind her ears, giving him a small smile at his warning. " I'll try not to...promise.." she whispered lightly.

Emily stood there for a moment not really knowing what to do, she was about to say bye before his nervous words came out, she paused watching him before she smiled " Sure...I'd like that.." reaching into her bag she grabbed her phone to take his number.

" And here's mine..., " she said giving him her number. " Let me know when your going out again, maybe I'll join you...if you don't mind of course.."

He was glad when she agreed to exchange phone number and gladly handed her his phone so she could put her name in it and gave her his as well. He even went as far as to make his contact name 'The Cool Ben'. And honestly it gave him a chuckle that he did.

"Yeah sure, will do." He said to her when she mentioned the thing about going out. "Probably not today though.." he laughed as he was still recovering from the night before and seemed like she was as well. "Well, I will see you Emily!" He

then just said as a goodbye, feeling better leaving her now he had a way to contact her again. He would turn around and continue his run, his form nice and steady.

Once he got home he took a shower as his roommate seemed to have gone out already to probably chill with friends. Once he was done with that he just chilled on his couch and enjoyed his saturday playing some games. By the end of the day he was bored once again and he thought back about the meeting he had with Emily. He wondered if she had already changed her mind by now and thought he had not been that fun to be around anyway. She had not contacted him till that point and he wondered if it was too soon for him too. Girls were complicated.. and Melissa was still not home to ask for advice.

In the end he just decided fuck it and picked up his phone to open her contact.

Hey, how did those nails turn out?

Emily hadn't noticed what he put his contact in as, placing her phone in her bag she shifted it more comfortably. Chuckling with a nodd. " You wouldn't get me running today...it's a miracle I'm even out of bed.." she teased.

She smiled towards him then, giving him a soft wave. " Bye Ben...hope you manage to get into the bathroom when you get home..." she teased with a grin, watching as he started to jog of again, and of course he ran like a pro...she groaned lightly, why did she agree to go running!

Of course Emily took his advice, she went and got her nails done, even her toe nails, hell she even went as far as to get her hair done deciding to go a little lighter , she didn't get much of the length, she liked her hair long, and god she was glad she did...it made her feel good.

She was settled in her apartment now, her candles lit some music playing in the background as she worked on her laptop, she had a article due tomorrow and like hell she was going to be late getting it in, she hadn't been late once so she wasn't about to start. Picking up her Chinese take out box she dug into the noodles like hell she was cooking today, before she heard her phone ping , she felt nervous for a moment not really knowing who it was until she saw the name *The cool Ben* and she chuckled nuzzling down under her blanket as she wrote back.

"The cool Ben " huh? ;). Nails turned out great, I even got my hair done , was a great idea thanks for the suggestion :). How's your head?"

He laughed at her comment about the contact name that he got in. As long as she got a smile out of that it seemed to have been worth it. He was glad that she had texted him back, seemed like she had not suddenly decided that he was not worth her time.

I mean, if your phone says so it must be true!

He texted her back, wanting to keep that light and humorous air up. He thought he was a funny guy and so far it seemed to be working for her. He read the rest of the text and it seemed like she had at least enjoyed herself.

My head is fine. Been playing games all day being lazy. Got a picture?

He could always try to get a picture of her on his phone. Nobody could blame him for that right?

she laughed at his response shaking her head lightly

Well I guess i can't argue with that

She smirked picking up her food she took another fork full before she heard her phone ping again picking it up she grinned.

Sounds like more fun then I've had..been working on a paper all evening..and sure

She pondered for a moment before she got her camera and took a few pictures, one of her nails and one of her hair before sending them through to him.

Do you approve? ;) she teased him with a smile...she liked him.

He placed his phone down for a little bit again as he continued to play his game. He still needed to eat dinner but didn't really know what he was feeling for it. Maybe a pizza would be good.

There as a pizzeria around the corner he could grab something from.

He quickly put his controller down again as he heard the next pings coming in and couldn't help but smile at the pictures. He didn't get the nails too much. They looked nice, but he never understood why that seemed important to girls. But th picture of her hair looked great. There as a nice smile on her face and she looked much happier then the day before.

Damn girl! You looking good, I like that blond on you.

He hoped he wasn't taking that too far.

Working on a paper? You still in school?

she waited nervously for his reply to come through, she didn't know why it mattered to her what he thought, why it mattered what anyone thought, she put her container down shoving the throw of her body she placed it on the sofa as she hoped up and walked to the kitchen to grab a drink.

Hearing her phone ping she instantly turned round walking either quicker steps to grab it, lifting it up she looked to the message smiling brightly at his compliment as she stepped back to the kitchen.

Thankyou..thought it would be nice to have a change

She responded grabbing a bottle of water from the fridge cracking it open as she saw his other text.

No...il a trainee publisher for the daily mail, hopefully once I'm finished there offer me a full time job..so I have articles to write and deadlines to meet don't always get them done at work so I finish them at home

She responded carrying her water back to the living room.

Well that didn't seem to have scared her off so that was good. He put his controller away then and closed his game. He was ready to give her his full attention if she wanted it. It was strange how love could go. He had been on dating sites and apps and everything and it never seemed to turn out for him. Yet he found a girl crying on a bench in the middle of the park and they had just clicked together. At least he felt like they did.

He read the text about her talking about her job and he couldn't help but blow up his cheeks. She was one of those, one with a good job under them. He had not expected that somehow. Not that he minded.

Well, don't overwork yourself.

He offered her in a text. He leaned back and thought about his own job. He had never really made it anywhere. He worked in a factory packaging frozen stuff into boxes. His day existed of the same repeatable motion the entire time. It was dull and mind numbing, yet it had been the only job he had been able to get.

He wondered what he should send her next. Part of him wanted to get out and do something that night. And if he was being honest he wouldn't mind spending it with her either.

You going to be at that the whole evening then?

she smiled at his message tucking some hair behind her ears.

I don't plan to she wrote back, looking at her laptop she picked up her note pad and highlighted a few things of, reading through her paper she smiled..good..she was nearly done.

She heard her phone ping again, looking down to it she picked it up.

I'm actually nearly finished thankfully, I've been working on it most of the day, don't plan to be working all night....you got any plans?

She fidgeted a little nervously as she sent that, she didn't know why , a part of her wondered what he was doing tonight..she liked him, she wouldn't mind seeing him again, but she didn't know if this was the right thing for her now, should she be talking to a man so soon? She chewed on her bottom lip nervously, maybe it was to soon.

He just leaned back on the couch and stared at his phone to watch the message coming in.

I actually got nothing planned. Still need to grab a bite. Were you thinking of doing anything?

He didn't know if he should have suggested something instead, but he wasn't good at that kinda stuff. Besides he had no clue what she liked or wanted to do in her free time. The nails suggestion seemed to have worked out, but would he be that lucky twice?

Emily found her self fidgeting on the sofa as she stared at her phone, wondering if he was going to reply, she could feel nerves bubbling inside of her, maybe she shouldn't of said anything, they just met after all...and plus he probably thought she was bat shit crazy after the way she acted earlier....then again he did text her first..

She heard her phone ping and grabbed it quick, reading the message she pondered for a moment looking at her half eaten noodles on the side.. she could sure do with something a bit more substantial

Might head out...could do with pizza and a milkshake...fancy it?

She hesitated sending the message before she pressed send and chucked her phone on the skfa half tempted to bury ut beneath pillows to save her the embarrassment of reading his reply, oh god what if he said no?...hell...if he did he did..she could handle it.....right?

He once again just stared at his phone waiting for a reply from her. He hoped she would say she wanted to spend some time. He knew he was just that guy who had cheered her up when

she had cried, but goddamn he wanted to try and see where this would land.

When her suggestion for pizza came in her couldn't help but ball his fist and celebrate a small bit. "Yes!" He just said to himself.

I was just thinking about pizza. Only if you don't have pineapple on your pizza though!

He send her as a joke, but quickly realizing a joke might be harder to read over text then it might do in real life.

Joking, you can get anything you want. Which place you thinking? Promise I won't be sweaty this time.

she felt like she was waiting forever for his message to come, twisting her fingers nervously on the sofa, sighing deeply.. maybe she shou..but then she heard her phone and eagerly grabbed it, looking at the message she grinned with a laugh.

And what's wrong with pineapple?....I like pineapple...

she teased giggling before she sent back one which replied

Joke

When he sent his own reply she smiled again, tossing the cover of her she pondered.

There's a great pizza place in town, called caprinos they do the best pizza, wanna meet there?...are you sure you won't be sweaty? Don't have to fight your roommate for the shower this time?

she teased with a small chuckle heading to her bedroom she needed to get her self ready, she had to atleast make her self look half decent compared to the tear streaked woman he saw earlier!

Nope! She is out so I got that shower all to myself. I will meet you there. 30 minutes?

He send her as he couldn'r wipe the smile from his face that he got to meet her again. He would need to get changed into something a bit more fresh and probably try and untanglw his hair just a bit.

By the time he was done he was wearing simple stone washed jeans with a plain black hoodie over it. Sneakers on the botton. He was a simple guy and money was not something he had a lot of so it was about as fancy as he could ever dress for anything. His hair was partly tied back in a knot to keep the worst out of his face but was otherwise hanging lose and sitting just a small bit over his shoulders. He would meet her at Caprinos in the time they agreed upon.

Lucky you...you better enjoy it, this won't happen much..I'll meet you there

She smiled as sent her text, rummaging through her drawers she her self didn't wanna go all out, there wasn't any need...they were going for pizza nothing more. She pulled on a pair of faded light blue jeans, showing a small white sweater on and a pair of white vans , she left her hair down, she shoved

her phone and purse in a small tanned rucksack bag, chucking it on over her shoulder before she left the apartment locking up and tossing her keys into her bag.

She checked the time on her watch, she was running just a bit behind schedule, cursing she jogged a little bit not wanting to be late and make him think she stood him up, already feeling out of breath she stopped round the corner so she could catch her breath otherwise she would be the one turning up looking like a hot sweaty mess! And this man wanted to take her running??

Turning the corner she saw the pizza restaurant sigh ahead the bright light shining out over the pavement before she saw Ben standing there waiting for her and she smiled stepping up to him.

" Hey cool Ben..." she teased smiling towards him tucking some hair behind her ears.

" let's go in should we? I'm starving...and pineapple pizza is calling my name..."

seeing his expression she laughed nudging him lightly

. " I'm joking....,"

When he was waiting for her he had decided to just stay outside of the shop till she got there. He was leaning against the wall next to the entrance, one hand in his pocket and one leg leaning up against the wall. It was already dark outside and

in his dark clothing the only thing that made him stand out was the light of his phone's screen in his face. He felt nervous. He had been fine that morning as it was just a girl in a park. Now he had started to become interested in her and somehow this felt more like a date a little bit. He didn't want to screw it up.

When he called out to her he looked up with a smile, happy that she actually showed up. "Hey there. Damn, your hair really looks good on you. That picture did not do it justice." He complimented her, hoping he wasn't taking it to far. So far she had seemed to like it whenever he said something nice about her.

When she mentioned the pineapple on pizza again he frowned indeed. "Pineapple does not belong on pizza Emily. Who hurt you that much to decide that was a good idea?!" He was exaggerating of course and he made sure she knew being pretty animated with his arms as she did so.

"Nah, if you want some pineapple on that pizza go for it. But I ain't sharing it then." He said, suggesting lightly that perhaps they should get one pizza together. He offered his hand out to her hoping she would take it so they could walk inside together.

His compliment made her cheeks flush a little, her hand coming to brush some of her hair from her neck " You think?...I'm glad you like it, I wouldn't of done this if it wasn't

for you, your suggestion was a good one, I felt so much better afterwards..." she said with a bright smile.

Emily chuckled then shaking her head . " I'm kidding...I'm not against pineapple on pizza but I certainly wouldn't choose to have it.." she teased. " We can get something we both like yeah?.." she suggested

She went to walk in before she saw his hand, she hesitated for a moment looking up to his smiling face she felt her body warm, her own smile coming to her features as she reached out and took his hand. Entwining her fingers with his, it felt different...it felt safe, and to be honest ..she liked it.

" Lead the way cool Ben..."

He couldn't help but shrug. "Living with a beauty queen has it's advantages I guess. Whenever she gets her ass dumped or one of her girlfriends has been mean again she always gets pampered. Figured it might help you as well." He smiled at her.

When she took his hand and even intertwined their fingers together he couldn't help but feel all warm inside as well. It was that confirmation that she at least was somewhat as much into this as he was.

"You are going to make me regret putting that in your phone.." he sighed as she once again called him cool Ben.

When they were inside and standing in line to order he looked

up at all the toppings that were offered. "Sooo, what would you like beside pineapple then? I am petty easy, but am a fan of pepperoni. Also no olives for me." He said, leaving it pretty open for her to order what she wanted. "And a milkshake you said. Let me guess, vanilla?" He asked. He had already noticed that she tended to smell like it a little bit.

" I guess having a female room mate means you get all the inside knowledge of how a woman works huh?...bet its not easier sometimes though, we're not easy people to deal with..." she teased with a smile. " But it was a good call...I loved every second of it.."

She felt his fingers circle her and chuckled at his grumble.

" I'm sure the novelty will wear of soon...I might start calling you Benjamin instead..." god she was having fun winding him up.. smiling to him as she stepped in, looking around the place it wasn't to busy which was good, looking up at the board she grinned as he mentioned Pineapple again.

" I'm not getting pineapple..." she teased smiling up to him as she looked to the board. " Okay were get the pepperoni passion...lucky you I'm a fan of pepperoni to..."

As he mentioned the milkshake she smiled . " Good guess..I do like vanilla but I'm partial to strawberry to...wanna share a milkshake to? I can get two straws? " she asked making it to the counter she ordered their pizza ordering what ever he

decided to do on the milkshake front before grabbing their number plaque so they knew where to bring their order.

" Should we go take a seat somewhere?..."

The line moved quick and it didn't take long before it was their turn to go. "Pepperoni passion it is." He agreed with her.

"Hmm.." he thought when she offered to share their milkshake. Normally he was more of a chocolate or oreo flavored milkshake fan, yet the offer to share hers was more enticing to him. "Yeah, let's share." Smiling at her. "Vanilla or strawberry, I don't mind either way."

As they ordered and it came to paying he made to gently shove her out of the way and swipe his card before she ever got the chance to do it. He made it look casual and wasn't going to make a point out of it, but she was not paying for that pizza and the coffee that morning.

"Yeah, let's find a spot!" He said. He let her lead the way and they ended up at a table near the window that gave them a good view over the people that were walking the street. "So did you manage to finish that paper of yours?" He asked, attempting to make small talk with her.

Emily did make to get her card out, she was quite happy to pay, she wasn't one of those girls who cared about who paid for what and when...it didn't mean it didn't make her smile to have him pay it for her mind .

Following him cautiously through the tables she placed the number plaque down near the edge, pulling her bag of she placed it on the spare chair beside her, leaning back in her chair she folded her hands in front of her, her eyes briefly watching outside as people walked past.

His question had her smiling as she nodded. " Yes I did, I didn't have much left after you text me, so I finished it all of and sent it, hopefully I'll know how it was tomorrow morning, a bit nervous to be honest...its me and another guy going for this position and honestly his work..." she sighed . " He's good...I mean if he gets it he deserves it but I...I dunno I've worked hard to get here be a shame to miss out on the final hurdle..." she said with a small shrug.

" what do you do? If you don't mind me asking?..."

He listened carefully to what she had to say, making a point to pay attention and it honestly made him blow up his cheeks a little bit again. "Man, your job sounds like school all over again. Sounds like you are putting in the work though. I really hope you get it!" He offered her. Of course he did, he didn't care about whoever this other guy was.

When she asked about his job he just gave her an embarrassed smile. "Way less exciting then yours, that is what it is." He chuckled a small bit nervously. Most girls didn't like it when he told them his job. It was boring, low paying and not really a sexy career. But he wasn't going to lie either. "I work in a

packing facility. I put frozen stuff in boxes. That's it. Just packing boxes." He said as he waited for her reaction. "I mean. It pays my bills." Barely...

She smiled at his reaction shrugging her shoulders. " I guess it is a bit...but I love it, I love the rush the excitement the buzz the competition...that's something so thrilling about it...some days I just can't wait to get to work.." she said her voice becoming animated before she realised just how enthusiastic she seemed and blushed with a shrug " I mean I like it anyway..."

As he started to talk about his job her face softened. " My job isn't always exciting , sometimes it's a drag..."

She could tell almost instantly as he spoke about his job he was embarrassed, she smiled leaning forward in her chair. " Hey...a jobs a job right? . Doesn't matter what you do, as long as your happy...do you enjoy it?.." she asked. Watching as the lady brought over their milkshake smiling towards her as she handed him a straw and popping her own open, pulling the top of she stuck her straw in twisting it a little before leaning over to take a sip of it. Groaning as she did

" God I love milkshake..."

He leaned back with an awkward smile as she asked if he enjoyed it. "Do I enjoy packing frozen shit into boxes for 8 hours of my day?" He said, making sure she understood what she had just asked him. "I hate it." He admitted to her. "It is

boring and your hands get way to cold. I am always looking forward to the weekend just so I don't have to go." He said. "But I need the money and no other place seems to want me. So I am stuck there." He said shrugging his shoulders just in time for the milkshake to come to their table.

He played with his straw a bit as she handed in and just watched as she took a sip from it first. He could see that instant love for of it in her face and he couldn't help but smile a bit. "You sure you want to share?" He joked with her as he popped open his own straw.

Emily can him a sympathetic smile then as he expressed his distaste for his job, her smile faltering a little as she watched him carefully. "I'm sorry you hate your job, there is nothing worse then being stuck in a job you don't enjoy...." she whispered carefully. "what job would you like?...you know if you had the choice?.." she asked.

As he questioned about the milkshake she chuckled taking one more sip before moving back. .

"Your lucky your cool Ben, otherwise I would be dragging this milkshake away from you and telling you to do one..." she teased with a wink pushing the milkshake towards him a bit so he could have some. .

He considered her question about the job. "Pfffft." He blew out air as he considered her question. He had never given it that much thought. "Pornstar." He just popped out of his mouth

then. He liked making her laugh and really hoped that this would get her to perhaps really give him one.

"Nah, like a realistic job? Probably something in software or IT." He answered truthfully then as he stole the milkshake from her and popped his own straw in taking a sip as well.

"Hmmm.. damn that's good." He said. It was nice and creamy and sweet. It was way better than just a chain milkshake.

His answer to her question had her snorting, nearly blowing the vanilla milkshake out of her mouth and nose as she grabbed a napkin, covering her face quickly afraid to make a complete idiot of her self before she laughed, a real laugh that had her aides hurting.

" Oh god Ben..." she huffed still laughing as she leaned back and shook her head " You know..to be honest you have the face for it .." she said between giggles, bringing her hand to her face to remove a tear for a completely different reason, as she tried to calm herself down from her laughing fit.

As he finally admitted to a job he would like, she nodded lightly leaning forward again. " Then you should try and find one? Never stop chasing a dream or a ambition, life's too short to be doing anything that doesn't bring you joy.."

Watching him take his first sip of milkshake she grinned. " Right??..." she said quickly reaching forward she dragged it back. " Alright stop hogging it.." she teased, just as the pizza got brought over and placed down in front of them.

He got exactly what he had hoped for and hearing her snort out in laughter was adorable. He instantly found himself falling for her even more. He had to make her do that more often. He could be an absolute idiot if that meant it would make her laugh like that. "I mean the face maybe, but it all goes downhill from there." He chuckled with her.

He watched as the pizza was brought over and took one of the slices, folding it over and eating it that way to make sure he wasn't spilling anything. "Aaah! Damn.. hot!" He said as he huffed through the bite trying to get it down. Eventually he managed and stole the milkshake back to get something cold in his mouth. "Damn, maybe let that cool a bit." He said laughing at his own stupidity.

"I tried to get a job in it, but people don't hire highschool drop outs for jobs like that. I even did some online courses for it, but those don't hold up much against an actual degree." He explained as he was still trying to cool his mouth down.

Emily chuckled at his joke then, shaking his head, her cheeks were positively hurting from the amount of laughing she had done with him, he was so relaxed..so carefree...so ...Happy, it was nice to be around someone who made her laugh as much as he was.

She watched him grab the pizza, watching the steam roll of it as he folded it up. "That's gonna be..." to late he had already shoved it in his mouth causing her to grin. "Hot..." she

finished watching as he got in a tizz over it causing her to chuckle again shaking her head at him.

" well its not going to be cold dimwit..." she said with a chuckle, pushing the milkshake over to him as she watched him take a gulp grinning at him as she picked a slice of and popped it on one of the small plates to allow it to cool before she even attempted to Try it.

Hearing his words her face furrowed a bit, her fingers tapping on the table a little, she felt bad for him he shouldn't be stuck in something he didn't enjoy...she wanted to try and help. " Ya know...if you wanted I could speak to my dad? He runs a it and software company...he has two buisneses one here and one in new york, he's moving back here in a few months , he misses London so he's leaving the new york company...he wants to expand this one here...I could talk to him? Try and wrangle you a interview?..."

She suggested hoping he didn't see it as her trying to intervene she just wanted to help him to get out of a job he clearly didn't enjoy, bringing her pizza forward now she picked it up now it was cooler and took a bite, bringing a napkin to her mouth to dab away the remaining cheese.

" He even does apprenticeships, you would still be paid normal going rate but you would have that degree under your belt....its worth thinking about anyway, if you really want it..." she said with a smile, before taking another bite of her pizza.

He was still recovering from the cheese burn to the top of his mouth when she started to talk about the apprenticeship. He just poked at his slice of pizza as he thought about that. It would be a perfect opportunity, but he didn't like the fact he might only be hired because somebody was doing him a favor. But the again, he hated his current job more than anything. Every day when he got home he just felt burned out from it and dreading the next day. The weekend were his bliss where he just did not need to do that and could do other things. But even that he seemed to waste away with just playing his games. Things needed to change and he knew that.

“You think he would hire me?” He just asked. “I don't have any job experience. I only have those few online courses to show for. The only job I have ever had is that factory job, running papers and bartending. I am not really the ideal candidate for him.” He offered. “Even in an interview I am not entirely sure how I could make myself.. desirable?”

Now that he saw that she was able to take a bit from her pizza he tried again, this time taking a smaller bite to make sure that even if it was still hot he could actually finish it. He could feel the sensitivity to the roof of his mouth from the bite before, but this time he was alright.

Emily smiled as she saw the worry and concern over his face shrugging lightly at his question " Ben..you don't need to have all those fancy qualifications and degrees to prove how good

you could be at something, you just Need to have a passion, a drive to want to do well, to show promise ..you just need to show you want it Ben..."

She leaned forward taking her milkshake she took another sip. " your never know if you don't Try right? The whole point of the apprenticeship is to give people a opportunity they ordinarily might be turned down from, everyone deserves a chance to do something they enjoy in life...that's all I'm saying, you want to be stuck in that job forever? " she asked carefully leaning forward again to look at him more.

" Look I can't promise anything, I can swing you a interview but the rest is up to you, demonstrate some skills that you have, show him you can be the man he would benefit from having....but like I said, it's up to you....you helped me this morning, I just wanna try and return the favour.. " she said giving him a smile before going back to her pizza.

He couldn't help but chuckle at that. He might seem al fun and talk when they were like this, but the truth was that Ben wasn't that big a fan of himself. He believed himself to be a fuck up who just got by because he got lucky. He knew he was smart in some ways, but he always seemed to mess up somehow. It had landed him on that job he was doing now.

"No." He just answered with a chuckle as she asked if he wanted to do that job for the rest of his life. He didn't. "Yeah sure. See what you can do then." He said, even if he felt like

the chances of him landing that job were small. He wasn't qualified and even the courses he had followed he had needed to really try and didn't get the best kind of grade in the end. He could try and learn. He had always been better when it came to gaining actual work experience instead of learning from a book.

"And like don't sweat it.. anyone would have helped you in that park. I am not special. It was nothing really." He protested against her wanting to help him back because of that. "Nobody should go through shit on their own."

Emily smiled as he admitted to not wanting to do that job forever . " see? Then let me help you....even if you don't get it, at least you can say you tried instead of going through lingering what if right?..." she said with a smile.

When he agreed she smiled more. " I'll speak to him, he's back in England next month, I'll see what I can do...and don't sweat about it alright? My dad's nice...real nice....your be fine " she said with a smile.

Her face softened as he explained about the park, giving him a small smile.." Oh I dunno, alot of people walked past me before you come alone, you were the only one brave enough to tackle the hormonal wreckage that I was..." she teased, her face softening again reaching over she took his hand giving it a soft squeeze.

" Thank you....you've helped me more then you probably even know...so thanks..." she whispered giving his hand a soft squeeze before going back to her pizza.

Already he could feel himself being nervous about that new job. Failing to get it kind off felt like disappointing thia beautiful girl that was sitting in front if him. So he just left the conversation at that and shoved more pizza in his face.

"Aaw come on. It wasn't that bad." He said commenting on her claiming she was a hormonal wreck. He let her take his hand and even gave it a sqeeuze back. "Maybe I am just that creepy guy who likes to see girls cry. So attractive to see their mascara run. Yummy." He joked.

"In all seriousness though. Whatever it was that had you upset. I hope it gets better."

She chuckled at his comment shaking her head a little with embarrassment. " It was that bad..." she said wincing slightly as she thought about how she was, how she thought about how she had been the last few months since coming back to London...her face faltered a bit to think about everything, to think about Nathaniel...his name had her chest tightening.

His next comment came and she gave him a small smile shrugging lightly, her finger toying with the glass of her drink. " I hope so to...I " she paused a moment looking up to Ben then. " I dont want to keep feeling like that anymore, I'm sick of crying..its been nice, to laugh ..honestly i haven't laughed

this much in months.." she said her smile softening for him, reaching for another slice of pizza as she placed it on her plate.

" I'm sure things will get better..." she fucking hoped they would anyway...

“Well glad a goofball like me can be of use to somebody.” He just joked and got back to eating his pizza as well. By the fourth slice he was already feeling pretty full even though his half was not done yet at all. The pizza was great, but also a lot and combined with the very thick and creamy milkshake he soon felt his stomach just exploding a little bit.

“Damn. I’m full.” He said with a chuckle as he stretched himself out, showing just a small bit of his stomach as he did so. The part around his navel had just a bit of fluff that was just as black as the hair on his head was. Aside from that it was actually quite a muscular stomach. It was clear that perhaps running wasn’t the only thing he did for his health.

“You about ready to get out of here?” He asked her, not even sure what the plan was now. Perhaps she needed to get back to her placed and work on some more stuff. He also didn’t really know what else they really could go and do after that. What did people do after a pizza date?

she smirked at his words nodding softly towards him. " You've certainly been a good help to me anyway..." she admitted, and god he had it was the distraction she needed, from Nathaniel she wanted desperately to stop thinking about him, to stop

wanting him...even now sat here with this great guy who was making her laugh, who was bringing her out of her funk...in the back of her mind was Nathaniel and she hated how embedded he was in her life, she wished sometimes she had never took that first class ticket....

They ate in silence then, like him she was struggling, the pizza the milkshake and the fact she had half a tub of noodles before even coming out the house was not helping one bit.

" Me to..." she groaned leaning back she patted her own stomach " Next time we have pizza I'm wearing baggy trousers.." she grumbled with a smirk, watching as he stretched her eyes unable to stop her self from peeking at his clear muscular stomach .

" Yeah I'm ready....let's go..." grabbing her bag she shoved it over her shoulder, standing at the end of the table she waited for him to join her.

He got up from the table and gathered up the rest of the food and deposited it in the way that was expected of them. He even separated the recyclable stuff and put them in the in that was meant for it. He cared about stuff like that. To keep the plant just a little bit good whenever you could.

He then joined her and casually offered her his arm as they walked out of the store. The moment they stood outside and were greeted by the cold air again he was just at a loss of what to do next. He thought about what you could do on a date and

what was close by. They could go to the cinema, perhaps see a movie. But would they agree on a movie between the two of them. There was an arcade close by that he enjoyed going to often, but he didn't know if she was the type for that. He could invite her to his apartment.. no that was taking it way to far.

He just scratched his head, knowing the silence went on way to long. "So uhmm.. you like playing games?" He just asked out of nowhere, trying to find out if the arcade would be a good choice or not.

She assisted him as they cleaned up the table, watching as he carefully made sure to put things in the right compartment before they finally left, it was cold outside it made her shudder a little to feel the cold air rush over her.

She happily took his arm, holding it within her own, there shoulders close as they walked a bit, like him she wasn't so sure what to do next, she was busy watching the small crowds of people who were walking around together before his question hit her ears and she turned to look at him.

" Like...arcade games?... " she asked waiting for confirmation she smiled with a chuckle. " Gosh I've not been to a arcade for ages...I never have alot of time for stuff like that...but I'd love to go, just don't expect me to be any good at anything...your probably kick my sorry ass at most things. " she teased giving his own a squeeze as they turned to make their way there.

He nodded at her as she asked if he meant arcade games and smiles as she said she was alright with that. "It is fine! Most of them we can play together. We don't have to compete." He said to her. It worked out great as he still had a card loaded up with a good bit of money of it that they could play away. He also had a decent amount of tickets already saved up, perhaps he could let her pick a price up for it at the end of it, claiming she had played for that much. "Let's go then." He said and walked with her to the arcade, still letting her hold into his arm as he was enjoying having her close.

It was only about a ten minut walk to the arcade and the flashy lights would soon greet them. Upon walking inside it a nice bustling of people who were shouting, jumping and laughing about the games they were playing. Most of the games were ticket games that would reward you tickets for how good you did them. There were ball drops, basketball hoops, ball throwing games, dance dance revolution, pinball machines and many many more.

He pulled out his wallet and pulled out a card that held the name of the arcade that they were in and handed it over to her. "Play anything you like. Your pick."

" you say its fine I'm honestly useless..." she said with a chuckle, gripping his arm how ever as they walked down the street together, she saw the flashing lights first and couldn't

help but smile, hearing the laughter and the people playing together made her grin...maybe this wouldn't be to bad!

She peered around the arcade looking at all the different machines watching him hand her his card she grinned " Come here alot huh?.." she teased taking it from him as she tapped it on her chin before she saw it..the dance machine..

" Oh my god they still have the dance machine!! " she shouted with happiness grabbing his hand she practically pulled him over.

" Come on you can do it with me! " she teased practically grabbing him and dragging him to the other side, she pulled her bag of and popped it on the side grabbing her hoodie she peeled it of placing it on top of her bag, wearing a simple black t-shirt she flung her hair from her face and shoved the card in.

Placing two player mode she flicked through to find a song putting a dance one on she choose intermediate level grinning to him. " Pick your level...don't worry i won't judge if you choose easy..." she teased with a chuckle.

Of course she had to choose about the only machine that he would never touch. The dance machine. He couldn't help but chuckle as he dragged him along with her. "Aaah come on. Do we have to?" He asked though there was a chuckle in his voice as he complained. He watched her undress and couldn't help but check out her shape thar showed underneath it. She had

clearly been smarter than he had been since he was wearing nothing underneath his hoodie and couldn't just take it off.

"Pffft.." he said at her as she teased him about going to choose easy mode. He wasn't going to let her bully him into that and with full confidence he also choose the intermediate difficulty. "Ready to get your ass handed to you?" He chuckled at her as the music started.

The choice of difficulty soon bit him in the ass instead. At first it wasn't too hard, but once the music picked up so did the pace and he was stuck chasing after the arrows that appeared on the screen. His score was starting to fall behind and he could feel the sweat starting to catch up on his too in that warm hoodie.

" Yes we have to! You should my choice and I'm choosing this, come on it will be fun.." she teased with a grin. God she was beyond excited to be on this...how many years had it been since she used one? To many....but boy she was excited.

She watched as he choose the same level as her. " Ohhh that's fighting talk Ben, I have to disappoint you though but the only one getting their ass kicked right now is you..." she said bouncing lightly on her feet as she waited for the music to start up .

Once it started she found the arrows with ease, her body moving so easily to the music it would seem and when the tempo picked up so did she, her body gliding almost

effortlessly over the machine catching the arrows with ease, of course she missed a couple but not as many as him, laughing now as she watched him trying to keep up.

" Ahhh what's wrong Ben?? Cant keep up?? " she shouted over the music her words a breathless pant as she started to get hot but thankfully not as much as him as she had the good sense to wear a t-shirt underneath .

The music stopped and she paused leaning back on the bar, she was panting a little bit her chest rising and falling as she waited for the scores, seeing hers almost perfect and his not so great she rose her arms in celebration punching the air with a cheer.

" hahaha see! I told you! Your never kick my ass at this..." she teased with a giggle.

He really tried his best to keep up with them but he felt like he was just chasing after. He didn't know how to set his feet down and instead of moving efficiently like she was he found himself crossing over and stumbling over his own feet. While her score was just going up and up, his was quickly faltering compared.

When the song ended he just had to lean back against the bar that was behind him feeling winded. He had moved probably about twice the amount she did because of his clumsiness on the plank. "Jeez. Fine fine! I admit defeat." He said honestly as

he wiped the sweat of his forehead and kind of pulled his hoodie forward and back a little to let air flow past his body.

He watched as it spit out the tickets, her stack ending up at almost twice the amount of the ones that he had gotten. He picked them up and stacked them in a way so they wouldn't fall over and all jumble together. "Okay now I get to pick one right?" He said as he needed to catch his breath.

Once he got her things he pulled her along to the basketball hoop game. There were two booths right next to each other that would allow them to compete with each other. "This time I am not going easy on you." He warned her.

Emily chuckled as she heard his defeated sigh reaching over she nudged him playfully. " Just admit I'm the best!..." she said with a chuckle. " You should never bet on me with a dance machine , I will always kick your ass..." she teased with a grin . God she was having alot of fun already...

She watched him fanning himself and chuckled " Bet you wish you brought a top eh?... " grabbing her jumper she wrapped it around her waist tugging her bag back on and felt him pull her of the dance machine over to the basketball court , now...she used to play a little.basketball back in the day but she wasn't always that good at it!

" pffft I don't need you to go easy on me, ready for me to kick your ass yet again?.." she teased poking her tongue out at him.

“Not going to happen this time.” He warned her as he swiped the card on both machines so they could try and beat each others score. Even though the two throwing courts were seperated by a net they were standing right next to each other. As the machine dropped them their basketballs and started to count down for them to score he picked them up quickly and starting to throw. He was good at this. It was one of the games he earned a lot of tickets with and if she had cared to look she could have even spotted his name on the leaderboard. The first few he easily got in there, he only started to miss when the hoops were starting to move back and forth making it more difficult.

The whole time he was teasingly pushing her at the hip to make her miss her shots. “Come on Emily! You can do better that.” He should say to her as he once again bumped into her at the exact moment she tried to take a shot.

Emily chuckled at his words. " Well let's just wait and see huh?.." she teased watching as he swiped the cards over the machine. She did indeed looked up the score board , and seeing the names there she did indeed see a Ben...but for now she didn't put two and two together far to determined to do well on this damn machine!

Once the ball fell she grabbed it quick and started throwing it, of course she didn't hit many , a few going in but nothing like his! Damn him

She felt him pushing her hip.how ever she laughed nudging him back. " Stop it you cheat!! " she grumbled her shot missing once more as he nudged her again

She turned then watching as he went to take a shot and pushed him playfully, watching him tumble a little she quickly reached in and grabbed his ball trying to nestle it against him as she attempted to throw her ball in one handed, laughing as he tried to get it back.

" Go away!! Your ruining my game " she laughed twisting her body to try and stop him from taking his ball back, meanwhile still tossing her ball up to the net.

“Hey hey hey! Who is cheating now!” He laughed back as he tried to grab the ball back from her. She was stronger then she looked though and he was having trouble getting it back from her. “You are ruining my score!” He just chuckled at her as he saw the clock counting down on him.

He went to real cheap tactics then and just started to tickle her at the waist in an attempt to get his ball back and he succeeded. He managed to get a last score in before the timer actually ran out and looked over at his side and hers. Of course his side was a lot higher then hers was, especially with all the teasing that had happened between them. “I will accept your defeat.” He just teased her

" who started it! " she called back with a laugh still twisting her body round doing all she could to stop him from getting

that damn ball back. She fired some shots laughing everytime she miraculously got one in .

Of course when he started tickling her she yelped and laughed trying her best to twist away with no such luck. " stop stop! " she screeched her laughing ringing out for all to hear before he managed to get the ball of her in the last second firing it in.

She turned panting looking to the score as she groaned seeing just how far ahead he was...who was she kidding she was never going to win.

" Only because you cheated..." she teased back nudging him playfully again as she did watching the tickets come out she gathered them up handing them to him.

" here you go have your cheating tickets.." she teased with another giggle.

He couldn't get the smile of his face and once the scores were tallied up he couldn't help but do a small victory dance. He moved his hands in fists to the front from left to right and then back in his body, creating a circle, as he stepped in place. Trying to tease her even more. He had known she couldn't beat him is this one but it still was fun to try and keep her from scoring at all.

"Sure sure." He said as she called him out of the cheating and gathered the tickets up. He took them from her and quickly put the tickets into the machine so they had their hands free

again. He always thought it was annoying to need to carry them around with them.

“Okay okay. It is one to one. Truce.” He says, throwing his hands in the air. “I know something we can do next.” He said as he took her hand and pulled her along to yet another part of the arcade. He pulled them in front of a ball throw machine. Instead of trying to beat each other, this time they could work together. “So you take the balls and you throw them at those clowns. They are worth the score that is on them, but they only come back up if you down two rows. Just try to hit as many as you can.” He explained to her. “Ready?” He asked and would swipe the card if she was.

she rolled her eyes at his dance shaking her head at the stupidity of it and yet she couldn't stop laughing and smiling at him. God he was a lot of fun!

" You did cheat! And you started it..." she teased poking her tongue out at him. When he called truce she chuckled. " Your just scared I might beat you again huh?..." she teased with a grin.

" Lead the way.." she said taking his hand eagerly as she followed him across the arcade, when they got to the next one she listened intently to what he had to say, nodding eagerly " Okay I can do that..." she agreed as she got her self in a position to get ready.

Once he swiped the card and the game started she grabbed the balls and started throwing, she was quite good at throwing the ball hard enough to knock some of the clowns down giggling as she did. "woooo! I'm bossing this " she teased as she whacked another one down.

“Go go go!” He chuckled as she seemed to be getting into the ball throw like a maniac. She made quick work of the top row with the highest score and he decided to mostly just concentrate on the other row so she could do the high hitters. He also tried to get the ones that lit up that gave double points for a limited time. The goal was to beat a certain score and if you did you would win the jackpot

When the lights turned off to indicate they ran out of time he looked down at the score. “No!” He just said. They had needed 580 points and they had ended up on 540 of them. “So close!” He said, he couldn’t stand they just missed him. “Come on, come on! One more time. We can do this Emily!” He was into this now. He wanted that jackpot for 1000 tickets. He swiped the card again and off they went.

Emily laughed then as both of them got into the swing of it, going for the top deck she made quite easy work of it, she noticed the flashing lights on some of them but she was so focused on doing the rows that she didn't even bother with them!

When the lights went off she paused looking at the score she bounced. " we was so close!! " she whined, bouncing on her feet. His excitement made her even more excited as she bounced.

" Let's do this! We can do it Ben! " she called, giving him a quick high five before he swiped the card and they were off, this time she was a bit more accurate smashing the top row quicker than last time, she also went for any clowns that were near her lit up hitting them down to get the better points.

She looked at the clock and looked at the numbers screeching. " were so close come on!! " she cried her hands flaring as she tried desperately to knocking more clowns down actually doing pretty good , her competitive side coming out big time! Cause damnit she wanted that high score!!

She was getting so much into this and her shouting only made him more excited about it either. He was not a stranger to hitting the jackpot on some of these games, but he had never had someone to do it with. He could get used to this and how excited she got about things.

“That one! Just one more.” He shouted and pointed as he threw another ball. They were so close. “Just thirty more! Hit that one, hit that one!” He said. When he saw her ball actually hit it he couldn’t help but jump up into the air, knowing they hit the jackpot.

The lights started to flash and a robotic voice echo'd the word jackpot at them as the machine started to spit tickets out at them. He grabbed her by her waist and lifted her up into the air as he spun her around in the spur of the moment. "We did it!"

God she was getting into this!! Her hands grabbing at the balls as she threw them, she could hear his excitement next to her and it just gave her more of a buzz!

" I've got it! I've got it! " she cried bouncing as she tried her hardest to hit the clowns looking to the score they were so bloody close!! She watched it climbing watched how close they were before she grabbed her last ball and tossed it , it was almost slow motion as she watched her hit the last clown she screeched .

She jumped up down hearing the robot and the flashing lights " We did it!! " she cried feeling him lift her up she laughed, unable to help her self as she wrapped her self around him, one arm round his neck, her other one punching the air . " I can't believe we did it!! " she cried hearing the machine beeping in celebration as the tickets kept coming, people were looking over at them now laughing and chuckling with their own excitement , not that she noticed she was to focused on them celebrating.

After he had turned them full circle he put her down into the ground again. He suddenly got a little bit aware of people

staring at them and couldn't help but feel a little bit awkward about it. It had been such a spur of the moment thing. He scratched the back of his head again and watched as the machine spit out the tickets. "We will probably be here a little bit." He said to her then, knowing these machines tended to need a bit to spit out those tickets. "Damn that was great. You a good shot!" He complimented her.

Once the thing was finally done shitting tickets he once again handed them in and got a citation so he could get them loaded up into the card. It was already getting pretty late and aside from probably playing a few simple games they would need to get going pretty soon. He checked his ticketscore and he was sitting at a nice 15,500 tickets. It had taken him probably a good two months to get to that amount of them, yet he didn't mind giving her the chance to spend them. He rarely saw something he liked anyway.

"Come on." He motioned her and brought her to the price counter. It was filled with all kind of things. From candy for low amounts of tickets, to big plushies for a lot more tickets. There was basicly something for everyone. There were board games, video games, toys, plushies, bags, headphones, gadgets. "So now that you won that many tickets, you need to pick something you want for them." He offered her and made a motion with his arm. "You got 15.500 to spend. Pick something."

Of course when he dropped her finally she noticed everyone looking at her, blushing deeply then to see all the eyes on her, she quickly tucked some hair away watching his expression she could tell he was feeling awkward to, but damn that was fun!

She chuckled watching the tickets keep coming. " I can't believe we got it! " she said with a grin, his compliment had her beaming. " You to! I wouldn't of done it without your help " she teased with a grin.

She waited patiently whilst he sorted the tickets out, before following him as he ushered her across to the prize counter, when he asked her to choose something she blinked.

" Are you sure?...you earned all those I feel bad taking them.. " when he insisted she smiled nodding. " Alright...hmm.. " she looked at them then, what the hell would she pick? There was so many things here

Then she spotted it, a cute plush penguin sat at the back. She found herself smiling. " can I get that penguin?... " she said sheepishly didn't want him to think she was silly for wanting it...but god it was so cute!

He just watched her as her eyes seemed to scan across all the prizes that were there. He knew about what they offered as he came here often enough, but of course for her the whole thing was new. He couldn't help but find himself thinking about just how much he was enjoying doing this with her. He had not had

this much fun in a very long time. It had been a strange day, but he couldn't help but be happy that he had found her on that bench the day before.

"Of course you can!" He said as she seemed to pick out a penguin plush that was sitting somewhere near the back. It as only 4.000 tickets and an easy pick up. "Can we get the penguin?" He asked the clerk and they took his card to get the tickets written off the card. They then went to the back to get a brand new plush that still had the tag on it. "Here you go." The clerk said with a smile and handed him the plush. He right away handed it over to Emily. "Here you go. Well earned." He laughed at her.

Emily beamed then as he said she could clapping her hands excitedly, god if someone told her at the beginning of this day she would be laughing and bouncing at the fact she was getting a plush penguin toy she would laugh at them! Considering how her day started she couldn't be more happier now.

She watched the clerk go back bringing a brand new toy out she grinned like a damn kid, taking the plush from him she screeched with happiness cuddling it eagerly

" This Is the best day ever!! Thank you!.." she cried laughing as she tucked the penguin under her arms. Unable to stop the smile from beaming on her face.

He couldn't help but smile at her as she seemed so happy with the simple toy and hugged it to herself. She had not been able to get the smile wiped away from her face ever since they had entered the arcade and he was glad about that. "Don't mention it. You are a great game partner." Her joked with her, glad he could give her something to remember their little strange date by.

"Come on, we should get you back home." He then said as the night was starting to get late. By then it was already close to 11 pm and even though it wasn't extremely late, he didn't think it was the time for them to still be hanging around this late. He once again offered his arm to her and waited for her to get dressed enough to go outside and then walked with her to the evening air. He knew their little time together was coming to an end, but this time he felt alright with it. He had left an impression on her he was sure.

"Do you need me to walk you home? Or is there a bus station I can get you too?" He offered, not wanting her to just go off and walk away on her own, but also knowing that she might not be comfortable with him knowing where she lived.

she beamed as he said she was a good gaming partner. "Honestly I surprised myself! I didn't think I could be this good, were have to do it again sometime.." she said with a grin, and she meant it...she had alot of fun, it was nice to let

loose for the evening, forget about everything else and just be...her.

As he said about going home she checked her watch. " Yeah...I guess I should, I'll regret this when my six am alarm clock goes of, I'm normally settling into bed by now, your a bad influence on me.." she teased.

Grabbing her hoody she placed it back on comfortably shoving her rucksack back on , holding her penguin under one arm she linked arms with him and followed him back out, the cold air hitting her but it was welcomed after the hot air from inside the arcade.

" I only live a few blocks away...you can walk me if you like, but I'm happy to walk on my own if you wanna get home " she suggested, she didn't want him to feel he had to if he didn't want to...

He watched her facial expression as she said that she only lived a few blocks away and said that he could walk her there if he wanted too. He tried to judge if she was saying it to be nice and perhaps would have rather him say that he wouldn't do it. He didn't think she was the type to be that cryptic about it, but he didn't know for sure. In the end he decided he would just rather see her home safe even if that maybe was not what she meant for him to say.

"Nah, I will walk you home. I wouldn't feel good letting you go alone this late." He said then. "Lead the way." He pointed with

his arm for her to go first and when she started to walk he would hesitate to take her hand. Somehow there was still this small voice in him that told him there was just no way this girl was actually interested in him. He had been good when they were just having fun in the middle of the arcade, but now that they were in the silence of the evening air he was starting to get insecure about it again.

Yet in the end he went to hold her hand again, hoping she would intertwine their fingers once again like she had done before. That he could hold her for these last few blocks before they would both go their own way, once again.

Emily smiled as he offered to walk her home, nodding lightly towards him. "such a gentleman..." she teased. "Okay if your sure.." she started walking with him then pushing her bag onto her shoulders more, the cold air whipped past her then, shuddering a little as she watched the small cluster of traffic as some cars came past them as they walked.

She was minding her own business before she felt his hand come towards her again, she hesitated a moment before relenting, she wrapped her arm around his, her hand coming down and entwined her fingers with his, much like she did earlier.

They didn't say much as they walked, the quiet didn't really bother her though if she was honest, it was nice to mellow down a bit after all the excitement from earlier.

They turned a corner and she saw her apartment come into view " Well this is me..." she said quietly, keeping her hand in his for a moment as she looked up to her dark windows , pondering a moment before turning back to Ben.

" Thanks Ben...for today...I've had alot of fun, more fun than I've had in a whole actually.. ." She admitted sheepishly.

The walk to her house was giving him mixed feelings. On one hand he felt satisfied, happy with how everything went. On the other side he wondered if she didn't find him boring or weird. The silence was making him self concious. He just tried to concentrate on the feeling of her fingers entwined with his and not think about it too much.

"Well this is me.." she said and he looked up at the apartment complex. She lived in a far nicer neighbourhood then he did. Her apartment probably nicer to. Made sense with the kind of job that she did. "Well. You got here safe. Guess I did a good job." He joked at her as he knew this was the end of the line for them that day. It shouldn't have been that hard to say goodbye to her. But somehow it did.

He smiled at her as she thanked him again. "Don't mention it." He just said with a smile and a wave motion of his hand. "Just.. you know. Let me know when you want to go for that run. I am game most of the time that is not between 9 and 5."

" Yes you did..." she said with a smile, some how she had mixed feelings her self, she had alot of fun today, she couldn't

remember the last time she laughed so much, so much in fact that her cheeks were hurting her from it...she was almost nervous about going in, to her empty apartment...scared of what might happen to this happiness she was feeling...scared she would think about Nathaniel again.

As he spoke about the run she smiled. " I can do most evenings after 7...just give me a message when your going and I'm game...just no moaning if I slow you down, and I hope you know.CPR...because you know I could generally pass out.." she teased .

Reluctantly she pulled her fingers from his hand holding the penguin tighter she smiled softly to him. " I should go in..." she whispered, hesitating for a moment before she stepped into him going onto her tip toes she kissed his cheek holding it for a moment before allowing her self to fall back.

" Message me when you get home ..yeah? You know so I know you go there safe....we need to do this again sometime.. I've had fun. ."

He chuckled as she talked about needing CPR when they went for a run and just waved that off. "We will take it slow and steady. No need to run a mile your first try." He said to her. He still felt like she though he would work her like a horse and he really was not planning on it. He remembered his first few runs. He had been awful as well.

He felt her hand pull away from his and he just found himself flexing his finger. Feeling strange without her hand there after the short walk. "Yeah well.." he scratched the back of his head. "Good night Emily. I really hope you get a good sleep." He said. He agreed to text her when he got home and then awkwardly turned around to start his walk home. He peeked over his shoulder one more time to wave and then he was gone.

On the way home he almost half regretted leaving like that. Should he have kissed her? Was that acceptable? Would she have rejected him if he did? Or was she now offended that he didn't? Dating was always such a difficult thing and he really felt like he had no instinct for it.

When he got home he found Melissa watching tv, one of those mtv gossip shows being on that she loved so much. She asked where he had been and he had explained his date to her. "Good for you Ben!" Was all she really said about it. Once he was back in his room he grabbed his phone to send the text he had promised Emily.

Did not get eaten by a bear.

, " Good night Ben..." she whispered, moving to her steps of her apartment she took a few at a time peering over her shoulder to see him just going. She waved back to him before she headed inside.

Unlocking the door she stepped inside, flicking the light on as she was left in the silence again, she stood there for a moment peering out to the empty place, her eyes dancing over the couch, suddenly visions of the night before flooded her and she sucked in air...why...why everytime she was alone did she think of him?

She tossed her keys down peelinf the hoodie from her frame she left it in the side clearing a few bits away before she headed into her bedroom, changing into her pajamas she climbed into bed just as her phone pinged

Bringing it up she looked at the message and smiled

Good...I would be pretty sad if you were... and she would.. even now talking to him, the dark pit she felt a second ago was vanishing, her thoughts moved to Ben smiling more as she thought about him and their night dragging the penguin towards her she took a stupid selfie of her in bed with the penguin grinning.

Atleast I have company now...thanks for tonight...have a good rest sending the messsge she grinned bringing the penguin to her she nuzzled down into the bed, god she needed to sleep and prepare her self for tomorrow.

He had not been happy about how the day before had ended. He had wanted to run after her, stop her from running from him. To wrap his arms around her small frame and tell her that things would be alright. But he had managed to stop

himself. He needed to let her go, let her move on with her life. He had once again made her cry and he could simply not forgive himself for that.

Now that the next day rolled around and it was a monday once again. He dressed himself in one of his suit, a grey one this time with. Burgundy undershirt, opting out of a tie for today as he had no meetings with anybody outside the company. He could get way with it.

As he got to his office he sat down and opened his agenda to look at exactly what was scheduled for him that day. He couldn't help but bite down on his jaw as he saw one of the point on there. *Trainee Performance Review*. When he had created this trainee program the performance review had been one of the things that had been important to be there. He had stated that in it that the Trainee's would meet with him once every month in the first quarter of the year, and every three months after that. It had been meant to give the trainee's a sense of involvement as well as giving them feedback so they could improve themselves. After all he was throwing two people with no actual work experience into a giant company.

He spend the rest of the morning preparing the conversations, looking over their work and what their supervisors had noted about them. And with that it was time to face her again.

“Would you please fetch Miss Weston for me?” He asked his assistant.

Emily yawned as she came into her office, placing down her coffee on the desk she moved to sit down, well more like flop!, she stretched across her chair before leaning forward to fire up her computer, even after getting into bed the night before she had still spent some time talking to Ben..a smile came across her face then .he was sweet...he made her smile, reaching for her coffee she took a swig as she looked at her emails, noticing one from management she opened it.

Good morning Miss Watson, today you be will required to attend a performance review with Mr Kingston, his secretary, Miss Hutchinson will Come and excort you shortly

SHIT Emily felt her hand trembling as she put her coffee down, a performance review? She had to go and sit in a office with him for god knows how long whilst he rated her performance? She felt her hands grow clammy then, could she bare it? Could she be that close to him and not want to touch him? Hold him? Smell him? She closed her eyes then taking a deep breath. She hsd to do this...if she was expected to work here these things would come up..she hsd to be professional

You can do this Emily... she mentally told her self before she noticed the woman coming , smiling at her she pushed her self from her chair and grabbed her coffee figuring to take it she wasn't letting that go cold.

Standing up she tugged down her dark green s kirt so it sat just above her knees, her white shirt was tucked in , a small

belt around the mid front, she had a tiny slit in the skirt which came to her knee. Her hair she had left down, the soft blonde colours reflected of the lights as she walked.

*I wonder if he will notice my hair...*she mentally cursed at her self..she had to stop this.

she stepped into the elevator with the women, both in silence as they rode up, she could feel her heart hammering in her chest, her coffee twitching in her hand as she grasped it tighter and released a small breath, she was going to be fine.

The elevator pinged and already she could see his office, taking another deep breath she stepped down the stretch of hall, her heels clicking as she did before she got there, she watched the lady go in first before she was signalled to enter.

Moving round the room she stepped into his office, the lady saying her goodbyes before she left, already Emily could smell him..that cologne he wore, she looked up to meet his gaze then, catching him in that suit he wore.

God he looked handsome she shook her head a little at her own statement *This is business meeting Emily....Business, sort your self out * she smiled at him then before finally stepping forward and taking a seat on the chair in front of his desk popping her coffee down on the small table beside it.

" Good Morning Mr Kingston.."

As usual on a Monday his day was absolutely swamped. He half cursed himself for planning these reviews on a Monday. So when Emily was brought into his office he was still in the middle of an e-mail that he really needed to get out. He had not looked at her yet when his secretary excused herself and Emily walked into the room properly. He soon could hit the send button and that was when his eyes flicked up from the screen.

The moment his eyes met her frame there was a glint to be seen in them, a moment of heat and wanting. She looked beautiful in her outfit. He had not failed to notice that Emily always took quite good care of her appearance, especially within the professional setting. While at work he had never noticed even a sliver of that girl in sweatpants that he had met on the plane so many months ago. He also didn't fail to notice her hair. It looked good on her that lighter blond, it almost seemed to make her eyes pop even more as he held them into his own for a small moment.

“Good morning Miss Weston, I see you changed your appearance. Looks good on you.” He stated, needing to remind himself that they were in a professional setting. He complimented his employee more often, it made him a loving boss, right? It was good to be involved in their lives, made them feel heard.. right?

“I see you are already provided with a drink so why don’t we get started?” He suggested.

of course Emily hadn't missed the heat in his gaze, even if it was just for the briefest of seconds, and she would be lying if she said she didn't feel heat radiating right down to her very core, he had a way of doing things to her that no other man had ever done, a simple look, a simple touch and damnit she was like putty in his hands...

Of course his compliment did nothing but cause her to blush slightly " Thankyou Mr Kingston, its nice to have a change sometimes.." she spoke towards him with a soft voice, her eyes coming up meet his gaze his suggestion had nerves pooling inside her for a whole different reason.

" Sounds like a good idea .." she said her hands twisting in her lap then, god she wanted to do good..she worked damn hard to be here and she wanted it to show...

He couldn't help but find the double meaning in her words. Nice to have a change sometimes.. was she really ready to let him go? Did she no longer desire him? Even if that was the result that he had been hoping for, he couldn't help but feel an ache grasp at his chest. He had told himself that he would be alright without her, yet he was not ready to have her walk away from him.

He had to really focus himself back on the review and opened the tab on his laptop that showed the note he had made on her

performance. "I am glad to inform you that overall everyone seems very satisfied with your performance. I am aware that being the first Trainees this program has ever seen can be.. daunting." He stated as he gazed up at her again, god he couldn't help wanting her. "Yet, I believe you are faring well." He added to it. "However, I do see room of improvement for you, Miss Weston." He wanted to just open up those buttons of her shirt and his eyes strayed to them. "You need to create more time for yourself. It seems you have a habit of claiming work that could easily be done by your editors or designers. It is an issue we often see with new workers, so don't take it to heart. These people are good at what they do and you can trust them to execute the work to how your view was. And if they fail to meet your view, you give them feedback and let them go at it again." He stated to her. "Secondly, your budget managing is just slightly off. Some of the work you have approved time and money to have been inefficient." He stated and turned his laptop to show her some expenses on a chart that he deemed to be unnecessary and went over them with her. Being leaned forward like that brought them much closer to each other than they had been just a minute ago.

Emily of course couldn't help herself from noticing his gaze, how he watched her subtly, his eyes on her face had her twitching in her chair a little bit, god she hated how he effected her, how just the smell of his cologne made her want to dash over this damn desk and rip his clothes off...she

blushed again at her thoughts watching as he finally flicked the laptop up, her hand moved to grasp her coffee watching it tremour she quickly steadied it bringing it forward to take a sip.

Emily sat back then as she listened to what he had to say, popping her coffee back down so she could clutch her hands together again, she didn't miss the way his eyes strayed down to her top, she wanted to tell him to open it, to take her...christ on that desk if he wanted..*Shup up Emily!!* she practically roared at her self, settling her self down so she could listen to him once again.

As he brought up her work life balance she sighed, she was terrible for that..a bad habit she got into at college...she knew she needed more down time, but she found when ever she had nothing to do she just wanted to work, that was it..gripped by the hunger and desire to do things perfectly

" I understand, I'll try to be trusting.." and that was a big part of the problem...she only ever trusted anything she did, she had to change that.

When he spoke about expenses she leaned forward over the desk so she could see what he meant her eyes travelling over the budget sheet, not really noticing just how close they were until she pulled away, and saw his face close by..for a second she paused simply taking him in before she finally pulled her self away the soft brush still evident on her cheeks.

" I'll be sure to keep an eye on the budget sheets in future Mr Kingston, and ill endeavour to try and male more time for myself...I'm a terrible workaholic, that's something I need to work on " she whispered sheepishly.

Mr Kingston.. why did it make his insides twist in such a wonderful whenever she said his name like that. Something about the way that it rolled of her tongue had him taking a sharp breath in, it was the only thing he could do to keep himself from dragging her over that desk and kissing her right there.

He needed to compose himself, get back to the review, but even as he himself leaned back again, his eyes never seemed to leave hers. "Good, as long as you aim to improve yourself I am satisfied." He said to her. "You are a trainee, you are here to learn after all." He stated over her.

A small bit of silence went over them as they were the only points that he had found about her work that he had needed to comment on. There were other small things that were picked up by her supervisor once her work was submitted, but that was feedback they would give her and he didn't need to touch. Yet he wanted to stretch this conversation with her. Wanted to be able to linger on her just a little bit more. "Is there anything that you would like to discuss with me Miss Weston? Things we as a company could improve on, or the trainee program?" He asked, giving her a chance to speak.

God she couldn't handle being in this room anymore, the way he looked at her was sending all manner of shock waves through her, every single nerve ending was on fire, damn her whole body was, clutching his hands tightly in her lap to keep her self from doing or saying anything stupid...he was still her boss...this was a meeting..she had to remain professional .

But damnit she couldn't help but notice the flicker of change in his voice when ever she said his name...christ she wanted to say it over and over again, to torment him a little because fuck she felt tormented right now he deserved it to right?

" I promise I'll work on it.." she responded before the meeting went silent, both of them not saying anything for a moment, the awkward tension so thick she could cut it with a knife, of course he soon broke the tension with his last question, she pondered for a moment before shaking her head.

" No i don't believe so..." she whispered her finger coming to tuck her hair behind her ears.

" Is there anything else you need me for Mr Kingston..." god she couldn't stop her self from rolling his name of her tongue just a little slower then she had earlier..." Or can I go?..."

Yes. I need you. I need that top unbuttoned and on the ground, that skirt rode up to your waist. Your bare back against the wall and your legs curled around my body.

But of course he said nothing of that sort out loud. Yet his eyes spoke for him. The darkness in them becoming intense as he stared at her in husky manner. He knew he could never stop wanting her, he could only attempt to resist it.

“No, Miss Weston, that would be all.” He then said and got up from his chair, his pants sitting tightly against his crotch and motioned to escort her out of the room. He placed a hand in the small of her back, resisting the urge to move his hand lower. “I hope you have a pleasant day.”

Emily felt the heat in his gaze, felt the way those eyes of his burned into her, christ she was getting hot, shifting slightly on her chair she tried to settle her self, but she knew it would be no good, being this close to him was no good for her...no good for her damn hormones.

As he ended the conversation she felt sadness engulf her, a part of her didn't wanna leave, but she knew she had to, reluctantly pulling her self up from the chair she grasped her coffee and walked side by side with him, feeling his hand against the smell of her back sent soft chills through her.

Take it lower...turn me round..pin me to that wall and kiss me.. she thought to herself biting down on her bottom lip quickly afraid if she didn't she might end up blurting it out.

She turned now, her gaze sitting on his face taking a moment to simply drink him in, her eyes moving down to his lips

before inhaling sharply, lifting her eyes back to his she smiled towards him

" You to..." she whispered back before finally stepping out of his office his secretary meeting her once more as she once again escorted her down the hall, she couldn't help but turn to look to his office once more , hoping to catch one more glimpse of him before they vanished into the elevator.

For just a second there he thought she would go for it. That she would take that step back towards him and press her lips against him. The way her eyes seemed to linger on them.. yet she choose to reply and turn around. He watched her leave then as he felt his erection in his pants just sitting there uncomfortably. Why did she have to be the thing he wanted? Why couldn't she have been in his life 9 years ago.

The moment she went in that elevator he turned around and took a few deep breaths. He had done what he had promised himself. He had kept it professional, but damn had she made it hard for him. He would need a good break before he could do the interview with Mr Finch.

God Emily had never felt so tense as she did the rest of the day after her meeting with Nathaniel , uncomfortably tense at that, trying to concentrate on her work was Hard to..when all she thought about was him up in that office...and it made her toes curl in her shoes, god she so desperately wanted him....

She needed a distraction..and that's why she picked up her phone and messaged Ben *Up for that run later?* , she knew if anyone was going to make her feel better, keep her mind at bay it was him .

She took the advice that was giving to her, she finished bang on time handing over some of the work to the other employees , thsts what she was asked to do and she did it..even if when she left she felt like running back and seeing what they were doing, she had to stop this...god she had big OCD issues.

She got in at 6 and planned to meet Ben at 7 at the park, she got her self changed, getting on the best running gear she had, she was looking forward to this run, surprisingly, she needed to get out she needed to get out some of this pent up tension she was feeling..and surely a run would help with that?

Clutching her water she made her way to the park, checking her watch is was 18.50 looking to the spot they had decided to meet at , noticing he wasn't there yet , she moved to sit down taking a swig of her water as she waited for him.

A phone was something they were not allowed to have on the factory floor. They believed it was too much of a distraction in such a high speed work enviroment and perhaps they were right. Because of that it took until Ben's break before he could actually see Emily's text. Yet seeing it made him smile. He had thought of inviting her on Wednesday, but seeing her now taking the initiative made him feel incredibly happy.

Sounds good! Meet you at 7 at the park?

He finished at five and went home quick. He enjoyed a meal with his roommate as she teased him about going on a run with the girl. Melissa had been way to invested in his sudden intrest in a girl and it had honestly been just slightly annoying.

He threw on his usual sweatpants, running shoes and fleece vest on that he used for running in the winter and then made his way to where Emily was already waiting for him. "No tears this time right?" He teased her as he found her sitting on that same bench he had found her on those few days ago. "Ready to get sweaty?" He said it almost like he was imitating a populair commercial.

Emily looked up to see Ben coming over his words caused her to chuckle as she pulled her self up from the bench to stand beside him. " No tears yet...your about to take me for a run, there could be plenty of tears and steering in approximately ten minutes.." she teased.

Already being around him she felt the tension leaving her, she felt more relaxed just being in his presence and god that was nice.

She groaned a little then . " I guess?... " she teased with a smile, placing her water down her hand lifting to ensure her hair wad secured tight enough in the pony tail she was wearing.

" Okay Mr motivator let's do this..."

“See, it is good I am here, because you were just about to make your first mistake.” He said to her as he popped up a finger in the air like he was some kind of leaned professional on this subject of running. “We need to stretch first.” He told her.

He would proceed to show her different types of stretches that would lose up her muscles. They involved using the bench and bending down to the ground. It also gave him a good chance to admire her shape a little bit, though he tried to not be disrespectful and only looked a few times. He sometimes came over to her to help her adjust her stretch and move her in the right position, or pad on a spot that she would need to be feeling it if she was doing it right. But even then, he made sure to not touch her anywhere that was in appropriate.

“So now that you are properly stretched we are just going to do a slow trot. Two minutes on, two minutes off. Slow build up, see how you handle that. And while you are running you pay attention to your breath.” He explained to her. He started to trot in place a little bit and showed her the breather technique. Because the bounces would tend to empty your lungs and make you breath short it was important to watch your breathing. It basicly came down to breathing in during two hops and out during two hops, creating two short ins and short outs back to back.

Emily blinked when he wagged his finger at her, chuckling lightly with a shake of her head. " Excuse me I was going to

stretch thank you for very much! I just hadn't got their yet...," she teased poking her tongue out at him.

She followed his suit, stretching her body as he demonstrated, her body bending over in the different ways he told her, feeling the muscles in her frame already loosen she sighed, as he came over to show her she couldn't help feeling a little bashful, she also couldn't help but notice how respectful he was....how careful, and it made her smile.

She nodded as he explained about the trot they were going to do, watching as he demonstrated how she should be breathing, she imitated him a little bit , following his steps for the breathing.

" Okay I think I got it....let's try this thing then.." she teased with a grin, stepping in line with him she waited until he started of before she followed him, her hair swaying as she bounced as she concentrated on her breathing knowing that was the most important thing to remember right now.

He would start them of in a trot that was not even that much faster then walking and over the two minutes gt to a speed that would be comfortable for her to do without needing to use to much energy. He would watch the time on his watch as they went. The whole time he kept an eye on her, making sure she was breathing right and comfortable. He needed to make this first run alright for her or she might not do it ever again. "See, a natural." He complimented her as they were going.

After two minutes he slowed them back down to a decently speedy walk, but it would give her time to get herself unwinded and recover a bit before they started again. "There. How bad was it?" He asked her. He himself was barely winded from it. But then again, he was used to running.

Emily watched his form as he ran, he was definitely more used to this than she was! She found her self falling into a rhythm then, finding she got her feet quite easily as she followed him relatively easily.

His compliment had her smiling, even if her breathing was started to get a tad harder. But she was enjoying it, all though she couldn't help wonder just how much longer it would be until they took a pause, she could feel tension in her lower muscles and she knew that was because she simply wasn't used to running.

Eventually though they came to a pause, she took a deep breath walking at the same speed she did. " Yeah....not bad..." she said trying to catch her breath, watching how he wasn't even fazed by the entire thing made her feel very unfit!

" How long you been running for?... " she asked casually as she attempted to catch her breath before they did the next stretch.

He couldn't help but smile at her. She was doing well and no complaining after two first two minutes was good. The next two would probably be roughest and after that she just needed to push herself through it and it would probably become

easier. He was hoping to do 10 repeats of the pattern giving the a 40 minute run. But if she couldn't make it he could stop before then.

"I have always done some form of running, but I didn't get serious about it till like thee years ago." He said to her. "It just always gave me this sense of balance and calm. Helps clear the brain and soothe the body. Also a good excuse to get some fresh air." He said as he smiled at her. "I promise it will feel good soon." He said to her as he already saw that their two minutes were almost up. The rests always seemed to short and the running to long, he knew that from when he started. "This one going to suck, but you got this!" He warned her as he send them into that trot again.

Emily smiled as he explained himself about the running, she could see what he meant, there ass something so exhilarating about being outside, the cool air around her hitting her flushed skin which sent soft chills through her.

" Yeah...I can see what you mean.." she said, her breathing starting to return to a normal state now . His promise had her smiling. " I trust you...if it doesn't I know who to blame..." she teased.

His warning words had her groaning before she started to trot beside him, and god he was right about this one sucking, she felt her calfs started to burn a little bit more, she tried so desperately to keep her breathing how he instructed but it was

difficult, to get into that rhythm he had explained for her to do, and yet she kept going..she kept running until he told her to pause, and god she was grateful for it as she stopped tilting her head back to allow the cold air to whip against her face, her chest rising and falling as she caught her breath, and even through the pain..and the tightness in her lungs...god she felt good.

" This is a killer...but it sure makes you feel good huh?...i feel alive even if my body is having a mild panic attack at what im putting it through " she said breathlessly before she chuckled at her self

" does that sound weird?..."

“No, that is exactly what it is supposed to feel like!” He just laughed at her. He knew the second set was likely the hardest for her. It was the body just complaining about being put in that situation and being annoyed about it. But soon she would get that little bit of runner’s high. The bit where the burns would get less her heart would get in a better rhythm for her to breath through.

He was still not very winded, just a small bit and he seemed to only need the 30 seconds to recover from those two minutes of running. “Make sure to keep your shoulders back even when it seems difficult to breath. It opens your lungs.” He instructed her as he saw that she tended to start to tense up now that she was trying to catch her breath.

He wondered if he should tell her that there were eight more, but at this point she would probably just tell him he was crazy, so he didn't. "Okay, three two one, two more minutes!" He said as he once again put her in that medium trot.

"It is??...well that's good I guess...", she teased laughing a little bit then, placing her hands on her hips as her breathing started to steady again, she could feel her calves still burning but it was getting better, she was determined to do this...one because she wanted to...and two because she didn't wanna look like a idiot in front of Ben.

If anything she was quite jealous how comfortable he seemed, but then he said he had been doing it for a few years so was it any wonder he was good? She only just started and to be honest she was quite pleased she had managed what she had already..

At his instruction she nodded, instantly trying to relax her self keeping her shoulders back. "Okay...got it...", she said

Just as quick as they seemed to walk they were of again, only this time she didn't find it half as bad, she did as he said, she kept her shoulders back took deep meaningful breaths when she had to, she even kept up with him not trailing behind like she had the first two runs.

They stopped again and she puffed out, she could feel slight sweat on her forehead now, her hand moving up to rub it with the sweat band she was wearing.

" Christ this is fun!.." she said with a breathless chuckle.

She had done amazingly well and far above his expectations. By the third run she was keeping up with him and every time they stopped for a rest she seemed to get more and more into it. At least till the 7th one, that was when fatigue was starting to hit her and he could tell. She was slouching more and was having trouble even during the resting phase. When they settled into that 8th run he knew that it should probably be her last. One last push to make her feel good about herself.

And damn she was winded by the end of that one. "Okay, that is is, let's call it." He chuckled at her, even if he didn't mean to be mean. By then he was probably just getting into it and even though a small layer of sweat was on his forehead, he was nowhere near as winded as she was. He would just go on a run by himself another day. He didn't mind keeping his pace low for her

If anyone cared to ask Emily how she felt she would say she don't fantastic! After the first four or five runs she finally found her feet, her stride was good, her breathing wasn't bad and it wasn't taking her to long to recover on the small rest bites..it was great!

That was until run six..when things weren't so easy anymore, the burning came back to her legs, her lungs were on fire, she tried to regulate her breathing but it seemed once this started again it didn't let up, if anything the next few runs it just got

worse...she was basically panting after the 8th run, sweat coming down her head, her legs felt like jelly.

As he called it she shook her head trying to keep her walking pace but failing miserably. " No...no..I'm okay...I can run.." she couldn't even talk through panting, christ her body ached seeing a patch of grass she walked to it.

" Let me just ...ya know...callopse her for a second.." she said breathlessly, before she let her body flop to the grass, one hand folding over her head, her chest rising and falling in a rapid pace as she tried to calm her self down...but even through all this she felt bloody good!

"No you can't." He just laughed at her when she complained and wanted to keep going. She soon collapsed into the gras and he just hunched next to her chuckling at her softly. "You did great Emily, nothing to be embarassed about. I barely made it to five the first time." He complimented her and offered her the water bottle that he had kept with him, she had already seemed to have emptied hers.

He watched as her chest fall up and down, making his slim waist appear even slimmer as she lay there. He then just sat next to her and let her have a bit of a moment. "Just catch your breath and then we will just walk around a bit to cool down. If we don't you might just be dying again in the morning." He warned her.

Emily laid there , her chest rising and falling with such force she thought her damn heart was about to explode out of her chest, her arm flopped over her eyes keeping them closed for a moment before she eventually moved it and looked to him, his compliment caused her to smile giving a breathless chuckle.

" Your just being nice..." she teased, her hands pushing to the grass go sit her self up, the act along caused her to grunt , but at least her breathing was settling as she took the water from him with thanks and downed most of it.

" I think I'm already dying, never mind in the morning..." she teased with a grin, reaching her hands out she waiting till he took them and pulled her self up, feeling her legs give a bit of a wobble groaned

" Guess who's going to be wearing flats at work tomorrow?..." she teased her cheeks flustered from the warmth of their run as she stretched a little.

" Okay come on, let's do this walk before my legs give in..."

He gladly helped her back up to her feet, glad that she seemed to in the motion of getting going again. If she had stayed down for long she would be more sore tomorrow, so it was time for the two of them to walk around just a bit more. One circle around the park would do it.

“Actually this will surprise you, but you might actually want to wear those heels tomorrow.” He chuckled at her. “Those

tendons in the back of your ankle are going to feel tight probably.” He knew he had times when he would rather just stay on his tippy toes the next day.

He didn't let go of her hand then and instead took the initiative to intertwine their fingers as he started to walk with her. It was a casual pace and would be enough to get them to cool down. “Worth it?”

" Really?...well I'm surprised thought that would be the last thing I should wear..." she teased with a chuckle, of course she couldn't help but notice how he entwined their fingers together, she gave a small smile and clutched his hand back, leaning into him a bit more as they walked together.

His question had her grinning. " God yes!..." she teased with a chuckle. " I really needed that today...it felt good, to let out all that tension, that stress...to just let go and..ya know feel Alive.." she said with a smile, bumping into him playfully.

" Thanks...you're a good teacher, you don't need to come with me everytime by the way, I don't want to slow you down...." she said softly giving his hand a bit of a squeeze as they walked round the park, her body finally cooling down as the cold breeze brushed past them..

He couldn't help but smile at himself as she leaned into him, enjoying her being that close to him. Even if she smelled like sweat right then.

“No problem at all. I can always go for a run by myself sometimes. I actually.. enjoyed it a lot.” He said as he smiled at her. “You will get better at it if you keep going. And now you could go on your own as well.” He suggested.

“Stress?” He said as he looked down on her. “Rough day at work?” He asked. “You want to talk about it?” He wanted to be involved in her life and if there were things she was stressing about, he wanted to know. Wanted to be there to support it.

" Good , I'm glad you enjoyed it..." she said, and she was, she really enjoyed jogging with him, he was a good teacher, he was patient and helped her, she hoped he would take her out again sometime.

" You know I was thinking I could do that, build myself up a bit more so I don't feel like I'm keeping you back.." she said softly, her hand flexing in his before she held it again, looking out to the park seeing how quiet it was , her eyes watched as a few leaves danced past her.

His question had her faltering in her steps, she chewed her bottom lip a little bit wondering if she should tell him or not before she sighed. " I had a performance review today, it went okay..better than I thought anyway, I was told I need to make more time for myself and stop working over hours, so...today I passed on some work, but honestly all I've done is stress about it all evening...I really need to learn to relax.." she teased.

And of course thinking about that delicious man behind his big impressive desk, staring at her with those come fuck me eyes the thought only made her shudder as she gripped his hand tighter.

" I just get to worked up over things..." she whispered softly.

He just looked back at her as she seemed to stop in her tracks a little bit. He just listened to her talking about her work and it only the dawned on him that her job must be incredibly more stressful then he might have though that it as.

"Hey, that's a good thing isn't it?" He just offered her even if he didn't really have that much of a clue what her job was like. "If your boss tells you to take it easier, then it is alright to take it easier." He just stood in front of her and put his hands on her shoulders. "Just, stop worrying about it and tomorrow when that work is already on your desk instead of still needing to be done, you will feel happy about it." He smiled at her. "Relax girl, you got this."

" Yeah i guess...." she said softly, she felt incredibly guilty then, guilty that she didn't just tell him the truth, tell him what was really going on at work, to what was going on with her period, but she found she couldn't....she simply couldn't tell him.

" I know...I just, I dunno its not in my nature I guess..." she said with a sigh, when he turned and faced her she couldn't

help but smile up to him, his enthusiasm had her smile stretching more.

" Yeah....yeah your right, I know when i get in and its done ill feel better, less work for me right? .." she paused in her movements to look up at his happy smiling face and felt a tug inside her, and before she knew what she was doing she was wrapping her arms up and around his neck, feeling his arms move from around her shoulders she stepped into him, and held him, wrapping her self up against him as she closed her eyes and simply enjoyed this contact with him, god she needed it....she needed this sighing as she found her self nuzzling against his neck.

" Thank you..." she whispered against him, her arms tightening as she brought him a little closer to her.

He couldn't help but feel surprised as she suddenly move into him. For a small moment he just stood there awkwardly a little unsure of what exactly to do. Even his arms were still kind of hanging in the air. Then he let his arms just come to rest around her as he hugged her close against him. "You are welcome." He whispered back.

They stood there for a good while and he just felt happy, enjoying her warmth and closeness. He even closed his eyes as he leaned into her, feeling her breath tickle his neck and he felt himself letting out a deep breath himself.

But then Ben did what he usually did. He started to feel unsure, wondering if she wanted more than just that hug and if he was making a fool of himself just standing there doing nothing. If he should be taking some kind of initiative that he was unaware of. "God, you smell." He chuckled then, revolting to his jokes in his state of insecurity. Way to go Ben.

Emily heard his words and felt self melting into him, it felt nice to be in his arms, to actually stand and hug someone like she was now, his smell wrapped around her and she didn't even care that he smelt. All she cared about was holding him in this moment.

But then his words had her blushing hotly and she pulled away quickly, feeling her own insecurities then she smiled sheepishly up to him

" Yeah...guess I do huh..." she said bashfully, stepping away from him a little bit then

" I should probably get home and get a shower.." she said softly. " Did you....did you wanna come round? You can have a shower at mine if you like? Might be nice to have a undisturbed shower?..." she said then realising he didn't actually have anything at hers to shower with....or clothes...

" I mean if you want to...you don't have to...I appreciate none of your things are there..." she said with a shrug, not really knowing what to do right now but just feeling incredibly conscious that she needed a damn shower!

He almost didn't want to let her go when she stepped back. And when she seemed to take what he said to heart he just felt bad. He wanted to protest, say it was just a joke but he was half convinced he would just mess up the moment even more, so instead he just stayed silent and scratched the back of his head.

He listened to her suggestion of having a shower at her place and it just made him shrug. It didn't hurt to shower somewhere where he knew it was available. If Melissa was in a mood she really took that bathroom for herself. "Yeah, sure. Why not." He decided, not seeing the harm to it. He didn't even really think about the fact that he had no spare clothes with him. He hadn't sweat that much anyway? It was fine.

she nodded as he agreed to come to her house, she felt a little stupid that....maybe she took what he said to literally, he seemed a but awkward now and that wasn't what she wanted.

Reaching down she grasped his hand entwining her fingers with him as she stepped into him a little closer , very much like they were earlier, her step matching his as they made there way out of the park and down the street.

" How was your day?... " she asked casually as they walked, the silence between them making her feel slightly awkward so she wanted to try and break it.

As she took his hand and resumed the walk he started to feel a little bit better. At least they seemed to be back into the good

space that they had earlier instead of the awkward one that happened before. Her asking him a question also helped to get the conversation rolling again.

“Well, you know. Same old.” He said to her. “Packed shit into boxes.” His job really was just that boring. “We did reach our quota, so that was exciting!” He started. Yet he felt like there was still this air of awkwardness around them and he soon stopped talking again. Not sure how to make it better.

He thought back about their little moment and the realization came to him late. Goddamn.. she had thought he wasn't joking. “You know I don't really think you smell right?” He offered.

Emily smiled as he spoke about his word, tilting his head to listen to what he had to say with interest " Well that's good right?...Always exciting when you hit deadlines.. " she said with a smile, clutching his hand as they walked.

God this was awkward...she wished she didn't react the way she did then, he laughed...he was joking...why did she have to take it so bloody seriously??

It seemed he sensed it, and when she spoke she smiled nudging him lightly. " Yeah I know you didn't, I just...I dunno clearly took it the wrong way, sorry..." she whispered giving his hand a bit more of a squeeze.

" But anyway...it's fine cause in roughly ten minutes I'm gonna smell like a damn vanilla candle and then we will see if you complain about that..." she teased poking her tongue out at him, at least attempting to make things playful.

" I might have something tropical for you....I think I have a pineapple shower gel in a drawer, seeing how you love pineapple so much.." she teased.

"I am sorry too." He just said. He had ruined a nice moment between them because he didn't have the sense to just shut the fuck up when he needed to. The silence had just been.. a lot. It had slipped his mouth before he even knew it. He squeezed her hand back and with that at least the air between them seemed to have lifted a little bit.

He chuckled as this time she was the one throwing jokes at him. "I will just steal your damn vanilla and we will see who pulls that scent off better!" He teased her as he poked her cheek. "I will no longer be cool Ben, from then on.. sweet Ben!"

Emily chuckled as his words feeling him poke her cheek she retaliated by slapping his muscular stomach playfully. " You won't...I'm gonna hide the damn stuff and just leave the tropical flavours out for you to stew over...like hell your smelling better then me..." she teased with another chuckle.

Her apartment came into view then, releasing his hand just momentarily so she could open the door she walked in,

grasping his hand as she lead him up another flight of stairs before her apartment came into view. Opening the door she allowed him to step in first before following.

" Excuse the mess...I wasn't expecting people coming round.." she said sheepishly removing her shoes as she stepped into her lounge area. There was some papers and a laptop on the table which she quickly re arranged and at least made tidy, a few cups on the side in the kitchen but other then that...the place really wasn't dirty!

" make your self at home, did you want a drink or anything? I have some beers...wine...I could do a coffee? Or I have water in the fridge? .." she asked just wanting him to feel as comfortable as he could.

He remembered being here before just a few nights ago. He had left her downstairs and had only been left to guess exactly which door belonged to her house. This time he got to find out more and he couldn't help but feel excited about it. It felt like a bit of trust that he had earned of her and he was glad for that.

He followed her up the stairs and the moment the door opened he could smell that vanilla scent just wafting up into his nose. No wonder this girl always carried that scent with her, her whole house smelled like it. He stepped inside ad as she excused the mess he couldn't help but frown at her. "What mess?" He just asked. "Damn place is spotless." He chuckled. And really felt like it. The place he lived at had never even

looked as neat and decorated as hers was. It was inviting and cozy and warm. It was really fitting to who Emily herself was.

“Uhhh.. yeah. I will just grab something.” He said a little awkwardly now that he was actually standing there. He wasn’t even sure if he wanted to sit down in this perfect little place for her, scared he would stink up the place. “So do you shower first? Or?” He asked.

Emily chuckled as he asked about the mess. " well i guess it's not that bad..." She teased with a shrug, she watched him standing there, he seemed a little awkward and she couldn't help but smile...he was sweet.

His question had her smiling. " Wanna go first? I'll go after you, i don't mind waiting..I can put those papers away anyway " she said, grasping his hand she lead him down a short walk , her bedroom visible on the left before she turned right opening the bathroom.

" Here you go, now if you wanna choose a shower gel or what ever there's some drawers there there might be something in there you like..." reaching round him she grabbed her vanilla shower cream hugging it to her.

" Your not having this Ben..." she teased poking her tongue out before she moved away to her bedroom grabbing a towel, and she had a thought quickly pulling out some bits she found what she was looking for.

" Here...i actually have a few things, my brother stayed here a while ago, I forgot he left some of his stuff here...it's just some sweat pants and a top...figured you might prefer to change out of those?...It's up to you though.." she said with a shrug.

" The shower is easy press that button and it will turn on, if you wanna adjust the temperature turn this knob. ..." she said demonstrating for him. " and this one controls how fast you want it..its quite powerful so don't blame me if it blows that perfect hair of yours of your head.. ." She teased with a chuckle.

"Yeah, if you don't mind." He just said, being alright with going into the shower first. He followed her into the little hallway and couldn't help but get a small peek into her bedroom. Just like her living room it was warm and inviting and he almost find himself just blushing the slightest this time as he imagined spending a night with her there. Way to quick Ben, way to quick. He told himself.

He went into the bathroom with her and looked around. It was a small place, but comfortable enough to shower in. "Your not having this Ben.." she said as he saw her hiding a bottle away against her. "Oooh come on Emily! You know I would smell great!" He teased her as he tried to grab it back from her, but she didn't fail to hide it away.

As she was in the next room he took of his vest and shirt, finding the sudden inside warmth to be just a bit much and he

would need to take it off soon anyway. It revealed just how toned his body was. He wasn't like a buff in the gym, but there were nice lines that defined his muscles and subtle bumps to his arms. His chest and stomach were both covered in a bit of hair with a line going through the middle that connected them both. The line extended all the way to inside his pants. He looked at the things she had and choose just a simple every day drug store showergell and a shampoo, not caring to much about scent of it.

When she came back he gladly listened to her explaining how the shower worked and quickly adjusted the shower head. Him being as much taller as her, he needed it higher. "Sounds easy enough." He said.

Of course Emily being Emily didn't pay much attention to the fact that Bed was nor shirtless, that wasn't until she turned around and got a better look at him, she couldnt stop her eyes travelling down his chest, looking at the slight definition there, the small hairs grazing his chest and stomach, her eyes going down to see the tint trail of hair that vanished down his trousers. She quickly flicked her gaze back up, catching his eyes she found her self blushing deeply quickly stepping back from him as she became painfully aware of just how close they were.

" I'll umm...I'll leave you to it, take as long as you need okay? You probably don't get this luxury very often.." she teased

before finally moving out of the bathroom and closing the door behind her.

She finally released that pent up breath she was holding, stepping down the small corridor she got back into the living room and felt her head whizzing with confusion.

Should she be doing this? Should she be here with Ben? Should she be encouraging this...well relationship she guessed when she knew deep down she still had a strong desire for Nathaniel I mean christ she couldn't even be around the man without wanting to undress him and have him wrapped around her....her mind traveled back to the times she had literally that and cursed her self ..* Stop it Emily....he's told you, it won't work, you can't have him...not the way you want him why are you doing this to yourself*

She frowned at her thoughts shaking her head as she stepped into the living room and started to put the papers away, shoving them in a filofax as she pondered what the hell was going on with her life right now...

Ben was oblivious to the little thing that had just seemed to happen between them. She had seen her eyes stray away from his face, yet he had not put together that those eyes had been checking out his stomach and chest. Once she looked back up he saw that deep blush on her cheeks and it only seemed to confused him more. Did he say something strange?

She told him to take his time and ushered herself out of the bathroom and with that he was left alone. He didn't even lock the door once she left. She knew he was in there, no need to lock it behind him.

He got himself fully undressed then and folded the clothes into a pile as he turned on the hot water. He got under it and left out a deep sigh as the water hit his body. He loved showers and she was right, he did not often get to take long ones. He turned the water on nice and hot, the steam soon covering the bathroom into a nice haze of steam. He took the shower gel and soaped himself in taking in the scent. It was just that generic brand type of smell. "Should have tried harder for that vanilla." He chuckled to himself.

Emily had popped the filofax away in his proper place, had popped her laptop away and fluffed up her pillows, she wanted to at least make the place look somewhat homely for him...she wanted him to feel relaxed here.

Walking over to her unit she grabbed her lighter and lit up the few candles in the living room, watching them cast a glow across the place, the smell of vanilla a little stronger now as she chewed on her lip...was she putting it on to thicken?...she shook her head.. no she wasn't it was just a few candles and she always lit them when she come home...

Walking into the kitchen she grabbed her bottle of wine and poured herself a glass, taking a slow sip she leaned

against the counter...she heard the shower then, could hear the water as it hammered down against the glass of the shower, her fingers clutched the counter behind her...he was in the shower....he was naked...

Stop it Emily...you cant chewing on her bottom lip she drummed her fingers on the counter...she was only going to look?...surely that would be okay?

After many arguments with her self she took another deep gulp of her wine and padded of, turning the corner she heard the shower louder stepping forward she went to the bathroom door, her fingers moved up and she delicately pushed it watching it open.

She freaked out a bit then...I mean what if he saw her?....now the door was open a bit though she could see steam coming from the gaps, her heart was racing...this was wrong...but damnit she couldn't stop herself, allowing her body to turn round carefully and silently peeking throw the gap in the door.

He never noticed how the door had seemed to open up on him. The shower was so loud after all that it was almost impossible to hear that little glink unless you were actually paying attention to it.

He had just finished lathering himself up and was in the process of letting the water wash it away from him again. His whole body was hidden in the steam yet she could see it if she wanted. That line that had admired before was now visible as

it walked all the way to his crotch. He wasn't shaven there, but it was short and well trimmed. His member at rest as the water dripped down from it and all into the ground. He reached his arms up and brushed his hair back with his fingers as he enjoyed the feeling of the water spraying into his face.

She could see him then, his silhouette hidden beneath the haze of shower, the steam moved in small waves around him and she was able to see more of him. Her eyes travelled down his frame, she felt her cheeks grow hot, she knew she shouldn't be looking but she couldn't pull her eyes away....he was ..well shit he was good looking.

He was defined in all the right places, his hair was wet and slick as it hung down his back, and she just wanted to shove her hands through it..

She watched his head tip up watched the way the water sprayed over his face, Jesus she wanted to get in with him...she wanted to run her hands over that defined chest of his and...

Emily what the hell is wrong with you she muttered... she wanted to walk away, she knew she should..she shouldn't be doing this ..but fuck she wanted him, she needed this...she needed someone to get that damn man out of her head...she needed someone to show her she didn't need Nathaniel..someone to show her she could be wanted..fully wanted...and god she knew Ben could do that..

Before she really registered what she was doing, she took her clothes off, leaving them in a pile outside the door, she carefully stepped in, god her heart was hammering..she felt sick..what if this was to soon?....what if he didn't like her that way? What if he rejected her?...

God she felt sick..but she couldn't stop...her feet padded bare foot across the cold tiles of the bathroom, she didn't think he had noticed yet...god she could feel how hot her cheeks were, but damnit she needed this...she needed him.

She pushed the shower door open carefully, sliding In behind him . She watched him turn to her then, she felt her breath catch In her throat then as he looked at her, she felt her heart in her throat...before she gave him much time to respond she leaned in and kissed him, the water crashing around them as her lips connected.

He had been enjoying his shower, the hot water really making him feel relaxed and calm. He didn't do this often enough and he sort of blamed himself for that in the moment. The last bit of soap was starting to leave his body and he knew that he couldn't stay under the shower forever. Emily still needed to take her shower as well.

That was when he suddenly felt the cold rush as the shower door suddenly rushed open. He turned himself around just to be met by Emily's eyes staring straight into his. He eyes

peeked down, seeing her fully undressed the heat quickly rushed to his face and perhaps.. even to other places.

“Em.. Emily.. what are y..!” He started to say but she didn’t give him time to even respond to her naked presence suddenly being in the shower with him. She pushed her lips against his, kissing him hotly and eager. He stumbled backwards from his surprise but she just followed him, his back now pressed against the cold tiles of the shower cabin.

Yet he kissed her back. He had wanted to kiss her for a long time and even if the situation seemed odd, he found himself kissing her back, a hand reaching up to softly cup the back of her head. When he eventually found himself breaking the kiss off he almost seemed out of breath. “W-what are you doing?” He just asked, unsure of what to make of it and honestly feeling shy about her being there, with them both naked as they were born.

She felt him stumble, felt them move back a bit until his back was against the tiles and her body was pretty against his, she groaned as she kissed him back, one hand moving to travel up his chest, her fingers feeling the firm flesh beneath her finger tips before they made it to his neck, traveling up until she pushed them through his hair holding him at the back of his neck.

When he pulled back she gasped, she wanted to move back in, wanted to kiss him again, until his frantic words came rattling

out of him and for a moment she had a hint of nervousness...maybe it was to soon...her face faltered for a second before her hand moved to play with his hair once again.

" I dunno...being impulsive I guess .." she whispered her words a little.breathless her other hand moving up to the other side of his neck clutching him then.

" I want you Ben...and I know you want me.." she whispered leaning in she kissed along his jaw her hand moving to his shoulder so she could nestle his neck smelling the shower gel he had just used before she dipped back to look at him

" Stop thinking Ben..." she whispered before she pressed her lips back to his her hand moving back up to bury back inside his hair.

Impulsive..? This was a little bit more than that to him. He just stared at her unsure of what to make of it. He could still feel the tingling that her fingers had left on his skin.

He was not sure what to make of it and tried to move back as he felt his member grow and stand erect at the sudden admission of her wanting him. He had never had a girl tell him that and now that it happened he just felt unsure of what to do about it. But even as he moved back, there was little space for him to go and he soon felt her brushing up on it.

She kissed him again and with her hands dancing through his hair he could feel that pull towards her. His hands moving up to cup her cheeks. She was right, he did want her. Yet could he really just do that? What had gotten into this shy girl that he was falling for. What had gotten her so riled up all of a sudden? Yet he was so aware of himself. Of her naked body against her. Of his erection resting against her stomach. "I just.." he stammered a bit. "Emily." He whispered into her. "Should we really do this?"

He started to kiss her back, she melted against him then, her hands toying with his hair as her lips moved over his, feeling his hand against her cheek she closed her eyes wanting go focus on the feeling of being here...being here with someone who wanted her, who needed her...who would be there for her. But then he pulled back again, she found her eyes opening peering at him, she could hear the uncertainty in his voice and she felt her self grow incredibly conscious...maybe this was to soon...what was she doing?...

She felt her self getting emotional then, she released his face stepping back a little. " II'm sorry Ben...." she whispered, god she felt so stupid....she felt like a idiot, what the fuck was wrong with her...

She opened the shower door and stepped out hurriedly, she shouldn't of done it...she shouldn't of climbed in there with him..her desperation to forgot about Nathaniel had caused her

to act irrational..fuck it all she was destined to be alone forever..

She grabbed a spare towel pulling it round her self as she left the bathroom, moving to her bedroom she moved to sit on the edge of the bed...he wasn't going to stay now, he would go...could she blame him? She felt tears coming to her eyes then, why did nothing ever go right for her?

He was just stunned as she suddenly moved away from him. "I... I'm sorry Ben..." she whispered and all of a sudden she was gone. He tried to reach out to her, but she was quicker then he was.

He just turned himself around, back into the water. "Bloody hell.." he cursed under his breath. He was going about this all wrong. He kept doing and saying the wrong thing everytime. If he kept this up he was going to lose her.

He quickly turned off the shower and took the towel to wipe the worst of himself dry and pulled on his boxers, awkwardly tucking away his erection as it was just barely starting to get soft again.

He opened the bathroom door and rushed out to look for her. When he found her sitting on the bed wrapped in her towel he just felt mad at himself. He was now the reason she was crying.

"Em.. I am sorry.." he said, the water still dripping from his hair. "I just.. I am not used to that." He stammered over his own words. "I just want to do this right, you know?" He tried as he sat down next to her on the bed. "It is not that I don't want you. I just.. wanted to take it more slow then that." He looked at her face even as she was probably hiding it away and wiped a tear from her cheek. "I don't want to make you cry, ever."

God she felt so stupid, she knew she shouldn't of rushed it...she knew she shouldn't of gone in there after him like that, she was going about this all wrong...he wasn't Nathaniel..he was different...she closed her eyes she could feel tears there then, as her hand come to swipe one away, she hated feeling like this...she just wanted these feelings to go away for the man she knew she could never have...

She heard the bathroom door open then and sucked in a deep breath trying desperately to remove the tears that had fallen before she heard him coming from the doorway, she looked down to her lap, her hands folded ad she shook her head.

" This is my fault..." she whispered, trying to keep her emotions in check, his words...his words made her feel even more emotional to know he cared enough to want to do things right with her...to do it how it should be done..she felt his hand against her cheek, her eyes coming up to see him then .

" This isn't your fault.. you haven't made me cry I.. ." She stopped her self shaking her head. " Oh Ben I'm such a mess..." she whispered helplessly more tears coming now as she wiped them away. " I want to stop feeling like this...I hate it...I hate it " she whispered as she started to cry her hands coming to cover her face.. god she was such a mess.

He just searched her eyes as he was trying to understand what she meant. Feeling like what? What was he doing so wrong that it has caused her to walk in on him in the shower. That it had ended up with her crying in her bedroom in a towel.

"Hey.. it's okay." He said then and pulled her against him. His chest was still bare and damp from the shower, but held her against him and swayed her softly. "Like what Emily? Feeling like what?" He asked her trying to understand what he could so to make it better.

"I mean.." he stammered a second. "If you really want to do it that much.. we can." He said. "Just.. maybe not in the shower?" He said, trying to make amends for what had just happened. Thinking maybe she just felt rejected or needed the sex to feel better about them. He didn't know how girls worked.

Emily felt him pull her in then, sniffing lightly as she wrapped her arms around him and held her to him, his question had more emotions running through her , how was

she supposed to answer his question? She didn't even know how to explain what was she feeling.

His next statement had her laughing lightly, she pulled back shaking her head at how innocent he was...how he was clearly still blaming what happened earlier for this out burst.. " Oh Ben...don't ever stop being you.." she whispered smiling towards him as she swiped her tears away.

" This isn't to do with that, it's to do with me..I..I'm just having a hard time at the minute..." she whispered her face faltering. " when...when you found me on the bench...I was hurting, hurting because someone I..." she paused wondering if she wanted to tell him or not, he deserved to know though didn't he? She didn't wanna keep things from him..that wouldn't be fair on him.

" Someone I cared about..someone I cared alot about told me we would never be together , we wouldn't have a future and together ..it hurt.." she said softly reaching out she took his hands. " I thought maybe I might of been enough...for him to want..unconditionally but..." she sighed shaking her head. " god its so complicated " she whispered . " to cut a long story short I'm not..im not enough ." she whispered sadly .

" and I, I just wanna forget him Ben...I wanna forget about him and move on...and " she lifted her eyes to look at him. " And I really like you Ben...and I guess I just took things a bit to quick to fast...and I'm sorry.. .your right , we should wait.. .we should

do things properly " she whispered entwining her hand with his.

" I'm.sorry...really sorry..."

" I want to make a go of this with you Ben...you make me so happy , I've never laughed as much with anyone as I have the last few days.." she whispered clutching his hand tightly. " if you do to?..."

He listened to her story and how she explained what had happened before he met her. Someone had hurt her deeply and because of it she was now acting in ways that she might not even want. He just hugged her tighter against him and kept swaying her. "I am so sorry Emily." He said to her as she told him the story.

He squeezed her hands as she entwined their fingers once again and smiled at her as her eyes found his again. "You are plenty Emily. In fact, girl, you are waaay to much." He said, trying his hardest to make her smile. "I don't think I have ever met someone as bubbly and full of life as you are." He kissed her forehead then. "And to know that you were all of that while you were going through so much just makes you so much more special." He said to her and he meant it.

He couldn't keep the smile of his face as she said she wanted to try this with him. He really wanted to with her as well. She felt so safe and warm. He could truly be himself with her and he loved that.

He took her chin in his hands and kisses her once more. This time it was a soft kiss, tender and sweet. The type of kiss that was made of unspoken promises of love and care. "How about I stay over?" He suggested. "We can take it slow. Just cuddles and sleeping. Would that be alright?"

When he pulled her closer to him she closed her eyes relishing in the warmth of his body against his, the feeling of comfort he brought, of caring of understanding, he made her feel special...he was good for her.

" Don't apologise this isn't your fault.." she whispered to him, before she pulled back and felt him squeeze her hands his words causing her to laugh lightly. Sniffing as the last of her tears left her. " Way to much huh?.." she teased.

When he leaned in and kissed her forehead she sighed. " I dont like to show how I feel sometimes....I'd rather hide them, it's just easier that way.." she whispered.

She felt him take her chin, looking up to him she watched as he dipped in and kissed her, she melted against his lips, her hand coming up to clutch his cheek, god this kiss was like nothing she had experienced before, it was soft..tender..full of love...it made her feel so warm.

His suggestion had her smiling. " I'd really like that..." she whispered, dipping in to kiss him one more time before pulling back resting her head on his forehead before finally pulling back.

" Suppose I really should go get that shower....you know, seeing how I smell and all.." she teased trying to get back to the playfulness they had before.

He was glad that she seemed to be calming down. Her tears soon seemed to leave her and she was back to being more like the girl he had been with that whole night. "Don't be afraid to tell me when you are not alright. I am here for you."

When she accepted his offer to stay the night he couldn't help but feel a smile tug at her lips. "Then I will stay." He said to her.

When she talked about how she smelled he couldn't help but chuckle. "Who said I was already done?" He just said, trying to keep a serious face, but it soon ended in a chuckle. "Nah, go shower Emily." He said to her then. "I might have that beer you offered me."

It had been a month since Ben first stayed round hers, and god it was beautiful...they laid together in bed, talking, laughing, cuddling...it was nice...it was sweet...it was safe. Since that day that had most most days together, him coming to hers, her joining him on runs, they even went to the arcade again which was a blast just like last night...he had spent some nights at hers, nothing happened, they just talked...cuddled..kissed...she liked him, he made her feel safe, he made her feel secure...he was someone she needed.

Stepping into work that morning she had a bounce about her, walking to her desk she looked at her phone seeing a message from Ben she smiled typing a quick reply before placing her phone in her bag. She tried not to have her phone out to much, she was busy at work...she didn't distracting.

Bringing her emails up she saw a familiar email..*From Management* she froze..staring at the computer screen, she was almost to scared to open it. Flicking the mouse over she opened the email.

Good morning Mrs Watson, its time for your next performance review with Mr Kingston, Mrs Hutchinson will be down to escort you up shortly she felt her hands go clammy , her throat ran dry.

She hadn't seen Nathaniel since her last performance review, they hadn't spoken, he hadn't text..he hadn't tried to call her...not even emails at work..nothing..she sighed sitting back in her chair, she had nothing to worry about...they had a understanding, they both agreed this wouldn't work..they wouldn't work, besides...she had Ben now...Ben...he was good for her.

She had her hair up in a bun today, soft wisps of hair fell around her face, she wore a similar outfit to last time she saw him, only this time the skirt she wore was yellow, the slit coming up over her knee this time.

She adjusted her shirt, her fingers going to the buttons at the top, unable to stop her self from pulling a couple apart, to show just a bit of cleavage because she wanted him to see what he was missing out on, she wanted to see that desire in his eyes again..she wanted to walk away and snow him he didn't do that to her anymore..she had someone now...someone who cares about.

Soon the time arrives and Mrs Hutchinson arrived, she smiled as they both made small talk, she had grown fond of the woman, they had spoken a few times over the last month and she liked her.

Reaching his floor she found the same nerves rolling through her, fuck she was going to see him again....she took a steady breath. You can do this Emily...you don't need him she told her self quickly as she waited for Mrs Hutchinson to bring her in, all the while trembling in her damn heel...she could do this.

It had been a full month since their last performance review. He had not approached her since then. She had made it clear that she was moving on from him and he owed it to her to give her space to do so. That didn't mean however that she had not crossed his mind. He had thought about her, long and extensive. Especially on days when he was once again cast out of his wife's bed, he had longed to feel that warmth and heat with her. Yet he had kept his promise, he had let her be.

As he prepared their review he noticed that she had taken his words in stride. She had passed more work into her editors and her budget plan was much more on point. Her over hours had gone down and she had seemed to spend less and less time logged into her workspace from home. She was fitting right in and from the perspective of a trainee. She was gaining on her competitor Mr Finch.

As he was finishing up the last things he would look up from his laptop and see her striding her way. He was not ready to see her again. His eyes instantly dancing over her frame, over those buttoned that were unbuttoned far lower then was appropriate for a workspace. Over that skirt that showed just a little bit of those delicious knee's of hers. He found himself biting down on his lip as he tried to not get aroused by something as simple as her arriving, but it was already too late.

“Good morning, Miss Weston.” He spoke, a light huskiness found in his voice.

God she was a mess already, seeing him seeing behind that hug deak, the way his eyes darkened to look at her, the way he drank her in...and fuck the way he spike, it was dressed in silk with a side of hot damn and it made her clench her thighs together.

She heard the door click behind her and knew they were alone

. " Good morning, Mr Kingston..." she repeated her voice not holding as much strength as she would of liked as she stepped forward, her heels clicking over the marble floor before she found her place in the same chair as last time. Sitting down she folded her hands in her lap, her eyes keeping locked with his...she wanted to show she was stronger now, she wanted to show him he didn't effect her the same way he used to.

It was a good idea, it was a good promise to her self, but shit she couldn't keep still, his eyes were so dark and full of promise it set every nerve ending alive in her body...she needed to get this meeting over with...she needed to get out of this room.

" I hope your well?.." she said casually trying her damn hardest to keep the conversation flowing..afraid if she didn't what might happen.

He watched her walk towards him and sit down in the chair across from him. She was within his reach. He could reach out, grab her and pull her in. Press his lips against those beautiful pink plum ones of her own. Last time he had been able to hold himself back, having shared a bed with her just the night before.. well a couch rather. But this time he had been wanting her for a month, deprived of love and attention. He needed to just concentrate on the points he had written down.

"I am managing." He said, it was the honest truth. He had promised no more lies and he was going to that promise in the

very least. He turned to his laptop even though he was always paying attention to her from the corner of his eyes.

“I see you have been making improvements in your work flow since last time we talked.”

She kept her legs closed tightly, her fingers fidgeting in her lap, keeping her head up tall and her eyes watching him..damnit she could do this...but fuck the way he looked at her, she could see the desperate wanting behind his gaze and fuck it was hard to ignore.

His words had her interest peeked she wanted to ask him if he was okay, he sounded strained, he sounded tired and she couldn't help wonder if he was alright...was she allowed to ask him? She bit her bottom lip softly, *Just keep it professional..* she mentally told her self.

She smiled as he spoke about his word and she nodded. " I took on board everything we spoke about last night, I've been delegating more work out to my piers, I've kept a closer eye on my budget targets and I haven't been logging in at home so much, I'm glad it's showing...I'm trying hard to do everything you asked of me.."

She took a moment before continuing. " It's not been easy though, I'm not going to lie I struggled to give control over to my work, I take pride in it, I want it done just right.. trusting it to others was...no is difficult but I'm working on it....letting go

of that control that Is..." she whispered watching his gaze then she found her self shifting in the chair again.

" But I'm confident I'll get there .with time .."

He couldn't keep his eyes away from her lips as she talked. They were inviting. He could see her fidget and it honestly made him wonder if she was struggling just as he was. His eyes once again wondered too her cleavage as she talked, only seeming to take in half of what she was saying. Yet he caught the end of it.

"Your job is to be a publisher Miss Weston. You have piers for a reason and you should use them. Between the actual paper, social media and the website the Daily Mail delivers hundrerd of articles every single day. You are not expected to have a hand in every aspect of them." He spoke to her, explaining what is expected of her. "I agree that you have been working hard on it, but I would like to see you improve even more."

Emily listened intently as he spoke, giving a small sigh before nodding. " I appreciate that, but u am responsible to ensure those areas of the business are doing all they need to keep on top of everything, I don't dive need first into every section, i do deligate and I do take a step back and allow those teams to do whats necessary, I just like to ensure things are done well...but I understand.."

but I would like to see you improve even more

She felt her self shift on the chair now, her eyes travelling over his features, she felt her fingers fidget more as she watched him, her gaze changing then, she felt her gut clench differently then..she wanted to behave..she needed to behave but christ she couldn't stop her self from teasing him...just a little bit.

" Oh?...tell me Mr Kingston..."

she allowed his name to roll of her tongue one more time, leaning just slightly more forward in her chair to gaze at him better, giving him a slightly better of her cleavage .

" What do I need to improve hmm?...if I'm lacking on certain aspects of my abilities I'd love to be told what it is...what would please you to see from me?... how can i..futhur improve my performance" she said, before she sat back again in the chair.

" As you know, I love this job..I want to ensure I'm fulfilling it to my best potential...so I'm more then happy to hear any suggestions.....Mr Kingston "

“Oh?... tell me Mr Kingston..”

It was like a button that was being pressed. The conversation had flipped from being a performance interview to being.. something else entirely. Hearing his name once again roll down her tongue and this time even hearing a slight tease in her voice was to much for him to handle. And she didn't even

stop there and kept continueing to tease him he could no longer help himself.

Before she got a chance to sit back down he stood up from his chair and and placed his hand under her chin. He was just not being hurtful, but put just enough pressure that she wouldn't be able to pull away from him as he made her look up at him. "Is that so Miss Weston? I believe I would know a few ways that you would be able to improve." He said to her, an all knowing grin on his lips as he brought his face only an inch away from hers. "Why don't you take of your blouse and perhaps we can discuss this further."

She knew she shouldn't of done this...she knew she shouldn't of wound him up but fuck it all this man did things to her that were criminal, she could feel her desire her need her want for him pulsing through her frame, she wanted to be the strong one here , she wanted to wind him up get up and walk out...but that soon changed.

She suddenly felt his hand under her chin and she gasped, there faces inches apart she could smell his cologne again and felt that same rush of desire pulse through her. " Oh?...and what might that be?....' she whispered huskily to him.

She watched him come Closer then, his faces inches from hers, the grin on his face and his words caused a sensual smile to cross her own features.

" why don't you take it of for me...sir..." she whispered seductively towards him.

The bomb had really burst then as she challenged him. He wanted her, right then and now. He didn't care if somebody walked into that office and saw them together. He needed to be with her. She was not leaving this office unless she had him dripping down her legs. Even just the thought was making his desire only worse.

"Is that so?" He said to her and then dropped his hand away from her chin. He walked around his desk and grabbed her once more. His hand made quick work on her buttons and soon left her bra exposed to the air. He walked her backwards towards the wall and pinned her against it with his hand against her neck. Again he would not hurt her, just keep her there so she could not escape from him.

He pulled her skirt upwards with his other hand and then found himself inside her panties. She was already wet and willing and he easily slid two of his fingers inside of her. "I believe you are supposed to adres me as Mr Kingston." He growled into her ear as he started to move his fingers in and out of her.

"Yes...." she whispered her voice trembling now as she felt him drop her chin, and before she could even do or say anything he was walking round his desk, she saw the heated

look in his gaze and any kind of resistance she had to stop this flew out the god damn window.

She felt him grab her, felt her blouse come undone the cool air of his office hitting her and causing some goosebumps to grow on her chest, he was walking her back..her feet almost stumbling before she hit the cool brick work, his hand coming to her neck.and fuck it all did it send all manner of pleasure through her.

Everything happened so fast then, one moment he was hoisting her skirt up, the next moment he had his fingers inside of her, she moaned, quickly biting her bottom lip not wanting anyone to hear them, his fingers moving inside her caused her to squirm her body trembling already to have him near her.

His words caused her to grin, tilting her head back to him, her breath hot against his ear. " apoligises...it won't happen again Mr Kingston...." she whispered against his lobe her teeth coming to nip at it before one hand came to drag over his arm where his hand was up her skirt, getting lost in the pleasure he was giving her then.

She didn't resist him, she just leaned right into it and went along with him. It only confirmed to him that she still wanted him. Even after a full month of leaving her alone she was here longing for him. She had been wet before he ever had laid a hand on her and it was awaking this small primal instinct

inside of him. “Good girl.” He complimented her as she apologized to him.

He suddenly took his fingers out of her and wiped them off on her panties. “Now, where did we leave off?” He whispered at her again as he held her gaze into his. He was going to make her beg for him, make her work for it. Leave her longing for him until she could not control her urges any longer. He unbuckled his own belt and pushed his zipper down. “I believed we left off talking about how you liked to ensure that everybody was doing a good job?” He asked, a grin playing upon his lips. By then he had moved his pants down and pulled her erection from his boxers. He took her hand placed it around his member, feeling her fingers curl around it. “Why don’t you show me just how it’s one Miss Weston?”

Good girl

Fuck she felt her self growing wetter around his fingers, hearing him praise her in such a way sent her entire body on fire, she was so damn hot she was surprised she hadn't burst into flames!!

When he took his fingers out, she gasped her eyes hooded with desire, she turned her attention to look towards him, his words causing a small smile to come across her features, she heard him unbuckling his pants, her stomach tightening with anticipation, her tongue coming to lick across her bottom lip eagerly.

" I believe I did..." she whispered, her voice draped in Satin and silk, she felt him take her hand , she felt how hard he was then, felt how hot he felt in her grasp and she moaned god she wanted him.

His next question had her grinning, her hand toying with the length of him, twisting and turning on it, her thumb rolling across the tip playfully.

" With pleasure Mr Kingston..." she whispered leaning in she kissed him, her mouth moving over his own In a heated manner, before she pulled away dragging his bottom lip back slightly with her teeth before she moved.

She dropped her self down then, dropping down to her knees to kneel in front of him, her hand holding the base of him, as she leaned forward her tongue teasingly swiping over the length of him, her tongue rolling up and down his length before she finally took him into her mouth, groaning at the taste of him before she started to move, her rhythm slow at first her tongue working on it from inside before she got quicker, her eyes never leaving his face as she did...because fuck it all she wanted to please him.

He growled lowly at her as he starting to move her hand around him. He was already feeling sensitive from the pure amount of turned on he was. Just feeling someone other then himself touching it once again send bliss through his body. He kissed her back eagerly, both of them sort of fighting for

dominance throughout the kiss before she pulled away from him and let his name once again roll over his tongue.

He watched her drop down to her knees, still between him and the wall. He moved his boxers down just a small bit more to give her more space as her wet tongue touched the base of him. He felt a shudder go through his entire body, a shudder that only repeated itself once more as she took him inside his her mouth. He groaned and closed his eyes for just a second before he looked back down at her. He leaned against the wall with his arm so he was looming over her, the other hand grasping into her hair to feel the movement of her head bobbing back and forth on him. "Yes.. that's it." He groaned. "You sure like to see me happy, don't you Miss Weston?"

Emily felt pleasure rock through her that she hadn't experienced before, he had her behaving in a manner she wasn't used to, she had never done this before, never been so bold so daring as she was now, but she found her self loosing any senses when she was with him, when they come together like this her only desire was to please him, to pleasure him...to show him what she could do for him

She felt his hands Bury into her hair, her Bob loosening more of her hair fell around her face, her eyes locked on his wanting to see what brought him joy and what didn't, she wanted to please him as much as he pleased her.

She popped him out of her mouth, allowing the cool air of his office to touch his warm member, she could see him pulsing, her hand started to move along him again.

" Yes I do Mr Kingston.....do I make you happy?.." she whispered coming back down she licked up his shaft again before taking him into her mouth again and this time she took him with a bit more Ernest, allowing him to slide in and out a bit quicker her hand moving at the base to match her movements.

God she was good. He could feel just how much she was enjoying it from how eager she was working him. He would twitch in her mouth, his hand grasping more of her hair as she hit those spots that were most pleasurable to him. Multiple times he found himself closing his eyes as his senses got overwhelmed by her.

Her moved to take off his jacket, needing the cool air of his office to cool him down as his body was heating up for her. "Ooh, you have no idea Miss Weston.." he grinned at her as she asked if she made him happy. As she once again went down on him he resisted the urge to push himself deeper into her mouth. He could feel himself inching closer, yet he was not ready yet for his little rumble with her to be over.

He gently pulled her hair to take her mouth away from him, a little string of saliva hanging from her lips to his length that got broken as he pulled her back up to her feet. He pressed his

lips against hers once more, not caring if he tasted himself as well. He kissed her deeply and eagerly, barely even letting her take a breath.

“Tell me Miss Weston. What do you want me to do to you?” He asked after he broke the kiss. He moved his face into her neck, biting down on her soft skin as he rubbed his hand over her now soaked panties. “I might just make your wish come true.”

His smile and his words sent shockwaves through her, to know she pleased him, to know that she satisfied him in such a way made her feel good, she could feel him twitching in her mouth her hand continuing their gentle strokes .

Suddenly she felt him pull her back, she gasped, her tongue coming to lick across her lip , her cheeks flushed, christ she was incredibly turned on right now she couldnt contain her self.

She felt him tug her up, and when his lips founds her she kissed him back hungrily, one hand going to Bury through his hair tugging him closer.

When he broke the kiss she gasped, feeling light headed , feeling him nuzzle her neck she groaned tilting her head to the side feeling his teeth bite down on her neck she released a moan, his question had her shuddering.

Her eyes opening to look at his deak...her eyes darkening with lust twisting so she could whisper in his ear. " bend me over

your desk and take me...take me the only way you know how...I Need you inside me, god I need you ..." she whispered her teeth and mouth going for his neck, as she felt his hand rub over her soaked panties.

It was like music to his ears. Hearing her say those words, hearing her say that she wanted him, needed him in fact. It was everything he had wanted to hear from her. He let her play with him for just a little bit more. He enjoyed her mouth on his neck. He just rubbed over her panties more, pressing his thumb just slightly into the fabric to really make her feel him there. He wanted to drive her crazy before he eventually let her have it.

When he was done teasing her for a few more seconds he pulled her mouth back towards him. "Then you better hurry and get on that desk." He said to her. It wasn't a question.

Emily whimpered as she felt his hand rubbing along her panties, god every little bit of friction sent her nearly topping over the edge, she dipped her body closer to him, desperate for his touch, god it had been a hard month...she needed this, she needed him to show her what she had been missing.

It wanted her to drive her crazy and he did, she was twisting her hips around on his hand desperate for his touch, she kept feeling her self climbing before he changed his direction and sent her spiralling back down again, she almost growled, god this was torture.

His next question hit her like a ton of bricks, she groaned eagerly and wasted no time in moving, she stepped backwards from him wanting to keep her eyes locked on him, wanting to see the burning desire he had for her in his gaze. Her hand came to her skirt hoisting it up more so it sat around her hips comfortably.

She reached back feeling his desk she paused, her hand moving down to her pantied she pulled them shimmering her hips so she dropped to the floor, stepping out of them .

" I want you Mr Kingston....I've wanted you for a long time..and I know you want me to, so come and have me.." she purred before finally twisting her body round and bending over the desk like she told him, on full display for him.

Her body was dancing to his movements. He could see how he was slowly driving her crazy. How he was helping her reach her peaks just to let her die down just as hard. Once he would actually press himself between her legs, she would be shouting his name for him.

He watched as she walked away from him, his hand moving down to stroke himself as he watched her. Watched as she pulled up her skirt and moved down her panties, getting herself ready for him.

Once she turned around and laid her stomach flat over that desk he couldn't help but feel pride inside him. She was laying there for him, wanting nothing more in the world then to be

one with him. "They can say many things about you Miss Weston." He said as he walked over. He let his hand run over her behind, letting his fingers brush lightly over her cheeks. "You sure now how to be assertive." The grin was clear in his voice.

He reached down with his other hands as well then and spread her cheeks apart, getting a good look at her sex before he positioned himself right in front of her opening. He bit down on his lip as he took in the marvelous sight that was before him, before he thrust himself inside of her in a quick and deep motion, grunting as he did.

Emily watched as he strode over to her, the way he stroked himself sent chills through her, god she needed this man, her desire for him out shone any other emotion she might be feeling, she was so lust drunk, so hungry for him she almost screamed at him to hurry up!

Once he made it to her, she felt his hand come over her behind she groaned unable to stop herself from moving a bit .

" Please..... " she begged her voice laced with need as she felt him pull her apart and before she her chance to do anything he slammed home inside of her, she gasped her back arching of the desk, her fingers digging into the wood work as she groaned with him.

" God that its..please...please give it to me, I need you, I need this please.." she groaned twisting her hips a little to feel him moving slightly inside of her.

He would not disappoint her. The build up to this had been to long and to unbearable. He wanted her, he wanted to feel her sex clamping around him and tell just how good he was making her feel.

He took her rough and hard. This time there was no space for loving, for taking it slow and easy. It was lust to the biggest meaning of the word. He wanted her to moan, groan and scream. He wanted her to squirm. He dug his fingers into her hips as he pulled her back into him again and again and again. Her behind would jump back and forth with his movement, making slapping noises as their bodies met each time.

"That what you wanted Miss Weston?" He said to her as he hand came down to give her one well deserved spank on her ass cheek. "Come for me baby."

Emily could barely catch her breath as he started to hammer inside of her, her moans came out thick and fast, her body bouncing on the desk, his fingers digging into her hips stung a little but god she loved it, loved the feeling of how rough he was how hard he took her.

" Yes...god yes.." she cried, moaning as she felt his hand slept down on her ass, her orgasming was building thick and fast she could feel it, pulling inside of her, she couldnt stop

moaning, she couldn't stop her cries of delight from rushing from her mouth.

Then suddenly it hit her, a blinding climax so hard it knocked the wind right out of her as she cried, cried with pleasure as her orgasm finally hit sending incredible shock waves through her, her whole body trembling along with it.

As time went on he found himself panting and winded from how fast and hard he was taking her. The position was perfect for him and he could feel himself hitting that deep point inside her that seemed even tighter than the rest of her was. She was moaning loudly, making his own groans seem nothing in comparison.

When her sex clamped down on it he just kept on pressing into her, wanting to ride out her orgasm to the best of her ability. Yet the clamping also caused him to be pulled over the edge. He pressed deep inside her one last time as he deposited his seed in her. He pulled out of her once he was done, grabbing a tissue from his desk to wipe himself. It was there whenever another employee had a cry about being let go from the company.

“Well Miss Weston.” He said still winded from the action between them. “Are you satisfied with your performance review?” He teased her as he tucked himself back into his boxer and buckled himself back up.

Emily was seeing stars, she was seeing fucking stars as she laid there against his desk panting loudly, her body was hot, she could feel her cheeks were red, could feel the heat inside of them as she attempted to come down from her orgasm.

His words caused her to chuckle. " I think I've done a pretty good job, im very satisfied i hope you are to ..." she teased before she bent her self back up, her body aching in the most delicious of places, she grabbed a tissue her self to clean her self up, before she paused, her face faltering a bit as she looked up to him watching as he buckled himself up, suddenly the realisation of what they just did hit her...hit her so hard she felt winded again.

" What the fuck have we done.. "

she muttered in a whisper, sliding of the desk she quickly grabbed her panties shoving them on, she felt emotions rolling through her then, anger at her self...anger for what she just allowed to happen..and then...god Ben she put her hands in her hair then, shaking her head.

" No no no...this didn't happen this didn't happen.." she muttered quickly, before she turned her attention to him raising her hand at pointing at him.

" you! Why can't you just tell me to go away! Why didn't you stop me! " she found her self saying to him in a breathless heated tone, she wouldn't cry...she was sick of crying around him as she started to quickly do her blouse up, her hands

trembling so much she could barely do it , her hair a hot mess her face still flushed. *what the fuck have I done?*

At first it was hard to wipe the grin of his face. Goddamn that had felt good. He could still feel the weakness in his legs as he was recovering from that orgasm.

But when she suddenly started to pop off at his that smile quickly faded. "Excuse me?" He said. Instantly getting heated along with her.

"I left you alone for a whole month!" He sboufed back at her. "And you come in here with half your buttons undone, squirming on your chair, leaning over that desk as you ask me how to improve in a seductive voice... this *one* is not on me!" He was pointing back at her now.

How dare she blame him. She wanted him. Was he just supposed to ignore that. "A month ago you called me drunk, invited me into your apartment. I begged you to tell me to stop then. Did you do that for me? No!" He turned around his hands in his hair as he felt so frustrated with her. This was not supposed to end this way.

"If you want me to stay Emily, then goddamn start acting like it."

she felt her eyes narrow at him then, watching as he started to get angry at her she shook her head then huffing towards him.

' I wasn't blaming you asshole! I was blaming myself and my inability to stay away from you! "

She cried at him turning on her own feet she grabbed her band of the floor to do her hair her fingers working furiously to put her hair back up, before he spoke again and she laughed shaking her head.

" You wanted me to say no when your sat there kissing up on my neck? You could of told me no! You could of not got me. You could of turned me down at my doorstep .I would of been fine...but no you couldn't stop your self so don't you dare.. .don't you dare stand there and put that on *me* " she growled at him . two can play that fucking game.

She managed to get her hair up then . " I cant!! " she cried then, feeling her breath coming out in a pant. " Can't you see that! I can't. ..I can't stop myself around you, you make me fucking crazy Nathaniel...i have no control i see you...god i see you and i lose my senses " she said going back to the buttons on her shirt, she managed to get them done up then trying to straighten herself up..

She sighed then moving to lean against the desk sighing deeply. " What are we doing...." she whispered loosing some of her temper then as she folded her arms across her chest.

"And why am I supposed to be able to and you get to use it as an excuse, huh?" He shouted back at her once again. Like he could stay away from her, like he could resist her.

He just threw his hand up in the air as he grunted in frustration. "Maybe start by doing up your fucking buttons!" He couldn't help himself. He didn't like the pull he had on her but he hated being blamed for giving into it more. He had done everything he could to make this easier and her and to him she was the one that was breaking the rules.

When she seemed to calm down, he calmed down a bit. Leaning down on his desk from the other side. It put them back in the position they had started this whole process. Her in front of the desk and him behind. "Like I know.." he just sighed. Brushing his hair out of his face.

" Like that would of helped...." she muttered.. and he wouldn't, it wouldn't of helped she knew that, she knew deep down there last there desire for one another was so strong that no matter how hard they tried they came together even when they both didn't want it...only this time it was her fault .. she cursed her self inwardly then, she shouldn't of shouted at him, she was angry at her self not him, this was all her..he was right she shouldn't of unbuttoned her shirt she should of had the meeting and left.. but no..she had to sit there and send him over the edge.

" your right.. " she said softly looking down to her feet now. " this was fault....it's my fault this time and it was my fault last time..." she whispered gently sighing as she finally looked up to catch his gaze.

" I'm sorry...I'm so sorry.. "

He just leaned against the desk as he tried to wrap their hands around what had just happened. It wasn't like he had planned to fuck her right on that desk. If anything he had planned to leave her alone. He had planned a performance interview. He had done everything to keep himself from doing anything but having a meeting. Yet the moment she walked through that door a type of hunger just awoke from him. He brought his hand up and rubbed over his face.

"Doesn't matter who's fault it is.." he decided then as he was trying to figure out what the fuck to do next. The whole office smelled of their sex and Emily's hair was a dead giveaway of what they had done. "There is a bathroom to the left right as you leave my office. Use that." He said as he looked up to her.

"Perhaps next time.. I just send you over e-mail with your review." He said, his voice almost sounded defeated.

Emily sighed then as he spoke, her feet shifting against the floor lightly, her fingers toying with one another as she pondered what she was meant to say or do now, she hated this...she hated how she had no control, hated how this had happened, but at the same time, she loved it, that raw unfiltered passion they had...

His next words broke her thoughts, her eyes coming up to look at him before she nodded. " I'll use that, before I go back to my desk.. "

perhaps next time..I'll just send you over e-mail with your review

She felt her eyes sadden then as she looked to him across the desk, she knew...she knew if that happened that would be it, she wouldn't see him ever again, she felt her chest tighten but she knew...she knew this was for the best.

" Maybe that's for the best.. "

she whispered sadly to him. She pulled her self of the desk then, unable to stop her self from walking over to him, her hand come.out and carefully took his cheek making him look at her, she took a moment to study him, to study those features she had grown so fond of.

" I wish things could of been different.. " she whispered bending down she might of gone to kiss him but in the last second she tilted her head and kissed his cheek, leaning back from him she released his cheek.

" You take care of yourself....okay? "

He was not fond of this idea, but it had to be done. Hiring her into the company had turned out to be the biggest mistake he had ever made. He had believed she deserved a chance to ignite that passion that she had in the plane, and he still thought she did. But he had hurt her over and over again in their dance of lust and wanting. He was sick of feeling guilty for wanting her and he was sick of apologizing for fucking her.

He watched as she walked around the desk then and towards him. He almost wanted to step back as any contact with her felt like it would just make him want to keep her in his office, but he stayed in place. When her lips came close to his he realized how not ready he was for this moment. It was the third time they said goodbye, yet this one felt more final. So when she tried to tilt away her head, he caught her chin and kissed her anyway. The kiss was gentle and filled with regret. It was short, yet it would tell her just how she felt.

“You too.”

Even as Emily left the building that afternoon she was still thinking about that kiss, her fingers running over her lips lightly, she turned her head and looked up the tall building to the windows at the very top and wondered if he could see her...if he choose to, she sighed deeply, he wouldn't choose to..why would he?

She took a slower walk home then normal, she needed to clear her head, the days events still being to much to process.....she had sex with him, again...fuck why was she like this...she groaned at her self as she made it to her apartment and walked in.

God she needed a shower...she could smell him, smell him all over her, she took her clothes of right there in the living room gathering them up and tossed them in her washing

machine, padding naked and bare foot down the hall she grabbed a towel, switching the water on she had it on high.

Stepping in she groaned feeling the hot water spray over her face and body she tilted her head up keeping her eyes closed as she tried to work out what the fuck she was going to do.

It had been a month since Em and him really had gotten together. He had slept over at her place many times. They had kissed and cuddles and they had taken it slow. They had yet to have sex and for him that was alright. But this past week there had been that small voice in him that wondered if it was alright for her to. She had tried to get him there that first night in her apartment. Maybe she just took it slow because he had asked her to. He was afraid that maybe she got sick of waiting for him..

So he had told himself that it was time. It was time to show Emily that he wanted this, that he wanted her. He felt nervous about it, but he wanted too. He clutched her key between his fingers, she had given it to him for when he got there before she did from work, but this time he was going to use it for a different purpose. He wanted to surprise her. He had brought wine and chocolate.. this was going to happen.

He put the key in the door and turned it, entering quietly so he wouldn't scare her too badly. "Emily?" He called out, but he soon noticed the sound of the running shower. He quietly closed the door behind him and placed the wine bottle and

chocolates on her counter. Should he do what she did to him that first night? It had been the way she had wanted to do it before...

He hesitated but then decided it was not the time to start to get insecure about thing. He was going to do this! No shy Ben today. So he undressed himself and left his clothes on a pile on her couch. He unlocked the bathroom door as quietly as he could and padded inside. He opened the cabin door before she had probably heard him and climbed in with her. "Surprise." He said into her ear as he wrapped his arms around her, his face red with how nervous he was feeling in that moment.

Emily was so invested in her shower she hadn't even heard anyone coming in, her head was tilted back , she had already washed but now she simply just wanted to enjoy the water, it was warm, it was comforting and it helped...helped her to wash away the shit from earlier.

She frowned then, what the hell was she going to do?...she couldn't tell Ben...she couldn't it would break his heart, she closed her eyes then sighly deeply he didn't deserve this.

Suddenly she became aware of the door being slid open, her eyes snapped open , and before she could react she felt his arm around her his body snug against her back and his gentle whisper in her ear had her gasp.

"B...Ben I didn't know you was coming today.." she whispered her voice quivering just a bit.

Last time he had been in that shower with her he had been freaking out and unsure of what to do. This time he had been the one to get them both here and yet he still could feel himself being nervous about it. What if he were reading her wrong and she actually didn't want this. There was no way right? Why else would she have joined him before. This was obviously something she enjoyed.

"I wanted to surprise you." He said to her as he only hugged her closer. One of his arms would be across her stomach and the other one just above her breast. He pushed her forward just a small bit so they would now be sharing the warm water pouring down on them. He kissed the back on her neck gently. "You don't like it?" His insecurity starting to peek through.

- I wanted to surprise you* fuck she felt emotions run through her then..she felt his arm tighten around her, holding her protectively against him before they were under the shower, the warm water running down across them.

She felt his lips on the back of her neck and she closed her eyes , his question damn near nearly broke her as she shook her head " Ben its not that..." she whispered before she finally allowed her self to turn in the shower to face him, seeing the expression on his face her own face sorrowed.

" It's not that i don't like it, i just.." she paused then, tilting her head up she kissed his lips lightly. " Just not tonight...okay?...I'll go get dressed " she whispered.

She made her way out of the shower, grabbing a towel she wrapped her self up in it heading to her bedroom she closed her door..leaning against the door frame she closed her eyes again, her hand running across her face, god she felt guilty...so guilty...here he was wanting to surprise her, wanting to be sweet and caring...and she fucked that up for him....she was a horrible person.

He was left there in the shower, surprised and stunned. Had he just fucked it up once more? When it came to Emily he never seemed to know what to do. His intentions were always good, but whenever he wanted to just surprise her or say something sweet, he never found the right way to do it. He watched her get out of the bathroom then and just put her head against the cold tiles.

He quickly washed himself, this time actually using her vanilla scented shower gel, and got out only five minutes after her and dried himself off quickly, wrapping the towel around his waist. He looked for her in the living room and kitchen, but she didn't seem to be there. When he wanted to check the bedroom, something was blocking him from going in.

"I'm sorry Emily.." he said into the door. "I just.. I thought you wanted that."

I'm sorry Emily

She felt like she could be sob then, this man...this man wanted nothing but the best for her, cared for her, wanted to treat her right and here she was fucking it up.

"Ben, this isn't your fault...I'm just tired that's all.. I'll be out in a moment.." she spoke through the door, moving away she finally finished drying her self, leaving her hair damp because she couldn't be bothered to dry it, popping on some lounge wear she looked at the door and frowned.

Did she really wanna go out there? Could she face him?...he was going to want to know what's wrong with her and she didn't know what she was supposed to say, god she had royally fucked this up.

Finally she opened the bedroom door and headed out, walking out to the living room she noticed him there, she could see the confusion on his face and tried to avoid it as she stepped through to the kitchen grabbing some wine from the fridge she poured a glass.. . A large one at that.

"Ben, this isn't your fault...I'm just tired that's all.. I'll be out in a moment.." she said from the other side of the door. She always said that.. always said that it wasn't his fault. Yet he couldn't help but start feeling like it somehow was. "Okay." He just said and left the door alone.

He picked up his clothing from the couch and started to get himself dressed again, his hair still wet and clinging to his face. It didn't take long before Emily came out as well. He wanted to stop her and ask her what was wrong, but instead she walked straight past him and poured herself a glass of wine. "I had.." he started but she had already opened the bottle. "Brought some." He finished her sentence. He could feel the strange tension between them. Fuck.. he shouldn't have just come over unannounced.

"Did I do something wrong?" He asked then as he tried to find her eyes. "What is going on Em?"

Emily stood in the kitchen clutching her wine glass, she was so engrossed in how she was feeling she didn't even notice the wine and chocolates he had brought, the guilt was eating her up, and having him in here..with her..just didn't help.

Did I do something wrong? She frowned now bringing her wine to her lips she took a swig of it.

" just leave it Ben.." she found her self snapping at him, turning her gaze to look at him. " not everything is about you; you know.. .people can just have bad day, it doesn't instantly make that your fault." she snapped turning back around from him she picked up her wine glass and headed for the living room.

He couldn't help but frown at her. What was going on? This wasn't like her at all. He watched as she took a huge swig of

her wine glass and then storming past him. He grabbed her arm gently as she went by him and pulled her towards him.

“Hey, that’s fine.” He said trying to pull her against him.

“Let’s talk about it. Did something happen at work? Whatever it is, I am sure it is nothing. You are great at your job.” He complimented her, trying to shush the situation down. “I should have texted you.” He admitted.

She felt him pull her back, felt the way he tugged her into him and she frowned, placing her wine glass down, god she couldn't be this close to him, the guilt was just eating her up consuming her, looking at his troubled face was just hurting her even more.

" I Dont want to talk.. " she found her self saying, and then he mentioned work, she yanked her arm out of his then. " for god sake Ben just leave it! " she found her self shouting at him stepping back away from him.

" why.. why do we always have to talk about work! I don't want to talk about work, for once I'd like to come home and just not think about fucking work.." she snapped again, grabbing her wine she took another sip, she could feel her anger bubbling.

" Why cant you just fucking stop going on and on all the time Ben! "

He really had no clue what was going on. He wanted to help her, make her feel better about whatever was going on. She

was really raising her voice at him then and he just didn't know what to do about it. He let go of her arm when she yanked it back and just stood there defeated.

"Okay... then we don't talk about work." He said as he just didn't know what else to do. What else could he talk about then? He had not come here to talk about work to start with. He had come here to have a good night with her. To enjoy wine and chocolates.. to show her he cared about her and wanted to give her what she needed. Clearly he had no clue what she needed.

"You want a chocolate?" He then offered, just not sure what else he could say in that moment.

There was silence for a second as she stood there clutching the work top, she was trying to calm her self down, she didn't want to shout at him, this wasn't his fault.. this was her fault, all of it...she didn't deserve him..he didn't deserve this.

His next comment had her head twisting to look at him, her face faltering for a moment, the anger she felt subsided then, and instead her eyes filled with tears, tears for this man who despite all the yelling just wanted to make things right, just wanted to keep her happy..

" I dont deserve you Ben....you deserve someone who will treat you right, who will love you unconditionally..that's not me Ben, that's not me...I'm gonna hurt you...I'm gonna fucking hurt you and you don't deserve that.." she whispered her voice

a broken sob now as she closed her eyes her body slumped as she continued to hold the kitchen worktop for support.

He was not prepared for her to just break down in tears right there. Her whole bit about not deserving him and everything. He didn't understand what had gone wrong that night. He had wanted to make this such a special night for them both, so why had it suddenly turned in her shouting at him.

"What are you talking about?" He just asked, the confusion clear on his face. "You didn't hurt me. You just had a bad day that is all." He tried, reaching a hand out to her. He didn't want her to say all those things. "Let's just put on a movie? We don't even have to talk about anything." He suggested in a last attempt to make things right between them. He just wanted to go back to where they could cuddle endlessly on that couch and just be alright. "Just.. it's okay."

"Yes i did .." she whispered taking her hand away from his she couldn't even look at him, looking down to her feet she sniffed trying to keep her emotions under control but she was failing miserable.

He had no idea what was going on, no idea why she had a outburst, why she was so reluctant to be around him right now...she couldn't do it, she couldn't stand her self right now, she couldn't stand being next to him.

He kept going on...he kept going on and on , trying desperately to do something, anything to keep her happy and it was to much.

" it's not okay Ben! It's not okay! Stop saying it is because its fucking not! "She snapped again turning around she wiped her cheeks, her eyes blood shot .

" Please Ben...please just leave..., " she whispered her voice trembling . " I can't do this right now, I can't...I need to be on my own...please...go " she whispered again unable to look at him .

She once again exploded on him and this time he couldn't keep himself from taking a step away from her. He still didn't know what was going on, but whatever it may be it was serious. He still blamed himself. He should have called.. should have texted. Surprising her had been a bad idea.

"Okay.. " he just said then as she told him to leave. He hesitated for one more moment but then stepped into her hallway and picked up his jacket. He took the key out of his pocket and placed it on the side table. Perhaps it was not such a good idea for him to have it after all.

"Just.. uhm.. take care Em." He said then, the hurt clear in his voice. "Text me when you feel better." He added to it before the door closed behind him.

On his walk home he couldn't help but feel a few tears fall down his own cheeks as well. Wondering just where it went wrong.

It had been a few weeks since Emily had the fight with Ben, so many times she had gone to message him but found she couldn't, she wanted to make it up to him, she wanted to try and move on from that episode with Nathaniel , move on with someone like Ben..he would take care of her, she knew he would, he would cherish her..everything she had ever wanted from a man, and yet...it wasn't enough was it? She still fell into Nathaniels arms at the first chance she got and that's what stopper her messaging Ben.. .because she cheated on him, and she simply couldn't forgive her self for that.

She went jogging, she went jogging alot..maybe she hoped she might of bumped into him, maybe it could of broke the ice..maybe she just wanted to see him, to make sure he was okay..but she never did..she never saw him.

Stepping into work she headed to her desk, popping her bag down she noticed the coffee say there her face furrowed wondering how it got there as she slid into her chair.

" Hope you don't mind me grabbing you a coffee this morning, I remembered what you had from last time so.picked you one up on my way in to..."

He rolled his chair in then " sitting beside her as he picked at his muffin, popping his own coffee down on his desk, as he

popped some of the food into his mouth. His piercing blue eyes studying her with interest.

Emily Turned round to see Sam there then, she smiled warmly towards him reaching out for the coffee she brought it forward. " Your a life saver Sam, I didn't have time to get my own this morning.. " she teased, bringing it to her lips she took a sip, watching him.offer her a muffin she waved her hand at him. " I'm fine, thanks though.."

Sam shrugged and brought the muffins back tossing them back to his own desk, before he turned back to her. " Guess you haven't had chance to look at your emails yet huh?.." he said casually leaning back in his chair the chair bounced lightly, folding one leg over the other , he was a attractive man, he had piercing blue eyes, a picture perfect face, his body was lean, and he had a clear muscular physic under that shirt he wore, that was clear , everytime he flexed his arms the muscles protruded from underneath, it was a miracle they bloody stayed there!

" My emails?.." Emily asked confusion edging across her face then, she watched Sam nod his head towards her computer prompting her to have a look. She felt nervous again..not a good nervous neither, switching her computer on she clicked the email button eagerly and looked.

from management

for god sake now what she cursed inwardly to her self, clicking over the email she leaned forward to read it.

Good morning Mrs Weston, and Mr Ledger, Mr Kingston would like to see you both in his office before lunchtime, I will be down to escort you both up later today, have a pleasant morning signed Mrs Hutchinson

Emily felt her mouth run dry again now, fuck sake she had to go to his office again ...what was it for this time? At least she wasn't going alone..

" What do you think he wants?.." she asked turning back to Sam.

Sam shrugged then popping the some more muffin into his mouth reaching down he brushed the crumbs away from his shirt. " Beats me...maybe he's finally decided I'm the best man for the job.." He teased tossing a bit of muffin at Emily playfully.

Emily laughed then brushing the muffin from her lap. " In your dreams Ledger , I could beat you in my sleep..." She heard him laugh before he finally turned away back to his own desk, she turned round then looking at that email chewing lightly on her bottom lip....what was this about?

He had not expected the trainee program to become such a big deal within other companies. Many of them were interested to

hear how the first two candidates were coming by. They wanted to know about the selection process and the how he ensured they enrolled into the company in a great manner. It seemed that his example of giving people who are fresh of school a change within a big company had really made others think as well.

One particular company that was interested in it had invited him over to talk about it in their main office in Florida. They wanted to speak to him in person and they had requested for the trainee's to also be present. It was a big deal and it was not something he could have said no too.. the more the word came out that he was the first person to make the program, the more it would reflect well on the Daily Mail itself. The only issue was.. Emily was one of those trainee's.

He had thought about it for a while, but in the end decided it was up to the trainees if they wanted to join. And to avoid the same *mistake* that had happened prior, he had invited them both to join him in his office at the same time.

“Welcome you both.” He said smiling up at them even if his eyes seemed to linger on Emily just a tad longer. “Have a seat.”

Emily couldn't concentrate , she found her self fidgeting far to much on her chair about what this meeting was about...was it about their position in the company?....no it was to soon for that, it had to be something different.

Tapping her pen on her desk she looked at the clock for what seemed to be the hundredth time that day..time was ticking slowly, then again it did when you constantly watched it..

She became aware of someone walking over then, turning in her hair she saw Mrs Huntinson, smiling warmly to her , ushering her to follow. She eagerly jumped from her chair watching Sam come over with the same stupid grin on his face causing her to roll her eyes.....he was always so dramatic...

The ride to his office was silent, the same nerves she always got rumbled through her, only this time she was with Sam..

She stepped in when ushered, Sam following closely behind her , her eyes caught Nathaniel then and she felt the same butterflies rock through her that she always had.

" Hello Mr Kingston..." she spoke softly as she stepped forward to the two chairs that were there, she watched Sam pull the chair out for her ushering in, she thanked him before allowing her self to sink into the chair, Sam pulling one up beside her. Her hands as always clasped securely in her lap, as she waited to find out exactly what was going on.

He couldn't help but notice the way that Sam offered her a chair and somehow it made feel.. annoyed. He paid it no further mind however. His eyes drank in her presence once more, taking in the way she had dressed that day like he always ended up doing when he saw him again.

He took a deep breath then, steadying himself. He had asked both of them in for a reason. “I am sorry to call you both up here with such short notice.” He apologized and forced himself to look at Sam as well as her. “But I think you will both agree that what I have to say will be worth coming up here for.” He said.

He paused a moment to let them wonder among themselves what he meant. “It seems that the trainee program that both of you so luckily enrolled in has made it’s name around the world. Multiple companies are interested in applying it within their own businesses. It would create a big amount of opportunities for people like you and I would very much like to see these programs pop up more.” He explained to them. “One of those companies that are interested is one I am sure both of you have heard about. The US Today paper.” He let that sink in to them. It was one of the largest news paper companies within the united states. “They have invited me to come over to their main office in Florida to talk about this program. And they have invited both of you to join me.” He said before his eyes went over to just Emily this time. “You are free to decline if this is not something you would wish to do. It will not affect your traineeship in any way.” He had to make it known to her that she didn’t have to. If she was really done with him.. she could decline. “But I do think that it will be a great opportunity for you both to create more contacts for your future.”

Emily steadied her self in her chair as she waited for Nathaniel to explain what, her hands were fidgeting again, god she wished she wasn't so damn nervous about being in his presence, Just sitting here and watching him being that desk...that desk..she blushed hotly as she remembered exactly what happened the last time she was up here.

For god sake Emily stop it she mentally cursed at her self, shifting a little In her chair , before he started talking and she listened....she smiled , why wouldn't she? She was proud...proud that he was making a statement in other parts of the world, it was a great achievement one he should be proud of..

And they have invited both of you to join

She froze then, her eyes fell to Nathaniel then as he expressed they could decline, noticing his eyes were firmly on her when he said that, her expression faltering a little.

She felt nerves roll through her then, did she wanna go?...could she trust her self to go there with him? ..florida...plane...she found her self growing a little anxious then...could she trust herself?..but then did she wanna miss out on a opportunity like this?...surely it wouldn't look good if she didn't go....

Sam sat forward then, a grin on his face . " I think that sounds like a great opportunity, you should feel very proud Mr Kingston, to get your name out their like this, to make a

statement like this across the pond, goes to show what a amazing company your building..."

Emily turned to look at Sam then her face faltering towards him. *Kiss ass.....* she thought to her self turning herself back round to face Nathaniel...well she wasn't about to turn it down now..not with Kiss Ass sat there.

" I think it sounds great Mr Kingston, like Sam said, it's a massive achievement to have other companies such as that taking interest in one of your ideas, you should be very proud..." she said her eyes finding his then.

He waited for them to give him their answers. He could see the nervousness on Emily. After he was done speaking she even seemed to go quite pale for just a little bit. That was till Sam spoke and said that he would happily go along, after that Emily quickly followed. Figures.. they are in a competition after all.

He had never liked Sam much for the way he spoke. In every single meeting he had with him the boy seemed to find ways to compliment him. Sometimes he really wished he would just shut up, this was probably one of those times.. He had wanted Emily to think about it and not feel forced to accept.

"You both don't have to tell me now if you are joining me or not, but I do expect an answer before the end of the week." He said. "We will fly out next Thursday and will remain in Florida for 4 days before we return home. The trip is paid by the US

Today, so are your hotel stay and meals. Do note that anything that is enjoyed aside that will be billed to you personally. I will have Mrs Hutchinson send you both the details.” He stated off. “Do either of you have any questions for me?”

Sam smiled as he listened to Nathaniel, nodding enthusiastically to him. " Well I don't think I need anytime to decide, it sounds like a great opportunity to really show your business for what it is, I would be crazy to turn it down.."

Emily couldn't help the eye roll she gave them *Seriously shut up* she mentally said to her self, he was driving her crazy, sat there sucking up to him, a part of her wanted to move her damn chair away from him.

" Thank you Mr Kingston , I'll be sure to give it some thought and give you my response later. I do have a question ...if I do decide to attend, would I be required to do anything? Any talks with other business members so I know if I Need to prepare anything?.."

Nate could not surpres a small smile on his lips as he saw Emily rolling her eyes at the guy beside her. He really was just sucking up now for no reason. When Emily asked her question he made a note of it. She was paying attention and asking the right questions. As her boss, he would keep that in mind. She was gaining more points towards their competition then Sam was in that conversation.

“The details are not round yet as of currently. It seems that they simply want to talk to you about your experience. About how the company has treated you both, about the experience of being thrown into such a big company and the stress that might have come with it. You are of course free to be honest about anything. This is still a learning experience for me as well. We are still improving after all.” He said to them. “Aside from that I will try and get you both a tour through the company and there will be plenty of free time for you both to plan your own things that you want to do in Florida.” He added to that. “And feel free to let me know any other suggestions on a business standpoint and I will try to make it happen.”

Emily took note on what Nathaniel was saying ..nodding at the appropriate times, florida...florida was hot, she had never been there, and knowing they would get free time was appealing, she always wanted to visit there...she couldn't help but wonder what Nathaniel might do...shaking her head she smiled towards him.

" Great, thank you for the information I don't think I have anything else to ask..."

" Me neither, thanks for your time Mr Kingston ill make sure I send my acceptance once I get to my desk..." He said looking to Emily. " Don't worry if you can't make it Emily, I'm sure I'll

manage on my own..." he said smiling towards her now, his same teasing grin.

Emily turned in her chair then to look at him returning the smile though not on the same level he might of done..." Oh I'm sure you could Mr Ledger..." she repeated turning back to Nathaniel now.

" Was there anything else you needed us for?...or may we go back to work? I've got a paper due soon and I wouldn't wanna be late hitting my deadline..." she said unable to stop her self from giving him a small smile.

Rivalry.. He knew he had created it when he made this program, yet seeing it in front of him was not what he had hoped it would be. At least the two didn't seem to be killing each other off just yet. "No, that was all I wanted to discuss with you both. You are free to leave." He said.

As they got up and turned around his eyes would focus on Emily. She was likely going to accept. Not because it was time she could spend with him, but because of the rivalry with Sam. He didn't know how to feel about, what to think about it. Yet he could have sworn he had still seen her fidget, seen her eyes flicked up to meet his from time to time. He even thought he had seen a blush in her. Flashbacks came back to him from when he had taken her on that desk. It made him take a deep breath. This trip would either be hell.. or heaven.

It didn't take long before the details had been send over to them and in the end both had accepted his invitations. Plane tickets had been booked and so was the hotel. He had ensured that everything had been top of the line, wanting the both of them to enjoy it as a small reward for their hard work. So first class tickets as well as a five star hotel would await them in Florida.

He was now just waiting on them at the entrance of the airport.

Emily lost count the amount of times she had packed and re packed her suitcase, how many outfits she had gotten out just to change her mind again, chewing on her lip and grunting at her own inability to decide what to wear, not that it should matter, who was she hoping to impressive? ..him?...she frowned at her thoughts, after their last meeting she doubted very much he would even wanna come near her, the way she blew up still sent groans of frustration through her, she shouldn't of behaved like that..he was after all her boss above all things *Yes well he didn't look at it that way when he took me on his desk* ..she groaned at her thoughts...christ what was she doing?

Eventually she had finished packing, eventually she had decided what she wanted to wear and what she was going to take, shoving her stuff in a cab she took the ride to the airport, she sighed folding one leg over the over tugging her jumper

down over her knees, her bag against her lap as she pondered what the next four days might bring..she was stupid if she said she wasn't nervous...but this was work..everything would be fine.

The cab pulled up at the airport then, peering out she saw the hustle and bustle...and felt nerves for a different reason.she was getting on a damn plane.

Climbing out the cab she walked round to the boot to grab her suitcase of the gentlemen who brought her here, her hair down it blew gently in the cool breeze around her. Thanking him she took her case and headed towards the airport.

Almost instantly instantly her eyes fell to Nathaniel and no one else was there yet..*God here we go..* she walked cautiously up to him standing just a bit away.

" Hello Mr Kingston.. ." She said respectfully her eyes scanning around at the other people loitering around.

Like usual, Nate's life barely ever stood still. Even as he was waiting for his two trainee's to arrive he was making calls and checking e-mails on his phone. He didn't have the luxury to do nothing very often. It kept his life bearable, especially with the situation with his wife. He had really needed to have something that filled all of his time. It was also the reason why he didn't often make these trips for long. Too much downtime happened during those trips.

So when his name was suddenly called it made him look up from his phone as he had been been paying attention.

Instantly his eyes went over her. Even if what she had chosen to wear didn't show off her figure, it showed off her legs. He couldn't help but feel that heat inside him grow for her already. This weekend was going to be rough. "Miss Weston." He said, acknowledging her and swallowing away his hunger. "Feel free to check in your bags while we wait for Mr Ledger." He told her, pointing to the first class check in row. He had already checked his in.

Emily couldn't stop her self from looking down his frame in that suit..god he made everything he wore look good, she felt her own heat rise inside of her god he never made things easy.

Of course she didn't see the way he had looked at her, she was trying to avert her gaze from him, if anything she was far to worried to look at him, everytime their eyes met she felt like she was on fire, she hated the way he effected her so easily...but god she loved it to.

As he directed her to the first class check in she couldn't help but smile, well of course they would be flying first class...at least this time she looked more appropriately dressed for it.

Sam came walking into the airport then, catching them both standing together he walked over, pulling his sun glasses up over his head . " Well I have to admit I'm rather excited about this trip.." a smile against his face as he turned to Emily then,

his eyes moving down her frame. " Well doesn't someone scrub up well huh?..look nice Emily.." he said offering her a smile.

Emily turned and looked to Sam then giving him a small awkward smile. " Thanks...I'll just check in.." she said more to Nathaniel then him as she started to head towards the check in area.

Sam stood back for a moment as he watched her go smiling towards Nathaniel. " Tell you what, between you and me, she's quite a gal.." he teased waving his hand. " I won't do anything of course Mr Kingston...professionalism and all that...but still..a guy could dream right?....hey! Wait up Emily ill come with you! " he called before he hurried along to catch her up both of them standing in the check in line as Sam made small talk with her.

The group now seemed complete, yet he could have easily done with Sam. He never failed to make him regret hiring him. Even if he was good at his job, during interactions he really didn't make himself loved. Multiple complaints had already come through about him and several editors refused to work him any longer. He had been warned to change his behaviour, Nate hoped he took it to heart.

As Emily walked off and he felt the need to let his thoughts be known to Nate he could feel his jaw clench. How dare he talk that way about her. "I would advice you to keep your thoughts

to yourself Mr Ledger. I don't want to hear any more complaints about you." He warned him before he rushed off to join Emily at the check in.

In the mean time Nathan would get their tickets sorted out. "Wait. This can't be right. There should have been a request for separate seating." He said to the desk clerk as she handed the tickets out. "I am sorry Mr Kingston, but that was never requested.." the clerk said nervously. "Well, then you need to change it." He said. The tickets put him and Emily right beside each other, Mr Ledger placed at the complete opposite side of the plane. "My apologies, but the flight is completely booked Sir.." the clerk once again said nervously. He cursed under his breath. "Fine.." he said and took the tickets. He could switch with Sam.. No, like hell he would let that bastard sit next to her.

"Uh oh...Guess who just got warned by the boss..." Sam teased to Emily in the check out as he stood beside her, that was the problem with Sam, as brilliant as he was at his job, he didn't know when to keep his mouth shut, constantly getting himself into trouble with other professionals at work, not that it ever seemed to bother him, I mean why would it? He was so full of confidence he couldn't see any issues with himself even when someone screamed them in his face.

Emily turned and looked towards Sam then. " When don't you get warned about something you've done? " she said turning

her attention back to The front, god why did he have to be here..of course she couldn't help but smile, he was digging his own grave and who was she to stop him? She wanted that job after all.

" Yup , all I said was that I thought you were quite a gal...didn't approve of that apparently.. " he said with a shake of his head.

" He's a bit up tight sometimes isn't he?.." he grumbled.

Of course Emily couldn't stop that little bit of delight that ran through her to know that Nathaniel clearly had a issue with Sam addressing her in such a way, a smile coming across her face as they finally checked in their bags " Well perhaps you should keep your comments to yourself before you get yourself in trouble " she said not missing the eye roll that came from him before she headed back across the air port lobby towards where Nathaniel was with the tickets, pushing her bag up her shoulder as they all met together once again.

Once their bags were checked in Nate walked with them into the first class lobby. He handed them the tickets that had their name on and wonderes if he should warn Emily about their seating situation. Yet he did not want to do it with Sam present there. There was nothing he could do about it anyway. He would apologize to her once they sat down. Surely she would believe he did not do it on purpose. Yet he couldn't help but feel.. happy about the mistake that was made. He got to sit next to her again, smell that delicious vanilla on her as she sat

next to him. He would behave.. he could behave as long as she did.

"In case this is your first flight in first class." He looked over to Sam. "Things are a bit more delicate. Don't raise your voice and don't bother other people. You are free to get a drink from the bar if you wish. We will board in about 15 minutes." He told them. "Once again, don't bother other people Mr Ledger." He warned him again personally.

Once Sam had gone to go to the bar he turned to Emily. "Are you doing alright Miss Weston?" He asked her. "I know you don't enjoy flying. Let me know if there is anything I can do to make it more bearable for you."

Emily couldn't help but grin inwardly as Nathaniel gave him a dress down in front of her, warning him about his behaviour, oh how much she wanted to laugh at him, tease him a little. But she wouldn't.. that wasn't professional, and this was work, of course didn't stop her celebrating in her own way in her head though.

When he left she was going to head of somewhere herself...she didn't wanna make Nathaniel feel uncomfortable, before she could how ever he was talking to her, turning her attention to him she couldn't help but feel a little ...Happy? That he remembered

" I'm sure I'll be find Mr Kingston ...I'm sure there's plenty of things I can find to distract myself with..." well damn she

didn't mean for it to come out quite like that! *Fuck sake Emily at least try!!*

" you know plenty of in-flight entertainment...I'm sure I could find a movie..and i have a book so I'll be fine, thanks for your concern "

@Emily Weston#0000

concern " she said feeling all flustered already, for christ sake get her on that plane so she can have a drink...cuddle under a blanket eat damn crap food and watch a film...away from him..and that damn alluring cologne of his.

"Okay." He said, giving her a warm smile. He reached out for her hand, not able to resist and gave it a small squeeze. "Just let me know." He said and let go of her hand as he to made his way to the bar. He had to find out who had been responsible for booking their tickets..

Fifteen minutes later the first people were called in on the plane and they were among them. He took his hand luggage and started his way off, making sure his trainees also made it into the plane. He let them board first and hung behind a small bit as Emily found her seat first.

After she got herself situated a bit, she got the window seat this time, he made his way over to her. "I need you to know that I requested to be seated seperately.. it seems Mrs Hutchinson forgot to put in the request however." He said and

gave her an uncomfortable smile. "Seems we will be stuck here together for awhile." He sat down next to her then, trying to keep as much distance between them as the seats would allow.

Emily felt his hand come down to her own then, feeling him squeeze it she couldn't stop the small smile that came across her face. " I will....thanks.." she whispered back, giving his hand a small squeeze in return.

Emily sighed as she tossed her bag up into the over hang locker, moving into the window seat she smiled, well at least she got the window seat this time, clutching her book on her lap she placed her belt on and got settled, her eyes watching out the window to see them loading the plane and she frowned...christ she hated flying.

Of course...all that soon vanished as she heard Natheniels voice, whipping her head round she looked at him hearing his words she narrowed her eyes " Really?... " she asked in a questionable manner...of course she couldn't help but wonder if he had planned this...but then she had to believe him.

Shifting in her seat as he sat down she was instantly smacked by his cologne already causing her to shift slightly more. Tugging her jumper down to try and hide her legs from him..she wasn't going to get told of for showing to much this time around!

" It would appear so now wouldn't it?.. " she said moving her book closer to her she opened it up, trying to focus her self on this instead, all though with take of looming she was far to nervous to read.

" Where's Mr Ledger sitting?.." she asked casually , pretending to read her book as she did .

"Really..?" She asked. He couldn't help the smile on his lips. Of course she didn't believe him. He just stuck his pinky in the air. "Pinky promise." He said and sat down.

Their stances and interaction instantly turned into awkward. Neither of them wanting to violate the others space. Yet they seemed to do that even when they were on opposite ends of the room. Already he could feel himself wanting to touch her. Wanting to run his fingers over those beautiful legs of hers.

"Quite a few rows back on the other side." He explained. He paused then. Wanting ti test something. He knew he shouldn't.. but he couldn't help himself. Did she still want him like she had before? He had not forgotten her shouting.

"Would you rather sit next to Mr Ledger?"

Emily couldn't help but smile as he pinky promised her, of course she didn't say anything, she simply sat there watching as the majority of the passengers got on the plane, knowing it was nearing the time of take of and she felt nerves bubbling inside ofnher as she clutched her book a little tighter.

The conversation turned to Sam, she shifting a bit on her chair, hearing his question she flicked her eyes up, catching him looking at her then, she then turned back to her book, flicking the page...not that she read that page.

" No thank you, I'm fine here...id rather not have deal with him for seven hours..." she said softly, hearing the plane door shut she couldn't help but jolt a little, her foot tapping on the floor as she tried to stop the tremour in her hands as she clutched her book.

At least she didn't send him away. She now could no longer complain about him being there as he had given her an out. Even if he was the worst of two evils.. he would take that.

He noticed her jolt as he doors closed, remembering the intense fear she had displayed the first time they had flown together. He thought of a way he could help her.

"That guy over there, the one with the red nose." He said pointing in that direction. "He got stood up on his wedding, poor guy. He decided to go on the honeymoon without her to get back at her, even upgraded to first class. But now that he is here he can't stop thinking about her and cry."

she sighed again watching out the window as they were finishing getting everything ready and the closer it got, the more she felt her heaty jitter in her chest.

And then she heard him..Her eyes coming up to look towards him as he started talking, she couldn't help but smile...he remembered , he remembered how he calmed her down last time...and he was doing it again...god he didn't make this easy.

She closed her book then leaning a bit so she could look towards the man he was addressing. " Very sad story...poor guy, at least he's going in style..." she said her eyes looking across the group of people now.

" The elderly lady over there...with the pearls.." she said pointing across to a elderly woman sat by her self, wearing some fine jewelry, a very expensive outfit as she appeared to be looking at photos of a man. " She lost her husband a few years ago, longing for love and tenderness she decided to go online , got lucky...found her self a nice toy boy in florida..young stud, she's hit the jackpot she's flying out to see him today, poor woman...doesn't realise the young stud is actually a seventy year old man from a retirement village...she will have a shock when she gets of the plane and is expecting Zachary and finds derick.." she said giving a small chuckle as the plane started moving, not that she noticed...

"Poor woman indeed." He said to her with a smile. He was happy that she played along and as the plane started to move she didn't seem to notice. His hand strayed toward hers and before he knew it he was holding her hand, all the while

keeping her distracted as the plane got ready to start to climb into the sky.

"Over there. The guy with the young girl." He said pointing towards a seeming father with his 14 year old daughter. "They hit the jackpot as well. They won 100.00 pounds in the lottery. And what best to spend your money on then take your daughter to Florida? Especially when her favorite band is playing there as well. And if you are suddenly with that much money. Why not fly first class?"

she smiled when he smiled at her, he was right she hadn't noticed, she didn't notice the plane moving towards the runway, didn't feel the jittery movements it was making far too interested in this game she was playing...with him.

When he reached for her hand she felt her chest ache, twisting her hand she entwined their fingers together as she listened, peering over to the people he was referring to. She smiled

"Wow nice win huh? .." she said with a grin, her eyes peering around the plane a bit more, trying to see who she fancied next.

"That man there...with the briefcase..." she said pointing to a man with a briefcase sat against his lap, his fingers fidgeting against it. "He's about to go and make the biggest deal he has ever made in his life, he's nervous, if he gets this right it's gonna change his life, financially emotionally mentally...if he

gets it wrong.well... " she said with a small shrug " it doesn't bare thinking about..poor man, he's got a lot to lose "

The plane stopped once more as it reached the start of the runway. They had already done their safety check and instruction, neither of them had just paid attention. He needed to hold her attention for one more story.. then they would be in the air. He leaned into her closer then, his fingers intertwined with hers.

"See that girl over there?" He said and pointed toward a woman who was wearing a full face of make-up and even though she was dressed appropriately, she was showing off a lot. "She hunts for sugardaddies online. She probably has about 8 of them at this point. They send her money in exchange for pictures and her attention. Sugardaddy number 4 invired her to Florida. Paid for everything! And she is young and having fun. Why not have fun for little bit." He said. "She even checked in three bags." He whispered the last bir in her ear.

By the time his story ended, the wheel of the plane had already left the ground and they were climbing up into the air.

Emily hadn't even noticed where they were , didn't even realise they had done safety checks, she was far to invested in their discussions, far to invested in their game they were playing on the plane to even consider anything else.

She moved her self a little bit closer then so she could see the woman he was referring to, her eyes washing over her but she chuckles. " Sugar daddies??..." she teased with another smile " to be honest...she passed that vibe.." she teased, and at the mention of bags she chuckled again.

" God I'd love to know what's in those bags..." she teased.

"A lot of swimsuits." Be teased her back. He looked up to the little seatbelt light and a the plane leveled out it turned off, meaning they were now in the air amd steady.

"Remember what I told you those many months ago Miss Weston?" He asked as he found her eyes. "Men have nothing to fear but fear itself." He reminded her. "We are already in the air." He pointed towards the window where they were soaring above fludfh white clouds, the sun shining beautifully upon them.

she chuckled then with a grin " alot of skimpy swimsuits..." she teased back.

She turned her attention to him then, his words causing a small shudder to run through her, god it seemed like a lifetime ago now...but she remembered, she remembered everything..

Her face twisted then to look out the window, seeing the clouds, the clear sky, the golden sun casting with a beautiful light across their faces.

" So we are..." she whispered turning to look at him she smiled, giving his hand a squeeze. " Thankyou...."

He watched the relief dance on her face as she figured out she had missed the whole thing. She whispered him a thank you, their faces mere centimeters away from each other. He wanted to kiss her, tell her was safe with him and had nothing to worry. But he knew that would be a lie and he had promised not to lie to her anymore.

"You are welcome." He just smiled back at her then and turned himself to face forward instead of towards her. He removed his seatbelt and slouched down just a small bit as he started to look over the entertainment system. He had not needed it on his last flight with her, but this time he could use a distraction. His hand however.. never left hers, unable to pull himself away.

Emily could see how close they were, she could smell him better now, his cologne just smelt incredible, she wanted to kiss him she wanted him to kiss her..*Kiss me...*she urged god she wanted him go, but he didn't, he turned away and she couldn't help feel disappointed.

She turned herself away then unbuckling her belt, she didn't miss the way he didn't release her hand though, and like him she couldn't bring herself to either so she didn't.. she would take it for as long as he would allow it.

She to started flicking through the entertainment, removing her belt she to got comfortable, looking at the films she saw me before you, god she loved that film...but it made her cry,she peeked to Nathaniel...did she wanna cry with him again?... in the end she thought screw it not like he hadn't seen her cry a million times before....placing the film on she grabbed a headphone only put one in.. just incase he wanted to talk to her again.

The whole situation soon became awkward. Neither of the said anything to eachother. Multiple times he would shift uncomfortably in his seat, not being able to decide what exactly he wanted to watch or do in the plane. Well that wasn't true.. he knew exactly what he wanted to do. He wanted to talk to her, he wanted to be Ben again. The person who had made her laugh. The person who for just that bit had been carefree and could be with her without guilt. He wanted that again. But that seemed no longer possible. He needed to keep himself together or he would just hurt her once again.

So instead he tried to keep to himself. His eyes scanning the plane once more even though he had seen everyone that was in it at least a dozen times already. When the stewardess eventually passed him he decided he couldn't do this flight like this. "I would like a whiskey please." He asked her.

Emily felt uncomfortable, this was awkward she wanted to talk to him, say something...anything even through her film

she found she couldn't concentrate now and again she would feel him shift heard him sigh, watching as he tried to distract himself, she simply couldn't handle it.

The stewardess she come she pondered what to drink, she shouldn't drink...she knew she shouldn't not around him, but she couldn't handle the stress she was feeling, just one drink...one drink would help settle her nerves.

" Can I get a gin please...with tonic thanks.." she went to watch her walk of ." Wait..sorry..could you make it a double?..." she said giving her a smile before turning back to her film,god she had six more hours of this..

He couldn't help but look up at Emily as she ordered a drink, a double on at that. He wondered if he should tell her that was not a good idea, but did he want to? He decided to leave it and watched the stewardess walk off.

Soon the woman came back with one wide glass with a big amount of gin and tonic and one shallow glass filled with ice cubes wit a small bottle of whiskey next to it. He passed her glass along to hers and didn't waste time to pop open the whiskey bottle, pouring the golden liquid into the glass.

"Cheers." He offered her a smile and took a generous sip from his glass. It was a good quality whiskey.. he liked it.

Emily couldn't help but notice the way Natheneil looked at her, and she shifted more on her chair, she knew it probably wasn't a good idea but what was she supposed to do? She knew

at least one drink...one drink would settle these nerves, this uncomfortable feeling she had rolling through her

When the drinks arrived she reached over to take the drink from him, placing it on her table she popped the tonic, pouring it in she wasted no time in bringing it up, smiling to him she lifted her glass.

She didn't say anything, she found she couldn't instead she swallowed some of the liquid down, clutching it in her hands as she looked back to the window, Jesus she didn't think she could do this.

He followed the glass to her lips, watching her take a generous sip of it as well. He couldn't help but think about how delicious she would taste once she finished that glass. She would taste of that bittersweet with a mix of lime. He found himself shifting once again as he tried to tear his eyes away from her, taking one more sip of the whiskey.

Yet he was sick of the quiet, sick of the discomfort he was in. He wanted to talk to her. Talking was alright, talking couldn't be bad. He was the boss, he was allowed to talk to her. "So how has life been for you Miss Weston?" He then asked. He wanted to know how she was going, he had wanted to know ever since they fought in his office. She had been so heated with him.

the liquid went down well, it set a fire within her that she found comforting, it helped..a little bit to at least settle the nerves that were rolling through her, she tried to watch the

film but it was useless she couldn't concentrate, she couldn't concentrate on anything but him..

His question came and she turned her body to look at him, pondering his question she sighed a little before looking out the window. "its okay..." she said what more could she say? Tell him her bloody life was a mess? She couldn't do that..she didn't want him to know how conflicting she was " How about you?...'

Her answer came short and cut off. Her voice trailing off half way and she turned away from him. She was lying, he could tell. Yet could he press the issue? Could he make her tell him what was going wrong. Especially when there was a decent change that the reason why was because of him and this trip, because of sitting next to him on this damn plane. Why did they have to fuck of those tickets. He already felt like he was failing her once more.

"Yeah, same as usual." He said, also keeping his answer short. He wasn't lying. Nothing had changed for him. His wife would still reject him, would still go into manic episodes where he could do nothing to comfort her. He still thought about Emily when he laid on his own on the couch. Nothing had changed.. He brought the whiskey to his lips, feeling the need to just down the whole thing. He grimaced a bit as the liquid burned down his throat and then called the stewardess over. "Can I have another?"

Emily turned to him, watching as he spoke, she could see the same expression on his face, she could tell instantly nothing had changed for him, his situation his predicament was still just as bad it seemed, and all she wanted to do was hold him...hold him.and tell him everything would work out , but she didn't know that it would.

She always saw the longing in his gaze to ask her what was wrong, she gave a short answer...she knew that, the stewardess came over and she looked up

" And for me..please..." she said, turning her gaze back to Nathneneil she suddenly released that maybe he thought it was about him..why she was struggling and she didn't want him to think that, even if...it kind of was

" I just miss my family.. .that's all, its been hard being without them, I spent alot of time with them before I moved back here and it's been difficult to adjust, I don't really know anyone here...so...it gets a bit lonely.." and she wasn't lying what she said was true she did miss them...terribly, thinking of them now had her face faltering. " but hopefully there visit soon.. ."

The stewardess nodded at them with slight hesitation. They were probably 30 minutes into that 8 hours long flight and these two were already ordering their second drinks. The last thing she wanted was two drunks in her plane. Yet she went to go and get it for them.

He looked over to her as she suddenly started to talk about her family. He knew she had come from New York, at least that is where she did her study, so her parents were a long bit away. And with the type of work-a-holic that Emily seemed to be he could understand that she didn't make friends easily. "You know that you have overtime build up right?" He asked her then, she had plenty of overtime that she had not asked to get paid out just yet. "Instead of getting it paid out you could take time off. Go and see your family." He suggested. Then he remembered the traineeship and how it might have created a situation where she felt she couldn't.

"Listen.. I know this trainee thing can be stressful. And I know that both you and Mr Ledger might feel obligated to put as much work in this year as you can. But that was never my intention with this program. It was to create chances for people like you, not break them. I want you to care of yourself and if that means taking time off to see your family, that is exactly what you should do." He explained.

you know you have overtime build up right? Emily sighed then, she knew she did she knew she could go, she knew she could go see then, but she also knew how hard it would be to leave then again, she was adjusting..slowly to her life here, things weren't easy, maybe she needed to simply get out more.

She turned her attention fully to him then as he spoke, she would be lying if she said it made her anxious to go...Sam being left to it , he may out shine her...maybe...

" I'll give it some thought, its just hard when i leave them again, I'm adjusting...slowly..., I think that's why I work so much, keeps me occupied, and I enjoy it...working that is " she said with a small smile. " there supposed to be coming here in the next month anyway, eventually there moving back..they hoped it would be sooner but things have been delayed...hopefully before the year is out they will..."

She pondered for a second, she wanted to know a bit about him..if he would share of course. " Do you see much of your family?... "

He nodded as she told him that she would think it over and that was enough for him "Just promise me you won't get this rivalry between you to go to your head. You both are creating it, not me." He had to say it. Even if it might bring out the best in both of them, it had gotten to a bit of an unhealthy place in his mind.

He sighed out when she talked about his family. His parents were simple people that loved a simple life. The big city made them anxious and upset. "Not often." He admitted. "They don't like the big city, besides they have a farm full of animal that they need to take care of." He let her know. "And going to see them is not a good idea either, as any small change in

environment seems to really upset my wife." He said.. and even though admitting that felt sad, he was glad that he could voice it to her. After all, she was one of the few people who knew about what she was like. "So, not often at all."

Emily listened and nodded towards him, it was clear that he was concerned about the rivalry between the two of them clearly had him worried. " You don't need to worry about me and Mr Ledger....were not that bad, I don't see him much, well...I avoid him as much as possible...the man knows how to talk..." she teased with a smile..and god he did, sometimes to much!

As he spoke about his family she smiled, it made her feel good to know he felt happy enough to confide in her, she couldn't help but squeeze his hand softly. " it must be hard, not to see them.." she asked carefully not wanting to upset him by talking about it to much. " My grandparents had a farm, when they were younger, I used to love going there...my grandad used to let me drive his tractor sometimes....that was until I accidentally swerved to far to the right and went straight through a fence...to say he wasn't very happy is a understatement, he never let me on it again...even to this day he talks about it..." she said fondly. " but I had some great memories there...spending summer holidays there, they used to have a creek which ran right through the farm, me and my brother used to go fishing...we spent hours down there, getting tad poles in jars and taking them home..frogs...mum

used to go crazy..she hated them..she used to run around the house with a broom trying to sweep them out..." she said fondly with a wide smile on her face.

He smiled at her story about the farm. It seemed like she had a loving upbringing. "You rarely appreciate what you have till you lose it." He chuckled to her. "I grew up on that farm that my parents still have. They have cows and horses. Cows because my father wanted them and horses because my mother wanted them." He explained. "They would argue for hours about which side of the farm the money should go to when they got a tax return or anything like that." He chuckled again. "I used to love it there. Yet as every small boy who grows up on a farm dreamed off, I wanted to go to the big city. Seemed more exciting. So I did. Once I went to college I moved to the big city and I just never left again." He explained to her. "God, I miss that farm."

Emily listened intently as he told her his snippet of his life, her smiled warming towards him, her hand still very much holding his she allowed her fingers to stroke idly along his own..

"I had the best of both worlds growing up, my grand parents were very country folk, they never liked the city much neither, said it was far to busy and noisy, they liked the quiet life...where as my father he was always a city man, he loved it

so we used to spend most of the time in the city with them, then in the summer we went there...."

His last words had her face faltering slightly. " I miss it to. .it was a nice escape, they sold it though, it just got to much for them my family couldn't really help them with it, they still live in the country they have a small bit of land more manageable for them but...I know my grandma misses it terribly but..." she shrugged then. " They had to do what is right for them I suppose..." she paused then tilting in just slightly towards him. " You should try see them you know.. " she whispered lightly. " It might be nice, to get away yourself.. I know ...I know its difficult with everything " she whispered. " you need to look after yourself to, your burn yourself out otherwise..Nathaniel..."

He took another good sip of his whiskey as she was starting to lean into him. He found himself clutching into her hand more and just let her land on his shoulder as he put her head leaning against the top of hers. "If I leave that means putting her in one of those care facilities. I can't trust her to stay on her own for that long." He explained to her. He couldn't do that to her, she didn't deserve to be locked up in a strange room just because he needed to see his family. Even after six years, he couldn't choose for himself.

At least that is what he thought.. yet when it came to Emily he did choose for himself. He selfishly wanted her even if he

knew he would hurt her. He longed for the way that only she made him feel.. wanted and loved. Even in that current moment he just couldn't wonder how life would be like for him if he did choose her. She could go with him to his parents.. see the horses and cows.

He found himself taking his hand away from hers and instead placing it on that bit of exposed leg that was peeking out from under her sweater dress.

Emily found her face softening now as he spoke, he was so caring, so so caring it made her heart hurt, to put everyone else before himself. She found her self nuzzling him a little she just wanted to comfort him, wanted to bring him some comfort that she knew he desperately needed. " You need to Try Natheneil....does she not have family? Anyone that could help you? ..." she asked carefully. " I meant what I said...it's gonna get to much for you soon and then what?...." she whispered.

She felt him remove his hand, she was going to grab it again, wanting to hold it, wanted the contact before she felt his hand touch her leg, she felt her self grow warm with the contact, her own hand come to rest over his, stroking his hand tenderly.

" You Need to look after yourself to Natheniel....please make sure you do that, your just as important as everyone else.." she whispered into his neck , closing her eyes to simply drink him

in for a moment...wishing..wishing to god things were different..for the both of them.

He moved his nose into her hair, taking in the scent that clung to it. That sweet vanilla that always seemed to hang around her filled his nose. Her nose nuzzled his neck and he wanted nothing more then to stay on that plane forever. She cared for him. It wasn't just about their lust for each other, there was so much more. She was the only person to who it seemed to matter how he felt and it only made him want to be with her more.

He moved his hand to her chin and softly lifted her face away from his neck. His lips found hers once more and he kissed her gently. He tasted that bitterness and citrus on her tongue from the tonic that she had enjoyed as he deepened their kiss just slightly. "You shouldn't care about me like that.. Em.." he whispered into her mouth.

God her heart was broken for him, broken to see how hard things really were for him, he hadn't even seen his family for six years, and she had to know even if he didn't say how much that must be hurting him...to not go there , somewhere he clearly missed.

She felt his hand against her chin, lifting her head without much prompting from him , his lips came down to hers and she closed her eyes, her hand coming to stroke his cheek tenderly, enjoying the taste of the whisky there, she couldnt

stop the small groan of delight leaving her as he deepened it, even for a brief moment. His sweet words caused her to smile against his lips

" someone has to..." she whispered back a slight tease to her tone as she did.

A part of him was screaming at him. *What are you doing? You promised to leave her alone! Why are you kissing her you Bastard. You will just make her cry again..*

"Someone has to.."

Yet the kiss continued, his fingers finding its way to the nape of her neck and pressing her into him. He didn't deserve her. Didn't deserve her care and love for him, not after how little regard he had to her well being in the past. Not after he had selfishly taken her for himself time and time again.

Just leave her alone already!

He pulled away from her. His inner battle winning over him as he put his selfish needs aside for just a moment. "I need the bathroom.." he quickly said as he dashed out of his seat and headed to the bathroom.

Emily groaned as he deepened the kiss, her hand roaming over his cheek and moving to the back of his neck, her fingers tenderly stroking the spot, she moved as much as she could to be closer, wanting to be close to him.

Then..it stopped, she gasped for breath as he pulled away, she saw his look as he hurriedly left of for the bathroom, she couldn't help the look of longing that crossed her mind as she watched him go.

She went to stand up, pulling herself up from the chair, she wanted to follow him, wanting to give him the love and care he needed, they both needed, but she didn't...instead she stayed there, closing her eyes as she did....this was all such a mess again.

He rushed himself to the bathroom, locking the door behind him. He slammed his fist into the sink. He was so angry at himself. He was torturing himself, but worse then that he was torturing her. The one person who cared about what he wanted and what he needed and he was torturing her.

He turned on the cold water, splashing a good bit into his face as if that would help him. Of course it did none of that sort and he was just left there standing in that bathroom. He tried to gather his thoughts, but the only thing that seemed to happen was him reaching the same conclusion over and over again. He was making things worse. The alcohol didn't help his case either.

Eventually a knock came on the bathroom door and he knew that had been in there for too long. He unlocked the door and apologized to the man who had been waiting on him to take his leak. Heading back to that seat he already felt his jaw

clench. The edges of his hairline slightly damp from the water that he had splashed in his own face.

Emily sat chewing her bottom lip as she pondered what to do, she knew this a bad idea, to come...to sit with him..regardless of how much they didn't want to do this with one another it would seem that neither one of them could control themselves.

Her eyes came up to him then, watching as he come back and saw the water against his head she clenched her lips tightly turning her head away, she couldnt stop her self, seeing him with a wet head knowing that he must of splashed his face, she didn't know why she found it so amusing...a giggle came free theb maybe she was simply laughing because of the stupidity of the whole situation, maybe because she had a few gins...or maybe because if she didn't she might of cried.

She didn't want this awkward tension between them, she had liked talking to him, liked having him near and it was clear he did to..watching him sit down she saw some water on his suit jacket and snorted another laugh.

" You look a bit wet there..sink broken? ." she found her self saying, maybe secretly hoping that she might at least break some of the tension, handing him a napkin.

He tried to avoid her eyes as he was walking back to his seat. Unsure if she as upset or angry or whatever from him storming off in the middle of their kiss. Yet the first thing she

did after he sat back down was crack a joke at him. He couldn't help but look her way with a confused look on his face. Yet with her little snort it was hard to not find himself laughing along with her. "Yeah, you would expect better from first class." He just said after her.

He took her napkin and dapped the worst of his shirt, it left little wet spots, but they would dry on their own soon enough. He picked up his whiskey glass again after that and just stared at the liquid in the glass. It had been a bad idea and it still was. So he put it back down instead of taking a sip. He wanted to apologize for kissing her, this time it had been him who had started it, yet he couldn't find a right way to say it.

He had been about to say something to her when a stewardess came by them. "Sorry for interrupting you both. We are going around to ask what everyone wishes to enjoy for dinner. There is a choice between beef, tilapia or vegetarian. What would you like?" She asked. "Uhm.. the tilapia for me please." He said.

Emily giggled a little bit at him as he started laughing, it was nice to see him at least settling a little bit, his next words caused her to smirk. "Well you would indeed..." she teased.

Of course she didn't drink the rest of her gin, she didn't want to ...she couldn't trust herself when she drank and she partially blamed her having that gin for being so...eager...actually no...she most definitely didn't need gin to be eager with him.

she settled in her chair deciding maybe to try her book again before the stewardess came through. She pondered for a moment

" I'll have the beef please..." she said watching her walk of again she curled up against the chair, she was feeling a little chilly the air con running across her, she reached down to grab a blanket placing it gently over her lap.

The rest of the plane ride went on with them trying their best to keep things sane between them. They shared moments of laughter, but also moments of awkwardness and holding back. He tried to keep himself from touching her, yet multiple times the bathroom had seemed to a decent excuse to calm himself down.

Once they landed, Nate had excused himself from the two and told them to meet him in the hotel. They had everything they had needed to check in. He made his way there on his own and soon just put himself to work in his hotel room. He needed the distraction and they wouldn't have nothing planned till the next day.

Once his work was finished and he no longer had an excuse to distract himself he knew that he was in trouble. Just a few rooms away from his he knew that Emily was. "I could use that drink now." He mumbled to himself as he sighed. He changed into a more casual outfit and headed downstairs to the hotel bar and ordered himself another Whiskey.

God when they landed and the heat of florida hit her she wished to god she never wore that damn thick dress! The heat was almost to all consuming, it didn't help that she already feeling uncomfortable after seeing with Nathaniel for seven hours, getting back to the hotel and getting her self in the shower was the relief she needed, a cold one at that...she definitely needed a cold shower to calm her nerves down, they were shot to buggery...she sighed under the cold spray of the shower, maybe now they were here it would be easier...she wouldn't have to see him, at least not to much..they could avoid each other...right?

A few hours later and she found her self down in the bar with Sam, both of them were sat on a plush sofa kind of chair next to the open doors which was nice, the breeze was definitely needed, plus she liked sitting there..looking out to the ground the hotel had..and the pool..almost grateful she brought a swim suit, she would be definitely getting into that.

She had a dress on now, which fell to just above her knees, a bit more fitting so her natural curves shone through a bit more, her hair down, she didn't wear much make up, but she had a little bit on this evening, the bar they was in was lovely.. big and bright, there was a small band on which she enjoyed listening to, of course she wasn't alone...as she watched Sam

roll over with drinks, looking over to them she saw a couple of shot glasses and grimaced

" Sam why have you got shots? I don't want to get drunk...I said I would have a drink that didn't mean I wanted to get plastered.." she grumbled with a shake of her head watching as Sam grinned and handed her gine over as well as the single shot.

" Ah come on Emily, let loose a little bit hmm? Your always so rigid don't you just wanna let lose? Have a bit of fun? Forget everything and just...ya know..enjoy the moment?.." he teased picking the shot glass up he waved it in front of her. " Come on just the one..."

Emily had to admit, his words kind of hit her a little bit, she very rarely let her self have alot of fun, always working so hard on everything..always trying to do what was right, maybe he was right..maybe she did need to just let go..especially after all the tension she had been feeling from the days travel. She couldn't help but smirk as he waved the glass in front of her , sighing she leaned forward picking it up. " Fine just the one..." she watched him smile and they clicked their glasses before she swallowed it down hole, pulling a face as she shook her head.

" What the hell was that...ugh..god that was awful.. " she grumbled, Sam laughed then, his laughter ringing out across the bar before Emily joined him shaking her head still as she

picked up her gin to wash the taste away....not noticing Nathaniel was now at the bar.

They might not have noticed him at the bar, but he had most definitely noticed them there together. At first he had wondered if he should turn around and leave, yet.. he was allowed to have fun as well and be there. So he ordered the whiskey anyway, top shelf, and sat at the bar as the man behind it served him.

He tried his best to ignore the two, yet their laughter made him look. They were having fun together, drinking together. He sipped his whiskey as he kept his eye on them sitting there. She didn't like him, she had told him so. She had thought he talked to much and he was talking a lot right then. Surely there was nothing to worry about. Yet that glass was going empty faster then he might have otherwise drank it.

Of course he spoke to much, you couldn't get the man to stop! Once he got going it was like a machine running on constant, she found him draining if she was honest...but who else did she have to talk to? There was no one else here she knew, and frankly she was sick of sitting on her own, even if Sam was driving her completely crazy!

" You know Emily...your alright " Sam said as he sipped his own drink, a dark liquid which filled half the glass . " when I met you I thought you were right up your self..." seeing her expression he shook his head and waved his hand. " Wait let

me finish. " He teased with a grin. " but actually your a bit of fun..."

Emily couldn't help roll her eyes at him then, shaking her head at his half ass compliment " Well I'm glad you think so.." she said bringing her drink up she sipped it, her eyes moving over to the small band listening to the music, it was a nice song...slow and gentle, she watched a few people dancing together...couples ..and her face faltered. She suddenly found a hand on hers trying to drag her up.

Sam was stood there then, holding her hand a big grin on his face. " Come on Emily, you clearly wanna dance yeah?...let's dance..just one...remember let lose " he teased.

Emily shook her head then. " No no Sam I don't..." but before she could say much more he had her up, pulling her close to where they were sitting, one arm circled round her back, the other one taking her other hand. ' Come in Emily..just one...let's have fun..' he teased again.

Emily was reluctant at first, that was clear on her face, but he was being well...Sam...grinning and doing things in a dramatic fashion which she couldn't help but laugh at a little..even if he annoyed her...amensly..he pulled Her out then twirling her causing her to shake her head. " Sam this is to much..." she said, she definitely hadn't drank enough to be doing this with him! . She felt his hand slide along her back again as he brought her in, taking her hand again practically keeping her

close. .even if she wasn't sure about it....I mean it was just a dance..and he was right she liked the music, but a slow song?....felt a bit weird with him..but still here she was ...dancing.

He could see him leaning in closer, trying to get Emily's attention. Yet she seemed oblivious to it and it made him smile just a little bit. She wasn't interested, she was making that clear. Yet the boy was blind to it. He didn't notice her leaning away from him, taking sips of her drink whenever he tried to press his face closer to her. He didn't want to accept the reject, because who would reject him?

He averted his eyes a little bit again then, taking in the rest of the bar. It was a beautiful place and the little band that played really gave it a nice feel. It made it homey and comfortable.

When he brought his eyes back to the pair however his mouth would draw in a thin line, his jaw clenched. He had pulled her up for a dance, his hand resting on her back. It spiked an intense kind of jealousy that he had not known he had in it. Nobody was supposed to touch her like that but him. He felt possessive of her in that moment. Yet he forced himself to stay in that chair. Sam better not push his luck.

" See ? It's nice huh? I know your enjoying it.." Sam said with a grin as he moved her yet again into a spin, he watched then as her dress moved a bit sliding just a bit more up her thigh , he brought her in closer then, bringing her body into his a

little bit more . His hand against her back slid down just a bit more to rest again the top of her bottom his fingers dancing over the area.

Emily couldn't help but shake her head at him as he moved her into yet another twirl, before he brought her back in bringing her slightly more closer now, she felt the contact and shifted a little awkwardly. " Bring me any closer and your be on my toes..." she joked with him, but deep down she was feeling a little awkward, maybe she should just try and i dunno...enjoy it? But she couldnt relax not properly maybe because it was Sam, he wasn't exactly someone she would choose to do this kind of dance with.

she felt his hand travel down a bit more, her hand coming round to reach for it then but he shifted her again so it made it more difficult. " Your pushing your luck.." she said in a half hearted jokingly tone.

Sam chuckled then at her complaint shrugging lightly leaning in a bit closer to her his face practically against her hair as he spoke into her ear. " Well that's what i do best isn't it?.." He teased.

His leg started to bounce the moment that he saw those fingers landing near her ass. His hand came to his chin as he rubbed his stubble and tried his best to remain on that chair. It as not his place to interfere. She as having fun.. she was fine.

She should live her life like she wanted to, he had nothing to do with it.

Yet when that face came so dangerously close to Emily's he could no longer hold himself back. He launched himself from that chair, making angry steps towards the two of them. "Mr Ledger!" His voice was stern and bouldering over him. "Do I have yet another complaint to write to your name?" He took the boys arm and pulled him off her like a father would pull a boy away from his daughter. "I know I said you could enjoy your free time, but I would strongly advice you to enjoy the elsewhere."

Emily hadn't noticed him...she hadn't noticed he was watching them, if she had she would of never of got up for that dance...she only became painfully aware that he was there when she heard his shout, she jumped then, watching as Sam went to turn around before he was yanked away from her, she stumbled a little the force dragging her a bit as her eyes widened to watch the display.

Sam heard the shout, he to jolted in Emily's embrace, he couldn't even react before he was being yanked away from her, staring at Nathaniel then with a shocked expression. " Mr Kingston...we was just having a dance...Emily didn't mind right?..." he said turning his gaze to Emily now.

Emily watched Sam Turn to her then, heard his question as her eyes diverted back to Nathnenil she could practically feel

the anger radiating of him in waves . Turning her attention back to Sam then. " Mr Kingston is right, maybe we should just calm it down a little....thanks though.. " she said trying to keep her self calm...I mean who was he to come over here and decide what SHE does?

Sam looked to Emily then shaking his head . " Right....apologises Mr Kingston...never intend to upset anyone.." and with that he turned to grab his drink of the table shaking his head as he walked of out of view.

Emily turned to Nathaniel watching the anger play across his face. " What the hell was that?.." she whispered to him slight annoyance in her tone

He watched the display happening before him and it did nothing to calm him down. She was giving him an out? After that? What was going on in her damn head! His eyes followed Sam as he walked off, took his drink and then left the bar for a small bit. At least he was gone now.

"What the hell was that?.." she asked him and his eyes flipped back to you. "Are you really just going to let him touch you like that?!" He said in an angry whisper, a finger pointed after where Sam was walking. "Do you have that little respect for yourself Em? You said you couldn't stand him."

Are you really just going to let him touch you like that she narrowed her eyes then looking at him. " We was just dancing..." she said back to him, fuck he was angry...so angry...

Do you have that little respect for yourself em? Her eyes widened then, her breath hitching in her throat feeling the anger radiating inside of her, turning round she grabbed her bag, her drink all forgotten as she looked at him. " What I do and who I choose to do it with isn't any of your business...you don't want me remember.. " she whispered angrily to him before she headed of, she was fuming...livid...she could feel the anger pulling through her, as she opened the double doors heading down the corridor walking to the lifts she pressed the button angrily..her foot tapping her hand tapping her arm before the lift opened and she walked in, slapping the button as she got in..not realising someone was following her..

He was fuming as well. Angry that she would give herself away to someone else like that. How she would just let that bastard do whatever he wanted to her and not even care. He had been about to kiss her and he saved her from that.

She told him it wasn't his business who she did it with and stormed off. He tried to grab her arm, but she was quicker then that. "Don't you walk off on me!" He said after her, but she kept going.

He managed to make it to the elevator doors just before they closed, getting in that ride with her. He grabbed her by arms and pushed her against the back of the elevator, pinning her to the wall. "So you were just going to let him do whatever he

wanted to you? Is that it?!" He whispered angrily again, his face mere centimeters away from her.

Of course she heard him shout dodged his hand when it reached for her, she was beyond livid...furious as she got into that lift , but then he was there, the lift doors shutting behind him, before she could even react he was dragging her round pushing her against the elevator , his words had her eyes narrowing towards him.

" what the fuck is this Nathaniel?! ...how dare you stand there and tell me who I can dance with, who I can be with! What I can do! So what?!? You don't want me so that means no one else can have me?!?..."

He didn't let go of her, keeping her pinned against the back of that elevator as it started to move up to the right floor. "If it is that guy then absolutely I can!" He shouted back at her. "You don't get to tell me how awful he is and then make me watch how he touched your ass and tries to make out with you!" He hated it, he hated it so much. It felt like if that guy could do it, she would let anybody do it to her.

Emily narrowed her eyes now at him shaking her head at the ridiculousness of this whole conversation. " For god sake Natheneil I wouldn't of done anything with him! He asked me for a drink! I said yes! What was I supposed to do? Say no? It was just supposed to be a drink! He dragged me up I told him i told him I didn't wanna dance! I would of never let anything

happen with him! I don't want him I don't want anyone else natheneil! I just fucking want you! " She found her self screaming back at him. Her breath almost a pant now through her anger.

"That is exactly what you were supposed to do!" Of course she should have said. If she didn't want to do it she shouldn't have. She should have told him no. She should have never let him close to her. He was only half listening at her angry shouts, way to consumed by his own thoughts. "I don't want anyone else Nathaniel, I just fucking want you!" He looked up at her then his face softening from the shouting just as tad. He lurched himself forward, pressing his lips hotly against hers, taking her breath. "Don't ever let that bastard touch you again." He said into her mouth before he went straight back in for that kiss.

one moment they were shouting at each other, the next minute his mouth was against hers, she groaned into his mouth, her arms come round his body then, one hand moving to dig into his hair as she kissed him back with just as much passion just as much lust.

His whisper against her lips had her groan. " Never..." she whispered, before she went back in to kiss him the same time he kissed her, the anger she felt had subsided then, all she felt was lush and hunger for him as she dug her hair into his hair more to drag him closer.

The way their intensity just flipped was a light switch. One moment they had been shouting, the next they were drawing their bodies close to each other as he pushed her into that elevator wall.

He heard the ding of the elevator door behind them and in a swift pull he pulled her out with him. "Your room is closer." He said into her mouth. Remembering exactly where it was as his hands already started to grab at her dress, one of them squeezing her ass to remind her that only he could do that to her.

Emily groaned as she felt him push her against the elevator more, one hand coming down to drag up his shirt then, she wanted it or then she wanted all his damn clothes off.

The lift pinged and she stepped out with him, still kissing still clinging to each other, she felt his hands go down her body, felt the way he lifted her dress, the way his hands clung to her ass and she couldn't help but chuckle huskily into his mouth. " You trying to make a statement.. " she whispered breathlessly into his mouth.

Reaching the door she went for her bag her fingers fiddled inside for the key, cursing she pulled away from his lips to turn her head to try and find it. Finally fishing it out she tapped the door hearing it unlock as she pushed it open with her back, both of them stumbling in she dropped her bag then pushing the card into the hole as a small light flicked on. The

door closing swiftly with a lock as her lips found his again and kissed him with the same heat she did a moment ago.

Their little walk through that hallway was messy and clumsy. They bumped from one wall into the next, clothes already hanging loosely around their bodies. It was good that nobody had been around to witness them or they surely would have felt uncomfortable.

She struggles with finding her key and he only reluctantly let their kiss go as she went to find it in her bag. The door opened and he pushed her insane, walking her like a small doll that let him dictate her movements.

He pulled down her bra and dress as much as he could without ripping it, exposing her breast. He wrapped his arm underneath her behind, easily lifting her into the air and tossing her into the bed. He followed quickly to growl on top of her, his mouth finding her nipple and biting down just enough for her to feel it. "Tell me you are mine." He demanded from her.

Emily stumbled a little as he walked her inside, trying desperately not to fall over her own feet as they attempted to walk back with one another, her hand dragging his top, finding no buttons she cursed she wanted it off! But she wasn't about to break their kiss to do it.

She felt him pull her dress and bra down groaning into his mouth as the cool air of the room hit her body, before she

knew it she was of the floor her body being tossed to the bed, bouncing delicately on the mattress.

She watched stalk her then, like a wild animal stalking its prey it send a delicious rush of heat through her, she the bed move as he climbed onto it, climbing on top of her before his mouth latched onto her nipple, feeling his teeth bite down she gasped arching her back her hand digging through his hair. " I'm yours Nathaniel, every inch of me belongs to you, only you.."

"Good girl." He said as he used his teeth to pull on her nipple a bit before letting go of it. He straightened himself up a bit and took off his shirt, leaving his chest bare. He made quick work of his belt as well and tossed it to the side of the bed. He pulled his pants and boxer away from him, kicking them off his legs. He stood on the bed on his knees then, looming over her, his member erect. "Now what am I going to do with.. Emily." He said her name seductively as he watched her. Still that look in his eyes of a predator who was ready for it's meal.

Good girl she felt a shudder run through her then, the way he said that sent chills through her she squirmed on the bed, god did he have any idea what he did to her? How crazy he sent her...

She watched then with hungry eyes as he started to remove his clothes, unable to stop her self from leaning up so she could watch him, taking her lower lip between her teeth she watched

him hungrily then her cheeks flushed with the cheek she was feeling.

His question came and she allowed her lip to leave her teeth . " What do you want to do with me Nathaneil? " she whispered, leaning up more she couldn't stop her self from kissing him, her hand coming out to take his member stroking it between her fingers.

" Do what you want with me....I'm yours.." she whispered into his ear nipping the lobe lightly as she did.

She popped herself up on the bed and came closer to him. He could feel her fingers wrap around his length and a shudder go from the base of his spine up. He loved it when she touched him. Her hand felt so warm against him, her skin so soft.

Yet he was not a hundred procent done being angry about before. It had stilled it a bit after she had told him she was his, yet he couldn't help still feeling jealous of how he had touched her.

"I don't know.." he said as he found the zipper of her dress.

"How do you think Sam would have taken you?" He said into her neck as he pulled her dress down from her. "Would he have been gentle with you?" He let his fingers glide over her skin. "Or would he have fucked you roughly from behind?" He said as he grabbed into her breast.

Emily watched him with interest as he spoke, she could tell behind his words he was jealous....oh so jealous and she couldn't help but feel happy about that, happy to know he was protective of her.

She felt the zipper go down on her dress, moving her body to allow him to take her dress down, reaching round she pinged her bra off, tossing it to the floor with his clothes " I dont care how he might of done it, because he wouldn't of got to even try, there's only one man I let touch me like this, and that's you..." she whispered hungrily her hand coming to drag her nails down his back, wanting to drag him back to her mouth wanting his body back on hers. " Sam's a no one...Sam is nothing compared to you...he will never make me feel like you do, no one makes me feel like you do, no one sees this side of me but you....only you.."

Sure he wouldn't... like you wouldn't have let him kiss you huh? he thought to himself, knowing full well that if he had not intervened that his lips would have been against hers. She might have not returned it, but it would have happened and even just that made him feel possessive over her.

"I think he would have been rough with you, don't you agree?" He whispered into her then. He pushed her back down, put his hands on her hips and easily spun her around so her stomach was on the bed. With his hands still there he pulled her backwards so was now sitting on her knees. "These

walls better be thick.. because before I am through with you, you will be screaming my name.” He promised her as he pushed himself inside of her.

I think he of been rough with you don't you? she heard his heated almost frustrated words and it sent a shiver through her. " Yes..." she whispered back to him, before she felt her body hit the bed with a thud, and before she could even catch her breath she was flipped, her body twisting easily , she was forced back then, onto her knees the action causing her to shudder with anticipation.

Then he entered her, she cried out at how hard and quick he did it, her hands digging into the sheets beneath her in preparation for what she knew was to come.

He grunted as he entered her, that familiar embrace on her sex seeming to calm him down. He just breathed for a moment, staying deep inside of her as he just enjoyed the moment. He started to move in and out her then, being less rough then he might have thought he would have been with her a moment ago. He leaned over to wrap his arm around her upper body and pulling her back up with him so she was on her knees, her back against his chest. Her held her there so she wouldn't fall as he thrust his hips into her, going a steady rhythm. He kissed her neck, placing one hand gently around her breast. "Tell me you want me.." he asked of her, this time his voice more gentle.

Emily felt his movements still the moment he entered her, she could hear his rough breaths rattling from his mouth, her hands moving against the bed to get her self better positioned for what she thought was to come....

But what happened next sent a shudder through her, he didn't move as quick or as rough as she thought, her hips moving to match his own movements.

She felt his body press against hers, when he tilted her up she moved eagerly, her arm came up and wrapped around the back of his neck to keep her self steady. She shivered at his gentle kiss her head leaning into the contact.

His words so soft and gentle made her nuzzle him as she rocked her own hips move back into him. " I want you Nathaniel ...I always want you.." she whispered back her tone just as soft and gentle into return.

He knew then that he shouldn't have lost his cool with her like he had. She wanted him just the same as he wanted her. He could stay away from him just as little as he could stay away from her. Yet he couldn't have helped that rage that had built up inside of him as that boy had placed his hand on her ass. He had no right to do that to her, to believe he could just do that to her and get away with it. He didn't regret telling him off, but he did regret shouting at her afterwards.

He rocked gently with her, moving in and out of her sex in a rhythm that was comfortable for both of them. The hand that

was holding into her chest was enough to keep her locked against him and it left his other hand free to do other things with. It brushed her hair away from her shoulder as he kept his mouth close to her neck and ear. After that it travelled down her body till it landed between her legs. He could feel himself inside her and it made him growl softly into her. He found that little knob that was hiding there and started to rub over it with his hand, using her own juices to make it slick and pleasurable. "I am still going to make you scream my name." he grinned as he bit softly into the spot right beneath her ear.

Emily found her self shuddering against him as he moved so soft, so tenderly into her, it was enough to send emotions rocking through her, god this man sent her crazy in all different ways, one moment she wanted to smack him, the next moment she wanted to caress him, hold him...care for him.

She felt his hand as he tenderly brushed the hair from her neck, she leaned more into him, his warm breath against her neck caused her to moan, his kisses against that tender spot sent gentle shock waves through her.

She felt his hand move down her frame then before he felt her sensitive bud, she gasped and released another moan as his fingers started to work her...the only way he knew how.

His teasing words caused her to laugh tenderly. " You always do..." she whispered back playfully.

The way her body responded to him.. he couldn't help but love it. Her moans always made him want to pleasure her more, to make her feel even better. He started to pick up the pace more now that she was wet and ready for him, still feeling himself sliding in and out of her with his hand between her legs. He couldn't help it.. he liked this position. As he picked up the pace he also started to rub her clit more. He wanted to hear her say his name more, his actual name. He wanted to come again and again for him. He was planning to drive her crazy, make her know that nobody would ever give her more then he could. "You going to come for me?" He whispered in her ear as he left a small bite mark on her.

No one had made her feel the way he did, the way he touched her, the way they came together sent shockwaves through her of which she had never experienced before.

Her head tilted back more, her hand dragging along the back of his neck as he picked up the pace. "Nathenail.." she moaned softly, her hips moving back to join his thrusts eagerly.

As his hand started to move quicker on her clit , her moans became more frequent, her breath picking up pace, her body growing warmer . " God Nathenil I'm so close...god don't stop.. " she whined eagerly her body arching a bit against him before she finally felt her release, she moaned his name loudly then,

her body trembling against him as she tried to catch her breath.

He could feel her clenching around him the moment he started to pick up the pace on her. He could feel just close she was, how much her body wanted to give in to that sweet release that he was offering it. He didn't let his pace up anymore after that, even when every thrust made him grunt from the pure effort of keeping it up that sweet. He could feel that bit of sweat starting to cover him, especially on his chest where their bodies touched.

When she moaned his name he didn't want to come himself yet, he wanted to keep going, to get her through that release and then some, seeing how much he could make her tremble underneath him. Yet when she clenched herself around him he couldn't hold it in himself either. "Em..!" He said into her neck as he to came.

His heart was beating fast in his chest and he found himself panting as he crashed forward with her, no longer having the strength to keep them both up there. He put only arm into the bed so he wouldn't be leaning on her entirely. "Fuck.. that was good." He just chuckled to himself.

Emily was in a whole world of pleasure, her entire body was shuddering from her release the position, the pace, the way he held her so tenderly, heightened her pleasure even more.

When he cried into her she couldn't stop the small moan that left her then, when he collapsed, she collapsed to the bed, she was panting, her own body had sweat .

His words made her give a breathless chuckle, she moved tenderly, groaning as she did her body still coming down from her orgasm. " Jesus it was..." her arm come to fold over her head as she started to calm a little.

He shifted as well, letting himself glide out of her and then collapse into the bed, laying on his back. He needed time to catch his breath from that, it had just been that intense. For the first time he didn't feel the need to just leave, there no guilt nagging at him. Not yet at least. Perhaps the jealousy had made him realize just how little he could do without her, or perhaps it was just because he was so far away from his actual home. Whatever it was, he wanted to stay in that room with her.

Once he caught his breath a little more he turned to his side and pulled her against himself. She was so small and thin that he could easily move her wether she wanted him to or not. "What time is it?" He grunted into her. He knew he had gone to the bar around 10.. who knew what time it was now.

It took Emily a lot longer to recover from this, eventually however she started to relax her arm lowering from her head to relax by her self, her heart finally finding a slower rhythm.

She felt him tug her closer, she moved eagerly into him her arm moving to wrap around his chest, nuzzling against him. His question had a groan leaving her lips.

" Do I have to move?.." she whimpered almost in a child like manner before she eventually pulled her self up just enough to look at the small Clock on the table. " Quater past eleven...", " she said, moving to nuzzle back down against him her head pressed into his neck where she peppered small kisses along him her hand moving to gentle Carase his chest.

He let her move away from him as she looked at the clock. "Huh." He just said awkwardly what she just said. He smiled as she then came back into him. He wrapped his arms around her and just put his nose into her hair, smelling that sweet sweet smell that always hung around him.

Eventually after a minute or so he suddenly pulled away from her a bit and rolled over to reach to the side of the bed. He picked up the phone that was there and rang a number, waiting for it to go off. "Yes, hello." He said into the phone. "Could I get some Whiskey and Gin and Tonic brought up to room 407?" He grinned at Emily. "And also throw in one of those apple cobblers. Yes, thank you." He put the horn back then.

She smiled as she felt him nuzzle into her hair, she closed her eyes and simply drank him in for a moment, enjoying this simple moment of calm between them which they never got to

enjoy very often..well actually never! Knowing they were doing it now brought a small smile to her face

As he moved she wanted to bring him back before she heard him on the phone, rolling her eyes with a grin as he ordered a grin and food.

" Trying to get me drunk Mr Kingston?.." she teased as she turned onto her side to face him and see him better.

He took her hand and kissed the back of it. "What if I was Miss Weston?" He grinned into her hand. "I have to say I quite enjoyed the last time you were drunk." He couldn't help it. Even if it had ended in a less nice way, he had liked her that way. She had been bold and open and sexy. He wouldn't mind having that Emily back for a little bit either. It was one of the things that were that addictive about her. She had so many different sides.

He stretched himself out as he was starting to feel his fatigue eb away again. "I will be right back.." he said to her as he kissed her neck one more time. "Just need to clean up a bit." He let her know as he walked off to the bathroom. He never liked that feeling after and just needed to wash up a little bit.

Emily grinned lightly as he teased her about being drunk, she couldnt stop the blush that crossed her face as she groaned. " It was embarrassing is what it was...." she said with a shake of her head, remembering how she was...it was a miracle she

made it out okay..then again of course she would...because he came for her.

Emily felt him moving then, felt his simply kiss to her neck, watching as he went, she pondered for a moment before crawling out of the bed and making her way to the bathroom, opening the door she saw the large tub there as well as the shower. Coming up to him she allowed her hands to run up his back before she leaned forward and kissed along his spine " Have a bath with me..." she whispered into his back her hands coming up to his shoulders feeling the tension. " I could even rub your shoulders if your nice..." she teased nipping his back playfully.

Once he reached the bathroom he simply wetted a washcloth and made sure to clean himself off as much as he could. Things just tended to get.. sticky once it dried and he hated that feeling. He was just about done when the door behind him opened. He looked up over his shoulder just to be met with that gorgeous view of her being naked in the door frame. He couldn't help but grin at her as her hands stated to rub over his back.

It was tempting what she suggested. He looked over to that big tub and it was surely big enough for the both of them. They had even placed scented oils near the edge of the bath that could be used in it. "Let's wait for room service first? They should be here in a few minutes. Then we can enjoy our drink

in the bath.” He suggested as he caught her chin gently in her hands and kissed her. “You can turn it on now though. Nice and hot.” He grinned.

But god she loved his smile, there was something so soft, so radiating about it that just simply made her happier...her hands went from his shoulders back down his back and around his side leaning down she kissed his back again.

As he agreed to the bath she smiled more kissing him one more time. " Were wait for that and then we can do it..."

She moved to the bath then switching the water on she rushed it was out, bending over a little she checked to see what oils were available, she was almost sad there wasn't any proper candles to light...she wanted to make it special...she knew more then anything he needed that, needed a moment to simply relax and unwind .

He went back into the main room then as he let her do her thing in the bathroom. She might also want to clean up a bit and it wasn't the sexiest thing to do in front of someone. He looked around the room and folded a towel around his waist for when the room service would come. He gathered their clothes from the ground and placed them on the back of the chair. When he found her panties he almost wanted to hide it away in his trousers, keep it as a small souvenir, but he decided against it.

A knock was soon heard at the door. "Room service!" They called out. He went over to open it. They brought what they ordered in on a cart and then left quickly again. There was a small bottle of whiskey, plenty of gin and tonic to mix and a bucket of ice. In the middle stood a plate. As he lifted it he saw the apple cobbler he had ordered, he had always loved midnight desserts from room service, though usually it was because of him staying up for work.

The cobbler was still steaming slightly as it came fresh from the heating, a generous serving of vanilla ice cream on top that was slowly melting away and covering it in a delicious creamy custard. "Come here Emily, you need to try this." He called for her.

Emily eventually settled on some bath oils after much deliberation, pouring it in the scent filled the room almost instantly, She went to the sink then to tidy her self up, freshening her self up.

She heard the knock on the door, grabbing a towel she wrapped it around her self tucking it in so it would stay up, going to the bath she ran her hand through the water making sure the temperature was right.

Hearing his shout she peeked over her shoulder . " just coming.." she called switching the bath of now it had filled she made her way back into the bedroom, smelling the desert almost instantly she groaned

" Something smells nice...,"

"I will now teach you the ultimate secret of roomservice." He said as he smiled at her when she came out. He picked up the spoon that was next to it and got a good spoon full of both the hot cobbler and the cold ice cream. He moved over to her and offered for her to bite it off the spoon. "Midnight desserts." He grinned at her.

After that he also grabbed a bite for himself. Wanting to get that delicious mix of hot and cold before it all melted away.

Emily chuckled at his clear enthusiasm as she walked over to him. , " Gonna teach me hmm?... " she teased moving to sit beside him.

She had to admit the dessert looks fantastic and the smell was enough to have her mouth watering when he offered her a spoonful she took it eagerly and groaned instantly at the taste her hand coming to mouth as she chewed happily.

"That's amazing...no wonder you enjoy it so much...I never get desserts for room service normally but that is one I'll remember.. " she teased with a smile.

"After a long day of sitting behind their impossible small desk that they keep in hotel rooms, this is what gets me going again." He laughed as he alternating between taking a spoon for himself and offering her one. Eventually he just handed

her the spoon as he prepared their drinks for in the bath, the ice making clinks as it fell into the glass.

Once he was done he grabbed one of the ice cubes in his palm as she wasn't looking and walked back over to her. "Worth the wait?" He asked then with a grin on his face he went to embrace her a bit again. Once his arms were behind her back he pressed the cube against her neck and slowly let it glide down her spine, leaving behind a trail of melted ice on her. All the time he watched her expression, curious what she would do.

Emily smirked then at his comment. " something tells me you order it alot..." she teased with a small chuckle, she accepted every mouthful, I mean why wouldn't she? It tasted amazing! And the only thing she ate that day was the meal on the plane so she was feeling pekish to.

She took the bowl and eagerly tucked into the remainder of it, grabbing a napkin she dabbed her mouth lightly, not really paying much attention to what Nathaniel was doing.

His question had her nodding enthusiastically. " Oh god yes, it was amazing...I'll be order one of them myself when I get the chance..almost sad I shared it with you.." she teased with a chuckle.

When he went to embrace her she smiled softly about to wrap her own arms around him before she felt something incredible cold against her back, she shrieked a little at the surprise her

back arching into him before she shuddered, the cold ice causing goosebumps over her skin.

" Nathaniel you ass thats cold!" She said through a small chuckle arching a bit more as she felt the water running down her spine.

As she pressed her body more into him, he simply gets the ice cube pressed against her warm skin. "Is it?" He asked with a smirk on his face. He could feel it melting against her skin, sending another drop of water running down her back. He leaned in then to kiss the side of her face before he finally released the ice cream from her back and popped it into his mouth. "We better get in that warm bath then." He chuckled, sucking on the ice cube.

He turned around to pick up their glasses and went into the bathroom. The bathtub had a decent nice edge to it and he placed the glasses down there to they wouldn't fall over. By the the entire bathroom smelled like these nice bath oils and it really made the whole setting feel more romantic. He removed the towel from his waist and stepped in so she could come in after him.

Emily tried to squirm as he continued to press the ice cube against her skin. " Yes it is!.." she joked laughing again as she tried to shift her self away from how cold it was, the cold water sending chills through her.

She felt the soft kiss to the side of her face before he finally pulled the ice cube away, watching as he popped it into his mouth she smirked shaking her head *oh ill get you back* she teased to herself.

Emily got up, making her way over to bathroom , she saw the gin on the side and the amount that was there which made her chuckle more.

" Oh you really are trying to get me drunk hmm? " she teased removing her own towel she moved to get into the bath, her foot checking the temperature before she climbed in, groaning as the hot water came around her...god it had been a while she had a bath , only having showers at her place, she missed them, they always helped her to relax so much more.

He helped her into the tub, making sure she would not slip and fall over. She let her body sink into the water, almost causing some of the water the escape from the tub. Which only made him chuckle. He didn't care if that whole bathroom got soaked.. he had her in that tub with her.

He hugged her close to him, opening his legs so she could sit between it and lean against his chest. "Perhaps.." he chuckled as he handed her her glass. "Or maybe I am just planning to keep you here so long that I had to make sure you don't want a refill." He placed his mouth in the back of her neck and shoulder again, his tongue still cold from the ice cube that had been in his mouth.

she accepted his hand clutching it as she slid into the bath, Emily felt the water rise up and she got in the bath to, almost anxious the bath would spill out, hearing him chuckle she chuckled to. " That was close, don't think i would leave a very good impression if I flooded the bathroom..." she teased.

She turned her body round, moving to sit between his legs, her back pressed against his chest she leaned her head against his shoulder, watching as he passed her the gin she grinned, her eyes fluttering as she felt his kisses along her neck and shoulder feeling how cold he still was sent a shudder through her

" Hmm..keep me in here as long as you like, I've not had a bath for so long I forgot how relaxing they are.. " Of course being laid up against Nathaniel whilst he kissed her neck just made it all the more better! As she took another grateful sip of her gin.

He reached over for his own whiskey as well, the ice cubes making small sounds as they hit the side of his glass and took a sip of it himself. He relaxed then, letting himself just slide into the water with her as he too let out a deep sigh. It was something he had never thought he would get to do with her, so he was going to enjoy it.

"Well, I do have one at home, yet I never get to share it with anybody like this." He teased her. He wrapped his arm around her chest and really just pulled her against him. The smell of

the oils being so nice around them. "So how drunk do I get you before you tell me all your dirty little secrets?" He grinned into her as he kissed her ear.

When he relaxed more into the water she did the same, clutching the gin in her hand she watched the ice cubes clanging together before she popped it back on the side, she melted against him then.

" I dont have one...lucky I can fit a shower in my bathroom its so small.." she teased with a smile.

feeling him tug her back she sighed and leaned against his shoulder closing her eyes. She allowed her hands to travel up and down his leg slowly, simply enjoying the moment with him, a moment she never thought they would share, if anything she was surprised he was still here...he never normally hung around a lot a thought that had he r face faltering if just for a second.

His question had her blushing feeling his kiss against her ear she smirked . " What makes you so sure i have any hmm??." She teased with a smile. " what exactly you hoping to find out?.." she teased allowing her nails to run along the tops of his legs.

"Surely you have some." He just smirked. "And if you don't you just have never given it enough thought." He chuckled as he kept landing small kiss in her ear. His leg pulled back a little as her nails scraped against him. "What exactly you hoping to

find out?" She asked and it only made his grin grow.

"Everything." He whispered into her with a chuckle.

His hand reached down to her stomach and he softly move his fingers over her skin there. It was probably to early anyway for her to spill anything. He could see that blush on her ears, knew it was there. She was shy now, but perhaps with a little bit more time and gin he could get to the bottom of it. For now.. it might be fun just to tease her a little with it.

"You saying you don't have your favorite searches on pornhub?" God he as ready to get her tomato red.

"No...." she said the embarrassment clear in her tone as she reached for gin and took another swig, his teasing words causing her to shake her head " Your impossible..."

Everything... she felt her body squirm then in the water. " Your be lucky..." she whispered back.

Of course his next question had her eyes widening, the brush creeping up more and brightening as she sank into the bath. " You can't ask me that! " she grumbled with embarrassment shaking her head as she turned away from him. " Honestly Nathaniel what are you trying to do to me..." she grumbled splashing him with the water playfully.

He was already making process, he could feel it. He couldn't help but chuckle at her. For a girl that said so many dirty things to him when they were doing it, she sure was shy when

they didn't. God he was enjoying this. He just grabbed into her more, pulling her closer against him as she was squirming in the water.

"I can't?" He asked with an innocent sounding voice, or at least the most innocent he could manage in that moment. He kissed the back of her neck as he got splashed in the face. He didn't even mind. This was fun. "Want to know mine?" He chuckled.

she felt him tugging her against him chuckling a little the embarrassment still clear in her voice.

"No you can't!..." she grumbled again her face so hot she was surprised it wasn't steaming! . She felt his lips on her neck continuing to grumble before he suggested he could tell some.

She pondered for a moment biting her bottom lip. "I don't know if I could handle hearing them...." she teased.

"Hmm..." he just said as she shouted at him that he couldn't. At this point it wouldn't surprise him if she had never even been on pornhub and somehow that made his little game only the more fun. Yet he couldn't help but hear that tiny bit of curiosity in her voice as he offered to tell her about his. Was she interested?

"Yeah, you right. Perhaps I shouldn't tell you." He said then as he leaned back from her again bringing his whiskey to his lips as he wondered what her next move would be.

Emily felt as he leaned away from him, her eyes turning to watch as he went, she chewed her bottom lip for a second..she was curious how could she not be? She wanted to know more about him...even if they might be stuff she wasn't exactly sure she would be prepared for!

Picking up her gin she took a swig, turning her head round to look at him then. " You can tell me something...if you want.." she said sheepishly taking another quick sip of her drink.

He couldn't help but grin. She was curious, he knew she was. He took another sip of his own drink when she did, happy that she kept on drinking. Perhaps he would get her there are some point.

He thought a bit about it then. He didn't want to make her run, so he had to find something that wasn't too bad to start with. "Well.." he said as he tried to catch her eyes. "One of them is Doggy style." He said to her wanting to see her reaction to that one. Best bath ever..

Emily watched him as he smirked, saw the way he sipped his whiskey and she couldn't help but feel a little cautious what he might tell her.

She took another big sip of her drink, already she could feel it started to warm her insides, with each sip she took she was feeling a tiny bit braver.

Of course when he mentioned doggy style she found her self blush a little , looking away with a shake of her head. " I could probably guess what your refering to ..." she mumbled with a small smile

"Guess? Come on Emily, surely you know what doggy style is." He teased her. God she was fun like this. He was really having a blast of a time with her in that bath. He took another swig of his whiskey. He knew he shouldn't finish the glass he poured himself, but this was too much fun to just pass up.

"Soo.. your turn Missy." He said with a grin as he leaned into her more. "One thing." He said holding up his finger in front of her. "That turns you on." He chuckled. "Be specific." He was curious what she would come up with.

Emily shook her head at him then groaning at the way he continued to tease her, play with her in the bath.. she had to admit she was enjoying it...and the more gin she sipped the more she coils feel her self loosening up. " Yes I'm very aware what it is Mr Kingston..." she teased back shaking her head .

Of course when he turned a question to her she did feel her cheeks heating a little , but she wasn't feeling quite as embarrassed as before, she thought about his question a moment.

" Just one?.." she found her self teasing back smiling towards him . " My neck being kissed...it's quite a sensitive spot for me and....having it kissed...or sucked biten.." she found her self

saying shifting a little In the both at the sheer thought of it. " I find it very enjoyable.. "

" I have a question for you..." she said finding her self being a little bolder now taking another sip of her gin, feeling the liquid warming her to her core. " what's your biggest sexual fantasy?..."

He couldn't help but chuckle at her as she called him Mr Kingston. He would never grow sick of that.

Once she spit her confession he couldn't help but smile. Such an innocent confession. Of course she liked that, any woman liked that. But it was a start, a start to her not wanting to say anything. He leaned forward and kissed the back of her neck gently. "Like that?" He teased her in a whisper.

"What'a your biggest sexual fantasy?" She asked him then and he couldn't help but let a good laugh escape him. "I am afraid you are going to need a good amount more gin before you are ready for that question." He said to her as he kissed her neck again. "Give me a different one." He proposed.

When he moved in and kissed the back of her neck she shivered a little smiling over to him. " Mmhmm like that..." she teased .

As he laughed she grinned, god his laugh was infectious, especially when it was loud and so full of amusement, hearing

his words how ever had her brow raise. " Ooo that bad huh?.." she teased. " Well I better finish this quick then..." she teased .

As he asked her for another one, she rolled her eyes. " Are you gonna answer it?.." she teased before tipping back to look at him better. " Okay what's your biggest turn on?.."

"Perhaps.." he teased her back. His sexual fantasies were not the worst, but they certainly might be a lot for a shy girl like Emily was whenever she hadn't drunk. When she suggested finishing her gin quickly he simply tipped the glass over as she took a sip, making it just slightly tip over as a few drops got mixed in with the bathwater. All the while he was laughing at her amused.

When she finally settled on a different question he just laughed again, but this time for a different reason. "I am afraid you are going to be disappointed in my answer here." He said to her as he nuzzled his nose just behind her ear. "I think nothing is sexier then confidence." He said to her. It was why he was so intoxicated by her whenever they really went for it. She took a complete 180. "I love it when a woman tells me exactly what they want."

Emily felt his hand tip her drink back, she groaned with the drink filling her mouth feeling some of it drop down her and run into the bath she chuckled bringing her hand to wipe her mouth. " Well...someone is eager to get me tipsy..." she grinned before giving another small chuckle.

She felt his nose nuzzle behind her ear, hearing what he had to say she smiled. " I'm not disappointed..." she teased, her grin becoming a little more seductive. " Hmm...well there is nothing wrong with that .." she teased, her hand moving to travel over his legs again beneath the water .

She could feel the alcohol filling her system now, her body becoming a little looser beneath the water. " Anymore questions for me Mr Kingston?.." she whispered turning so she could place a small kiss to his neck nuzzling it with her own nose.

The hand running over his leg.. he could feel it was starting to get just that little bit more eager. And the way she called him Mr Kingston without making a joke only confirmed it for him. The alcohol was really starting to affect her now. He grinned into her neck, bringing one wet hand out of the water to really put her hair down towards one side and exposing her neck for him. He had the perfect question waiting for her.

“What is a place you would want to have sex, but are afraid to?” He once again brought his lips to her neck, wanting to give her just that one last push to be brave and just tell him.

Emily was definitely feeling the effects of the alcohol it was swimming through her system, her hand trailed up his thigh giving it a harder squeeze.

His question had her grinning turning round she nuzzled into his neck more. " Hmmm...probably somewhere I could get

caught.. " she whispered. " Like..a elevator....my office desk at work....air plane toilet..." she teased with a grin.

Her answer just had him grinning. "Interesting." He just said into her. So she had some fantasies.. a fantasy of almost getting caught. Now they were getting somewhere. Of course getting her to actually act upon that would be a complete different ballgame.. but that would be a concern for later. Right now, he just wanted to learn about her.

The talk about their desire was starting to get to him and as her hand was once again squeezing his thigh he could feel his erection slowly starting to grow. He brought his hand up from her stomach to one of her breasts then, taking her nipple and gently rolling his finger tips around it. "I believe it is your turn for a question Miss Weston."

Emily could of course feel his excitement building between his legs and she couldn't stop her self from moving ever so closer to him, her head turning round to kiss his neck a bit more, when his hand came to her breast and played with her nipple she couldn't stop the small whimper that left her mouth.

" I want you to Answer my question about your fantasies Mr Kingston..." she whispered turning her head she couldn't stop her self from giving him a slow sensual kiss before pulling back, taking his lip with it grinning up to him playfully. " All of them..." she whispered a little more confidently then before.

Of course she did, there was no way that she would have forgotten. He had seen the curiosity in her eyes and perhaps she as now drunk enough to handle in. And with that new piece of information she had just given him, he had the perfect fantasy lined up for him. He returned her kiss and just smiled at her as she seemed to be finding that confidence again that he found so sexy about her.

“You think you are ready then?” He teased her. Yet he wasn’t going to make her wait longer. “Well one of them.” He started. He thought of keeping it general, but soon decided against it. Making his fantasy about her instead seemed way more fun in that moment. “I want to you take you shopping with me Miss Weston.” He started. “We can find a nice busy store and you can pick some clothes that you would like.” He started, keeping a close eye on her face, wanting to see her responds. “And when you go to try them in that changing room, I might just accidently join you.” He couldn’t help the grin that formed on his face. “Imagine.. such a busy store.” He slid his hands in between them, finding the button that was in between her folds. “You better be quiet or someone might hear you.”

His question had her smiling , pulling her bottom lip between her teeth twisting her self just enough so she could see him better. " I'm more then ready..." she teased .

He was stalling a bit and she grumbled at him. " Tell me..." she teased poking his chest playfully.

She listened then as he spoke, her face twisting a little to hear what he was saying, before he was anywhere near finished she had a feeling she knew what he was going to say...her eyes becoming a little hooded, her tongue coming to travel over her lips, her hand moved to his chest nails moving to drag down it playfully .

She felt his hand between her leg then and gasped tilting her body to allow him better access. " Being quiet isn't something I'm good at around you.." she whispered huskily. " You drive me crazy Nathaniel..." she practically growled , feeling a little border she continued.

" id wear a dress for you.." she teased twisting so she could kiss his neck her mouth moving to his ear to nip it playfully. " Imagine me bent over...your hands on my hips as she took me, you would have to gag me Mr Kingston.." she growled against his ear.

The change almost always caught him of guard. It was like a switch got flipped in her brain. She went from saying almost nothing and blushing over everything, to being confident and sexy and wanting him in every single way. He watched her expression as she was obviously liking his idea, yet he knew that if he had suggested it just five minutes ago when she had actually asked him, it would have send her running. By then he

himself was fully had, his erection pressed against her stomach. Yet he didn't care about his own pleasure in that moment. he wanted to know just exactly how turned on this idea made her.

“That is what panties are for.” he grinned as he felt her mouth on his neck. His hand was still between her legs and he was not planning on taking it away from there. Even though the water that was in the bath he could feel she was getting wet. “Would you like that Emily? We have plenty of free time to pass in this strange city.”

she chuckled against his neck. " You would use those would you?.." she teased against his neck . " I would need some decent ones to keep me quiet.. " she whispered teasingly.

His hand between her legs was sending her crazy, shifting her body against him she couldn't stop her self from moving , enjoying the contact he was giving her.

At his suggestion she couldn't stop the groan from leaving her lips. " Why wouldn't I like that Mr Kingston.." she whispered her hand moving down then to his shaft feeling the thickness between her fingers. " We could find plenty of places to go...I want you anywhere and everywhere.. "

He couldn't help but chuckle at that. Sure she claimed that now, but the moment they got to the store and she was no longer drunk. He considered this her permission to push her a bit when the time came. He could feel her twitching on his

hand and knew she probably was turned on enough now that she wanted more. He inserted two fingers into her again then as he went to find that spot inside her that had driven her so crazy before.

He used his other hand to move her face towards his and pressed his lips against hers, kissing her eagerly.

"Anywhere?" He asked, grinning into her mouth as he took her lip between his teeth. "Give me an example. Where do you want me to fuck you Emily?"

Emily whimpered then a small moan leaving her lips as she felt him push his fingers inside of her, her body shifting to the side more, her fingers around his shaft started to move then in the bath, running them up and down to match his rhythm.

She felt him tilt her head and eagerly kissed him back, her tongue toying with his briefly tasting the whiskey that was left behind. " Anywhere..." she whispered back feeling him take her lip between her teeth had her shuddering.

" Nathaniel that's a impossible question to answer..." she whispered to him. " I want you anywhere your take me...I dont think you understand how much I want you Nathaniel ...I go to bed at night and think about you..about your head between my legs making me go crazy with pleasure...I think about you at work, imagining you bending me over my desk.." she groaned then the pleasure so intense she almost couldn't stand it, her own fantasies were driving her to the brink of a orgasm.

He groaned as she suddenly decided that he needed attention too. He had not expected it and he had not noticed how sensitive he had gotten from being hard for a while already. He kissed her back, returning her eager kisses and trying his best to take her breath away as he moved his fingers inside of her. If they got anymore heated, they were probably going to spill the bathwater right into the floor.

As she said it was an impossible answer to answer, she did exactly that, not answer it. She talked around it like she liked to do whenever he tried to get details out of her. Perhaps she had never been in a position where she had been allowed to say what she wanted, perhaps she had never thought about it. But he wanted her to think, wanted her to tell him. He wrapped his fingers into her hair then and tugged her head away from him and to the side, giving him acces to her neck. “That’s not an answer, try again.” He said as he sunk his teeth into her neck, giving just enough pressure to leave a mark on her.

Emily moaned his name as she felt his fingers moving inside of her , she was squirming now she couldn't stop her self, god it felt good to have him teasing her, to have his fingers inside of her. Her head nuzzling against him , god she needed him, she needed more of this more of this contact from him.

She felt his hand grip her hair and turned her head to the side, His question came at her and she groaned before she could

Answer he sunk his teeth into her neck, she gasped and moaned, christ she was so close to a orgasm it was almost painful. " I want to fuck you in your car nathaniel..i wanna straddle you and ride you until you cum..i wanna hear you scream my name ..." she groaned with lust.

"That is an answer." He grinned as he started to pick up the pace with his fingers, concentrating on that one spot that seemed to make her twitch and squirm. "Good girl." He let go of her hair and almost instantly pressed his lips against hers, kissing her fiercely and full of fire. God, that was a good idea.. the car. He would need to remember that.

He would not let up anymore after that, planning to keep going till she came from his fingers. He wanted to be kissing her when it happened. Wanted to feel that final moan against his lips as she tried to catch her breath for him.

Emily couldn't even say anything now, her body was on fire, she was gasping already with the feel of his fingers inside her, and when his lips found hers she groaned deeply her free hand coming up to dig through his hair.

She felt his fingers moving quicker and faster inside of her, her body squirmed more in the bath, her chest falling and rising rapidly as she tried to catch her breath.

If he wanted her to orgasm it didn't take long, her body went rigid her insides clamping wildly before she came, she

groaned loudly into his mouth her hand clutching his hair slightly harder as she trembled against him

He could feel her orgasm in everything. He could feel it in how she clenched around his fingers, with the moan that was made directly against his lips and even in the expression that danced on her face as it happened. He let her take one deep breath before he kissed her one more time, gentler this time and pulled his fingers away from her. "See? A little fantasizing can be fun." He teased her. He knew that he might have been working her, but surely she would have felt the affect thinking about things like that was having on her.

He leaned back a bit then, finishing the last of his whiskey that had been significantly watered down by the melting ice and looked her over. He was still hard and he wanted her. Yet he wanted her in a way that might not be the best fit for the tub they were in right then. "You ready to get out?" He asked, smirking at her.

Emily was basically panting, her cheeks flushed her body trembling as she came down from her orgasm, her hand in his air released only slightly, her eyes were closed as she relished in the feeling of what he did to her yet again.

His question had her smiling her eyes still hooded as she opened them from the drink she had. "hmm apparently so..." she whispered her voice still full of lust and promise.

She watched him take his whiskey then leaning forward she downed the rest of her gin. His question had her smiling, moving in she kissed his lips, teasing him as she did...she wasn't finished with him yet, she still wanted him..wanted to pleasure him in ways he had done for her.

" Take me to bed Mr Kingston.." she whispered against his lips.

“Take me to bed Mr Kingston..” she whispered against his lip and all it did was make his grin. “I have others plans with you Miss Weston.” Ooh, if only she knew what he had planned for her once they got out of that bath. He helped her to get up safely, especially with how drunk she seemed and tried to make quick work of drying them both off. All the while eagerly kissing her as he was looking forward to what was going to come next.

Once they were dry *enough* he started to walk her back into the bedroom, grabbing at her behind and her breasts. But instead of walking her towards the bed he walked her towards the windows, knowing that there was a small balcony right outside there. He flung the door open, the cold air instantly embracing both of them, causing goosebumps to grow on his skin. Yet he didn't care. This is where he wanted her and she might not know it yet, she wanted him there too.

*Oh I have other plans with you Miss Weston * she felt a shudder run through her then wondering what exactly he

might have plan for her , she took his hand as he assisted her out of the bath, eagerly helping him to dry her as she kissed him back her hungrily, god she was so desperate for him.

She stepped carefully back to the room with him, feeling his hands groping at her she groaned into his mouth her own hands dragging over his chest and shoulders.

Suddenly she heard the balcony doors opened , the cold air whipping over her as they stepped outside, she felt the cold floor against the bottom of her feet. " Nathaniel...", she whispered , a little shudder of anxiousness went through her, could people see her out hear?...but then the sheer thought caused a rush of excitement to run through her, knowing they were doing something they could get caught at, her lips kissed him harder then her tongue toying with his , the cold air bringing her whole body out in goosebumps her nipples hard against his chest.

He could hear that little bit of insecurity in her voice as he had pushed open that door. He watched her face then. At first it was shock and perhaps a bit of fear, but she soon seemed to realize that this had been something she had wanted and it only turned him on more. That is what he wanted from her, confidence and sexuality. To recognize that this had been what she had wanted herself and he was simply giving to her. It did help that he was incredibly excited for it as well.

He pushed her further into that balcony till they were fully outside. The balustrade were pretty high, coming up to at least halfway her back so there was no danger of falling. He reached down for her leg and pulled it up, opening her up so he could enter her. "Now Miss Weston.." he grinned into her as he placed himself right before the opening of her sex. "You better be quiet, or you might just cause somebody to look up or wake our neighbours." He would wait with pushing into her, for now.

Emily felt nothing but excitement then as he pulled her out into the balcony, the cold air whipping around her, her hair blowing around her face a little and tickling her back.

She felt the cold concrete structure press against her back, one arm pulled round his neck to hold him, her fingers clutching at his neck, she felt him lift her leg and she eagerly wrapped it around his waist.

His words had her groaning as she smiled playfully towards him. " I can't make any promises Mr Kingston...", she whispered before he entered her and she had to bite down on her lip to stop her self from shouting out there and then.

"Well, then I know who to blame when we get caught." He grinned and soon after he pushed himself inside of her. He watched her face as she bit down on her lip, trying to hold in that groan that was desperately trying to escape her. Instead

just the smallest of sound came out and it honestly made him think it was cute.

He would start to move into her then, his arm holding that leg where it was and the other one leaning on the balustrade behind her. He would feel his breathing getting heavier, yet he was pretty good at keeping his groans down. If at any point she would seem to start to struggle he would press his lips against hers so his mouth would muffle her sounds.

" Oh I know it would be my fault..." she teased before he started to move into her, she kept her bottom lip between her teeth , trying to hold her groans of enjoyment in, her heel digging into the back of him as he held her leg up so well.

One hand dug into his hair whilst her other one helped support her from behind, she gasped at times, her breath coming out in a gentle pant, anytime she felt the Need to moan she bit her lip to stop her self, she bent her body back slightly, her fingers gripping the structure behind her a little harder.

" Nathaneil..." she whispered out softly , and surprisingly quietly .

She was doing surprisingly well. She was obviously enjoying it and he bet that trying to keep herself quiet was getting her even more turned on. He watched past her to the streets below. They were three stories up, but surely if anybody had the mind to look up, they would get quite the view. He wanted her to see it too..

So he kissed her one more time before he pulled himself out of her and then turned her around, pulling her ass back and pushing her front over the balustrade that was in front of them. He then pushed himself back into her once again and got back into that rhythm. "You see all those people?" He teased her. "Makes you wonder why they are out this late huh?"

Emily was so lost in the passion the pressure, she was clueless to what he had planned, when he kissed her she returned it and maybe would of deepened it but he was removing himself from her.

Suddenly she was spun round she whimpered lightly as her hands clung to the balustrade in front of her, she felt him enter her and bit down on her lip quickly to silence a moan, the new position hitting her harder and causing her more pleasure.

You see all those people he asked her ..and she felt the shot of nerves run through her, she was almost afraid to open her eyes before she finally did, peering out she could see people down below, the nerves she felt vanished as she felt her self growing warmer and more excited to know people were around, her hips rocking back to meet his.

" only they will know.." she responded almost breathlessly, christ she could feel a orgasm rising again and she had really fight to stop her self from moaning to loudly " Fuck

Nathaniel..." she muttered out biting down on her lip again afraid if she didn't they would all hear her!

He was also feeling himself edging closer. Watching her go through this realization that sex was about so much more than a bedroom. To see her enjoying exploring this risky thing that he was doing with her. Not that Nate would care if someone actually were to look up. He knew it was almost impossible to see someones face from up this high, and even so, nobody knew them here in this strange city. "Only if you don't stay quiet." He reminded her again as he went for that last sprint with her.

He once again changed up the rhythm, this time pulling out slowly, but then pushing himself back in deeper, using her hips to really get himself in there. He could manage it for about eight thrust before he pulled himself over the edge, releasing himself inside of her with a low rumbling groan.

Emily heard his whispered warning and groaned, her head dipping down as her panting became increasingly harder.

His tempo changed and she felt that ever growing pressure of a release, her breath hitched and came quicker, she folded a arm in front of her, before she felt her orgasm peek the same time he did, she muffled her moans with her arm pressing her mouth against it to stop her self from making too much noise her body trembling around him.

He was panting by the time he was done and he knew she was too. He pulled himself out of her and gently turned her around to kiss her. He felt a weird sense of pride for what she had achieved then. "You did good Emily." He complimented her hoping it didn't sound weird to her. He kissed her gently and sweet, a kiss of love after the lust they had just shared.

When he opened his eyes again and looked down at the people below again he saw a pair of eyes staring up at them. The only light that illuminated them came from their hotel room, so the person probably barely saw anything by a silhouette. He wondered if maybe he had heard the last bit of the show. Nate just grinned and then waved at the person below, which made them quickly scurry off. "Let's go inside." He suggested, wondering if Emily had even noticed him waving.

Emily was panting too, her fingers struggling to hold herself up. She felt him leave her then groaning lightly as he left her, turning round eagerly when he wanted her to, his words had her smiling, and strangely she felt a sense of pride run through her that he complimented her, the kiss that came next surprised her, it was sweet and full of tender her hand coming to stroke his cheek lovingly.

She opened her eyes slowly, peering up to him before she noticed his gaze averted elsewhere, watching his arm come up to wave she quickly whipped her head round watching as someone scurried off, she felt heat rise in her chest then.

She pushed him playfully then whipping past him. " You idiot. That's your fault.. " she hissed in a whispered tone as she darted back inside

"My fault?" He chuckled as he helped her back inside to the warmth of the hotel room. "I believe you still made the most noise out of the two of us." He teased her. He quickly fetched them both bathing robes and cleaned himself off while he was in the bathroom. He helped her inside of it to warm up, even though he didn't believe she had even noticed the cold after they had gotten started.

He just looked at her then, unsure of what to do now. Being here with her, in a city they didn't know and being so far from his wife had made him bold. He didn't want that feeling to end even now that guilt was nagging just a bit in the back of his mind. But even she had said he needed this, that he needed to think about himself for a bit.. and this was him thinking about himself. "Do you want me to stay?" He asked her.

"Yes your fault..." she said now they were in the warmth her finger poking him in the chest. Her cheeks still flushed a little, heading to the bathroom she cleaned her self up a bit to taking the robe and placing it in her self to warm up. " your fault yet again..." she teased back tugging the robe round her feeling a little chilly then.

She watched his gaze hit her face then, seeing his expression and she knew almost instantly he was thinking about

something, it had her expression faltering just a tad...expecting him to say he was going...

His next words how ever had her expression softening...the fact he was thinking about staying with her, how many nights had she wished she had him there beside her?

" You know I would never say no Nathaniel..." she whispered towards him, her voice soft and almost caring. " Only if you want to...."

He watched the surprise on her face and honestly he could not blame her for it. This was usually the moment things got bad between them, the moment he would leave or she would get angry. So of course even now in her answer she was hesitant about it. He pulled her into him again and kissed her forehead. "I want to." He assured her.

"I will just need to set an alarm to get out on time in the morning. We do not wish for Mr Ledger to see us get out together." He said, wanting to be careful about that at least. If it became known to him he was intimate with Emily, it could ruin him and his company. "But till then.... I am all yours." He smiled.

Emily watched felt him pull her into him, feeling his tender kiss to her forehead she closed her eyes swallowing down her emotions...god she didn't wanna cry today..*I want to..* was what she heard and she nodded .

" No we don't want that...", she agreed, and she knew after there little tiff earlier it wouldn't bode way for him...

She peered towards him then, her face displaying all kinds of emotions her hand coming to stroke his cheek almost lovingly gazing at him in perhaps a deeper way then she ever has before she leaned in then and kissed him, sinking into him as she did, pulling away she rested her head against his

" I like the sound of that.." she whispered softly towards him.

He just embraced her gently. He knew she had been longing for this and he had been to. And even if he was afraid this might be temporary, he was away for four whole days.. he wanted to enjoy them and recharge. He found himself just taking a deep breath and he took in the situation.

"You can call me Nate if you want to." He suddenly blurted out as well. It was how his wife called him and he had always liked the sound of it. He cuddled her for just a bit more as they stood there, warming up in their bedrobes. "So what do you want to do? You want to sleep?" He asked

she never felt so many emotions inside of her that she didn't know what to do with herself, she knew...like him...this was probably temporary she knew once home they wouldn't get this time together ...and that's what hurt...because she wanted this, more then anything...but she knew it was a impossible ask which is why she never said anything...she already knew the answer.

His out burst caused her to blink and smile to him. " Nate...." she said with a smile. " I'll remember that.." His next question had her pondering. " Let's go to bed...I want to hold you..." she almost said something else but stopped her self, reaching to take his hand she lead him towards it.

He smiled as his name rolled of her tongue like that. He liked it. It was perfect almost. It just made him hug her closer and keep her with him forever. It felt like finding something he had lost six years ago.

He let her take his hand and lead her to the bed. He took his robe off and fold back the blankets to step in the bed with her. Once they were there he pulled her close against him, putting his chin on the top of her head as the bed seemed to embrace them both. "This is perfect." He whispered.

His smile brought another smile from her, she held him back nuzzling into him, her hands moving gracefully over his skin.

She removed her own robe moving over to the side of the other bed , grabbing the covers she tossed it over them, her head rested against his chest, her arm pulled around his waist.

His whisper sent a chill through her holding him closer pressing a soft kiss to his chest. " I couldn't of said it better..." she whispered back.

That night they simply laid down and enjoyed each others presence. They didn't even talk much after that, sleep soon

overcoming them. Hey had both been awake for a long time and they had been.. active to say the least.

Yet as 5 am came around the alarm on Nate's phone rang into the room and woke him up. He grunted audibly not ready to get up yet. It took him a moment to understand where he even was. His head pounded and he had trouble opening his eyes. But then he smelled that sweet vanilla that could only belong to one person and the memories of their night together came flashing back. He wrapped his arms around her stomach and pulled her into him to be his little spoon. Just a bit more.. just a few more minutes and he would go.

Emily couldn't remember the last time she had slept so well, so comfortable, and so quickly! She didn't even remember falling asleep one moment she was nuzzling to Nates chest the next minute she was asleep.

Her sleep was soon disturbed when she heard the sound of a phone going of, she groaned her self pressing her head against her pillow more to try and drowned out the same her own head feeling a little fuzzy from the drink.

She felt Nates arm how ever pull round her stomach and drag her back into it. She smiled nuzzling her body slightly more against him she reached down to to take his hand hand that was holding her entwining their fingers together.

"Morning..." she whispered out,. Her words were disgruntled

with sleep and she sounded a little tired as she laid there her eyes not even fully opened yet.

It seemed like neither of them had gotten enough sleep that night, and who would they have been kidding. They had been up for probably 20 hours including the jet lag and merely 5 hours of sleep after they had been drinking. They were not fresh to say the least.

He pressed his face against her neck and just took in a deep breath. She smelled even better in the morning. He kissed her neck softly as he felt that morning wood showing up, yet he had no desire to act on it. He just wanted a few more minutes with her before he had to leave. "Five more minutes.. then I have to go." He told her.

Emily's eyes remained closed as she felt Nates face against her neck, feeling his nose against it gave her a soft tingle through her, god she was so tired... She barely felt like she had slept her eyes felt so heavy .

She felt his kiss and sighed lightly her hand released his and allowed her fingers to dance up and down his arm. "Hmmm five more minutes." she whispered tiredly, her voice sounded a little croaky as she spoke, god she felt exhausted nuzzling back against him enjoying the warmth of his chest her back

So he just laid there for a bit more as he just enjoyed her warmth and scent and everything about her. He didn't even need to talk to her, he just wanted to be there.

Yet eventually he knew he needed to get up or he really would just stay in that bed with her forever. He moved himself upright a little bit, leaning on one arm so he was hovering over her a little bit. He found her lips with his and kissed her sweet and tenderly before he eventually moved out of the bed, trying to not let too much cold air go underneath the covers as he did so.

He scratched his hair that was now hanging messily around his head. It had been half wet still when they went to sleep and it was now an untamed mess. He would need to shower again in his own room. He found his clothes on the chair where he had left them and slowly started to get dressed.

Emily was simply enjoying the feel of him cuddled against her, so many nights she lay in bed alone and wished he was there...wished he could hold her.

Emily felt the bed move then groaning lightly as she knew he was getting up, she tilted her head round to meet his lips returning the kiss before she felt him move off the bed.

She twisted her body round so she was facing him, her tired eyes watching as he started to get dressed, the covers half way on and off her dangling around the hip exposing her breast a little to the cold air .

" Hmm...are you gonna stay with me again tonight?.." she asked him softly, she wanted him to, she wanted to spend as much time with him as possible

He got to his boxers first and then started to button up his shirt as he looked back over at her. His morning wood had just started to go down, but seeing her like that surely sparked something. Laying on that bed like a greek goddess, half exposed. Seemed that sleepy was another side of her where her shyness didn't really have a hold of her.

"Hmm.." he just teased her as he smirked. "I mean.. I would not want to miss that sight." He said as he finished buttoning up his shirt and started to get his pants on.

Emily watched eagerly as he got him self dressed, surely it wasnt natruel to want a man as much as she wanted him!

She grinned over to him, a sleepy smile her hair sprawled out behind her . " Does that mean yes Mr Kingston?.." she whispered out playfully her eyes almost pouting up to him then.

" Hmm do you have to go..." she whispered gently, nuzzling down into the bed more. " I might miss you..." she teased.

"You better be carefully calling me like that when we are alone Miss Weston." He grinned at her as he buttoned his trousers up. "Or I might just have to bend you over that balcony again." He warned her a naughty glint in his eyes telling her he was being serious. God she made it hard to just leave and not take her again.

Her next question had his face faltering just a bit. “Yes, I need to go.” He said then. “I need to shower and get ready. Mr Ledger can’t suspect I have not been in my room.” It was the truth. Even if he had found a little bit of freedom in this strange place, thy did not come here alone.

Emily grinned more at his words, her eyes glistening playfully towards him, of course his threat had her blushing and giggling softly " Oh god don't remind me...." she whispered bashfully.

Emilys face also faltered a bit then, of course he had to go, they weren't in a proper relationship...he couldn't afford to get caught for his professional life...and personal life would be in trouble..she nodded up to him then nuzzling back down into her pillow. " I guess your right.." she whispered softly up to him.

“I am sorry Em..” he just said back as he saw her face. He finished getting himself dressed, deciding to just leave his jacket over his arm. He didn’t need that to be properly dressed to sneak back into his room. “I will see you are breakfast.” He said to her then. It would give her another three hours to get herself some more sleep and freshened up. He had told them both he had expected them at breakfast at 8 in the morning to discuss their day.

He then just left the room to get back to his own. It had been a short night, yet he felt more refreshed then he had in a long

time. Like a weight had been lifted of his shoulders. Three more days..

Emily watched him leave the, sighing as she nuzzled down against the pillow more, she could smell his cologne then and she grabbed the pillow bringing it closer to her to nuzzle again, she couldn't stop the smile against her face to know he would be coming back again later...knowing maybe he would stay with her the next few days to...would they do some stuff together? The sheer thought had her smiling more with excitement, she didn't know what would happen after this trip.. and frankly she didn't wanna think about it, right now she wanted to enjoy the time they had....three more days .

A few hours later and Emily had finally dragged her self out of bed and showered, she had her hair up today in a bun again, wanting to keep her hair from her neck already it was looking warm outside and she certainly didn't wanna look a hot mess! She was wearing a red pencil skirt and blouse grabbing her bag she checked to make sure she had everything she wanted to take, note pad and pen.. naturally she couldn't help her self, she was excited to go and see another business, another publishing business.

Sliding her bag onto her shoulder she popped her room card into it before opening the door and heading out. Her heels clicked on the floor as she headed down the corridor towards

the elevator where she found Sam leaning against it and she inwardly grumbled...*Why was he here...*

Sam peered down to his watch checking the time, he was half wondering if Emily had already gone down..then again he had been waiting for a bit and he didn't think she had, he wasn't to sure on her room number so he couldn't knock, sighing he was about to press for the lift before he watched her come down the hallway, grinning as he pushed himself of the wall. " Well good morning, I wondered if I missed you.." he said his eyes travelling over her frame briefly. " Looking stylish as ever Emily.." he said complimenting her once again.

Emily gave him a weary smile walking to the lift as she pressed the button. " No I'm here..." she said softly moving her self to stand a bit away from him, not exactly happy with the fact she would be heading down with him...not after Nathaniels out burst yesterday anyway....his next words caused a inward shudder to roll through her . " Thanks..." she said carefully the lift pinged and they stepped in together, she moved her self as far into the corner as she could watching as he leaned against the other side.

Sam leaned against the wall folding his arms across his chest his eyes never really moving from Emily. " So...think Mr Kingston has calmed down yet?....he went a bit over the top yesterday don't ya think?.."

Emily sighed then reluctantly looking over to him. " Sam, he had every right to talk to us, we are still here for business...we're here representing his company, his values, we should remain professional...maybe we need to remember that...", she said watching him eye roll she narrowed her eyes towards him..*God she really didn't like him...she wished to god she never agreed to that drink!*

Sam did indeed roll his eyes shaking his head. " Such a teachers pet..." he teased.

Emily didn't even respond she could feel her self growing annoyed as the lift finally pinged and she couldn't get out quick enough, stepping down the corridor towards where breakfast was she could feel Sam beside her still trying to make small talk but she wasn't interested, finally making her way in to the room they were meeting Nathaniel seeing him sat at the table she felt her insides twist a little...he always looked so handsome...as she made her way over to him, Sam right beside her as she did.

Even with how little sleep he had gotten, Nate could not find himself back to sleep. Instead he opened his laptop and got to work to distract him. He needed to look through what the day was going to give them and confirm a few details. Once they went to the Us today they would be getting a tour of the building, where Nate got a chance to talk to some of their employee's and Emily and Sam would be able to make some

much needed contacts. If he had learned one thing climbing the ladder, it was that contacts were your most needed resource. This trip would offer them loads of those, if they were willing to take it. After the tour they wished to talk to Nate individually and the trainee's on their own. With Nate they wanted to discuss the details about his trainee plan and the trainee's would be asked about their experiences this far in.

Once he got all that sorted he stepped into the shower and cleaned himself off, washing himself with the body wash that was offered by the hotel. By the time he was done his cologne would be all anybody would smell on him anyway. He towel dried his hair quickly and took some product to keep it in check for the rest of the day. For his suit he chose a brown centered piece, knowing that it always made him appear more gentle and friendly, he might need that today.

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He had made his way to the breakfast location before the other two did. He had a habit of being early and honestly, he had been peckish. So by the time the two of them rolled around he already had a coffee, a croissant and a bagel with cream cheese loaded on his plate. He looked up as they neared the table. "Good morning you both." He greeted them as he couldn't help but notice how they had come together. Yet he took a breath and ignored it. "I hope you are well rested, you are going to need that today." He commented. "Go grab yourself

something to eat and we will discuss what is expected of you today.”

Emily smiled down to Nathaniel . " Good morning Mr Kingston.." she placed her bag over one of the chairs, the smell of food wafting over had her stomach lurching.. christ she was starving!...well she certainly worked up a appetite she inwardly grinned at her self , she had to behave today....

His next comment had her smiling again. " As rested as I can be, I'm certainly looking forward to going today.. " and she was! That should with the enthusiasm in her voice.

Sam smiled down to Nathaniel now . " Good morning Mr Kingston, hope your well..." His voice perhaps not showing as more enthusiasm as Emily did, he was still slightly annoyed at his outburst yesterday. Work came up and he grinned with a nod " I've been up most of the night preparing any questions I want to ask, it will be a good experience for us to see another company, I'm very excited to.."

Emily inwardly groaned at him trying desperately not to eye roll him yet again...*of course you've been up all night...* she mocked in her head...she never really found her self being all that competitive in life but with him she couldn't help her self...he brought that out of her. She didn't even wait for him before she turned on her heels and headed to grab some food, he can suck ass without her she wasn't standing there listening to it.

Sam turned and watched her leave his attention turning back to Nathaniel. " I just wanted to take a moment to apologise to you again for yesterday, I spoke to Emily and expressed we should remain professional whilst we're here, we are representing your company after all, I wanna make sure good impression...", and with that he went of to follow Emily.

Emily made quick work of getting her self some breakfast, they had so much there she found it difficult to choose, settling on some fruit and granola with yogurt, and a pastry, grabbing her self a coffee and juice she made her way back, noticing Sam wasn't back yet she slid down opposite Nathaneil , grabbing her coffee first she took a sip peering towards Nathaniel. " Did you sleep well Mr Kingston?... " she asked in a teasing whispered tone, she simply couldn't help her self taking this brief moment to speak to him...being mouth almighty returning.

He never knew what to think of Sam. He really didn't like the way he seemed to switch between being cheeky with others and then trying to suck up to him. He really was one of those people with two faces and he even believed he could go as far as to say he had little respect for woman. As Emily walked of and Sam focused more on him, that was only confirmed more. "I would just like to remind you of your track record Mr Ledger. Where as Miss Weston has no complaints to her name, you have several." He said as he took a bite from his bagel. "You are right, this trip is a business trip. Treat it as such.

Don't waste this opportunity I gave you both." He watched then as he walked off.

He had a moment for himself and just ate a few bites as he scanned over the newspaper of that day. It was part of his job to be aware of what kind of stories were popular and being able to see an actual print of a paper at the other side of the world was a good way learn. When Emily came back though he brought his eyes up a bit again and smiled at her. "I believe you know exactly how I slept Miss Weston." He whispered back. "You look more refreshed then I expected to find you." He sipped his own coffee as well. He surely would need another one before they got going.

Emily smiled into her spoon as she took a mouthful of her food , bringing a napkin to her face she she dabbed round her mouth. " I'm afraid I don't know what your referring to Mr Kingston, I was alone in bed all night..." she teased picking up her coffee she took another sip.

His next question had her grinning. " It's amazing what a good shower and make up can do...I certainly don't feel refreshed, but once we get going ill be fine...I am really excited for today, it will be good to see how another publisher works, be a good learning experience for me..." always one eager to learn and expand on her knowledge, she simply couldn't help her self, she loved her work and it showed.

See.. this is what made her different. She was genuine is her interested for the job while Sam would probably be off scoring some girls phone number while they are there. At least that is what Nate expected him to do. He took another bite of his bagel before he said anything more.

"While we are there talk to as many people as you can. Show interest in their work. If there is anything at all that sparks your interest ask them if they would be willing to share it with you. That way they will have your contact details. That is the most important part. Make sure they have a way to reach you." He explained to just her, before Sam was back.

Emily leaned up and listened carefully to what Nathaniel had to say, nodding with each piece of information she gave him, she couldn't help but smile he was giving her advice..and it was welcomed, he wanted her to do well and it made her feel happy. " Thank you...I'll remember that..." she whispered back watching as Sam came over to the table placing his food down on the chair beside her making her inwardly groan. *Christ sake couldn't he take a hint?*

Once Sam was back, Nate took a more business like tone with the both of them. He was their boss after all. "We are expected to arrive at the US Today in about an hour. They will first give us a tour of the building. Talk to as many people as you like and don't feel rushed. I will make sure they won't rush you either. Afterwards they wish to talk to you both about the

traineeship. Like I said before you are allowed to be honest with them, though I do hope that any feedback, complaints or otherwise will also be voiced towards me. I can not improve this program if neither of you tells me." He explained with them. "We should be free again around 4 pm and you can enjoy your free time then." He took another bite of his bagel, finishing it as he let that both sink in. "I expect you both to be respectful and professional. If I hear any complaints about either of you being inappropriate you are in serious trouble with me. Do you understand?"

Emily leaning back in her chair holding her coffee as she listened to what he had to say, she was excited...beyond excited, she was trying desperately to not demand they leave now! She loved her job, and anything she could do to help improve her self was something she was extremely enthusiastic about. " Sounds great.." she said with a smile moving forward to continue to eat her food.

Sam however only flicked his attention up a few times as Nathaniel spoke, continuing to eat the food in front of him, he knew what the plan was, they had said before and didn't understand the need to keep going over it nodding then at Nathaniel. " Looking forward to getting going, it's such an established paper out here I'm sure there be lots to learn and take in from then.." he finally piped up.

Of course when Nathaniel spoke about remaining professional she dabbed her lips with the napkin, watching how Sam looked over to her a little she kept her eyes on Nathaniel already feeling a bit anxious for what he might say in front of her, sometimes the man just simply didn't have a filter. " Understood Mr Kingston...I'll remain professional at all times..." she said with acknowledgement.

Sam was indeed looking at Emily, listening to what she had to say he couldn't stop the frown that crossed his features, *Miss Weston has no complaints to her name...and you have several..* well of course she didn't...she always behaved, she always did what was asked of her, well damn he would have to behave today now wouldn't he?

" Absolutely Mr Kingston, as me and Emily discussed earlier this is a business trip and we will aim to be professional at all times and take this opportunity as a resource to help us to grow and develop our knowledge around media management..isnt that right? .." he said looking to her with a smile before moving back to eat his food .

WE DISCUSSED?!? you mean I told you! she looked at him then seeing the smile on his face she smiled back trying her damn hardest to not cause a issue. " Right..." she could feel her self holding her fork a little tighter as she stabbed a piece of fruit and popped it in her mouth, okay...she REALLY didn't like him...she had to compose her self, she could feel her self

growing increasingly frustrated with him and the last thing she wanted was to show her self up because of him! . She didn't say anything then , she couldn't afraid if she did she might just lose her cool and this fork would end up anywhere other than her bowl of food!

It didn't go past him that something was going on between the two of them. This little rivalry they had going could quickly become the end of them and it made him pinch the bridge of his nose. "Whatever that was." He said, eyeing the both of them. "None of that while we are there." He warned both of them. They could not be acting like children fighting over a piece of candy while they were there.

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About 1.5 hours later they would arrive at the main office of the Us Today. It was a grand building with many more storied then Nate's own company and he was more then ready to learn about what was hidden behind their walls. He knew part of it, having done his research, yet seeing it in person was of course way different.

Emily groaned inwardly then as Nathaniel spoke to them, she did indeed feel like a child , a child who wanted to stamp her feet and scream that this was his fault and he started it! But she didn't instead she kept her opinion to her self. " Sorry Mr Kingston..." she said, almost sinking into her chair, hearing

Sam apologise to, of course she couldn't help notice the sly grin her gave her...Jesus he would be the end of her..

When they arrived at the building she couldn't stop her self from smiling, excitement pooling inside of her and nerves at being at such a impressive building, she looked at it eagerly . " Wow this place is huge, I looked it up online but i didn't realise just how big it really was.." she said,

Of course Mr Kingston words had him upwardly grinning.. he noticed and he was annoyed..and this time at both of them, he wasn't stupid he could see Emily was wound up a little by his words...he would behave today.. but it was worth noting for the future..he wanted that job after all. " Sorry Mr Kingston...it won't happen "

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When they arrived Sam climbed out of the vehicle and whistled to look at the building. " Now that's a office, the size of it..." he said standing next to Emily as he looked up leaning over to Emily he whispered. " We could get lost in there couldn't we?.." he said so only she would hear.

Emily heard him but frankly she wasn't listening, she wasn't going to let him ruin the excitement she felt to be here the smile so wide on her face she could barely contain it. " Let's go should we?..."

The whole experience at the Us Today was good for Nate. He let Emily and Sam take the lead during their tour. Letting them set the pace and decide the order they were visiting departments in. Nate mostly stayed quiet and in the back, making notes on his phone to remember later.

When the tour was over they were separated for their talks. This is what they had come for and for Nate he ended up sitting in that meeting for close to 3.5 hours. He discussed his entire plan, took feedback from them and discussed possible changes. In the end they seemed to like the plan and wanted to adapt it to their own needs which he agreed upon in exchange for being made aware. Having another company like theirs reviewing the program was a big plus in his book. He even suggested that if they get their program going, he would invite them and their trainees to visit them as well and they seemed to like it.

Overall the visit had been tiring but good. He had enjoyed it and learned a lot. He made a contact that was good for his business and once the Us Today uses the program, surely others would follow.

Emily simply couldn't get over how much knowledge she felt she had gained from being there, carrying her note pad and pen around she made notes at everything she found relatable or useful as they walked round on the tour, she found she simply couldn't keep her smile off her face, to be given not one

but two experiences like she had was simply amazing and she thought incredibly grateful, of course Sam did what Sam does sucking up to any one who would give him the time of day to bloody listen, he did of course ask questions where he felt he wanted to, but nor quite on the same level Emily did, at one point she got embarrassed with her self for asking to much which only brought a laugh from the older gentlemen she was talking to, who had expressed how nice it was to meet someone so passionate about this profession as he was....he was knowledgeable and very respectful...naturally Emily gave him her details, she would be crazy not to!

The meeting Emily had went better then she expected, the same man she had talked to her earlier was there as well as a couple of other people some high up and some publishers who simply wanted to see how she was finding it, and she was honest...she told them about its challenges but how over all she found the entire experience to be simply amazing, and she was incredible grateful to be giving the opportunity.

She was in her meeting for just over four hours, she found she simply couldn't stop her self from talking to the publishers, wanting to know every little thing they did and how they did it...

by the time she left she had written more notes her little note book almost half the way full..she would have to organise this another time!

She headed back down to the lobby after saying goodbye to everyone and thanking them, her head still in her note pad flicking through the pages she was still jotting notes down when she came to join Nathaniel noticing no sign of Sam yet.

" I cannot express how happy I am that you gave me this opportunity to come here.. " she said almost breathlessly with how darn excited she was " getting to speak to everyone was.. .well I simply don't have the words for it..." she said with a small laugh, continuing to write again wanting to make sure she had everything written down. " I almost wish I brought a recorder so I could of recorded the conversations to replay later...its so amazing listening to them talk about a professional that I'm so thrilled to be in to..its nice to find people as enthusiastic as you are.." she teased with a smile.

He had been waiting for them in the lobby with some coffee that they had offered him. He was glad when the first person to show was Emily. She instantly started about just how amazing it had been and how much she had loved it and he couldn't help but smile at her. This was exactly how she was supposed to feel after that and it only showed how much she loved what she did. She reminded him of himself when he had just started out and it warmed his heart. She would make it far.

"That is good Miss Weston. I am glad to hear you had a good time." He said and offered her a coffee as well along with a stick of creamer and sugar. "It is always good to be in a

different environment and see how others do the things you would do differently. I have learned a lot as well." He said, holding his own notebook in the air. "How many people did you give your contacts to?"

Emily smiled towards him now nodding enthusiastically. " I did Mr Kingston...it was simply amazing and ill never forget this experience..." she said, placing her notepad down on the side she thanked him for the coffee preparing it in a way she enjoyed .

Looking to him she smiled warmly , to hear he had a good experience did. " Well I'm glad it was beneficial for yourself to..." at his question she blushed a little...god she gave it to a few ! But then again...in fairness majority of people asked for it so that had to be good right?

" a few..." she simply said...leaving it at that. She brought her coffee to her lips looking up she would see Sam then coming towards the lobby..and he wasn't alone.

Her eyes widened to see him laughing and joking with a pretty blonde, she quickly fiddled to open her note pad pretending to read what was there pretending to be oblivious to what was going on across the foray watching as Sam took her phone and clearly put a number in it....Jesus....he was a walking talking disaster, why did she get so worried about him? He would sink himself quicker then she could sink him for her.....

“You can never let an opportunity like this go to waste, even for someone like me.” He let her know. “I might seem like I have reached the top, but I assure you I have not. I have experienced the struggles of being a young CEO at hand and I have learned that I have a lot to learn from people who might not be a CEO themselves, but have more hands on experience than I do. I have for sure learned of some changed I might try to implant in my own company.” He let he know and smiled at her.

However when Emily seemed to look up and find Sam, so did Nate. Where she looked away he took in everything that was going on there. The way they were laughing together, giggling like schoolgirls almost. How she put her hair behind her ear as she talked to him and even the disarray that both of there clothes seemed to be in. The conclusion wasn't to his liking, yet this was not the time nor the place to make accusations towards Sam. Yet he did have some words to share with him once he got closer to the table. “I assume that interaction was simply business related, Mr Ledger?” He asked as he took another sip of his coffee. If he did claim it was he would respond to the following. “Good, I am sure Mr Duncan has plenty to tell me about you then after being in there for over four hours.” He gave him as warm a smile as he could manage.

Emily wanted the ground to swallow her when she finally looked up and watched Sam coming over, god could he could

of at least attempted to look less suspicious, even his hair wasn't as set as it was when he originally got there.

Sam made it over to the pair now grinning as he got there before Nathaniel spoke and he shifted a little on his feet his smile faltering just a little bit. " Well of course Mr Kingston....Miss Goodwin was very helpful in giving me some useful information ,she's a new publisher, I was simply giving her my contact incase she needed any more help with anything.." he said quickly and with confidence.

His next statement how ever made him still his jaw tightening before he simply smiled. " Oh im sure he does..." he said the confidence in his voice dying a little as he moved to make himself a quick coffee.

Emily shook her head to listen to him..she couldn't help but feel a little bit sorry for him, she had to admit he was talented really talented, but he was immature....and thought to much with other parts of his body instead of the one that mattered! His head *Jesus Sam your killing yourself...* she thought before taking another sip of her coffee.

“Good.” He said then and let the topic slide not wanting to cause tension in that moment. Even if Sam’s responds had been plenty of information for him to confirm the suspicion he would talk it over with him once he knew for sure. Surely the time he had been in that office would tell him plenty about

what happened afterwards. Mr Ledger even had been as kind as to give away the name of the woman in question.

“Well, I hope you both have had an amazing day. You are now free to enjoy your evening on your own.” He let them know with a smile. “Tomorrow is a Sunday so you have that off as well. Monday though, I have a surprise for the both of you so we will be making one more trip before we fly back in the evening.” He said. “You are free to go if you wish.”

Emily noticed the way that Sam shifted on his feet it was very clear he had done something he most definitely shouldn't have done and that was all too clear to see on his face, she slipped her note pad back into her bag .

" I certainly have..." Emily couldn't stop herself from responding slipping her bag onto her shoulder as she grasped her bag slipping it over her shoulder, his expression a surprise and she perked a brow wondering what he had planned.. she found herself growing excited with the prospect of them doing something else.

Sam listened to Nathaniel nodding lightly towards him. For once he was rather quiet..he didn't say much simply listening to what he had to say. " A surprise? Well I'll look forward to that..." he said finally , stretching then he grasped his coffee. " Think I'll have a walk into the city seeing how I'm here already.. fancy doing some exploring with me Emily?.." he asked giving her a grin then.

Emily turned and looked to him her expression showing clear shock that he was now asking HER to go out to town with him after clearly having a moment with the woman inside....did he have no shame?... " No thanks Sam...I'm gonna head back to the hotel I wanna go through my notes from today..."

Sam couldn't help but shake his head then. " Honestly there's more to life then work Emily remember that....gotta take time for yourself sometimes to...isn't that right Mr Kingston..." he teased smiling to them both. " Maybe I'll catch you later Emily..." before he finally walked off, heading up the street and out of view.

Emily sighed as he finally left taking another sip of her coffee before she attention back to Nathaniel. " A surprise trip on Monday hmm?...i have to say I'm intrigued what you have planned for us both..."

The whole time Nate was able to keep a serious face on him only nodding when Same seemed to ask him a question. He let a small smile slip through as Emily clearly rejected his invitation and then Sam was just off.

The moment he walked through the door and out of sight Nate just couldn't hold himself together and just let out a genuine laugh. What was this kid? How did he turn out this way? "He totally fucked that girl right in this building.." he just said in a hushed whisper mostly to himself. He hadn't even heard the

question that Emily had asked, way to astonished by what had just happened.

Emily watched as Nathaneil started laughing, clearly at the whole situation and she couldn't stop her self from laughing with him then, the whole situation was ridiculous...he was ridiculous.

Natheniels whisper hit Emily's ears and she couldn't help but chuckle shaking her head " If he didn't do that they most definitely did something..." she whispered back shaking her head.

" Ah ya know maybe you should have a serious talk with him.." she said suddenly watching his express she shrugged. " I know he's a idiot...but...I'm gonna hate myself for saying this.." She grumbled. " He's a damn good publisher, he knows he's stuff, I hear him sometimes talking to his team and....honestly I'm almost jealous of how he performs how he gets his information, he's very talented...even if he uses something else before his brain so much..." she teased smiling towards Nathaniel..." Maybe he just needs some proper guidance...from someone superior .." she suggested with a shrug.

"I know he is. He would not be in this program if he wasn't. I picked the best from the best from over 500 applications that came in." He said to her, waving his hand to exagurate his point. "So why would he.. after being told to act professional.. make it that obvious?" He couldn't help but laugh again then.

He had talked to Sam. He was getting more chances than anyone in his company. If others had pulled the stuff he had, they would have been fired. He knew the boy was talented, but there was a limit to what he could accept. "At least it seemed consensual." He then said and decided that should be the end of that conversation.

He drank the rest of his coffee and checked his watch. "So, may I escort you back to the hotel Miss Weston?:"

Emily felt a sense of pride then to know how many applications he had and she was chosen from that bunch, for her talent, it was nice to be recognised for all her hard work.

She laughed again then shaking her head. "That's Mr Ledger for you...." she simply said with a grin, and it was ...he was just as bad at the office, she was sure he was aware of the situation, but not so much of everything that went on, but that wasn't for her to say...

His suggestion had her smiling finishing the rest of her coffee she tossed it away. "Only if that isn't too much trouble Mr Kingston..."

"No problem at all." He said as he pulled out his phone and ordered them a taxi to bring them back over to the hotel. It was about a twenty minute ride there after all. He walked with her to the exit of the building and took her outside to wait for their cab. The sun was high in the sky and already burning and

his suit was soon making it way to warm for him, so he took of his jacket and put it over his arm.

“I have a few calls to make and take care off once we get back, but after that I should have a free evening to myself.” He said as he smiled at her, wondering if she would take his bait.

Emily stepped outside with him she could feel the sun burning against her and she couldn't help but relish the feeling, it was never liked this in London...she loved the heat, saying that she would definitely prefer to enjoy it in something other than office wear!

Turning her attention she listened to him , a small smile crossing her own face then. " How convenient so do I..." she said softly looking away from him for a while to watch the busy streets of florida, her eyes following the different people walking around chewing on her bottom lip a little bit. " i could keep you company..if you like." she asked carefully her eyes still not focused completely on him watching everyone else around her instead.

He put his hands in his pocket and also looked at all the people passing by on the street. The main office was set in the middle of a busy shopping area and honestly Nate thought it was brilliant. It made it a paper that seemed among the people and not somewhere tugged away.

“Well..” he said then as he shrugged. “Perhaps you could keep me company during dinner?” He suggested.

Emily felt a small smile come across her face then as he offered to take her to dinner...she felt her heart surge inside of her to do something *normal* with him.

She didn't look at him still looking out to the people around her the small smile still against her face. " Well I suppose I could do that..." she teased back .

As a smile took over his face the cab pulled up in front of them and waved them over. He opened the door for her and let her get in the cab first before getting in at the other end. He gave the driver the address for the hotel and he drove them there without asking another question.

Once they were sat inside he felt far enough away from anything related to his business to place a hand on her leg. "Anything you would prefer to eat then?" He asked her, wanting to know what she liked and didn't like so he could make a good choice for them both.

she watched the cab pull up then as she stepped forward thanking him as he opened the door for her she slid in, removing her bag and placing it beside her.

She relaxed on the back of the chair watching his hand as it came to her leg she smiled, placing her hand over his own her fingers running along his hand lightly. " Actually there a restaurant I wanted to Try here...its called beach front cafe in destin, its right on the coast....I was doing some research of places to maybe go, its right by the ocean and I figured seeing

how I'm in florida it would be nice to see it...it has a good menu ..if you would like that, that is..."

"I thought I was the one who asked you for dinner Miss Weston." He chuckled as she simply suggested an entire restaurant for them to go to. Yet it as fitting to her, she was a control freak after all. He squeezed her leg then. "Sure, we can go there. Would be nice to see the sea." He agreed with her as the cab just hobbled along the streets to the hotel. He had to be honest and say he did not recognize the name, but again he had not been in this part of florida much.

They soon arrived at the hotel and he paid the cab for them and helped her out of the car. "Here we are again." He said to her and walked her into the lobby of the hotel. "So, I will see you around 7?" He asked her.

Emily blushed at his comment then shrugging " You asked what I wanted to eat..and I wanna eat the food there..." she said with a sheepishly grin, she felt him squeeze her leg and she smiled towards him. " I'll look forward to it..." she said allowing her self to look out the window now keeping her hand on his as they went back to the hotel.

She saw the hotel coming into view, climbing out she thanked him when he assisted her following him into the lobby she smiled towards him. " I'll look forward to it....have a good afternoon Mr Kingston..." she said before finally making her way back to the elevator to head to her room.

He let her go first, needing to talk a few things over with the receptionist. Once he got that done he also headed upstairs to his room, finding that the staff had come in and cleaned. He had gotten fresh towels and even another complimentary chocolate that he gladly popped in his mouth. They must have wondered where he was when they saw his bed undisturbed..

The rest of the afternoon was spend sorting out his notes and contacting the people at his work to put certain things in motion. He also called with Mr Duncan and talked things with him through and he gladly told him that Sam had only spend 2.5 hours with him. Confirming his suspicion. He asked for the contact of Sams new lady friend and would contact her later to apologize for his trainees behaviour.

Just before seven rolled around he got on some comfortable clothing that would be less warm for him. It was a pants that sat to his knees in a beige color with mintgreen button up shirt with short sleeves. It was more casual then he would normally be for a dinner, but this was Florida.. nobody here dressed in suits with this heat. He made his way over to Emily's room and knocked on the door.

Emily spent the majority of the afternoon going over her notes from the days events, sitting out on the balcony on the small table it was nice out there, she enjoyed the sun and the warm leaning back she relaxed closing her eyes to simply bask in the heat something they never got much of back home..

Of course as the day rolled closer to the dinner she found her self growing increasingly anxious...she wondered on her choice of restaurant and if it was just a little bit to...well...romantic for them? It was okay when she thought it would be just her sitting there with the sea quite contempt by her self...but now it was for them both she couldn't help but feel nervous...what if it was to much?

It was nearly seven now how ever, she sipped her wine that she ordered deciding she needed atleast a little bit of Dutch courage to start her of, she was feeling nervous for another reason now, she was going to dinner with Nathaniel or Nate as he said and she smiled...she was excited, to spend this time with him was a novelty and she would take every little bit he gave her.

She was wearing a dress tonight, a long white one with a slit up one leg, it had thin straps which were tied to her shoulders, she had a little colour to her arms and chest not from sitting out in the sun.

She was in the bathroom still getting her self ready when she heard the knock walking to the door she peeked through the peep hole to see Nathaniel standing there opening the door for him.

" Come in just a moment...sorry I got distracted looking at those notes I'm nearly ready though.. " she said allowing him to come in before she made her way back to the bathroom.

The double doors were still open a nice warm breeze blowing in through the room, her notes were over the small desk and a bigger pad of sorts was opened clearly she was re writing things and brainstorming against the pad, a empty glass of wine was sat there.

He couldn't help but chuckle as she said she had gotten distracted. "Sure, the notes." He said to her, giving her an all knowing smile. He got a quick glimpse of her in that dress of hers and it seemed perfect for the place she had picked. She really had meant to go there from the start, that much was clear.

He moved towards the balcony, taking in the place as she had left it. Her notes were everywhere but it was clear she had been working hard on it. He also did notice the empty wine glass. *Really Em? You that nervous?* he thought to himself as he chuckled to himself. He moved into into the balcony then and closed his eyes as he moved himself into the sun. That balcony looked so different now in the daylight. Different from when he had pressed her against it and made her be quiet. God he had enjoyed that.. He wondered what other things he might be able to get her to enjoy, where her limit would be.

Emily smiled sheepishly to him as he teased her about the notes, before she vanished into the bathroom, she sorted her hair out a bit more and applied just a small amount of make up, she was never one for alot of make up, especially in this

heat, with a last spray of perfume and putting her bracelet on she left the bathroom, how ever she paused when she see him out there...

She simply stood there watching him for a moment, the way the sun danced over his features, bounced of the top of his hair...god she wondered if he even knew how gorgeous he was....

Visions of what happened last night came flooding back how ever and she blushed...wondering if he to was thinking about that...

" Okay I'm ready..." she called out to him sitting down on the bed she lifted her leg to slip her shoes on raising the other one next the dress parting more to reveal her leg .

He really just enjoyed his moment there on the balcony, taking in the sun. Unlike her he had not been smart and had been doing his work inside, to used to the london cold and rain to even consider going outside into the fresh air

"Okay I'm ready.." her voice called behind him and he turned himself around to her. The smile on his face was instant as he saw her standing there. The dress looked beautiful, emphasizing the exact shapes of her body that he liked. The litte slit up her leg showing just that little tease of her bare legs. He walked over to her, placing his hands on her hips as he kissed her forehead first. "You look beautiful." He said and

then leaned lower to kiss her lips. A simple peck this time, but it was enough to let her know he appreciated it.

"Let's get moving." He suggested and took her hand to lead her towards the elevator. Taking her down to the lobby and then outside. A car was already waiting for them to go to the beach, yet this time it was not an ordinary cab. He had a company bring over a cabrio that they would drive together, no driver needed. He looked over to her hoping to see her reaction when he hit the button on the keys to unlock it. "You like it?"

Emily looked up to him watching as he appeared to be studying her for a brief moment, the gaze in his eyes sent small butterflies fluttering through her stomach.

She felt his hands against her hips before his lips fell to her forehead, his whispered words made her blush a little bit those butterflies intensifying before she leaning up to kiss him back.

"Thankyou....you look very handsome your self.. " reaching over she grabbed a bag and a small shoulder throw just incase the temperature got to cold later.

She eagerly took his hand and followed him out, down the elevator and outside back into the sun which she basked in for just the briefest of moments before she saw the car her eyes widening and a large grin pressed against her features. " Like it? Nate I love it..." she said coming over to inspect it the smile still pressed against her features.

“Can’t go to the beach without a cabrio.” He said to her. It was a long car that was low to the ground with only enough seats for two people. It’s interior covered in a nice creme fabric so the seats didn’t get hot in the sun. He opened the passenger door for her and let her step into it before he himself went over to take the driver’s seat. “I figured we would do this in style.” He smirked at her and turned the keys to make the car rev up and get them on their way.

As soon as he started driving the nice wind would meet them and start to whip her hair around her face a bit. He knew by the time they reached the restaurant she would need to adjust that once again. He reached down to his shirt and put on the sunglasses that he had clipped on there so he wouldn’t be bothered by the sun during the drive.

Emily smiled at his words as she checked the car out a bit more. " It sure Is a beautiful car..." and it was she found her self growing more excited now knowing they were going to travel in this.

She thanked him as he opened the door for her sliding into the seat she felt it and they felt so comfortable she settled into it. Popping her bag on the floor along with her throw she went into her bag to pull her own sunglasses out placing them against her lap, clicking her belt on she finally settled

She smiled at his words now. " sounds like a good idea to me..." when he started driving she couldn't help but sigh

tilting her head back to enjoy the wind as it whipped around her, she could feel her hair lashing around the back of her, but honestly she couldn't care....she could sort it...right now all she cared about was being in this car...with him.

She placed her sunglasses on then, one hand moving to carefully rest against his thigh she watched the scenery go past as they drove, god florida was so pretty.

the wind whipping around them was exactly what he had needed. To cool down and feel free in such a way. He was glad he had gone through the trouble to rent one for them. As they drove his shirt would crinkle around him as the wind caught hold of it. It would almost cling to his chest, showing off those subtle shapes underneath the thing fabric. Once they got a straight road he placed his hand on her that was on his thigh, no longer needing to shift as he picked up the pace a bit. He was probably driving a bit faster then he should, yet he didn't care much.

“Was this the holiday you were hoping for?” He smiled, yet he kept his eyes on the road, he wasn't the type to take his eyes of.

Emily found her self watching everything as the drove down the road, the houses...the people...the palm trees, the sun illuminating everything, she hadn't been to florida before but she was so glad she did, she was almost sad she was only here

for a few more days, but she would make plans to return..one day.

She felt his hand come on her own then, finally tilting her head to look towards him, her eyes watching as the sun played against his hair and face, the way the wind crinkled his shirt showing the slight definition beneath the fabric, she found her face softening her hand moving to entwine in his.

His words had her face softening even more, she could feel her chest aching then, so many different emotions played through " It's everything I hoped for..." she said gently over the wind whipping against them...watching him then she realised just how much she did care for him....*God I'm in trouble*

"I'm glad" he said to her then and smiled once more. They were already a good bit on their way and he turned up the music just a little bit so they weren't going to be bored while they drove there. When he needed to slow down and get of the straight road he took his hand back from her to shift and drove them the last bit till they reached the parking lot.

"Here we are." He said as they could already hear the waves crashing on the beach. He got out of the car. "Make sure you have everything so I can leave the roof open." He told her and would walk her up to the restaurant. It was a nice place, in fact it was extremely romantic. It almost only had two person tables set up which made it obvious just how many couples made it down there to eat. It was decently busy too. "How can I

help you?” The clerk at the front asked them. “Table for two, reservation for Mr Kingston.” Nate said to him. “Ooh, yes! Mr Kingston. Come this way. We set up the table you requested.” The clerk said and would walk with them.

He would bring them to one of the tables that was set at the very edge of the balcony, directly overlooking the beachfront. It was a quiet corner that would give them plenty of privacy compared to some of the more crowded areas of the restaurant.

Emily settled back in her chair then as she watched outside once more, the city main city was slowing vanishing and it was becoming a little less crowded, her eyes peeled out and she could always see the ocean coming into view and she felt her self leaning to get a better look at it.

It wasn't long before they finally got there, the sound of the waves already settling any nerves she might of felt for being in such a location with Nate, before she left the car she sorted her hair out, the wind doing a number on it ...

Grabbing her bag and her throw over she would then follow him eagerly up to the restaurant god it was stunning...the whole place was beautiful done and the ocean view behind it just made it so much better, of course the butterflies she felt increased to see all the two people tables...very obvious why most people came here...with someone they loved..the sheer

thought had a small twist of anxiety rush through her...maybe this place was to much....

She followed him down the wooden structure until they came to their own table, her eyes looking to how private she was she smiled towards Nate thanking the clerk as they walked of, she simply stood there for a moment taking in the scenery around her , the glorious beach that stretched for seemingly miles, the way the sun danced over the waves on the ocean, she found her self lost in the view . " It's so beautiful..." she whispered perhaps to her self, the salty air whipping past her face blowing her hair behind her shoulders as she finally moved to take a seat.

He had paid good money to convince the restaurant owner to let him have one of the top spots in the restaurant. Normally you need a reservation for a long time to get a spot like that, but he hadn't cared. This was the only shot he got at this with her and he wanted to make it perfect. So he had paid the price and now that he saw her amusement he was glad that he did.

"It really is." He said as he watched it too. The sun was slowly starting to move down and by the time they got to their main course it would probably have set the perfect setting for their dinner.

"Good evening." A waiter came to greet them. "Could I take your order for a drink?" He asked. "We will take a bottle of Sauvignon Blanc." He said before Emily even got a chance to

respond. He nodded to them and then handed them the menu to choose from. "Take your time to decide, I will be back with you soon." And off he went.

Emily barely heard Nathaniel talk, she was far too busy looking out to the glistening waters beyond the sand, watching how it stretched for miles, far beyond the eye could see and it sent a warm feeling through her, to know he had got this table for them to had her feeling all manner of emotions, he wanted it to be special...and that meant the world to her.

Finally sitting down she settling into the chair watching as the waiter came over she smiled warmly up to them, before she could even open her mouth Nathaniel had ordered for her, she looked at him with a perk of her brow...good job she liked that wine.

Taking the menu she slid it towards her watching as the waiter walked of, she lifted her gaze from the menu to him "Thankyou....for what ever you did to get this spot..." she whispered catching his gaze across the table now she smiled again towards him. " Its stunning, probably the best set in the house right? .." she teased then reaching out she gaze his hand a soft squeeze before finally pulling it away to look at het menu.

"I don't know what you are talking about." He chuckled with a knowing smirk. Of course she knew he had pulled something

to get those spots, but he certainly wasn't going to tell her about that.

He just reached over the table and held her hand into his as he rubbed it softly. He opened the menu and looked it over.

"Don't look at the prices." He chuckled at her, not wanting her choice of food to be decided by how expensive it was. "Get whatever you want."

Emily smiled then at his words shaking her head softly. "Of course you don't..." she teased back pulling her menu open to look at what they had.

Of course his words about the prices did indeed cause her to peek at them *Trust you to pick a expensive restaurant...Nice one emily* but then did she really think somewhere like this would be cheap? She chewed her lip a little then feeling a little bit guilty to bring him here...she would offer to pay to but she had a feeling he would shot that down almost instantly....he was such a gentleman.

She settled on something and simply watched him as he studied the menu there hands still joined she let her fingers roam over his before the waiter returned, pouring them both a glass of wine before settling it in a bucket of ice at the side of the table.

She reached for it and took a sip, before looking to him again.

" Did you get everything done you needed to this afternoon?.."

He simply studied the menu, deciding what things would be to his liking to have. In the end he decided on a smoked tomato soup as his appetizer and the BBQ style shrimps. They were at a beach restaurant cafe after all, he needed to go for the seafood.

He watched as the waiter came over and poured them both a glass of the wine they picked and he let him know the choices of food before they excused themselves again. He would clink his glass to hers before he took a sip himself.

When she asked if he finished everything that afternoon he just chuckled. "I lead a massive company, Emily. I had to accept long ago that I never get everything done." He said to her. "Yet I got most things done." He said to her with a smile. "I also found out our friend was only in his interview for a mere two hours." He chuckled at her, a small glint in his eyes to share this gossip with her even when he knew he should not.

Of course Emily had the same idea, you couldn't come here and not go for some type of seafood, deciding on the crab for starters and the scallop pasta for main she placed the menu to the side also giving her order to the waiter before they left.

She clicked her glass with his own settling back in her chair, of course asking him about his work had her smiling, she knew he was always so busy....it must of been nice for him to be able

to relax a little, though she was sure work was always in the background of his thoughts.. as well as other things.

" Well I'm glad you managed to get some bits done atleast.." she went to take another sip of her wine before he indulged her with details of Sam and his little escapade...

She couldn't help but laugh shaking her head. " Oh Sam..." she said giggling once more. " He's a nightmare....no wonder he looked so happy when he come to join us.." she teased with another shake of her head.

“Surprise he lasted that long.” He couldn’t help it and he found himself just chuckling away after he had said it. God this felt good. To just be here with her like that. Joking and laughing.. it reminded of how they had met, how they had been on that plane. Before they were boss and employee, before he was a married man who could never have her. It was perfect in every way and he was going to make the most of this.

He looked out towards the ocean. They could take a long walk after this. Surely the florida evening was still warm enough to stroll past the waved. To dip their feet in the surge. He wanted to make this special and perfect. An everlasting memory.

It didn’t take long after before their appetizers arrived served hot and delicious before them and he picked up his spoon, even if he never let go of her hand.”

How Emily never choked on her wine was a miracle! His words caused her to laugh out loud . " Nate! You can't say that..." she teased a blush coming to her cheeks. Before she couldnt stop her self from chuckling again about it....he was impossible sometimes.

This was nice...to laugh with him, joke with him, to have...fun...like him it reminded her of that first eventful meeting, how he stole her breath away then with his playfulness and charm.. and how he was doing it all over again now.

Her own gaze moved to the ocean then taking in the gentle motion of the waves...god could this evening be any more perfect? She swallowed back her feelings as the appetisers arrived and she finally broke her gaze to look down to it

She noticed he hadn't removed his hand from hers...and she wouldn't be doing it neither, picking up her fork she tucked into the food..it was delicious.

They ate mostly in silence as both of them seemed to just be enjoying the moment. They joked a bit about work and how everything was going. Joked more about Sam and his appearant little adventure during their meeting and just overall had each other laughing. When the main course arrived they were mostly forced to let go of each others hand to enjoy it. The bottle of wine was nearing empty by the time their main

course was done and the sun would be casting beautiful golden rays over everything.

She looked beautiful in that light. The golden sun making her appear even more perfect. Her hair fell perfect despite their trip in that cabrio and she looked like half a goddess in that moment. He was sure the sea was beautiful as well, cast in those same orang hues, yet he couldn't bring himself to take his eyes of her. He wanted to remember this moment till the day he died.

“Did you want a dessert?” He asked her then. She seemed like the sweet tooth type to him, yet perhaps she would be full or rather do something else. So he left it up to her.

For once Emily didn't mind the silence between them as they ate, it wasn't awkward and it didn't feel uncomfortable, they talked at times , laughed and generally just enjoyed each others company...she was enjoying her self, and she knew he was to.

The sun was starting to set now, she could see it grower a deeper shade of red as it glistened against the water, god it really was perfect here...she almost didn't wanna leave. She wanted to stay here, in this perfect bubble wrap them up together and run away forever...

His question distracted her from her thoughts turning to look at him she smiled warmly. " I dont think I could eat another thing even if I wanted to.....could always have midnight dessert

later..." she teased giving him a all knowing smile as she finished her wine.

He couldn't help but chuckle at that suggestion. "You read my mind." He just said to her and also finished his wine glass. He held up his hand to the waiter and handed them his creditcard, not wanting Emily to hear the ridiculous price her had been paying for this evening.

"Would be a shame to let this sunset go to waste though. Want to take a stroll with me on the beach?" He asked her as he once again reached his hand out to her. "Surely, knowing you, that was part of your plan for coming here." He smiled at her.

She grinned as he agreed to her suggestion....hopefully that meant he would be staying with her again, she wanted to be selfish on this little break..she wanted to have him with her as much as possible, and it would appear he was under the same mindset.

His next suggestion had her smiling more. " I couldn't agree more...it's just to perfect to say no to.." she agreed, grabbing her bag she popped it over her arm draping her cardigan over the bag safely.

Taking his hand she smiled warmly towards him. " It might of been..." she said softly, entwining their fingers together as they begun the short walk down to the beach. It was still warm even if the sun was setting, it really was a perfect evening...

He walked with her all the way to the water where the sand was harder and easier to walk on from the moist that was in it. He removed his shoes and suggested she would do the same. On bare feet they could walk through the surge, letting the water touch their feet. It was one of his favorite feelings in the world.

He wrapped his arm around her, letting it rest of her waist on the opposite side of him, pulling her close against him as he matched their steps so their hips wouldn't keep bumping into each other. "I am glad you decided to come on this trip." He suddenly said. "I was afraid you would say no." He knew he was bringing on a delicate subject, yet he wanted to talk about it. Not to bring her to tears again.. but to know her thoughts and feelings.

When they got the beach she almost felt a surge of happiness to be there, with him.. it didn't take much for her to remove her shoes, she didn't even need prompting , digging her feet instantly into the sand the warm sand and water beneath her toes felt nice, her dress hung just beneath her knees blowing in the wind the waves rushing over her feet .

Her own arm came to wrap around his waist holding him beside her as they walked, her eyes looking out to the sunset before he spoke, she found her face faltering a little then her hand holding his side a little tighter

" I nearly didn't..." she whispered back her eyes looking forward not really wanting to meet his gaze, perhaps out of nervousness for what she would see behind his...afraid she would see the knowing gaze he often gave her.

" I didn't know if I could stand it...being here with you, and not knowing if...if you wanted me to come or not...things haven't exactly been straight forward between us, I didn't want things to be awkward..."

He took a deep breath as he let her words settle with him. He knew he had been asking a lot of her. He had been hurting her again and again. Yet he had really tried his hardest to stay away from her for a long time and it had made him the unhappiest he had ever been. It was also why he had been so easily convinced any time she had made it clear that she wanted him.

"I know.." he just said, understanding exactly what she meant. "Things are just.. complicated." He said, smiling apologetically. "I did want you to come. For your career of all things. The contacts you made here are going to help you for the rest of your life if you are able to maintain them well. You deserved that change." He said to her before he paused a moment. "And of course I wanted you to say yes for me.." he admitted.

Things are just complicsted she finally looked up to him then " I know..." she said softly in response giving him a small

understanding smile..things were just so complicated it made her head hurt sometimes.

As he spoke about her career she smiled warmly, she knew he was right she knew that this was a great step up the ladder for her getting in with people from another big buisness was amazing, and she felt so lucky to have the opportunity, a opportunity she got because of him...

His next confession had her face softening as she looked up to him, his face silhouetted by the sunset, his features heightened by that beautiful golden glow . " That's Ultimately why I said yes because of you.. " she whispered.

"Seems I'm sucker for you Mr Kingston, and i couldnt pass up the opportunity to get some time with you..." she whispered moving in a little closer to him. " regardless of what that was...and I'm so glad I came...spending this time with you its...it's something I'll remember forever....thankyou "

He was glad to hear that. Glad to hear that even with everything that was happening between them she was enjoying herself and wanted to remember this. It warmed his heart and it made him realize that even though he had hurt her, he had not chased her away. "Same goes for me." He said as he pulled her closer to himself. "I will never forget this.." he whispered softly.

Yet this conversation had gotten to serious and he didn't want it to take that turn it did every other time. So he suddenly

turned towards her, put his arms just under her behind and lifted her up in the air and started to walk them deeper into the water. "I wonder what that dress will look like wet.." he said teasingly.

Emily smiled lovingly towards him then, her hand coming to caress his cheek softly . " I'm glad...I wouldn't want you to..." she whispered, and god she didn't.. she wanted him to remember this as much as she knew she would.

Suddenly how ever he was turning towards her and she could see the playful glint in his eyes. " Nathaniel what a...." but before she could finish he was picking her up causing her to shriek. " Don't you dare! " she screeched at him, her tone playful however grasping her bag she threw it as far up the beech as she could so it wouldn't get wet, her legs quickly coming up to wrap around his waist her dress riding up a little though some of it was hung down enough to hit the waters surface " have you lost your mind..." she said though she couldn't stop the giggles that left her as she tried to stop her self from getting in the water....though something told her all her efforts would probably be pointless.

He loved her responds. It was exactly what he was hoping for. He could feel her struggling, trying to get free from him, yet he was stronger and easily kept her held up against him. "Don't dare what?" He challenged her with a playful grin as he walked them even further into the water. By then the water

reached up to his knees, the lower part of them already getting wet but he didn't care. "Have you lost your mind.." he heard her say, yet it only made him grin more. "That is just the effect you have on me." He chuckled at her.

He had walked into the water far enough to know that if he dropped her she would get pretty wet no matter how much she tried to keep herself up. "So what do I get if I don't drop you in the water?" He challenged her.

" Don't dare what?" He said and she chuckled trying to get futher up his frame. " You know exactly what Mr Kingston so don't stand there playing the innocent man card with me! " she teased her arms coming to cling to his neck slightly harder to keep her self up. Looking down to see the water climbing up his legs.

" This is just the effect you have on me " she laughed then shaking her head " Of course this would be my fault..." she teased, shrieking as she watched the water getting closer..

" Nathaniel come on your not gonna want to take me in that hire car of yours all wet..this dress is expensive! ." Of course he offered her a trade and she narrowed her eyes looking towards him.

" your the one traumatising me here and yet I have to give you something??..." she teased feeling him playfully make her slip in his arms she shrieked holding him tighter.

" Okay okay! " she said hurriedly clinging to him more . " just give me a moment ..has anyone told you ; you have terrible patience! ..." she quickly said...pondering a moment what to do her eyes looking over to the quiet of the beech, looking around a little she couldn't see many people around... chewing on her bottom lip a little she looked back to him. " Take me back to the Beach and I'll show you.." she whispered teasingly towards him.

He enjoyed the feeling of her climbing on him. Of her fingers dragging into his skin just to keep herself away from the water that was in fact quite pleasant. He narrowed his eyes at her as she suggested taking her back to the beach for his rewards. "Hmmm..." he said as he held into her. Yet he saw that lip on her bottom lip, she was planning something and this didn't seem the time to stop her when she seemed to be getting a bit bolder with him.

So he turned around and walked back towards the beach, though doing it slowly, hoping that perhaps she would lose her grip on her own and still tumble down. "This better be worth it Missy, or I am taking you straight back out there." He said back to her with a teasing half grin on his face. Once they got to an acceptable level of water, he dropped her back down so only her ankles were in the water.

she watched the clogs working in his mind then and she could feel her self growing anxious about what she was going to

do....god what if someone saw her?....no she couldn't think like that, if she did there was no way she would do what she had planned...and she knew he worked probably push her in the damn water!

She couldn't help but notice how slow he was walking back now, she huffed a little. " Nathaniel if you go any slower your going to stop! " She teased , the sun dipping lower In the horizon, the red hues it was creating got deeper and stronger glowing across the beach and them.

His threat had her chuckling. " Only if you could catch me..." she teased back playfully, she felt him drop her then , she stood there for a moment as if pondering maybe being dropped in the water might of been better.. .her eyes peeled up the beach a little the hut they were in was quite a distance from where they were now, there was no one else about that she should see..

Her gaze turned to him then, stepping out the water a little bit more so she was on slightly drier sand ...she didn't want to get ber dress wet after all.

" You better enjoy this Mr Kingston...I wont be doing it again..." she teased with a smile, her fingers lifting up then she undone the knots on both arms of her dress her hands coming up she grabbed the hem of her dress before allowing it to fall down her body, grasping the fabric she tossed it over to where her bag was so it wouldn't get wet.

She couldn't stop the blush that came on her face then, only stood in a thin pair of panties her breasts uncovered. " Will this do Mr Kingston?.." she whispered playfully stepping slowly back towards the water.

He didn't expect her to have it in her.. Of course he had hoped her little mind had made up something like this please him with, yet he had thought she would change her mind as soon as it came to it. It might have helped that there was just a small bit of wine in her system, but it didn't seem like it was enough to affect her the way it had before.

He couldn't help but growl at her softly when she stood there undressed, the blush on her face so strong it went all the way to her neck. The grin on his face probably didn't help her either.

He started to undo his buttons, tossing his shirt to where her dress was laying in the sand, his pants soon following so he was left in his boxers before he walked up to her. He embrace her in his arms and kissed her on that beach before he said anything else. "I think you forgot just one thing Miss Weston." He teased her then as he moved her head to the side and kissed her neck, his finger playing with the rim of her panties.

Yes she was blushing , blushing so bad she was sure everyone who looked would probably see that first! God she hoped no one saw her...of course the small growl that escaped his

system snapped her attention fully to him , blushing for a whole new reason as he looked at her like that...how he always looked at her, like she was the most beautiful thing in the world...

She watched him then as he started to remove his own clothes, her smile changing , her eyes appreciating him in the sunset, but god he was so damn good looking it made her chest ache.

She stepped back into the water a bit more feeling the warm water lap up around her calfs , her arms eagerly moving to wrap around his neck kissing him back eagerly.

His teasing words caused her to grin, tilting her head to the side to allow him access to her neck. " I thought you could take those of Mr Kingston..." she whispered against his ear.

He knew she wanted to be in the water. Wanted to hide her body away in the protection of the sea. Yet he wanted her here, basking in that beautiful sunlight that made her look like a goddess came from the heavens. "Is that so?" He asked and wouldn't need her to say that twice. Her hooked his finger under the fabric and moved them down her body not even caring if they landed in the water. His hands then eagerly dug into her soft behind as he kissed her more, deepening the kiss now that their lust for each other seemed to be awakened.

He stalled their walk into the water as much as he could. Only giving her one step where she probably wanted to take three. He wished he could make pictures of her.. the way she looked,

naked in that golden sunlight, thigh deep in the water that only reflected more of that orange into her. "You look beautiful..."

Emily may of responded had he not quickly pulled her panties down, she gasped quickly feeling extremely exposed now the last shred of her clothes had gone...she didn't have much time to ponder anything mind before his lips found hers once more as she groaned into his mouth kissing him back eagerly her hands wrapping around his neck to hold him close .

There steps backwards were going slow...but she didn't care, right now she she was so engrossed in him, his hands, his taste the feeling of him wrapped up around her she didn't care about anything else...

This was special.. the whole evening was special, and she meant what she said.. she never wanted him to forget this...and she was going to do her best to make sure he didn't.

His whispered words caused her to smile lovingly towards him. " You make me feel feel beautiful Nate..." she whispered back to him feeling the water lapping up her legs the soft breeze blowing around them...god she never wanted this to end.

"You should, because you are gorgeous." He said back to her as he kept slowing down their pace. Or at least the pace of their walk. Not the pace of his kissing, not the pace of his hands that were caressing every part of her that they could find.

She probably didn't know how rough sex could be on the beach. How sand got everywhere and made it almost impossible to have an enjoyable time. Because of this he knew that as soon as their crotches touched the water, it would be hard to get what he wanted.. even the water was probably filled with small bits of sand and of anything. You didn't want that water anywhere near the inside of you.

Yet he was enjoying this, and if not here he would find another place to do it with her. A place that would be safe and enjoyable for them both. For now, he wanted to see just how bold she was getting with him. "Let me photograph you." He grinned into her mouth.

Emily blushed deeply then as he called her gorgeous, god but did this man have ever idea just how good he made her feel? The way he touched her complimented ,her, the way he kissed her...the way...fuck the way he simply was with her was enough to make her feel like no other woman mattered but her...he made her feel like she was the only one in the world who mattered.

His next words came and she couldn't help but give a small laugh into his mouth. " Yeah okay..." she said jokingly back...of course under the assumption he was joking...seeing his expression she felt her cheeks grow warm again.

" Oh ...Nate I.. I dunno I'm not good in front of the camera I get all awkward. .." she said bashfully her hands moving around his shoulders to toy through his hair.

He could see her expression dance over her face. The way she first said yes, till she realized that he actually wanted to take them. The way the blush slowly took over from her again made it all the clearer she soon realized that he was not, and he really wasn't.

"Don't say that. You don't even need to pose for me.." he said to her. "I promise I will make you look beautiful." He whispered into her ear as he leaned in closer to him. "You won't even see it is you." He promised her as he gently kissed the skin just underneath her ear, at the base of her neck. "Just say yes." He tempted her.

" don't say that..."

he whispered to her, she felt her skin dance from his gentle words, his breath against her skin.

" I promise I will make you look beautiful..." he whispered against her ear and she closed her eyes leaning into him a bit more to him, she released a small sigh as he kissed down from her ear, down to her neck causing a small shudder to roll through her.

" Just say yes..." he asked again, she tilted her head into him as he kissed her, feeling her body growing from the contact

" Okay..." she finally relented with a small sigh leaving round she kissed his lips. " do it quick before I change my mind..." she whispered against his lips with a small grin.

It was exactly what he had wanted to hear from her. He kissed her one final time, long and passionate before he moved himself back to the shore to grab his mobile phone. He had an expensive one, with a good camera on it that could even play around a bit with settings. He reached it soon, already feeling the sand sticking to his feet as he went to it.

Once he got that phone in his hands he turned around towards her, seeing how she was just awkwardly standing there on her own. He walked a bit more back towards the line where the water met the sand. He went through his knees the, getting closer to the ground. "Just move Em.. enjoy the water." He chuckled at her. He needed her to be more lose, not standing there like she was about to be caught.

He kissed her long and passionate before he left , and she stood there feeling more awkward then she possibly ever could in her life! Why did he tell her...he could of pretended to get something and she would of felt alot more natural! Instead he told her and now she felt a insane amount of pressure to Try and male them look good...

Despite everything she wasn't the most confident person...with him, he brought it out in her but deep down she

still had that lingering feeling that she simply wasn't.. That beautiful at least not like he told her he was...

She heard him shout at her then and she narrowed her eyes at him " Just move em enjoy the water.. ." She mimicked in...before she finally sighed ..okay she could do this..

She closed her eyes breathing deep for a second before she tried to forget he was there...tried to settle her self down and pretend it was just her ..enjoying the water..she opened her eyes then and didn't look at him afraid if she did she would lose her bottle once again.

Instead she relaxed, started to relax, moved her frame through the water, dipping down a little lower before allowing her body to come up, her hands coming to move her hair from her neck stretching her body out slightly more the sunset playing over her naked skin which was scattered with small water droplets from the sea..and in that moment if she could see herself even she would see just how beautiful she looked.

It was perfect and exactly what he needed. He snapped a lot of pictures in a small moment so he could pick out the best of them. The goal wasn't for them to be erotic. He wanted to show her just how beautiful she looked to him and this was the perfect way to do that. Even just watching her enjoying the water like she was he couldn't help but fall deeper in love with her. In this beautiful setting he was simply reminded of just how much he loved her shape.

After just a few minutes he went back into the water, bringing his phone along. It was water proof so he was not too worried. He quickly selected the few pictures that he thought turned out the best. He came up behind her and hugged her close to him as he moved the phone in front of her to show the pictures that he took. "Just look at those and tell me you don't think you are the most beautiful being in this world." He whispered into her ear.



In the moment Emily did lose her self, engrossed in the sunset that was before her, lost in the moment she almost forgot that he was there, taking photos of her...which was good because if she did she would probably chuck her self in the water!

Of course she only became aware that he was there before he came behind her and wrapped his arms around her from behind, she leaned against him then the embarrassment clearly growing in her face again as he brought his phone round, she almost didn't wanna look...afraid of what she would see.

But when she did eventually allow her eyes to take in the photos she gasped, the blush still against her cheeks, but even she couldn't help but admire how she looked in those photos. "Is...is that really me?.." she whispered almost with astonishment as she took the phone from him to get a better look, god...she could hardly believe it was her, turning back to

look at him she smiled lovingly moving in she kissed his lips then holding it for the briefest of moments before pulling back. " Thankyou..., "

The wonder in her voice as she asked if that was really her was clear. She took the phone from him and he happily let her take it to look at the pictures closer. He wrapped his hands around her, letting his fingers dance on her stomach, looking at that phone screen along with her. "Of course that is you." He said to her as he kissed the back of her neck. "You are the only one who is naked on this beach with me." He teased her as he grinned into her neck. He knew he was was likely going to get a good deep blush from her for that one.

"I can send them to you. So the next time you ever feel insecure, all you have to do is look at those pictures to remind yourself just how beautiful you are." He offered her.

As he expressed that of course it was her , she smiled softly looking to the photo a bit more as she felt his hand go across her stomach. Feeling his lips on the back of her neck.

Of course his neck words did indeed cause her to blush reminding her that she was indeed naked...on the beach . " Thanks for reminding me..." she whispered back bashfully.

His next suggestion had her pondering, before she turned to look at him smiling warmly through her blush. " I'd like that..." she said slipping his phone back to him carefully so it didn't drop.

He took his phone back from her and locked it again. He would make sure those pictures were kept safe even if nobody would recognize her if they did leak out. He wouldn't risk it though, he would keep them safe and even delete them if she wished too. As long as she had them, that reminder of how beautiful she was it was enough for him.

"Let's get out of here." He said to her then and kissed her one more time in the neck. "Before I drop you in the water after all." He teased after that as he once again lifted her up into the air.

Emily watched him take his phone back, her eyes looking out to the sunset one more time before she heard his words, feeling his kiss to her neck she smiled.

"Let's go.." turning round she heard his tease as she chuckled lightly feeling him pick her up as she held him once more, feeling him wade through the water until they got to the beach, she looked around and didn't see anyone thankfully...heading to her pile of clothes she grabbed her dress looking around for her panties she frowned.

"What did you do with my pants Nathaniel?.." she asked seeing his expression she groaned knowing full well she would have to walk round with no underwear on now...damn man probably planned that...she smiled at her thoughts as she tugged her dress back on.

He walked her back to the beach, only letting her back own to the ground when they almost reached the shore line again. She went over to her pile of clothes and he went over to his. The bottom of his pants had gotten just slightly wet and were covered in sand, but he would be able to brush that off him soon enough.

He looked over to her with a grin when she talked about her panties. He actually didn't know where they were. He must have dropped them in the water. Yet he was amused by her obvious guess that he had something to do with it. "Are they not there?" He chuckled. "Mother earth must have wanted you naked too." He shrugged as he started to button up shirt. "It is alright Em, nobody will know but me." He said to her.

Emily shot him a look then as he laughed and claimed he didn't know where they were. "No there not here..." she grumbled at him, like him the bottom of her dress was wet but she could deal with it...

Hearing his teasing words she shook her head with a chuckle. "Well mother nature wouldn't of got hold of it if someone was more careful with them now..." she teased doing the straps of her dress up ensuring it was sited properly on her.

"That's bad enough..." she teased with a grin over to him as she grabbed her bag and brushed the sand off

"You don't mean that at all." He said with a big grin as he walked over to her and let his hand go over his behind and felt

how those panties were missing there. "Secretly you like it.." he just whispered in her ear. "With you little love for almost getting caught." He gave her one more kiss to the side of her head before he started to really brush the sand of his pants as much as he possibly could.

" I do..." she teased back, a playful grin against her face through the teasing how ever, she felt his hands come and stroke her bare behind her, feeling the blush coming across her face as she huffed playfully.

" I dont really have much choice now do I?... " she teased his warm breath against her ear had her shudder lightly..his next words caused her to brush even more peering to look at him.

" Seems your just a bad influence on me..." she teased getting her self sorted she went back over to him taking his hand, the sun dipping alot lower in the ocean as she walked side by side with him again back towards where the car was.

"I think I am an amazing influence." He teased her as he once again pulled her close to him as they started their walk back towards the restaurant. The sun really was dipping down now and blue was starting to take over from the orange. "I think I make you see just how gorgeous you are." He reminded her. "I think I am making you realize that you can be bolder then you thought you could." He said after that, easily listing things off with her. "I like showing you just how much you are capable off." He grinned.

Their walk went quick. Even if they had seemed to have walked quite a bit it really was not that far away. The rented cabrio still waiting for them in the parking lot. He once more brushed off that sand, making sure as little of it got into the car as he could. "You ready to say goodbye to this place?" He asked her.

"Of course you are.." she teased him, walking side by side with him as they walked down the beach, it was growing a little darker now the sun setting futhur past the ocean , her eyes taking it in for a second longer.

Of course everything he relayed to her she couldnt help but smile shaking her head as she couldn't even argue with any of those! . "Ive noticed...", she teased thinking about all the things he had made her do already..

They made it to the car, Emily brushing her dress and everything she could to make sure she didn't get to much sand in it as well. Turning to look towards the beach her face faltered. "Not really..." her face took on a slightly more saddened expression. "But...can't stay here forever right?..." *If only*

"I am afraid not." He said to her as he opened the passenger door for her to get into the car. Once she did he once again put his sunglasses on and started the engine of the beautiful car he had gotten them.

He didn't need to put anything into the navigation system. He knew where he was going and it might not be exactly what Emily was expecting from him.

After a while they found themselves driving on a long road with a big stretch of forest to the side of them. The sky was really starting to darken and the streetlights were turned on. He moved his hand to rest on her leg again then, moving her dress a little to the side to expose her leg through the slit. "Do you remember what you told me last night?" He asked her.

Of course she knew they couldn't, but the thought was nice anyway, she watched the ocean for as long as she could, watching how it vanished away from view and she felt a little sad to be leaving it, she loved the ocean...she was just glad she got to see it.

Emily watched out the window as they drove, before she noticed they weren't exactly headed in the direction of the hotel...she saw the built up forest either side of her, the sun was starting to vanish now, she felt his hand come over to her leg brushing her dress away...his words came to her then and she swallowed feeling a blush creeping up against her cheeks.

"I told you a few things last night, you have to be a bit more specific. .." she teased back, her hand coming down to rest on his pushing it up slightly more so it could rest against her thigh a bit more.

He kept his eyes on the road, knowing he had to keep them safe. So he couldn't look to see the expression on her face as he asked her the questions. Was she playing dumb? Or did she really not remember? The chance was there that she didn't, she had drunk a lot after all.

She pushed his hand up and he gladly took the invitation to move up, perhaps even further than she had meant too. His hand finding its way between her legs even as his eyes were still on the road. "I asked you what was a place you wanted to have sex, but were afraid to." He reminded her, wondering if it would trigger the memory for her.

Emily felt her breath catch in her throat as his hand travelled further up her dress, unable to stop her self from shifting in the car so he had better access to her.

His words made her sigh a little biting down on her bottom lip as the memory came flooding back that she wanted to ride him..in a car...and now here they were in a car.." I said I wanted to have sex in a car.." she whispered out a little sheepishly

He couldn't help the grin that came in his face. She remembered. That was exactly what she had told him. Yet she had probably meant a car with a room. A car that would give her more protection against everything around her. A car that was anything but a cabrio.

His hand just found its way more between her legs, having better access as she had let her body slug a bit. He found that spot and rubbed her softly. "Correct." He said to her as he let the car slow down and pulled up into a secluded little area that was an entrance to the forest. He almost let the car turn off from not shifting, but he had not wanted to take his hand off her.

Emily found her self biting down on her bottom lip as he agreed on what she said, she felt nerves rolling through her then, this car was a cabrio...it was open...it wasn't closed in...she could see they were secluded away from everyone apart from the forest around them.

She felt his hand moving over the soft spot between her legs and she couldn't stop the small moan that left her lips as he toyed with her.

"Nathaniel..." she whispered out enjoying the feel of his hand on her, her own hand came to his thigh then, squeezing it softly before it travelled up and to his zipper where she started to pull it down...

He wanted her to be bolder..he wanted her to explore different things...she knew she wasn't going to have this chance to show him again just what he did to her...how he made her feel...how much she wanted to please him..so she was intent on doing it now.

Finally getting the zipper down she shifted his trousers open more her hand moving in to find his shaft as she started to run her hands along it slowly at first tilting her head back as she felt her self growing warmer by the second...at his contact..and the situation she was in.

He turned of the engine of the car, killing the headlights along with it. The darkness took over around them and would hopefully make Emily feel a bit more secure about the situation.

Now that the car was stopped he could pay more attention to her and he shifted slightly as she too got more into it. He felt her hand searching for his zipper and reaching in to bring his length into her grasp. He groaned for her as she ran her hands along it. He moved his hand more into her aswell, starting to feel that wetness forming there along with some heat.

He reached down with his other hand to adjust his seat in the most back position that he could get it for her before he turned back to her and kissed her mouth. "Just relax. Enjoy me." He whispered in her mouth. "Just feel me." He said and kissed her again. "I want you in every way, Emily. I want to explore with you, experience with you, learn what you love and hate."

Emily felt the car finally stop, saw how the lights went out around them and they were plunged into mostly darkness apart from the vague lights from the road behind them, it was quiet apart from the noise that came from them.

She heard the seat move back, before she watched him come over and kissed her, and she kissed him back eagerly. Her hand shifting in his trousers as she tried to grasp him better. His words sent shudders through her as she finally started to relax and got into it. Groaning as she allowed her hips to move in the seat moving into him more.

His words only sent more shudders through her that he wanted to explore her learn more about her and that sent a groan vibrating through her mouth as she kissed him. Wanting better access to him. " Take your trousers of.." she whispered against his lips. " I want to feel you better.." she bit playfully down on his bottom lip before kissing him hotly again.

She didn't need to tell him twice and he took his hand away from her just long enough for him to pull his trousers down, pulling his boxers along with them just because. He pulled them towards the ground, leaving around ankles as he brought his hands back to her.

He reached for her hips, pulling her more towards him. He groaned into her mouth, her fingers still on him. He had wanted her for hours now. He had wanted her on that beach. So now that it was so close he couldn't help but just want her now. Yet this was her fantasy, her choice. He needed to go with her rhythm.

Emily felt as he pulled away from her long enough to yank those trousers and boxers down groaning now as she had better access to him, her hand moving over his shaft with more ease, her hand running up and down it slowly at first before picking up a little bit more speed and then slowing back down again.

She felt him grab her hips and drag her towards him, but she didn't settle against his lap ..at least not yet. Her hands moved down to her dress hoisting it up so it sat better at her hips before reaching to pull down the top half exposing her breasts to him.

God she wanted him, she wanted to buy him inside of her ride them both to orgasm but she wasn't done playing with him yet...he always drove her to the brink of insanity everytime they were together for once she wanted to do the same for him.

She twisted her body more bending down to kiss him more eagerly her lips moving from his across his jaw to his ear. " Patience Mr Kingston....I'm not finished with you yet..." she whispered teasingly into his ear nipping in the bottom lobe. He wanted her bolder...now was her time to be bold. " Tonight it won't be me screaming your name..." she whispered huskily into his ear.

Her head dropped then dipping down his body until she found his shaft holding it at the base she wrapped her tongue around

the tip teasing him with gentle strokes around it before gliding down his shaft.

" Tell me how much you want me..." she whispered up to him playing his game right back at him..he never wanted to forget this he said.. she was gonna make damn sure he didn't.

He couldn't help but look at her with slight confusion in his face. Who was this girl and where did she come from? She couldn't help but feel slightly amused by the fact that she was using his own words against him. He had told her before that he loved confidence, loved a woman who knew exactly what she wanted. This was the first time that Emily actually seemed to take the control, setting the pace instead of following his. And god it was sexy.

He enjoyed her mouth on his jaw and ear as she whispered to him. "I wouldn't want you to be finished with me." He teased her back. If she thought he would easily give in to her, she would be wrong. He wasn't shy blushing Emily. He would not held back by her simple comments towards him, all it did was make him enjoy this moment even more.

He watched as she went down on him and he couldn't help te moan escaping his mouth as he felt her hot mouth on him, her tongue teasing him before she eventually took him into her mouth. His hand went into her hair, grabbing a hand full as he stretched his head back from the amazing feeling. He however didn't move her or restrict her movements.

“I want you Emily.” He said into the evening air. “I wouldn’t have brought you here if I didn’t. Wouldn’t have brought you to a place where you could moan to your hearts content with only the birds able to hear you.” He said to her, teasing her. “I want you to ride me.. bite me.. I want to feel you tighten around me as you come.” He never sounded embrased as he said those words.

the sounds of the moans that escaped him sent shivers through her, but god she loved to hear him when he moaned , loved to watch his face as it twisted with the pleasure he felt...pleasure that she gave him.

Emily's eyes looked up him as he spoke his words so bold so brass so full of confidence it brought a small blush to come across her face, but she wasn't done her mouth took his shaft back into it allowing it to glide in and out slowly at first before she got a little quicker, watching as he arched his back the way his head stretched sent shockwaves of pleasure through her seeing what she was capable of doing to him was sending more confidence soaring through her.

" You want me to ride you Nathaniel?... " she whispered against his shaft her breath hot as he spread against his damp shaft, her tongue flicking around the top.of his shaft her hand rolling slowly up and down ..clearly teasing him her face watching his expression as she did, even she was surprised by her own boldness her own desire to please him...but that's

what it was, he said he like a girl with confidence she wanted to show.him she could do that...even if it wasn't all the time...

The way her mouth was working him was good. He really did find himself groaning as she took him in her mouth. She felt so warm and hot around him. He could feel himself twitch every now and then. He looked at her, seeing how her mouth moved in and out of him and it was so sexy. He liked this.

Yet when it came to the teasing is where he was struggling. He had to bite down on her teeth to just let her do her thing even if it meant teasing him. Yet he wanted to grab that beautiful head of hair and push her back down on him. Tell her that she liked that mouth on him more then he liked it talking. Yet this wasn't the time for that.. this wasn't the time to satisfy his need to have control.

So he let her play her game with him, even if it meant he would need to hold himself back. "I do, did I stutter?" He simply chuckled at her. "I also believe it was you who wanted to ride me, remember?" He told her as he brushed her hand over her cheek. He couldn't give her full control.. it just wasn't in his nature. He would tease her back.

she enjoyed watching his face display as she teased him, knowing he was enjoying it always seemed to bring her more enjoyment.

She wasn't silly she could see the slight frustration there on his gaze...his teasing words that rolled out from his mouth had

her grinning..she was half tempted to continue, to see how she could push him...but she didn't, truth be told she was desperate for him, desperate to have him inside of her since he walked into her hotel room earlier that day..

She pulled her mouth away from him her hand still moving a little bit on his shaft as her lips teased up his leg, nipping his thigh playfully before she moved her self up to his neck kissing the flesh there , biting against it playfully. " Temper Temper Mr Kingston.. " she teased into his ear kissing the lobe .

She finally released his shaft shifting her frame she moved to straddle his frame getting her self into a position she was comfortable her hands moving to stroke up his chest unbuttoning the buttons there so she could pull his shirt apart desperately wanting to touch his chest, she leaned down kissing his lips hungrily now, her hips moving round lift up, feeling his shaft at her entrance she wasted no time in allowing him to fall inside of her slowly groaning into his mouth as she did feeling him deep inside her already was enough to send a shudder through her.

Luckily she decided that enough as enough and stop the teasing. He didn't know if he could have lasted too much long to let her play that game with him, even if he had wanted to. He had a limit to how much he could be teased without teasing back and he knew he was stronger then her. It would have

been a little of an unfair fight that would have likely ended up with her on the hood of that car, but hopefully she would have enjoyed that to. Yet, this was better, it was the way she wanted it. The way she had been dreaming of it.

“Temper Temper Mr Kingston..” she said into his ear. “Never around you.” He just said back as he put his hands on her hips to feel how she was slowly inching closer to her. He knew she was close now, feeling how she guided him to her entrance as she kissed him eagerly. And he returned her kisses, waiting for that perfect time when she lowered herself down to thrust himself inside of her as well. He groaned into her mouth at the same time she did. “Finally..” he couldn’t help but say as he grinned into her mouth. “You going to ride me like a good girl?” He asked her, not able to hold back that little bit of dominance after she had kept him waiting for that long.

"Never around me huh?.." she teased leaving it at that not wanting to bring up his jealous outburst now, she felt his hands on her hips as he thrust up into her as she lowered down and got it felt good. Her body taking a moment to adjust to the position, closing her eyes for a moment to feel him there, her hips started to grind slowly on top of him, rolling him in and out slowly with a groan.

At his words she smiled bending down to kiss his neck , god she wanted to tease him more, wanted to wind him up but she knew his limit was probably reaching Its limit and she didn't

wanna push it...she was enjoying her self, him allowing her to do what she wanted ...and she didn't want him to take over

" Yes sir ..." she whispered in his ear before she grabbed the seat behind him and stayed to rock her hips up and down slowly at first groaning as she felt him moving inside of her before she started to pick up the pace going a little quicker.

He almost felt like a teenager again. Sneaking of to fuck a girl in a car. That was the kind of stuff he had done when he had not had a comfortable bed to do it in. Yet he loved doing this with her. To do it in new placed, get new experiences. The truth was that this might have been the most exciting place she had ever done it. Either this or the balcony they had enjoyed last night. And he liked that.

He stretched our his neck as she started to move her hips on him. He tried to let her do the work, yet he couldn't help but move along just a small bit with her. God she felt good. She was still tight and comfortable, just like that first night so many months ago. "That's it." He said as she got going. "Was this what you were imagining when you told me this last night?" He asked her with a small grin on his face. He wanted to know he was fulfilling that fantasy for her.

Emily groaned against his neck her lips travelling up it playfully, sucking on the flesh Just a bit. She felt him move beneath her and she moaned a little louder. Her hands moving

from the seat to come to his shoulders wrapping them around him to hold him better.

His words caused her to shiver , groaning as she arched her own back a little bit her hips stayed to rock a little quicker on top of him. " Yes...this was exactly how I imagined it.." she moaned out , she could her self growing closer to a orgasm now. " God Nate.." she moaned her fingers digging into his shoulders as she begun to buck her hips more her groans coming out louder and more frequently.

She kept picking up and pace and soon she was moving fast enough before him where her breasts were bouncing up and down before him. Her hands would hold on to her shoulders as she really started to get going and he could feel his sex twitching around him, something that seemed to indicate that she was getting closer.

He moved a bit then and leaned forward to take one of he breasts in his mouth and he started to move along with her more. He bit down on her nipple softly, hoping it would be that last push she needed as he knew he had mere seconds before he would. And with just a few more thrusts with her nipple in his mouthe he exploded inside her, grunting loudly into her breast.

Emily felt ber breath picking up , her hands gripped his shoulders tighter now , god she was so close she could feel it building inside of her core.

She felt him move forward then her arms wrapping around his neck before she felt him bit down on her nipple and she cried out, feeling her orgasm rock deep inside of her the same time his did, she whimpered and moaned still afterwards her hips grinding against him for a bit longer to keep the pleasure going for a bit more before finally she stopped, leaning down she pressed her forehead against his, bending down she would kiss him, her kiss soft and tender how ever as her hand dragged through his hair.

Having her ride her own orgasm out was a magnificent sight to see. He could see every single detail on her face as the different stages crossed it, all the way till she crashed against him. He let go of her nipple, leaving a small layer of saliva behind on it before his forehead fell to his.

He was out of breath even after doing almost nothing to assist her in this little adventure of hers, yet it had been intense and amazing. "And this is why you tell me your fantasies." He said to her as he kissed her back, his hand gently against her cheek and in her hair. "Because I might just make them happen."

Emily felt her cheeks blush then at his words, unable to stop herself from giving a breathless chuckle bending down to nuzzle his neck peppering small kisses against his flesh. "I'll be sure to keep that in mind..." she whispered.

Bending back up she allowed her hands to roll up his bare chest before she dragged her nails down, her breath still hitching as she was still trying to come down from her orgasm

"care to enlighten me with any other fantasies you have Mr Kingston?..." she whispered bending down to kiss his lips again dragging his bottom lip out with her teeth playfully before releasing it.

"I wanna know yours to.." she whispered against his lip. And she did, she wanted to give him his own wild fantasias, he always gave her so much, he pleased her in ways no one has before and she wanted to do the same for him.

He enjoyed how cuddly she always became after. She seemed to just want to stay close to him even if they both had found their release. He just held her close. Brushing his hand softly against her cheek and neck.

She kissed him again and dragged his bottom lip between her teeth. He just dragged her back in, deepening their kiss as he stalled a bit for time before he told her what she wanted to know. Would she be up for what he had to tell her.

"Just know you can say no." He whispered into her ear after he broke the kiss. "This has to be fun for the both of us." He knew not everyone could be into the things that he was. "I want to tie you down to the bed.." he said then into her ear as he bit her earlobe. "I want to blindfold you.." he added to it, hoping

she was liking the idea. "And I want to tease your body in so many ways till you beg me to take you."

she felt him drag her mouth back in as she kissed him back hungrily, his whisper into her ear had her shuddering as she pondered exactly what he wanted to say to her.

" just tell me.." she whispered back, her smile soft as her hands moved to run through his hair. She felt his head dip to the side before his whispers into her ear so her breath hitching in her chest, she felt her heart start to race inside of her chest and her mouth run dry..

She had never done anything like that with anyone, and she would be lying if she said she wasn't nervous, but the sheer thought of him having access to her body to do what ever he wanted...had her clenching tightly..being blind folded her whole body being sensitive to his touch her her face twisting with pleasure as she bit down on her lip, moving back to look towards him.

" You want to do that with me?..." she whispered her tone showing slightly just how excited and anxiousness that idea had made her. " Ive never done anything like that before.." she whispered but her face showed she was leaning more towards the idea then against. " I'd like to try it though, with you..."

He didn't know what to expect when it came to her reaction, so he simply studied her face and tried to understand what was going on in her head. It might be just a step to far for a girl

who was just starting to experiment with her sexuality. Yet she had asked.. and even then he had kept his suggestion tame compared to how he could have said it to her.

And a battle on her face it was. He saw how she went from unsure to slightly tempted. It seemed that considering it, seeing herself in that position in her mind was slowly convincing her. And even when he was already starting to get soft inside of her he could feel that clench that happening. He couldn't help with grin.

“Yes.” He just said back to her as she asked if he wanted to do that with her. “Very much so.” He smiled at her as he leaned forward and kissed the side of her face as she still seemed to try and figure out how she felt about it. “We can try if you want.” He said to her gently. “I won't force you to do anything Em. The moment you tell me you don't like it I will stop.” He assured her.

Emily was indeed considering it, having something like that done to you...it did make her feel anxious it did have her pondering if she would indeed like to try it, the funny thing was if it was with anyone else she would probably say no, probably wouldn't even give it a thought...but with him? She wanted to try things, she wanted to go out of her comfort zone and explore what she might enjoy or what she wouldn't...she trusted him.

"We can try if you want." His soft voice came out then her hands moving to toy with the shirt that was open, she brought it back in to cover his chest her fingers roaming over the buttons there, chewing her bottom lip lightly.

" You promise if I say stop you will?... " she whispered out gently to him waiting for confirmation before she smiled down to him, leaning down she kissed him sweetly before leaning back and nodded towards him

" We can try it..." she finally said , her hands moving to his shoulder and to his neck allowing her fingers to dance at the back of his neck toying with the short strands of hair there.

He couldn't stop that smile taking over his face when she seemed to agree. "If you say stop, we stop." He confirmed with her. He wouldn't break her trust. He was already more the happy that she seemed alright with it, that she was open for it. Of course she was unsure, it was natural. What he was proposing was probably a scenario that she had only seen in kidnap movies and rape scenes. This wouldn't be like that. He would make her feel good. He was simply going to take away some of her senses, make her unable to do anything but give in to the sensations of her body. He didn't think she would say stop once he started.

He kissed her gently then, thanking her for the trust that she was giving him as they sat there in the darkness at the entrance of the woods. "You want to go back then?" He asked

her. Not that he wanted to do that right now with her, it just seemed like the appropriate time to go.

just knowing that he would stop when they said stop was enough for her, she was apprehensive still and unsure about the concept of it, but something deep down inside of her was screaming at her to go for it, everytime they came together he made her feel good, he did things to her body that no one had ever done before, and she knew this would be no different..

She peered around the dark wood then realising how dark it had gotten, his suggestion had her nodding. " Yeah let's head back..." she said moving of him slowly she went back to her seat, readjusting her dress and getting it back on properly she settled into her seat placing her belt on.

He bit his lip as she got off him, feeling himself slip out of her. He quickly grabbed a bit of tissue that he had brought and wiped himself clear before he also pulled back up his boxer and pants. He pushed the seat back to the front and got it adjusted in a comfortable position for him to drive before he turned the car back on and pulled back into that quiet road they had been driving on before they got here.

"I wonder what Mr Ledger has been up to." He chuckled as they got back on the road, the wind still rushing around their face, slightly colder now then it had before but not unpleasant. "I doubt he had as good a time as we had."

Emily heard him bring up Sam and she couldn't help but chuckle leaning back in her seat and she simply enjoyed the slightly cooler breeze that blew around her. " I can put money on he met with his new pen pal..." she teased with another chuckle.

" I doubt he had as good a time as we had.." she grinned then shaking her head " Oh I dunno ..don't forget he was with her for minimal of two hours earlier....," she teased before she chuckled again. " I'm sure he is enjoying himself what ever he is upto...as long as he is behaving himself...to a certain degree anyway " she groaned hoping to god he wasn't doing anything to embarrass himself.. .she honestly couldn't care about him, but she cared about Nates business and whilst they were here anything they did could reflect back into it.

“Well, can’t blame him for what he does in his own time.” He chuckled back. And it as true, he wasn’t mad if Sam was with a girl now. It was his right. Yet doing it inside the US today.. that had been a dumb and risky move from his side and he would surely hear from him about it. “I hope he is enjoying his holiday.” And he meant that.

He enjoyed the calm of the evening, it was so nice and calming. He would need to go out for a drive like this more often, even if it was on his own. It really was making him feel relaxed. “So what else was on your list of things you wanted to do here in Florida?”

" In his own Time yes..." she teased unable to stop her self from chuckling as she thought back to his reaction earlier when he came to join them, how happy and proud he seemed to be with himself and that just made her laugh more. Only he could get away with that kind of stuff...

" I'm sure he is, it's beautiful round here I'm not really sure how you couldn't..." she she meant that, she loved being in florida..the heat , the sun, the people..everything was just nice here...she would be sad to leave.

His next question had her pondering. " Going to the ocean was the only big thing I had on my list, apart from that I didn't have much planned apart from laying out in the sun...because let's face it when we go home it's going to be cold and wet and ...ugh..." she frowned then typical British weather.

"Very true, especially around this time a year." He reminded her. Not that the time of year mattered to much in London. It really was horrible all year round. They had summer for like two weeks a year and then it was gone again. "You going to get a tan going then?" He teased her. She would look beautiful with a bit of color on her skin he bet.

"You better figure out what to do quickly then, you have one more day left Miss Weston." He said to her as they started to get back into the world on the living and would be at the hotel soon enough. "I have a few places I need to go tomorrow. Some appointment that don't involve you and Mr Ledger." He

said, thinking about his agenda. Not everyone had been happy to meet him on a Sunday with him, but it had been the only day he still had time to spend. "But after that I should have some more time for myself as well."

"Hmmm it's lovely here.." she said and she meant it, she loved the warm and the sun sometimes she wondered why she never went somewhere warmer, she was never a fan of the cold or the rain and she lived in probably one of the worst countries for it!

At his tease she smiled. "Maybe a little one.." she teased back.

She groaned then as he reminded her they only had one day left. ..one day left..she turned to look at him then, she wanted to spend it with him...knowing full well when they got back things would be very different..the thought had her face faltering she didn't want to think about that now..

"I'd like to spend more time with you...if I can" she said gently her hand coming to rest on his leg then giving it a small squeeze.

He smiled and moved his hand over to her leg to give her thigh a squeeze. "We can do that." He said happily. Of course he would spend time with her. He wanted nothing more. Yet when he had planned this trip he had not thought he would. He had planned for business to happen here, not for him to have free time to spend with Em. "You just need to think of

what you want to do.” He said with a smile. He was sure she had more she wanted to actually do than him. He just wanted to be close

she smiled happily as he agreed to wanting to spend more time with her, feeling his hand squeeze hers she allowed her fingers to dance over his thigh playfully.

" Nate..." she said carefully turning her head to look at him, the soft golden hues of the street lights illuminating his face. " What about you?...is there something you want to do? I want to spend tomorrow doing something you want to do.." she said smiling over to him . " You work so hard all the time, you deserve time to do things you want to do, and I'll be happy with what ever we do...as long as its with you "

He chuckled to that, of course she could do that. “I have already done everything I wanted to do Em.” He said softly, his eyes staying on the road as he was getting ready to pull up to the hotel. “I took you out to dinner.” He just said. It had been something he had wanted to do since the very start. Sit down and have a dinner with her. It was such an innocent thing, yet that had been the thing he had really wanted from her.

As he pulled up into that parking lot he couldn't help but look around making sure that Sam was not around. He was the only person who was not allowed to see them together like this. Even if he was half convinced that Sam was up in his room

with whatever lady he managed to pull from the street, he wanted to be careful. "Coast clear." He just chuckled before he got out of the car. He gave his keys to the guy up front, letting him know it was a rental and needed to be returned. They gladly agreed and that would be the end of the car for them.

" I have already done everything I wanted to do em.." she gave him a look then, wanting to ask him exactly what it was he did..

" I took you to dinner..." she felt her self smile warmer then, that was the only thing he wanted to do with her, was take her to dinner, and she felt her chest clench with tenderness then...he was to much sometimes.

She remembered then what he said about shopping...about what he wanted to do...she found a blush cross her features as she thought about it, it would be one more thing she could do for him..to fulfill one more of his own fantasies.

When they pulled up she removed her hand from his thigh , of course she knew they needed to be careful to, peering around she noticed no one around . Smirking at his teasing words as she climbed out ensuring her dress was properly on her .

They walked into the lobby and he kept looking around to make sure nobody saw them together. Well not nobody, just not Sam. Yet nothing was visible of Sam anywhere so they seemed to have come by without much issue. He walked them towards the elevator and for now he didn't take her hand or

anything. He remembered their little outburst just the day before and it honestly made him chuckle softly at himself while they went up.

When the elevator reached their floor he once again peered around to see if Sam was anywhere but he wasn't. "Let me just get some things from my room and I will come over to yours." He said, sneaking a small kiss on her forehead before he went to grab his things

Of course Emily looked around just the same as he did, she didn't want Sam to see them anymore then he did, she knew the kind of damage it could do to him..and despite her need and desire to have that *normal* relationship with him..she knew that couldnt happen, not now anyway.

Stepping into the elevator she to smiled at her own thoughts.. how very different today was compared to yesterday. Fishing into her bag she grabbed her key, smiling as he said he would come to her room she nodded. " Okay..." heading to her room she walked in, flicking the small light on.

She felt a little grubby after their time on the beach, she still felt like she had sand on her and was itching to shower, but she would wait for him to arrive first.

Instead she opened the balcony doors heading out to grab her notes she started to put them in tidy piles on her desk figuring she could sort them out more tomorrow by the pool..the

thought of sitting by the pool had her grinning any excuse to be in the sunshine.

He went into his room and grabbed a few things that he would need for the night. A new pair of clothes, especially boxers, some bathroom supplies and even his laptop, just in case they had some downtime for him to work on some e-mails. They had been together for almost the entire afternoon after all, he didn't know if she needed some downtime after all of that. The last thing he did was ruffling up his sheets, needing it to look like he at least sort of slept in it this time.

He left his room then and walked down the hallway till he reached Emily's room. knocking on the door.

Emily was still pottering about checking over her notes now unable to leave them alone it seemed, she was just so excited about everything she learned today and couldn't help to put it into practise.

Hearing the door she walked over to it opening it eagerly with a smile seeing all the bits she had she couldn't help but chuckle. " You sure you got everything there?.." she teased as she watched him walk in.

She closed the door then locking it gently. " I'm gonna jump in the shower and I can still feel sand beneath my toes and it isn't all that comfortable.. I won't be long.." pecking his lips quickly before she vanished into the bathroom pulling the

door up but not closing it completely as the sound of the shower came on

He couldn't help but chuckle at her as she teased him. "No, but luckily my room isn't far away." He just answered her as he moved himself inside. He nodded to her as she talked about getting into the shower, she was right, sand got everywhere.

He noticed how she left the door half open, yet this time he decided he would let her enjoy it on her own. It had already been a long day and surely they were not done yet. He walked over to the notes she had and looked over them, reading over what she wrote in that beautiful handwriting of hers. She had taken great notes and seemed to have asked a lot of questions, a lot of the right question. He soon became entangled in reading them, refreshed to her look on some things.

Emily was almost grateful he left her to enjoy the shower by her self, it was nice to simply unwind under the hot sprays of the shower, feeling her body relaxing under the warm sprays as she simply stood there for a moment before eventually washing, she even washed her hair the feeling of sand seemed to get everywhere it appeared as much as she liked it, she definitely didn't want to keep feeling it.

Stepping out of the shower she dried her self tossing her robe on before she grabbed another towel running it through her hair as she finally stepped out of the bathroom, finding him then sitting and reading over her notes which had her

blushing, suddenly felt a sense of worry incase everything she wrote was a compleye waste of time!

" Inspecting my work Mr Kingston?... " she teased though it was clear she was a bit nervous about him reading them! As she continued to run the towel through her hair

He had almost not even noticed her getting out of the shower as he had been so interested in the notes that she had taken about the company. It really seemed that in those four hours she had been with them without her she had been working hard on getting the tips and tricks to survive the industry. It had probably been the difference between her four hours and Sam's two hours. She had stayed for her own agenda when theirs was done.

"Inspecting my work Mr Kingston..?" He heard her ask and he looked up. "Not inspecting. Interested." He said to her with a smile and placed the paper down on the table again. "You keep great notes." He complimented her and got up from the chair. He had not meant to invade her privacy, he had just found himself unable to stop. "Mind if I grab a shower as well?"

She smiled then at his response as he said he was interested....regardless of anything he was still her boss and it made her feel good to know he was interested in her notes, she just hoped they were okay.

" You keep great notes..." she found her self smiling more then knowing he was impressed with what she had written.." Well

I'm glad you think so, I Need to organise them a bit better.
..there all over the place at the moment.." she said almost with annoyance that she didn't have them exactly how she wanted them.

" Sure..go ahead " she said moving into the bedroom. " want me to order us drinks?..."

“Perhaps, but they are there, you will get them organized soon enough.” He said as he smiled at her. He moved towards the bathroom then, grabbing some of his stuff along the way to use. “Yeah, why not.” He said, curious that she wanted to drink more. Not that he minded it one bit.

He moved into the bathroom, leaving the door partly open like she had done and got under the warm water. It was nice to get the sand washed away from himself, only then noticing how it had gotten basicly everywhere. He could feel it just gliding of him and he took two good rounds of washing before he felt he had gotten everything. He got himself padded down afterwards, also drying off his hair. He looked in the mirror and rubbed his chin. Man he needed a shav..

" Hopefully.." she said with a shrug, she knew she would get there eventually ...trouble with her she was a perfectionist and it had to be the way it needed to be or she simply couldn't settle.

Reaching for the phone she ordered them both a drink each, just the one...if anything she didn't want to get drunk tonight,

she wanted to enjoy the evening sober...she didn't feel like she did that alot of the time recently.

The drinks arrived fairly quickly and she left his on the side to sort out, grabbing hers she moved over to the table, sitting by the balcony doors, she couldnt stop her self from bringing her notes forward, as she started to work on them a little organising them into the right categories on separate pad.

Once he did come out of the shower his hair was still half clinging to his face and the slight bit of fluff on his stomach and chest was more pronounced with it still being wet. He had a towel wrapped around his waist, wanting to at least be half decent as he walked back into the room.

Just seeing her sitting there, fumbling over her notes again, a drink at her side made him realize how crazy this weekend was. How did he get so lucky to be here with her. To be in a spot where didn't only feel satisfied on a sexual levels, but on a mental level as well. Even just sing her sitting there, chewing on the end of her pen he could stare at her for hours. He took his phone then, knowing it was connected to the hotel wifi and started to send the pictures he had taken from her before to her through a secured sharing platform. "Those pictures should be in your inbox." He said to her as he walked closer and softly brushed her half wet hair away from her face. "You want me to delete them from my phone?" He asked.

Emily hadn't even noticed he had come out of the shower she was far too engrossed in her notes at this point, work had a way to simply suck her in, she found she lost all sense of the world around her when she was working, but she found she it amazingly rewarding, getting things like this done.

She only became aware of something when she heard her phone ping, looking to it on the side she saw it was from Nathaniel and blushed, seeing it had attached files she knew what they were...

She leaned back then hearing his words she smiled, feeling him brush her hair from her neck she sighed shaking her head. " No...keep them, gives you something to remember this trip with ." She whispered softly she wanted to say more...about how he could look at them when he was alone at home on the couch like he told her he normally was..but she didn't wanna bring up.home..she didn't wanna think about that, right now she wanted to enjoy what they had, whilst they still had it.

“Then I will make sure to keep them somewhere safe.” He promised her as he placed his hands on her shoulders and massaged is a bit before he walked from her again. He grabbed his glass from the table and watched as the ice cubes floated in the golden liquid. Ice could be so much fun, yet she seemed so much into her notes.. she should have some calm and quiet. So he just smirked as he took one into his mouth and bit on it.

He then grabbed his own laptop, finding a spot that didn't have all her notes laying around and opened his mailbox.

" I know you will..." she simply said tilting back to give him a smile feeling his hands against her shoulders she relaxed into it before he moved away.

She leaned forward again now grasping her drink as she continued with her notes for a moment more, vaguely aware of him typing beside her, they stayed like this for a while both engrossed in what they were doing, before she finally pulled her self away, leaning up a little she tilted her head to simply watch him as he worked watching the faint lines of concentration as he looked at things on his laptop, she couldn't help but smile running her hand over the rim of her glass as her other hand propped her head up.

" Anyone told you how handsome you are?.." she whispered delicately towards him the smile still evident on her face.

He had not even noticed that she had stopped the sorting of her notes. Once he got started on e-mails and reviewing things he got so into it, it was hard for him to let go of that. He did have different expressions while he worked, depending on what type of e-mail he was working on. At some point he even sighed and just put his face in his hand as he couldn't believe the stupidity of some of his employees.

"Anyone told you how handsome you are?" Her question suddenly sounded and he found his eyes looking over the

screen towards her. He couldn't help the smile that grew on his face as his fingers never let up from the screen. "A few times." He admitted. "I don't believe you have told me before however Miss Weston." He chuckled. "Do I need to hide that drink away from you?" He teased.

she grinned then at his reply, well of course he had been told he was handsome, how could no one tell him that when he was? Her face continuing to watch him her finger moving to toy with the rim now .

" I've never been giving the opportunity to Mr Kingston. " she teased her smile widening more towards him.

She couldn't stop her self from chuckling then shaking her head. " I dont have to be drunk to compliment you ya know, was just watching you work..you pull some very interesting expressions.. " she teased with a smile. " Not in a bad way of course, just...being observant " she simply said.

"That is a lie and you know it." He said with a chuckle of himself. Of course she had the chance to call him that. He called her beautiful all the time, she had had every opportunity to say it back to him. Not that he minded that she hadn't. He looked back to his screen then to make sure he had not been making any mistakes. Once he was done reviewing it he hit the send button and then lowered his laptop screen.

"It is because not everyone in my company is as smart as you are and some make some incredibly stupid choices." He said

to her as he moved to grab his own whiskey, the ice cubes already having melted a decent amount and watered it down. "Did you finish sorting your notes?" He asked out of curiosity.

She chuckled then as he called her out for lying, shifting in her chair a little, of course she could have said it at any other opportunity, it just felt right to say it then, watching as he worked so effortlessly made her want to tell him then.

She watched him lower the laptop then, moving to sit back in her chair. "I'm smart huh?...is that gonna go in my next performance review?.." she teased bringing her drink to her lips, her ice cubes had also melted down quiet a bit only a few small specs remained.

As he asked about her notes she nodded. "pretty much, I've got one more little bit to do but...didn't wanna waste anymore time on them I have plenty of time to work.." she said idly.

It was so casual in that moment. Both of them sitting half naked on a small desk in a hotel room enjoying their drinks. It was one of those situations that you couldn't make up even if you tried. It was just a fun scenario to be in and he would not want to forget about it either.

She let him know she was not quite done, yet she had stopped her work. For such an overworker as herself, that was quite an achievement. "Then surely you have something else in mind you would want us to do." He teased her as he took another sip of his drink.

Emily watched him draped in that towel, moving her self around on the chair so she could look at him better, bringing her drink towards her chest she clung to it, her finger moving over it gently as she simply watched him she could simply sit here and watch him for hours to...she found him so interesting, his expressions, the way he held himself, his smile, the way he looked at her...

His words caused her to smile then, looking down to her glass. " Maybe..." she whispered , perhaps some of the alcohol she had during the day had given her a bit more confidence, or maybe simply being around him had made her feel border, more confident.

She moved a little then do the robe she was wearing opened up a bit more, the slit moving right up to the top of her leg , the top of her gown opening a little more to show her cleavage of to him a little bit more.

" I just thought it seemed a shame...wasting this time together working...when we could be doing something...a bit more enjoyable.." she teased, bringing her glass to her lips to take another small sip.

"Real shame." He just mimicked her as he watched her trying to seduce him with her little teases. Not that she needed much to convince him of anything. He wanted her all the time after all.

He moved a hand to her leg and brushed his fingers over her leg. She was always so soft. Like velvet covered her entire body. Especially after the shower she took. Probably some kind of oil she used while she was in there.

"What were you thinking then?" He smirked at her.

She watched as his hand came to brush over her leg, feeling the way his fingers danced over her skin, his question hit her ears and she pondered a moment, peering down into the clear liquid in her glass, she could feel embarrassment coming over her a little bit but she was determined to not let it consume her this time...she wanted to show him she could be confident, she wanted to show him that she was eager to please him.

Her eyes finally dipped up to gaze at his expression, her bottom lip coming between her teeth feeling her heart racing inside of her chest. " I just thought.. maybe..we could try what you suggested earlier.." she said her words coming out in a slight whisper, she was obviously nervous...but she wanted to do this with him.

" I want to give you one of your fantasies Nate...Let me try this with you.." she said the blush evident on her cheeks, her hand coming down to his then she squeezed it lightly.

He couldn't help but smirk. She had still been thinking about that huh? It had been a few hours since he had suggested it and it had been living in her brain all that time. Perhaps she liked the idea of it more then she would dare to admit. Well he

certainly wouldn't say no to that. That blush only made him want to do so more.

He got up from his chair, an erection already visible underneath the towel that covered him. He walked over to the little pile of stuff he had brought earlier with him into the room and took a silk tie out that was in there.

He walked over to where she sat in that chair, seeing how nervous she was becoming. He gently brushed her hair back from her face and to over her shoulder. "Just relax." He said to her in a calming sweet voice. "I won't hurt you." He promised.

He brought the tie up to her face then and covered her eyes tying it behind her hair and then braiding it into her hair so it would not slip off. He moved his hand in front of her, knowing if she could see she would flinch, but she didn't.

"Remember. I will stop if you tell me too." He kissed her ear.

Of course Emily could feel her heart racing inside of her chest already as she made the suggestion, she was nervous...nervous because it was something had never attempted never even giving it a thought..but when he mentioned it, it had ignited a excitement inside of her she simply couldn't shake.

She watched him stand noticing his erection beneath the towel only made her blush a bit more, seeing the silk tie come from his bag she felt her breath hitch in her throat shifting a little on the chair as he walked towards her.

His words helped, she felt her self settle a little . " I know you won't.. " she whispered towards him, and she did, she knew above all else he wouldn't hurt her.

She felt the tie go across her eyes then and she released a shattered breath to be plunged into darkness, her hands flexed on the chair beside her, she couldn't see could only hear and feel as he braided her hair securing the tie against her face.

" Okay..." she whispered out to him her voice sounding a little shaken but not just through the nerves...if anything she was filled with excitement now to, wondering what exactly he might do to her.

He was going to take it easy with her a slow. There was no reason to push it during this. Not when she had given him so much trust in the simple fact that she was allowing him to do this. She was blind for him now, engulfed in darkness. He knew he hearing would focus on him, trying to figure out what he was going to do. So for now he simply laid his hands on her and he wasn't going to take them off, letting he know exactly where he was.

He let her sit in that chair as he stood behind her, his hands went from her neck down to her chest where they moved the fabric of her bathrobe away from her body. He undid the rope that held it together and only briefly took one half away from her to toss it towards the bed, he could need that later. His hand soon came back to her and kept peeling back that fabric

until her body was exposed to him. “You look beautiful Em..” he complimented her as he took her earlobe into his mouth and peeled the last bit of robe away from her arms.

she felt her breath coming out in a shaky sigh as she sat against that chair, she could feel her heart inside her ears at this point as it pounded so hard inside her chest, she could feel his hands simply sat on her and she tried to relax, tried to simply let her body calm down.

She suddenly felt his hands moving down from her neck to her chest, she shuddered a little feeling the way his fingers danced over her skin, she tilted her self back a little feeling the way he undone her robe opening her up more.

She heard his gentle whisper in her ear and swallowed lightly, feeling his lips against her ear , she was going to say something but found she couldn't, her mind simply focused on the small contact she could feel from him, until she felt the robe leaving her completely.

He loved that little bit of nervousness in her. He loved how she was battling between her anxiety and her excitement. It was only making him love this game more. This game of trying to convince her body how much fun they were having, of letting him do to it whatever he wanted.

He came around her then, putting her arms under her armpits and pulling her up against him. He could feel the tension in her body, yet she seemed to allow him to move her. He placed

her gently on the bed and moved her up as he grabbed the band that had kept her roe closed. It was made of a high quality silk and he knew it would be strong enough to hold her, but soft enough to not be uncomfortable. He took her hands and gently brought them above her head, giving her time if she needed it to give herself over to him. As he was doing so he moved his mouth into her neck, giving her gentle but hungry kisses and nipping the skin softly to get her more excited.

When she eventually let him move her hands up he began to gently wrap her wrists into the fabric. He bound her in a way that gave her space, yet would not let her get out of it, leaving a knot that he could easily pull to set her free at once that was outside of her reach. The other end of it he tied to the bed, making it hold her arms above her head with her wrists together. He moved back to her neck down, nipping at the skin once more and growling at her softly. "Should I stop?" He asked her in half a tease, needing to make sure she had not changed her mind.

She heard his footsteps coming round her then and felt her fingers flex against the chair once more, trying to steady her breathing, she couldn't see him, but she knew he was there, she could hear his gentle breathing.

She felt his arms come beneath her and pulled her up, moving with him her hands moving to cling to his arm to keep her steady feeling unstable on her feet not being able to see.

She moved gently feeling the bed finally beneath her before he shuffled her up, she felt him grab her hands and felt her breath come out shakily, the nerves starting to roll through her then, but then she found his lips against her neck and she couldn't stop the small moan that left her, tilting her head to let him have better access, her body tingling with the sensation, it felt so much more intense this way.

She settled down feeling as he got her hands right up above her head, feeling the silk against her wrist she felt it do up, tight enough to hold her there but not tight enough to hurt, the silk actually felt comfortable against her wrist.

She felt his lips against her neck again, the soft growl into her ear caused her to gasp shaking her head softly against the bed. " No...don't stop. " she basically whimpered out to him.

This was how he had wanted her for so long and he couldn't help sit back for just a moment to just enjoy the view of her. The black silk tie over her eyes, the red blush that peeked out from underneath this. Her hand raised into the air as it brought his chest forward. She was a piece of art that laid on his finger tips and he was going to explore her in every way.

He took his phone for a moment, doing something on its screen before he put it away again. Now she could have his full attention.

He started at her neck. Kissing her, nipping her, leaving playful marks as he went. He moved down to her chest then. If she were to move her legs he would give her a single warning. "Don't movw your legs.. or I will tie them down to." He warned her sure she was able to hear the enjoyment in his voice. He moved further down then, his fingers dancing slowly across the skin of her sides and hips as he trained her body with kisses, seeming to not miss a single inch of it.

it felt like a lifetime she was laying there, waiting to see what he would do, her chest rising and falling with each breath she took, she could still feel her heart racing inside of her chest, her fingers flexing above her. She wanted to speak, wanted to say something to him but she didn't she remained quiet simply listening to see if she could hear him.

Then she felt it, his lips against her neck as she released a small shattered sigh, her head tilting to the side to let him have better access, her breath hitched as she felt him move down to her chest, she couldn't stop her self from squirming then, her legs shuffling on the bed before his words hit her ears and she stopped instantly, hearing the excitement beneath the tone couldn't stop a small shudder from rolling through her body.

He kissed every inch of her it would seem, his fingers dancing over her sides and hips causing her body to arch a tiny bit on the bed. " Nathaniel..." she whispered out .

Those small whimper and shudders were gold to him. It was prove that he was doing it right. He moved his fingers from her hip down to her leg all the way fown to her knee. Then he brought them back up through the inside of her thigh. At the same time he moved his head upwards and took one of her nipples into her mouth as his fingers found her sex.

He had wanted this so much. To tease her till she broke for him. Till her entire mind was filled with nothing but him. Till she begged him to please release her from that tension that would be build in her body. But they were not there yet. Not even close.

Emily shuddered again as she felt his hands going down her legs, felt the way his nails drag over them, up her inner thigh and between her legs.

She felt his mouth wrap around her nipple causing her to groan lightly on the bed, she felt him touch her sex and she groaned, her fingers clenching inside the silk ties, all her senses were in over drive then everything felt heightened in the darkness, every inch of her took delight in his touches, and she wanted more...so much more.

"You want me to stop yet?" He grinned as he let his tongue dance around her hardened nipple. Her hand found that knob

that lived between her legs and teased it so slowly. He was waiting for her to move those beautiful legs. To not be able to hold them still from the sensations that were rolling through her body. To give him an excuse to tie her down even more now that she was getting into it more and more.

"No....Please....," she whispered her words a broken string of nerves , she simply couldn't get anything else out as she felt his tongue dance around her nipple which had grown hard, her fingers clenching together tugging just a little bit on them as she felt his fingers work against her sensitive bud. He was going so slow, so slow it was almost painful as she moaned out trying to keep her body still on the bed but he was making it painfully difficult with his slow teasing motions.

She found her self shifting on the bed, her leg moving a little as her toes dig into the mattress, she couldn't of stopped it, the heightened sensation of being blindfolded was bringing her body to life more than she had ever experienced before

The moment she moved her legs he brought a hand down to push them back into their place, unable to keep just the smallest chuckle away from his lips. "I believe I told you not to move them." He said as he bit softly into her nipple and pulled it back just slightly before letting her breast fall down to her chest. "Final warning." He whispered against her lips them as he kissed her fiercely and passionate. The hand between her legs just becoming a bit more eager aa they dances there,

already feeling the wetness that was so close to overflowing from her sex.

Before Emily could even remember what she was doing, she felt his hand push her leg down causing her to gasp before she heard his small chuckle.

" I believe I told you not to move them..." she whimpered at his warning tone releasing a small sigh . " So...Sorry..." she found her self breathlessly whispering, fuck she was on fire and he had barely touched her!

She moaned as he pulled her nipple back with his teeth before she sucked in air as he released it with a pop.. she felt him coming up her body, felt the way his lips moved against her own issuing her final warning which only had her warmth growing.

Suddenly his lips were on hers and she groaned into his mouth, her wrists tugging on the restraints wanting desperately to touch him then, she felt his hand working against her even quicker which caused her to groan into his mouth.

She was indeed wet she didn't think she had ever felt so excited in her entire life, her whole body was on fire, every nerve ending Alive from his teasing.

He didn't let her have a moment of rest and whenever he felt her body squirm underneath him he slowed down again to

make sure she wouldn't accidentally come. He didn't want her too. Not yet.

He saw her hands tugging at those restraints. His eyes moving up to see she was secure and couldn't get out of them. He hovered over her then, just mere inches away from her face as his hand once again slowed down before finally pushing a finger slowly inside her. "Maybe we should get those legs tied down anyway.. just in case." He teased her.

Then a knock could be heard at the door.

Emily couldn't even comprehend why the hell was going on right now, one moment he was going quick then he slowed down which practically made her growl in frustration, she got so close only for him to slow his movements and push her back down again.

She felt him shift on the bed, felt his breath against her face, she gasped as she felt his hand go Between her legs, heard his teasing whisper before he pushed a finger into her, she arched her back slightly maybe about to say something before she heard the knock..

She gasped her body instantly tensing on the body, she became quiet then she didn't know what to do her hands tugging on the restraints. Who the fuck was at the door...god damn don't let it be Sam...she felt her heart racing then , maybe it she didn't say anything they would go away, she was to afraid to speak...afraid if she did they would hear her and

know she was there...no one could see her like this, she didn't even think she could string a sentence together!

The moment the knock was heard on the door he could feel her body stiffen. God he was mean.. and he knew it, but he was having just that little bit of fun with this and he was sure she would thank him later. "Don't move." He teased her as he moved away from the bed. He took her ankles in his hands and pulled her just slightly down as he moved away and adjusted the towel around his waist before he opened the door.

"Room service." She person behind the door said as he opened it. "Thank you." He said in a charming voice as he kept the door half closed, keeping Emily away from view. "Just leave it." He said then and tipped the woman. He took the glasses, the drinks and the reason he ordered.. the ice.

He moved back towards the bed and moved his hands around her ankles. "Don't worry Em. I wouldn't let them see you." He said to her lovingly as he moved to get another tie, wanting to get her feet tied before he started to tease her with the ice. He knew she wouldn't sit still.

Emily breathing had sped up a bit now knowing someone was outside the door, she heard his whisper and shifted on the bed. "Nathaniel..." she basically hissed at him feeling him getting up from the bed feeling him grab her ankles he felt her drag her down the bed just a little bit more.

"Room Service" she found her self groaning inwardly now...he did this on purpose...he ordered room service , she felt her cheeks blush hotter then as she stayed still completely terrified that who ever it was would see her...like this!

She heard the door click shut and felt like she could finally release the breath she had been holding. " What are you trying to do to me..." she whispered out, all though deep inside her she couldn't help but feel that little bit of excitement that she could of been caught...

She felt his hands around her ankles and felt a jolt of nervousness run through her for what exactly he had planned next .

"Everything." He just whispered back to her. She was enjoying it. Secretly somewhere she had loved the idea that someone had been on that door. He might habd just not realized it.

He took two more ties and started to tie her ankles to the bed post. The bed being wide made her pretty spread out and he couldn't help but take in that sight of her. He wanted so badly to take a picture, yet he knew that would break her trust so he didn't. But god was she beautifulx laying there with her legs spread, that blush taking over her upper body and the slight glistening between her legs.

He took one of the ice cubes and put it in his mouth as he climbed back into the bed, his hand trailing up her body, the fingertips just slightly cold from the ice cube. "Now you really

can't get away from me." He said to her before he pressed his lips to her, pushing the ice cube between their tongues.

" Everything..." she found her self shuddering then at his words, the way he said it brought all manner of feelings rushing through her.

Suddenly she felt as he pulled her legs apart and she became aware that he was tying her ankles to the bed posts and she whimpered, god she felt so exposed...the blush crept up on her face knowing just how open she was to him, how she couldn't hide her self from his gaze...and even though she couldn't see him she knew he was looking at her and that just made her more embarrassed.

She heard the distinct clink of ice before she felt him move onto the bed, his finger tips were cold and they made her gasp, made her arch a little on the bed. His teasing words had her groaning before he kissed her and she kissed him back, her tongue feeling the ice there as she moaned into his mouth.

he kept kissing her as the ice cube softly melted between their lips. His hand going back between her legs and teasing her sex. This time she really couldn't move much more then probably her hips. She was at his mercy and he liked that idea.

He broke their kiss and took the half melted cube in his hand, knowing that it would no longer stick to her skin or frostbite her and placed it against her skin. Slowly draping it down as it left a small layer of water on her skin. He brought it to her

breasts, making circles around her nipples before letting it glide even further down.

Emily groaned into his mouth as she felt the ice cube melting between their tongues, her tongue and lips feeling cold now from the contact, she felt his hand dip back down between her legs and groaned, her body completely held down against the bed, she could barely move apart from the slight movement of her hips wriggle of her upper body, she was completely and utterly at his mercy..

She gasped as he broke the kiss, her tongue coming out to lap across her lips feeling the moisture there from the ice there.

Suddenly she felt the ice against her skin and gasped as her body arched as much as she could under the heavy restraints of the ties against her ankle and wrists.

She felt the ice travel up her body which simply made her squirm, her gasps coming out occasionally, she felt it come to her breasts and twist around her nipples. " Oh fuck..." she Groaned, the feeling was like something she had never experienced before, the contrast between her incredibly hot body and the freezing cold ice cube were setting different heights of pleasure through her and she found she enjoyed it....enjoyed the contrast, so much in fact that she couldn't stop squirming, her wrists tugging on the restraints and her groans of delight leaving her lips occasionally.

He chuckled, glad he had tied her ankles down too now that he was playing with the ice. Of course she was going to squirm. It was intense. Even he would squirm if someone played with ice on him.. let alone being blindfolded and tied down. He didn't blame her.

Yet that ice travelled further down. Till it reached all the way between her legs and he slipped it inside of her. Hoping it would send that last jolt through her body.

"Wonder how long that will take to melt.." he teased her as he bit into her neck. "But I think you have had too much fun already. It is my turn down you think?" He asked as she could feel him coming over her. His legs on either side of her chest. He placed his hand gently behind her head as he tossed his towel away. Be no longer needed it now that the room service had come by. He pressed his length against his lips, holding it with his hand.

Emily couldn't stop her self from squirming as she felt the ice travelling down her body, felt it getting lower and lower her body shuddering as the feeling of the ice travelling down leaving a wet trail as it went.

Suddenly she felt as he took the ice and felt it move to go inside of her she jolted then on the bed her hands clutching together her nails digging into her palm to feel the sensation of the cold ice inside her incredibly hot body.

His teasing words had her groaning a shudder leaving her to feel him bit her neck. " Not long..." her trembled words rang out, and it wouldnt she could already feel the coldness dying down from between her legs.

" It's my turn now" she heard his words come out and shuddered against the bed, she felt him move to straddle her, she could feel the weight of him above her before she felt her head dip down below her, she became aware of something pressed against her lips as she groaned, knowing exactly what it was she opened her mouth, her tongue coming out to flick over the tip playfully , groaning lightly, her body squirming beneath him..god she was so turned on it was ridiculous.

"Now you wouldn't just forget about me now would you?" he teased her as he felt her tongue moving over the tip of him, a small groan escaping his lips. He petted over her hair as she did, her hot breath against him. He was so turned on by her. He pushed himself forward then so he would enter her mouth, his hands gripping into her hair to keep her in place as he moved himself slowly in and out of her. He wouldn't push hard, not making her take anymore then she had done before when she had sucked him off, but this time he was in control and she wasn't going to let her take that away not even then. "Good girl." he complimented her underneath his breath. "Did that ice melt already you think?" he teased her.

" Never.... " she playfully whispered back to him, and god pleasuring him was her favourite thing to do, to tease him, toy with him, to watch his expressions...she couldn't see his expressions tonight but she could hear him, and that's what she was settling on , she found his hand over her hair heard his small groan and it sent a wave of pleasure through her.

She felt him move, found his shaft enter her mouth as she groaned against him, feeling him moving in and out she groaned around his length, her tongue toying with his length within the confines of her mouth, she wanted to move....wanted to take him more into her mouth, wanting to hear more of his means.

Fuck she could feel how warm she was, outside and inside , could practically feel how wet she was, his question about the ice had her groaning around his length...well shit she was sure that had gone a while ago! Her body was so hot there was no way it would of lasted long.

He could feel her eagerness. Even with him holding into her hair she seemed to be wanting to move further into him. So he gave it to her. Slowly pushing himself further into the back of her throat, making sure to keep his movements slow and steady. If at any point she seemed to gag or gasp he would move back and not push any further. "You want that don't you?" he grinned at her as her saliva was slowly covering his length, making him slippery and wet. He could her her

groaning underneath him, knew that between her legs she probably felt left alone, yet he would get back to her soon enough. He stopped then, keeping a decent bit of himself in her mouth as he let go of her hair. "Show me how much you want it."

God she did want him...wanted him desperately the taste of him the feel of him in her mouth sent all kinds of pleasure through her, her body squirmed slightly on the bed .

As he started to push himself further back into her mouth she groaned her hands clutching together hard to keep her self stable , her eyes wincing beneath the blindfold, when he moved back she groaned around his shaft.

" You want that don't you?.." she groaned then signalling that she did, and fuck she did...pleasing him..taking him inside of her mouth gave her the biggest rush of lust and desire she ever felt...

She felt his hand move from her hair, felt his shaft inside of her mouth heard his words and she wasted no time in closing her mouth around him and sucked on his length eagerly, moving her head as much as she could to pull him further down her throat holding him then before pulling back gasping as she did, before she took him back into her mouth her tongue continuing their stroking motions as she pulled him in and out of her mouth eagerly.

He had to bite down on his jaw as he looked down at her. Looked at that pretty mouth trying to devour his length. How eagerly she pushed herself to a point where she couldn't even breath just to gasp for air a few seconds later. She couldn't help the deep and heavy breathing that was coming from his mouth as she did so and for a good bit he just let her do her thing. "God... Em.." he groaned at her, knowing he was edging closer to his release. He wanted to finish in her mouth and in that moment he didn't care much if she would appreciate that. She was eager for him, surely she also wanted that part of him or she wouldn't be trying so hard. His hips started to move on his own just a bit as he was getting to that endpoint. With one last groan he would push himself just that small bit deeper as he shot his seed into her mouth. He pulled back right after, giving her space to breath, but not taking himself out of her mouth entirely. "Good girl.. now don't let it go to waste." he said to her teasingly as he brushed over her cheek.

Emily was lost in what she was doing, her mouth and tongue moving around his length eagerly, he was right to think she wanted him there...she did...she wanted to know that she could bring him to a orgasm with just her mouth, her toes were curling at the bottom of the bed her fingers Fletching against her palm itching to hold him...she wanted to drag her nails down his chest , she wanted to Mark him...christ he wanted her to be his like this always.

She could hear his breath picking up above her, felt the way his hips moved on top of her and she knew...knew he was edging closer, when he pushed himself Deeping inside of her she leaned up so she could take him, before she felt himself shoot inside of her mouth , she groaned loudly tasting it around her tongue

Feeling him pull back she gladly accepted what he gave her, before she gasped able to catch her breath then, her tongue moving over his shaft as it remained in her mouth for now, before feeling him brush over her cheek , her tongue moving to lick across her lips lightly.

Once she had cleaned him off he moves out of her mouth, giving her the air back. God she was amazing.. He just wound himself wanting more of this, wanting to learn more about her. If she liked this.. what else would she like from him. He shifted back again then, taking her chin into his hand and pressing his mouth to hers. He kissed her eagerly, again not caring if he tasted himself on her tongue. He wanted to reward her for what she had done for him. Wanted to reward her for being so trusting and eager. "Seems like somebody deserves a reward..." he whispered into her with a soft growl in his voice as he was done holding back for her.

His mouth instantly moved to her neck as his teeth bit into her neck, ready to leave a good mark on her this time. His hand found its way to that spot between her legs and knowing just

how wet she was and waiting he simply pressed his fingers into her as he started to move them eagerly into her, his finger tips curled just so slightly to his that sweet spot that lived inside her. He was going to make her moan, make him shout her name, make him forget where she was as her body became consumed by pleasure.. and when she came, he would be ready to make her come more.

she felt him moving , before she felt his hand take her chin, tilting her head up before his lips were on hers and she groaned , kissing him back hungrily , her tongue diving to toy with his, clearly not bothered about the fact she just had him in her mouth and fuck that just turned her on even more.

"Someone deserves a reward..." and fuck it sent her body into over drive, the way he growled had a small groan leave her own lips, when he went to her neck and bit down she cried out her body jerking to feel the pain but then the intense rush of pressure that pulsed through her.

She suddenly felt his fingers as they moved down her body and pushed into it making her cry out almost instantly, her body arching as much as possible on the bed before he started to move himself within her and fuck he felt good, she was already panting her body already so sensitive from his earlier teasing.

" Fuck Nathenil ...Fuck..." she cried her hands clutching her palms tightly her breath picked up harder , swishing around

on the pillow. " Nathaniel...fuck don't stop ..please please...don't stop God I'm gonna cum!! " she cried out against the bed before she cum...and fuck she cum hard, she cried his name out her body shuddering as a rush of intense heat pulled through her, her breath a hard pant . " fuck..fuck" she panted as the pressure continued to pull through her.

He really took her hard and he was not letting go till she found that release. He loved her talking, loved how loud her voice got. He was glad Sam wasn't in the room right beside them as surely she would have been heard by somebody. "Cum for me Em! Cum for me!" he just encouraged her as his hand kept moving, not letting her take time for a breather for even a second. And she came quick and hard, clenching around his fingers so much that he almost grunted from the sheer strength of it. He let her ride it out before he took his hand away and wiped her wetness out on the sheets.

He moved backwards and pulled on the ties that had been holding her ankles in their place, releasing them from the grasp. He knew she might have been cramping and needed to give her space to stretch them out as she wanted. "You can move." he let her know, making sure she didn't think his order from before was still in place. He let her take some breaths till her breathing seemed to slow down again before he moved up to her. "You want me to stop yet?" he teased her as he gave her a small peck again the lips.

fuck Emily had never felt pleasure like it, the way her entire body cramped and shook with the pleasure and she was having a hard time coming down from it, her breath still a hard pant and her heart still racing.

She felt him then tugging on the ties around her ankles, until they were free once more, at first didn't move afraid if she did he would tell her of again, before he gave her permission and she moved her legs in, groaning as she did as she tried to settle her self down...but fuck that was the best orgasm she ever had...

She eventually managed to calm down, feeling him come up towards her his gentle whisper had her groaning. " Fuck no..." she said quickly unable to stop her self from smiling at him. " You can't stop...not yet..."

He bit down on his lip with the biggest grin that he had probably ever had and she couldn't even see it. She wanted more? He was going to give it to her. "Your choice." he just whispered at her. Her cramping should have stopped now that her body was relaxing again after the orgasm, so he took those two ties that he had used on her ankles before and wrapped them around his wrists to keep them there. He lifted up her hips and put one knee under her to make her back bend just a bit, putting her behind into the air till her legs would go over her head. He pushed her forward in the bed then till her ankles

reached the top bar of the bed and made quick work to secure her once again.

He had told himself he would take it easy with her, that he wouldn't push her limit. But she was into this, she wanted this and he was going to show her just amazing it could be.

"Comfy..?" he teased her as he let his finger play against her lips and took away his knee so she was no hanging mostly from her ankles. If she had felt exposed before, it would be worse this time.

Her sex was still blushing from her last orgasm, making it even more inviting to him. With her butt lifted up like that he could easily access her and it didn't take long before he pressed his lips against her sex, his tongue playing with his clit.

"Your choice..." she suddenly felt a rush of anxiety rush through her at the way he said that and she couldn't help but feel a little nervous about what he was going to do to her next... she felt him grasp her hips and bend her up, feeling the pressure of his knee under her spine before she was pushed back and her legs went with her, she felt those silk ties go around her ankles once more only this time it kept her open in a whole different way.

Jesus if she thought she felt exposed before it was nothing to the position he had put her in now, she was completely open

for him, her blush returned ten times as worse as it was earlier her fingers flexing against her palm nervously.

"Comfy?..." she groaned at his question she didn't even think she could answer him, before she felt his fingers playing with her lips and it only had her groaning.

Suddenly she felt his breath against her sex, she gasped at the feeling before his lips were against her his tongue playing with her clit caused her to cry out almost instantly, the feeling of it was insane the rush of pleasure she felt almost instantly after just coming down from a orgasm made her body jolt in the restraints...being open as she was she was more exposed and there for more sensitive. " fuck Nathaniel that feels good..." she groaned tilting her head back a bit as her fingers dug into her palm...she was sure she was going to mark her self there....

He wanted to wait no longer. He was already stroking himself as he had his lips on her sex. He had already gotten hard again, ready to really made her feel him this time. He just chuckled at her as she told him how good it felt. "I am going to make it even better for you.." he said to her with that soft growl in the back of his throat. He got into his knees and grabbed into the bedpost that she was tied to as he leaned forward and positioned himself before her, easily pushing into her even if he took it slow. "Fuck... you are tight.." he grunted. The position making her even more narrow combined with having already found her climax before.. god she felt good to him.

He started to move into her then, just a few thrusts before he reached forward and pulled the blindfold down to fall around her neck. When she would open her eyes she was in the perfect position to just see his length moving in and out of her. He wanted her to see them, see how her body was for him to take. "You are going to be sore tomorrow.." he promised her with the first grin that she could finally see. He moved himself out of her completely, before he pushed himself back in to her, wanting her to see how her sex took all of him in.

"I am going to make it even better for you...." and fuck did it send her into over drive, to hear those words roll from his tongue in such a sensual way.

She felt the bed shifting then, felt him moving in front of her , she heard the sound of his hands on the bed post behind her , before suddenly he pushed forward and entered her. " Fuck Nathaniel..." she groaned instantly, this new position making him feel incredibly thick inside of her.

She felt him move inside of her a few times before suddenly he handed the blind fold down, her eyes squinted almost instantly as they tried to adjust to the light around her, eventually her eyes opened properly and she got to see exactly what position he had her in. She felt a brush instantly flush her cheeks to see them together so intimately...

But then all she felt was lust...lust and desire to watch what he was doing to her, his words had her groaning because fuck she

knew she would be, her hips were aching her wrists felt sore as did her ankles with the new position...maybe she was better off not going to the pool.

She groaned as she watched him, and fuck it all if it wasn't the most sexiest thing she had ever saw.

"Don't go easy on me..." she growled to him cause fuck she could feel another orgasm rising and she wanted him to push her to the brink of insanity hitting it

"You thought I would?" he grinned at her. He adjusted one more time, really grasping into that bedpost that was behind her and started to just move himself into her as much as he could. This position was hard on him as well, yet he was not going to do this any different way. This position was everything to him and he wanted to finish her off in it. In no time at all he was sweating, her legs cramping and his abs burning under the mere strain of what he was doing to her. He was grunting loudly.

If she got loud he would move his hand down and cover her mouth, muffling the intense moans that were leaving her. It didn't take long before he was close to his climax already and he knew she was too. "Don't you come before me.." he half warned, half begged her. He wanted to finish inside her and if she needed a bit more he would simply finish her off with his finger.

Emily heard his words and shuddered before he adjusted her self and started to move inside of her, and fuck it sent all manner of thrills through her, she could feel her legs started to cramp could feel her ankles and wrists tugging her stomach was hurting, every muscle in her was Alive and yet all she could feel was her orgasm rising inside of her.

She was crying out, loud...it was a good job his hand came over her mouth because she couldnt stop her self, her insides were burning her orgasm pushing forward before his warning growl sounded out and she whimpered shaking her head.

" Nathaniel I can't I can't....," she cried out christ she was so close but she tried to pull it back, tried to stop her self until he climaxed first sweat all over her body now biting down on her lip in a attempt to keep her orgasm at bay

Soon after she would start to tell him she couldn't hold herself back, he found himself pushed over that edge. "Then cum Em!" he just said, giving her permission as he thrustted one more time deep into her and found himself shoot out. Her grunted loud as he stretched his neck out. By then the sweat was coming of his forehead in beads, his muscles burning from the mere strain that had been on them. He let himself fall back into the bed, taking just one second to let her muscles relax before he pulled on the restraints of her legs and would slowly lower her back down. If he had just let her go she would have likely hurt herself. He removed the ones from her wrist

as well and within just a few seconds from her orgasm she was free.

This time now was about her. It was about her recovering from what he had put her body through and only then he realized just how much he had asked of her. He softly moved his hands over her wrists, rubbing the soreness away that the silk had left behind. "You did so good Emily." He complimented her as he kissed her forehead, sweat and all. He helped her in a more comfortable position and rubbed the worst aches and cramps away from her legs and arms. "Did I hurt you?" he asked, concerned he had taken it to far.

" Then cum Em!" And Jesus she did...once she had his permission once she felt his own release shot inside of her she felt her own join, she cried out loudly, her body shuddering as yet another intense orgasm hit her, she was panting so hard she almost felt like she couldnt breath, the intense rush of her pleasure started dying of and she became painfully aware of how constricted she was, how tense every muscle in her body was.

She was about to beg him to release her before she felt him do her ankles first, she winced as he moved her feeling the slight cramp in her legs before he got her into a more comfortable position.

She felt the ones from her wrist then to, feeling the heat radiating around them she knew she was sore...she knew she

shouldn't of pulled so hard but she got so lost in the moment she couldn't stop her self.

Her eyes were closed as she remained still on the bed, her body was sweaty she could feel beads of sweat pooling in different parts of her. She felt his hands over her wrist and she winced a little feeling the soreness beneath his finger tips, his compliment had her smiling .

When he moved her she squeezed her eyes shut feeling her muscles aching before his hands moved to rub over them and god that better.

" Did I hurt you?" She heard the concern in his voice as she finally opened her eyes, looking to him seeing the concern in his face she shook her head. " No...Jesus no...christ Nathaniel where did that come from.." she whispered moving a little bit on the bed to get more comfortable groaning at the muscle ache she felt in the tops of her arms. " christ I've never cum like before..." she whispered her body still humming from their moment together, her breathing finally settling as she laid on the bed .

He kept rubbing over her legs, imagining they got the worst of it. He could see the marks on his wrists and ankles. Even with the softness of the silk they were there from her pulling. He kissed her wrists softly then as she answered his question. "I shouldn't have taken it that far." He admitted as he gave her an apologetic smile. "I got way to into it... seeing you enjoying

it so much. I just wanted to give you more." Her word did reassure him though. She could have easily answered yes. Her groaning said enough about how she felt in that moment. Yet she choose to tell him it had been amazing.

He reached off the bed and got a towel to wipe the worst of his sweat off and handed it to her. "I can draw you a bath if you want. It will help against the soreness." He offered.

Emily felt his hands as he rubbed over her legs, watching the softness in his face she could tell instantly he was feeling bad and her expression softened, feeling his lips against her wrist. " Nathaneil..." she whispered hearing him saying how he thought he went to far. " Stop... I loved it, every minute of it, and I don't even care how sore I am .." she whispered and it was true she didn't...because she loved it , all of it she never felt so alive...

She felt the towel come over then, taking it from him as she wiped it over her body running it along her forehead. His suggestion of a bath had her groaning...god she wanted a bath

" Please.." she whispered , watching him as he went to go she grabbed his hand. " I meant what I said...I loved it Nathaniel...I've never felt so alive as I did then, its worth the muscle ache." She teased bringing his hand to her mouth she kissed it gently.

He appreciated it. Her telling him she was enjoying and that she had liked what he did to her. "Who would have thought." He winked at her before he reached down and kissed her once.

He got off the bed then, taking a quick moment to stretch himself out. He was sore as well, though likely not as sore as she was. Once he was done with that he went to the bathroom and got the bath running on a comfortable temperature and dropped in a few bath oils to help her relax. He took a washcloth as well and quickly padded himself clean. He would shower in the morning. He also drew himself a glass of water, feeling how dry his mouth was.

He filled the glass once more and brought it over to Emily. "Your bath will be done soon."

She smiled towards him then at his teasing words, leaning up to kiss him back before she watched him go.

She adjusted her self on the bed wincing a little as she brought her self up into a sitting position, every muscle in her body ached, but a good ache, she pushed her self up the bed a little with her legs and felt them give a bit of a wobble...christ she didn't even know if she would be able to walk properly.

She had her eyes closed as she leaned against the bed a pillow behind her keeping her prompt up, she opened her eyes as he came back in smiling as she took the water. , " Thankyou.." she didn't realise how thirsty she was until she almost downed the entire glass in one go.

He came back to her sitting up and looking a bit more *on earth* again. She had been pretty out of it when he first let her down. He set the glass back down on the side table after she downed it. Once she was in the bath he would grab her the drink that had been waiting on her.

He crawled back into the bed with her and stole another small kiss from her. He somehow couldn't but think she looked cute as she sat there, small marks on her body that showed just where he had been. He put his finger on her chin and moved her face to the side a little. "Damn.." he just said with a chuckle as he saw the bitemark he left on her.

He knew the bath should be about full by then and he offered her a hand. "Let me help you, just in case." He offered. If she could walk he would just support her till she got to the bath. If her legs buckled underneath her however, he would lift her off from the ground and place her in the bath himself.

Emily watched him as he crawled onto the bed with her, feeling his small kiss against her lips she kissed him back, continuing to lean against the bed, god she felt tired..but she needed a bath at least a small soak to help her muscles.

She felt his finger on her chin and move her, his reaction to her neck had her groaning. " Oh god you didn't.." she said her finger moving to her neck she felt how tender it was and couldn't help but chuckle. " I better not look huh?.." she teased.

He offered her a hand and honestly she was grateful for it, taking his hand she pulled her self up instantly feeling her legs wobble as she clung to him, she attempted to walk but even she couldn't not show she was struggling, christ he sure did a number on her...

She accepted his support into the bath, feeling the warm water engulf her she sighed happily allowing her self to sink right down into, the oils he had chosen smelt nice and she found her self relaxing even more..already she felt her muscles becoming less tense.

Once he had helped her into the bath he walked back into the room to get her the drink of gin and tonic that he had gotten her, having added some fresh ice to it. He did to the same to his own drink and sat himself down on the edge of the bath as she soaked.

He just smiled at her then, reaching in the bath to take her hand, bringing it up to kiss her softly. "You sure are full of surprises." He chuckled at her. From the shy girl who would barely talk about sex without blushing, to someone who had begged him to take her hard while seriously tied up to that bed.

Emily found her self relaxing in the tub, the warm water sat around her was relaxing her muscles much better then anything else, she had her eyes closed simply enjoying this moment of calm after the craziest of earlier, just the sheer

thought of it brought her out in a blush to remember how she acted....christ he sent her to levels she had never experienced before...and god she loved it

She watched him come back in, smiling up to him as she grayefully took her drink taking a gentle sip of it. His words sent another blush crashing against her cheeks feeling his lips against her hand she simply smiled sheepishly up to him.

" I like surprising you Mr Kingston..." she whispered up to him before bringing the drink back to her lips.

He drank his own drink as well and then looked back towards the clock that hang on the wall in the actually room. It was already nearing that 11 pm mark again. The day flew by.. tomorrow was one more day that they had to spend together and he had to take care of appointments first. Then the monday would be the tour in the production company that actually printed the Us today.. He wanted them to see the process that was involved in printing an actual paper and they did it on a larger scale here then they did it in his production companies. And then they would fly back.. goddamn he didn't want to fly back.

"Good, don't stop doing it." He chuckled at her. "You thought of what you would like to do tomorrow yet?"

She blushed at his comment then moving slightly in the bath the water sloshing around her as she got more comfortable. " I'll try not to..." she teased leaning up a bit more in the bath

she carefully bent her leg to help give the muscles a bit of a work out as she sat in the bath.

As he asked about what she wanted to do tomorrow, she looked down to her drink her finger running along the rim once more. " Well....you could take me shopping if ya like..." she teased wondering if he would catch the hint...she wanted to fulfill his fantasy she wanted to give him everything he had said he wanted to do....she didn't want him to ever forget this and what better way .

" You owe me some new underwear after all seeing how you was so careless with the last pair..." she teased.

Of course he caught her small hint and it brought a smile to his face as well as that naughty glint that was sometimes found in his eyes. "I don't know.." he said then, acting like he was unsure about it. "I mean.. After hearing just how loud you can get.." he started before he looked back at her and chuckled. "We will surely be caught." He stuck out his tongue. He barely could believe she still wanted to do more. He thought surely after this her need for exploring new things had been satisfied, that she was going to be just wanting some regular loving from him, yet she kept asking. "Some new underwear huh? I believe I only lost one."

Emily heard his tone then her brow perking to look towards him, of course she pondered then if he was indeed being

serious before his tone became playful again and of course she blushed again sinking into the bath as she took a sip of her gin.

" I dont know what your suggesting Mr Kingston...I am simply referring to shopping..." she teased with a shrug.

His next words only caused her to grin wide at him. " But new underwear is always nice though wouldn't you agree? And you did lose my favourite pair...." she teased. " so you owe me..." she teased poking her own tongue out at him then.

"Your favorite pair?" He chuckled. He remembered them. They had been nude and lacey. A nice pair for sure, yet he had seen her in much more fun ones. Yet he was not going to push that. "Sure, we will get you some." He said then, agreeing to her. "But." He then added to it to catch her attention to him. "I get to pick them." He said to her with a smirk on his face before he took another sip of his drink.

" Yes it was my favourite pair..." she teased again, of course it wasn't...but she couldn't help wind him up a little bit about it.

As he agreed to take her she smiled more. " Good...then it's a date..." Of course when the but come she peeked over to him wondering exactly what he was going to say before he decided he wanted to pick them.

She felt that blush crease up in her face once more taking a small sip of her gin as she contemplated what he might pick out for her. " you have yourself a deal with Mr Kingston..."

“Deal.” He said as he shook her hand as he got up from the side of the tub. “And a good business woman never goes once she shook hands.” He reminded her with a grin. “Now enjoy your bath, Love. Let me know when you are ready to get out.” He said to her as he left her in the bathroom.

Walking back in he picked up his phone to look over some new messages that came in. His company ran 24/7 because news never stopped, so even at 11 pm in the evening he was getting plenty of messages. One of the messages that came in were particularly funny to him. It was his treasurer making him aware of purchases that were being charged from the hotel. They included drinks and a dessert in room 407, Emily’s room. Yet they also included some drinks, meals and even mini bar purchases from a whole different room. Room 418.. Sam’s room. The boy was lucky that Emily had him in a good mood and that approving one looked bad if he did not approve the other. So he simply send a message back that he approved the purchases, though would like to be kept up to date if anything big was charged.

she felt him shake her hand then, his next words how ever had her stalling she couldn't help but feel maybe there was something more to it then meets the eye, she looked at him suspiciously before he left. " Okay...." she said gently

She allowed her self to relax more simply enjoying the water, her muscles felt so much better already and didn't ache quite

as bad, she drank most of her gin before she decided she had enough...she didn't wanna call him, she didn't wanna bother him when he was clearly doing something himself.

She held onto the bath and lifted her self carefully up as the water ran down her frame, she winced a little feeling the aching in her legs as they throbbed but not quite as bad as earlier, carefully she pulled her self out of the bath taking careful steps as she walked to the towels grabbing one she quickly started to dry her self, peeking in the mirror she noticed the small bite to her neck.

" Oh god Nate..." she grumbled her fingers running over the mark carefully

He had just been finishing up another email when he heard noises coming from the bathroom. Clearly she had not called, so he let her do her thing until she heard those words come from her mouth. "Oh go Nate.."

He couldn't help himself and walked over to bathroom door peaking around. "You called?" He said with a teasing smile as he saw her eyeing the mark that he had left in her neck. He didn't know if he should feel bad about it or proud. So his expression became that mix of biting on his lip while having a smile dancing on it at the same time. "You brought a scarf?" He teased her.

She turned around then to look at him seeing the expression on his face she grumbled. " You honestly did a number on me

huh?... " she teased with a shake of her head unable to stop the small chuckle that left her lips.

His next words how ever had her rolling her eyes. " I bloody hope so! otherwise a good amount of make up is definitely going to be needed..." she teased, not that she cared....she was proud he marked her...and was proud to be wearing it.

She grabbed the robe now and placed it on, her hair not that wet as only the ends really went into the bath, taking careful steps she grabbed her gin to take with her.

He couldn't help but be proud of it as well. He had been so in the spur of the moment he hadn't cared much about leaving a mark on her. But now that he saw it, it was for sure a lot more then he had thought he would leave on her. Yet it was beautiful to him. He just leaned over to her and kissed it gently. "I like it on you." He teased her before he walked off.

In the living room he put his boxers back on and got to cleaning up the bed a little bit for them so they could sleep. He untied all the ties and placed them back in his own pile and once again set an early alarm so he would be out before Same would be up. Tomorrow morning he would need to get going early and couldn't even grab breakfast with the to trainee's so Sam and Emily would be on their own.

He watched her carefully as she came out, but she seemed decently steady on her legs then that he wouldn't need to go

over there and help her. "You ready to go to sleep?" He asked her.

His teasing words caused her to smile especially when he kissed the mark causing a small shudder to leave her. " I like it to..." she admitted.

She didn't bother tying the robe, she simply made her way back into the room watching as he was sorting out the bed, she finished the rest of her gin and left it on the side.

His words about sleep had her groaning. " Yes I think so....I'm extremely tired not sure why.." she teased as she removed her robe and eagerly slipped into the bed sighing as she did. Her body was extremely tired...exhausted even she felt she could sleep for weeks.

"Let's sleep then." He just smiled. Of course she was tired. He had made her work today. Not only in those last moment but the whole day. First the visit to the Us Today, then skinny dipping in the ocean, riding him in the car and of course their little adventure in the bathroom. She deserved a good rest and damn he could use one too.

He climbed into the bed with her and just got himself comfortable in the pillow before he pulled her against him. He wanted her close with him. He kissed her forehead softly and just settled into the soft blankets. "Good night Em." He said to her as he would soon drift off to sleep.

Emily was already partially asleep when he joined her, her body apparently a lot more tired than she cared to be. She felt him tug her closer nuzzling against him her arm moving to wrap around his waist, taking in that comforting scent that always helped her to relax and ease. She heard him and felt his kiss but she didn't respond, her body far too tired as she fell into a gentle slumber against him.

By 5 AM his alarm went off once again. The time to leave the room and get back to his own. He grumbled softly and turned it off as quick as he could hoping that he didn't wake Emily up. They were still laying the same way as they had gone to sleep, seemed like neither of them had moved much really.

He carefully pulled himself away from her and brought the covers up and over her again before he stretched himself out near the bed. He was slightly sore, feeling he had done a good work out the day before and in a sense he had. He looked for his clothes in the dark, starting to get himself dressed up for him mini walk of shame.

Emily hadn't stirred all night so contempt to be next to him she slept better than she had, of course when his alarm went off and she grumbled unable to stop herself from stirring.

She rolled lightly in the bed and groaned to feel her legs giving that familiar ache she felt last night, opening her eyes she peered out into the darkness her eyes still heavy as she watched him getting dressed. ...

" what time will I be seeing you later?.." she asked her voice hoarse from sleep as she pulled the covers closer to her now as she nestled back down into bed .

Seems like he had not been quiet enough to keep her from waking and he smiled at her gently as he heard her voice behind him. "I should be able to pick you up around two in the afternoon." He told her then as he finished buttoning up his shirt.

He walked over to her and gently kissed the side of her face and brushed her hair away from it with his hand. "I will let you know." He assured her. "Get plenty of rest Love." He said to her before he grabbed his last things and then sneaked out of the room.

Emily nodded then as he said a time. " Okay..." she said gently moving over a bit to grab his pillow because frankly she could still smell him on it .

Her eyes were closed again now as she felt him kiss the side of her face smiling softly towards him. " Hmmm okay, don't work to hard..." she whispered out to him before she heard him leave and she went back to sleep not long after

He got showered and dressed, messing up his bed enough that he thought it might convince someone he slept in it and then he already had to be out the door. He picked up a coffee somewhere and a simple breakfast and he was at the door of his first appointment.

His morning was filled with boring meetings and people kissing his ass to try and get in his favor. Even here they seemed to have heard of the young CEO who was making changes that nobody else had thought about and they wanted to be part of his success. Yet he just found himself wanting to get out of there. Where he normally would be happy to be working and putting his time and energy into the Daily Mail, this time he was just wanted to go back to Emily's side. Especially with what he had been planning for her in the afternoon.

By the time two rolled around he looked at the clock annoyed. It always took longer than he hoped. He quickly texted her.

Old people talk to much. Should be out soon. Wait for me.

Emily slept far too late then she intended rolling over to check the time she grumbled her arm folding over her arm, god she was tired... eventually she managed to pull herself up slipping some clothes on she checked the mirror to see her neck and grumbled...it definitely wasn't looking better...rummaging through her bag she found a silk scarf and put it on wrapping it round her neck quickly to hide the mark before finally making her way down to breakfast.

It was quiet in there this morning probably because it was so late in the day, she headed straight to good court grabbing a few more bits today, god she was hungry..turning on her heels she saw someone waving, looking out she saw Sam grinning

like a Cheshire cat ushering her to go sit with him, she grimaced for a moment shaking her head as she headed over slipping down into the chair.

" Dare I ask what's got you so happy this morning?.." she asked casually picking up her coffee watching the grin press more against his face.

" What can't I be happy?.." he said with a smile grabbing his muffin he took a piece of it before taking a sip of his orange juice. " Well actually if you must know..." he said leaning forward. " I had company last night....and she was wild.." he said .

Emily nearly choked on her coffee at his words grabbing a napkin she quickly wiped her mouth " Sam! " she said quickly unable to stop the blush on her face. " I dont need to know..." she said hurriedly tucking into her breakfast.

of course Sam laughed at her reaction smirking towards her. " Oh but she was...Christ she drove me wild..." he teased with another chuckle.

Emily rolled her eyes then . " Honestly Sam....I guess your little friend joined you then?.." she teased watching his expression she shook her head. " You need to be careful Sam..."

" Careful of what?....it was in my time...." he said the last words carefully grinning towards her. " We can have fun

right?...what did you get upto yesterday?...and what's with the scarf?..." he asked quickly reaching forward for it as she jumped back quickly.

" If you must know I was doing my notes and had a walk into the city...nothing as exciting as you..." Of course when he went for her scarf she did indeed jump back quickly making sure it remained on her neck a blush creeping up on her cheeks as she tried to hide it. " It's a bit colder this morning..." she said quickly watching Sams reaction. " Now if you dont mind...I'd like to enjoy my breakfast without you discussing your achievement.. " she said causing Sam to laugh and a small chuckle to leave her on throat as they both enjoyed their breakfast together

Emily was sat by the pool now, she had managed to cover up her neck with some make up.. not like it mattered Sam had already told her he was meeting that girl today...heading of to the beach he said..she shook her head at him, he was unbelievable...she was reading her book, she hsd been sat there all morning, it was nice...she felt so relaxed with the sun beaming down against her.

Hearing her phone she peered down looking to the message she smiled quickly typing a reply back.

- Now now, dont be rude Mr Kingston...your clearly very popular ;). I'll be here..let me know when your on your way back and I'll get ready*

before she settled back down against the sun lounge she was in.

After another 35 minute he finally found himself outside the building. He had excused himself and said he had an appointment elsewhere. It was not an entire lie. He had an appointment with a very lovely woman after all.

I got out through the back door. Don't tell anyone. he texted her to let her know he was on his way to her.

He got a cab and drove his way to the hotel. She had talked about going to the pool so he walked straight there, finding her enjoying the sun with her eyes closed in a beautiful bikini. He just stood there for a moment admiring her before he walked to the water and cupped some into his hands. He walked back to her and just let it fall right on her stomach.

Emily looked down to her phone to see the message she couldn't help but give a small chuckle.

Don't worry your secret is safe with me... she simply responded before laying back down, she had told her self she would go and get ready soon, but she was simply enjoying the sun so much..that and she assumed it would take him a while to get to her.

That was until she felt the ice cold water smack against her stomach causing her to shriek out her book flying off the side

and hitting the floor, she jumped on the lounge her eyes hitting Nathaniel as she huffed as he stood their laughing.

" That wasn't very funny now was it..." she grumbled as she playfully smacked his legs watching a few people from around the pool looking over she blushed deeply.

" Look now you've disturbed everyone..." she playfully said to him

He couldn't help but laugh at her reaction. Not even just laugh, he was buckled over in his enjoyment of it. He had expected some kind of reaction, but that much? No, not really.

He went over to grab her book off her floor before it would get wet and had to wipe away a tear from his eyes. "It was though." He just said, not done laughing just yet. He pulled her against him then, for one second not caring if people were looking. "Just wanted to make you wet before we leave." He whispered in her ear with a chuckle before he just walked off towards the lobby. "Let's go!"

Emily watched the way he buckled over laughing so loudly at her and it only added to her embarrassment! And the fact he was even crying. She simply couldn't stop her self from smiling a bit at his stupidity.

" Your a idiot you know that?.." she teased pushing her self up from the lounge chair she wrapped her self up in her long kimono tying it round her waist before slipping her shoes on.

She yelped as he pulled her into him, the blush only increasing at his words before he released her and started walking of, she saw people looking at her then as she quickly gathered her stuff and headed after him pushing him playfully as they walked through the lobby .

Her playful push did almost nothing, he was taller and more broad then she was. So again he just chuckled at her as he walked with her towards the elevator and pushed the button for them to get up. "You shouldn't talk to your boss like that." He just teased her again as the elevator took them up, stealing a kiss now that nobody as in there with them.

"Get yourself dressed Miss Weston." He then said as the doors opened before them once again. "I will see you in the lobby." He chuckled at her before he went off towards his own room to also get out of his stuffy suit.

Emily couldn't help but chuckle at his words as they reached the elevator. " Oh? Playing the boss card? Well in that case HR are gonna have a field day when I get back and talk to them about *Your* inappropriate behaviour this weekend " she said with a giggle before accepting his kiss happily .

" Always so bossy..." she teased him before making her way to her bedroom, she chucked the cover up and bikini of her leaving it on the side before she got her self freshened up. Placing on another one of her summer dresses this was coming to just above her knee. She slipped some flats on

grabbing her bag she tossed it over her shoulder, before finally making her way out of her room and down to the lobby feeling excitement as well as slight anxiety for what was to come..

He also got himself refreshed in his room. He ditched the suit and instead got out a pair of knee length white jeans and a blue shirt with a nice pattern on it. He dabbed some more cologne on him as he knew she liked the scent and then just checked if he had everything that he needed to go into the city.

He had already called a cab and one should be waiting for them and he had the addresses he needed saved on his phone. He had found a few nice stores he wanted to take her for some dresses if she wanted them. They were not high end stores, but he knew she liked shopping more casual then he did and then he had something else found that was close by.

He finally got down to the lobby and found her there, looking cute as always. "Ready to leave Miss Weston?" He asked her, reminding himself that the hotel at least should be formal ground even if he had already broken that rule. If she was ready he led her outside and to the cab.

Emily was flicking through her phone before her eyes flicked up just in time to see Nathaniel walking through the lovely and her breath caught up in her throat to look at him, in such a casual outfit...she loved him in suits, but seeing him so relaxed like he had been the last few days was certainly refreshing...god she was going to miss this...

She couldn't stop the small smile she gave him when he came near her, she simply nodded to him pulling her back up her shoulder a bit more. " Always ready Mr Kingston..." she teased waiting for him before she followed him out of the lobby back into the warm sunshine.

He escorted her to the cab, trying hard to keep himself from just placing a hand on her back like he wanted to. He opened the door for her and quickly got in the other side then.

Now free of prying eyes he placed a hand on her thigh as he handed the driver a piece of paper with the street he could drop them off at. "I think I found a street you will like. It was highly recommended by some of the woman this morning." He said. He had been asking around with the secretaries and receptionists if they knew some nice places. "Or you must have found a place you want to go to?" He asked.

Emily slipped her self into the cab moving over so he could get I'm beside her, she felt his hand come over to her thigh as her hand instantly came out to place on top of hers allowing her fingers to dance along the top of his.

She turned her attention to him then as he spoke unable to stop the smile. " You asked around where the best places to shop were?..." she teased with a grin. " How very thoughtful of you..."

At his question she shrugged. " Honestly?...there really wasn't anyway in particular I wanted to go, just thought it would be

nice to look at the shops here, so I'm happy to see what recommendations you got "

"Anything to please the lady." He teased her as he squeezed her thigh. "Just figured it wouldn't hurt to ask around to some people who would actually know what they are talking about." He said as he shrugged a little bit.

The drive there was not very long and soon the cab stopped and he paid the driver before they got out. They landed on a busy shopping street filled with all kinds of people looking to buy that Florida fashion. There was a wide array of stores with different price points and styles. He put his hand on the small of her back then, knowing that they were probably safe here from prying eyes. "Any store you want to go in. I will follow." He told her

"Lady hmm?..." she teased grinning towards him, listening to his explanation she smiled more towards him. "Well thank you for taking the time do that, very considerate of you..."

Emily watched then as they come into the busy street, she climbed out showing clear excitement for the shops around her and how busy it was....god she loved shopping.

She felt his hand on her back as she started walking down looking at the different stores they passed, suddenly becoming painfully aware they were going shopping of all things she chewed her lip a little looking to him. "Are you...Are you sure you don't mind shopping?...I mean we can

do something else? I don't want you to get bored..." she said carefully.

"I don't mind." He said honestly. Sure it was not his favorite thing to do, but it would make her happy. Beside he didn't mind getting a word in when it came to the clothes she was going to buy, or try and get her in something she would otherwise not try on. Of course there was also the fact that he was still planning to sneak into that changing room with her at some point. Just the thought brought mischief to his eyes. "Really, do your thing."

"Are you sure?..." she said carefully, watching the look she gave him she chuckled waving her hands. "Okay okay fine...but don't go complaining to me later about it...." she teased .

Walking down a few more shops before one stood out, she peered in the window looking at all the glorious dresses and shoes in the window she grinned, taking his hand before she practically dragged him into the shop, releasing his hand she headed of almost instantly to the dresses she spotted in the window, flicking through them already grabbing a few she liked as she hung them over her arm idly.

The yank was quite sudden and he found himself stumbling just slightly as she pulled him into the store. He looked at how she enthusiastically started to pull things from the rack and hanging them over her arm. There were all kinds of cuts,

length and patterns. He knew she was a woman and likely she would be putting all of those back except for maybe one.

While she was doing that he took a small look around as well, trying to find something to add over that arm as well. In the end he found a cute one that was forest green with white dots over it, the skirt just above the knee and off the shoulder sleeves. He picked out the size he thought might fit her and then walked back over her and hung it over that same arm that already held so many. If she gave him a look he would simply smile and comment innocently. "Am I not allowed to help?"

Emily was not even paying attention to what he was doing, she didn't even realise he had wondered of if she was honest with her self that was until she felt something get placed in her arm, she peered down to the dress now In her arms.

She looked back to him then hearing his words she smirked. " Did I say anything?.." she teased lifting the dress up that he brought over she inspected it a bit, trying not to look extremely pleased with his suggestion she slipped it back. " I suppose I can try it on..." she muttered trying to keep the playfulness from her tone and the smile from her face as she went to look at another dress.

"Hard to please huh?" He teased her back as she seemed uninterested in his choice. Yet he wanted to see it on. The store was not busy. Aside from them there were two other woman shopping and one changing booth was full. This was

not the store he would go for. To tame.. he wanted a thrill on this last day with her.

He almost felt bad that that was his goal from the shopping trip. But then again. She had been the one saying she wanted to go shopping to fulfill another fantasy. So after that he simply found a bench to sit on and waited for her to be done and start to show off some dresses to him.

she simply grinned towards him shrugging her shoulders. " I dont know what you mean Mr Kingston I'm very easy to please..." she teased winking towards him, she watched as he went to sit down sniggering to her self , she felt a little bad for teasing him about his choice in dress...if anything she liked it alot more then some of the ones she had choosen for her self..not that she would tell him that!

Finally settling on the dresses her arm growing heavy with them she turned to see him. " I'm going to Try these on..." she said as she made her way into the changing rooms, hanging up the dresses on the hook she took her own dress of so she could try some of them on.

She tried the first one looking in the mirror she twisted her face up instantly taking it of and shoving it back on the hanger..nope that was awful!

She tried a red one on now, the straps sat just below her shoulders, it wasn't figure hugging but did show her figure of a bit, she turned looking at it..she liked it.

Pushing the curtain open she showed him. " Ta-dah..." she teased with a small chuckle. " What do you think?.." she said giving a small twirl, it did look nice...especially against the small tan on her skin she got from sitting by the pool earlier.

While she was in the changing room, he simply sat outside it waiting. As in most stores there was a little sitting area for the male companions to sit down. Especially in one of these stores that only seemed to have female clothing. He just sat at his phone as he looked over some things, perhaps even looking at those few pictures from the beach again and just waited till she was ready to come out again.

Once she did she looked up, seeing the smile on her face as she was dressed in that red number. He got up from his seat and looked at her twirl, keeping his face decently neutral. He walked over to her and ran his hands over her hips where it fitted her so nicely. "Hmmm.." he just said, not grinning a bit where he couldn't see it. "I like the ribbon at the front." He teased her with a small chuckle. "It looks lovely on you."

Emily watched as he come over then, she felt a little embarrassed as he looked her over, feeling his hands against her hip she bit down on her lip lightly.

" Good...I'm glad you like it..." and she was...she wanted him to like what she wore, before she vanished back into the cubicle.

She tried a few more dresses on but she wasn't satisfied with many of them, she tried them but soon promptly took them of,

and then she came to the one he choose, she pondered a moment before finally slipping it on, she looked in the mirror and smiled warmly running her hand down her frame ...she liked it...she *Really* liked it...but she would tease him a little..

Stepping back out she showed him the dress he had picked her "Hmmm...not sure how I feel about this..." she teased twirling around a little and looking at her self in the mirror. " Not sure if it's flatering..." she teased trying to keep the smile from her face.

He waited more once she went in. He noticed how she took her time, probably trying on multiple ones and not liking how they looked. The little movement in the changing room suggested so as well. So it took her quite a bit before she came out and once she did. She was in that lovely green number that he had chosen for her. A smile instantly appeared on his face. It looked lovely on her and really complimented her eyes.

Yet she was playing dumb, he could tell from the tone of her voice that she was trying to get him to believe she did not like it. Even her body language said that she was into it. Yet he would play her game. "You are right. Clearly I don't know anything about dresses." He just said and looked back to his phone.

Emily peeked over to him then as he spoke. Her eyes widening as he agreed with her.

" I'm right?...what do you mean im right? You dont think it looks good? " she said quickly without realising that she said it, turning round she looked in the mirror again running her hand down her stomach

" I was only joking you know, I actually thought it looked great on me but now I ain't so sure..." she basically pouted as he stared at that damn phone of his.

"I actually thought it looked great on me but now I ain't so sure.." he couldn't help the instant chuckle that left his mouth then as he looked back up from his phone just to find that pouting face looking at him. "It looks great on you Em." He then said to reassure you.

He walked over to her and kissed that spot in her neck that he had left that bite mark the day before. "You just can't be teasing me without expecting to be teased back." He chuckled at her. "You should get this one."

she heard him laugh then as she turned to look towards him watching as he finally got of his phone to look up to her, his words only making her narrow her eyes towards him. " Hmm and how am I supposed to believe you?.." she teased trying to keep a straight face.

Of course as he came over over and kissed her neck she couldn't stop the small smile that graced her face, instantly wiping it of when he pulled away. " Hmm I can tease you because your not sensitive.. I am.." she teased moving back to

the curtains before she shut them in a dramatic fashion unable to stop the small chuckle from leaving her lips at her self.

She took the few dresses she wanted including the green one hiding it under a couple she decided to keep, coming out she handed the others to the assistant which she didn't want

" Okay I'm gonna go pay for these..." she said making her way over to the counter

"Sure you are." He just said as she claimed to be sensitive. Perhaps she was, but that was not enough to not make him tease her. Her reactions were to funny. Like the one just now here she believed he didn't like the dress he picked. She had been so disappointed. He just laughed as she closed the changing room in a very dramatic fashion. He waited once more for her to figure her stuff out and was still standing as she got out of the changing room. His eyes instantly scanned for the green dress, wanting to make sure it was in the pile she wanted. Yet when he couldn't find it either the keep or leave pile he just narrowed his eyes a little bit.

He walked over to her and quickly flicked through the pile over her arm before he spotted that familiar green. "Cheeky.." he just grinned at her before he took the whole pile from her. "You won't be paying for anything though." He then said before kissing her lips to keep her from complained, even if that would only work for maybe 3 seconds.

Of course Emily saw him checking out her pile of dresses as she attempted to tug them closer wanting to tease him so he didn't think she had it.

Of course she soon came behind her and flicked through the pile before she pulled it away. " Do you mind..." she traded hearing him call her cheeky she chuckled. " I'll have you know I'm rather sweet..."

Of course when he took the dresses from her she blinked returning the kiss. " Nathaniel you really don't need to pay for them ya know...I'm more than happy to get them myself..." she didn't want him to think that's why she invited him shopping...

He just put his hand up and waved her concerns away. Even given her a playful push away from him as he placed the dresses down on the counter for her and took out his wallet. "With all the costs that Mr Ledger has been wracking up, paying for these is nothing." He teased her. And it was true. Apparently Sam had been ordering some spa treatments for him and whoever this lady friend of his was that he was having so much fun with. "Besides, I want to pay." He assured her and handed his personal credit card over to the lady who gladly took it and started to bag up the dresses Emily had picked out for herself.

He took the bag then and just took her hand as he turned them around to leave the store and into the busy street again, ready

for the next store to go to. "Where next Miss Weston?" He teased her.

Emily couldn't stop her self from laughing as he pushed her playfully making her take a step back. " Alright alright jeez..." she teased with a chuckle.

Of course when he mentioned Sam she winced a little. " Dare I ask?..." she said carefully , watching as he paid for the dresses. Taking her hand eagerly as he lead her out of the shop.

She looked around a little shrugging. " I dunno we can have a walk and see what there is, do you wanna go anywhere?.."

"I have a place in mind, but let's do the other things first." He admitted to her. But that stop would be last. He couldn't help his lip forming into a grin at the thought. If only she knew.

"Perhaps we can find a busy store somewhere." He then whispered into her ear as he squeezed her hand. "I am sure you could find something you would like to try on." He continued to tease her. He was sure she knew what he was taking about.

He wondered just how busy of a store she would dare to walk into. He would not lie. It would have been more fun if it wasn't planned. If he hadn't told her that that was something he wanted to do with her. But he had other surprises planned, so this one could be not a surprise.

" I have in place in mind...but let's do other things first..." she couldn't help but turn to look at him, wondering exactly what he had planned..she was going to ask but something told her by his face he wasn't going to tell her even if she did.

" perhaps we can find a busy place..." His whispered words caused her to shudder a small blush appearing on her face, suddenly now she was here she wasn't feeling as brave anymore...but she didn't wanna dissapoint him.

The more he teased her the more she felt that busy increase, but she couldn't help but feel the warmth growing through her at the thought.

She looked around then and saw a bigger store than the last one, it was busy...alot busier then the last one she could see quite a few people wondering around.

' We can try this one...' she said carefully before she lead into the store , seeing the crowds of people she felt her anxiety pulling through her...but yet she still went in to look at the clothes.

She was braver then he would have thought. The place she picked as quite bustling with people. It was not the kind of busy where you needed to push around to even look around at clothes, but it when he looked over the changing rooms, most of them were taken. She surprised him yet again.

He soon fell in line with her, looking through the racks to search for a few gems that were hidden there. It really wasn't a good store, especially not for the type of clothing that Emily would like, let alone the type of clothing that would work for the London weather once they came back. After all a London summer lasted about two weeks at most. Yet he picked some simple things, his favorite find was an orange crop top. "You finding anything?"

Emily went through a few of the racks, her eyes taking in what was there, even she knew she should probably stop buying dresses ...it's not like she would be wearing them much in London..the thought had her groaning inwardly god she was gonna miss being here...and not just because of the weather, her eyes peering to Nathaniel then in a thoughtful expression. She saw the orange crop top taking it from him she inspected it. " That's nice..." she said hanging it against her arm before finding some jeans near the back of the store and flicking through them grabbing a few bits.

" There's a few bits..." she said idly...grabbing a couple of tops she liked she hung them on her arm, looking to the changing rooms she saw one free...all the other occupied...and she felt her embarrassment grow.

" I'll...uh...just go try these on..." she said hurriedly, she had to go in there now before she changed her mind. Quickly hurrying to the changing room she tugged the curtain across

feeling her heart in her throat....god she never felt so nervous and anxious in her life...hanging the clothes up she peeled the dress of her frame leaving it on the bench as she grabbed a top...maybe he wouldn't come

He could clearly see how nervous she was as she waked of to that one free changing room. He couldn't help but chuckle a small bit. "Go do that." He just said to her as he put his hand on her behind for a small moment and then let her go. He watched as she got into that changing room and only knew how nervous she must be. He was going to let her be for a small bit, after all, joining her straight away would be awefully suspicious.

So instead he roamed around a bit longer and picked up some odd bits of clothing. These were not even clothing pieces he wanted her to wear, but it would give him a reason to climb into that changing room with her. It was probably a good five minutes before he eventually made his way to her.

"Hey, I found a few more that you might like." He said as he peeked around the curtain and then slipped in with her.

Emily stood there for a moment trying to keep her breath steady as she looked to the drawn curtains...was he coming in? He wasn't yet and that only made her chew her bottom lip carefully, maybe he changed his mind?

Releasing a small sigh she grabbed a pair of jeans she wanted to try tugging them up her frame, she was inspecting them

casually in the mirror before she heard his voice and jumped a little bit.

Watching as he casually came in she paused for a moment before looking at the jeans okay. " I quite like these...." she said, the nerves showing in her voice...*Right come on Emily..big girl pants on..stop being a god damn baby* she said to her self. Peeking at him through the mirror her hands came to her jeans then unbuttoning them carefully.

She pulled them down shimmering them down her hips bending slightly to pull them all the way back down, perhaps a bit slower then one normally would collecting them from the floor she turned to look at him, clad in just her underwear now holding out the jeans for him.

" Would you mind hanging these back...please.." she said softly, her voice taking on a more lustful tone as she watched him staring at her in such a way that always caused her stomach to tightness in the delicious way that only he could being out in her.

"I think they look good on you." He commented on the jeans that she had on, her top naked except for her bra. She had actually gone and tried on something. She had probably gotten to nervous waiting, or believed he changed his mid. Of course he had not.

He watched her shimmering out of that jeans, her finger seeming clumsy and shakey from her nerves. Yet she was

telling him no, she wasn't telling him to stop.. She had to still be open for it or she wouldn't have allowed him in right?

So he pressed on and when she removed the jeans and handed them over to him he took them from her, but also tossed them to the ground. He gently pushed her against the back of the changing room and rubbed his hand over her panties. "Are you sure you want me to hang those back?" He asked her

Emily watched the cogs working in his mind as he stared at her...the same teasing look against his gaze which always made her churn with excitement. Of course she was nervous , so nervous...and yet excited..he was pushing her boundaries so much and even though she was anxious and worried...god she couldn't get enough of the thrill she felt doing things like this.

Her eyes followed the jeans as they hit the floor, she felt his gentle push her back hitting the cold wall behind her, his hand against her panties caused her to sigh, one hand coming to trail up his chest.

" Leave them..." she whispered to him before allowing herself to lean in and kiss him, the hand on his chest moved to take hold of his neck to bring him closer against her.

"I thought so." He grinned at her as he watched that little bit of lust starting to take over her brain. She always seemed to need that little push to make her forget just how shy she was. He kissed her back then, gladly letting her pull him further in. Now that he got her permission he slipped his hand fully into

her panties and wasted no time to find her sex. He would keep his mouth on hers, stifling those first sounds for her if they happened.

But she wasn't going to get that security for long as he pulled away from her soon, wanting to see her face as he inserted his fingers into her as he pressed one finger to her lips to remind her that she had to keep quiet before he reached for his own belt.

Emily tightened her hand against the back of his neck her fingers toying with the short hairs there before she felt his hand go into her panties feeling them down there did indeed cause her to groan into his mouth...she simply couldn't help her self.

She felt him pull away her face already flushed before she felt him push his fingers into her and she had to clench her jaw to stop her self from moaning, feeling his finger against her lip she pressed her lips together her breathing came out hard through her nose as she tried to keep her self quiet, but fuck he always knew how to touch her....and he always knew the right spot to drive her fucking crazy.

It didn't take long for him to undo his belt and to let his pants drop to the floor. He knew he needed to make quick work of this or someone would actually get suspicious of what was happening there. And even though he also liked the idea of being caught, actually getting caught was not something he

enjoyed. Luckily she seemed into this as much as he was and he could already feel her getting wet enough to take her.

He pulled her panties down to the floor as well and took her leg to lift it up into the air before he leaned forward towards her ear. "I think the clerk saw me coming in here.." he whispered into her ear. "She must be wondering why I have not left yet.." he added to it as he felt his grin growing. All the while he was moving them both to get himself in a position to enter her. "You think she known that I am fucking you right now?" He pushed himself in.

Emily whimpered as he pulled her panties down to the floor, making eager work of stepping out of them, god her cheeks were so hot she could barely contain her flushes, but at the same time the rush of excitement that was pushing through her was something she hadn't experienced before, she could feel how wet she was and that only added to her pressure.

She felt him raise her leg as she tucked it round him her heel digging into his rear for support, his gentle whispered did nothing but cause a soft whimper to leave her lips, she wrapped her arms around his neck to hold him closer . " Nathaniel..." she whispered out before he pushed himself in her and she had to push her face against his shoulder in a attempt to muffle her moans, a soft one coming out against his flesh as she clutched him tighter.

He soon got a small rhythm going as he moved himself in and out of her. Hidden in that changing room with the two of them, the sound of other people around them as they just went about their day. He could hear some people removing their clothes, or zipping up jeans. The rooms were noisy. He couldn't even really push to far into her as the sound of their skin coming together might already be enough to have someone know exactly what they were doing. Even if the thought of just someone finding out excited him. "Ssssst." He just said into her ear every time a small noise left her mouth. "You don't want to get caught now do you?" he whispered to her. "What would they think of you? Getting fucked in a changing room.. naughty girl."

Emily felt him moving inside of her then, she gripped his neck harder in a attempt to keep her self quiet but god it was so hard, so difficult when he made her feel so fucking good, the way he made inside her sent her crazy, and not just that...the position they was in to, and the fact she was in a changing room...she could hear people around then and that simply excited her more.

His heated words in her ear only made her whimper more turning her head to speak in his ear. " How do you expect me to be quiet when you make me feel so good..." she groaned into his ear nipping his lobe playfully.

God he wanted to take her harder. He tried multiple thing to try and not make their skin come together, but every time he seemed to fail and some sound could be heard about their sex. Meanwhile he was just starting get more excited, already feeling his climax coming prematurely. It had been years since he had een able to do this. Since he had been able to explore this fantasy of his. Combined with the words she whispered in his ear he got send over that edge, grunting into her hair as he released himself. "Fuck.. Em.. sorry." Goddamnit..

Emily was almost surprised when she heard him climax so quickly, heard his apology and she couldn't stop a stupid smile from appearing on her face, proud ...proud is how she felt that she was able to give him something he had clearly wanted for so long.

" Look at me..." she whispered into his ear, her hand clutching his cheek to make him turn to look at her she bent down, pressing her lips to his she kissed him, tenderly and full of emotion before she pulled away rubbing her nose with his.

" Don't ever apologise to me ...do you know how good it makes me feel to know i gave you something you've fantasised about?..." she whispered against his lips allowing her leg to drop down then before she kissed him one more time.

God he felt embarassed for that. This had been supposed to be special and he had just gone and fucked it up. It had just been amazing, that one thing he had wanted to do with someone for

so long and to do it with her of all people. He looked at her when she told him to and was surprised when she kissed him, yet he gladly kissed her back as he felt himself slide out of her.

"You give me so much Emily." He said kissing her back again, relieved she wasn't angry with him. "I don't want you to be left wanting.. ever." He said to her and he meant it. "I can make you cum in other ways." he offered her, searching her eyes to see if she wanted that, leaving the choice to her.

Emily heard his words and her face faltered. " Nathaniel stop..." she said gently her hand coming to move through his hair seeing the anger at himself and the disappointment only made her face soften towards him more.

His next suggestion had a blush creeping on her face, she could hear people around them now, talking and it just made her feel anxious again , they had already been Here for a bit and she didn't want anyone to start questioning especially if people saw him come in...

" You don't need to worry about me, doing this with you , giving you what you wanted was enough to satisfy me, with all day and night Nathaniel..." she whispered playfully to him before giving him one more kiss.

He studied her face, making sure she was alright with it as he starting to pull up his boxer and pants. He returned her kiss and decided that he would just have to make it up to her later. That wasn't how he had wanted this to end.. yet he could not

turn around time to do it better. "Okay." He ended up just saying as she said it was okay. "I will wait outside then." He said, still feeling slightly bad about it and left the changing room.

He sat down on the bench then with everyone else, waiting for her to be done. He put his head in his hands as he just breathed out a bit. It's fine.. it happened to anyone surely. He had just been so into that moment. So into making it special for her that he had ended up just exciting himself too much. This was not going to happen to him again..

Emily watched the way he studied her face and she honestly couldn't help but feel bad for him in that moment, clearly he was bothered by what had happened and she didn't want him to.

" I won't be long..." she said watching as he left, even from in here she knew he would be beating himself up and it caused her to sigh, especially when she *Knew* there was no way that man didn't satisfy her...god he satisfied her in everywhere possible....and she hoped he knew that to...

She finally got her self sorted, only decided to get the jeans and crop top he had choosen she came out.

" I'm gonna get those.. .this crop top you picked out is cute.. I'm sure I can find a day or two to wear it this year in London.. " she teased trying to bring the subject to someone else not wanting him to dwell on what happened.

" Come on...then we can go somewhere you want to go, surely there's a place you wanna get some stuff in?.." she said heading towards the cashier.

He looked up at her as she got out of the changing room and couldn't help but smile at her as she decided to get that orange crop top he had picked out. He got up from the bench and gave her a kiss on the side of her head. "You are so sweet." He just said to her, both for getting the crop top and for the way she talked to him in that changing room.

He let her check out her things at the cash register before he got her hand again and walked out into the street. "You sure you don't want to go anywhere else? The place I want to go to is a bit out." he warned her

She smiled to him as he called her sweet. " Sometimes...it depends what day you catch me on..." she teased with a smirk, accepting his kiss as they went to the cash register.

She took his hand as they left the shop , she peered around briefly before shaking her head to him. " no honestly I'm happy with the few bits I've picked out, I honestly don't need to get anymore...i probably have more than enough.." she teased nudging his shoulder lightly. " Come on let's go where you want to go..."

Once they got to walking to their next destination, Nate started to calm down again. She was still being her, she was not mad and he could make up for things later. He just put his

arm on her waist and walked with her pulled close against him. He enjoyed this time with her and he knew that soon she would be the one who was embarrassed again and not him.

They soon left the busy streets behind and started to get in a more calm side of the city. From there it would only be a few turns till they finally reached the location he had wanted to go to. It was a building with a sign outside that said 'For the Play'. It was a sex shop that also had a good collection of sexy and beautiful lingerie. From the reviews online it seemed like a place that carried things for the most vanilla till the most kinky. "Well here we are." He simply said and took his arm of her to walk inside, waiting for her to either follow or protest.

Emily walked alongside Nathaniel now, her own arm wrapped around his waist, she wondered where he had in mind to go..she half wondered if it would be work related she sniggered at her own thoughts of course the man would probably shop for work related items...

Of course when they went of the main high street she started to ponder more, her eyes taking in the quiet of the street they were in now, that was until they made it to a shop that said *For the play*

She instantly felt her face grow warm, her insides squirmed with the fact he wanted to take her in *There* she didn't think she could cope in a shop like this with him..

" no no no..." she said nervously grasping for his hand to stop him walking in. " I can't...I can't go in there..." she whispered her voice showing her clear nervousness beneath in.

He couldn't stop himself from grinning from her reaction. He had expected her to be shy, but to hate it that much? This girl was golden.. from letting him take her in a changing room, to refusing to go into a sex shop. "I promised you some underwear right? They sell underwear here. Come on." He said to her and before she could complain any further he just grabbed into her hand and pulled her along.

As they entered it was clear that the store was seperated into two sides. One side held the lingerie. It was a mix between regular sets, more adventurous sets and also beautiful corsets. There were also some themes outfits like nurse or cop.

The other side was focused on the actual sex shop. In the middle were rows and rows of porn dvd's for sale while the walls were made up of endless displays with all kind of toys, accesoiries and other knick knacks. It seemed to set up in such a way that the deeper you went into the store, the more adventurous it became. "See it is not that bad." He just chuckled at her.

He was grinning at her and she couldn't stop the blush from creeping up on her face more...maybe it seemed silly...maybe she was being silly...but she had never been in a shop like this before and it made her nervous

" Nathaniel...", she tried to protest again but it was too late he was dragging her in and she felt her breath catch when she walked into the shop with him, her eyes took in the place noticed first the underwear...which she couldn't deny was beautiful, some of the sets were breath taking.

Of course her eyes then fell on the *Other* stuff in the store and felt her self squirm on the spot, to see the array of things loitered around and her blush only got deeper.. .she half wondered what he enjoyed in here...it was clear he was into *stuff* after last night..

Of course her thoughts of last night came flooding back and she had to release a deep breath, the whole thought of it simply taking her breath away....

She heard his words then and heard his laugh . " It's not funny Nathaniel. ..." she grumbled

But despite all her grumbles it was clear she was taking an interest her eyes simply couldn't stop looking around before she went back to the underwear trying to steady herself.

He just chuckled at her again and pulled her closer to him. "It is a little bit." He said to her and found her lips to kiss her.

"Stop being so shy.." he said into her mouth. With her reaction being so severe, part of him started to wonder if she had ever even owned a toy. The answer would probably lean towards no. If so this whole thing was new to her and it only made it more fun for him. "Just look around, I want to know

what catches your eye." He said to him as he nuzzled into her cheek.

And he was genuine in that curiosity. After finding her not able to express what she wanted, yet being so open to the things he seemed to suggest, he wanted to see what she was into. He wanted to see what kind of things caught her interest, what made her feel warm inside. He wanted to learn about her even more than he knew now. And it had also helped that they had some beautiful lingerie in this store that he would gladly pick some sets from for her. Perhaps even one with an open crotch.. he already chuckled at the thought of how she would react to that.

She felt him pull her closer, sighing deeply as its words. " Maybe to you..." she muttered...feeling his kiss and his teasing words she grumbled again *Its not like I mean to be...* she thought inwardly...it probably seemed stupid considering all the stuff she had done with him..this place should be tame considering all things..but she had never been in a shop like this, she never owned anything they did here.

" Nathaniel I don't even know what half of this stuff is. ." She hissed at him, though there was a playfulness behind her tone...he wanted her to look around.. what exactly did he want her to look for?...oh god she could feel embarrassment going over her again..she didn't know if she could cope with this.

She took a steady breath as she walked in more, her eyes looking around.. .god There was just so much stuff around here she didn't know where to start.. .

Maybe she could get something for both of them?...oh god she couldn't do that she didn't even know what he liked.. ..god this was hard work.. .and she found her self becoming flustered.

for christ sake why does he do this stuff to me..because he likes to give me a heart attack that's why.. she grumbled inwardly..

Her eyes fell on the vibrators now looking at the different ones on display, her breath catching to see them, she had always wondered about those...she heard enough women talking about them, she found her heart quicken in her chest to look at them and already she could feel herself growing warmer..

"Then you ask me what it is." He just grinned, not taking her little excuses. He liked how even though she was complaining so much, her eyes kept wondering. She had such a curious nature. It was no surprise.. you needed that to do the work that she did. It was fun however to see how that curiosity extended to more things.

He would give her a bit of space then. The employee in the store looked over to them. It was a lady in her mid 30s and she was looking to Nate to see if she needed to come help or not. He simple waved her a no, knowing it would just get Emily morw flustered if she also bombarded her with questions.

As she went over to look at the vibrators he waited just a bit, but he really couldn't hold himself back. "You want one?" He teased her.

Emily could feel her heart racing in her chest, her hands were fidgeting again as she looked at the different vibrators she didn't even know where to start with these things, but she had to admit she was curious...curious as to what they would be like..and of course her curiosity extended to what they would be like with him using it on her...tied like she was last night.

She found herself squirm a bit then.. god what was this man doing to her?... she would never normally be interested in all this kind of stuff..well.. maybe deep down she had always been curious, but she never had anyone to really bring that side out of her, at least not until Nate...

She was so preoccupied with looking at them she never heard Nate coming until she heard him talk and she jumped a little, her face turning more crimson as she chewed on her bottom lip.

" Maybe..." she whispered. Walking down a bit to look at some others that were there.

God this was entertaining. This might have been the most interesting thing he had ever done with her and he was going to enjoy every last second of it. If it was up to him they would spend every last second in here until the store closed. "Well. I

am afraid to tell you that I actually don't know much about these." He said pointing to the vibrators. "But I am sure the lady over there would be more than happy to help you pick." He said to her pointing to the woman who was still occasionally glancing their way. He already knew she probably wouldn't, but he was more than happy to do it for her if she was genuinely interested in one. "Or we can keep looking first." He chuckled at her.

Emily felt more embarrassment grow inside of her as he suggested she go and ask the woman behind the counter giving her a shy smile as she looked over before shooting him a look.

"Do you lay awake at night and think of ways to embarrass me?.." she whispered, in a flustered tone. "I bet you've been sitting on this all day haven't you?...you know sometimes I could just throttle you.." she teased, though it was clear she was saying it in jest.

She groaned then, god she had no idea what any of these even did...what was good...what wasn't.. ..Jesus this was hard.. looking to Nathaneil then she grumbled. "Can you ask her?..." she asked carefully despite it all it was very clear she was interested in one.

"

"That has perhaps become a favorite past time for me lately." He said as she was convinced he was out to get her. He saw

that blush on her face and how it was taking over. He bet it would go all the way down to her chest if he had been able to see it there. "Sure." He said then, this time actually not trying to embarrass her. If she was interested in one, he would gladly help her find one she might like.

So he walked over to the woman at the counter. "It seems my friend over there is interested in a vibrator, but I don't think I can help her with that. Would you mind giving us some advice?" He asked her. "Of course not! They can be quite intimidating don't they." She said. "Yeah, I will warn you, she is quite shy." He warned her. The woman just nodded at him and winked as she walked over to Emily.

"Hello there." She said to Emily and waved at her sweetly. "Seems like you are interested in having on of these?" She asked, trying to avoid even saying the name of it. "Have you ever had one before sweetheart?"

"Yeah I bet it has..." she grumbled up at him, god he was enjoying this..he was enjoying torturing her in this place, she knew she should just settle ...knew she should just relax , I mean hell was it really that bad?...she turned then and her face hit the dvds seeing naked frames all over the cases she quickly looked back.

When he said sure and started walking of she wanted to call him back...oh god did she really want to talk to that woman

about *this* she could feel her self growing flustered already again at the thought of it.

Suddenly Emily watched as the woman came over, she saw her smile against her face, and shifted a little bit on her feet. She started questioning her and she paused for a moment.

" Yes..I was looking.." she said carefully trying to not make her self sound to ...stupid. god what did she think about her? In here not having a clue what she was even looking at. .

She shook her head carefully. " No...I've never had one, I have...you know..thought about them.." she said sheepishly before resizing what she said and blushed harder.

" I Mean not like that...I haven't.. ya know...I just..." she stopped then releasing a puff of air. " I've not had one.." she finally said quickly before she embarrassed her self even more.

The woman couldn't help but just smile at her. She loved customers like Emily. So innocent yet wanting to explore. She just wanted to cuddle them and tell them it was all going to be alright. "Okay! Well once has to be you first so I will help you find the right one." She said kindly. "Are you sexually active?"

The lady asked next. "Yes, she is." Nate couldn't help but answer that one. The lady just giggled at him for a short bit.

"Okay and what are we looking for spend?" She asked but Nate already started to shake his hand, letting her know price did not matter. The lady just looked between thwm both a

moment, unsure what was happening but she was not going to question it. "Alright."

She turned around them for a moment and grabbed a few of the vibrators that were on display to try out. "So these are all clean, they have not been used by anybody. You don't need to worry about that." She reassured Emily. "We got a few options for you here. We have this one which is more realistic looking." She said handing her one that almost looked like a real penis. It was flexible and even had the veins in it. She turned it on in her hand to let her feel the vibration. "The vibrations are a bit soft, but some like that. It works on batteries which is something to consider." She explained. "This one is a smooth model, it is a bit more powerful, still works on batteries, but it is a very loved model we sell." Again it would be turned on so Emily could feel it in her hand. "And this one is my personal favorite." The lady smiled. It was a purple vibrator that had a smooth surface that was slightly curved with a wider top. "It is charged through a cable and can be turned from soft vibrations to heavy vibrations with this knob." She showed exactly how to turn it and just how heavy it could go.

Well at least the woman seemed nice...that was something, she found her self settling just a little, if she was this nice she was sure she would be fine....of course at her question after being sexually active she felt her self shift again before Nate answered she looked over to him shooting him a look " Shut

up..." she mouthed at him, feeling all flustered again she turned back to the woman.

Of course...the second the woman started to pick up dildos she found her self becoming all flustered again, she took the models that she was showing her looking at them and feeling the way they vibrated in her hand , she couldn't help but feel her self getting fluttered for different reasons.

She took each one that she handed her..inspecting them as much as she thought she could handle.

Then came the purple one, she found her self growing increasingly curious about this one...it looked nice...was nice the right word? ...christ she just called a dildo nice...she felt her self get flustered at her own thoughts, watching as she demonstrated the vibrations and how heavy it could go had her breath catching.

She looked to where Nate was now seeing how he was looking at some other bits she turned to look at the lady again. " This one..its charged by a cable you said? Does it ...need to be plugged in to use?.." she asked carefully shifting a little then. " I...I wanted something that you know...someone could.. maybe...well...", god she was struggling bending down to her to whisper. " Something i can use with a partner and..by myself...I dont know if i want something ...you know that is restricted...", she said carefully the blush still there but she

found this woman easy to talk to,, and she was friendly enough which helped.

“Ooh no dear! I did a very poor job explaining that didn’t I?”

She just laughed for a second. “I meant to say that it was charged through a cable, just like your phone would. It does not use batteries. But when you are using it is completely free and unrestrictive.” She explained as she started to place the few she wasn’t holding anymore back into their places.

“Though..” she then started as she walked to a little bit of a different section. “If you are looking to use something like that together with a partner I also have these.” She said and she pulled out a pretty big looking device. It almost looked like a massage gun with a big round head a skinny bit underneath and then a bit with a control wheel where you could hold it.

“This one does have a cord, but it is pretty long so it is not too restrictive.” She said, getting that out of the way as she went to actually plug it in. “This one you don’t insert like the other ones. This one goes right above that, it is for clitoral stimulation.” She explained as she kind of showed on top of her clothes where it would go. “So while your partner is inside of you, this can really give you a *very* intense time.” She chuckled as she handed her the wand and motioned for her to use the wheel to turn it on. “It goes very high, but I can tell you honestly you don’t need it high at all. These vibrations are very deep and intense and they are made that way so that when you are using it together, he can get just as much benefit

from as you are getting.” She smiled at her, hoping she was not overwhelming the girl. She just really got into finding people their perfect toys. “And if you were wondering about solo play with that one. Works very well too. Depending on your body you might need some finger play along with it though.” She explained and then turned herself away a bit so Emily could figure out if it as something she would like.

Meanwhile Nate had given Emily some space. He had walked to a different section of the store

. At first he had been checking out some of the dvd’s. Porn was not something he was unfamiliar with. It had been most of his action for about 6 years. He wouldn’t mind adding a few to his collection if anything caught his eye. But soon his eyes are caught by a few other things that were on the shelves.

Emily smiled sheepishly as the woman started to laugh about not explaining things properly, god she could feel her embarrassmenr all the way down to her toes but strangely enough she was finding it interesting hearing about everything, when she explained it wasn't attached to a cord she felt stupid again , *of course the thing unplugged what kind of stupid question was that...* she said feeling her self from flustered.

She walked along a little bit before she saw the wand like thing being brought out and her eyes widened, it was quite a bikld device as she studied it, swallowing hard as she tried to stop

her self from getting embarrassed together, as she spoke about how *good* it was for clit stimulation she felt her self shift a little, the blush against her cheeks, she didn't know what she bloody wanted! She wanted something for her...but she always wanted something to use with him..something he could gey out of it...but then again, what if he didn't even like that stuff? She grumbled at her own thoughts getting flustered for what felt like the hundredth time that day

" What would you recommend?...you know...for a first timer...." she said credulity to her shifting on her feet once again.

She woman just smiled at her sweetly, the more they talked the more the girl seemed to be resembling a damn lobster. "Ooh honey, stop being so embarassed! It is totally normal to want to play with yourself!" She assured her, though it probably didn't help Emily at all. "I get all kinds of people on my doorstep here. From giggly 17 year olds to even grandmothers. You have nothing to be embarassed about." She assured her before she turned back to her question.

"Uhm.." she said thinking out loud. "I would probably tell you to get that one." She said pointing to the purple vibrator. "It is a it of the expensive side, but I can assure you that in the world of vibrators you really get what you pay for. That one is smooth, easy to clean, no fuss, nice deep vibrations. And if your partner is not into it, it is great to use on your own." She

explained. "The wand I would claim is more fun for duo play, especially if you are a girl who likes to experience a lot of orgasms, or might have a harder time achieving one." She said. "So it really is the question where you believe you get more out of it." She explained to her.

" Oh honey stop being so embarrassed its totally normal to want to play with yourself!" If that was supposed to help it didn't...she felt her self cringing even more to think that was thinking about her doing THAT. God she wanted the ground to swallow her up in that instance...of course telling her about the clients she got most definitely did not help!! Knowing eighty year old mavis was happy to waltz in here and here she was getting jittery over a vibrator!!

As she gave her recommendations she pondered for a moment chewing her bottom lip, when she said about orgasms she couldn't stop but grin a little

- Oh I have no problem doing that* she thought to herself, she looked to Nate knowing he was going to pay for it anyway....and she did want something that was good and it seemed the woman knew what she was talking about

" Okay...um....I'll get that..." she said quietly not knowing where Nate was and she didn't want him to start saying *Things* the thought had her squirming again, the man it seemed just couldn't stop himself from torturing her.

“Perfect!” She simply said as she smiled and opened the glass cabinet with her key to get one of them new in the package out for her. Of course this did not fail to catch Nate’s attention. The simple sound of a cabinet opening and them being the only people in that store right then, it must have meant she had made a choice and he just looked at her with a grin.

“Anything else I can help you with Honey?” The woman then asked kindly. “Perhaps something you two can actually use together?” She said as she pointed one thing at Emily and one at Nate. Of course she had caught the tension that was going on between them and it gave Nate the perfect excuse to get himself into that conversation again. “Perhaps.” He said. “Some rope and cuffs maybe?” He said grinning at Emily.

Emily smiled sheepishly towards the woman then , watching as she got it out, god she she wanted to leave, it wasn't that she ..well..enjoy being here, even she couldn't deny seeing some of these implements was...well she was curious, in a way she found the whole thing extremely surreal..she had always wondered about these types of places, always been curious to come in one and see for herself...but she never had the nerve never had the confidence to do it...and then she met Nate....and god he was opening up a whole new world she never thought she wanted...or needed.

When the lady spoke again, she felt her self shift...god she did want something....anything...that they could use but she found

she couldn't say anything. Of course at the moment Nathaniel turned up, and his words had her breath hitching and the blush that had just settled returned.

She shook her head at him silently when the woman gaze was directed to him as if praying to God he didn't say anymore on the subject...god she didn't want that woman to know about *That...that she...enjoyed it...thoughts about the night before* came flooding back and she felt her breath catch again, Jesus christ at this rate she was going to be a damn puddle by the time she got out of this building....and of course Nate would have jaw ache from grinning at her so god damn much!!

“Rope?” She asked and then turned to Emily who was clearly ready to just disappear into thin air at that moment. “You sure that is something you would enjoy together?” She asked, just needing to make sure. Nate couldn't help but chuckle then. “Yes, she was quite ready for that last night.” He just said, winking at the woman. The woman just made a face as of suddenly realizing what was going on here. She had seen that type before. The type that was extremely shy when it came to the store, but when their buttons were pushed.. well they were up for a lot of things. “Well of course then. Everything related to bondage would be at the far right side of the store. Judging by your ladies reaction however, I think I will leave you two to explore that side on your own.” She winked at Nate. “Just let me know if you need anything!” She said and then turned to Emily. “It is fine Sweetheart, I quite like it too.” She just

winked and then went back to her counter, taking the package with the vibrator along with her to keep it there for when she was ready to check out.

Nate couldn't help but be amused by the whole thing. She was adorable when she was like this. He still couldn't believe that shy and sweet girl turned into an absolute beast once you got her going. He just put his hand under her chin and lifted her head up so he could give her a kiss, hoping it would bring her out of that shy bubble at least a little bit. "What can I do to make you more comfortable?" He asked. Even through his enjoyment, he felt just a tiny bit bad for teasing her just now.

"Rope?". *oh god this was going to happen.....* Emily felt like she wanted the room to swallow her up right there and then , at her question she chewed her lip maybe she should say something she didn't want this woman to think he was doing anything she didn't want....because christ she did....but of course before she could open her mouth...he did it for her... she shot him a look then.

" Nate..." she finally spoke her voice flustered. why did he have to do this to her, that was it she was determined he wanted to torture her...

Of course the womans response only made her groan inwardly more...christ she was a making a fool out of her self..in front of this woman, she was just glad there was no one else around...she needed a drink...no she needed a damn bottle!

" It's fine sweetheart, I quite like it too.." Emily couldn't stop the sheepishly look that crossed her face . " O..okay great..." she responded, her stomach tightening at the sheer thought of looking at more bondage stuff with him..

She felt his hand beneath her chin, her flustered expression meeting his gaze, and when he kissed her she did feel a bit better...though her embarrassment was still very much there.

His question had her huffing. " You could stop by finding any excuse to get me all worked up..." she hissed , all though her tone wad playful...and even a hint of slight lost, even she couldn't deny seeing all this stuff did excite her...not because she wanted to use this by her self, not really...but because she wanted to do more stuff with him...the sheer thought of it had her chewing her bottom lip lightly.

" I'm just not used to this type of place that's all...I've never been in one..." she said sheepishly looking down to her feet.

"You are so cute when you are worked up though." He chuckled as he brushed her hair behind her head and then just petted her cheek. She soon looked away from him again. She was so uncomfortable and he wanted to change that.. Perhaps he should have gotten some booze in her before bringing her.

"You are thinking about this to much, Emily." He said to her then as he tried to get her to look back at him then. "I don't know what people told you to make you feel like you shouldn't be here, but it is normal to have sexual desires. Sex isn't

something that has to be hidden in a bedroom, and even if it is, it does not have to be.." he paused trying to find the word. "Normal." He decided to go with. "You are allowed to like these things." He said and kissed her forehead before finding her lips one more time.

"Do you really want to leave? Because then I will pay for what you choose and we will leave." He said then to her, his voice gentle and concerned

She sighed at his words then when he said she was cute all worked up...feeling him brush her hair from her face she settled against his hand, finding the small contact was nice...it settled her a little if anything.

" You are thinking about this time much, Emily " she felt another groan hit her inwardly, she knew he was right...she was thinking about this to much, she couldn't help how she was, as he spoke she found her self looking at him closet..he was right, why shouldnt she be allowed to explore what she wanted? his kiss to her forehead had her sighing, closing her eyes for a moment.

His next question had her go quiet for a moment...did she wanna go?....she pondered for second before relizing she didn't...she didn't wanna go...she wanted to explore a bit more...she wanted to get something for both of them..she had wanted that all along.

She shook her head gently before meeting his gaze once more. "No..." she whispered carefully her hand coming to toy with the button on his shirt idly. " I dont want to go... I.. I wanted to look at some other stuff, maybe...something we would both get enjoyment out of.." she whispered keeping her eyes low before she looked back to him her face flustered for whole different reason now.

" I liked last night..." she whispered to him again taking a shattered breath as she steadied her nerves. " I wouldn't mind...ya know, doing something like that again..."

He smiled at her then, a warm and kind smile. He wanted her to be comfortable. The time of teasing her was over, now he needed to find a way to persuade her to find something she wanted, to open up about what she found interesting and didn't. And well.. booze was not available so he couldn't do that. He though for a moment then and took her hand and pulled her a bit further into the store. He brought her to one of the corners but still staying generally in the middle. It was a place where she could see a lot of the glass cabins that decorated the walls, not having to commit to a certain type of toy or genre of play.

He leaned forward to her then, to whisper into her ear so that the woman wouldn't be able to hear them. This might work.. or it wouldn't not, but he wanted to try. "Close your eyes." He said to her then and if she did. "Remember what we did last

night. Imagine the feeling of my silk tie around your head, my hand caressing your naked body. Imagine I take your hands and wrap them in silk gently. You are on that bed again, vulnerable, open... mine to play with.” He started, hoping to get that spark going in her, that spark that made her shyness die away and made her want to talk, that made her want to tell him what she wanted. “Now open your eyes and look around.” He said to her. “What catches your eye? What do you want me to do to you?”

she watched him smile at her then and she felt her self growing a little warmer inside knowing he was going to take her somewhere else then..the nerves still very much there again, she took his hand as he lead her through the store until they came to a glass cabinet she swallowed looking at the array of items there.

" close your eyes " she paused for a moment before she eventually closed her eyes, then he started talking, she felt her breath hitching as she remembered what he did, how he tied her down, how he blind folded her, how he felt stroking her body...she remembered how alive her senses were to him, how every touch he gave her set every nerve on fire and she found a small whimper leave her mouth biting her lip to stop her self from groaning loudly at the sheer thought.

She took a moment to finally open her eyes. " Christ I want you to do everything to me..." she whispered finding her self

leaning into him then trying desperately to get her mind out the gutter to at least concentrate on what she needed to do here.

She looked up to the cabinet and noticed a bondage kit, completely with hand cuffs, blindfolds, flogger, tickler, a small vibrator, different gels to give different types of pleasure, nipple clamps...and she found her self shifting a bit, her nipples were always so sensitive and she just imagined how good that would feel especially with the gel...jesus christ she found her self sighing deeply....god she wanted to explore so much with him...so much she always wanted to lock the doors and have him right here.

" that..." she said almost breathlessly pointing to the bondage set on the wall. " I want that..."

He could almost feel her posture change as he held her there and whispered into her ear. She went from rigid and tense, to letting loose. He could hear her breath still and pick up again, knowing her heart was racing for a completely different reason. He loved her mind and how she could get herself this excited simply from being talked to in such a way.

He pulled her body closer against her then as she started to look around the store. He let her do her thing, not wanting to distract her now that she was actually looking around.

"That.." he suddenly heard her say and found the thing she was pointing at. Of course she would pick a shitty bondage kit.

He had to really keep himself from sighing. It wasn't that he didn't like her choice, he loved it in fact. He just didn't like the quality of items that came in a kit like that. It always ended up is disappointment.

He turned back to her. "You want me to use that on you?" He whispered back into her ear. "As I remember you quite liked it when I bit those nipples of yours." He teased her wanting to keep her in that mood that he had gotten her in. "You mind if I pick something as well?" He then asked her, hoping she was ready for what he was going to suggest.

Emily felt him tug her back into his body, felt the warmth of his chest against her back and she sighed, hearing his whisper sent a shudder through her. " It doesn't have to be that specifically ...I just...I liked all the stuff in it..." she whispered her voice deep with desire now, Christ she wanted him so badly she had to stop herself from turning around and kissing him tearing his clothes off and ravishing him here in this place. " There quite sensitive..." she admitted, and God they were she could already feel them hardening beneath that dress of hers just the sheer thought of any contact to them.

As he asked if he could pick something she turned to look at him. " I want you to...I want you to choose something "

He just watched her as she was completely in that mood now. It didn't even matter anymore of that store was now full of people, she was past her shy stage and she probably wouldn't

go back until he was able to satisfy her somehow, or dunk a bucket of ice water on top of her. The thought made him chuckle just slightly.

Even now his eyes were still scanning that little kit, taking in the items that were in there. It really was a good stuff and it would be a great way to get to know what she loved or not. He would make that work. "I will get you all of it." *Just maybe not that kit exactly* he didn't add to it.

As she said she wanted him to choose something he took her hand again and walked her back to the part of the store where the vibrators had been. It was a bit off to the side from there, but still in the same section. He put her right in front of one of the glass cabins. It had a small vibrator on the display with right next to it a remote control that had very few buttons. A -, a + and an unmarked button. "I choose this." He said into her ear as he bit into her earlobe softly.

Emily took his hand now as he led her back through the store, her eyes looking at everything as they went, she was curious what he was going to choose .

When they came to another cabinet she looked up to the small vibrator on display , her cheeks started to flush a little bit seeing the control she chewed on her bottom lip a little. " Nathaniel..." she whispered as he bit her lobe lightly, giving a soft sigh, she might not of been in a shop before...but she

knew what THAT was. " You really do wanna make me go crazy huh?.." she whispered playfully.

"I want to make you feel good." He said to her innocently. "Can you blame me?" If he didn't respect the woman behind the counter as much as he did he would have just pulled that dress right up and made sure that this time she was the only one to finish. Yet he didn't, he held back and just kissed her eagerly once. "Why don't you go look at some lingerie while I get us the things we wanted." He suggested, knowing he would need a small bit of time to find better versions of the items that she wanted. "I will find you."

His words made her smile softly, to know he wanted her to feel good..to know he wanted to please her in ways that she had never experienced...in a strange way she found it sweet.

" I guess i can't argue with that..." she whispered, tilting up she kissed his lips back before nodding to him. " Okay ill go have a look..." she whispered. Now lingerie she could do quite easily on her own.

Making her way over she started to flick through...christ that had some nice stuff...and not just erotic stuff but generally nice lingerie, of course there was some more explicit items which she found her self looking at , she wanted to wear something...out there for him, he was so focused on pleasing her all the time she wanted to at least please him.

He watched her go off on her own to the section of the store she was probably more comfortable in. Meanwhile he stayed behind and quickly got to talking to the lady at the counter again. The woman had been keeping an eye on them and had seen Emily picking out her item of choice, so she was more than glad to help Nate find the items to make his own kit out of it. She darted with him through the store, opening different glass displays to gather the items that he ended up choosing. He got quite a few sets of high quality comfortable leather cuffs, a flogger, a blindfold and several other replacements for items that had been in there. He even picked up a version of that wand that the woman had showed Emily before instead of a vibrator. Both because Emily had already chosen one and because the lady just really seemed convincing in her arguments to him. In the end their kit was complete and he paid for it all including the purple vibrator and the remote controlled egg. The price? He wasn't going to talk about that.

She packaged it all up in a non-branded paper and then packages it in a discreet bag that had no text on it and was a simple deep black. Nobody but the people who actually shopped here would know where it came from. He walked back over to Emily with it in his hand and found her looking at things. "You found anything yet?"

Emily had found quite a few sets of of standard lingerie which she quite liked holding in her hand, she picked some green bits out remembering how he seemed to like her in green, she

wasn't paying much attention to what Nate was doing, instead she was focusing on what was in front of her, the more alluring items...when he came back over she smiled, noticing the bag she couldn't help but seem how discreet it was...and some how that made her feel better.

" Yes I have some sets I like here....but I want you to leave..." she said giving him a small smile. " I want to pick something to wear for you later...but I want to surprise you.." she whispered tilting up to kiss his ear lobe. " Any particular thing that really gets that blood pressure up Mr Kingston?.." she whispered against his ear.

"Getting bossy now are we?" He grinned at her as he pulled her against him. He used that small bit of coverage that now came in between them to just softly rub over her sex, needing to just tease her that little bit now that she seemed more comfortable. "I believe we had a deal that we shook on. I pay, so I decide?" He reminded her about their conversation before. Yet his eyes travelled over that wall of exciting numbers that she had been looking at and he knew that he wanted to be surprised.

"Any particular thing that really gets that blood pressure up Mr Kingston?" She asked him then and he instantly knew what he wanted from her. "Well, if you are going to put so much effort into choosing something.." he said as he grinned. "How about something I won't have to take off to get access to

where I want to be?" He suggested chuckling before he kissed her cheek. "I will see you outside Love."

"I dont think I was being that bossy..." she teased with a grin, feeling him pull her against him, his hand coming down between her legs and she felt her self shift a little her hand coming to grab his arm as she felt the pressure rush through her...christ she was so excited she didn't think she would handle much!

His words how ever had her smirking. " Hmm...we did, but don't you like surprises?...." she teased, of course when he decided he would allow her to do something she smiled more, at his suggestion she grinned " I think I can do that..." she traced.

She writes for him go before turning back to The wall, she had seen a babydoll outfit she quite liked...it was open, her breasts wasn't concealed and he would have easy access to her...that would be perfect, she grabbed that before grabbing some stockings to...I mean she just had to right?

Somehow she felt more comfortable buying the lingerie and the outfit, she paid for it herself...he had already brought so much ..plus she wanted to get this for her self.. talking to the woman behind the counter a little before she eventually headed out, finding Nate waiting for her, the hot air outside did nothing to cool down how hot her entire body felt right now.

" Ready?.." she asked ensuring she had the bag securely closed so he couldn't peek in.

The bit of time he spend outside waiting for her had been just enough for him to kind of get his excitement down. His pants no longer felt tight around him and he just simply waited. Even as some people passed by and looked at him standing there, waiting outside a sex shop, he didn't mind. He just waved at them the same way he had waved at the anonymous person who had spotted them on the balcony of the hotel. God that had been a fun night.

He looked up as she came out again, now holding the same kind of deep black bag that he had hanging from his hand. Honestly by now between the dresses and their more adventurous buyings they were decently packed. "Seems like you found something you liked." He just said. He would lie if he was not curious... he would love to know exactly what she had picked out for him. He really had to be careful not to just get his erection back. "You want to grab something to eat first? Or would you rather head back to the hotel?"

she smiled towards. " Yes I found something...and no peeking..." She said wagging her finger at him as if she could sense his desire to see exactly what she had...

At his suggestion of food she pondered for a moment, she was hungry...but...she also just wanted to go back, lock themselves away and spend the rest of the evening alone...selfishly she

didn't want to share him, this was there last night together and she wanted as much time alone with him as possible...knowing when they went home tomorrow things would be very different.

" We could always head back...maybe get room service?...unless you want to go somewhere.." Of course she would always ask him his opinion...she liked to make sure she was doing what he wanted to.

He wouldn't peak. It wouldn't even help anyway. It was probably packed up in that exact same paper that the stuff he bought were wrapped in. Peeking in that bag would do him nothing.

He watched her mind working as she seemed to ponder about whether she wanted food or not, but it seemed that she was just as eager to get back to their privacy as he was. It brought a smile to his face. "Let me call our cab then." He just said to her as he picked up his phone and ordered a cab through their app. He then took her hand and walked with her to a place that was not right in front of that sex shop.

It didn't take long before the cab was there and the drive to the hotel itself was not that bad either. They soon made it back to the lobby and Nate was sad to have to let her walk by herself then. He still couldn't risk that small chance that Sam was walking around there somewhere to see them. "You want to

order room service now? Or order through the phone?" He asked.

Emily was more than happy when he agreed to going back to the hotel...she just simply wanted to be there alone with him...it wasn't even about sex...well..not entirely anyway! She just wanted to be alone with him, to sit and laugh with him, to talk...to just be together...the thoughts brought a softer expression to her face. Linking her hand with his she followed him up the road to where the cab picked them up.

The journey was smooth and easy they got back quicker than she thought which she was glad of, of course when they got there they split just a tad , and of course the same sad expression rushed through her then she hated she had to sneak around with him...but she understood why they had to.

" we can order through the phone, I want to have a proper look what they do anyway.." she didn't wanna seem to eager...but damnit she just wanted to be alone with him.

"Alright then. After you." He said as he motioned for her to take the elevator. Even the elevator wasn't for the two of them this time, joined by two other people they were stuck just pretending to not have come together. Waiting for that damn elevator to reach that upper floor seemed to take forever but eventually it pinged. He looked over the floor, seeing if there was anyone there, yet it seemed to be clear. So he followed

Emily to her room and just went inside it with her, placing the bags he had been carrying on the floor.

Emily could of almost grumbled as she saw people in the damn elevator with them...like could she not get a moments peace without someone being around there?....she peered over to Nathaniel in that laid back outfit of his and felt her self groan inwardly...god he had no idea what he did to her, she couldn't stop the way her foot tapped on the floor as the elevator seemed to take so much longer to get to their floor.

Once their she wasted no time in walking around, seeing if anyone was about before she popped her key in the door and practically tossed her bags on the floor.

The second her door shut she spun around and wad on him...her lips crashing against his, one hand moving to tug through his hair the other arm moving to pull around his neck groaning into his mouth

" I want you Nathaniel...food can wait" she whispered against his lips, and god she did she had been desperate for him since their visit to the sex shop...and if she was honest since earlier on to she had been living on the damn edge for hours and she couldn't take it anymore.

Emily's sudden lust came.. unexpected. Even if he knew he had been getting on edge inside that shop, he had not expected it to stay there till they got to that room. No wonder she had suggested to go back to the hotel. She pushed him against the

door easily in how she had surprised him and he could feel those hands moving through his hair, her lips pressed against his and those groans inside his mouth. It didn't take long before his erection was also fully back.

He was not going to need her to tell him that twice. This was going to be quick and hot and it was probably what they both needed. He kept his mouth on hers as his hand was already dragging her dress upwards, once he succeeded he just unbuckled his own pants as well and let it drop to the floor along with his boxers as he walked her back into that bed. His hands reached for between her legs only to find that she was more than ready for him and probably had been for a while.

He didn't even bother to undress either of them any further as he just made her fall over into that bed and quickly undid her of her panties. He crawled over her, his mouth finding hers once again, wanting more of those hot and eager kisses as he pressed himself inside of her, groaning as he did. This time.. he was going to make her cum too.

Emily groaned into his mouth as he kissed her back, she groaned eagerly feeling his own need for her growing, she felt his hands on her dress as she lifted her hands up allowing him to toss the dress from her body, remaining in her bra and panties.

She walked back with him, her hands through his hair and shoulders, falling back onto the bed she shuffled a little bit to

give him the room he needed to get ontop of her, lifting her legs enough to allow him to remove her pants.

When he came back to her she kissed her back, just as hungrily and eager, she felt him enter her and groaned at almost the same time, god she needed him her legs lifting up to wrap around his waist to hold him closer against her.

He placed one arm into the bed, not wanting his full wait to be on top of her as he started to move his hips into her. He felt how warm she was, how wet she was and he was loving it.

"Surprised you didn't jump me earlier." He teased her as he bit her lower lip.

His hand would move between their bodies till his thumb found that sensitive bud and he started to roll his thumb over it. "Don't worry Em, this time you will come first." He promised her as he deepened their kiss again, his thumb moving more eager on her as well as he kept that rhythm up.

Emily groaned as she felt him start to move inside of her, her head pressing into the pillow more, one hand coming to church his cheek traveling round his neck, his teasing words only caused her to chuckle, shuddering as he bit her bottom lip.

" I nearly did.." she whispered against his lips, she felt his hand travel down her body until he found her sensitive spot and she moaned into his mouth, god she was already so close

to a orgasm it was embarrassing, she could feel it twisting inside of her, felt that delicious tug building.

" I won't be long Nathaniel...fuck.." she moaned against his lips ." Harder Nathaniel....please...please..." she moaned god she was so close and she wanted him god she wanted him to send her over that edge.

He broke their kiss and pushes himself more upright. With a quick tug to her body he twisted her just slightly so he could hold into her leg, wrapping one hand around her thigh. With her leg there he could easily give her what she asked for as he took her there giving her short but deep thrusts, pulling her into him. His other hand had never left, still moving over that spot, making sure her juices kept it nice and slippery to give her that maximum pleasure. "HmMMM! Come for me Em!" He grunted at her.

Emily gasped as he broke their kiss and twisted her body, she felt him grasp her leg feeling his hand against her thigh, she moaned out loudly feeling this new position which brought her to a whole new height of pleasure, her head dipped back, her breath picked up as she felt his thumb rolling against her clit to match his rhythm. Her hand dug into the blanket beneath her her back arching just a tad. Before she felt her self reach that climax.

" Nathaniel! " she found her self crying out his name, the pleasure so intense it very nearly knocked the wind out of her, her body shuddering with the intensity of it.

He could feel that orgasm in everything in her body. The way her sex clamped around his length, the way the muscles in her leg tightened as well and how her body moved underneath him.

Yet he tried to keep that rhythm up. Even when she finally seemed to come down from that orgasm he simply kept it up. "You didn't believe I was done with you already now did you?" He said to her even though there was already a slight pant to be heard in his voice.

He let her leg drop then, letting her fall back to her back and let himself fall forward again, both his hand sinking deep into that matress on either side of him. He switched his pace to long thrusts where he pulled out slower but hit her fast. Occasionally peeking in between their bodies to see himself inside of her.

Emily felt as he continued to keep that rhythm up, felt the way he continued to push into her , the peak of her orgasm still causing small shudders to go through her not really having the chance to settle down from it...not that she cared, it felt good.

His teasing words had her groaning before she felt him drop her leg, and watched as his body fell down to be on top of her

again, her legs lifted up back to how they were before wrapped around his waist to keep him closer.

His pace changed, the way he changed the tempo caused her to groan. " Fuck yhat feels good..." she groaned, her arms coming to pull round his neck, her fingers digging back through his hair, her mouth finding his neck to kiss and toy the flash there...but fuck yet another orgasm was building inside of, the friction from his movements was hitting her sensitive spot just right..she was already extra sensitive from her orgasm earlier so it wouldn't take much for her to cum again...and god she was about to.

She was crawling over him. Her hands and legs wrapped around him keeping him close. Her mouth on his neck, combined with how tight she was feeling after that first orgasm was really getting to him and it didn't take long before he felt his own orgasm starting come. He let the hand that was supporting him come away then. Leaning his weight into her as he wrapped one hand under the small of her back and the other one going into her hair. It took only a couple more thrusts till he found his release deep inside of her, a long deep grunt leaving his mouth. By the end of it he was panting and shifted a small bit to side so his weight wasn't on top of her anymore. "God.." he was exhausted.

Emily was panting as well as he moved so deeply inside of her, she couldnt stop the way her hands moved over him, she

wanted to touch every damn inch of him, she wanted to kiss every damn inch of his body.

She felt him move felt the way his arm went beneath her back and into her hair she groaned loudly at the new position feeling her own orgasm rising before it hit...another one...she moaned loudly before she felt his own orgasm rock through him.

She let her body collapse onto the bed, her legs moving to allow him to move where ever he needed to. " fuck Nathaniel..." she whispered playfully, her chest rising and falling as she tried to come down from her orgasms..

"Well.. that should make up for what happened in that changing room." He chuckled. Yes, he had still been thinking about that. He was someone who wanted their partner to have just as much pleasure and he did and he had felt like he had failed to do so. At least now he had been able to give her two at once and he was honestly not planning on making it the last.

Yet first he needed to regain his breath. He picked at his shirt, needing it off him, the fabric sticking to his chest because of the sweat. He quickly got rid of it before pulling Emily close into him. "I never understand how a girl who can't even be in a sex shop without wanting to disappear, can suddenly into such a needy woman between the sheets." He teased her as he kissed her.

Emily groaned rolling her eyes at him. " I know that was bother you...it shouldn't of done ya know..silly man.." she teased pushing him playfully with her foot , she wished he didn't let that get to him.. but clearly it did, not that she was complaining.

She watched happily as he removed his shirt, reaching for her own bra she peeled it of , it was a disgruntled mess against her chest anyway.

Of course then he had to go and talk about *That* and she found her self growing a little bit embarrassed. " I just...I dunno I get so lost in how I feel in that moment, nothing else matters...I forgot about everything apart from that..." she whispered her finger toying with the short hairs on his chest. " But I'll let you in on a secret.." she whispered peering up to look into his eyes now. " Your the only one to ever see this side of me...there's something about you Nathaniel it just..." she sighed leaning in to kiss his lips softly before pulling back. " It sends me wild.." she whispered against his lips with a small chuckle.

He watched her face as she talked back to him, seeing that blush appearing again on her face. He loved that switch in her, that was not a secret. And knowing he was the one to keep pushing that button made him feel proud and happy. "Just me huh?" He chuckled back. "That seems like a lot of power for just one man." He teased her back and returned her kisses before he just relaxed into the blankets. It had been two nights

of little sleep.. along with a lot of sex, he was tired. Yet he didn't want this last night to go to waste. Nobody knew what would happen once they got back.

"I don't know about you, but I am positively starving.."

Emily brushed a bit more nodding towards him. " Just you....only you.." she whispered before he teased her and she chuckled lightly. " It is alot of power make sure it doesn't go to that head lf yours of yours..." she teased with a grin as she relaxed with him.

Like him she felt tired to...they had been so busy the last few days plus the late night antics it was catching up on her, but like him she didn't want to waste tonight...if anything she didn't want tonight to end...she didn't even wanna go back home.

His words about food how ever distracted her from her thoughts as she groaned. " Oh god I'm so hungry to..." she groaned ..christ she just wanted carbs..and lots of them

He forced himself up from the bed then and got his boxer back from the ground. He looked over to that package with her lingerie in the corner, yet he wasn't going to spoil that surprise for him.

He got his boxers on and took his phone to open the roomservice application to look over it. "Let's see.." he said.

"Pasta.. steak and frites.. fancy meat.." he scrolled through it,

nothing really seeming to catch his eye to satisfy that after sex munchie feeling he was having.

He looked over at then remembering the pizzeria that was just around the corner. "Or we order pizza." He suggested

Emily moved her self stretching a little on the bed, he grabbed the covers and draped them over her briefly whilst she watched him get up to grab the menu, of course she couldn't stop her self from admiring his frame as he stood there in the small light that come through the window...

As he spoke about the food nothing seemed to really catch her fancy either....and then he suggested pizza...and ber face lit up...just the carby dinner she needed right now, she was so ravenous she knew that would hit the spot.

" Yes! Pizza...ugh I could go for a pizza right now..." she groaned at the sheer thought.

He chuckled at her as she seemed all in for that pizza dinner. He was sure he could order some and get them delivered straight up to their hotel room door. He couldn't be the only person who ever stayed in this hotel who suddenly got a craving for some pizza. So he pulled up the menu of the pizzeria on his phone and handed it over to her.

"Pick whatever you want." He said to her. He wasn't a picky eater, he would eat practicely anything she could pick. "Just get a large and we can share it." He suggested.

She gratefully took the phone from Him and scanned through the options, god she was so hungry everything looked so bloody good for her, in the end she settled on a chicken bbq pizza, putting it through she ordered a large, putting the address on the phone including room number she figured like him they would deliver it straight there...hopefully...finishing the order she tossed the phone down to the bed.

" It's done hopefully it won't be long.." she grumbled then patting her flat stomach eagerly, of the thought of that pizza that was coming.

Pulling her self up from the bed, she made her way to the bathroom, freshening up she grabbed the fluffy robe that she enjoyed so much and tugged it around her frame, coming back out the bathroom she looked down to the bags unable to stop her self from the small squeeze of nervousness for what was there, moving to slip back onto the bed , she watched him then..god she had such a great few days with him...she simply didn't wanna go home tomorrow. The sheer thought had her expression faltering a little...as she looked down her hands looking at her nails she picked at them a bit deep in her own thoughts.

He crawled into that bed with her as she started to look over the menu. He didn't comment at all with what she picked, he liked her choice and soon tossed the phone back to him. "It's done, hopefully won't be long." She said as she petted over her

stomach. When she did that he couldn't help but take her hand away and make a rather loud raspberry on there before he let her get away from him.

He watched her hobble off to the bathroom to freshen herself up and just let himself lay in the bed for a bit with his eyes closed. God he was tired. They probably expected him to come back refreshed from his vacation once he got back, yet he was going to need a few days just to recover. Recover from all that great sex, he thought to himself. And it wasn't even over. The most fun one was only about to start and he wanted to make sure to enjoy it to the max.

Even when she came back he just stayed there with his eyes closed for a little bit, just wanting to take his time until the pizza came. "You get the door when the pizza comes.." he just said to her.

" You get the door when the pizza comes.." she finally broke her thoughts peering to look over to him as he laid there beside her with his eyes closed...he looked tired.. she almost felt guilty then, maybe they had gone a little...over the top together the last few days, but god it had been fun...simply watching him made her heart ache more...spending this time with him had only reinforced just how much she truly...loved him.

She let her hand come out then to toy with his hair, allowing her hand to move up and over his head her fingers pulling through the strands in a almost caring way.

She didn't respond to him simply watched him...but god how was she going to ever get back to anything *normal* after this, they stayed like this for what seemed like forever, her simply stroking over his hair and face, she didn't even know if he fell asleep for a short time...her face faltered again, she wanted to speak to him...they needed to....but did she want to do it now?..with a soft sigh she closed her eyes allowing her fingers to trace down his cheek.

" Nathaniel..." she whispered softly before she heard the door go, pulling her self away she tightened the robe on her frame, peering through the small peep hole she saw a man standing there with the pizza, opening the door she smiled at him thanking him as she took the box from him and came back into the room the smell instantly hitting her as ber stomach groaned.

She climbed back onto the bed with the pizza. " If you don't get up soon I'll eat it all.." she threatened playfully pulling the box open to see the pizza she smiled. " mmmm it smells good..." she teased with a small chuckle, deciding to forget her earlier thoughts...it could wait...

He did fall asleep. With her hands softly brushing through his hair and petting over his face he had simply not been able to

keep sleep from taking over. He had drifted off before he knew it, caught in that bliss of a situation where he felt safe and loved and wanted. It had been something he had wanted in those last 6 years, yet he had found it in someone who was not the person he had originally wanted it from. He had gotten it from another. He had given into that pleasure once and now he couldn't stop himself from needing her. He no longer could live without her.

He only woke back up when she left his side in the bed, when that hand stopped moving through his hair. He looked up once, realizing she was getting that pizza and just closed them for a few seconds more. When she got back into the bed with the pizza box he finally actually did wake up and forced himself to sit upright, rubbing sleep from his eyes. "Like that small body could consume a whole large pizza on it's own." He joked with her as she opened that box up. It smelled like comfort food, which is exactly what it was and he couldn't wait to dig in, taking a piece into his hand and trying to keep it over the box in case he spilled.

she chuckled at his comment shrugging lightly. " Oh I dunno I could probably give it a good try..." she teased, grabbing some napkins she passed them over to him so he could use some if he wanted to.

She grabbed a few napkins for her self keeping them close as she grabbed a slice for her self, groaning as she took a bite, it

literally tasted amazing, satisfying that burning hunger she had. , " Good call on the pizza Mr Kingston..." she teased before tucking into another slice.

He gladly accepted the napkins and got one to hold under the piece of the pizza that he was already holding. "A try yet, finishing it. No." He just said to her as she complimented him on the choice of food. He just chuckled at her, starting to wake up a bit again now that the pizza was in his mouth. "Figured we could both use some good carbs after that work out, Miss Weston." He just said as he was enjoying the taste of it. "Recharge for that next round." He added to it with a small chuckle. He wondered if she was nervous about it, if she regretted making her choices known in the store.

she chuckled again as he teased her shrugging " Well maybe your right.." she teased with a grin.

His teasing words had her grinning. " Your not wrong there..." she finished the first slice fairly easily, god she was so hungry it didn't take much..bringing a napkin to her mouth she wiped the sides.

" Recharge for that next round..." she blushed then chewing on that second slice of pizza. " Next round huh?....thought you would of had your fill by now..." she teased with a small grin.

He took another bite of his slide as well, finishing that first one fairly quickly as well and wiped his hands with a napkin before he went for a second one. "And not use those toys you

picked out?" He chuckled as he watched her eyes. His were full of mischief. He couldn't wait to get in that mood again. Yesterday had been a nice surprise and he loved that first adventure with her in that world of bondage. But now that he actually had things to work with.. well he was excited to say the least.

Emily felt that blush deepen as she watched the mischief behind his gaze and felt her breath catch in her throat before she turned back to her pizza, her eyes looking over to the bags now the sheer thought of what she brought consumed her then releasing a shuddered breath as she quickly took another slice before finally settling enough to respond.

" What makes you so sure I even wanna use them Mr Kingston...maybe I've changed my mind..." she said playfully wiping her mouth with the napkin again.

She couldn't fool him. Not after what they had done the night before. If that had not happened he might have found himself wondering in that moment, thinking she might be able to change her mind. But no, he knew she didn't. She might get shy again and at first, she might be unsure. But the moment they came together. The moment he took her into his arms and kissed her fiercely on that mouth she would melt like butter and tell him to use it all on her.

"I am so sure because someone had gotten so excited from the mere thought of it she jumped me the moment we walked back

into this room.” He chuckled at her as he had already eaten a decent bit of that second slice, finally starting to get a feeling of not being ravenously hungry anymore. “So.. what are you looking forward to most?” He teased her. “You seemed to like those clamps.”

Emily couldn't stop her self from squirming on the bed then as he reminded her about how she acted when they got back to the room, the blush still very evident on her face as she finally finished the second piece wiping her mouth. " I dont know what your referring to , you must have me mixed up with someone else..." she teased.

" so...what are you looking forward to most?"...she shifted a bit more then, her eyes falling to the bags as she licked her lips a little. " You seemed to like those clamps.." she sighed softly then, the sheer thought of those on her nipped had them hardening beneath the robe....but his first question had her smirking playfully to her self.

" Being tied and blindfolded again...giving you the control to do what ever you want to me...." she whispered peering up to him then. " There's something so incredibly powerful about giving you the control to do what you want with me... " looking back to the pizza she chewed on her bottom lip. " And I can't deny the nipple clamps have been on my mind since I got them..."

Her answer was interesting.. he liked it. He had heard about people having that same experience that she was saying. That there was something empowering in letting go. That there was a special feeling that happened when you had to give yourself to somebody in that way, when you give your trust to another person. He was surprised that she had experienced that after just doing it once with him. In a way it said a lot about her. It mostly said a lot about just how much she had trusted him yesterday. His face softening at the thought of that. "You are incredible, you know that?" He smiled at her.

"Your are incredible, you know that? " she paused in eating her food now, her face tilting so she could look at him, seeing that soft expression against his face and the way he smiled at her, her her smiling back.

" I'm really not that incredible..." she teased wiping her hands on her napkin. " I just...I dunno...I feel different around you..I feel secure and..able to express my wants and desires with you...if I'm incredible..its because you've given me the freedom to do just that.." she whispered tilting in she gave him a soft kiss before pulling back. " So thanks..."

"You are wrong." He just chuckled at her after he had kissed her back. "Not everyone can just do that. Let go and put their trusts in others. Being able to do that makes you incredible." He told her before he pulled her back for another kiss. She didn't know, didn't understand. If it was him he didn't even

believe he could do that. He didn't think he could let anybody tie him down and just trust them to be kind to him. He didn't have that trust in people, not anymore. Yet she did.

"So nipple clamps.. what else?" He then said, not done teasing her yet.

Emily chuckled as called her out on her inability to see what he did, and yet she found it funny that he couldn't see he had given her the confidence to do this stuff...to let go and indulge in things she had never done before

" so nipple clamps.. what else? " she paused then peering up to him she couldn't stop her self from chuckling. " Never satisfied with just one answer you?.." she teased with a shake of her head sitting back against the head board after finishing her third and honestly she felt more then satisfied.

" Just exploring more things with you, that in its self I'm excited about.. "

He smiled at her then, she wanted to explore. Yet he needed to know more. With the kit that they had gotten, there were a lot of possibilities and some of them her brain had maybe not even wrapped around. So he took another slice of the pizza in her hand. He was going to try and make this as casual as possible, yet he knew she might get flustered a lot.

"So, what are things you would not be excited about? What are things that you think would be scary for you?" He asked her.

Emily sat back as he asked his next question, her eyes turning to look towards him then as she pondered his question...what was she scared of?...she didn't really know..maybe because she hadn't given it all much thought.

" I dont know really...I guess I've never thought about it all that much to decide what I might not enjoy..I mean if someone told me I would of enjoyed being tied and blindfolded I would of probably laughed at them and called them stupid...but clearly I enjoyed that. " she said with a small shrug. " I guess what I'm saying its hard to know what I wouldn't like without trying it first..."

He gave that a good thought. She didn't know what she was in for. She had made it clear she was not a person to enjoy porn. She had probably only heard about bondage in passing, she had never seen it done, didn't know what it might entail. She was inexperienced in that sense and in the game they played that would be dangerous. He needed to know the limit.

“So what if I said I wanted to do anal?” He tried, knowing that was usually something woman were not that eager about, especially someone as inexperienced as Emily. “Would you let me try? Or is that something that you wouldn't want?” He asked her.

" what about anal?... " she felt her self freeze then. Her eyes turning to look towards him giving him a questionable look,

her cheeks flushed with the same blush she had earlier, would she want Anal?...would it even be enjoyable....

" I dunno...I mean...wouldn't it be painful?...." she said cautiously because honestly she couldn't imagine anything done *That way* to be anything other than uncomfortable..

He couldn't help but chuckle at her reaction. She was way too innocent. "It doesn't have to be." He assured her. "When you take it slow and use lube, it can be enjoyable for some people." He kept watching her face, his eyes studying her reactions.

After just a bit he would pull her towards him and kind of put her back against his chest as he brushed her hair out of the way and put his cheek close to hers. "The thing is Em. The thing that you love so much, where you give me the control over you. You really are giving me the ability to do anything I would want." He said to her and kissed her ear. "I want to make sure I don't do anything that would scare you or that you would not want." He explained to her. "I told you before that I would stop if you told me too and I still intend to do that. But when you tell me to stop I would have already pushed you too far. I don't want that.."

She chewed her lip then as he spoke, her mind trying to digest the idea of something like that, a part of her was anxiously worried about the prospect of doing that, but of course her curious nature had her wondering if she would enjoy that.....she didn't think bondage would be anything she liked

and yet here she was.. yesterday..tied and blind folded and it was the best sexual experience of her life...so far anyway.

She felt him tug her closer, sighing as she relaxed against his chest, her hands coming to dance along his legs lightly. " Nathaniel..." she said softly. " Thing is, how can I possibly say what I would or wouldn't enjoy without...you know...trying it first? " she said nuzzling her cheek with him. " I understand what your saying Nathaniel I do...but...I just think to truly understand what I like, or what I wouldn't...we will have to simply go through the possibility I might not enjoy something you do..." she whispered carefully allowing her hand to gently give his thigh a squeeze. " I know you don't like the thought of pushing me past my limits but...how am I supposed to know what they are if I don't experience them first? "

He considered her words as she said them, wrapping his arms around her and kind of motioning them both from side to side as he thought. He got into a play.. he always did, he always had. It had been what happened the day before. He had meant to give her a small taste and leave it at that, yet once she started to enjoy it as much as she had.. he had pushed on. He could see that easily happen again. He bit on his lip.

"Okay.." he then just said. "Then we need one little rule." He said turning her chin towards him so she would look at him. "You need to pick a safeword." He said to her and gave her a small kiss. "In this game we play you might tell me to stop

because I do something you don't expect. We are taught to use that word quick and easy all our lives and normally that is a good thing. But in this, I need to be 100% sure that when you say stop, you mean stop." He explained to her. "So we need a word, that you wouldn't use easily otherwise, so that when you say it I know you are serious." He smiled at her. "Do you understand?"

Emily wondered what he was thinking about behind him, she hoped he understood what she was trying to say, but she simply couldn't answer his questions about what she would like, because she simply didn't know.

She tilted her head to face him when he guided her to, watching his expression " You need to pick a safe word " her face twisted a little then. A safe word? Returning the kiss back, she listened to him carefully what he described and how he put it..he was right, Stop would be so easy...sometimes she may say it..but not meannit quite in that context. She chewed her lip a little before nodding. " Yes I understand..."

She pondered a moment on what she wanted to use, what would be the most easiest to understand and easiest to remember. " What about something simple like traffic lights?...you know orange if i feel its pushing me to a point I'm unsure of but I'm happy to continue to see exactly how I feel..and red if I feel its to much?...would that work?..."

She then studied his features her lips pulling into a smile. " You really into all this stuff huh?.." she said in a teasing manner as if a little surprised by how much he clearly enjoyed doing this...

She was clever, way to clever for her own good. Without knowing it she had picked exactly the thing that many had been using for a long time. Orange and red. "That sounds perfect." He smiled at her. "So just so I understand. Orange means I need to take it easy and not push to much." He said to her, giving her time to confirm or deny. "Red means I stop. No question." He said to her and once more gave her the chance to tell him he was right or not. "On top of that, if you tell me Red for any reason, you need to tell me why straight away so I can take care of it okay?" He said to her, knowing that was not the most clear way to say it. "For example. Your leg cramps up because of a tie, it is painful, you need it to stop. You tell me Red, and say to untie your leg. Does that make sense?"

"You really into all this stuff huh?" She then teased him and he just moved his head down to bite her neck. "Shush you." He chuckled. "I am just trying to make sure you are safe." She was funny.

She smiled as he agreed that she picked good choices. " Oh good...because I really didn't know what else would of been better.." she teased, when he gave his explanation she listened carefully ensuring he knew what she was getting at, nodding

softly at him. " Yes that's right..." when he gave his next statement she nodded again . " Yes It does...it makes perfect sense.." she said with a small smile.

Emily couldn't stop her giggle then as he bent to bite her neck, chuckling lightly as she nuzzled down against him. " I'll take that as a yes..." she teased giving his leg a playful squeeze.

With that talk out of the way he bend them both forward and got himself another slice of that pizza, grabbing another napkin to hold underneath it. He had done what he needed to do and he was ready to get into this with her. She knew the rules now, she knew how to tell him to stop and how to let him know she wasn't sure. He wondered if she would end up using it.

He still nuzzled with her as they ate the last bits of their meal. "Are you going to get changed once we are done eating then?" He said to her as he took another bite. "Finally show me the secrets you bought in the shop?"

Emily moved as he did allowing him to grab another piece of pizza, reaching for one more her self she started to eat that one to. His question had her blushing...suddenly she felt nervous incase he didn't like that she had picked out, she didn't really know what he was into..so she choose almost blindly, she wanted him to like it...

" If you want me to....don't you know, get to excited, you might not like it yet..." she said with a teasing tone, though

very evident beneath that was nerves that he wouldn't like what she brought.

Did she really think that he would not be exciting about something she had picked just to wear for him? She could wear a garage bag with the chest cut open and he would still be loving it. "I doubt it." He said with a chuckle as he stuffed more pizza into his face. "I would like you in anything." He said truthfully, still one arm around her as they were eating that pizza.

There was something just strangely comfortable about sitting there with her on a bed, half naked, eating pizza, discussing sexy subjects.. it wasn't like they were just two people spending a weekend together, it was like they had been together for so long and were just excited about trying something new.

Emily chuckled at his words tilting back to kiss his cheek tenderly " Your to nice..." she teased finally had her fill of pizza she simply allowed her self to rest against him quite content in simply enjoying this moment with him.

Her hand come to drag down his arm lightly her nails grazing up and down his arm lightly, just simply closed her eyes to enjoy this with him.

after that third slice he attempted his 4th and last slice, yet he could't find himself finishing it. Surely he could have otherwise, but they were going to be busy and he didn't want

to feel full during that. So he placed a good chunk of that 4th slice back into the box and wiped his hands and face a final time with those napkins.

“Hmmm.. that hit the spot for sure.” He said to her tossing that last napkin into the box as well. The entire room smelled like pizza at that moment, but surely it would smell like something else soon. Maybe they should try and use some of those bath oils to get the smell away..

she most definitely couldn't manage anymore, not if she wanted to move at some point anyway! She certainly didn't wanna be uncomfortable during anything he had planned purely because she stuffed her self with pizza!

When he finished she done the box up, deciding to leave the pizza for later incase they wanted it. " It certainly did...that was good pizza to.." she said with a smile." The room now smells like a pizzeria mind..but still..." she teased with a chuckle.

So she had smelled that pizza smell as well, it got him to chuckle. He moved off the bed as well then and walked into the bathroom to get those bath oils. He got one out that was a lavender smell, knowing that was generally a well liked smell and just dabbed a few drops into the sheets and pillows before he just shook those sheets out in an attempt to spread the smell. It worked decently well. The pizza smell got driven

away to the background more and the room smelled more fresh. "Better."

Emily moved off the bed taking the pizza box she placed it away from the bed by the desk so it was out of the way, when he came back and dabbed the bed sheets she watched him shake the sheets before the smell of lavender hit her and she smiled

"That's much better..." she teased before she moved to him allowing her hand to roll up his chest dipping in to kiss his lips. "I suppose I should go and get changed....seeing how you've been itching to see what I've brought all day...I've seen you looking at the bag.." she teased with a small giggle

He watched her come closer to him and put her hand upon his chest before her lips found his. He kissed her back. "I supposed I should go and get changed.. seeing how you've been itching to see what i've brought all day... I've seen you look at that bag." She said to him. He simply guessed her one more time, bringing his hands to her behind and giving it a nice squeeze. "I have seen you looking at the other one too." He teased her back then. "Well go on then, get changed."

He would wait till she was in the bathroom before he would get the other bag and start to at least unwrap and unbox some of them. Even after unboxing them he would keep them in the bag and hidden under a bit of paper, not wanting her to peek to see what he had gotten. The only one he kept out was the blindfold. It was soft looking, made of a gentle black smooth

fabric and a little buckle to adjust the tightness on the back. The parts where the eyes were had been made slightly thicker to make sure she really wouldn't be able to peek.

Emily smiled as she felt his hands come to her backside and heard his teasing words come straight back at her. "I have no idea what your talking about...." she teased before she moved to the bag and grabbed it taking it into the bathroom with her.

Of course this time she shut and locked the door, removing her robe she went into the bag to get the few things she had brought, she chewed on her lip now...oh god she was nervous...what if he hated it...she sighed to her self then, she really needed to stop doing this to her self!

She put some lotion on her body first, she wanted to smell nice..she wanted to feel nice...she wanted to give him no reason to forget their weekend, grabbing the stockings out first she slipped them up her legs watching them rest just beneath her thigh, then she reached in for peek a boo babydoll outfit she had brought...he wanted complete access to her, something he didn't have to take of...and this was perfect for that.

Slipping it on over her body she made she it fit around her breasts properly, she did have underwear...but...he wanted access right?...so she decided to leave those....

She released a deep breath now checking her self out in the mirror ..well...she certainly thought she looked nice

anyway....she could feel nerves pooling in the bottom of her stomach . *Enough Emily....he wants confidence....he likes women with confidence..don't go letting yourself down now* she mentally told her self, putting a few more smelly bits on she made sure her hair looked okay before she finally unlocked the bathroom door.

She paused at the handle, before eventually opening it, but only slightly, deciding to tease him just a little....she stuck her leg out extending it slightly so he would see the stocking going right up to her thigh twisting her foot round playfully before bending it and dragging it down the door teasingly..god she had no idea what she was doing....and even now she felt stupid...but she seen it in movies before...so ...surely it worked? Oh god...what if he wasn't even watching...what if he was doing something....oh shut up! She shouted at her self..god why was she like this.

Eventually she moved the door open a bit more allowing her body to slide slightly out from behind the door, showing him babydoll outfit she was wearing slightly,before she eventually twisting round. Allowing him to have full access of what she was wearing...god she was so damn nervous..

" Does this please you Mr Kingston?.." she teased as she leaned against the bathroom door.

He did notice the door unlocking behind him and he did turn around to see what was going on. He had been waiting for that

sound ever since she had gone in there, yet for a few seconds afterwards nothing happened. Was she chickening out? Did her nerves get the better of her after all?

But then that leg peeked out and he had half a mind to just go over there and rub his hands along it. Yet he didn't and just looked as she tried to tease him from behind the door. Yet it wasn't the stockings he was interested in, he wanted to see what else she was wearing. Not that the stockings were not nice.. but you know. The other part was more exciting to him.

So when she finally came out from behind that door, her face already red from her blushing and her breasts fully exposed in that beautiful baby doll dress he could feel that grin growing on his face. She really had gone and did it.. she had listened to him exactly. He had wanted acces and this was as close to what she could have done with it.

“It pleases me very much Miss Weston.” He said as he walked over to her and motioned for her to spin a little circle for him. No matter if she did or didn't he would caress her waist and slowly cup her behind in his hands as he growled softly at her. “I am glad I let you pick.” He just said in earnest, he wouldn't have wanted to know what she would have come out of.

Emily watched the way his grin spread across his face, how pleased he seemed to be with his choice and it made her instantly relax...god she was so worried he wouldn't like it...knowing it *Looked* like it did was enough to make her feel

better...even if she was still a little nervous for what was to come.

As he motioned for her to spin, she did as instructed turning around, the baby doll she wore was completely see through, showing him that she wore nothing beneath it...he wanted access then he had it.

Facing him again she heard his growl and felt her stomach tighten deliciously...god but she loved it when he looked at her like that. " I'm glad you like it...."

He picked up the blindfold then from the little table where he had been taking things of the packaging and walked back over to her. He would stand behind her this time as he lovingly moved his hand over her arm bringing it up as he brushed her hair behind her ear and kissed the other one softly.

This was going to be their play. Their time without worry, her chance to explore and learn about her own body. He wanted her to find out what she liked and didn't like. This night was about her and not about him. Even if he didn't get his climax at all, he wanted her to have multiple. He wanted her to need that plane ride home to just sleep from how tired she would be after tonight. "Are you ready?"

If her answer was yes he would bring the blindfold up to her eyes and make her world dark.

Emily felt the nerves pool through her again as she watched him get the blind fold of the table and walk over to her, she released a small shattered sigh at what she knew was to come...but she was exciting..god she was so excited she could almost feel the heat between her legs already.

She closed her eyes already enjoying the way his hand moved up her arm feeling him brush the hair from her face before he kissed her ear.

" Are you ready?" She released another sigh before she nodding lightly. " Yes I'm ready..." and then she felt her self plunge into darkness again.

He secured the blind fold behind her head, making sure the buckle was tight so it wouldn't fall off from her, but also not so tight it was uncomfortable. He could hear her breath stagger in her throat as she was plunged into that darkness. There was still a tension in her body but he knew that would soon leave her.

He pulled her closer against him, letting her feel secure against the warmth of his body. His hand coming around her to cup her breasts. "I like this part." He whispered to her. He liked the fact that he could just feel her naked skin, despite that baby doll dress still being on her. He had no intentions of taking it off.

Her fingers would find her nipples, teasing her just slightly and pinching them just a little bit as he thought about how he

wanted her on that bed. "You want to be on your back or your stomach?" He asked her, giving her an option for now.

Emily tried to settle her self , tried to settle the nerves, but she was always a little bit like this at first...almost like flying...once she got into it she was more then ready for it.

She felt him tug her back, feeling the warmth of his chest against her back and she sighed leaning into him, feeling his hand coming round to cup her breasts she groaned at the contact. " I thought you might..." she whispered back to him.

She bit her lip a little as she felt him teasing her nipples . His question had her pausing for a moment before she finally answered. " My back...please.." she whispered unable to resist nuzzling her cheek against his face, smelling that sweet cologne she loved so much against his flesh had her relaxing even more.

"As you wish." He said into her ear and took both her hands to lead her towards the bed. He was gentle with her, letting her take every step in the time that she needed for it, once she reached the bed he put her on it before letting go of her.

She could hear him going through that paper bag, getting the things he needed out of there and placing them on the bed next to her. Once he had everything he needed he could find her lips and kiss her as he pushed her further into the bed. Her hands would move to her wrists and already place them on either side of the bed, holding them down into the matras

underneath them. “Soon.. you won’t be going anywhere anymore.” He just grinned into her. He got one of the leather cuffs out and strapped it around her wrists. It was a wider cuff that would be comfortable for her even if she were to put a lot of pressure on it, but it would also be tougher than the tie had been. Even if she might have eventually pulled herself loose the day before, she now really wouldn’t. He did the same to her other wrists before securing them both to the side of the bed. This time he didn’t bundle them up together above her head, he put them more to the side of her so she would be comfortable for longer.

He considered what to do about her legs. He had liked her in that last position before, accessible and ready, yet it had been something that had been alright for a short bit but would be too much for long. He grinned then knowing exactly how to achieve something similar that she could hold for longer.

Along with the cuffs he had also bought rope. The rope was round and sturdy, but it wouldn’t be too rough on her skin, especially with the stockings protecting her legs as well. He made her bend her knee so it was against her chest, her foot against her own bottom and wrapped the rope multiple times around the space below her knees. Then he would put it in the space underneath her knee and wrap it once around around the rope that was there to make

it tight and secure. He did the same to the other side. Once he got those done he took the left over rope and pulled them to the side upper corners of the bed so her knees would point that way, causing her legs to fall apart and her hips to be just slightly bend upwards.

“There.. perfect.” He grinned at himself as he leaned forward to kiss her. “Comfy?” He asked again, mimicking what he had asked her yesterday. This time he really hoped she was though.

Emily couldn't help the soft shudder that ran through her as he whispered in her ear, she took his hands and grasped them tightly as she took careful footsteps towards the bed, she was so anxious she would fall, but he always made sure she was secure, before she made it to to the bed.

She heard him rummaging through that bag of his and felt the nerves rolling in her again....god she couldnt help the pool of desire deepening inside of her as she pondered all he might do to her...suddenly his lips were against his and she kissed him back eagerly, feeling him push her to the bed she groaned, feeling him gather her wrists and pull them down she knew exactly what was to come.

His words sent a small shudder through her, but she didn't say anything, she felt the cuffs go on, they felt alot thicker then last night and smoother, and sturdier already she could feel she woken get out of these...even if she wanted to.

Suddenly she felt him move her legs she gasped as she felt him tying something around her legs, it was thick but didn't feel uncomfortable, the position he had her in wasn't uncomfortable neither, the rope supported her legs and wasn't aching as much as the position he had her in yesterday, of course she was very aware how *Open* she was again and that made her lick her lip nervously.

" Yes...I'm comfortable " and she was...for the most part.

Once he was done with her he just sat back and admired her. The mere fact that he got to just do this to her was amazing to him. He wanted to appreciate it, to take in her shapes and her colors, especially when that pink was slowly taking over her face and chest again. On top of that the outfit she had picked worked perfect for this. Her breasts were exposed, the stockings prevented the ropes from digging into her skin and the baby doll skirt gave this feeling of her being covered, even if she wasn't covered at all. "Good." He said then to her saying she was comfortable. He hoped she was.

He shifted off the bed and simply went back to that table where he had been taking things out of the packaging. One by one he placed them on a part of the bed where he could easily reach them, yet Emily would never know they were there. That was the first time he actually saw the toy she had gotten herself. The purple number that the shop employee had shifted her towards. He couldn't help but chuckle softly as he

looked it over. It as so innocent, yet it sure had gotten her riled up.

It probably took him a good few minutes to get everything unpacked. A few of the items he even took into the bathroom for a quick moment to wash them off, wanting to make sure they were clean. All this time he didn't say a thing. Wanting to see what she would do if he simply did nothing. Would she squirm? Would she ask for him? Would she just silently accept and wait till he would come to her? He as curious.

Emily simply sat there listening for what ever he might be doing, her mouth was running dry already and she could feel her heart racing beneath her chest at the anticipation for what he was going to do.

She could hear him rustling in that bag, hear different things being put out on a table and it made a shuddered breath leave her throat, she would be stupid If she said she wasn't nervous, nervous foe what he might have planned for her, for what he might do, of course she knew she was safe...knew he wouldn't do anything to her that she wouldn't want, she had her safe words after all, and she knew without a doubt he would stop if she uses them..

And yet she was still waiting, trying to pick up on any sound from the room, she could hear him in the bathroom then, her wrists twitching in those retrains...got her nerves was getting

worse, all this waiting..all this unknown was not doing her any favours. She knew she should relax..knew she simply should just wait, be patient but she found she simply couldn't.

" Nathaniel please..." she found her self moaning out into the room her fingers twitching in the restraints wanting him to come to her, to touch her..to talk to her..to do anything but leaving her waiting like this.

And then she spoke. He looked up at her, seeing that line in her face that told him she was feeling nervous. He looked over to her then and walked over, his hand finding her cheek to pet over it softly. "I am still here." He said to her, reassuring her that he had not forgotten about her. "Are you feeling lonely?" He asked her and bend forward to her as he kissed her lips. "Or are you growing impatient?" He grinned into her lips as his hands softly brushed over her breasts.

He pulled back from her again then, taking of his boxers, walking back to that table to get the last bits into the bed before he climbed on it as well, sitting on the end of it, just below her. He looked over his little array of toys, wondering what to go for first. Already he could see that small sheen of wetness that had formed between her legs.

He picked up that vibrator then. It had sounded like she had never used one before. He turned it on, the sound of it instantly filling the room. "I quite like what you picked out for yourself." He teased her. "Would be a shame if you didn't try it

out.” He placed it gently against her sex, rubbing it over that button that was there.

Emily could feel her self growing anxious as she still didn't hear anything..then she felt his hand against her cheek she couldnt stop the small whimper that left her lips then. " I'm still here " his words brought her reassurance, not that she thought he had gone...she simply just didn't know what he was doing. His next words caused a groan to leave her lips. " Both..." she whispered out honestly.

Emily felt movement on the bed then, heard him grab something before the sound of something vibrating turned on and her fingers flexed again in the restraints wondering exactly what it was he had for her..

" I quite like what you picked out for yourself.." a shattered breath left her throat then as she realised exactly what he had gotten out to use first.

Then she felt it touch her she gasped jolting a little as her hands tugged in the restraints. Feeling it touch her sensitive spot she groaned in delight her head tilting back against the pillow to feel the vibrations running through her..

The reaction was what he had hoped for. She had been so stuck in her anticipation that even the slightest thing would have send her off. She was probably very sensitive right then, having wanted him to just do something for so long. He heard those sounds the cuffs made as she pulled against him. “Have

you ever used one on yourself before?" He asked her as he kept moving it on her, moving it back and forth, making small circles with the tip of it. The vibrations were still at low yet he could already understand why it had been that expensive. Even on this low they were deep and strong.

He stroked himself lazily as he watched her.

" Have you used one before? " ...she groaned again feeling the way he moved it up and down between her legs, moving it back and forth she shuddered at the contact.

Trying to string some words together whilst he did this was proven difficult, the pleasure she felt already was so intense it made her back arch.

" No..." she managed to say another groan leaving her as he made short circular motions against her. .

" God that feels good..." she moaned eagerly.

How innocent was she.. never having used a vibrator on herself. It only made him like her more. To think he had changed from from the most vanilla girl into a woman who put on that little baby doll outfit for him knowing she would be tied up in it. He bend over then kissing the inside of her leg softly.

"Really? It's barely even on." He said with a soft chuckle as he found that wheel on the back of it and turned the vibrations up more to medium. He still kept moving it over that sensitive

spot but would not sometimes bring it down lower to tease her opening.

His next words caused her go blush more, it might not of been on her much but that didn't mean she didn't enjoy the feel of it, the vibrations that ran through her, how slick she already felt as the excitement grew inside of her .

She suddenly felt the vibrations grow stronger she gasped as she felt it rolling over her sensitive bud and between her opening, she twitched on the bed her fingers digging into her hand a little with the teasing motions he was putting on her.

She was already squirming on that bed so much. He was glad he had gotten good restraints and not the little cuffs that had been in the kit she had picked. Surely she could have already almost pulled them apart with how her body was responding to it.

“To think that all those years you could have been giving yourself this pleasure.. if only my shy girl wasn’t so afraid of that sex store.” He chuckled as he softly bit the inside of her thigh. He moved it to her opening once more, really teasing her there as he could feel the wetness that as there. “You want to feel it inside you?” He asked.

Emily was indeed squirming, squirming with how damn good it felt already, and his words did nothing to help, making her groan even more especially when he nipped at her inner thigh.

" Nathaniel..." she whispered out lustfully.

She felt it toying with her opening, her breath hitching slightly at his suggestion. " Yes...Yes Please..." she found herself moaning out eagerly to him.

"As you wish.." he simply teased in a grin and inserted the purple vibrator into her as he kept a close eye on her face. She was so sexy and he really couldn't help but feel left out just a small bit. So he would stroke himself with his free hand not able to handle that feeling of simply being hard and ignoring it.

He pushed it then as far as she would take it and kept it there with a bit of pressure, making sure she felt those vibrations deep into her core. "Like that?" He chuckled.

Emily gasped as she felt the vibrator being pushed inside her, she groaned at the feeling of it deep inside her, the vibrations rolling through her in such a way it sent pressure shooting right to her core.

As he pushed it deeper she groaned again, her head digging into the pillow behind her, small gentle breath left her throat.

" God yes..." she moaned out, and god she did it felt incredible.

Her body instantly accepted it, her hips squirming into those sheets as she clearly wanted more. He put his hand around the back of it, starting to move it in and out of her, matching the stroked to his length with the same pace. "If you keep

moaning like that you might just made me jealous.." he chuckled at her, yet it was only half a tease.

Emily moaned louder now as she felt him pushing that dildo inside her more, feeling him move it inside and out of her, the pleasure was so incredible she had a hard time keeping her self still.

At his words she groaned. " Let me please you Nathaniel...." she groaned out, and god she wanted to...she wanted to bring him pleasure to.

Just another grin came to his face. He looked over at her as she was still groaning from the vibrator, yet she was thinking of him too. God she was something else. He took the vibrator out of her briefly, leaving it to buzz on the sheets as he climbed over her, manouvering around the rope that kept her legs up. Eventually he managed to get himself in a spot where his knees were on either side on, resting just under her armpits. His length was just mere centimeters away from her lips, yet she would never know.

He leaned back a little bit getting the vibrator back on her, teasing her clit once more instead of putting it straight back into it. "Well? Are you going to get it?" He teased her, letting her know he was right in front of her.

Emily groaned as she felt the vibrator leave her, the vibrations felt across the bed, she then felt the movement on the bed, she

knew he was moving but she didn't know where he was, she could feel him shifting about.

Suddenly she felt the vibrator move back to her she groaned feeling it more to go against her clit. His next words had a shattered breath leave her leaning forward open mouth she felt him there and groaned eagerly

She allowed her tongue to come out and tease around the tip of him before eventually putting him into her mouth taking him eagerly groaning around his length as she felt the vibrations rolling over her clit.

He moved his head back the moment her tongue actually found her, a small groan leaving him. The movement of that vibrator started to get less accurate as it rolled over her sex.

When she really took him in her mouth he would start to move his hips into her before he pushed that vibrator back inside her as well. He matched the movements, wanting her to really feel he was in two places at once as he twitched in her mouth.

“Such an eager girl..” he said to her. “You love my dick that much?” He asked.

Emily groaned as she heard his own groan leave his lips, knowing she was giving him pleasure, she felt his hips rolling up inside of her pushing him inside her more, she groaned around his length her tongue teasing around it .

His words made her shudder, allowing his dick to pop out her mouth for a second. "Yes Mr Kingston..." she whispered hungrily up to him before taking his dick back into her mouth matching the movements that he pushed himself inside of her, groaning as the vibrator rolled inside of her.

He loved it when she called him that and that much became evident as he instantly twitched inside her mouth. To have her calling him that while she was in that position, her mouth sucking on his shaft.. it was heaven for him. He didn't let up his movements, keep on matching it to how he was moving that vibrator inside of her. Pushing himself just a bit further into her mouth to tease the back of her throat.

Well of course Emily knew how much he enjoyed her calling him that, it's why she did it, and she instantly felt him twitch inside her mouth which only proved it even more.

Everytime he pushed it back she groaned louder, she felt saliva around her mouth now, not that she cared, she was far too much into what she was doing, she could feel her orgasm rising inside of her as he pushed the dildo into her mouth her groans became more frequent as she squirmed there before him.

He noticed her moaning becoming more frequent, her squirming increasing. She had to be getting closer now. She was getting more sloppy with him as her brain was now more focused on what was between her legs then what was in her

mouth. Not that he cared. He once again found that wheel on the back of that vibrator and turned it up high, ready to tilt her over that edge.

He took himself out of her mouth, slapping his saliva slick length into her cheek a few times. “Don’t lose focus now, love.” He told her before he placed himself back on her tongue.

Emily couldn't concentrate the pressure rushing through her was so intense it took any other sense away, she was getting messy, she wasn't trying as hard as she was before...but god it was hard to focus.

When he turned it up higher she cried out feeling him slap his dick against her cheek she groaned her breath a pant before he put himself back on her tongue, her moans rang out across his dick, she took him though, trying to push past her pressure to continue doing what she knew he wanted, she took him longer and deeper, her hands clenching against her palm hard enough to mark them.

She was panting through her nose, her body shuddering as her climax reached its peak and she cried out around his dick, her pants coming harder through her nose as she tried to catch her breath as best she could, without stopping her movements on him, her legs trembling as her orgasm rattled through.

He loved that look on her. As she was nearing that orgasm she simply squirmed underneath him, testing those restraints. Yet she was going nowhere. Her breathing became quicker, going

in and out of her nose. She tried her best to get him there to, his length slick with her saliva, yet she kept being distracted by what was going on between her legs.

He was ready to pull out of her mouth, may her jaw clench as she found her climax, yet she managed to keep it open, her deep moan being muffled by his shaft in her mouth. She even managed to keep going.

As she came down from her orgasm he let the vibrator slid out of her and turned the wheel down so it was off. The length of it was wet with her juices and he couldn't help but grin at it. Her moved back then, not caring that he had not reached his own climax yet and crawled off from her, giving her some space to cool off. "Look at this mess you are making Miss Weston.. clean it up for me won't you?" He said as he pressed the vibrator in front of her lips now. She may think it as simply his length that had come back, but once she closed her mouth around it she would get a good taste of herself.

Emily felt the vibrator slide our if her, she groaned around his shaft feeling just how wet she was when he pulled it out of her, if anything she could hear how wet she was if nothing else.

She felt him remove himself from her mouth and she gasped trying to catch her breath feeling her legs still trembling in those ropes.

His words had her shuddering before she felt something press against her lips again, naturally she opened her mouth

expecting it to be him, but what entered her mouth was not him...she paused for a moment realizing what was in her mouth before she wrapped her mouth properly around it, cleaning it off as he directed...a part of her not completely sure how she felt about it....but the fact she found her self growing warmer told her so much more.

He let her work on it for a while, making sure she cleaned most of herself off the purple toy before he took it away from her. "Good girl." He growled at her then before moving in to kiss her. He could taste her in her own mouth, an experience he quite liked. He kissed her sweetly, with just that hint of lust underneath it.

"Well well, I would say we approve of that one.." he chuckled. "We have so many more fun toys to try out though." He reminded her. As he moved back he flicked his fingers over her nipples before he moved to grab the clamps from the bed. She could hear the rattling of the little metal chains on it and he soon placed it into her stomach. The metal cold against her hot skin.

Emily groaned as he called her a good girl, feeling him move in to kiss she groaned and returned the kiss eagerly, sensing the lust behind it.

When he pulled away she licked her lips. "Very much" she whispered back to him, when he said about the other toys she felt a shudder run through.

She heard the clanging then her breath catching in her throat as she suddenly felt the cold against her stomach she gasped arching a little bit at the sensation.

He moved his hands over her sides then and found his way to her nipples. Sucking on them softly till they were nice and perky. Not that they had not been standing at attention before that, but for good measure, why not make sure they were.

He looked over to her then, considering that next move. This was the first time they were going to mix the pain with the pleasure. Even if she had been excited about it, she might not have known what she was in for. So before he actually went to put the clamps in place he simply moved his hand over her sex, teasing the bit that was already blushing and sensitive to him. And once she responded to that he would clip on that first clamp, making sure it had a good hold on that perky nipple, the second following soon after.

Emily felt his hands roaming up her body, his lips against her nipples, a groan left her to feel him sucking on them, they were so sensitive Already.

She then felt his hand moving down her frame, teasing her sex causing her to arch a bit, she was already incredibly sensitive there the contact sending shockwaves through her.

Then she felt it....the sharp pinch against her nipples causing her to cry out with surprise, the pleasure she felt already leaving her as she felt the pinch only get worse especially

when the second one went on, she winced and sucked her lips between her teeth in an attempt to stop from crying out, her eyes squeezed shut not that he would see that, even she couldn't push past the feeling of the clamps against her nipple, as she tried desperately to relax in an attempt to push past the pain she felt.

He saw her reaction. Part of him wanted to undo them, not having gotten the responds he was hoping for. But he needed to remind himself that he had given her the control to stop it. She knew what to say to make them go and she had yet to say them.

So instead of taking them off her, he tried to distract her. Putting his fingers inside of her and gently moving them in and out of her. It wasn't a movement that would give her intense pleasure, but the goal was to get that heat build up enough where the pain faded more to the background.

“Orange?” He then asked, needing to make sure she remembered. She was new to this and it was probably all overwhelming.

Emily took short breaths through her nose, trying to push the pain away, it was throbbing a little now, she could barely register anything else right now apart from that.

When he put his fingers inside her it took away the sensation slightly, focusing on that instead she released a small shattered breath, his fingers felt nice bringing the pleasure

back...not as strong the pain still radiating through her nipples though it was starting to settle slightly

" I'm fine..." she whispered out her voice trembling a little she didn't wanna give up just like that...she wanted to atleast try for a bit longer...

He was not sure how to feel about it. He wanted her to enjoy their play, not endure it like she seemed to be now. He needed to bring her back in, needed to make her enjoy herself again and his fingers just didn't seem to do the trick at that moment. "Why I don't I give you something better then?" He suggested as he took his fingers out of her and pushed himself into her instead.

He placed his arms beside her and placed his lips against hers as he kissed her deep and passionate, biting on her lip and trying to get her heightened again. He moved himself in and out of her, slowly for now as he tried to not make her body rock to much as it would just make her feel it more.

" Why don't I give you something better..." she was going to say something, she didn't want him to think she wasn't enjoying her self, she was she simply just didn't want to say she wanted out instantly, she wanted to try things and see how it went.

Suddenly she felt him enter her and she cried out for a whole new reason..feeling him inside her brought a rush of pleasure back her, when he leaned down and kissed her she returned it

eagerly, her hands twitching in the restraints with the need to pull him closer, wanting him on her wanting to feel his body heat more.

The pain in her nipples was getting better the throbbing dying down as she focused on what he was doing, consumed by him and his actions .

Already he could see that painful grimace starting to eb away from her face. Her little cries of pain, turned back into cries of pleasure and slowly but surely he would increase the speed at which he took her, her body starting to rock along with him as her inner thighs made soft sounds as she met with his hips. It felt good to be inside of her again after having used the vibrator on her before. Being jealous of a toy might be a petty thing, but there was a truth in saying that.

She kept kissing her, his kisses becoming more eager as he increased his rhythm. Eventually he moved from her face, his teeth biting down softly into her chin and then towards her neck, leaving small marks in her skin.

Emily was indeed in a world of pleasure, she groaned as she felt him move inside her a little quicker, she felt him slam against her thighs causing her to groan loudly into his mouth. Her tongue moved alongside his eagerly.

The pain she felt was gone...only the pleasure she could feel of him moving inside of her, as he broke the kiss she gasped shuddering as he bit down on her chin and on her back.

" Nathaniel..." she moaned out nuzzling her head with his as his teeth left marks against her neck again. She could feel the chains moving on her nipples, tugging a little but it didn't bring her pain anymore instead the sensitivity she felt only brought her more pleasure as she moaned deeper pressing her cheek into his hair

He had gotten her back to that world of pleasure he had promised her that night. She seemed no longer be bothered by the clamps on her nipples.

He pulled back then, sitting upright again. He put one hand on her hip, starting to really move into her, making her body rock and her breasts bounce. "That's it." He grinned at her.

His other hand would take that chain between the clamps and lifting it up just enough that every bounce pulled on them just slightly.

Emily felt his shift then, felt him move back on the bed, before his movements became harder causing her to groan with pleasure, her fingers digging into her palm once more.

" God Nathaniel don't stop..." she called out, she was so close to yet another Orgasm she could feel it pulling through her, when he tugged on the chain her head whipped back, moaning loudly to feel the sensitivity rolling through her.

" Fuck...Fuck..." she cried almost in a growl as the pleasure became more intense inside her.

As she could now handle it he put his hand behind her head and brought her face back forward a little. The chain on the clamps was just long enough where he could hook in into her mouth. "Hold that for me will you?" He chuckled at her. This way it would only slightly pull on it, but every time she would move her head back in pleasure, she would be the one at fault for yanking at it.

With both hands now free he placed both of them on her hips, grabbing that space just above where her legs bend upwards and started to really pull her into him. Making fast deep thrusts with short pauses in between. "Hmmm.... Fuck Em!"

Emily felt him pull her head up slightly, she gasped at the feeling before she felt him place the chain from the clamps in her mouth, she bit down on it to hold it there.

She felt his hands grip her hips then, before he started to go into her with deep thrusts, she cried out through the chains, she went to move before she felt her self tug on them clamps, as she whipped her head back to stop her self, groaning for another reason as she felt slight pain rush through her.

His movements how ever and the way he cried out made her forget that as she groaned through the chains, her orgasming rising rapidly inside of her once more....and before she could even process it was coming...it did..she felt her self clamping down as she climaxed again moaning loudly round the chain

breathing as deep as she could, her body glistening now with sweat.

He watched her as she struggled with the chain. Pulling on herself and then realizing she needed to keep her head still. It brought a smile to his face and he felt his arousal only get more for her.

He once again picked up the pace as he started to pant just slightly from also getting close. Of course once she came and clamped herself around him he also found himself being pulled over the edge. Groaning out into her as he released himself deep inside her.

The first thing he did after he came back from his climax was release the clamps from her nipples. It left little indents on them where the clamps had been and he knew they would be tender for a good while.

He then just dropped forward and kissed her mouth before he pulled her blindfold up just slightly. "Let's give you a small break." He grinned at her and kissed her again. "After that I want you on your stomach." He dragged her lower lip before starting to untie her so she could stretch her legs. Quickly moving to place a towel over the rest of the toys.

Emily groaned louder and louder as she felt him getting quicker inside of her before she felt his climax release inside of her causing another groan to leave her lips, hearing his groan of satisfaction.

She was simply settling down from her orgasm before she felt him remove the clamps and she winced, whimpering a little as they started to throb once more now the blood was rushing back to them, she kissed him back eagerly before he pulled her blindfold up, she squinted a little , her eyes a little watery from the sharpness of the clamps earlier.

At the option of a break she sighed " Okay.." she whispered feeling him un tie her legs she groaned stretching them out feeling the ache deep in her thighs and upper legs she groaned, the ache from yesterday returning slightly as she took a moment to simply settle her self down...her body humming from the pleasure and the slight throbbing in her nipples.

He let her stretch out her body and got them both a glass of water to enjoy along with a towel to clean himself off a bit and then her. "Drink this." He offered her before hugging her body against his. He traces his fingers over her stockers where the roped had left imprints in her skin. They would disappear soon enough but he enjoyed the look of them then.

"No complaints so far?" He asked her. "Do you still like the clamps?" He chuckles as he moved his fingers gently over her sensitive nipple.

Emily groaned as she stretched out across the bed, feeling how tender every inch of her body was, not in a bad way . Every nerve was humming with delight.

She watched him bring the water over, she shifted on the bed a little groaning as she felt her legs ache ever so slightly at the movement. She took the glass from him and basically downed the entire glass...god she was so thirsty..

She leaned against him then nuzzling his neck as her hand rested against his chest allowing her fingers to roam up and down lightly.

His question had her smirking. " No complaints..." she whispered closing her eyes for a moment to simply enjoy the calm beside him . His next question had her chewing on her lip. " They take a bit of getting used to...but they were fine at the end.."

"Another toy approved then." He chuckled at her as he pulled her into him and kissed her base of her neck and softly patted over her stomach. He let her drink her water and drank his own again. Letting her just use her muscles after he forced them in a certain position again.

"Just let me know when you are rested up, love. I am just going to the bathroom real quick." He said and excuses himself as he went over to the bathroom. Needing a quick wash and a leak.

Emily blushed a little as he said about approving toys...she half wondered what else he had out..when he vanished to the toilet she peeked over at the table with items clearly covered with a

towel and chewed her lip..but she turned away, it would be fair to look.

When he returned from the bathroom she excused her self taking her self there to get freshened up a bit to, returning she see him sat on the bed, moving over to him she allowed her hands to roll over his shoulders, bending down she kissed his lips lovingly, pulling back she nuzzled his cheek

Lifting up she grabbed the blindfold tugging it down her face she got her self onto her stomach on the bed she kept her arms by her side relaxing into the bed .

" I'm ready Mr Kingston..."

He was half surprised that the towel was still there and undisturbed when he came back. He was actually quite surprised with her. Not spoiling her own surprises.. good girl. He watched her go to the bathroom as well and when she was there he quickly cleared the sheets from the bed, once she was on her stomach that would make it easier for her to breath. He tossed them all on the ground.

She came back out, coming over to kiss him and then she simply blindfolded herself back up and placed herself on that bed. "Very well Miss Weston." He said. After that he would start to position her again. First he would tie a rope across her legs, just slightly below her knees. A simple tie to keep them together so she would't pull them apart. He then made her pull her knees up to her stomach so she would be balled up and did

the same to her ankles. The last step was to take those hands that were already relaxing by the side of her body and using the cuffs to bind her ankles and wrists together. "There... perfect." He said as he once again admired his work. It would be a rougher position than the last, her shoulders and face really digging into the bed this way, but he thought she was ready for it. "comfy?" He once again asked, though she probably would be a bit less comfy than the last one.

Emily felt the nerves pool through her again as she waited for him to do what it was he wanted with her, she felt the same rope go around her legs now gasping a little as he secured them tight before moving her knees upwards, he then felt her start on her wrists tugging them back and securing them tightly around her. She groaned a little the new position was not as comfortable as previous ones but it was bare able at least for now anyway.

She flexed her fingers a little hearing his words she released a shattered breath. " Yes..." she whispered to him.

"Good." He said to her. He liked this one. Not only did it make her accessible to him, it also lifted her behind right into the air. He let his hands run over it, flicking the baby doll dress up just a bit so it was bare. His other hand would go over her sex, already feeling that wetness there as he rubbed over it.

He reached over to where the toys were placed then and she would feel something cold against her sex as he got it lubed up

in her juices. He got some actually lube out as well that he had gotten and started to rub that over her behind, rubbing it both on her sex, but also around the opening that was just slightly higher.

That same coldness then got pressed against that opening, just a tease for now, no real pressure. "Try to relax.." he told her as he lovingly rubbed over her ass cheek.

Emily felt his hands rolling over her rear feeling him flick her outfit up to expose her rear to him more, his fingers moving down to her sex caused her to groan a little enjoying the small contact he gave to her.

He had paused briefly, she then fold something cold touch her and she jumped a little at the unexpected contact, she felt him rub it along her rear before moving up to her other opening.

She released a shattered breath then, her fingers flexing in the cuffs as he told her to relax, she concentrated on her breathing trying to keep her self as relaxed as possible.

The butt plug was made of metal, a clean and hygienic material that had a little bit of heft to it. It wouldn't be as pliable as some other would have been, but he had liked the look of it. It wasn't a big one, nothing that she wouldn't be able to handle.

He could hear her concentrating on her breathing and he would softly start to put pressure on it. It would go in bit by bit, letting up that pressure every time and only pushing on it

when she was breathing out and relaxing. “Just like that.” He told her, knowing it was probably not the most comfortable feeling if she was not used to it, but it would feel better soon.

It didn't take too long before they had reached the widest part of the plug and after that it simply slid into her with only a small base still keeping her open, the rest just filling her inside. “There.” He grinned as he kissed her behind, enjoying the look of that small metal bar that now lay in the line that was between her ass cheeks.

Emily felt something get pushed into her rear, she gasped a little at the cold feeling but soon allowed herself to relax, she winced only slightly when the biggest bit went in, but otherwise she found it wasn't too bad.

She felt the pressure inside her but I wasn't uncomfortable if anything it felt okay, she was surprised...she was half expecting it to be a lot more uncomfortable, she settled down after it was pushed all the way through, her breathing settling as she simply adjusted to having it there.

She took it like a champ and he was happy about that. It wasn't the biggest plug ever, yet it had not been the absolute smallest they had offered either. He moved down to her sex then, the whole thing wet from her juices and the lube. He pushed two fingers gently into her sex and felt exactly the feeling he had been hoping for. The plug was making her entrance extremely tight.

He left the bed for a small bit once more as he got the wand out that the woman had also convinced him to get in the end. He had always been interested in one, but had never gotten one before. Unlike most of the other toys, which he did have in his possession before. Seeing how well she had responded to the vibrations before, this should really get her going. He was ready to overwhelm her.. give her pleasure in every place he could give it. Stimulating everything at once.

So he plugged it into an outlet, the wire easily long enough to not be bothersome and placed the head of it against her clit and sex before actually turned it on, holding it just below his fingers as he still moved those in and out of her slowly.

Emily felt his fingers get pushed inside her then, releasing a small groan feeling just how tight she felt , it made her body shudder, the feeling intense but in all the best ways.

She felt the bed moving again , heard him grabbing something her body responding immediately without even knowing what it was.

She felt something press against her, her breath spiked inside her throat before the vibrations started, her fingers tightened against her palms again feeling his fingers working inside of her she moaned loudly , her body squirming a little on the bed , or as much as she could anyway .

The sensation was sending jolts of intense pleasure through her already.

" Oh fuck....fuck Nathaniel. .." she whined out the feeling so extreme , it was pushing her to the edge already.

He could feel her squirming underneath him, watching as her fingers were curling and stretches and her body didn't know what to do with the sensations he was giving her. It was obviously working extremely well.

He could feel her clench around his fingers, knowing she was probably getting and just as he believed he was about to send her over he took his fingers and the wand away from her. With his hand now free he gave her one decent spank to her behind, leaving a small imprint on her cheek. "I can't have you cum already.." he teased her.

He went on to then softly rub over her clit, enough to keep that stimulation up, but not enough to actually send her over that edge that she as longing for. "Not before you ask nicely." `

The pressure was incredible, she had never felt anything as good before in her entire life, her moans were deep and loud unable to control her self it seemed.

Then suddenly it stopped, his fingers pulled out of her and the wand was removed, she released a growl...something she had never done before her body twitching as her release that had been building settled back down.

She felt the spank to her rear which had her jolt slightly. His fingers returned to her clit moving so slowly it was almost

painful, to know how close she was, she wanted to move but she couldn't, her breath a small pant.

" Please...please Nathaniel...please let me cum..please please..

" god she ass begging, her voice desperate, she needed it...god she needed it .

Her growl at being denied her orgasm was such an instant turn on for him that it made his erection twitch. That was a sexy sound that just came out of her.. he liked it. Seemed like a good thing to remember in case he ever needed it.

He could hear the desperation in her voice, the way her body moved over his fingers in an attempt to create a feeling that was more than just a tease. He once again gave her a spank against her ass as she begged him for her release. "Not convincing enough.." he teased her as he blew his hot breath against her sex.

This was a fun game and he wanted her to want him in every bit of her core before he would give himself back to her. His hand stroking over his manhood as just like her he was wanting to be inside her.

Emily jolted again as yet another slap connected with her rear, she could feel the warmth in her cheek now as she whimpered as he said she wasn't convincing enough...she found her self groaning again against the pillow her breath still a pant, god she was desperate she couldn't keep still moving as much as she could against that bed.

" Please I need it Nathaniel...I need you, only you make me feel this good, bring me to a orgasm please, .you make me feel good Nathaniel..so fucking good.." she found her self growing again, her desperation for her release clear in her voice.

" Please...please..god can't you see how desperate I am..make me scream your name...make me cum for you please..."

"Much better." He said, this time he was the one growling at her. One last time he let his hand connect to the skin of her rear as he placed himself behind her. He pushed his length in an couldn't help the deep groan that left him at just how tight she was fucking.. "Fuck.. Em.."

He could feel that round shape that was in her other hole, feeling it press against to top of his length, giving this strange bur wonderful sensation. As he moved the plug would move just slightly along with him. Creating his feeling of movement in both ends.

He picked the wand back up again, placing it back against her clit and turned it on. The vibrations were so deep he could feel it vibrating throughout her, adding this level of intensity for him as well as her.

"Go on then. Scream for me Em!" He told her as his hand found the skin of her rear again, the redness really starting to show on those cheeks.

She heard his growl, and it sent shivers right to her very core, she jolted again as he connected his hand to her rear making yet another growl come through her lips.

When he pushed into her she released a deep groan the feeling was so intense it almost made her eyes roll to the back of her head, god it felt so good and he hadn't even moved yet.

She was moaning already before he put that wand back on her and she jolted again, crying out with pleasure, her breath coming out in a hard her body glistening with sweat .

Her breath was coming out so hard now she could hardly control her self , she could feel her orgasm rising deep inside her, before she climaxed so hard that she barely made a sound at first her entire body trembling with the sheer force of it.

She gasped hard then before she finally cried out her sound rocketing from the walls around them. " Fuck fuck fuck!! " she cried out so hard her body spasming on the bed.

She got her orgasm hard and fast, just how he had hoped she would. He could feel her entire body tensing up, trying desperately to stretch beyond the confines of the cuffs and ropes. Yet she stayed in place, unable to move much except for what he would low her. She clenched so hard around him he could hardly move at all.

As she came off it he took the wand off her and pulled himself out. He took his hand round his manhood, needing only a few

more strokes to relief himself on her back. He then just sat back, panting just a bit, but he knew that she as probably way worse. He undid the cuffs on her hands so she could at least turn herself around. She would be able to stretch everything, except for spreading her legs apart.

Emily was panting, her whole body swirling with the pressure she felt from her orgasm...god she had never had one that intense before, that hard.. she was struggling to come down from it.

She felt him pull out then groaning at the feel of it, before she felt the hot moisture against her back and knew he climaxed there making her whimper to know she brought him to his climax.

She felt the cuffs rattling as finally her hands were free she groaned to bring her arms back round, feeling the tightness there as she groaned a little before finally settling back down, she didn't move then, her body still reeling from her orgasm she didn't even speak, not sure she could make any sense if she did, her eyes closed beneath the mask as she tried to calm her self down.

He got himself down on the bed then. He would get her out of the ropes and buttplug later, it was not a priority he needed to worry about right there. He watched as Emily still seemed in a world of her own, she didn't even have the mind right then to

take of the blindfold from her mind, seeming to enjoy that darkness for now.

Eventually he moved over to her though and pulled the blindfold away from her, wanting her to come back to him. "Hello sunshine." He said to her, gently kissing the side of her face, waiting for her to be able to make sense of everything again.

Emily was in her own world, her mind frazzled...god she almost felt drunk, her body was humming in all the best ways, her breathing was getting better now, her fingers flexing into the pillow, she didn't even think to take the blindfold of.

She felt the bed moving, felt the blindfold come off her face as she squinted trying to allow her self to adjust to the light in the room.

His words caused a soft smile to come across her face, her eyes opening finally to look to him feeling his soft kiss against her cheek. " Hello handsome..." she responded playfully, her voice still full of passion from their antics, and a little hoarse...not surprising from all her shouting she just did.

His eyes were full of love, pride and lust for her as she laid there. He kissed her lips then. "Welcome back." He teased her as she seemed to have left that world of bliss behind her. He moved his hand slowly to her rear, giving just a little push on that push that was still there. "You need me to take that out, or

you fine with it staying a bit longer?” He asked her, just wanting to make sure she was comfortable.

If she was fine with it staying there, he would move to the ropes first, finally releasing them so she could move them apart again.

The way he looked at her then sent her core shuddering with emotions for him, this man had given her so much and she wondered if he truly knew just HOW much...when he kissed her lips she kissed him back eagerly, almost wanted to drag him back when he pulled away.

She felt him push the plug and she groaned a little at the sensation, at his question she smiled wearily towards him. " Can you take it out....please " she whispered , her voice was so full of emotion in that moment, not for the plug but for what had happened these last few days with him.

When he removed the rope she flexed a little, groaning as she felt the tightness in her legs, waiting for him to remove the plug, another groan leaving her as he did, the tightness and fullness she felt evaporated as she was finally able to truly relax, stretching her legs back out she simply stayed as she was, on her stomach in a blissful state .

“Of course.” He said as she wanted the plug taken out. He made quick work of the ropes and then went to the plug. He put his hands around the little rod that was still out and started to just make small tiny pulls on it, similar to what he

had done before.”Relax, it will come out.” He told her as he went along with her breathing again.

Eventually he once again reached that widest point and it came out of her easily after that. He took it with him to the bathroom right away, running the hot water and cleaning it off with a bit of soap. It hadn't been dirty, but it was a good practice anyway. He would clean everything else later before putting it away.

Once he came back in he placed it with the rest of the toys and just looked at her still in the bed. “Anything else I can get you, Love?”

Emily found her self relaxing into the mattress, god she felt exhausted but she didn't want to go to sleep right now, she wanted to stay awake it was there last night together and she wanted to try and savour it as much as she could.

She could hear the distant sound of water running in the bathroom, her eyes closed as she relaxed on the bed, she heard him coming back, watched him come to her as she smiled lovingly towards him.

" Just hold me..." she whispered, she wanted him to hold her, stroke her, love her...she knew tomorrow would be very different and she didn't wanna miss out on having any togetherness that she could with him.

That was an easy enough request and it made him smile. He moved towards the bed then. Taking the sheets from the ground and spreading them back over the bed before he crawled in with her. He pulled her against him, making her the little spoon against his big spoon and kissed her shoulder.

His hand trailed softly over the skin on her side as he held the other one around her. "You must be exhausted." He said to her. Knowing he was and he hadn't had the type of orgasm that she had experienced. "You can sleep if you want. I will be here." He promised her.

She settled almost instantly into him as he came behind her and tucked her up against him, her hand running along his arm lightly, her nails running delicately up and down .

His words made her sigh gently, she was tired...but she was fighting it, forcing her eyes to stay open. " I dont want to sleep yet..." she whispered, her tone full of emotions.

" I dont know when I'll get to hold you like this again..." she finally whispered out honestly, her voice full of emotions as she tried desperately to keep her self together pulling his arm tighter around her in fear he might run away if she didn't.

He knew she spoke the truth. It was the last night they had to spend together. With that thought he also just brought her closer against him. He pressed his nose into her neck and hair, taking in that vanilla scent that he had gotten so familiar with.

Knowing he might not smell it for a good time, made him appreciate it so much more.

He wanted to say so many things to her, yet he knew he was going to be making empty promises if he did and that was the last thing he wanted to do to her. So instead he simply decided to stay silent, enjoying these moments with her.

The silence was deafening now, she felt him tug her closer, felt the smell he nuzzled into her hair and it just broke her more, he might not of said anything...but he said enough to have her heart shattering in her chest, did she really think things would be different? Did she really think this weekend had changed again?...yeah..she did...and yet now laying here in the silence it was painfully obvious that nothing had changed...they had a weekend together tomorrow they would go home...and he would go back to his wife...

She felt a shattered breath leave her throat then, could feel tears coming to her eyes as she tried desperately to hold back a sob. She knew she should simply enjoy this time, enjoy this last night with him...but knowing it may be her last night was breaking her in more ways she thought it would.

" I need to go to the bathroom..." she whispered out, she couldn't even control the emotions in her voice as she gently pulled her arm of him, turning her self away so he wouldn't see her face, not wanting him to see the tears that had already begun to fall..

Making her way to the bathroom she closed the door , moving to sit down on the toilet seat she placed her hand over her mouth in a attempt to cover up her sobs as she broke down, simply unable to control her emotions anymore.

Even as he was holding her he could feel as her body started to tense up again him. He had just been about to ask her what as wrong as she already pulled herself from his arms. “I need to go to the bathroom..” she said, her voice breaking his heart. He had said nothing and still he had not been able to keep her tears away till the next day.

He watched her leave and forced himself to give her space. Yet when a minute had passed he simply couldn't keep himself in that bed. So he got out from under the sheets, wrapped a towel around hi waist and walked towards the bathroom. Just as he was about to open the door he could already hear her sobbing on the other side of it. It made him pause, putting his forehead to it as he bit down on his jaw.

He didn't know how to make this right, how to make her feel better. Yet doing nothing seemed wrong as well.. “Emily...”

Emily sat there on the toilet, she didn't know for how long she just needed to get it all out, she had to...she simply couldn't stop her emotions, she felt like a idiot...a idiot for thinking things could be different now, how could they possibly be? She knew he had a wife...he couldn't leave her he had told her that so many times, so why did she think it would be any different

now?...maybe because it felt different, he had showered her in so much love and affection this weekend ...and now she had to face the harsh reality that it wouldn't be like this tomorrow it made her hurt...hurt in a way she couldn't even describe.

Eventually she pulled her self of the toilet, removed the outfit she was wearing and tossed it to the floor, turning the tap on she washed her face in a poor attempt to disguise that she had been crying, but the redness of her eyes and the puffy blotches on her cheeks said otherwise.

She grabbed her robe and threw it over her self, she opened the bathroom door and suddenly came face to face with Nathaniel seeing so many emotions come over his face she diverted her gaze, looking down to the floor.

" Sorry..I just..I just needed a minute..." she whispered almost painfully out to him, trying so damn hard to not cry again...

He didn't know what to do. Conflicted in every single way. He wanted to hold, but knew it wouldn't help. Wanted to tell her it would be alright, but that would just be a lie.

So instead they just stood there for a long moment, neither of them able to say anything to the other. His very existance was hurting her in that moment and he was painfully aware of it.

"Do you want me to leave?" He asked.

" Do you want me to leave? " ...his words stung her like she didn't believe, they were so strong that it almost knocked the

wind out of her, she closed her eyes tightly then trying to steady her self, she could feel a array of emotions pooling through her then, she didn't know if she wanted to cry or hit him...

In the end her eyes meet his gaze her eyes still watery from unshed tears that were threatening to spill. " I..." she tried to speak but found she couldn't, she couldn't say anything. She sucked in a deep breath then shaking her head pathetically at him...even now...even knowing that things were no different, that tomorrow he would leave her again, she still didn't want him to go.

He just placed his hand on her arm, not sure what else to do for her. She was heartbroken already and h had not even left her yet. He knew they couldn't continue this way, yet he couldn't just stand to see her like that. There had to be something that he could do. Yet his mind could not find it.

"Just come back to bed with me.." he asked her, his voice almost a beg as he just pulled on her arm slightly.

Emily felt his hand go to her arm, she wanted him to say something anything.. but he didn't...and maybe that did hurt more, she wanted him to say something to her..anything....well what she wanted him to tell her was he wanted her....*Really* wanted her not in a sexual sense..but she knew it wouldn't happen.

When he tugged her, she heard the pleading in his voice her eyes moved to his face, a part of her wanted to tell him no..wanted to tell him to get out but she was powerless...

Finally releasing a sigh she nodded. " Okay..." she whispered, she made her way back to the bed, removing the robe from her body she climbed in settling under the covers.

Of course he wanted to tell her that. It wouldn't even be a lie. He wanted her, all of her. He wanted to wake up next to her every morning, he wanted to take her for dinners, he wanted to dance with her. He wanted her for so much more then sexuality.. it had just also been addicting to be with her that way.

But if he told her that, he would simply pull her into some promise he couldn't keep. He didn't want to do that to her..

So he followed her to back to that bed and crawled back against her. Wrapping himself around her as much as he possibly could. Breathing out deep against her hair as he petted over it softly.

She felt the warmth of him against her again, turning her body so she could simply breath him in, her nose nestled against his neck, her arm pulling around him , she released a shattered breath , her emotions still all over the place, but she simply didn't have it in her to cry anymore...

She closed her eyes, the tiredness she felt earlier had only grown more intense, her emotions knocking what ever strength she had left in her, as she fell asleep curled up against him, her cheeks still blotchy from her tears.

Even when she found her rest, Nate was not that lucky. For the longest time he just lay awake, his brain trying to find a way to keep Emily from having a broken heart once again. He would kiss her hair, pet over her neck and smell her scent for a long time as he considered things.

“I wish I could just give you what you wanted..” he whispered softly into her hair. And he would. If things were different he would have done that for her. “I can’t stay away from you..” he whispered after it as he pulled her sleeping form closer into her. “I need more time.. to find out what I should do.” He felt his own breath shudder then. “I love you Emily..”

Emily was asleep nestled close against him, his warmth, his smell intoxicated every sense she had, even in her sleep she found she moved to be closer, found her fingers itching to touch him more .

He pulled her closer and she stirred, her eyes fluttering against his chest, heavy still with sleep. She was going to close her eyes again.

" I need more time..to find out what I should do.."

She was tired she couldn't comprehend what was going on, her eyes closed sleep about to over take her yet again

" I love you Emily..."

Her sub conscious mind was so frazzled with sleep that she didn't perhaps even register what was going on around her, she nestled into him more perhaps even believing that this was a dream, a perfect dream...

" I love you to..." she whispered back, nestling her nose closer to his neck as she fell back into her slumber.

He couldn't help but freeze as she answered him. He looked down at her then, seeing her eyes closed in the dim lighting of the room. Had she answered him in her sleep? Had he woken her up? Surely if she had been awake she would have said more..

It didn't help him as he tried to fall back asleep. It was a long time before he even fully relaxed against him. He could only hope that whatever she had heard she would have forgotten in the morning.

The next morning she awoke, find the bed beside her empty...he wasn't there, she wondered when he had gone...maybe he had gone when she went to sleep, the thought had her feeling the same emotions rolling through her again, it was already feeling like the normal...only this time it broke her even more.

She didn't go for breakfast, frankly she didn't think she could stomach it, instead she remained in her room, packing up the rest of her stuff to take home, she knew they were going to the factory before leaving today...but her heart wasn't in it, she just wanted to get on that plane...she wanted to go home..

She sat in her seat on the plane now buckling her self in, she already had the blanket over her, she felt cold...no what she felt was empty...Nathaniel hadn't sat next to her yet, and she wondered if he would...maybe he would swap with Sam, she closed her eyes then, she didn't think she could bare him being there, talking to him for hours, she simply didn't have the strength.

She leaned against the side of the plane, her eyes watching out as they loaded the baggage, she wanted to go back to sleep..back to happy memories..him telling her he loved her ...she shuddered in her chair tugging the blanket closer to her frame, she wanted to believe he said it...it felt so real she almost believed he had, but she was stupid to think that...if he did...would he really walk away from her again?

He had left early in the morning. He had laid awake most of the night and when he saw 5 am sneak up on him he had simply decided it was time for him to go. He had been lucky enough that Emily had stayed asleep.

The rest of the morning he had left her alone. She looked terrible and he didn't want to create anything between them with Sam present so close. Sam had tried to ask if he knew what was wrong and he had simply said he didn't.

Now it was time for their plane ride. He had never changed the seats and right now he regretted that. Just like the trip to Florida it seemed they were in for a long fly full of tension and awkwardness.

By now he was exhausted, dark circles dancing under his eyes. He hoped he could just find his sleep and safe both of them the feeling of longing what they could not have.

He walked over to where she already sat and just stowed his items away except for a few that he put in his pocket. He took his spot next to her, trying to give her as much space as the seats would allow him to. He didn't even speak to her, afraid if he did it would just be bad for them both. He had still not figured out what to say to her.

Emily became aware of someone close by trying to get in the seat beside her, she almost didn't wanna look expecting it to be Sam but instead it wasn't him...it was Nathaniel, she looked at him then, seeing how tired he looked the dark circles beneath his eyes and she felt guilt rush through her then..he clearly hadn't slept right and she couldn't help but feel that was down to her.

She watched sit beside her, the awkwardness they had before had come over them again...she could almost laugh about it really they had come full circle.. much like they always did...she didn't like it though, she was feeling selfish...selfish then she would even expect him to leave his wife for her giving the situation, how could she possibly expect him to do that?...and if he did..and something happened, she knew neither one of them would forgive themselves.

She shifted on her chair then, sitting her self up better...she couldn't stand the silence...a silence that she had created, she simply couldn't leave it like this...they always left things on bad terms...this time she didn't want that.

" I'm sorry Nathaniel..." she whispered. " I'm sorry for the way i acted last night..I..." she stopped then sighing. " I didn't mean to act the way I did..." she looked down now fidgeting with her fingers "I understand your situation ...and maybe..I dunno...I guess this weekend I just simply forgot about all that, made myself believe it was more then what it was, I even dreamt you said you loved me.." she said shaking her head with a sigh leaning her head back against the seat. " I ..." she paused finally looking over to him. " I dont want us to end this weekend on bad terms Nathaneil, you've shown me so much this weekend, I've got memories I'll keep for the rest of my life, and i want to keep them, i dont want my last memory of this weekend to be me and you sat in silence on this plane."

she whispered watching his face carefully to see what he might say or do.

He had not expected her to speak to him. It had been the reason why he had sat down as quietly as he could, why he had not even looked her way. He didn't want to cause her to cry again so it had seemed better to just pretend her was sitting beside a stranger.

So when she suddenly did, he couldn't help but look over to her in surprise. He listened to her words then and knew that he had not been the only person who had been thinking about things. When she said that she had dreamed about him saying he loved her he felt his jaw clench, unsure if he should tell her the truth. The fact that h had actually said that.

“You have nothing to be sorry about Emily.” He said to her and he meant it. He wanted to take her hand, but found himself unable to. “I am putting you in this impossible situation and expecting you to not be upset about it. That is unfair of me.” He said to her. He knew exactly how she felt, since he felt the exact same, yet he found himself unable to say that to her. “I barely slept because I was thinking about how I can make this better for you and I still have not figured it out.” He admitted. “I shouldn't have offered you the job.. It would have been better if I had just stayed Ben.” He bit down on his jaw from that admission.

Emily wanted to speak but instead she listened to him carefully, she felt her face furrow , she could hear the conflict in his voice, she to wanted to reach for his hand , she twitched as if she wanted to...but then stopped as he said his last words.

" i shouldnt have offered you the job It would of been better if I had just stayed as Ben... " she felt like the wind had been punched out of her then, she looked at him watching the way his jaw clenched she swallowed, moving her self back a little bit in her chair.

" You want me to leave?...." she asked him carefully, watching his face as she did, she had clenched the other side of her chair, she didn't want to go...she loved that job...she loved him..

" I'll do what ever you want me to do Nathaniel, tell me what you want me to do..." she said again.

"Of course I don't Emily!" He said, his voice a bit more forceful now with frustration as he turned to her. He instantly regretted his outburst. He sat himself back down and dropped her face into his hand as he rubbed over his features trying to calm himself down. "It would be easy if I did want that.." he just said as he kept his face down there for now.

He could feel his feet tapping into the ground. What was he going to do. Even after all this he felt like she didn't understand how he felt. She always seemed to think that he was just using her for her attention, for how much she wanted

him. She never seemed to consider that perhaps he wanted her just as much..

"You didn't dream it.." he suddenly admitted, his face still hidden. "I did say I love you.."

Emily flinched when he shouted, she swallowed watching the conflict on his face the way he seemed so frustrated at himself, she wanted to reach for him then, wanted to try and comfort him.. but she didn't know if he wanted it. "

Nathaniel..." she whispered out, desperately wanting him to speak to her , to say anything.

She watched his foot tapping against the floor, she could sense his inner turmoil , and maybe she might of said something, she might of eventually reached it until he spoke again.

" You didn't dream it....I did say I love you..."

Emily felt her breath catch in her throat then, her eyes widening , watching how he kept his face from hers..she felt so many emotions running through her then she simply didn't know what to do with them.

" You....you love me?..." she asked her voice choked with emotions, finally she reaching out, her hand grasping at one of his hands desperately wanting him to look at her. " Look at me ...please..." she whispered.

He didn't know if he could look at her in that moment. It was something he had not wanted to admit to her, something he

knew would only make things worse, more real. He had started to fall in love with her since the first time they had met and this weekend had only sealed the deal for him. Even if he knew he was still in love with his wife, he was in love with who she used to be, not with the person she was now. He had stopped loving this person she had become a long time ago.

And now Emily was here.. gentle and loving and sexy. She was everything he had wanted and longed for and more. There was a connection between them that neither of them could deny. It had just been easier to focus on the sexual aspect of it instead of admitting that there was more.

It took him a long time before he finally looked over to her, looking up at her with those eyes that were filled with his inner battle, with his frustration.

Emily waited patiently before before he finally did look at her , she could see the inner battle raging inside of him, could see the clear frustration there behind his gaze and she wanted to take it all away.

Her hand lovingly came to stroke his cheek, and before she could stop her self she leaned in and kissed him, a kiss full of emotion and love...a kiss full of perhaps understanding....he may love her but she also knew the situation he was in, she wasn't stupid enough to think they would run of into the sunset together...things just weren't that simple for them .

She finally pulled away resting her forehead against his. " I love you to..." she whispered keeping her eyes closed keeping this contact .

" Nathaniel..." she whispered wanting to tell him so much more, hoping maybe he understood what perhaps she wanted to say...hoping he would see she understood maybe why he hadn't said it to her, but she couldn't find the words she kept her head there for a moment more before pulling back so she could look at him better.

He didn't expect the kiss. It came like thunder on a sunny day. It was gentle and sweet and loving. He found himself just leaning into it, taking her face in his hands, brushing her hair away from her face. She pulled away from him and placed her forehead against his. "I love you too..." he heard her say and he just went in for another one, not ready to let her pull back. He knew she had said the same thing the night before.. but this was somehow different.

Eventually he broke the kiss and heard her say his name. Even if he felt some sort of weight lifted from him, he knew there was still so much more that was still on his shoulders. This wasn't the end of the struggle between them. If anything.. it was the start of it. "I'm sorry I didn't say it before..." he just said in a whisper.

Emily groaned into his mouth as he kissed her again, there was so many emotions rushing between them then , it was like

the rest of the plane wasn't even there, it was like they were simply in their own moment...alone...that's now it felt anyway.

His apology made her smile, her fingers coming to stroke along his cheek. "You have nothing to be sorry for, I...I know you were just trying to protect me..." and she knew that, she knew he never said it..because of his situation because of what was going on around him, she knew his situation was difficult, she knew he was struggling with what to do for the best.

Her face faltered lightly then, her fingers dancing over his jaw, as she contemplated what to say to him then...she to know this wasn't the end, she knew there was so much more that needed to be said...but she didn't wanna ruin this moment, a moment she had wanted for so long.

He kept her hand in his, not wanting to let it go anymore. He closed his eyes as her fingers danced over his jaw. He wanted that moment to last forever, just as he had wanted so many moments with her to last forever. She was everything to him and he couldn't let her go. Especially now that she knew how he truly felt, now that he had said it out loud.

Just like her he didn't know what to say to her. Any word he said now could not describe how he felt. He just kept his hand on her, keeping it tight between his. He then just let himself fall towards her a bit until his head was resting against her shoulder. He was so tired.. so tired of being conflicted.

Emily felt his head come to rest against her shoulder, her hand coming up then to stroke his hair and face quite like she had the other night, knowing he was tired...and not just in a resting sense but in every sense, she didn't wanna pressure him, she didn't wanna question him to see what what happen now, because she was sure all that would do would cause him more conflict, and right now that didn't matter....she just wanted to simply enjoy this moment with him.

" Rest Nathaniel....." she whispered lovingly to him, leaning down she kissed his head lightly before she continued her gentle strokes across his hair and face just wanting him to rest...wanting him for a moment to simply not worry like she knew he was.

He would stay in that position. Her head resting on her shoulder as he closed his eyes. He could feel himself drifting away as her hands softly petted across his hair and face. He felt safe within her arms, he felt at home and loved and wanted. It was a feeling he would never get enough of. For her he was enough, for her he was everything. He had forgotten how that had felt a long time ago.

Emily sat silently beside him, she stroked his hair and face, the stewardess came over but she gently declined anything from her, she could hear his gently breaths and knew he was finally asleep, and that brought her some relief to know he was finally settled .

She stopped stroking him then, but didn't move away, instead she resting her own head on top of his, her hand moving to rest over his other hand. " You don't need to worry about me..." she whispered as if she was talking to him, but she knew he was asleep but she felt like she had to get it out. " You have so much to worry about all the time Nathaniel...You put on such a brave face for everyone, but I know deep down your tired....I know you are, just know no matter what happens...I'll always be here....I promise..." she whispered before she finally closed her eyes, resting there against him she to fell into a gentle slumber.

It was probably a good five hours into the flight before Nate stirred from his sleep again. He had fallen asleep fast and quick and been in deep sleep ever since. It had been such a deep sleep in fact that it took him a good moment to figure out where exactly he was.

He brought himself up straight, instantly feeling the stiffness in his neck from the way he had been sleeping as he rubbed the sleep from his eyes. He looked up at Emily, who was still there and it almost made a relieved sigh leave his mouth, as if he had expected her to be gone.

Like Nathaniel Emily had slept as well, she was physically and emotionally tired, the last few days had been trying on her body and not necessarily for all the wrong reasons.

She only stirred when he did, her eyes opening carefully to look around her before she moved over to give him room, like him she needed to readjust her self to where she was, stretching out a little with a yawn.

She peered over to him then seeing he was awake she smiled softly. " Hey..." she whispered out to him . " How long have we been asleep for..." she said groggily her hand coming to rub her face.

As she asked for the time he looked over to his watch. He couldn't help the chuckle escape his mouth as he saw the answer. "Five hours.." he let her know. He had never slept that long on a plane ever.

Yet he felt better. He was still waking up, but he felt like he more energy then he had before. He rubbed over his face one more time, feeling the hair on his chin that he despererately needed to trim down. "How are you feeling?"

Emily's eyes widened then. " Five hours??..." she said before chuckling her self, her hand running down to the side of her face, she felt better to...felt like she needed it, she leaned back in her chair then sorting her hair out that appeared to be all over her head now.

His question had her head turning to look at him. " I'm okay....you?.." she asked carefully, she knew they needed to talk more but she didn't wanna push the subject she wanted to wait until he was ready.

“Same.” He smiled at her. He was okay. He was not great, he was not fantastic, but he was not bad either. For the first time he felt at least some kind of peace with himself. He had admitted his feelings for her and even if it had not solved anything between the two of them, at least it had solved one battle that he had been fighting inside of himself.

He waved over one of the stewardess. “Could we maybe get a bit of food? I think we slept through the meal.” He asked her. “Yes! Of course, we didn’t want to wake you both. Let me heat some back up for you.” She said kindly and went off again.

Emily smiled then nodding towards him. " Good..." she saw his smile and it simply made her smile more, she was glad he was okay, she was glad he was feeling better, things could wait....she knew that, right now she had a few hours left of just them..and she wanted to enjoy it.

At the mention of food, she realized how hungry she was, moving her self better to look out the window seeing the golden rays of sunshine over the clouds.

She reached over then unable to stop her self from taking his hand and entwined their fingers together, allowing her thumb to trace delicately over his finger. Just wanting some gentle contact with him.

He looked down at her fingers as she entwined them together. It was a nice feeling and it was better then when they were trying to ignore each other. He looked out the window as well,

seeing that orange glow as well. They always seemed to fly with a sunset.

“You know.. You totally missed the plane getting into the air.” He suddenly teased her, remembering just how bad that always made her feel. “Seems like you got over your fear just a bit.”

Emily almost felt relief when he didn't pull his hand away, she didn't know why she thought he might.

At his comments she pondered for a moment before realizing she did miss it....she tried to wrack her brain into when it even happened before she laughed softly. " Seems I did....i can't for the life of me remember when we even took of now..." she said almost in surprise, she suddenly watched stewardess come over with their food, releasing his hand she thanked her, grabbing her plate she moved it to her tray. " Could I get a gin and lemonade as well please..." ..she thought why not at least have a drink why she's here...really enjoy the last few hours with him.

"Bourbon for me please." He added to that. He could use a simple drink as well. He looked down at their food. It was a steak with mashed potato, green beans and some sauce. It was probably going to be horrible as it had been reheated, but he was hungry enough to not care too much about it.

As he popped the first bite he already grimaced. It was tough and dry. "Damn.. thats what you get for sleeping."

Emily heard him order his drink and smiled, she wanted him to relax a bit and she was glad that he was happy to.

She saw the steak and it looked amazing, at least she thought it would, that was until she cut into it and tried it grimacing at how tough it was, instantly putting her fork and knife down.

"Your not half wrong...honestly don't think I can eat that...think I'd rather go hungry..." she teased with a small chuckle.

He left the steak alone and mixed some of the sauce and juices with the mashed potato before taking a bite of that. He added a bit more salt and then it was actually decently nice. Taking a bit of the mashed potato and some green beans in every bite.

"The green beans are alright." He laughed.

The stewardess came back with their drinks and he handed Emily hers. "Cheers." He said to her.

Emily wasn't sure turning her nose up as she watched him tuck into the mash and beans shaking her head "You clearly don't have good taste..." she teased. Watching as the stewardess came over thanking her she took her drink happily and took a sip.

"I'll just grab something on the way home...plenty of places round by me.." she said idly, sitting back in her chair now she took a sip of her drink pushing her plate towards him. "Feel free to eat that seeing how you love it so much..." she teased.

He finished his own bit of mashed potato and beans to still the worst of his hunger, but when she offered him hers, he refused quickly, shaking his head at her. "No thank you. I would much rather have that pizza again from last night." He chuckled, remembering how they had left over from then that probably ended up in the trash.

She took some sips from his drink then and sat back in the seat, relaxing more. He didn't know what to talk about with her, afraid that eventually it would still just lead back to that conversation neither of them seemed to want to have.

She chuckled as he turned down the food. " Why not?...it's lovely..." she teased with a wink, she watched the stewardess come back then, taking the plates. Looking to Emily's plate with a puzzled look.

" I'm sorry was it not okay?.." Emily smiled kindly shaking her head and waving her hand. " Oh no...please don't worry..I just wasn't hungry.." she said politely watching as she took it away, she was never one for complaining...

She looked to Nathaniel then, watching as seemed conflicted in what to say or do...she didn't want things to turn sour. Sipping her gin okay she pondered a thought, her fingers running over the rim of her glass...they still had a bit of time to kill.

She pretty much necked her gin, maybe for the last bit of Dutch courage, if this was the last few hours with him...she wanted to go out with a bang.

She leaned over then kissing his cheek moving to his ear she kissed the lobe lightly. " I'm going to go to the toilet..." she whispered pulling back she winked towards him, blush already evident on her face, hoping he took the hint... she stood up moving her self in such a way that she dragged her self across his body, the dress she was wearing riding up just a tad

She moved her way down the corridor now, looking around at everyone seemingly busy with their own thoughts. She hurried into the empty toilet, shutting it but not locking it...her heart hammering in her chest wondering if he would come or not..

It took him completely by surprise as she leaned over and suddenly kissed his cheek. And he was even more surprised when right after that she seemed to hint something to him. He just looked up at her, slight confusion in his face as he saw that slight blush on her face. He watched her go then, going to that toilet.

He couldn't help his excitement then as he realized just what she had just offered him. He could feel that tightness in his jeans. It was different then other times. Other times it had been planned, talked about, anticipated.. this one she had thought up all on her own and he had not in the very least expected it.

He took his suit jacket off them and placed it in front of him to hide the erection that was already there. He waited another minute or so, his foot tapping the floor the whole time before he got up from his seat as well, casually holding the jacket over his arm so it covered his crotch. He tried to walk casually towards that toilet even if he was probably still going a bit fast then he should. Finally reaching the toilet, he opened the door.

Emily could feel her heart in her throat she was so nervous then that he wouldn't come , or better still she was nervous someone else would walk in .

She heard the door go then, feeling her breath catch in her throat she could practically hear her heart hammering in her ears before she caught sight of him ...

She pulled him in quickly turning round to lock the door she was on him then, chasing his lips with hers in a deep passion she couldn't control, her tongue thrashing with his her hands moving down to his trousers, she started to pull the button free unzipping his trousers eagerly. " I Want you Nathaniel..." she practically growled into his mouth her hands tugging to pull his trousers down.

She jumped him with fire as soon as he got that door open. She was on him in an instant and he was not going to wait for her to get them started. He was instantly on her as well. His hands going into her hair and gently grabbing a fist full as he pulled her into him, engaging them in a deep and lustful kiss.

“I want you more.” He growled into her mouth as he felt her already working on his trousers. He quickly pulled her dress up so it was up to her waist and rubbed his hand over her underwear, wanting to get her going, get her as ready for him as he was for her.

He thought he needed to get her going...he was wrong, she was already wet in anticipation for having him, she felt his hand against her underwear and whimpered into his mouth, his hands digging into her hair had her groaning into his mouth, she couldn't stop kissing him, it was fierce and hot her tongue fighting for dominance over him.

" How do you want me Nathaniel..." she moaned into his mouth. Only breaking the kiss to speak kissing him hotly once again she tugged his trousers down more and his boxers, her hand reaching down to take his length into her hand, feeling it was already hard had her groaning more fiercely into his mouth. God she wanted him...

He felt those soft fingers wrap around and already he could feel that pleasure from being with him. He pulled her panties down on her, letting them fall all the way to her ankle. He then easily picked her up and lowered the lid of the toilet seat down before sitting her down upon it. “I want you screaming.” He grinned into her before he moved his mouth into her neck and sinking his teeth into her skin.

He moved himself in front of her sex and simply pushed his length into her, a deep groan leaving his mouth. He had to remind himself they had to be quiet, being on a toilet in a plane, yet that didn't take away the deep thrusts that he started to make into her.

Emily felt her panties come down kicking them away from her, she felt him pick her up holding him as he lifted her to the toilet seat, she kept her dress hoisted to her hips, her face already flushed with heat.

His teasing words caused a soft sensual chuckle to leave her lips. " The whole plane would hear me then..." she whispered back playfully.

She felt his teeth Sink into her neck as she gasped with enjoyment, before she suddenly felt him enter her and she released a deep low moan, her hands coming around his neck, her legs pulling around his hips to keep him close, as he started to move inside of her she felt a cry of pleasure building as she bit her lip quickly before she moved her lips to his kissing him fiercely groaning into his mouth her hands digging into his hair to pull him closer.

"Exactly." He teased her as he caught her lip between their kiss, holding it between his teeth for a bit before kissing her again. One hand was on her hip, digging into her skin to keep her on that seat as he moved himself in and out of her. The other hand was still in her hair, holding a firm grasp on it so

he could move her in whatever way he would want, whenever he would want it.

He had thought that after last night it had been the last time he would be with her. So to be with her again, in a plane bathroom, with her initiating it.. it was absolute heaven to him. The last thing that he as worried about in that moment was getting caught.

Emily couldn't stop the grin on her face as he teased her, she felt his fingers rough against her hips but she loved it...she wanted him to be rough, she wanted him to mark her..she wanted to have those marks for days.

She felt his hips smacking into hers and she couldn't contain her groans into his mouth..god she was going to climax soon, the way he was smacking her in all the right places her hands digging in his own hair to match his own movements, her other hand moving to grip round his body her fingers digging into his shoulder.

He made his thrusts as long as as he could make them. With every single one he would pull himself nearly out of her, just to push himself right back in. She felt so good and he couldn't help the groan leaving his mouth. Already sweat was starting to cover him just slightly and he had to put his tie loose just to feel like he could breath.

He pulled her head away from him, breaking their kiss as he pulled her head against the top of the toilet, stretching out her

neck. He once again went in for those bites, first at the front of her throat and then to the side where they got rougher and harder. Placing nips on her skin and pulling on it before letting it slide out from between her teeth.

Emily couldn't contain her groans as his thrusts got longer and harder, her breath coming out in a pant through her nose her fingers practically clawing at his shoulder.

When he pulled her hair back and broke the kiss she gasped, finally taking a full breath of air, her skin was glistening to the heat radiating off her in waves, she felt his teeth go to her neck then, a deep low moan leaving her lips as they did her orgasm rising even deeper inside of her. " Fuck Nathaniel I'm gonna cum soon..." She whispered hotly into his ear, biting down on her bottom lip to silence anymore moans that might leave her.

He let go of her hair then and brought his hand to the front of her face, covering her mouth with it as he looked deep into her eyes. He adjusted his position just a little, really getting a good stance and a good grip on her hip as he suddenly started to really move himself into her as fast as he could manage.

His breaths soon came in just short burst, his abs on fire from the workout he was giving them as he also found himself getting close to that climax. He thrust into her one more time, his hand still covered over her mouth as he released himself inside of her, a shudder going over his spine as he did.

Emily felt his hand come to her mouth and to be honest she was grateful for it, she didn't know how much more quieter, his eyes looked deep into hers and her own eyes joined his in a deep lustful gaze.

Suddenly he picked up the pace she groaned against his hand, her breath a hard pant through her nose, she felt the tension rocketing through her before she cried out..as best she could against his hand, her hand gripping into his shoulder, her other hand holding the wall as she watched his own release shattered through his body almost in time with her own.

When she was done with her orgasm and her voice died down again he took away his hand, giving her the space to breath. He let his head fall forward and rest against her shoulder as he panted heavily, his forehead covered in sweat. "Fuck.. Emily.." he whispered completely out of breath as he kissed her shoulder gently. "I need a minute.."

The second he took his hand away she was panting, tilting her head back against the toilet, her eyes closed as she tried to come down from her orgasm.

She felt the slick sweatiness of his forehead against her shoulder and she didn't even care, her own forehead had sweat against it, her chest had sweat against it. His words had her grinning a little.

" God me to..." she whispered back out to him, her hand moving to gently stroke through his hair in a tenderly fashion but didn't move from the position she was in.

He took that minute that he had said he needed, not really saying anything. He just tried to get his heartbeat down and his breath under control. Only when he felt like he didn't sound like he had ran a marathon did he get up again. "You are trouble." He growled softly at her then with a breathless chuckle before he pulled away from her. He took some of the paper towels that were meant to be used for drying your hands and ran them along his forehead and his chest as much as he could before also wiping down his manhood and throwing the paper towel away. He picked his boxer and pants back up and got it back in fashion. He then looking in the mirror and attempted to get his hair back under control, it helped that even his actual style was a decent bit messy. "So who goes back first..?" He asked her with an amused smile.

they stayed like that for longer then she even realized both set In a blissful fashion, his breathless growl of words her to chuckle with a small grin. " That's why you love me so much.." she teased, she watched as he sorted himself out, leaning forward on the toilet she ran a hand over her hair still trying to steady her self.

His question had her grinning. " You go...I need to sort myself out.." she teased moving to stand she pressed her lips to his giving him a quick kiss.

"Alright then. Don't take to long." He told her and returned her kiss. He put his tie back in place and put his jacket back on. He took one more deep breath and then left the bathroom door and casually walked back to his seat. As far as he could tell nobody had paid attention and no eyes were his way. Once he made his way back to his seat he decided to just take the window seat so she didn't need to climb over him again.

" I wont ..." she whispered as she watched him leave, reaching over she locked the door swiftly before releasing another sigh, she quickly cleaned her self up, going to the sink she splashed her face with water to cool her self of, grabbing a paper towel she dried her face dabbing over her chest to ensure she didn't look to red.

She then went to her hair ensuring it was fixed to a fashion that wad suitable she didn't wanna waste more time though she had been in here long enough and she didn't want people to suspect anything, before finally opening the door and leaving. Making her way back down to her seat, in her haste to get back she had completely forgetting she left her knickers on the bathroom floor....

He watched her coming over to her. He could see that she seemed nervous about anybody looking at her, but the truth

was that nobody seemed to really care about it. He padded the seat next to her so she could sit down, he would offer her back the window seat later if she wanted it. It didn't take much longer after that before someone went into the toilet and he couldn't help but chuckle. "Well.. that was just in time or there would have been questions asked."

Emily was indeed nervous, she was worried someone might have noticed them both, but it appeared everyone was doing their own thing which she was grateful for.

Seeing him Pat her seat noticing he swapped seats she chuckled moving to sit down. " Fancy the window seat did you?.." she teased looking up she watched someone going in. " Thank god we left when we did..can you imagine..." but she paused in her words then.

Shifting in her seat she became very aware she didn't have her knickers on. She gasped loudly then her hand coming to grip at Nathaniels arm. " Oh my god..." she breathed out quickly her face going redder than she ever had gone before. " Oh no...no...no...no. shit shit shit .." she whispered sinking down in her seat, she buried her face in her hands, she could hear Nathaniels confusion she shook her head the embarrassment so strong it spread all the way to her chest.

He was persistent trying to get her hands away from her face, she tried...god she tried to stop him from seeing her before eventually she breathed out from underneath her hands " I

left my god damn knickers in there..." She hissed with a groan. " I need to get of...I need to get out of here..." she groaned through her fingers.

He was indeed confused. As she suddenly became flustered and panicked he was just trying to understand what was going on. He tried to peel her hands away from her but she wouldn't have it. "I left my goddamn knickers in there.." she suddenly hissed at him and he honestly couldn't hold his laughter back as it just burst out of him. She left her underwear?!

He was expecting her to hit him for laughing and honestly he deserved it. How could she forget her underwear in a plane toilet. He looked towards the bathroom, the lock obviously on red now. It had been quite a striking color too, there was no way that he would not spot it. "Well, you know what that means right?" He whispered back to her with a teasing voice. "You can't go back to get it now. He surely seen that.. he will know exactly what you are going to be getting in there." He teased her. "You are just going to have to go without.." He tried his best *i'm sorry for you* face he could managed, but the grin really ruined it.

of course the second he burst out laughing she felt her entire face burn even hotter, she released her hands from her face turning she slapped his chest before pushing him a little. " Shut up this isn't funny!! " she hissed groaning again as she hid her face...oh god what was she going go do...they wouldn't

be able to miss them neither she knew that...her own thoughts had her groaning again.

Of course he couldn't stop whispering in her ear. " Shut up Nathaniel...." she hissed between her fingers knowing he was going to say something to wind her up!

Oh god she knew she couldn't...she knew she couldn't go in there again..."Oh god I can't...I can't go without any underwear..this dress isn't long what if its windy...oh god...this is all your damn fault.. " she hissed slapping him playfully on the arm. " Your gonna have to go and get them for me..." she whispered quickly still sank in her chair peeking to the toilet door to see it was still locked.

"My fault?" He said, putting on his most perplexed face that he could manage. "Who was the one inviting me to that bathroom?" He teased her as he kissed the side of her face. This might just be his favorite game with her. He loved seeing her flustered and this was honestly the most flustered he had ever seen her.

"It's fine Em! That dress is long enough. Nobody will notice." It really wasn't long enough. One small wind and anybody who cared to look would be able to see it. But there was no way he was going to grab it for her. "Unless you want to get them yourself."

" Yes your fault..." she hissed seeing his perplexed face she almost wanted groan again before she felt his kiss to her

cheek. " It's still your fault..." she grumbled, she couldn't believe what she did..she felt like such a idiot, she couldn't even calm down..i mean honestly if someone come out of the bathroom they would see who they bloody belonged to...she screamed here I am look at me.

His next words caused her to remove her hands from her face, looking towards him " Are you kidding me?? It doesn't even reach my knees! " she hissed again...when he said about getting them for her self she groaned sinking down more in her chair her feet almost stamping like a kid.. she might of said something before she saw the door opening she gasped " Oh god there coming out..." she hissed quickly turning round to look away trying to dig her face into the seat, grabbing the blanket on the floor she tugged it over her self to try and hide her self from the person making their way down the aisle, she couldn't even look to see who it was.

" Please Nathaniel..please.. Please...please..." she begged him .
" He's gonna be watching ..he's gonna want to see who goes..there know its me, I don't think I'll be able to handle it..."

He sighed then. He wanted to tease her more, but at the same time he could tell she was really bothered by this one. "Fine, scootch over." He motioned for her to let him go by and she did. "You can take the window seat again if you want." He said then and just casually went towards the toilet.

When he came in, he indeed saw her panties on the ground and it made him chuckle all the more. There was no way this person had not seen them, he had just been good enough to leave them where they were. He picked them up from the ground and folded them up to put them in his jacket pocket. He used the toilet too now that he was there before he left.

He walked back to their seats casually, going to by the stewardess he asked for a blanket and got one handed to him. He thanked her before he saw Emily looking at him with hopeful anticipation. He sat down then and showed her the lacey thing as it sat in his pocket. If she went to try and grab it he would stop her. "Uh uh.. surely you don't need them already." He teased her then as she folded out the blanket and placed it over both of them instead.

She saw him sigh and was half expecting him to say no, her eyes were pleading as she looked at him, hopeful he would, as he said he would she breathed a sigh of relief. " Oh thank you thank you thank you.. " she whispered out quickly, moving over to allow him to get out, she got up and moved her self over to the window ensuring the blanket was on here properly .

She kept peeking up to see where he was...why was he taking so long, she found her self chewing on her nail...the nerves pulsing through her so hard she almost felt sick...god where

was he?? What if he couldn't find them..oh god what if they took them! Her embarrassment was over growing again.

Emily suddenly noticed the bathroom door open, watching hopefully as he came back, god she hoped he had them, she watched him get a blanket coming over to her.

" Did you get them?.." she whispered watching as he sat down and showed the panties there in his pocket. " Oh thank god..." she did indeed go to take them before he stopped her furrowing her brows..with another groan burying her face into the seat. " haven't I been tortured enough..." she whined with a playful groan.

"Tortured? Well that is nor very nice." He said as he put on a sad face the best he could. "I am pretty sure those screams were not from pain." He chuckled as he tugged the panties away in his pocket.

And at first he did nothing. He just left her alone and they continued their flight. After a while she probably even forgot her knickers were missing. So when she was looking out of the window again he would slide his hand under that blanket and cup her sex as he let one finger go between her folds to find her button.

Emily groaned at his words shaking his head the brush creeping up in her cheeks. " You know what I meant..." she hissed towards him, though she had a small grin against her

face, as she thought about the moment in the bathroom...and it had her grinning more.

After a while she decided against asking him back anymore, it was clear he wasn't going to give them anytime soon, she simply sat back relaxing watching the screen in front of her trying to watch what ever had come on but she wasn't very interested in it.

Instead she tipped her head to look outside, watching as they chased the sunset, she loved watching the way the sun played against the white clouds.. she smiled warmly...it was beautiful...

Suddenly she felt his hand come between her legs touching her sex his fingers against her sensitive bud she jolted in her chair, her hand coming down to grip his hand beneath the blanket. " Nathaniel...." she whispered her face flushed for another reason now realizing very quickly why he didn't give her knickers back straight away...

He turned towards her then, acting like she just talked to him out of nowhere. "Hmmm?" He asked her, thought there was a grin on his face. She might have reached down to grab his hand, but he didn't need to move his hand anymore at that moment. All he needed was that one finger that was already between her folds, rubbing ever so softly over her clit.

Emily watched as he turned towards her, seeing the expression on his face. " Don't look at me like you don't know..." she whispered her voice shaking a little.

She suddenly felt his fingers rolling through her folds, rolling across her clit, she gripped the arm of the chair settling back down into it, closing her eyes to feel how sensitive she was, biting her bottom lip removing her hand from his wrist clearly allowing him to have better access to her

"I honestly don't know what you are talking about Mis Weston." She said to her as she seemed to settled back into his seat.

But even as he settled back, his hand stayed where it was. His fingers would dip down to her opening, taking the wetness that was there and moving it up to make everything that bit more slippery so he could pleasure her better. He wondered how quiet she could be. He wondered if he could make her cum without anybody noticing. He was glad the blanket extended past his lap as well as his pants became decently tight again.

" of course you don't Mr Kingston..." she whispered playfully, she felt his fingers slip down between her wet folds, felt the way his finger rolled up against her bud..she released a shattered breath trying hard to contain her self.

Her hand moved then to stroke along his leg, squeezing at his thigh, moving ever so softly to where she felt his buldge in his

pants already and groaned low in her throat, her hands rolling across it lightly...two could play at this game.

If she believed that she was getting back at him for brushing over his erection she was wrong. Unlike her, he was pretty confident that he could keep his groans and moans on the low. Unless she really started to work on him and he didn't see that happen in a busy plane. So instead of giving her a look he simply brought his free hand down and undid his button to put his pants down enough and give her full access to him.

Emily felt as he shifted in his chair felt the way he started to unbuckle his trousers feeling him shifting them down, well of course he wouldn't be bothered...she couldn't help but smile to her self, damn him..

She did how ever reach down into his pants reaching in to take his hardened length between his fingers her hand rolled up and down it slowly at first teasing over him.

He just sat down a bit more, closing her eyes as he enjoyed the feeling on her hand around him. Of those soft fingers tips as they danced over his shaft. He could feel himself hardening even more, twitching just slightly between her fingers.

He shifted his own hand now and inserted his fingers into her, already feeling that gooey wetness that made her slippery and easy to work on. He knew he could work her hard without even needing to really move his actual hand. His fingers could do all

the work her needed done. But for now he took it slow, moving in and out of her in more of a teasing motion than anything.

Emily found her self sinking into her chair more, god why couldn't she be as relaxed as he was, she found her bottom lip going between her teeth to silence a moan that was threatening to leave her lips when his fingers slipped inside of her, she could feel them curling inside of her slowly.

Her eyes peered around to look at people, anxiously wondering if people were watching them, but seeing everyone appeared to be doing their own thing she settled back into her chair, her fingers started working on him just slightly quicker changing her movements to twist or stroke him playfully.

He really was enjoying this. It was so nice to have her touching him like that. It was loving and sweet and gentle and he liked that about her. While he was here teasing her and trying to give her that excitement of possibly getting caught, he would like to believe that she just didn't want to leave him out.

Yet he shifted a bit, wanting a better hold of her as he brought his hand to her chin and kissed her lips softly and gently. "I wonder how much it would take you to cum for me.." he teased into her lips. "It is more quiet then the store in here." He whispered at her as his finger picked up the pace on her, his knuckled curling around to look for that little spot he often found inside her. "Ssssst."

He was right to assume she wanted to bring him pleasure to because she did, her eagerness to please him was evident in her behaviour and the way she was with him.

She felt him shift, her eyes already hooded with the pressure she was receiving from him, she felt him clutch her chin whimpering into his kiss as she returned it. His words send a shudder through her, god the excitement that pulsed through her then was ridiculous, the excitement of being caught only heightened her pleasure

She licked her lips and may of answered him had he not found that spot that always drove her crazy, the small gasp that left her she Frankly couldn't stop from doing, his shhh had her biting down on her bottom lip, one hand still toying with his erection her other hand gripping the arm rest for dear life. " Nathaniel...." she whispered out desperately, but god how did he always know just the right places to touch her..to tease her...when ever she wad around him she turned into a pool of mush! She bit down on her lip again as he moved inside of her, afraid someone who hear her if she wasn't careful

He could tell that he had found that exact spot he had been looking for and he was not going to let it go anymore. He knew that if he just focused on that enough he wouldn't even have to move his hand much to make her squirm underneath him. He could see that blush in her face, showing the heat that was growing inside her. If she bit on her lip anymore he was sure

she would leave a mark on herself and it brought. Grin to his face.

He just put pressure in that place, running a small circle on it as he pressed. He could feel her clench around his fingers, the wetness becoming more apparent as he was sure it was slowly starting to spill out of her, perhaps even leaving a small wet spot on the chair underneath her. "You are going to make a mess, Miss Weston."

Emily groaned inwardly her face flushing even more as she felt his fingers curling and moving inside of her, her hand clutched the chair even tighter than she did before her knuckles almost going white, she couldn't stand the pleasure that was rolling through her, it was so intense and the situation only made it worse..

She felt the pressure of his fingers inside of her, she shuddered on the chair, trying desperately to keep her self under control, his words only sent more embarrassment and thrills through her. " Nathaniel...I can't...I can't hold it much longer but I..." she quickly bit her bottom harder than before in an attempt to silence any moans coming out of her.

If anyone would look over at Emily in that moment it was a dead give away of what was happening underneath that blanket. She was flushed, her eyes hooded, her knuckles white on that chair, her breathing going in and out fast. But who really cared to look around themselves, especially after being

in the same flight for almost 7 hours. Even the people who were the type to look around had been satisfied a long time ago.

He leaned over to her, biting softly into her ear. "Then cum.." he whispered huskily in her ear as he increased the pressure on that spot even more, his fingers massaging it desperately.

Emily wasn't even concerned about other people on the plane, right now she wasn't focused on them, all she was focused on was the pleasure he was giving her.

His heated words in her ear and the way he increased the pressure inside her was too much, her head quickly buried itself against his shoulder biting down on her lip even more, pushing her head against his shoulder more, to muffle out the deep moan that left her, her body shuddering against the chair shuddering against him as she hit her climax.

He could not help the grin that danced across his lip as she found that climax right in that chair. Only the smallest of sound left her lips as it got muffled by her own lips and his shoulder. The moment he felt her clench he eased up, not wanting to push it on her too much. Even the hand that was still around his shaft grabbed into him slightly.

He took his fingers away from her and wiped them against the side of her leg as he felt her hot breath against his neck. He brushed the hair from her face and kissed her forehead gently.

"Good girl." He softly growled at her as he sat himself back straight, the smile still on his lips.

Emily pulled her lip from her teeth feeling a sharpness there she knew she had probably marked it, how hard she bit it she wouldn't be surprised if she made it bleed.

She felt him pull out of her, she could feel how wet she was and it made her wince to know she probably may make a mess, she shifted in her chair in an attempt to try and stop it, his words and soft kiss to her forehead had her sighing in contempt.

Of course she became aware of his hardened length still between her fingers she leaned into him then, her head nuzzling his shoulder as if she was resting there, her hand begun their strokes again her kisses moving to his neck and to his lobe nipping it lightly. "Can't leave you out now can I?.." she whispered huskily still drunk of her own orgasm a moment again .

He just leaned back and closed his eyes, enjoying that moment. He just let his mind enjoy every stroke of her fingers that were made around his manhood, enjoyed the whisper in his ear and the kiss against his neck. "I wouldn't want you too." He just grinned.

He seemed so relaxed about it, so calm and collected. It also helped that Emily could simply not jerk him off hard or the movement below that blanket would be way obvious, even if

she probably wanted to do it. But it seemed that neither of them would get what they wanted as all he really wanted was her warm mouth around him. He enjoyed it when she did that way more than her hand would ever do.

Emily continued to nuzzle his neck placing small kisses along it as she gently stroked along him, her eyes scanning around to see if anyone was watching, when she was sure they weren't she quickened her movements, allowing her hand to stroke a little quicker before slowing down once again.

She to pondered the thought of going below the blanket, taking him into her mouth, just like she knew he really enjoyed but she was nervous...there was a lot of people on the plane, sure they were doing their own thing...but what if they saw her? .

She allowed her teeth to tug on his lobe playfully...god she was feeling dangerous, she wanted to give him as much pleasure as she could, she didn't want then the next time she would be able to would be...

" Do you want my mouth on you Nathaniel..." she whispered hungrily into his ear. " I know how much you enjoy it..." she whispered playfully, she had already decided he would finish their regardless...but if she did anything before was another matter...

Any time she quickened her movements her could feel his heart increase in rate. He would stretch out his neck just a

little, yet no groans would escape him. But it was starting to feel good and his fingers would softly dig into the arm rest of that chair.

It wasn't till she started to whisper in his ear that he would start to struggle just a bit. She wanted to suck him off in the plane? He almost felt like he was ruining that shy girl he had met on the plane that first day.. yet the thought of it made him clench his jaw. "You are going to get caught.." he whispered back to her, though he could't keep the small tug of his lip away. She really was trouble that day..

She could feel him tensing a little bit beside her, her soft whispers clearly doing something to him.

At his whispered teased she grinned giving his neck a small nip. " I might not though..." she whispered in his ear, her hand moving a little quicker once again before slowing gently one more time. Her eyes watching out to the people on the plane. " They all seem busy hmm?.." she whispered playfully everyone seeming to be doing their own thing...

He looked over to her and could see that glint in her eyes, a naughtiness that he had not really seen with her much before. He had never seen her this bold and playful. For the first time he was the person who was afraid of them to be caught while Emily was not bothered by it at all. Perhaps he would have cared less about it for the simple fact that Sam was still somewhere on that plane. "Don't do it Em.." he just warned

her slightly. He hated to tell her no, but this was really getting to her head this time.

As he said no..she paused for a moment, perhaps realizing just how risky it would be, she didn't know what had come over here in that moment, perhaps her need to simply satisfy him in everyway possible had totally consumed every aspect of her mind that only now she realized just how far she was taking this.

She paused in her movements then wondering if he even wanted her to continue her confidence she had a second ago seemed to nearly vanish as she shifted In her chair.

" Do you want me to stop?.." she whispered , her voice not so playful anymore , she had a small anxious tone to her voice not feeling so confident anymore.

He instantly noticed the change in her. How that little drunkenness she had gotten from that orgasm and the thrill suddenly left her when he had told her no. "Do you want me to stop?.." she asked, her voice unsure. He almost thought he could even hear a shudder in it. He pulled her face to him then, planting a small kiss on her forehead. "I don't want you to stop.. But I also don't want you to be caught." He told her with a gentle and loving tone in his voice. "I'd love your mouth around me. In fact it is all I want right now." He bit her lip. "But it is not worth your dignity."

Emily felt him pull her towards him then, feeling the soft kiss to her head. She felt stupid now.. embarrassed even that he was reassuring her over something like this...his words loving and caring made her smile.

His admission caused her to come back and nuzzle into his neck peppering soft kisses against his neck. Her hand consuming their gentle strokes . " Another time then.." she whispered gently into his ear.. her hand moving beneath the blanket gentle then before her eyes moved around the plane watching the other people in their seats.

He could feel her hand settling down and slowing down their movement. He couldn't say he wasn't slightly disappointed that she needed to stop. He had wanted her there, he had wanted her mouth, he wanted to come inside her mouth. But you couldn't always have what you wanted.

So he took a few deep breaths and settled himself down. Putting himself in a different mindset. It didn't take long before he could once again enjoy her slow strokes, enjoy the gentleness of it. He wouldn't be able to cum from what she was doing, yet when he set his mind in the right place, he could enjoy the attention and the gentleness off it. "Another time." He agreed.

They stayed like this for a while, just simply enjoying being close to one another, of course after a while the intimate touches stopped, they held hands, they talked about,

kissed....and then it came...the plane descending, Emily watched London coming into view now, her face almost saddening to see the tarmac come into view...and of course it was raining...typical..she was just glad she had packed some warmer stuff in her over head bag to get changed into when she got of, it clearly wasn't going to be warm here as it was in florida...she missed florida already, not just for the heat and the glorious weather....but because her alone time with Nathaniel was over, this weekend had been something she had longed for, for such a long time...something she had wanted from him, and she got it, and she loved it every single bit of it...but it also broke her in so many other ways to, it showed her what she could have...and the un known of if she would ever have it again.

Emily stood at baggage claim, finally changed into some jeans and a more appropriate top she watched the luggage coming round the belt, of course Sam beside her waiting for his own.

" So you was tired? Thats what wrong with you?.." he asked carefully stretching lightly with a small yawn. " Didn't look like you was tired to me...looked like you was having a depressive moment ..." he said nudging her lightly with a playful grin.

Of course Emily rolled her eyes shaking her head at him. " If you most know it was a combination of being tired and leaving

florida for this.." she said pointing to the windows where rain was currently hammering down against them. " I mean that's enough to depress you right?.." she said, and of course it was..coming back to pouring rain didn't help her mood one bit. Her eyes peeked up to see Nathaniel stood a little way from them on his phone, they hadn't talked she didn't know if they would...she didn't even know if she should wait for him now...her mind so pre occupied she didn't even hear Sam until he waved his hand in front of her eyes.

Sam was chuckling then shaking his head at her. " This weekend clearly done a number on you huh?..." he teased reaching for his luggage he pulled it of. " Right I'm going..I've gotta date.." he teased. " See you Tommorow.." he said before walking of.

" This weekend really done a number on you huh? " * If only you knew...* she thought to her self with a small sigh, saying her goodbyes to Sam before she watched him head of turning her attention back to the belt, her mind seeming to be all over the place as she waited for her baggage.

As soon as the plane had touched the ground and they had been able to take their devices out of airplane mode, Nate's phone was pinging with messages and missed calls. He grumbles as he saw it and helped Emily with her luggage before he found himself a bit away to check what was going on.

All the missed calls had been from the caring facility that he had put in place for his wife. She needed someone to watch her and couldn't be along for a long time, so he had paid a company to supply her care 24/7 while he was gone in their own home. He had hoped that being in her on environment would have kept her calm and till that moment it had been good.. yet now trouble seemed a foot.

“Well I am paying you guys to take care of her, so take care of her!” He was saying in his phone as they were at the baggage claim, standing a fair bit away from Emily. He was pacing back and forth. “You assured me she would be fine.” He huffed, clearly irritated. “Don't you tell me how she is, I know how she is! She is troubled, everyone would be after what she went through.” He rubbed over his brow. “I am back home in three hours.. just take care of her till then.” He ended up saying before hanging up his phone. He had half a mind to throw the cellphone to the ground but held himself back. He couldn't even be gone for a weekend.. he couldn't have that time to himself.

Emily watched as Nataniel started pacing across the hall from where she was, she could only vaguely hear what was going on, she winced to see the frustration on his face, she knew it had to be do something to do with his wife....and it made her feel sad, to know he had come back to this stress, she could already see the stress forming on his gaze.

She grabbed her luggage when it came round the belt, pulling it off, she reached into the carry on she had pulling a cardigan on as it was colder now, she carefully made her way over to him, watching his expression she didn't know if he even wanted her to talk to him, but she couldn't leave him like this.

" Nathaniel?.." she asked carefully. " Are you okay?..."

He look up at her, his jaw clenched. He shouldn't talk to her about Rose.. Rose was the entire reason why he had been hurting her over and over again. Without Rose she could have had him a long time ago. Yet she was here and asking what was going on.

"She trashed the house.." he said in the end. "Apparently she has been yelling and shouting and throwing stuff at the people who came to care for her.." he said. He knew that she got frustrated when things changed. Her mind was just easily disturbed. Anything that changed could set her off. "They said I could trust them to take care of her.."

Emily felt her face faltering then when she heard his words, watched how stressed he had already become, she wanted to help.. she wanted to do something but she didn't know what, she wanted to soothe him but didn't know the best ways to do it.. she knew this was a touchy subject..for both of them..but regardless of how she felt, she knew she was still his wife, she was troubled.

" Nathaniel..." she whispered carefully, she couldn't stop herself then reaching out to stroke his arm, trying to at least bring him some comfort...she sighed then giving him a small knowing smile.

" You've said your self she isn't easy Nataniel..when she gets like this ...they clearly didn't realise how it was going to be.." she whispered, god she was trying , trying so hard to be strong for him, right now he didn't need her falling to bits because she knew he was going home to her soon...right now he needed her to be understanding,he needed her to be strong and that's what she would be.

" You need to get home...perhaps seeing you will help settle her...you said she isn't good with change..." she whispered moving her hand away from him then, not really knowing how much he might even want her to touch him right now seeing they were back home.

Her touching his arm just broke something in him and he had to really clench his jaw together to not have his eyes just fill with tears right there. He didn't deserve Emily.. he deserved nothing of her. How she could stand there and comfort him when Rose was the entire reason why she was hurting. He couldn't handle it in that moment.

"I just want her back.." his jaw shivered as he said it. It was the truth. He wanted Rose back, the Rose who she was before the robbery. The Rose who would bake him blueberry

pancakes for breakfast. The Rose who placed little sweet notes on everything. The Rose who had been his first love.

He felt a tear fall down his cheek then.

Emily heard his words then and she felt her heart break for many reasons....to know he so desperately wanted his wife to be back to where she was, it was clear he still loved her...of course she would be lying if it didn't sting a little , but nothing compared to the sadness she felt to watch him breaking down in front of her.

She couldn't stop her self from coming into him then dropping her bags and wrapping her arms around him, holding him close to her, she didn't care who saw them, he needed comfort right now...comfort she was willing to give even if her own eyes were filled with tears to want desperately for him to have the same desoerate yearning for her as he did his wife...she would never voice them though, she wouldn't.. .regardless of how much it hurt.

She stroked his hair trying to keep her own tears at bay closing her eyes . " I know...." she whispered shakily to him.

He clung into her, his arms wrapping around her as well as he hid his face into her hair and shoulder. Silent tears falling down his face. He just didn't have the strength to hold his emotions back in that moment. To go from a weekend of pure bliss and love, back to a broken home. He wasn't sure if he could handle it. To go back to a mess that his wife created, to a

bed where he was not wanted. He just could not bear it in that moment.

But he had no choice. As Rose needed him. He couldn't abandon her like that. He could not just turn around and leave her to fend for herself. He had to fight for her. There was still that smallest bit of hope that one day she would come back to him, even if that hope was fading quick.

"I need to go home..." he just said, even as he couldn't pull himself away from Emily.

Emily stood there holding in trying her best to comfort him whispering softly to him that it was okay, that it was okay to let it out, to get it all out, knowing he needed it, knowing he probably never had the chance to really let out how he truly felt, she wanted to give him that...her own emotions didn't matter, her own feelings didn't matter...right now all that mattered was him, if she needed to break down she would do it alone...he didn't need her burdens when he was carrying so many of his own.

She heard his whisper, but couldn't stop her self from clinging to him just a moment more, taking in that comforting scent of his, his warmth the way his hands felt against his body...she squeezed her eyes shut nuzzling his hair .

Eventually she pulled back, reluctantly clutching his cheek she swiped a few tears from his face. Her own eyes blood shot from her own tears she simply couldn't hold....not her own

emotions but from simply watching him break the way he did in front of her.

" Go home to her Nate....she needs you .." she whispered leaning in she kissed his forehead lightly before pulling her self completely away.

She was about to cry and once again he knew it was because of him. She leaned in to kiss his forehead and it almost broke him again. And then she pulled away from him.

Everything in him wanted to pull her back. He wanted her loving, her comfort.. that sweet vanilla smell. But he knew that it had taken all of her strength to walk away from him. So he didn't say another word and stepped back, grabbed his luggage and walked off. It was the only way he could deal with it in that moment. To just walk away. Do what he had to. To not feel for a moment.

Emily simply couldn't stand there anymore, she knew if she did she would cry...she already knew he saw the tears and she felt so incredibly guilty for it but she simply couldn't control her emotions.

Walking away with her luggage she tried to contain the emotions boiling inside of her as she headed out of the airport, into the rain. It poured down against her skin, but she didn't care...if anything it masked the tears now falling from her face as she climbed into a cab just about able to give the guy her

address, before she finally allowed her self to break down
...now she was alone.

He knew that he should not have been driving in the state he was in. He should have called a cab that could take him home. He was emotional, distraught, stressed and even a bit agitated. Yet he wanted to drive himself home. He wanted that last bit of time for himself. A drive to calm him down. Some time to think.

It was already dark as he made his way home. The streetlights coming over the car in a repeating pattern as he drove at consistent speed. He didn't even notice that he was going quicker then he should have. His mind just wasn't on the road. His mind was with Rose.. his heart was with Emily. So when that streetlight turned from green to light, his brain simply did not register it.

The crash was fast and hard, another car slammed into the passenger side of him. It tossed him around the car as it flipped upside down. The last thing he remembered was the glass breaking and crashing around him, his seatbelt holding him in place as the car stayed upside down. And then everything went black.

Emily probably cried the whole way home...she simply couldn't stop...she almost felt sorry for the cab driver who helped her out, asking on more then one occasion if she was okay, he probably thought she was crazy, to be honest she felt

like she was...things were so complicated,were so up and down her emotions were all over the place one moment she was laughing then she was crying..yeah..maybe she was a little crazy.

*** few hours later ***

Emily had finally settled, settled as much as she could anyway, her suitcase was dumped by the door, she simply didn't have the strength to sort it out yet...it could wait, she had showered, her hair still wet , clad in lounge wear, the lose sweat pants she wore hung around her waist, the baggy jumper hung loosely on one arm, she walked out into the living room, she was half tempted to have a glass of wine, but she didn't the last thing Nathaniel needed was her drunken messages later.

Finally settling down on the sofa she flicked the TV on reaching down to grab her blanket to put over her self trying to fish it out from beneath the sofa hearing the news coming on in the background.

WE HAVE SOME BREAKING NEWS JUST COME IN , CEO OF DAILY MAIL HAS BEEN INVOLVED IN A SERIOUS CAR ACCIDENT..

Emily head flipped up from the floor now, her eyes looking to the screen infront of her jumping up from the sofa .

ACCORDING TO SOURCES HE WAS TAKEN TO ST JAMES HOPSITAL , WE ARE UNAWARE OF HIS CONDITION AS OF YET, BUT WILL INFORM YOU AS SOON AS THE INFORMATION COMES IN

Emily didn't even wait for the end of the report, she ran to the door grabbing the first shoes she could find she slipped them on, reaching for her keys she grasped them and ran out the house, she didn't feel like she could breath, her heart hammering so hard it hurt her chest, she was shaking, shaking so much she couldn't even get the key in the ignition. " Come on for fuck sake!! " she screamed at her car before she managed to get the door open and slid in, with shakily fingers she put it in the ignition starting it up she pulled put hurriedly..

She could feel tears in her eyes then, her thoughts in over drive tears in her eyes again, what if he was really hurt?...what if it was seroous?...what if he was dead? Her thoughts caused a silent sob to leave her as she finally pulled into the hospital.

She ran in their with no clue where he was, what department..she ran through the small crowd to the reception " Plesse...please help me..You brought Mr Nathaniel king in earlier.. .I need to know where he is, I need to know is okay.. " her lips trembled then tears coming down her face " Please help me "

The next thing he knew he was in the hospital. The whole accident along with the ride to the hospital he had been unconcious. He found himself unable to open one eyes and even the one he did see from seemed blurry and unable to focus. "Mr. Kingston, can you hear me?" A voice rang out to

him, but he honestly was too tired to care. "Mr. Kingston?"
The voice said again but he drifted off to sleep.

The lady at the reception that Emily was talking to was already overwhelmed by the media that was pushing for information and attention. So when Emily came forward she simply snapped at her. "I have already told you all that no information will be disclosed about Mr. Kingston!" She simply couldn't take the pushy media over her work already.

But when she actually looked up at Emily and the state she was in, she quickly realized that Emily was not from the media. She sighed then, regretting her yelling. "Follow me." She said and led Emily away from the crowd, yet didn't actually take her to him just yet. "What are you to Mr. Kingston? We have been informed to not anyone through except for family members."

Emily almost snapped back at her, to demand she tell them where he was, until she looked at her and seemed to settle...she figured she had probably had people coming in from all sides wanting information, he made breaking news after all...the media would be all over this.

She was still trying to settle her self, she was still trembling, holding her hands so tight in a attempt to keep her self together, Her question had her stumble a little what the hell did she say?

" I'm his cousin, im the closest family he has here, when i found out i ..." she sucked in a deep breath feeling that same punch in the gut feeling. " Please..please tell me he's okay..." she whispered out pathetically.

The receptionist lady just looked her over and seemed to think of what to do. In the end she sighed and once again signalled for Emily to follow her.

"I need you to sign these forms for me. They state that you are not to rely any information that is given to you to any outside source. You can't sell information to the media. Everything that you hear is for your ears only." She explained and out the forms in front of her. Until she signed she could not tell her anything. Mr Kingston was one of those clients who could cost the hospital a lot of money if they decided information was leaked or mishandled.

Emily couldn't help but want to shout, want to scream at this woman for stalling her, she still didn't know what had happened to him, if he was okay how hurt he was.

She didn't even really listen to her, she grabbed the pen and signed each form that needed to be signed her hands still trembling as she held the pen. " I just want to know that he is okay...that's all I want to know.. " she whispered her voice trembling as she pushed the forms back to her.

The receptionist gathered the papers and just took a big breath. "He is out of danger for now." She said, just letting her

know the most important thing first. "It was not a light impact and he has several injuries." She continued as she started to walk with her to the actual place where he was held. "They are still looking him over so I can't tell you the full story yet." Not even she knew.

Eventually they would reach the private room they had put him in. He was hooked up to all kinds of machines. His body laying mostly bare as they had cut the clothes off him. He was covered in small cuts and bruised. His lip was swollen, one eye bandaged and his arm was set in a block like device. "Please just sit there and let the doctors do their work. They will get to you when they can.

Emily felt like she could breathe again when she said he was out of danger...it might not be the best outcome.. but he was alive, right now that's all that mattered..hearing he had several injuries her hands fidgeted together, now she was here she didn't know if she would be able to handle seeing him.

" Okay....Thankyou..."

Eventually they made it to his room, she looked up to see him laying there and she felt the tightness in her chest hit her again, the same breathless feeling she felt earlier hit her hard once again, to see him looking so damaged there on the bed, she wanted to run to him..kiss him .hold him..she wanted to make him better.

When the lady asked her to sit away from him, she hesitated she wanted to sit with him..hold his hand tell him she was there, but she knew she couldn't, she had to be careful right now...she didn't wanna cause any more problems

She eventually sat down clutching her keys in her hand, she had no where to put them, she had no bag no coat no phone nothing...watching him closely her foot tapping on the floor with nerves " I'm here Nathaniel. .." she whispered as the doctors did what ever they needed to do.

It took several more minutes with doctors rushing around him. They checked his vitals again and again. They hooked him up to IV's for pain meds and they discussed among themselves in different medical terms that would be hard for Emily to understand. At some point he was even hauled off for scans and she was told by personal to stay.

It took a while for them to bring him back, but after that it seemed to all calm down a bit. A doctor walked over to Emily. "You are his cousin?" He asked her, having been told who the girl was. If she confirmed it he would speak. "Mr. Kingston has sustained several injuries during his crash. We are still waiting on the scans to come back, but it seems for now nothing is life threatening. The most pressing one that we know of now is the break to his arm and he will require surgery to correct it later today." He informed her. "You are free to sit with him now if you would like. He should wake up soon. Know that he

got quite shook up and he might show signs of confusion once he does. If you any more questions or need anything feel free to let us know.” He said and got up to leave the room.

Emily never took her eyes of Nathaniel, even as the doctors rushed around him, doing different things she barely paid any attention to them, her eyes focused solely on Nathaniels face. Seeing the cuts and bruising , the swelling made her face furrow as more tears fell from her eyes.

As they took him away, she got up, perhaps desperately wanting to go with then, she didn't wanna lose sight of him, perhaps scared it might be the last time she saw him...

She didn't think she breathed properly again until he was brought back in and she breathed a sigh of relief. She sat straighter as she watched the doctor come over " Yes..That's right.." she said carefully, listening go the doctor she felt relief nothing seemed life threatening right now..the relief sent more emotional shock waves through her nodding to the doctor as he expressed she could sit beside him.

She grabbed her chair placing it down on his better side, her hand coming to swipe away the tears looking at his battered face more clearly. " Oh Nathaneil..." she whispered in a choked sob. " What you trying to do to me hmm?.." her hand came to carefully hold the hand that wasn't in a cast, her other hand lifting to stroke through his hair carefully, waiting patiently to see when he would wake up.

As she sat beside him and her hands strokes his hair he could feel himself slowly being pulled back into the world. Where the first few times he had come to he had been in pain and there had been chaos around him, this time he felt more comfortable. He concentrated on the feeling of the hand that stroked through his hair. It made him feel calm. He still could not remember what had happened, his mind to shaken around to piece everything together.

He grunted softly as his hand grabbed into hers just slightly. He closed his eyes one more time, one of them still covered because of a cut they had to stitch later. When he opened it again he turned to look at her. His view was still hazy. He could see someone sitting there, the color of her blond hair but all of it didn't register really. "Rose..?"

Emily watched his face carefully, watching as he remained still for now, she could feel her heart racing again inside her chest, the anxiousness of waiting was pulling through her and she almost wanted to shout at him to wake him up, she just wanted to know he was okay.

Then suddenly She heard his grunt gasping softly before she felt him clutch her hand. " Nathaniel ?.." she whispered carefully , watching as he turned to her his eye opening slightly she smiled at him and might of said something before he spoke.

" Rose? " ...she felt her breath hitch in her throat, she never knew her name, and now she did.. She didn't wanna focus on the fact he had asked for his wife, she simply wanted to focus on him and how he was..right now all she cared about was him being okay.

" It's Emily Nathaniel.." she whispered carefully out to him her hand continuing to stroke through his hair softly stil clutching his hand as a few more tears fell from her eyes.

He heard her voice and it then that he could piece together that it wasn't Rose. Rose sounded different. Rose was not blond. He tried to move, to get up, but it just made him wince before he settled back down. He could not move. His arm was bothering him, yet even just moving that seemed like an impossible task.

She said her name then. "Em.." he said in a soft whisper back to her. That is right.. it was Emily. Of cours it was Emily. Rose would not have come. He felt a strike of anxiety run through him then. By then he had figured out he was in the hospital. Rose could not find out he was hurt. "What happened?" He asked.

She watched him try to move and she shook her head her hand coming to rest gently over his chest. " Nathaniel stay still okay?...your injured you Need to rest.." she said softly, her words still choked with emotions.

"Em.." when she heard her name she felt her self grow more emotional, she removed her hand from his hair to her face to swipe some tears away, sniffing lightly beside him.

She clutched his hand a little tighter moving a little bit closer to him. " You...You was in a serious car accident.." she whispered with a trembling voice as her fingers stroked along his hand gently wanting to say more but her emotions were in over drive as she swiped more tears from her face, before finally composing herself.

" The doctors don't think its anything life threatening, there waiting on scans to come back.." she whispered, trying desperately not to cry anymore, she wanted to say so much more but she was scared of over loading him.

She watched him try to move and she shook her head her hand coming to rest gently over his chest. " Nathaniel stay still okay?...your injured you Need to rest.." she said softly, her words still choked with emotions.

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over drive as she swiped more tears from her face, before finally composing herself.

" The doctors don't think its anything life threatening, there waiting on scans to come back.." she whispered, trying desperately not to cry anymore, she wanted to say so much more but she was scared of over loading him.

She told him to lay still and he tried to do as she asked him. He still wanted to move his arm, but anytime he tried he found he couldn't. So he gave up and just sank into the matras again as he sighed out deeply, which only hurt his ribs.

"I made you cry again.." he said as he reached his good hand out to her face. "A car accident..?" He just said slowly as she answered him. Memories slowly came flooding back to him. Of how he had left the airport. How he had been on his way home to Rose. The car that hit into the side of his car. He had been lucky it hit him on the passenger side.. it could have been much worse if it had taken the other side.

He started to feel more restless then, his brain starting to come back into reality as he was waking up. "Where is my phone..? I need my phone." He just said. "I should have been back already.." He was failing her again. He should have gone back home, he should be there to calm her down. "I need to go home.." he said.

" I made you cry again.. " she sniffed with a small smile feeling his hand come to her cheek she nuzzled it carefully closing her eyes as another tear fell from her eyes.

She opened her eyes to look at him then, watching his expression as he appeared to be piecing things together, she could see his expression changing then, watching the way he started to become restless.

" Nathaniel.." she said softly , but he continued to get worked up she could see it in his eyes, his movements. " Nathaniel stop..." she said again trying to get him to calm down, she could hear the panic in his voice , watched the way he was trying to move .

" Nathaniel stop! " she finally found her self calling out to him, louder then perhaps she meant, her hand clutching his hand tighter.

" Nathaniel look at me..." she said her hand gently guiding his face back to hers. " You Need to be here...your injured Nathaniel you was in a serious car accident..you..you could of died.." she whispered in a sob again, just admitting that caused her heart to ache in her chest.

" For once you need to put yourself first Nathaniel. ..you need to look after yourself..." she whispered

He was panicking. In his mind he needed to be home. To be there for Rose as she had already been freaking out before.

They had probably told her he would come and he had not. He was going to disappoint her.

Then Emily yelled at him and it made his eyes go a bit, bugger as he looked at her. Her hand came into his face gently and he could feel that slight tremor that was there.

It made him calm down. It made him realize once again where he was. It made him aware of the pain and discomfort he was experiencing. She was right, he could not go home.

"I'm sorry.." he said, and he meant it. He breathed out deeply and closed his eyes leaning into her hand. Yet even in his calmed state he could truly let it go. Not yet. "Can I just make one phone call? They need to know where I am."

she heard his apology and she sighed lightly. " You don't need to apologise Nathaniel.." and he didn't not to her anyway, she could understand why he was so stressed, why he was anxious , he was worried about her.

She let her fingers dance over his cheek for a second before he asked for his phone, she peered around the room then peering down to a big of bits pulling her self from the chair she walked over to it, rummaging through she found his phone pulling it out , it seemed to be in tact which was good.

Heading back she handed it to him. " Here..." a part of her didn't want to give it him, afraid this call would only stress him out more...but at the same time the not knowing would

probably make him worse, so reluctantly she placed it in his hand and sat down in her chair.

“Thank you.” She said as she handed him his phone, but before he even got a chance to make the call he had to make, a doctor came into the room.

“I see you have woken up Mr Kingston.” He said with a friendly smile. Nate just smiled back. “Sort off.” He said. The doctor would look between him and Emily, to the hand that she holding. “I see your cousin is taking good care of you.” He said, a little bit of a confused tone in his voice. Nate couldn’t keep the chuckle from escaping him, though he winced quickly after from the pain in his ribs. Cousin? Of course she had needed to make something up quick to get to him, yet it was entertaining anyway. “She is not my cousin.” He just informed the doctor, who got even more confused. “I want her to stay though.” Nate said after that. “Alright, no problem.” She doctor said even if he was still confused.

He would walk over to Nate and listen to his heart, check his reflexes in his eye and make him follow his finger. “The good news is that you seem to be doing alright. You had quite the crash and we were afraid you might be concussed or even in danger of a brain bleed.” The doctor informed them. “Yet, I would say a light concussion is the most accurate name to give it. You got very lucky Mr Kingston.” Nate just nodded, unsure of how to respond to it. “Is there anywhere that you are

experiencing more pain than in other place?” The doctor asked him. “My arm is bothering me the most, and my ribs.” He said. “That sounds accurate.” The doctor smiled at him. “Your arm is broken in two places, we need to operate on it to get it set. You are scheduled for that in about six hours from now. The reason we decided to postpone this is because we have found a small bleeding in your abdomen, coming from your spleen to be exact.” Nate frowned his face as he heard that. “For now, the bleed does not seem to be bad and we believe it might stop on its own. We will take another scan in a few hours to check on it. If it is still bleeding by then, we will schedule you for a spleen removal at the same time. What is important for you right now is to stay still and rest. Let your body take care of that injury.” The doctor informed him and also showed the scan that showed the bleeding even though it looked like nothing to Nate. “How long will I need to stay?” He asked then, it was the question that had been on his lips for a long time. “Depends on how the bleeding develops. If your body stops it on its own I want to keep you here at least four days to make sure you rest. If we need to remove your spleen you are looking at at least a week.” The doctor answered him. He couldn’t help the groan escaping his lips. Four days.. he couldn’t leave Rose in the house for another four days. “Okay, thank you doctor.” And he meant it. “Is there anyone we should contact for you? Perhaps your parents? Or your wife?” The doctor asked as his eyes went

towards Emily for just a bit. “No, you don’t need to contact anyone. I would like to do that myself.” He said. The doctor nodded then, an awkward nod but at least he agreed. “Well then, I will be back to check on your later. They will bring you some more medication later. Till the surgery you are not allowed to eat, you can have small sips of water though.” And with that the doctor excused himself and left the room.

Emily heard the door open looking up she noticed the doctor, her hand flexing in his she may of pulled it away but the doctor had already noticed, she averted her gaze especially when he called her his cousin, shifting a little in her chair peeking to Nathaniel seeing him chuckle she tried to maintain her self, she didn't wanna cause any suspicion..but then Nate told she wasn't his cousin and she peered at him with a confused expression, she could see the doctor looking confused now .

Of course her own thoughts vanished as she listened carefully to what the the doctor had to say, her hand tightened a little on his now swallowing hard as he mentioned his spleen, looking to his face she could see the anxious look on his gaze and she knew it wasn't for himself...he was worried about Rose.

Her face faltered a little as he said how long he needed to stay there for, she didn't look at the doctor...she simply couldn't she could feel his gaze burning into her when he mentioned

his wife and for the first time she felt like it was wrong of her to be here...like she almost shouldn't be.

When he left she stayed quiet for a moment before finally speaking. " You should have pretended I was your cousin Nate, I don't want this to cause you any problems..." she whispered softly , her eyes watching his gave carefully with a soft gaze.

" Do you want me to do anything?.." she whispered, right now she didn't know what to do to help him, she could see how anxious and worried he was and she wanted to try end ease some of that, but she knew deep down there was probably nothing she could do, she couldn't fix all this for him, no matter how desperately she wanted to.

"You should have pretended I was your cousin Nate.." he looked over to her. He could see that she was worried, that she felt like she was getting him in trouble. "These doctors signed a confidential agreement. They can't speak about this to anybody." He let her know. He knew how these things worked. He was a high risk client to the hospital. They would sue any doctor that came forward with any information. "I want you here Emily.." he just whispered as he squeezed her hand just a bit. "I am glad you came." He said with a gentle smile.

He went back to his phone then. He had meant to call the company that was taking care of Rose, but if he needed to stay for at least four more days.. so instead he looked through his list and found the number of his secretary Mrs Hutchinson.

the phone dialed for a long time before it was picked up. "Yes, hi. It is mr Kingston." He told her, her tone instantly went to surprise. "I am afraid I have been in an accident.. They say it not life treating, but I can't leave for at least four more days." He told her and the voice on the other side of the phone became frantic. "Calm down Mrs Hutchinson. I am being taken care of." He said and smiled at Emily. "I need you to cancel my appointment for at least the coming week." He said before he bit down on his jaw. "Rose can't be home any longer. I need you to call the Tranquil Falls psychiatric hospital and get them to admit her immediately." His voice broke half way through that sentence as tears were close to overflowing. "Please. Keep me informed." He hung up quickly before she could hear him cry.

Emily's face faltered as he explained about the hospitals agreement nodding towards him, she was still worried...worried her being here might cause him more troubles to add to his ever growing list. " I want you here Emily..." her eyes grew soft then , he could feel the lump in her throat forming yet again as she simply squeezed his hand back returning the smile back.

She watched him get his phone out now, her hand tightening as he spoke to Mrs Hutchinson, her fingers dancing over his hand delicately, and then Rose got brought up, she watched his expression saw the tears in his eyes and it broke what ever strength she had left in her to stay strong, her own tears fell

then, she knew how much this was going to kill him, putting her there was something he never wanted to do, watching his heart shatter, shattered her own, but not for her own selfish needs...but for him, his situation.

She moved even closer then, keeping her hand in his her other hand came to stroke over his head her for head pressing against his as she tried desperately to console him without hurting him in anyway.

" I'm so sorry Nathaniel.." she whispered, her voice trembling as her fingers moved to stroke down his face. " I'm so sorry i wish there was something more I could do...I wish i could make this better for you.." she whispered, and she did..she wished it was her in that bed, so he didn't have to make that decision, because she knew how hard it was for him.

It was the second time that he had let his emotions just walk with him and both times it had been about Rose. He knew what they would do. They would put her in a room, asses her, they would get her situated with her things. They would try and do everything in their power to make her comfortable. She would get medications if she got restless and she would talk to a therapist almost daily to work on her problems. He had been there, he had talked to them, he had seen the place. It was not a bad place. The people there cared and wanted what was best, yet it felt like he was putting her in prison. "I can't believe I am doing this to her." He just said through his tears. They

were falling down his face freely now, small sobs causing his ribs to hurt. They would find it's way into her beard and eventually falling from his chin.

He pulled Emily closer then, needing her close, needing her comfort. She was crying too and he knew she was not crying for herself. He pressed her forehead to his and then planted a kiss gently on her lips. "Just.. stay with me."

Emily closed her eyes as she listened to him, shaking her head lightly . " This isn't your fault...don't blame yourself Nathaniel..please don't do that.. " she whispered to him, she could feel the tears streaking her face now, she was breaking for him, she hated this...hated what this was doing to him, she wanted to take away all his pain but she couldn't.

She felt him pull her closer, her arm twisting round him as best she could, her hand continuing their strokes through his hair as carefully as she could, wanting to bring him what ever comfort she could, wanting to help in the only way she could right now.

She felt his kiss and she returned it, her hand clutching at his cheek briefly before moving back to his hair . " I'm not going anywhere..." she whispered back, keeping her eyes closed as she simply held him, allowing him simply release his emotions, knowing he needed to.

He cried for a good while against her, a silent cry that mostly consisted of tears going down his face. And her just kept her

close, his good arm softly brushing over her skin. Eventually his tears stopped and he just felt tired. By now everything should have been set in motion and she was probably already being moved to the facility. At least he figured she was. In reality it probably would take Mrs Hutchinson some time to get everything together.

He looked up at Emily then, wiping the last tears away as he found her face again. He was glad she was here.. that she rushed to him. He was happy that she had been the first thing he had seen when he woke up again. That she had been there to calm him down when he had needed her too. "How did you know I was here?" He asked then.

Emily stayed silent , she simply held him stroking him allowing him the time he needed to simply get it all out, she knew he needed it.

When he pulled back she did the same, her free hand coming to swipe the remainder of her tears away sniffing lightly before she moved her hand in to stroke his cheek delicately to remove the last of his own.

" it was on the news, they...they showed the crash...they said it was you and I.. " she stopped then sucking in a deep breath as she did. " I come straight here, I needed to know that you was okay...." she whispered more tears coming to her eyes. " I was scared Nathaniel I..." she stopped then unable to speak then,

the sheer memory of how she felt in that moment was enough to take her breath away yet again.

The moment she said that it was on the news he could not help a grunt from leaving his mouth. Of course it was on the news. He hated that part of his fame. Everyone would know that he was in this hospital and that he was injured. Everyone would also know if he was the cause of the crash.. and he was honestly afraid he had been.

When she started to cry again he just pulled her back in. "Hey, I am glad you came." He said. He had not asked because he didn't want her here. He just didn't know how she found out. "I am sorry I scared you." He whispered softly and he was. She must have been terrified. He knew he would be if anything like that happened to her.

He looked down to his phone again. He needed to know what was being said, if h was the cause of the crash. He needed to defend himself if it was. But he decided against it.. His lawyers were probably already on it. He needed to just trust the people he hired in cases like this.

Emily swiped another tear away from her face feeling him bringing her in again, her hand came to stroke along his cheek hearing his apology she shook her head lightly.

" Don't apologise...i was just worried about you.." she whispered back, she watched him look down to his phone and

her face furrowed she knew he was worried about the crash now, what implications it might have on him.

" Nathaniel...don't stress your self our over anything else, you heard the doctor you need to rest, it can wait..." she said softly, of course she didn't know what happened with the crash, how it came about, but right now he needed to keep himself calm and and try and rest.

He sighed. He was right. "Just... can you put it back?" He asked, motioning to his phone. He would watch as she put it away. He needed it out of his reach. He could not get out of bed now anyway. He was way to strapped in with wires to get out of bed at all.

Once she came back he padded the bed next to him, inviting her into the bed to lay with him. The bed was not big and the space might not be a lot, but she was small.. he was sure she could fit next to him comfortably. If he climbed in he would just put her face against the top of her head and enjoy her scent. "Will you stay with me until they take me to surgery?" He asked her.

" Of course I can..." she whispered taking the phone from him she got up and walked back to the bag she found it , placing it back in she zipped the bag up and headed back over.

As he padded the bed next to hin, she hesitated for a moment. " I dont want to hurt you.." she whispered, but her need to be close to him over took her, climbing carefully onto the bed she

laid her self in a way she wouldn't hurt him, nuzzling his neck, her hand resting against his chest idly stroking her fingers idly along his flesh.

His question had her smiling giving his neck a small kiss. " You don't even have to ask...you really think I would of left you before?.." she teased sighing as she rested against him .

" I'm glad your okay.."

"I don't know.." he said as she asked if he thought she would have left. Of course she would not have. Not after everything they had been through that weekend. Yet he couldn't expect her to stay with him the entire time. She would need to work even while he recovered. She couldn't just take time off for no reason.

He pulled her closer, just needing her close. He didn't even care that nurses and doctors walked by the room, some obviously seeing them in that bed. If even of them talked it would be bad. But he needed her more then that. "You should grab a bite soon though." He said, knowing she must be hungry.

" I dont know..." Emily sighed then nuzzling him more. " I'll be here as long as you want me to be here Nathaniel...I'm not gonna go anywhere.." she said softly.

Her hand stroked idly down his chest closing her eyes to simply enjoy being this close to him again, at his words she

smiled. " I'm okay...I'll get something when I get home...I kind of left the house with nothing, it's a miracle I remembered shoes..." she said with a slight teasing tone. " Don't you go worrying about me...I'm fine " she whispered against his chest.

He couldn't help it. Of course he worried about her. He worried about everyone. If he was not good at one thing it was worrying about himself. Even now his mind was barely on the bleeding that they had talked about. He was not worried if it kept bleeding or not. And if he was the only reason he was, was because it would make his recovery time longer and he would need to leave Rose in the hospital longer. He didn't want that.

He chuckled at her little admission. "You better not have forgotten your knackers again." He teased her, needing to stop his chuckle to not hurt himself again.

At his tease she couldn't stop her self from chuckling shaking her head as she felt embarrassment rush over her, her hand stroking along his chest to hear him struggling with laughing.

" No...thankfully I didn't forget those.." she teased grinning at her thoughts. " Don't think I turned my TV off though...don't even remember if I locked the front door.." she said carefully with a sigh nuzzling into him lightly with a sigh. " How are you feeling? Do you need any more pain relief?.."

"No friendly neighbour who can check your door for you?" He asked, not finding the idea of her door unlocked a very

pleasant one. She asked him if he was feeling alright and honestly the answer was no. "I am fine." He said, trying to hold himself big. "I just can't wait for them to fix my arm." He said honestly. Of all the aches and pains he was feeling that one the most. It was like there was giant brick just laying on top of it all the time and anytime he tried to move it at all there would be another brick on top of that.

"How am I supposed to ask then Nathaniel? ..I didnt even bring my phone.." she teased before signing. "It will be okay, its quiet in that apartment, everyone's really nice I'm not concerned.." and she wasn't.. she lived in a good area and had good neighbourhood.

She heard his words and tilted her head back to look at him as carefully as she could to see how he really was. "There fix your arm soon, they just have to make sure everything else is okay first.." her hand came to stroke his cheek a little now. "You don't need to be brave around me you know, if your hurting or your uncomfortable you need to say, don't sit there in pain.. okay?..."

She was too good for him, she just confirmed that once again. Of course he was not going to complain about it. "I feel like I got hit by a car." He then admitted with a small chuckle as it was the actual truth of what had happened. "I don't want more pain meds Em.. I am already feeling woozy." He admitted to her. He didn't want to get high, he wanted to be

aware of what was going on around him. "I just need to lay still and I am apparently not very good at it.

Emily couldn't help but chuckle then smiling towards him. "Reallt?...I would of never of guessed.." she teased hearing his next words she frowned a little.

" I know you don't want that, but I don't want you being in pain Nathaniel..maybe me being on this bed with you isn't helping...maybe I should move back to the chair.." she whispered becoming very aware that maybe her sitting there was causing him to be uncomfortable and she didn't want that. She didn't like knowing he was uncomfortable.

"No.. Em." He instantly said, not letting her step of the bed. He didn't want her to leave his side. "I am fine, I can handle it." He assured her. "I need you here." He half begged her as he wanted her to stay with him, wanting that smell of her around instead of the sickly smile of alcohol and IV's that hung around the room otherwise. "Will you stay in bed with me if I accept more painmeds?" He asked, trying to haggle.

" No.. Em " she could hear the almost desperate tone before his words, her face faltering as he practically begged her to stay where she was, she lowered her self down a little bit more, hearing his haggle she smiled, her fingers coming to dance over his cheek.

" I want you to be comfortable Nate, just like you would want for me right?...if you need pain meds I want you to take some

to make you feel better, I don't want you sitting there putting on a brave face, for who are you doing that for?..me?.." she teased bending down she pecked his lips lovingly. " if I was in that bed I would be demanding a IV drip full of pain mess.." she teased with a smile. " I just want you to be comfortable, so you rest..that's what your body needs more then anything right now, and I promise..I'll be here the whole time. "

He rolled his eyes at her playfully before he hit the red button that was on the side of his bed. It didn't take long for a nurse to come over. "Yes Mr Kingston?" She asked. She was an older lady probably mid 40's and looked at them friendly. She didn't even really look at Emily who had crawled in the bed as well. "Could I have a bit more pain relief?" He asked them. "Of course." She said with a smile. She would rummage through some drawers and get another iv-bag out. She added it to the iv that was already going into him so she wouldn't need to prick him again "You should start feeling relief soon. You might feel a bit woozy from it though and sometimes some nausea. Feel free to call me if that is the case." She said before she looked at Emily a bit more.

"Would you like me inquire if there is a wider bed available? We usually have some for our heavier patients, but I am sure I could find you one." She offered. Nate just grinned at that. He liked this nurse already. "Yes please. That would be perfect." He said.

Emily smiled as he rolled his eyes at her. " Your lucky your injured or you would of got a slap for that.. rolling your eyes at me.." she teased playfully.

She watched the nurse come in straight away and shifted a little, suddenly aware of where she was next to him, she was still anxious, hoping that what Nathaniel had disclosed earlier would be right and no one would say anything.

She watched the nurse as she put more pain relief into his drip, her hand idly stroking his arm before the nurse offered the bigger bed and she to smiled towards her, she seemed nice.

" Thank you.. " Emily offered before turning her attention back to Nathaniel . " Hopefully your be a bit more comfortable soon " she said moving her hand to move his hair a little seeing some specs of dried blood she frowned , her eyes looking over his frame to really see all the bruises and marks against his skin, god he was so lucky it wasn't more serious.

"I am sure I will be." He said as he smiled at her. It didn't take long before the pain meds started to take their effects. He could slowly feel that uncomfortable tension that the pain had been causing his body to go in and he started to feel better. He could finally fully relax and with the help of Emily's sweet strokes through his hair he was really starting to feel better.

It was only about fifteen minutes later that a bigger bed was being rolled into the room. It was brought in by the nurse, but also by another woman. She was probably in her mid 40s, she

had brown hair that was tied up in a bun that has small streaks of grey already growing through it. She wore thick black glasses and just the lightest touch of make-up. Underneath her doctor's jacket she wore a blouse and a pencil skirt.

When Nate saw her he couldn't help the smile on his face.

"Nothing goes by you does it Nora?" He said in a soft chuckle.

"I am afraid not, Nathaniel." The woman smiled at him.

"They called me as soon as you were brought in." She said to him with a sweet smile on her face. Her eyes then turned to Emily. "You must be Emily. It is very nice to meet you." She said and while she did there seemed no judgement in her voice for her at all. "I am Nora Goodwin. I am the hospital director." She introduced herself. Nate just smiled, really nothing went by her. "I figured I would come check up on you while I could, heard you requesting a bigger bed." She smiled, looking back at Nate. "It was actually your lovely nurse that suggested it and I found it a good idea." Nate said back to her. "I take it that I can count on the hospital's discretion in this?" He said as he nodded his head just slightly to Emily. "Of course Nathaniel. I will personally see that no information gets out of this hospital about either you or your friend." She assured him. "Most nurses are aware of your situation, I don't think they will be any problem. But I have appointed the ones to you I trust most." She explained.

"Thank you Nora." Nate said warmly.

“How is Rose?” She then asked after a short pause. It made a deep sigh leave Nate’s lips. “Not good.” He admitted. “I am sorry to hear that.” Nora answered. “I was on my way back from a four day business trip when the accident happened. They had called me that she was growing restless, throwing things. I was rushing home, I must have just been too lost in thought.” He said, clearly still thinking he had caused the crash. “Where is she now? Anything I can do for her?” Nora asked him. “I asked Mrs Hutchinson to get her an emergency admittance to Tranquil Falls Psychiatric Hospital.” He said, his jaw once more clenched. Nora’s eyes went big with surprise. “That is a big step Nathaniel..” she said to him in a gentle voice. “I didn’t have a choice.” He said. “Still, I am proud of you.” She said with a motherly tone. “I was actually going to ask if you could call them, see if you can make sure they are getting her in.” Nate asked her. “Of course, I will do that right now.” Nora said.

She turned to Emily then. “I hope you have a nice day my dear. If you ever wish to talk you can come by my office any time.” She said with a gentle smile before she left the room. Knowing the nurses could transfer Nate to the other bed.

She settled against him then, simply stroking him her eyes watching around the room they were in silently, she had so much going on inside her head that she didn't settle much, she simply couldn't relax.

She heard the sound of the doors open , she moved up a little to watch the bed coming in, she lifted her self up on the bed watching as two nurses arrived to bring the bed in, her eyes turning to the older of the two women who Nate seemed to know very well.

She turned her gaze to her then, her smile was sweet and comforting making Emily smile back. " It's nice to meet you Nora..."

Emily found her self shifting a bit more, she felt a little...uncomfortable? Was that how she felt...to hear them discuss about her, keeping it a secret not letting it get out, of course she knew it couldn't...one he had to think about his reputation, and two he knew he didn't want his wife to find out.

Sitting here listening to the conversation had her face furrowing with different emotions, she always knew he had a wife, well since being here anyway, but it never sank in more then it did now, she well and truly felt like the other woman, she felt like she was tredding on someone else's tuff, listening to them talking about Rose..it was hard..the woman was kind and showed nothing but care towards Nate and her, and yet deep down she couldn't help feel people would pass judgement on her.

As she directed her attention to Emily, she blinked so lost in her own thoughts she nearly missed what she said. She

returned the smile as best she could. " Thankyou, ill remember that.. "

She slid of the bed now, knowing they were probably going to transport him onto the bigger bed, she grabbed her chair and moved it out the way, sitting her self down where she was, her mind elsewhere as she waited for them to sort him onto the new bed.

It took some coordination and manpower to get Nate moved into that new bed, but eventually they got him over and hooked up on all kind of stuff. Not without hurting him at least a little, but that was to be given. The new bed was about 1,5 times the width of the old one and had plenty of space for Emily to comfortably lay beside him.

He watched the nurses leave before he turned back to Emily. "I am sorry about that." He said to her with an apologetic smile. "I thought I still had time to tell you about Nora before she would show up.." he said to her and motioned for her to come back to him. "I met Nora when she was still a doctor. She was there when Rose first tried to kill herself." He had to swallow a bit. "We became friends after that." He explained her, knowing she must have wondered what happened there.

Emily watched as they maneuvered Nate onto the other bed, she couldn't help but wince a bit to see the discomfort go over his face, but it soon settled down which made her feel

better...she didn't need anything else to add to the list for feeling guilty about.

When he motioned for her to come back she hesitated just briefly before getting up from the chair and making her way over to him, she removed her shoes this time, settling back beside him much like they were before.

" You did seem to be quite close.." she whispered nuzzling her nose into his neck again closing her eyes as she allowed her hand to roam up and down his chest. " Is she...is she going to think badly of me for being here?.." she whispered, of course it was something she had been thinking about what everyone thought of her being here, she knew they wouldn't tell anyone outside the building.. .but she hated the thought of people whispering about her in the corridors it made her feel a little uneasy.

He settled into her happily. He did not want to admit it, but it was indeed a lot more comfortable now that there was a small bit more space for them to lay together like this. He even felt like he had space to move his hand over her back this time.

He listened to her concerns about Nora and he couldn't help but chuckle softly to himself. She had the complete wrong idea.. Nora had been telling him for years that he was lonely and that he was one day going to break. When he had told her about Emily she had been over the moon for him and called him an idiot for trying to stay away from her. "You should go

talk to her.” He said as he brushed a bit of hair out of her face. “I think you too will get along.” He said.

" You should go talk to her.." she felt a small sigh coming from her lips then nuzzling into him more a small smile came against her face, somehow his words settled her a bit, he wasn't concerned so she knew she should be neither.

She let her hand travel down his chest being careful of the small marks against his body careful of the marks there. " I'll go later...I dont want to leave you yet.." she whispered and she didn't, perhaps afraid if she would something would happen ...or they would take him down to surgery and she wouldn't get to see him of.

He closed his eyes, feeling tired from all the drugs that they were giving him. It made his brain feel foggy and even though he had been able to pull through the conversation with Nora, he was now really starting to feel the effects of it. Yet he didn't want to feel asleep, not with her curled up against him after she had rushed towards him.

He turned her face towards him and kissed her gently. An actual kiss this time, not just a peck to her lips. He could feel the part of his lip that was busted hurt when he deepened the kiss, but he didn't care. “I love you Em..” he said softly, the drugs making it a lot easier to admit.

Emily was settled against him lifting her head a little so she could return the gentle strokes to his hair, wanting to just keep him settled and comfortable.

She watched him turn towards her then, feeling his lips come to hers she settled against his lips, her hand coming to stroke his cheek as he deepened the kiss so lovingly it made her chest ache. His words had her smiling tenderly towards him.

" Not as much as I love you.." she whispered back playfully before giving him one more kiss.

A bit had passed and Emily simply watched as Nathaniel slept, seemingly so content and comfortable she was almost reluctant to get up, but she wanted to talk to Nora curiosity had got the better of her, and she wanted to know why he wanted her to go talk to her.

She spoke to a nurse about where her office was when she came in to assess nate getting reassurance that she would come get here if he woke up, and definitely if they decided to take him for surgery.

She made her way down the corridor following the instructions the nurse gave her before she knocked carefully on Noras door shifting a little on her feet with nerves.

Nora had been working on a bit of paperwork now that she had already come into work. She had needed to take care of the media outside and answer questions about Mr Kingston. She

could have had someone else do it, but it involving Nathaniel had made her want to do it herself.

When the knock came she got up from her office and opened the door to see Emily there. "Emily, hi!" She said sweetly. "Come in dear, take a seat." She said and motioned to the couch that was in her office. "Would you like a coffee? Or tea perhaps?" She offered the girl.

Emily almost lost her bottle to stand outside that office, perhaps she was afraid what Nora might say or do..but Nate didn't seem overly to concerned about her coming here, which was why she did... but now her nerves were getting the better of her.

Suddenly the door opened and she looked to the woman who gave her the kindest of smiles that made her nerves settle .

" Thankyou..," stepping into the office she moved to sit on the couch her hands clutched in front of her. The offer of coffee had her groaning. " I would love a coffee..thanks.. " she told her how she liked it before settling back on the couch.

Nora prepared them both a cup of coffee, served in plain white mugs and then sat down next to her in that couch. "I am glad you decided to come by." She smiled at Emily and placed a hand on her knee lovingly. She really gave that feeling of being a mother. It had been one of the qualities that had made her a great doctor.

“I would imagine you have not really had anybody to talk to about your situation with Nathaniel.” She offered her with a kind smile. Nathaniel had talked about Emily for months now, knowing that she would never tell a soul. But she figured that perhaps Emily didn't have anybody like that..

Emily thanked her as she gave her the mug of coffee, sitting back more on the couch she took a careful sip of it, god she didn't realise how thirsty she was, or even tired for that matter...

She felt her hand on her knee turning her gaze to her she smiled warmly...she was nice. Her next question had her face faltering with a gentle shake of her head. " No I...I've been keeping it to myself , I didn't wanna talk to anyone about it, I wouldn't of want it to get out and cause any problems for him...he has enough as it is.." she whispered softly running her finger along her mug carefully.

Nora already felt her heart go out for the girl. Not wanting to talk about it because Nate would get in trouble, her heart was in the right place and that was important. “That must have been rough on you.” She offered Emily, that hand still on her leg.

“You have probably figured out by now that what is going on between you and Nathaniel is not new for me.” She said with a hint of an apology in her voice. “But I want you to know that I am not judging you.” She added to that. “I was actually really

happy when Nathaniel told me that he had found someone that he felt loved by again.”

Emily face faltered a little a small sigh leaving her lips. " At times it was yes....this whole situation has been rough sometimes if I'm honest.." she whispered truthfully she didn't know if she should be discussing how she personally felt or not but...it just felt nice to have someone who knew everything and who she could talk to, without fear.

She winced a little as she mentioned about how much she knew, the nervousness she felt earlier that perhaps she might judge her still lingering, before she reassured her, she smiled towards her then, settling down a bit more again.

Of course she figured he had talked to her by the way she was with her...but perhaps she didn't realise the extent of exactly how much he had spoken to her.

As she explained what Nathaniel had said a warm caring smile came over her face. " Has he spoken to you alot?...about us?.." she was curious then, she wondered what exactly he told her bringing her coffee to her lips to take a sip.

Nora: She looked at the emotions that played over Emily's face and she just tried to be as reassuring as she could be. She could only imagine what the girl was going through. She was being pulled to a man who was married, but no longer in love. She had probably been pulled from him so many times, just to be pulled back to him as well.

"Yes dear, he has." She said with a smile. Nathaniel often came to her to talk. She was one of the few people who knew the true extent of Rose's condition and because of it Nathaniel had learned to confide in her.

Emily nodded lightly as she spoke, bringing her coffee to her lips she took a sip, letting her coffee rest on her lap she felt emotions come to her again then, releasing a shattered breath closing her eyes for a moment.

" It's been hard...all of this..." she whispered opening her eyes again to look at her. " And I know its been on him to...both us knowing we shouldn't do what we've been doing, but not being able to stop and then him feeling guilty and pushing me away only for us to fall back together, and the cycle continues.." she whispered running her finger over her mug again. " she took a breath then shaking her head lightly.

" I love him so much, but this situation with his wife i.. " she swallowed her hands trembling as she clutched her mug tighter." I feel so guilty ...guilty to know what's going in with her and yet selfishly..I..I want him " she whispered her hand coming to swipe a tear away then.

" He means everything to me, so much infact that I.. .all I want is for him to be happy, truly happy...I know he misses her, misses who she was, and sometimes. ..I wish I could give him that...because seeing him like thud, it kills me...watching him break down over this whole situation it's a hard thing to

watch..." she whispered and she meant it..for more reasons then one.

The poor girl.. of course she felt lost. She pulled Emily into her and just embraced her, shushing her as she sobbed and talked. "I am so sorry Emily." She said softly, letting her calm down a bit before she continued. "I don't think you understand what you are giving him." She said softly as she pulled back and caught Emily's eyes. "I have never seen him so alive as he has been the last few months." She smiled at Emily. "There is a fire back inside of him that he had lost, a fire that burns for you." She wiped a tear from Emily's cheek.

"Rose is.. she is not here. She is still in that store where the robbery took place and I don't think we are going to be able to save her from that place anytime soon." Nora explained carefully. "But Nathaniel isn't. He is here, right in this moment. He needs someone to support him and I have been telling him for months to stop fighting it. What you two are doing is.. it is saving each other." She explained. "You should see him not as a married man. You should see as a widow who lost his spouse. He should be allowed to move on and I have been telling him the same."

Emily felt her pull her in then, closing her eyes as she allowed herself to hug this woman, it felt nice to release some of that tension she had been feeling for a while, finally being able to

talk to someone felt like a weight had been lifted of her shoulders.

" I dont think you understand what you are giving him.." Emily met her gaze then, sitting back so she could see the woman better , her words suddenly made her feel warm inside, she couldnt help but smile then, to know she had helped him.

Emily listened intently to what she had to say, her mind furrowing a little as she put a whole new perspective on the situation, she had never looked at it the way she was explaining it, never considered that's what the situation was...and to know he had talked so openly and honestly about her to Nora..knowing how much he clearly did want her..and not just after this weekend but before to..had her smiling more as things became So much clearer for her.

She leaned in then hugging the woman again. " Thank you Nora...for this, your never know how much I appreciate it....snd for helping Nate to, its clear you've been a lifeline to him all these years..." she whispered before pulling back with a smile.

"You are very welcome my dear." She said with a warm smile. "I have watched Nathaniel slowly wither away over these past few years. It has been very nice to see him come back from that." She said and padded her leg before she reached into the

pocket of her coat. "Take my number. If you ever need to talk, you are free to call me." She said with a warm smile.

She paused a bit before she took a breath and needed to talk about something else. "He has been pretty beat up and I would lie if I said I was not worried for him." She said then. "Not for his life, he seems out of danger for that, but mostly his recovery." She explained. "He is going to want to get Rose back home as soon as he can and I believe that to be a bad idea. He needs to recover fully before he can take care of her again. One single throw with something against the wrong place could really hurt him." She said as she looked at Emily. "Once I can discharge him I need you to try and keep him contained for a while more. I know he will listen to you."

It made Emily smile to hear her words, it made her feel good inside to know she had helped him, she had given him something back that he had been missing. When she passed her the number she smiled taking it. "Thankyou, you don't understand how much this mean to me.."

Emily's face faltered now as she spoke, her brows furrowing together as she asked her to try and stall him getting Rose back, she knew what a touchy subject this was and it made her nervous to try and persuade him to keep him contained longer. She sighed before nodding.

"I'll do my best, I'll try and get him to stay with me for a while...to help him recover but I..," she sighed softly then. "

His need, his ever growing guilt for her being in there I just don't know if I'll convince him enough...but I can Try at least "

she said with a small smile

"That is all I am asking. Try and keep him contained for a bit at least." She said. She had needed to discuss it with her.

"Perhaps you can take him to see Rose if he is struggling with it. Perhaps what he sees will surprise him." she suggested, though even she didn't know how Rose would respond. She had always believed that taking her away from her home and just putting her in a completely new setting could help her. She hoped she was right.

Another knock was heard at the door. "Come in." Nora said and the nurse peeked around the door. "I came to tell you that he woke up." The nurse smiled at Emily. "Did they do another scan yet?" Nora asked her. The nurse nodded. Nora reached over to grab a tablet from her desk and scrolled through it, pulling up Nate's records and looked at the picture of the scan. "Damn.. they are going to need to take his spleen. I'm sorry Emily." She said as she turned to the girl. "Why don't you go back to him now he is awake. I am going to get him scheduled soon. He should be more comfortable once we get it out and his arm fixed."

Emily nodded softly towards her. " I promise I'll do my best.." at the suggestion of her taking him to see Rose made her wince a little. " I don't know if he would want me to go with

him..to see her..." Of course what she said did have her pondering the idea. " I'll talk to him...when he's better.."

At the knock at the door Emily turned round to look to the nurse smiling warmly towards her. " Thankyou for coming to get me.." she jumped up finishing her coffee and leaving it on the side.

Of course she saw her face falter as she looked at the scan images. " Is everything alright?.." she whispered, hearing they needed to take his spleen had her gut wrenching, she felt nerves rolling through her again to know he was going through a operation like this...what if something went wrong? What if they discovered something else during the procedure?

" Thank you Nora...ill speak to you again soon.." she said her voice giving a slight quiver, she hated the thought of him having any operation never mind one to remove a organ, it upset her to realise just how hurt he got...she was so worried there was more they might of missed she almost felt sick, which is why she practically jogged the last bit to his room, opening the door she came back in seeing him looking over she smiled.

" Hey Handsome.." she closed the door before making her way over slipping her shoes of again she climbed back into bed, wanting to be there like this with him before his operation. " How are you feeling? "

The sleep had done him good. He somehow felt more calm and rested. His arm was not bothering him to much anymore and the painmeds were really doing their job now. "Hey." He said then to her with a small smile. "I missed you when I woke up." He said softly.

He was still laying on his back in the bed, not having moved even a bit since they moved him. He just didn't have the power to really shift himself around. "They said I need the surgery." He said, his face faltering a bit.

" I wasn't gone long..I told the nurse to come get me when you woke up, I thought you might of been still sleeping by the time I got back obviously not..sorry I wasn't here..." she whispered bending down to kiss his cheek.

She settled back against him, her hand coming to stroke his hair gently, when he said about the surgery she sighed nodding. " I know, Nora just told me.." she whispered her fingers continuing to dance through his hair. " Are you okay?...","

"It is okay. Did you eat something?" He asked, still worried that she needed to eat something. He knew he was hungry, but he was not allowed to eat for a while.

He was happy when she came back to him and kissed him. He loved her close, especially now. "You went to see Nora?" He asked, half surprised. He somehow had not expected her to do

that. When she asked if he was okay he couldn't help the half smirk on his face. "No.. I'm scared." He admitted then

As he asked if she had eaten she smiled . " I'll eat when you go for surgery, I'm not that hungry ..." and she wasn't, right now the last thing on her mind was eating..

At his question she smiled more nodding towards him. " You told me to talk to her didn't you?...so I went and spoke to her, I'm glad I did, she's really nice.." she whispered, and she was, the woman had made her feel so much better about everything with such a simple conversation.

" No..I'm scared.." Emily felt her face furrow with emotions for him " Oh nate..." she whispered swallowing the lump she felt in her throat she leaned in, kissing him softly resting her head against his own, her hand stroking down his cheek.

" Your gonna be just fine you hear me?...you've got some great doctors, there gonna take care of you, and everything will be just fine.." she whispered trying not to allow herself to not get choked up. " I'll be right here when you get out okay?...I'll be right here waiting for you.."

@Nakachu

“Nora is amazing.” He just chuckled at her and he meant it. He didn’t know where he would be without Nora having his back and helping him with Rose. He would have broken down a long time ago.

He leaned into her as she comforted him. There was so much going through him. He didn't like the thought of the surgery and how it would go inside of him. Having his arm fixed was one thing, but to have an organ completely removed was another. "Thank you." He whispered softly to her as she said she would be there when he came out and pressed his lips to hers.

Their kiss had not even broken when the nurses came into the room and interrupted them. They gave each other a quick look before they turned towards the two of them again. "It is time for your surgery Mr Kingston." They said as one of them started to unhook him from anything that could not leave the room. "You are free to walk with us for a small bit, but after the double door you can't come." One of them said to Emily in a sweet tone before motioning for her to get off the bed.

Emily gave him a warm comforting smile, she hated knowing he was going for surgery, she could feel her insides twisting at the prospect of it. But she wouldn't show him her nerves, he was scared he already admitted that so she needed to be strong for him now.

She heard the door go and watched the nurses come in, she was already sliding off the bed before she even motioned for her to do so.

" I'll come down, until I can anyway....how long will the surgery be?.."

“If everything goes well Mr Kingston should be in recovery in two hours. He will be there for another half hour before he is brought back to the room. A doctor will come find you when the surgery is completed.” She nurse informed her as they started to move the bed.

As the bed started to move Nate would grab into Emily’s hand, wanting to hold her, wanting to know she was still there. “You better get something to eat okay? And maybe get your things.. see if your door is locked.” He said to her as he tried to concentrate on anything but the surgery ahead.

Emily nodded towards the nurse then as she explained how long the surgery would be, she was already planning to get what she could from her house and come back before he even got back in the room.

She felt his hand come up, she gasped it back moving to walk alongside the bed as they started to pull him along, her other hand moved to stroke his hair a little smiling warmly down to him, she could hear the nerves in his voice.

" I was going to, whilst your in surgery I'll sort some stuff out and get back before you've even known I've gone.. " she whispered squeezing his hand a little tighter. " Your gonna be fine. .." she whispered down him.

He squeezed her hand as well as he could feel that bed moving underneath him. It really was time for it now, he could no longer suspend it. Before he knew it they had reached those

double doors. "This is as far as you can follow him." The nurse said to Emily.

He didn't want to let her hand go and for a few seconds more he would not let her pull away. "I will see you when I wake up." He said with a painful smile. He knew she would be there. She would not leave him alone.

Emily let her fingers roll over his as she walked down with him, she could see the anxiousness in his gaze and she wished she could just do more to settle him.

She saw the double doors in front of them, her own nerves pooling inside of her now to hear the nurse. " Okay..." she whispered to her before looking down to Nathaniel squeezing his hand. " I'll be right here, I promise...before you know it your be back " she whispered , she saw the nurses gaze then as she reluctantly released his hand.

" I'll see you soon..." she whispered, watching his gaze before he vanished before the double doors away from her, she sucked in a deep breath then her hand coming to swipe a tear away...he would be fine.

Emily had left then returning home, turns out she didn't lock her door...maybe she shouldn't tell Nathaniel that.

She grabbed a bag and popped a few things in, she grabbed one of her blankets figuring he might prefer it over the hospital ones, popping a few items of clothing in and grabbing some work things, she had already decided she would be staying with him tonight..she knew she wouldn't sleep otherwise.

She had something quick to eat but honestly she wasn't that hungry..her nerves were so strong, grabbing her phone and chargers she left, making her way back to the hospital, luckily this time she was allowed straight back in, settling back into the room her work uniform until up neatly , a part of her didn't want to go to work tomorrow, she wanted to stay with him, but she knew if she was of it would look suspicious.

Resting against the couch now she idly flicked through her phone looking up to the time she shifted on the chair, she hadn't heard anything yet and it was making her nervous...he should of been out of surgery by now...she simply couldn't sit still, moving to stand then sitting again as she fidgeted nervously, hoping she would find something out soon...

A doctor would come not to long after Emily had started to wonder where they had been. "Miss Weston?" He asked and if she confirmed he would give her a smile. "Mr Kingston had made it through surgery succesfully. His spleen was removed and he is now in recovery. You can go to him now." He said and motioned for her to follow him.

He remembered being brought behind those double doors. He remembered missing her by his side and he remembered as they put the mask over his mouth that brought him under.

And then everything was dark. It was peaceful, he remembered feeling like he was feeling in thin air. It was like being weightless in a dark space without light. Yet it had felt good and quiet. For a bit there was nothing around him, nobody to take care of and nobody to be afraid of hurting.

Yet when he opened his eyes and blinked against the bright lights of the room, the first thing that crossed his mind was her. "Emily?" He grunted.

Emily had all but lost her patience, her anxiety had hit a all tune high she stood up for what felt like the hundredth time in that ten minutes and was about to go and see if she could find anything out, before the doctor came in .

" Yes thats me.." she responded, hearing his next words she breathed a sigh of relief. " Oh thank goodness, thank you.. yes I'll come now. " she quickly popped up phone back into her bag before promptly following the doctor down to the recovery room.

She stepped into the recovery room, the smell of the sterile units turning her nose up, she always hated that smell..the anti septic smell always made her shudder...her focus soon

turned to Nathaniel how ever watching as he come round and heard her name come out in a groan had her quickly heading over to him.

Grabbing a chair on her way she plonked it as close to the bed as she could. " Shh I'm here, I'm here.." she whispered tenderly to him, reaching for his hand she took it allowing her fingers to trace over it softly.

He scraped his throat from the uncomfortable feeling that was left from the tube that had been in there. He wanted to open his eyes, to see her as she sat herself down next to him, but the lights were to bright. He held her fingers stroking slowly over his hand and it calmed him down a little, deciding it wasn't worth it to open his eyes. "I thought I lost you.." he whispered softly. It probably didn't make sense to her, but he still remembered the floating darkness he had found himself in and she had not been there.

Emily face faltered a little at his words, she wondered if perhaps the anesthetic was playing tricks on his mind, she knew it had a tendancy to do that. She brought his hand carefully placing a small kiss upon it.

" You haven't lost me, I'm right here like I told you I would be.." she whispered towards him, her hand lifted up to stroke over his hair , much like she did all the others time she felt he needed a moment of calm to collect himself , she wanted to

ask him how he was, but she figured she would give him a moment to fully come round.

Eventually he tried to open his eyes once more and this time the light was not nearly as sharp as it had been. They had removed the damage from his other eye and stitched the cut on his eyebrow up. Some other parts had also been stitched together now and he was mostly back on track. They would not need to do much on him anymore. His arm had been set and a heavy cast had been put around it to keep it in place.

“You are here..” He just said, feeling tired and just out of this world. He was glad she was there. She liked his hand stroking his hair and leaned into it. “I am thirsty..”

Emily watched as he finally opened his eyes, noticed that they had patched up his other eye now to, apart from the bruising and swelling in places he already looked much better.

She smiled at his words. " I wouldn't let you down..." she whispered, his next words had her peering up looking around to the near by nurses. " Excuse me?...is he able to have a drink? He's saying he is thirsty.."

A nurse would look up at Emily as she had still been putting IV bags back ino place for him with pain medication in them.

“Sure he can! We just need to get him up a bit, so he does not choke.” She said with a smile and got the button to move him up more. Nate would grunt a small bit as they moved him, his abdomen still feeling tender and sensitive. “There we are Mr

Kingston.” She said and took a bottle with a straw in it that was filled with cold water and ice cubed. Nate would eagerly sip a few before they took it away again. “He can’t have too much at once, but small sips are fine from time to time.” She informed Emily and went back to the bags.

Once she was done with that she folded the blanket down to reveal his stomach. She removed some padding there and revealed the cut that had been made there. It was a line that went straight down, above his navel. “Once that heals it should really not look too bad.” The nurse assured Emily and also Nate who was trying to look down at it. She quickly finished him up by placing a more permanent bandage over the cut and folded the blanket back up. “Since he is awake and talking I will talk to the staff and see if we can get him moved to a room soon.” And she left again.

“Is it bad..?” He asked Emily then, not having been able to get a good look at it.

" Thankyou " she responded watching as the nurse came over and adjusted the bed, she wanted to tell her to be careful hearing him grunt but knew whatever she did would probably cause him some discomfort.

At her words Emily nodded. " No problem " taking the drink from her she placed it gently on the table beside her, she watched then as she folded the blanket did getting a look at the scar she winced a little, what scar looked great after

surgery anyway? The bruising was already apparent, before it got covered up once again and she couldn't see it anymore.

Nodding to the nurse she looked back to Nathaniel hearing his words she smiled. " Not to bad..I mean its a scar and you've just had a operation...but once its healed I bet you won't notice it.." she said smiling warmly towards him.

He grunted. He didn't like the sound of having a scar. He was starting to come back by again, feeling more aware and grounded. The light starting to get less right and he could now comfortably look around. The smell of the room was awful, everything smelled so surgical and like alcohol. "You better say scars are sexy." He said then between his teeth.

He lifted his arm up that had the cast on it and looked at it as well. It was bothering him less now, feeling a lot better then it had done before. That was going to have to stay in that a while more. He hated this. He wanted to go home. "Did you go home for your things?":

Emily heard his grunt and couldn't help but laugh a little. " There look sexy on you..." she whispered playfully bringing his hand to her face she nuzzled it lovingly.

She saw his face then watching how so many things played against his features and she could tell instantly he was already annoyed at being here and it made her frown, her fingers dancing over his hand lightly.

" Yes I went home, I brought some stuff with me , it's in the other room...I went whilst you was in surgery so I wouldn't need to leave again "

“Good.” He just said. He was going to say more, but they got interrupted as two nurses walked back into the room and with those two nurses, Nora Goodwin also made another appearance. “You didn’t go home yet Nora?” Nate asked her, still sounding tired and grumpy. “No I didn’t. I wanted to wait till you were out of surgery.” She said with a smile and then looked at Emily. “I am going to have the nurses transfer you to a more private part of the hospital. The media has been getting antsy about the little information they have been getting and it seemed that they are aware that someone is with you. They don’t know who it is though and I would like to keep it that way.” She explained.

Nate furrowed his brow at that. It wasn’t even that the hospital talked probably. They might have just overheard something when Emily went inside the first time or the second time. “I trust you to handle it Nora.” He just said then. “I am trying my best Nathaniel. Now go be good and rest. I will find you tomorrow.” She said and left again.

After that the nurses would lead the bed to a different wing in the hospital. The rooms were more luxurious with a long couch that looked comfortable to sleep on and a big tv in the room. Emily’s and Nate’s things had already been brought

there and were sitting on it. Nate couldn't suppress the chuckle in his throat. "Welcome to the VIP suite.." he whispered under his breath.

Emily smiled warmly towards him, she to might of said something had she not noticed the nurses coming in, seeing Nora she smiled brighter, she was glad she was here, she appeared to make Nate settle which was good..

Of course what she had to say did nothing to settle her that was for sure, hearing that the media would getting more relentless knowing that they were aware someone else was with him only had her anxiety hit a all time high...what were they doing to do?

She said goodbye to Nora before she followed them down to the new room they would be staying in, she peered around looking to the grand room she couldnt suppress her chuckle regardless of how worried she wad now. " Don't do things in halves do you?.." she teased before her face faltered.

" What we going to do Nate?...it won't take them much to piece two and two together, there's bound to be media around your office, and here...it's only going to take one of them to spot me going there and coming here..." she whispered concern clear in her voice, she didn't settle instead she paced the room a little running a hand through her hair. " I...I dont want to cause more stress for you nathaniel youve got enough going

on..." she stopped herself then sitting down on the couch with a deep sigh running a hand through her hair.

"I can honestly say I had nothing to do with this one." He chuckled at Emily as she claimed he did nothing in halves. The bed was put into the right place by the nurses and it was still the wider bed that he had been given before, that one that could fit the both of them.

When she switched the subject to the hell that was going on outside he furrowed his brow. He didn't know if he had the strength to really think about it in that moment. But what she said was true. She could not go back to the office if she was also going to visit him. They would soon put two and two together. He took a deep breath, that soon got interrupted as breathing deep hurt his chest. "Call in sick." He then just said. It was an easy solution. She wouldn't need to come in, she could stay with him all day. "Everyone gets the flu."

@ama

: *call in sick* she looked up from her hands then sighing deeply at his suggestion, shaking his head she didn't really know how to feel about it, a part of her didn't know if that would be suspicious to, at least to the department....I mean how convenient she comes down with the flu the same week that he was hospitalised..

"Nate..." she whispered looking up to him then, she didn't wanna voice her concerns to him then, she didn't wanna make

him worry anymore then he clearly was, she simply nodded towards him. " Okay...I'll phone in sick...it's probably the best thing to do "

He couldn't keep the happy smile away from his face as she agreed. Now she didn't need to leave, now he could keep her here with him in this lovely room that Nora had gotten them. It didn't seem as much like a hospital room. More like a hotel room with extra's. It even had a toilet and a shower hidden behind a door. "Good.." he just said to her still feeling slightly drowsy and drunk.

"We will be fine Em.. it will work out." He said as she closed his eyes again, these goddamn drugs in his system were not letting him think clearly. "And if they find out.. we will just run off together." He chuckled to himself.

She saw the grin on his face and couldn't stop her self from shaking her head. It was clear from his expression he was happy about her having time of with her, and not that she wasn't either...because she was, why wouldn't she want to spend a undisturbed time with him?

" I'm sure your right..." she said giving him a small smile now before she pulled her self of the sofa, moving over to where he was she climbed into the bed, chuckling now at his suggestion.

" Oh yeah? Where we would we go hmm?.." she teased nuzzling into his neck being very cautious of his side knowing he hsd the scar there.

He happily let her climb into that bed with him and instantly wrapped his good arm around her and buried his face into her hair. It was so soft and nice. "Somewhere warm.. back to Florida maybe." He said to her. "We can go to the beach every day. Dip our feet into the water. Sand between our toes." He mused as his hand danced slightly on her hip. "You can wear your dresses.."

She couldn't stop the smile that passed her lips then as he mentioned Florida, she could close her eyes and remember their weekend there now...it almost felt like a lifetime ago. " Hmm florida would be nice.." she whispered, his words caused a bigger smile to cross her features.

" I'd love that..." she whispered and god she would, she felt her self closing her eyes then nuzzling deeper into him, her hand moving to trace along his upper chest feeling his hand dance along her hip, she wished she was back there, god she wanted to be back there so much, where he wasn't injured white they could go out together freely , enjoy each others compant without fear...where she wouldn't need to sneak around in fear of being caught. It was easier there.

Eventually he found himself drifting back to sleep, the drugs taking their tol om him. The hand that had been petting her along her hip would slowly stop until he eventually just fall asleep against her. His body was so tired from all the trauma that had been done to it that he couldn't keep himself awake

any longer. Even in his sleep however he would nuzzle against her, mumbling uncohesive words against her in his sleep.

The week had come by quicker than she could ever imagined, she didn't go to work..she took the whole week off, explaining she had a bout of bad food poisoning from their break to florida, it seemed to pass, no one questioned her and it appeared nothing more was said about it. She hadn't left the four walls she was in, only a brief few times when she needed some extra bits Nora taking her out the back entrance so the press wouldn't get suspicious.. it felt strange sneaking around as much as she did, all though she could never stop the small chuckle that left her when she drove past the paparazzi knowing she mugged them of yet again.

Now here they were waiting for him to be discharged, she wasn't sat on the bed with him, instead she was sat on the couch her hands fidgeting together as she pondered how she was meant to approach thud, it was clear he still wasn't back to fighting strength, he was still recovering.. his arm was still in his cast and he wasn't as strong as he was before...she knew he wasn't ready to take on looking after anyone else yet, not when he could just about look after himself

" Nathaniel...I've been thinking..." she whispered her voice showing the small nerves behind it. " I think....I think its to soon for you to be trying to do everything on your own again, your still so weak you've not built your strength up enough

yet...why..why don't you come stay with me for a while?...to get your strength up more?..I'm worried if you try to take on too much to quickly you'll be back here before you know it.."

For Nate the week had gone by slowly. Most of the time he had been stuck to his bed. It had taken three days before he had even been allowed to use the bathroom on his own accord, happy to have gotten rid of that damn catheter. After that he had tried to work from his laptop, but everytime he had tried Emily had told him off and put his laptop away again. He couldn't blame her though, she had taken excellent care of him. Even in that week they had grown closer together. They had played games, watching corny movies and ate their meals together. During the night he would make space for her and they would sleep together in his bed, even if they were not supposed to do that.

No the week was over and he was preparing to leave. The doctor's had made it clear that he was not supposed to be up and running yet. They wanted him to rest for at least one more week. No major lifting, no heavy tasks and most of all.. to sit or lay down as much as he could. He hated the sound of that. Rose had already been in that place for too long and he could not stand it to leave her there even longer. The moment he got home he was planning to get her out.

So when Emily suddenly spoke up he was not sure how to feel about it. His face went from surprise, to a soft expression and

then to a somewhat pained one. "I don't know Em.." he just said as he looked at her, already seeing the struggle on her face. "I.. just want to go home. It has been a week already.. I just." He hated bringing Rose up with Emily, but this time he had no choice. "I need to get her out of there and I need to be home for that."

Emily face faltered then as he spoke, she knew she would have a fight with him on this one, clutching her hands once more she sighed deeply.

" You heard what the doctors said Nate, they want you to rest for at least another week, no heavy tasks, no lifting to sit down as much as possible...your body is fragile Nathaniel, one ...one knock and then what? You've said your self her..." paused then, she needed to tread carefully here, she didn't wanna send him of on one. , " That roses behaviour can be erratic at times..how do you expect to cope Nathaniel? If she trashes the house, if she has one of those moments then what?...." she sighed looked down to her hands . " I just don't want you rushing into this..."

He leaned forward and put his face in her hand as she spoke. He knew she was right.. it was a bad idea. He couldn't do much at all. Even just getting himself dressed was going to be a task. The scar on his stomach was still bothering him and his bruises were nowhere closed to healed. One of his arms are

pretty useless. Yet what else was he supposed to do? Leave Rose there?

"I will make it work.. I always have." He said, rubbing the bridge of his nose. "I can't just leave her there.. leave her in a goddamn prison." He felt desperate. "I wouldn't want that for anybody." He added to that.

Emily watched him then hearing him still fighting her then she groaned , standing up then she ran her hands through her hair. " Nathaniel please...it's not like that, Nora told you it isn't...she told you she's okay...you can't even get dressed Nathaniel how the hell are you going to look after her?.."

She stopped then stepping forward she took his face into her hands. " Look at me " she whispered her fingers dancing over his cheeks. " .why...why don't we go see her?...I know, I know your worrying about her, maybe...maybe if you see her there your know she's okay, you...your be able to take the time you need to recover...because you need to recover Nathaniel, and I know you won't do that unless you know she is okay...I dont have to come inside with you..I can wait outside.." she said carefully.

He turned away from her when she said that Nora had told him she was okay. Of course Nora had done that.. but how could he trust that. How could he trust that she as okay. He wanted to keep himself turned away from her, but she came

over and cupped his face into her hand and made him look at her.

He turned to look at her and listened to her suggestion to go visit Rose. He wanted to see her, yet he didn't want to see the place he had put her in. He didn't want to see the hell she had been in for that past week while he had been in the hospital. His eyes were still pained as he eventually answered her. "If we go see her and I still want to take her home.. will you let me?" He asked her.

Emily watched him, watching his expression carefully his words brought so many different emotions through her, she knew...she knew if he took her home, if he had her back in the house it was almost certain to be over between them...she knew she couldn't keep playing this game forever, being in this triangle...she loved him...and she knew he loved her, yet she was also painfully aware that above all else..Rose would come first.

She finally nodded softly towards him, feeling tears in her eyes her fingers dancing across his cheek as if wanting to memorise every last little line across it. " Yes.." she finally breathed out, feeling like it was the hardest thing she ever had to say.

He saw that tear filling up in her eyes right before she answered and eventually he saw it roll down her cheek. He felt guilty again. This time for completely different reasons.

Before he had felt guilty towards Rose for being with Emily.. this time he felt guilty about wanting to take Rose home instead of staying with Em. His words had gotten so incredibly complicated.. yet he could not leave Rose where she was.

He wiped the tear away from her face and kissed her forehead. "Thank you." He just whispered softly against her skin. "I will get them to finish my discharge."

Emily felt his hand swipe at her face, closing her eyes briefly as he leaned in to kiss her forehead, he thanked her and she didn't really know what to say, what did she say? Your welcome? Like she was giving him permission to be with his wife?, she moved her self to sit back down on the couch hearing him explain about getting his discharge sorted, she winced to see how urgent he wanted it done.. . " Okay..." she finally said sitting forward her arms resting on her knees as she idly looked down to her nails picking at the skin around it deep in thought.

The last thing she wanted to do was make things worse for him, to upset him in anyway..she knew..she knew from the second she met him his wife would always come first, it was something she had gotten used to, something she had simply worked around, but she knew....she knew she couldn't do this forever, if he took rose out today, if he took her home, she simply knew she couldn't do this anymore, she sighed at her

thoughts...it would break her heart...but she knew they could no longer continue like this.

He called a nurse in to get his discharge going. They wanted to wait at first, were not sure about letting him go, but he had the type of personality you didn't say no to once he got going. It took a total of an hour before they were ready to leave. The press had gotten tired of trying to find out information. The moment he had let people leak out information about his spleen removal and that he was out of danger they had seemed to leave them alone. So they didn't to worry about them at the entrance anymore.

The nurse got them a wheelchair and wheeled it into the room for them to use. In that hour Emily and him had been quiet and he knew it was his fault. He could feel the tension between them and he hated it. "Could you help me get dressed, love?" He asked her gently.

Emily had kept quiet as he sorted his discharge out, listening to the nurse trying to persuade him to stay longer of course she knew he would be completely against it, knew he would fight it...a part of her wished the nurse could persuade him more then she could, but she couldn't...

They were silent for a whole, before he asked her to help him get dressed she nodded lightly. " yeah, of course.." she whispered standing up

She walked over to the clothes he had laid out that he wanted for himself, bringing it over, she averted her gaze from his, she assisted him to sit on the edge of the bed so she could get him dressed easier.

Reaching behind she undone the dressing gown, peeling it from his body her eyes fell to the scar her hand coming out to dance over it lightly. " Your scars looking so much better now...I told you, you wouldn't be able to see it much.." she whispered, still not looking at his gaze she saw he was in his boxers already, kneeling down she tugged his socks on first before doing his trousers pulling them up his legs. " st...stand up and I'll do them.." she whispered.

She was trying so desperately to keep the tremour from her voice sucking her lips between her teeth in a attempt to stop them from trembling, once he stood she pulling the band round her fingers trembling a little as she struggled to do the button up eventually doing it and grabbing the zipper.

" S...sit down..I'll do your shirt.." she whispered unable to keep the tremour from her voice now, but so far she had managed to keep her tears at bay.

He watched her as she helped him out of his gown and got him dressed. He would work along with her as much as he could, but it was still hard for him to do much. Anytime he used the muscles on his stomach he could feel the trauma that as still

inside of him. But more than that was hurting him, her obvious trembling was hurting him more.

He watched her pull up his trouser and doing up the button and zipper. Normally he would have enjoyed this, but this time he couldn't. She told him to sit down to do his shirt and he did what she told him.

But before she could actually start to get his shirt on he gently pulled her against him. He would press her small body against his chest, being careful to not push her against his stomach. His arms wrapped around her, one around her back and the other at the base of her neck as he put his head on top of her shoulder. "What is wrong Em?" He asked, even if he knew what the answer would be. "Are you that upset with me?"

Emily went to reach for his shirt, before she felt him bringing her in against him, she simply closed her eyes enjoying the contact of him against her, her arms come up to wrap around his neck holding him close. She heard his words but didn't respond straight away, before she finally pulled away.

"I'm not upset with you..I.. " she paused then , she didn't wanna argue with him, she didn't want to fight she was sick of fighting, sick of the way they were with one another sometimes.. she wanted to remember this week for what it was.

"I'm just worried about you, that's all.." she whispered grabbing his shirt she carefully put it on him careful of his bad

arm before she brought it round to the front sorting his collar she started to do the buttons.

" I just don't want you doing to much and ending up back in here....that's all..., "

He didn't like how she pulled away. Even if her words said that she as not upset with him, her body language told him a different story. He found himself breathing out through his nose as she pulled his shirt around him. He felt like he could never do right by her. Never give her the things she needed from him in th moment she needed him.

"I just don't want you doing to much and ending up back i here... that's all..." He tried to find her eyes, but she avoided them. So when she was done with half of his buttons he pulled her face up so she had had no choice but to look at him. He had to do right by her.. at least this once. "I will come home with you.." he said then, though the hesitancy was hard to keep out of his voice. He had told her he would take care of himself for once.

He clenched his jaw as he said the next thing. Not able to leave that out even if he knew it was not what she wanted to hear.

"But I do want to see Rose.. I need to make sure she is okay."

Emily was trying to avoid his gaze perhaps afraid if she didn't she would end up crying again, she was sick of crying, sick of crying infront of him and making him feel guilty, it wasn't fair on him.

" I will come home with you..." she sighed then closing her eyes to hear him say that, it should of made her happy, and a little bit she was, but she heard how hesitate he was , and knew deep down he wasn't happy about it..

Of course she expected him to want to see rose, how could she not? Part of her wanted to ask him what would happen if they got there and she wasn't alright..but she didn't wanna ask him, they would cross that bridge if it come to it

Her hands come up to clutch his cheeks leaning down she kissed him, holding it for the longest of times, wanting it to last, wanting to savour it before she pulled away resting her for head against his.

" Were go see her..." she whispered moving to stand back up her hands smoothing down the collar of his shirt. " Do you....want me to come? I don't have to come in..I can just take you there.."

Her reaction wasn't exactly the one she had expected. She didn't seem as happy that he was giving her what she wanted. He didn't like this tension that lived between them and his attempt to solve it had now been unsuccessful. But then her hands moved up to his face and she pressed his lips against her. He parted his lips for her, letting he kiss him for as long as she liked as her hands came around her waist, moving over the small of her back and hips.

She broke the kiss and placed her forehead against his. "We'll go see her.." she said. "Thank you.." was all he could answer to that. She was sweet.. too sweet. She always had been. It was almost ironic that she always smelled like vanilla, it was the perfect scent for her. "I want you to come.." he said. He even wanted to ask her to come inside with him. Maybe if she saw Rose, saw how panicked she was, how unstable she was. Just maybe she will understand why he needed her out. But he felt like asking that would be too much.

"Let's get out of here." He said to her then, smiling at her gently. "Take me home with you." He chuckled softly before he attempted to get up and get himself in the wheelchair.

She smiled towards him then, her hand coming down to the rest of his buttons doing them up, allowing her hand to smooth down his chest carefully.

When he said he wanted her to come she smiled more nodding towards him. " I'll come with you...and..if you want me to come in with you I will, just tell me what you want.." and she meant it, regardless of the situation, regardless of how she felt, she wanted him to be happy, she wanted to support him as best she could, she knew he would need it.

She reached over to bring the wheelchair forward to make it easier, her arm coming to his better arm to support him. " Come on then old man, let's get you sorted.." she teased patting the wheelchair. " Were trying to keep you safe and yet

their letting me push you out in this...this is a hazard on its own.." she teased with a small chuckle.

He wanted to tell her right then. Tell her he wanted her in with him. That he needed her in with him. Yet he still could not bring himself to say it. He would see when they got there. Try and just get her to come in without asking, because asking felt like putting too much on her shoulders when he knew how much weight was already on there. He leaned in one more time, placing three tender kisses on her cheek. Kisses full of love and gratitude, to thank her for being so patient with him.

He let her support him as they put him in the wheelchair. A small wince escaping him as she fully fat him down. He hated how broken he still felt. He had hoped that after a week he would feel good enough to be on his own. Yet he had barely recovered at all it seemed. Some of his bruises even bothered him more. They said it was because he had been in bed that long and not using those muscles.

"You are not racing me down that hallway! I am warning you." He said as he heard the playfulness in her voice as she started to push her.

Emily heard the wince as he sat down and her face faltered, only reinforcing her words from earlier, he was not better, that was clear to see, and it was also painfully obvious if he tried to do too much he would be straight back here, she knew he wouldn't want that and neither would she.

Of course when he warned her she couldn't stop but giggle." Oh your warning me?.." she said the giggle still on her lips as she got him out of the main door. " I dont think your in a position to be warning me now do you?..." " she teased.

She got him into the hallway seeing the large open hallway she bent down to whisper his ear. " How far do you think I could get you down this corridor if I pushed you?.." she teased unable to stop her self as she kissed his lobe chuckling a little as she leaned up.

" Don't worry..If you fall out ill make sure you land on your good side." she teased the mischevious grin still against her face. " might wanna hold on..." she teased again before she started to move up the corridor picking up pace before she moved into a small job pushing him along as she did unable to stop her chuckle as she whirled him down the corridor, just wanting a moment of light heartedness.

He could find her warning up to do it. To race him down that hallway. "Em.. Em!" He started, but he was already to late. She was off, running as fast she could down that hallway. He grabbed into the armrest with his good side. Got this was terrifying, but it was fun too.

"Emily Weston! You stop right now!" He said, but he could not keep the chuckle from his lips as she turned a corner quickly and kept going. He just held on for dear life, his hand digging

into the armrest. His legs pushing against the footrests to try and keep himself seated.

“Please, stop!” He said then, this time just a bit more serious in between his chuckles. If she did indeed stop he would let out a sigh of relief and let his body relax against the wheelchair. God that had hurt.. the clenching had made him flex his abs. But he was not going to show her he was hurt as he just chuckled at her. “You are trouble Miss...”

Of course Emily heard his shouts and was unable to stop the chuckle that came from her lips. " Sorry I can't hear you!.." she shouted over his own shouts, whirling round the bend she continued going until she made it to the lifts, pausing then unable to stop the laugh from rolling off her.

" That's why you love me right?. " she teased with a chuckle bending to kiss his cheek as the lift doors opened and she headed in, pressing the ground floor she leaned against the railing panting a little from the running.

" I wonder if we could do a little of roading in that thing? " she teased before laughing again at his expression.

He was happy once she stopped and he couldn't keep the chuckle of his mind. The elevator was the pause that he needed. She was obviously having fun and it had been exactly what they had needed in that moment.

“It is.” He admitted at her with a smile that seemed to just admire all of her. Not just her beauty, but her personality, his strength. It was a look full of love and admiration. He accepted her kiss gladly and brushed his hand softly against her cheek.

“No off roading.” He warned her. “You are going to have to wheel me right back into the hospital if you do.” He chuckled.

She chuckled then as he said he didn't want to go over roading, grinning down to him. " I might not...I'm a good driver ill have you know.." she teased with a wink.

The elevator opened and unlike earlier she guided him out carefully, out the way she had gone on previous times just incase the media had turned up, all though they hadn't been around for a while now once they knew what had happened, the story became less interesting..

She guided him carefully towards the waiting Mercedes, there bags already packed from earlier. " This isn't my car..its my father's, when he moved he let me have it, so lucky for you I'll have to be extra careful in this otherwise he will kill me.." she teased with a chuckle.

She opened the passenger side offering her assistance to him. " Come on let's get you in "

He was glad when this time she seemed to take it a little easier with him. He looked around him as they left the hospital and he couldn't help but feel.. weak. Being wheeled out in a

wheelchair, unable to even walk for himself. He didn't like it. He didn't like being dependant on others, but this time he seemed to have no choice. He should have never driven home that night and he regretted it for so many more reasons then just his own pain.

He looked at the mercedes that was in front of them. "Your dad's car huh?" He chuckled. "Very nice." He joked with her, needing to at least poke back a little bit. "It is better then the small car I thought you would have." He said. He had long legs, he would be uncomfortable.

When she offered her arm he gladly took it and tried to get up to the best of his ability. It was still rough, but he managed to get himself in the car. The seatbelt went right over his scar and it was uncomfortable, but he was not going to leave it off. That seatbelt had saved his life a week ago. He would take the discomfort it gave him anytime.

"Sure is a nice change, you driving me around." He teased her as she got in the drivers side. He wondered what kind of driver she was. When the image of a roadraging Emily came to his mind he couldn't keep the chuckle from his lips.

Emily rolled her eyes not at his comment shaking her head. " I did have a small car, but I sold it, I didn't need it if I was having this one, I was hoping he was going to let me have it ..but the way he constantly makes me face time the car to see if

its all in tact tells me he will be having his baby back the second he lands in London.. " she teased with a chuckle.

She carefully assisted him into the car closing the door behind her before climbing into the drivers side placing her belt on she heard his tease and shook her head.

" I dont want any comments about my driving Mr Kingston..or your be on the side walk wheelchair and all.." she teased, pressing a button the engine roaring to life the heating coming on almost instantly a welcome relief from the cold outside.

" Where do you want to go first?.." she asked not completely sure if he wanted to go see Rose or go to hers now, her insides twisted with nerves for what was to come today, but she did her best to not let them show.

"I am making no promises." He chuckled at her as she didn't want him to comment on her driver. If she wanted to leave him by the side of the road, he could be his guest. Thought he doubted she would actually do that to him.

"Let's go to your place first, get settled in." He said as he placed his good hand on her leg. "I don't know where you want me. But we can see how to create a space where i can lay down. It is most comfortable." He said. He didn't want to steal her bed. If she wanted him on the couch that would be more then fine for him. He would need to call the facility first

anyway to confirm he was alright to come by. He would not barge in there and demand to see her.

" behave yourself..." she teased, as he said about her place she nodded. " were go there then. " she felt his hand on her leg and smirked, reaching down she took it giving it a small squeeze before pulling out of the parking lot.

" I was thinking the floor to be honest..I'm sure I could make it comfortable, I've got more then cushions and blankets...I'll just step over you when ever I need to get to the kitchen " she teased unable to stop her self from chuckling.

" Nathaniel...I want you to go where your be comfortable, your my main priority right now, you Need to rest so you decide where you want to go okay?..." she said stopping at the traffic lights she gave him a small smile.

"Were sort something when we get back to mine, take what is right for you, don't go worrying about me.." she teased patting his thigh before the traffic light went green.

She put the car in drive but found the car in front didn't go straight away her face furrowed before she sound her horn. " Do people just drive round blind. " she grumbled under her breath before the car eventually moved as she headed through, thankfully the traffic not so bad for the time of day it was.

He laughed at her little joke about him being on the floor, but soon after that she became a bit more serious about it. He

would be most comfortable in a bed. Somewhere he could lay down fully. It was the position his body rested in most. Yet he didn't want to take that from her. He wanted her to sleep peacefully and not have to worry about him laying next to her, to worry about touching him in places that would hurt him.

"I don't want to take your bed Emily. It is your bed." He just said with an apologetic smile. "I want you to be able to sleep in it whenever you need and not worry about me. I don't want to get food crumbs all into your sheets." He explained giving a big sigh. "It is still your house, even if you take care of me."

He looked up at her in surprise when she seemed be getting angry at the car in front of them. Sure it didn't go straight away, but really it was not a bad reaction time. He couldn't help the genuine laugh that escaped him. "You *are* a road rager.." he just laughed. He couldn't believe he had caused right. Why was it always the cute girls who turned into demons behind a steering wheel.

Emily sighed now at his words. " Nathaniel stop..ill be perfectly fine in their with you, if not i can have the sofa, do you know how many times ive slept on the sofa? Probably more times then i have the actual bed, stop fretting about me all the time, start thinking of you and your needs not everyone elses..." she said seriously, with a hint of tenderness behind her words " the whole point of you coming to me IS for me to

give you what you need isn't it?...so stop already..your having my bed end of conversation.." she teased.

Of course at his reaction to her she blushed shifting in her chair with a small grunt. " I have not got road rage! The man was sitting there at a green light...I was just politely letting him know it was green..." she huffed shaking her head . " I dont have road rage.." she muttered again, turning another corner heading down a quieter street now nearing where her apartment was.

"It was barely a second in!" He said in clear amusement. "The poor guy probably just blinked and already had you pushing at the backside of him." He teased her as he couldn't keep his laugh away. It hurt to laugh, but goddamn it was worth it. "You are adorable you know that." He squeezed her leg before taking his hand back.

He didn't comment any more on their fight about who took the bed or not, he didn't want to argue with her. He would see what happened when they got in there. Perhaps he would feel fine on the couch. Sure he was here because she would take care of him, but she still didn't like the fact that he needed someone too.

When they got to her apartment, he undid his belt, rubbing over his scar just slightly after. He stubbornly didn't wait for her to come and help him and tried to climb out on his own, grunting as he did so.

Emily rolled her eyes then at his comment. " it was more than a second Nathaniel, I wanted for at least...five.." she mumbled playfully unable to keep her own chuckle at bay shaking her head. " It was not that bad..." she muttered , feeling him squeeze her leg she smiled.

Seeing her apartment come into view she pulled it into her own space, flicking the engine of she headed out of the car, moving round to the passenger side she saw him stubbornly trying to do it by himself and frowned. " Being stubborn is only going to cause your recovery to be longer you know that right?.." she tsked him before assisting him the rest of the way out of the car.

" Now...do you want to walk to the lift through the doors, or do you want me to use the wheelchair? " she asked watching his face carefully . " Don't be stubborn neither..if your uncomfortable tell me and I'll get the wheelchair, the more you rest the better your be and quicker to..so pick wisely " she teased, she didn't wanna stop him having some independence but she also knew the importance of him not pushing himself to hard

He just looked into her eyes for a few seconds before he let out a deep breath he had been holding. "Fine.. get the damn thing." He then said, giving into her. He just didn't like being a cripple. He had never expected her to be that stern with him. She was like a lioness hovering over her injured cub. Allowing

them to make mistakes, just to tell them off for it and make them learn from it. He knew he should not do shit like that. But being taken care of was hard as hell.

As she put the wheelchair down next to him he would climb into it and just let himself sit and relax for a bit. Even from just climbing out of the car he could feel that he was already hurting. "I just hate it.. not being able to do things." He said. He was used to just being at things the whole day and it had already been a week of just laying in a bed. "Are you at least going to let me work a little bit now?" He asked, knowing the past week she had kept him away from his laptop.

Emily could see the frustration in his gaze, knew he didn't wanna rely on it , hearing his heavy sigh before he agreed to having it she smiled and moved to the back of the boot to grab it out, sorting it swiftly she shut the boot coming round with the wheelchair. " I'll grab all out stuff out shortly.. "

She patted the chair waiting for him to sit down upon it. Hearing his grumble her face saddened she knew this was hard for him. " It's not like your stuck in it forever now is it? It's Just until your better " she tried to comfort him giving his shoulder a quick squeeze before heading up to her apartment using the small ramp to gain access it.

Hearing him talk about work her lips came together before she sighed " I think I left your laptop at the hospital.. ." She teased

pressing the button for the lift she turned her eyes to gaze at him .

" I suppose I can't really stop you now can I?.." she teased with a smile thr lift pinging as she pushed him in, pressing the next floor up. " But your not stressing yourself out over work okay?...you need to rest and relax.." she hated feeling like a damn record playing the same tune over and over...but she simply wanted him to look after himself, something he had never really done before.

The lift pinged and she headed the small length to her door grasping her keys she opened it, pushing the door open before reaching for the wheelchair pushing him into her home. " Right here we are.." she said with a smile shutting the door and tossing her keys on the side.

"I think I left your laptop at the hospital.." he had to keep himself from turning around quickly at her, knowing it would hurt. But when he did see her face he instantly knew she was joking. "Wow.. classy Em, classy." He said with a soft relieved chuckle.

She pushed him into the wheelchair and said she would let him work if... he would rest and relax. "I promise." He said to her. "I just need to have something to do." And he meant it. He really didn't want to just sit around and do nothing, especially in a house that was not his.

She drove him inside “Right here we are..” she said with a happy smile and he looked around that familiar small apartment. It still smelled like vanilla even if she had not even been there for a full week. He loved her apartment. It was so her, so nice and fun and warm. His eyes would go from her bed, to her couch and back. “So I go on the couch right?” He teased her the, knowing it would get her going.

" I know you need something to do, to keep you occupied..I just want to make sure you remember to rest to.." she said with a smile.

Being inside her apartment she realised how *small* it was for two of them, but they would make it work for how ever long he stayed there for...she still couldn't shake the feeling of going to see Rose..she knew if they got there and she wasn't settled , she knew he would want her out..and she would have no fight in her to say no, especially knowing how much it hurt Nate to know she was suffering.

His next words caused her to narrow her eyes at him. " Your have the floor if your not careful..." she teased with a chuckle. " Come on let's get you settled on the bed..atleast then I can get stuff out the car "

He once again leaned on her to get up from the wheelchair. He felt bad for putting his weight all on her, but she surprised him by how strong she actually was every time. She easily

helped him up back to his feet. He walked to the bed and sat down on the side of it again.

“You want to help me out of these clothes again? I would rather wear something comfier.” He told her. “I think the pyjama pants are still in your car though.” He said thinking about it. He just rather not lay under the covers in his jeans and button up shirt.

Emily supported him fairly easily as they stepped towards the bedroom, assisting him to sit down. As he mentioned wanting to get into something comfier she smiled.

" Just give me a moment, I'll run and grab your bag, I won't be long.." she stepped out of the room and wasted no time in heading down to her car, flicking the boot open she grabbed his case , bringing it back into the apartment and was with him in no time.

" Okay..just trousers?.." she asked as she rummaged around in the case she brought in finding the trousers he wanted she brought them over.

She simply left him sitting at the side of the bed. He tried to get his buttons' undone, but with the way they had put the cast on his arm, he could barely use his fingers. He grumbled in frustration and by the time Emily was done he had only managed to undo two, his shirt sitting wrinkled around him from the attempt.

He smiled at her as she came back in with his bag of clothes. "Yes, just trousers is fine." He said as she found the ones he had meant. "Unless you want me without those too." He teased her a little bit.

Of course Emily had noticed he had attempted to undress himself, giving him a small apologetic smile, of course she felt bad for him, a man who was so fiercely independent having to rely on someone to help him, she knew it must be difficult, but there was a sense of admiration for her self that out of everyone.. he choose her to do it.

Emily came to him then and started to unbutton the other buttons on his shirt, his teasing words only caused her to chuckle. " On a normal day I certainly wouldn't say no.." she teased with a wink, reaching round she tugged his shirt of easily.

" Stand up for me.." she watched him stand her fingers coming to undo the button and the belt, her eyes coming to meet his gaze, a soft smile gracing her face before she moved in, unable to stop her self from kissing him, soft and tenderly pulling back, she wanted to say something...she wanted to tell him she loved him, but for some reason she didn't, she just smiled and finished doing his trousers tugging them down.

" You can sit back down again "

He would lie if he said he didn't miss being with her in that way. He had often found his body stirring for her when she

had laid with him in that small hospital bed, but this was not the time for him to actually act upon it. Even now he had to divert his attention fast or she would find a surprise when she helped him into those trousers.

He stood up from the bed again and felt her undo his jeans just before her lips pressed against his. He moved his hand up to grace her cheek and kissed her back. It was such a sweet kiss it almost made him shudder. She helped him into the other trousers and he sat himself back into that bed.

Her bed was soft, the blankets being very fluffy. He settled himself down so he was laying down with just enough support in his back that he as sitting up a little bit and pulled the blankets up over himself more. "Could you get me a pillow for my arm?" He asked her, finding it more comfortable when it was supported by something.

Emily wasted no time in getting him settled into the bed, ensuring he was in it comfortably, as he asked for another pillow she moved to grab him one, coming in she assisted him to get his arm supported by the pillow smiling warmly down to him.

" There..comfy? " she asked, her eyes taking on a more softer gaze, how many nights had she gone to bed and wished he was there beside her? How many nights had she wished he would come to her there, to hold her, stroke her..she spent so many

nights in this bed..alone and yearning for him, she wondered if he did the same for her.

" feels weird seeing you in my bed ." She whispered softly, she wanted to tell him more but found she lost the nerve.

" Can I get you anything?.." she asked sitting her self carefully on the edge of the bed.

“Yes, very comfy.” He said smiling at her. *You are the only thing that is missing* he almost wanted to add, but he held himself back from doing so. He would love her to come lay down with him. Being in the privacy of her home, it just awakened so many thoughts in him and he knew he needed to push them down. “Feels weird seeing you in my bed.” She whispered softly and it made a chuckle escape from his lips. “Feels weird laying in your bed.” He admitted.

“Could you hand me my phone, love?” He asked then. “And perhaps a bottle of water so I don’t have to keep asking you if I want a drink.”

Emily smiled towards him then as he admitted he to felt strange there, it was simply something she never thought she would ever see..him in her bed, she almost wanted a photo to keep for her memories.

She stood up then and went into his bag rummaging for his phone she passed it him. " Here I'll get you some water from

the fridge its colder.." heading to the kitchen she came back with a bottle of water handing it to him.

" I'm going to go get the rest of the stuff from the car.. " leaning up she pecked his lips before leaving the bedroom and making her way to grab all their bits.

"Thank you." He whispered to her as she handed him his water bottle. She gave him a sweet smile before he watched her leave the room to get there stuff.

As she was gone her found the number for the facility and rang it. He let them know he wanted to come by. The facility seemed hesitant to let him come and that only made him more nervous about going. Were they afraid he would sue them for how Rose was? In the end they agreed to let him come by, but he would need to follow the staffs instructions. He agreed to meet them around 4 pm in the afternoon which gave them a good three hours before they needed to go.

Emily proceeded to get all the stuff from the car bringing it up and leaving it in the lounge, she could hear vaguely Nathaniel on the phone, she heard roses name and knew he was calling the facility, she felt a ache inside her chest like no other then, she was scared...scared to take him there to see her, scared what she would find when they got there.

She would never dream of voicing any of her worries to him, she wouldn't dream of telling him she didn't want him To go...how could she? That would be incredibly selfish of her.

She had simply been spoilt recently, spoilt with his attention and affection that she had simply yearned for more of it. She wanted him..all of him...but she was losing hope slowly that it would ever happen..

She composed her self, waiting a moment more after his phone call to enter the bedroom, plonking his bags down on the floor. " Did you want your laptop?.." she asked casually opening his bag she begun to grab bits out wanting to at least organise his stuff as best she could..though she wondered why...he might change his mind later...and the sheer thought of it killed her.

He got off the phone and was still rubbing over the bridge of his nose when Emily walked in. He tried to force a smile into his face, to not show her that phone call had frustrated him. "Yes please." He answered her as she handed him the laptop. He placed it down next to him on the side table so he would have it available soon.

"I called the psychiatric hospital and we can come by around 4 pm. If that is alright with you." He added carefully. He could sense her mood had swiftd again and really hated that it had. They had felt so comfortable for a moment again.

He patted the side of the bed for her and if she would comply he would take a hold of her and pull him slowly against her. "I told you I would stay.." he said to her as he kissed her

forehead. "I won't change my mind, I promise." He petted her hair.

Emily smiled as he asked for his laptop, grabbing it from the bag she handed it to him, about to go and do something else before he spoke. She faced away from him now, feeling her eyes closed knowing they would be going today, she felt so anxious for it...mostly because she was worried she was going to be bad and knew he wouldn't react well to it....and maybe because she might actually meet her, and she didn't know how she felt about that.

She turned how ever smiling towards him. " That's fine, we will go then.." she simply said, before he petted the bed, she made her way over carefully, moving onto the bed on his good side, careful not to touch any of his sore spots, her head nuzzling against his neck , closing her eyes as her hand travelled carefully over the top of his chest.

" Don't promise me that..." she whispered, keeping her head where it was, she took a slow inhale of breath before continuing. " If we go, and she's not coping well, I know you won't be able to leave her like that Nathaniel...dont promise.me things you might not be able to keep .." she paused then unable to stop her self from voicing her concerns over the matter, it had been something bothering her most of the day, and she simply couldn't hold in those thoughts anymore.

He let her words settle into his mind for a small bit, their breathing the only thing that was between them in that moment. She doubted him and she had every right to doubt him in this. He didn't know what he would do if he saw her and she was doing bad. He didn't know what he could do if she was. Yet he wanted to keep that promise to Emily, to let her care for him so she would have her piece of mind.

She kissed her forehead again, letting his lips linger on her skin longer as he brushed her hair away from her face. "I will figure it out." He said to her in a soft voice as he held that was around her clung into her hip just a bit more, not wanting to let her get out of that bed.

"I will figure it out..." she felt her self tense a little bit, how exactly would he figure it out? He wouldn't leave her there like that, she knew that and she knew he did to, guilt was already eating him up about letting her be there as it was, if she was bad it would be hundred times worse.

"Your figure it out..." she repeated back to him, was all she said, she had so much more she wanted to say but simply didn't, she felt his hand cling to her hip and she sighed simply closing her eyes to allow her self to simply breathe him in for a moment trying to relax her mind, not wanting another argument with him, feeling one brewing within her she tried to contain it, he didn't need that today.

He hugged her closer against him, not caring about the discomfort it might bring him. He put her chin over her head and just softly rocked them both back and forth. He closed his eyes as well and just wallowed in the silence that filled the room.

He wanted to say so many things to her. He wanted to apologize, he wanted to tell her he loved her, he wanted to feel her body. He wanted so many things in that one moment. He wanted to do anything that would make her happy, yet he knew he could not. So he just enjoyed that moment, holding her until she would eventually pull away from him.

she kept her eyes closed, feeling him nestling closer against her, she to had so many things she wanted to say, so many things she felt they needed to sort out, but nothing come, she stayed like this for a while, trying to take his comfort, trying to settle the anxiety pulsing through her about later, but she simply couldn't settle anymore...

Pulling back carefully she smiled lightly towards him. " Try and rest a bit before later...I'm going to get a shower and sort some things before we go.." she whispered bending down she kissed his lips , her hand stroking down his cheek before she pulled back watching his expression as she allowed her finger to dance across his jaw.

" I love you..." she found her self whispering to him, bending she kissed his lips one more time before lifting her self from the bed.

He kissed her back, reluctantly taking his arm away from her. He could feel there was something wrong. The tension between them caused by the words unsaid as she pulled away from him, telling him to rest. He didn't want to rest, he didn't want to be in that bed alone. It was *her* bed for fucks sake...

"I love you.." she whispered into him. He could feel his heartbeat sink. How much he loved to hear those words from yet, yet there had been such sadness behind them. He kissed her back, but she left him way to soon. "I love you too.." he just said after her as she walked out of the bedroom.

He could curse himself, so angry for being the way he was, so frustrated with how things were. He tried to settle himself down, tried to rest and sleep like she had told him to do. But he just couldn't. He grabbed his laptop and got to those e-mails that had needed answering for a long time already.

Emily found her self in the bathroom now standing under the hot sprays of the shower, her head tilted up as she tried to push away everything she was feeling, she kept telling her self she wouldn't make things difficult for him, kept telling her self she would be strong , at least until it mattered. Right now he had a million and one things going through his mind and here she was breaking down yet again...

She released a frustrated sigh at her self, she hated what she was becoming, so consumed by him that she simply couldn't function right , she was so happy one moment and so down and upset the next...she simply just didn't know where she stood, his reactions to her and the way he was with her told her he needed her, and yet more then one occasion he had pushed her away, they snuck around in fear of people finding out about them...the only time they spent together alone was because they was away...she closed her eyes then , a sinking feeling deep within her, she couldn't continue like this and she knew it...something had to give..she would wait to see how today turned out, to see what would happen with Rose...before she made any more decisions.

Climbing out the shower she wrapped her self in a towel, grabbing one for her hair she stepped back into the bedroom, her skin still had small water droplets over her arm as her hand ran the towel through her hair to dry it watching him on the laptop she smiled.

" It didn't take you long did it.." she teased, taking a seat at her dresser the towel she wore came just above her thighs, her gaze watching him with a grin .

He had gotten lost in his work then. Replying to email after email. Typing proved to be a problem though and it was going much slower then he had anticipated it would. He made may typing mistakes that he needed to delete again, would have

trouble navigating the mouse with the little pad on the front of the laptop now that he couldn't use his main hand and just overall it had not been the best thing. Something that had meant to relaxing had gotten him even more wound up and frustrated.

"It didn't take you long did it.." he heard her voice and his eyes looked up from his screen to meet hers. He had not even heard her come in, too focused on his writing. Yet when his eyes met her body he couldn't help but smile. Her hair still being so wet from her shower, small drops of water still over her skin and that towel sitting teasingly just above her thighs, blocking anything higher from his view. He instantly found himself slightly aroused and closed the laptop without a second thought, placing it on his lap so she wouldn't see the erection that had formed underneath the blanket.

"You can't come in here looking like that.." he teased her gently. "Not when I am stuck in bed."

Emily watched as he promptly closed the laptop when she walked in, her hands dancing over her wet hair as she attempted to dry the majority of it away.

His words caused a small grin to come against her features, unable to stop herself from teasing. "Like what Mr Kingston?..." she teased her gaze meeting his her cheeks a slight shade of pink as her eyes danced over his frame.

" How would you of expected me to come out the bathroom hmm?...perhaps fully dressed?.." she teased moving her leg , perhaps slower than she needed to , to fold over the other one, nothing was really revealed to him, apart from more of her leg now the towel still running through her hair .

"Yes.." he just said. Of course she wouldn't have. It was her damn house. Yet seeing her like that and not being able to do anything about it, damn it was frustrating. He just rubbed over his beard slightly, trying to distract himself, yet his eyes kept moving towards her and he couldn't help but want to pull that towel off her.

When she kept teasing him he took the pillow that as under his bad arm and threw it at her. "Get out of here you." He chuckled at her. God.. she was trouble.

Emily couldn't stop the chuckle that left her as he tossed the pillow towards her feeling it hit her side she laughed harder.

" I thought you wanted me to be able to do what I normally do with you being here? And now your complaining about me getting ready in my own bedroom?.." she teased

" no one is forcing you to watch you know.. " she teased, she knew she shouldn't knew he wouldn't be gey frustrated that he couldn't do what perhaps he might want to do with her, but she couldn't stop...besides...there was always other things she could do to him if he felt he needed it...that wouldn't require him to do much...the thought had her grinning to her self

taking the towel away from her hair she moved to rub it down her arm lightly.

He couldn't help the low growl that left his mouth at her words. Of course he wanted her to do her thing in her house. Yet why did she have to look so tempting in that towel. Why did it have to be just long enough to cover her. Why did it show off all those shapes she had so well. It was terrible and unfair.

So he tried to take his eyes away from her as she dried herself off, trying to concentrate on other things in the room. Yet it never took more than a few seconds before he found himself look at her again. Waiting for that towel to leave her body. She had to take it off sometime.

Emily couldn't keep the grin of her face as she heard his growl, keeping her face turned away from him so he didn't see it, she knew she shouldn't...she knew she should behave , but she just simply couldn't.

Standing now from the chair she moved across her bedroom, humming softly to her self, she hadn't faced him yet she couldn't in fear she would end up laughing , she knew full well he was watching her..

Her hands came to the towel then and promptly allowed it to fall to the floor, her back remained to him as she started to rummage through her drawers. " Hmm what to wear...", she muttered to her self thought even she couldn't stop the

humour in her tone as she started to pull things from her draw bending occasionally as she did.

He pressed that laptop into his lap more. When that towel dropped to the ground and her naked back and pretty round behind was uncovered for him he could just feel his erection growing. She was being mean, incredibly mean. She knew what she did to him yet here she was. Taking her goddamn time getting dressed.

He brought his hand up to his face, having his thumb on one side of his face and his fingers on the other side as he once again just tried to look anywhere but at Emily, trying to resist the urge to bite into his hand.

He hadn't said anything but he didn't need to, she could already hear the expressive sighs he was giving, she couldn't resist peeking round to see what he was doing, seeing his hand on his face she looked away unable to stop the small giggle that came from her, she simply couldn't keep it in.

She grabbed some underwear from her drawer...something she picked when they were away together she smiled teasingly then biting her bottom lip lightly, they were nice...sexy even.

She found her self bending now her body curved as she slipped the knickers on first, allowing them to drag up her body before settling on her rear.

" Your awfully quiet back there..." she teased then, unable to stop her self from turning round then, leaning against the drawers . " I meant to ask if you got much work done earlier..." she asked idly though the smile still grazed her features in a playful manner...god this was fun..

It wasn't till that chuckle let her lips and he saw the type of underwear she was picking out that he figured it out. She was doing this on purpose. She knew exactly what she was doing and she was having fun doing it. He instantly just found himself actually biting on that hand before another soft growl came out of his mouth.

He put the laptop away then, no longer caring about hiding what was underneath it. She had caused it knowingly, so why should he care if she saw. When she got closer to him and leaned against the drawers he reached out and hooked one finger under her underwear, pulling her towards him. If she came close enough he would kiss her stomach over her bellybutton. "You are mean." He said before placing a sloppy wet lick over it.

Emily couldn't stop the chuckle from leaving her lips as he tugged her in, feeling his lips against her stomach feigning a shocked gasp. " Me? Mean? I'm afraid I have no idea what your referring to Mr Kingston.." she teased before chuckling as he licked at the spot.

" I wouldn't say I was being mean.." she teased her hand coming to his head to dip it up, her lips meeting his in a fierce embrace, her tongue toying with his, before she pulled away taking his lip between her teeth as she dragged it back. " Now that's mean.." she whispered against his lips with a playful grin.

She kissed him so fiercely, he had not been expecting it. Her tongue danced with his own and he could feel his erection twitch underneath the sheets. He returned her kiss eagerly, only feeling his lust grow before she pulled back from him again. "Now that's man.." she said with a playful grin.

He wanted to grab her, wanting to pull her into that bed with him and take her in that bed like he had wanted to do for months. Yet the moment he put even some strength into that pull he could feel his body complain, reminded of just how hurt he was still.. he couldn't help the small curse that left his lips as he settled back down.

"Very mean.." he agreed.

Emily felt the way he wanted to tug her in, watched the pained expression cross his face and she couldn't help but feel a bit mean in that instance.

' Hmm...maybe it was a bit..' she teased of course she had noticed that erection beneath the sheets, her lips came to his once again, kissing him softly and slightly more sensual, her hand ran down his good side to back it to his trousers, she

could feel his erection there, her hand rubbing along it through the material of his trousers, her lips moving to his jaw placing soft kisses along it until she made it to his lobe, her hand squeezing around him then, rubbing it playfully around those pajama trousers he wore.

" How could I make it up to you?.." she whispered sensually into his ear nipping the lobe playfully as she did.

He closed his eyes when her hands travelled down his body and found it's way to his erection. It was the last thing he had expected to be doing that day, yet he loved it. He kissed her back gladly, his hand moving behind her hair and holding her head with him gently before letting her go again to plant kisses along his jaw and moving to his ear in the end.

"How cold I make it up to you?" She whispered to him and he could feel a deep groan leave his mouth. He knew he couldn't fuck her. He couldn't get up from that bed and get rough with her. Yet he couldn't help but think that perhaps if she was gentle.. she could ride him. "You could put that pretty mouth to use somewhere else." He said with a playful grin. He wanted that first before they tried something that might not work at all.

Emily heard his words and couldn't stop the playful grin coming across her face. " Hmm...I guess I could.." she teased against his lobe, nipping it playfully, she let her lips move to

his neck placing gentle kisses against it before moving to his shoulder, her hand continuing its playful strokes.

She pulled her self away then, moving his laptop and placing it on the table beside her bed, she grabbed the covers on the bed and dragged them down his body.

She moved her lips allowing them to travel down his chest, placing soft careful kisses there, covering some of the bruises he still had before she reached his trousers.

Her hands came and tugged his trousers as carefully as she could to bring them down his frame, before doing the same with his boxers, seeing his erection then she couldn't stop the small sensual moan to leave her lips...god she wanted him so badly..her hand reached out to take him into her hand, stroking softly before she bent her head down and licked along his shaft, a small red tinge coming to her cheeks, before she finally took some of him into her mouth sucking on the tip of him as her hand continuing to work the base.

She was doing it in such a sensual way that he found himself taking deep breaths more often than not. She watched her slowly making her way down there. He had to remind himself to relax as every time he tensed up his muscles because of her action he would feel the hurt in his body. In a strange type of way, he was the one bound down this time, even if it was not by ropes or cuffs.

He watched her take him out of his boxers, how she held him up next to her face and licked the base of him. "God you are sexy.." he just whispered at her. She took him in her mouth and he groaned out. Once more he tensed his muscles, especially his abs and was quickly reminded her needed to relax. So he took another deep breath, trying to just relax into her movements. "Good girl.." he complimented her.

" Relax..." she whispered up to him after she released him from her mouth her hands continuing their soft strokes over his length.

" Just lay there let me do the work.." she teased before she moved back down to him, shifting her body so she had a better angle to do this, her hand pumped his base a little quicker as her mouth took him once again, groaning around his length as she bobbed her head intimate with her hand movements, her tongue toying with him in her mouth with each Bob.

"You say that like it is easy." He said as he breathed out once more. It wasn't that he couldn't let her do the work for him. It was that his body just automatically wanted to move along with her movements. That every stroke of pleasure she send through him made him want to tense his muscles. She was too good at what she did for him to simply lay there.

And she soon started to work him more. She put his head back into those pillows, trying to relax as she worked on him.

Groans leaving his mouth to let her know how he as making her feel. “Fuck.. Em..” he moaned out her name.

Emily allowed her eyes to move up to his face then, watching as he dipped back, watching his expression, she could see the pleasure there and it sent a small shudder through her, he was always so worried about satisfying her....but she wondered if he truly understood the extent of how simply pleasing him brought her so much pleasure, watching the way she was able to make him moan and groan the way he did egntied something in her that was like pure fire.

She released his base then and simply allowed her mouth to do the work, she bobbed on his length a little quicker now, and then slowed down pulling him so he was nearly released before going back down again, a few times she simply pushed him down as much as she could before coming back up, one hand coming to rest on his thigh to support her self, squeezing it lightly.

She was good at this, much better then she probably realized she was. He couldn't remember someone ever going down on him with such excitement, such dedication. Every time she pushed herself to take all of him he couldn't help but groan loudly as he felt the tightness of the back of her throat, the way it squeezed together as she was probably trying not to gag on him. “Damn Em..” he couldn't help it and meant it as a compliment.

He still needed to keep reminding him to not move, his hips sometimes just getting a life on their own before he would be reminded by his own body to keep still. "So eager.." he chuckled at her.

Emily could hear his moans and it simply spurred her on more, her hand coming back to his shaft again to allow it to pump gentle strokes as her mouth continued the movements she was doing before.

His next words had her releasing him, taking a gasp of air, her fingers still moving over his slickened shaft now, her tongue lapping over her lips playfully.

" I'm always eager for you...I thought you would of known that by now..." she whispered up to him, her hand continuing the strokes before she bent down, she didn't take him again this time, instead she teased him a little allowing her tongue to simply glide over him lightly, slowly..her hand movements becoming much slower now.

As she took her mouth away from him and moved her hand over his shaft he could feel just how slippery her saliva had made him. She moved almost without friction around him, creating this intense feeling of bliss even if she was going slow.

He looked down at her again as she was now just using her tongue to roll around his tip. "Now you are just mean again." He chuckled at her, his eyes playful as they looked at her. "You

want to try and be on top?" He asked her then, licking his lips as he asked.

Emily grinned up to him as he said she was being mean. " Seems I can't do anything right today doesn't it?.." she teased playfully.

His next suggestion had a small groan leaving her lips at the thought, she could already feel the delicious ache between her legs for wanting him, could feel how wet she was, she wanted him...badly...but she was unsure.

" Nathaniel...I dont want to hurt you.." she whispered her hand continuing their strokes as they spoke.

He knew she would be hesitant. She cared to much to willingly hurt him. But that little hint of lust that was in her eyes. "I know." He said, but he still took her arm and pulled her face closer up to him again. "But we can take it slow, gentle.." he said to her as he brought his lips against her. "We don't have to go hard." He promised her. He just wanted to feel her. "I don't need to cum, I just want to feel you." He whispered into her mouth.

Emily felt the tug on her arm as he pulled her up the bed to meet his face, her face faltered as he spoke returning the small kiss.

His words had her groaning tipping in to kiss his lips again, she wanted to do it so badly, to feel him inside of her again, it

had only been a week yet it felt so much longer than that, she nuzzled his nose gently her need over taking any other thought then.

" Okay...but if it hurts you tell me to stop...okay?.." she whispered against his lips before she slid of the bed just long enough to take her panties of, she moved onto the bed then carefully, her leg folding over his waist ensuring they were to close to anything she might hurt, she positioned her self carefully, moving down she guided him carefully into her , she was already more then ready for him as he slid inside so easily causing a small groan of delight to leave her lips as she sank down onto him completely, she could feel him so easily inside of her and god he felt good..she simply sat there for a moment adjusting to him being there before she carefully started to rock her hips back and forwards slowly at first gaging his reactions to make sure he was okay.

He couldn't help his excitement as she agreed with him. She grinned softly as she pulled back from him and moved of the bed to take her panties off. He watched her carefully climb over him and of course she did not hurt him. "I will." He said, looking her in the eyes.

And then she guided him inside her. The warmth of her was almost overwhelming to him. He didn't even know why she felt so good in that moment but she did. He had to breath out

deep just to keep himself from tensing his muscles in that moment. Some groans escaping him at the same moment.

At first he kept his good hand on her hips, feeling the rocking of it. "See, it works.." he grinned at her. As she settled into a motion he brought his hand down to her sex, finding that knob between her folds and rubbing his thumb over it as she moved her hips on him. His eyes watching as he slid in and out of her. "God.. that's sexy Em."

Emily gasped as she felt his hand moved to touch her, closing her eyes she tipped her head back enjoying the feeling of him moving inside of her, the feeling of him touching her.

His words caused a sensual shudder to run through her, she reached back to grab his thighs redirecting most of her weight away to ensure she didn't put any pressure on his front, her body arched back a bit putting as much of her weight there as she could, her hips moved a little quicker now a soft moan leaving her lips. " Nathaniel.." she groaned eagerly

He could feel her changing the way she put his weight on him, and her leaning back actually helped a lot with keeping pressure of his stomach. It also opened her up to him more, making it easier to look between her legs and see himself move between her folds. He loved this view and somehow not being able to actually do anything himself was making the whole experience so different from their usual intercourse.

He kept his thumb on her clit, increasing the pressure slowly as he kept circling it, wanting to feel like he was at least doing something to her.

Emily groaned loudly as he kept the pressure on her clit, her fingers dug into his thighs, her breath coming out in a small pant now, her body arched more, her head dipping back leaning as much of her weight that way that she could.

Her hips got a little quicker then, the feeling of him inside of her this way was incredible, his finger dancing over her bud only heightened her pleasure. " God this feels good..." she moaned out unable to stop her self because it did, she circled her hips a few times changing the way she moved him inside of her groaning at the new sensation before she went back to her normal rocking motions, her hips quicker yet again as she felt her orgasm pulling inside of her.

She was starting to get more aggressive, more eager. Her body started to come together with his in a more forceful manner and he could feel those small waves of shock that it created vibrate into his stomach. Yet he was so close to his orgasm himself, so close to own climax that he did not want her to stop. And he could feel that she was close too.

He increased those small circled on her clit as he wanted her to come on along with him. And it took only a few more moves from her to get him over the edge. That was when he simply

couldn't keep his body from tensing up, her hips even coming up to thrust inside of her for that last moment.

"Fuck... aaarrg!" He yelled out after he found his release in her. "That hurt..." he said after gritting his teeth as he tried to relax again. A small chuckle followed soon after. "But so worth it."

Emily was panting now, feeling her release pushing inside of her, the way his fingers pushed against her clit had her groans coming more rapidly.

" God I'm close..." she moaned out her back arching more behind him her hips moved just a little quicker and harder before she found her release and cried out.

But before she could bask in the feeling of it pushing through her he had his own climax, and his own cry , the pain radiating of his voice as she moved forward on his hips trying to remain still.

" Oh god Nathaneil are you okay?? " panic rushed through her then, not wanting to move at all in fear she would hurt him if she did, her hands left his thighs to come beside her. " I'm so sorry..I told you we shouldn't of done it.." so consumed in her worry over him she didn't even hear his last comment or laugh, she was so focused on making sure he was alright.

He just breathed a few small breath through his teeth as he slowly relaxed in the sheets again. The tension of it probably

having just pulled against the stitched that were still inside of him, but nothing seemed to have really done much damage.

He could hear the worry in her voice and the sudden stop of her own moan. Almost cursing himself for ruining her release. "It's fine, i'm fine." He tried to calm her down as she was still on top of him. "God.. that was good." He just chuckled at her. "You should get dressed in the bathroom next time." He teased her.

Her brows furrowed together to watch the slight discomfort on his face, hearing his words she relaxed a little bit. " Are you sure?.." she asked again, her hands coming to tenderly stroke along his lower stomach, checking him over as if expecting something to be showing but there wasn't.

His next words had a small smile coming across her face, but his teasing words caused a chuckle to leave her lips. " I think that would probably be wise..ateast for now.." she teased. " I'm gonna get of you just..stay still okay?.." she said before she carefully moved of his hips ensuring she didn't touch or knock his frame, as she settled on the bed beside him, her hand coming to stroke his cheek tenderly. " Are you sure your okay? Need any pain meds or anything?.."

He nodded as she told him to stay still and watched her climb of him, his manhood falling our if her complete with him cum sticking around it. He relaxed a bit more then as she kept fussing over him.

"Yeah.. maybe that is a good idea." He whispered against her as she suggested pain meds. He really was feeling if after that last moment but it had been his own fault. It had not been because she had been on him. He just couldn't control his body. "Would you grab me a towel as well?" He asked, wanting to wipe himself off.

Emily nodded quickly, moving to grab him a towel she passed him that first before making her way over to the bag, grabbing out the pain meds she looked over them to see which one would be best.

She popped a couple of them coming back over she sat on the edge of the bed, taking the towel from him now he had cleaned himself up. " Here take these..." she said handing him the tablets and popping the water open for him, clear concern edged against her features. " I'm sorry...I should of been more careful..I should of said no.." she whispered clearly blaming her self for all this..well..it was technically her fault...

he accepted the towel from her and started to wipe himself clean. It was hard to do with one hand but he managed to get it done. He then pulled the trousers and boxers up as much as he could without moving to much so he was no longer uncovered.

He took the pills from her and took them all af once before drinking a generous amount of water after it. He had to stop drinking as he chuckled at her apology. "Stop." He demanded from her. "I wanted it." He said and pulled her in for a kiss. "It

wasn't even you being on top that hurt me." He assured her. "It was worth it." He repeated once more as he placed three short kisses on her mouth.

Emily heard him tell her to stop and she felt a slight blush come to her cheeks then, smiling softly down to him her hand coming to church his cheek , unable to stop the small chuckle that left her lips before she returned his kisses happily.

She leaned back then, releasing a small sigh. " Suppose I should really get ready this time huh?... " she teased with a chuckle, leaning down to kiss his lips lightly one more time before moving of the bed to once more attempt to get ready.

Nothing more happened between them once Emily got ready. Nate used the time that was last to let the pain meds sink in as they made him feel just the smallest bit woozy, allowing him to get the rest that Emily so desperately wanted him to get.

It didn't take long the for 4 PM to get close and they needed to get going if they wanted to make it. Emily had helped him dress and get back in the wheelchair as they got into the car. He could feel a bit of tension building up inside of them as they were getting ready to see Rose. He had never been without her for such a long period of time and somehow it made him very nervous to see her, nervous that she was angry at him for leaving her for that long.

The rest of the day had gone by quicker then perhaps Emily wanted it to, and in all honesty she had spent the last few

hours simply watching him as he slept, the closer to 4pm it came..the more...anxious and nervous she became, of course Nathaniel was the same, she could see the anxiety playing across his face at knowing he was going to see Rose. They didn't say much about it..they didn't need to, both of them knew how the other felt, and in this moment they simply left each other to their own thoughts, neither one wanting to upset the other.

Emily was driving now, her hands clutching the steering wheel, she could feel her heart hammering in her chest knowing where they were going, so many times she wanted to slam on the breaks, turn around, go back to her house force him back to bed and keep him there...she was afraid...afraid that seeing Rose would trigger something in Nathaniel and he would push her away again, he would tell her he simply couldn't do it, the thought had her inhaling deeply, already feeling the heart ache that was set to come her way, her fingers clutched even tighter to the steering wheel as she took the car up a large winding road, she knew the facility was up here...and the closer she got, the more emotional she felt...she sucked them back as she pulled in , she looked to the facility in front of her, he wasn't what she expected.. it looked so beautiful so tranquil it almost had her smiling.

She pushed her own emotions away then, this wasn't about her now, this was about him..despite how she felt, right now she had to do what's right, and that was being there for him.

She looked over seeing his eyes staring at the place and she reached over carefully taking his hand she squeezed it. " If you want me to come...I will.." she whispered trying to keep the tremor from her lips.

The drive was more harsh then he thought. You could cut the tension in the air with a knife. Multiple times he wanted to talk to her, to assure her he would drive back home with her, but he knew it was not something he could say. There was just too much going on between them that they could not speak about in that moment. He wanted her to be comfortable, but right now he couldn't make that happen.

They pulled up the facility and it only brought his mood down more. He had been here before, many times. He had toured the facility many times, knew exactly what it looked like in and out. He knew they had gardens behind those high walls. He knew there were private rooms set up with colorful sheets and beautiful potted plants. It all looked good, yet it felt to him like a prison.

"If you want m to come.. I will.." she said to him as she took his hand. He squeezed it back as he looked over at her. He felt that lump in his throat. "I would like that." He said, his voice sounding hoarse from the emotions running through him. He watched her get out of the car and get the wheelchair out for him. She helped in it and they would walk towards the facility together.

Emily simply smiled at him giving him another reassuring squeeze to his hand, she stepped out the car walking to the boot she took a moment to simply compose her self, she could feel her hands trembling as she popped the boot and pulled his wheelchair out, she set it up before assisting him in it.

She looked to the facility then, giving him one more reassuring squeeze to his shoulder before she wheeled him up the short distance to the double doors of the facility they opened up for them leading them into a large foyer, she found her self looking around at how beautiful it looked inside, but her nerves were so rattled she couldn't completely enjoy it, her hands squeezed the handles a little harder noticing a few people heading towards them now.

He would motion for her to bring him to the front desk. A lady was waiting there, glad in just regular clothing. He knew they all did. They believed uniforms would just upset their patients and that it was better to be with them as equals. The lady looked up at them. "How can I help you?" She asked. "Mr. Kingston. I am her to see Rose." He said to her. The eyes of the lady instantly noted some kind of recognition with the name. "Yes, please take a seat. Someone will come and get you." She said in a friendly way even if there was a hint of nervousness in her tone. A nervousness that Nate didn't like.

So they waited on someone to show up and come to talk to them and whoever it was left them waiting. He could feel his

feet tapping against the footrest of the wheelchair, his jaw clenching as he tried to relax his body. "What is taking so goddamn long..."

Emily did as he directed taking them to the front desk, she smiled softly to the woman, she of course saw the anxious gaze she gave him, and it sent a small shudder of concern through her, already she felt like the day was set...she wasn't going to be okay...she wasn't got to be settled...and he wouldn't leave her here.

They moved to take a seat, Emily looked over to Nathaniel now watching how stressed and anxious he seemed, she wanted to reach for him then, would he want her to here? With his wife somewhere? With the facility staff around?

" Nathaniel..." she whispered out tenderly to him, waiting until his gaze met hers she gave him a small smile. " They won't be long okay?...I'm right here, your not doing this on your own.. and..what ever needs to be done..." she took a moment to steady her self giving him a small reassuring smile. " We will do together...okay?..."

He wanted to believe her, but the more time he was waiting there the more convinced he was that something was wrong. What if they had confined her to her room, or worse.. tied her down because she had been out of control. He had seen them medicate her before when it had gotten so bad he needed to

call an ambulance. He hated it and he didn't want it and he knew they had to means to do it here.

When he had been about to open his mouth a doctor finally walked towards them and adressed them. "Mr Kingston?" He asked. "Yes, why did that take so long? I want to see her." He said, the demand clear in his voice. "My apologies for the wait, but I would like to talk to you before we go see her. Please follow me." He said, giving him a smile to try and keep him calm.

Nate reluctantly agreed and let Emily wheel him along till they were in a private room. He offered them both a glass of water before he talked again. "I am Dr Albern, I am the primary care taker of your wife since she came here a week ago. I want to first of all asure you that Rose is doing alright." He started. Nate wanted to let out a sigh of relief, yet he felt like there was something hidden that is left to be said. "In fact she is dong really well." He added to it before a small pause came. "I would request of you to not go and see her."

Emily watched his face carefully, could see the conflict playing out against his gaze, god she could see the worry and torment he was putting himself through and she found her brows furrowing together, she wanted to reach for him then, before she finally noticed the doctor coming over, her eyes moving up to smile towards him softly.

She winced as she heard his demand plowing through the man in front of her, she wanted to tell him to relax but she knew it would be useless, he was far too worked up, she knew nothing she was likely to say would know him calm.

She followed closely behind him as they got directed to the room he had assisted them to, she was grateful for the water she could already feel her throat running dry.

" I want to reassure you that rose is doing alright.. " she instantly felt like a weight had been lifted from her shoulders, and she knew Nathaniel felt the same his sigh was enough to tell her that.. of course the doctor's next words had her face faltering, she opened her mouth as if to say something but closed it promptly this wasn't her business she had no right getting involved in it, her eyes flicked to Nathaniel however, knowing this was probably something he wouldn't want to hear

"What do you mean you request me to not see her? I want to see my wife!" He instantly said, feeling the need to slam his fist on the desk, but barely holding himself back. It ended up as just a weird movement with his hand before it settled down again.

The doctor saw the movement and he sat back just a bit. He was probably used to aggression from people coming in here. "I understand that is not what you came here for, but I want you to hear me out for a moment." He said and gestured towards

the water, a silent suggestion for him to take a sip and settled himself down. He complied and took a drink as he tried to relax himself.

“When Rose originally came with us she was unsettled, I believe you were also informed of this. But something we found out soon was that being removed from the situation she knew and being put into a completely new situation calmed her down. Over the last couple of days she has been opening up to us and talking more about the trauma that she is dealing with. We are making process with her.” He explained.

“Anything

that we introduce that is linked to her life at home has seemed to trigger her though. Even just something as simple as handing her a journal she used to keep or showing her a picture of you. They all send her off.” He said. Nate clenched his jaw as he told him about the picture. A lump again in his throat. “Because of this I believe it would be a bad idea for you to go see her.”

He averted his eyes, rubbing over his beard as he tried to piece together what he had just been told. “So.. you believe I am her problem? Is that what you are telling me?” There was anger and frustration in his voice as he asked it. “No Mr. Kingston. I believe that her problem is that things from her life, including you and your house, send her back to that faithful day. And putting her in this new situation where everything is

unfamiliar has had the opposite effect.” He explained to him. Nates hand just rubbed over his beard even more. “I can’t just leave without seeing her.” He said even as he was trying to be understanding of what the doctor was telling him.

“We have Rose in one of the communal spaces at this moment. It has a one way window. You will be able to see her, but she won’t be able to see you.” The doctor told him giving him that option. “If you truly want to speak to her, that is your call. But I strongly advice against it.”

Emily listened to everything the doctor had to say, she could hear the anger and confusion in Nathaniels words and it caused sadness to rush through her, she could only imagine how he was feeling in that moment her gaze flicked to his face watching some many emotions rushing through them, she looked to the doctor then, sighing gently.

" Could you please give us a moment?.." she asked him carefully, the doctor smiled towards her standing up as he did " I will give you all the time you need to discuss this, I can understand this is frustrating for you Mr Kingston, I imagine anyone in your position would feel the same..please consider what I've said carefully, we only have her best interest at heart.ill wait outside. " he gave them both a warm smile before he left the room.

The second that door shut Emily moved from her chair and knelt in front of him. " Nathaneil look at me.." she whispered

her hands moving along his legs in an attempt to comfort him, she watched his gaze meet hers.

" I know this is hard for you, I can only imagine how your feeling right now, but if what he is saying is right...then you should listen to him.." she swallowed a little bit then she didn't want him to think that she was only saying this to benefit her in anyway, because she wasn't...she wanted to do what was best by him..by Rose.

" If Rose is making progress, if she truly is starting to get better that's a good thing right?...and I know, I know you want to do what's right for her, and I know you feel guilty and I know you hate the thought of her being here..But Nathaniel you have to give her that chance to get her self right, and if being here is going to do that for her then you need to let that happen.. " she whispered her face sorrowing a little bit. " He said there is a way to see her...why don't we do that?...at least you can see for yourself then...." she could feel emotions rushing through her then, her hand coming to cup his cheek lovingly stroking it in an attempt to keep him calm. " I want you to know...ill do anything to help you, anything to help.. Rose.." she whispered carefully. " I want what's best for both of you...but you can't let your guilt and anger at yourself ruin any chance Rose might have to get better...your always thinking about other people and others peoples needs, you need to do that now, you Need to think about what's best for her..."

He watched the doctor leave and let his face fall into his hand. That was at least till Emily got there in front of her. He only managed to half listen to what she was saying, too much going on in his head.

They were telling him he couldn't see Rose. That he couldn't see her because he would cause to be bad again. Of course he was happy they said she was improving, but did he believe them that she was? And if he did, did he believe it was because of him putting her here? She had good periods all the time, periods where he could sneak small kisses and where he could catch her smiling. Maybe it was just one of those. It was a coincidence.

When she said there was a way to go see her, he knew he wanted that. He needed to lay eyes on her, at least to see that she was not chained to a bed or in a trashed room. "Okay.." he said softly. He knew Emily was there to help and that he should say so many things to her in that moment, but he couldn't bring himself to do it.

He would let her wheel him out of the room and the doctor would walk with them to the one way window he had been talking about. "I will give you a moment. Just remember she can't see you." He said before he walked off again.

The room that they were looking at was big and bright. The furniture was in greens and yellow and pinks. Potted plants were anywhere. There was even a door that led out to the yard.

And then he saw her. He saw Rose. Sitting at that table, her black hair tied back in a ponytail, dressed in light and happy colors instead of the dark and black that she had worn for the past 6 year. He got up from the wheelchair, not even caring if it hurt him and placed his hand against the glass, his face not far from it either.

She was talking to someone else, someone from the facility. The only reason he knew is because they had a name tag. And she was laughing. Genuine smiles and laughs were leaving her. Her skin seemed to be glowing, the dark circles that had always been under her eyes

dy starting to fade away. She looked amazing.

Then he knew it was the truth.. she was doing well here. She was doing better then she had ever done with him. Then she had ever done in their house when he had kept her there. And it broke him.

Loud sobs started to leave his throat, tears instantly rolling down his face. He lost the the strength to stand and softly fall to the floor till he was on his knees.

When he agreed Emily simply smiled at him with a nod, perhaps she to wanted to say more to him, but she didn't instead she called the doctor back in and they all went to see Rose...she could feel her heart clenching in her chest, her hands tightening on the handles, she hoped the doctor was right, she hoped she was improving, not for her own selfish

gain..she knew how much this woman had been suffering, she hadn't seen it her self but she had heard enough from Nathaniel to know just how much.

Emily carefully stepped into the room with him, her eyes looking out to the spacious room they were looking into , until she saw Rose...her eyes softened to look towards the woman who Nathaniel held so dear for such a long time, she was beautiful..she was laughing and she was smiling, and for some reason it brought her own tears to her eyes.

Her eyes caught Nathaniel standing up then, she wanted to tell him to sit back down to not hurt himself, but she knew he was so consumed in his emotions that right now he couldn't think straight, suddenly he was on his knees sobbing , she wasted no time in coming round and landing on her knees infront of him, her arms coming to wrap around him bringing him into her, her cheek pressed against his, her own tears fell now, her hand stroking through his hair lightly, she didn't really know what to say to him. So instead she simply held him, her eyes closed as she nuzzled his cheek rocking him a little as she did.

" Shhh its okay, its okay Nataniel.." she managed to whisper to him lightly her hand still running through his hair.

He couldn't remember when he had ever cried like that. His sobs were loud and uncontrolled, his tears rolling so freely over his face he was sure he would soon have none left. His

whole body was in distress from it, yet he could not stop himself.

People and doctors had told her for years that this might have been good for her, but he had not believed them. He had been convinced that he was the only person who could help her, that eventually his love would bring her back to him. When all else failed he had simply believed that they had wanted to lock her away, to rid the world of her.

And now he saw her here and in just a week she was better than she had ever been before and he could not handle it. Not handle the guilt, the absolute distraught feeling was that going through him.

“It is all my fault..” he sobbed into Emily. His hand grasping as her shirt. “I should have let her go.. I should have listened.. I shouldn’t have kept her with me..” he blamed himself so much in that moment. “Why did I do this to her...”

It broke her...it broke her so much to hear him sob, to hear his words, she clung to him her own tears falling now, shaking her head fiercely against his shoulder.

" Don't you dare blame your self.." she whispered to him pulling back to clutch his cheeks her thumb removing some of the tears that were there .

" You did what any good husband would do, you loved her you cared for her you wanted what you thought was best for

her..you are a good man with a good heart and this is not your fault.." she said the last bit a bit more fiercely now her hands clutching his cheeks a little tighter.

" the man who did this, that is where the blame lies, he did this to her...not you not anyone else but him.. you kept her with you because you loved her Nathaniel..you loved her and wanted to help her , anyone would of done the same thing "

she sniffed then trying to keep her own tears at bay.

He wrapped his arms around her then. Pulled her into him and didn't leave her a choice to deny him. He was sitting there on his knees, his arms wrapped tightly around her with his head over her shoulders. He was so glad she was there, he didn't know if he could have handled this without her. He felt like his world had just come crumbling down around him. That everything h had believed to be real turned out to be a lie. His whole body was screaming at him to calm down, to stop hugging her so tightly to his chest but he couldn't let her go. "I don't know what to do.." he just whispered softly.

The doctor had been hearing the breakdown from outside where he was waiting. He waited for the most of it to die down before he walked into the room again. "I am sorry Mr Kingston." He apologized and it seemed sincere. "I know this is a hard thing to see, a hard thing to process." He sympathized. He placed a cup of water on the counter along with a pill. "This is a very light sedative. I know you are recovering from your

own trauma. You are free to take it if you feel the need.” He offered and was about to leave again. “Wait..” Nate said as he looked up from his spot on the ground, though never letting go of Emily. “I..” he clenched his jaw. “I would like to extend Rose’s care..” the words were the hardest he ever found himself getting past his lips, but of all the things he did not know in his head, he knew one thing. She needed to stay here to get better. “Of course Mr. Kington. I will get the paperwork.”

Emily felt how fiercely he was hugging her, and she wouldn't deny him what he needed, her hand lovingly stroked through his hair, her other hand moving to stroke along his back, her cheek pressed against his hair simply breathing in him, wanting to give him what ever care he needed right now.

" i dont know what to do.." His soft words had her breaking again, her eyes squeezed shut, she kissed the side of his neck lightly nuzzling against him " you need to do what's right for her Nathaniel.." she simply whispered back, hoping he understood the meaning behind her words.

She barely registered the doctor behind her, barely registered his words her entire being was so wrapped up in comforting Nathaniel nothing else mattered in that mattered. " I would like to extend Rose's care.. " she released a shuddered breath then, she knew how hard that must of been for him to say, how much this must be hurting him.

" Your doing the right thing Nathaniel, your doing the right thing for her..I'm sorry .." she whispered carefully into his ear. " I'm sorry its come to this, I wish I could make this better, I wish you didn't have to go through this.." her voice was a broken mess of emotions..she meant her words she wished she could take the pain away from him, wished she could somehow make this better, hearing the distraught, hearing his sobs was to much to bare.

Once the words were out he found himself able to think a bit more clearly. In a strange way it was weight that left his shoulders. Even if he hated that he needed to let her go, to realize he had been holding her back for years for his selfish need to take care of her, for not trusting others when they told him what was right for her. But a part of him was glad. Glad that it was over, glad that it was no longer his responsibility. In a strange way.. he felt like he could live again.

It was such a strange mix of emotions, such a rollercoaster inside his brain. "Can you help me up?" He asked softly, his body was in pain from the sobs, from the way he had held her against him. If she helped him up he would get to his feet with some grunting and walk to the table, he drank the water, but ignored the sedative that was put there.

Not much was said between them before the doctor came back. He went over the paperwork much like he would go over a business meeting, needing to leave his feelings aside for now

and get this done. In the end he negotiated her care to be extended to at least a year, with the option to eliminate it if didn't work or if she seemed good enough to leave. He got her a room on the best side of the place, where the sun came up as he knew she loved watching it.

Once that was over he clutched Emily's hand as she rolled him outside and he couldn't help the half chuckle that rolled of his lips. "I told you I would go home with you.." it was such a mix between a joke and horrible truth.

Emily sat there watching his face, she could see relief wash over him then, knew that somewhere deep down he knew this was the right thing for her, she was getting better, she would hopefully get to the point where she could have a normal life again.

At his request she simply nodded softly towards him, rising from the floor she assisted him to get up supporting his body weight with her own as she helped him to walk letting him do what he needed to do before settling him back in his chair.

They didn't say anything, they both remained silent as Nathaniel finally sorted the paper work out, her face a mixture of emotions for him, one of sadness, but also one of pride...she was proud of him, above all else, for doing what he knew was best for her despite how hard the decision must of been.

Stepping back out into the cool air towards her car, she heard his small chuckle peering down to him with confusion before

his words hit her and she couldn't stop the small emotional chuckle that left her lips. " I guess you did huh?.." she whispered her hand gently pulling through his hair.

" Come on, let's get you home hmm? And get you comfortable again. " opening the passenger side door she waited for him so she could assist him back into the car.

He didn't mind that she helped him in the car. If anything he even let her do more work then he would otherwise let her do. He was tired, exhausted. And his body was hurting him from the sobbing he had done. He buckled himself back in and knew that soon they would be back in her home.

He had things to think about, a lot of things. And while they were driving he couldn't help but stare at Emily. To see her in this different lighting the when they had driven there. Rose was alright, she was happy, she was smiling, she was sleeping.. And the reason why she was, was because she was not with him. It was something that he was awefully aware of. He had to let her go more then he had ever done and for the first time in those six years, he realized one thing. They could not be together.. He would always be a part of her memory that day, something that triggered her and would make her fall in that dark world she had found herself in.

He wondered what Emily was thinking. He wanted to ask her, yet he felt like he should not. So he was just left with his own thoughts for as long as she would not open her mouth.

Emily was silent in the car, she had a million and one things going through her head that she simply couldn't form a sentence together, she wanted to...she wanted to say so many things to him then but it simply didn't come, she wanted to ask him what it meant for his future...perhaps what it meant for there's, but it was perhaps far to soon to be mentioning anything like that...he only just made the decision to leave Rose their, what was to say he wouldn't change his mind.

She got to the traffic lights, allowing her self to sit back in her chair, a small sigh leaving her lips before her eyes noticed Nathaniel looking at her, she smiled then shaking her head " If your going to make a comment about my driving again...I'll take you back to the hospital and demand they keep you there.." she teased, her voice was light, yet it sounded emotional to, she wanted to keep the seriousness away from them, everytime things got serious things got bad...and she didn't want that, she certainly didn't want it for him not after what he just had to deal with.

He couldn't keep the chuckle away from her voice as she waned him to not make a comment about her driving. Of course now that was exactly what he wanted to do. She always knew how to do that. How to bring him back to the here and now and bring a smile to his face. "The light is green." He just said suddenly. If she were to quickly look he would laugh at her as the light was still obviously red. He couldn't help the genuineness in that laugh at that moment. It wasn't even a

laugh at his joke. It was a laugh about everything, just the tension leaving him just a small bit.

Emily did indeed quickly flick her head round to the lights now as if preparing her self to move before she saw the red light and frowned. " Oh ha ha Mr Kingston very funny..." she teased with a shake of her head, there was some traffic on the roads now, it was built up in front of them so even after the lights changes they still sat there.

She looked over at him then reaching to squeeze his hand. " You know...this is going to sound corny but...I'm proud of you " she whispered , her smile turning warm as she looked towards him. " What you did today...I know it wasn't easy, and I know it was hard for you, but you made the right decision for her, .and I'm proud of you for doing it..so proud of you...your a good man Nathaniel.." she whispered giving his hand one more squeeze before the traffic started moving and she headed forward.

He looked down at her hand as she squeezed it, a lump once more forming in his throat. It was hard to hear her say that. Even if she was complimenting him, part of it still felt wrong to him. He was still unsure how to feel about it, yet he forced himself to smile at her. She was so sweet and gentle.. he didn't know why he had found her that day neither did he know why she was still here. He felt like she should have left long ago.

"Thank you." He ended up saying to her.

After that day he had spend two weeks recovering at her house before they had decided that he was well enough to start going back to work again. He still had to take it easy and would rely on some home care in the evenings, but he was well enough to move around. In the two weeks he had been with her they had taken it slow. His mind had not been fully there and he had felt like he had not been able to concentrate on her. He did tell her he loved her and he kissed her, laid in the same bed with her. Yet real intimacy had been low between them.

It wasn't till he got time on his own that he really could think and it didn't take him long to set things in motion that he needed to. He spend most of his time in his office working and even though Emily had spend a few nights with him, he had mostly kept it on the low.

But today was different.. three weeks had gone by since he had went home and he was ready to see her, to really see her again. So he had asked her to meet him at the beach about half an hour before the sun would really start to go down.

The last few weeks had been difficult to say the least, she knew Nathaniel needed time to get over what had happened with Rose, knew he must still be reeling from what had happened, she thought something like this might of brought them closer, but if anything it seemed to be pushing them further apart, they stayed together, they spent time together..but the intimacy they shared previously simply wasn't there, so many

times she wanted to ask him what was going on but she didnt, perhaps afraid what the answer would be.

And yet here she was, driving to the beach her hands clutching the steering wheel slightly tighter then perhaps she meant to, he wanted to meet her there, he wouldn't say why, just that he wanted to see her...just that they needed to talk...even now she couldn't contemplate anything good coming from this, the last three weeks he had barely wanted to see her, she wanted desperately to believe that wasnt why he was calling her here...to call it of.. but somehow she couldnt stop thinking it was.

She parked the car, stepping out feel the cool breeze blow past her, she could see the beach infront of her, the golden sun basking it in a soft light, the sun was just setting , it was such a beautiful sight, it reminded her of florida....she smiled then a soft tender smile, she wished they were back there.

She headed for the beach, noticing Nathaniel standing just a bit ahead she couldn't help but admire him, he looked so handsome under that soft golden light, she carefully stepped forward the wind whipping her hair behind her, the soft sound of the waves as they crashed across the beach engulfed her senses before she came to stand behind him, simply watching the sun over the ocean. " It's always so peaceful by the ocean isnt it?.could get lost just watching the waves ." she whispered, not looking to him yet before she turned her attention towards

him, giving him a smile smile . " What did you want to see me about?.."

He had not even noticed her walking up to him as she watched the sea. Only when she spoke and he heard her voice did he know she was there. He turned himself towards her and saw her there. He had not been that happy to see her for quite some time. There had been so much going on that he had simply not been able to give her his full attention and he wanted to do that.

He took her hand, squeezing it softly. "Walk with me." He said to her with a soft smile. He would walk her down to the beach, his feet sinking into the sand slowly. He wouldn't say much yet, but carried a bag with him at the other side of him.

He would walk them down quite a bit in silence, feeling nervous about it just slightly. He didn't know how she would respond. And he wanted privacy. Eventually he would stop them and turn to her. "I have something to show you. And I need your help with something else."

Emily returned his smile when he smiled at her, her fingers entwined with his, her body kept close to his as they walked together, her shoes were in her other hand allowing her toes go enjoy the sand beneath her feet, she had noticed the bag, and wanted to ask him what it was for, but she didn't...if he wanted her to know he would tell her.

She couldn't shake the nerves from her body, her hand clutched his slightly tighter perhaps afraid it might be the last time they did this together, the sheet thought had a lump forming in her throat.

She felt them stop, pausing next to him her face turned to meet his gaze, his words confused her a little but she nodded anyway. " Whats going on Nathaniel? What do you need help with? .," she said softly slight apprehension behind her words, she was so nervous for what he might say to her she was almost grateful foe the cold breeze at least it could mask her body as she tremoured slightly beside him.

He could tell that she was nervous. He didn't want her to but he simply didn't know how else to do this with her. She needed to know what he had to tell her and saying it would be hard for him.

He opened the bag and took out a big brown envelope that was inside of it. When he opened it a stack of paper came out that he handed to her. "These are the divorce papers for me and Rose.." he said in a soft voice. "They were finalized this morning." He said. There was obvious emotion in his voice, though it was a mix of a lot of different ones. Of relief, of sadness, maybe even of a bit of joy.

Emily watched as he went into the bag and pulled out the envelope , she watched the stack of papers come out, her brows furrowed together as she looked down to it.

When his words hit her, her eyes flicked to his quickly to see the array of emotions rolling over his face. " You..You've divorced her? .." she asked, her face faltering to look at the papers in her hand, she didn't really know what to say, she was having a hard time comprehended what exactly was going on around her, she tipped her eyes back to him then . " Are you...are you okay?.." she asked carefully, of course her first thouhht would be if he was alright above all us, she knew how he was around stuff like this...

He nodded to confirm when she asked. He could understand her confusion. He had not expected he could have gone through with it either.. but he had. "I don't know.." he admitted as she asked if he was doing alright. "I.." he paused thinking about his words. "I realized I could never be in her life like that. Not anymore. I am part of her darkness, part of her hell." He explained to her, the thought still creating a pain in his chest. "She is better off without me.. at least in the sense of being her husband." He said with a sigh in her breath. "I am still going to see her.. and I am still going to make sure she is well cared for." He admitted to Emily. "But I am better being her friend.. for her." He explained.

Emily listened to him carefully, smiling towards his warm as she nodded to how he explained everything he wanted to do, she squeezed his hand tighter then.

" That must of been difficult for you to do Nathaniel " as he expressed he still wanted to see her and make sure she was well cared for she smiled warmly. " I wouldn't expect anything less, she was a part of your life Nathaniel....your doing the right thing.." she whispered tenderly towards him.

He took the papers back form her then and put them back into that brown envelope. He had just wanted to see them, didn't even fully understand why. Surely telling her about it would have been enough, yet he had felt like bringing it. To show her he was saying the truth. Perhaps it was because he had yet to believe it was real himself.

He pulled her closer against him, pressing his forehead against hers as he could hear her breathing. The ocean was still rushing slowly beside them. The branding almost tickling their feet as the sky was slowly starting to turn into oranges and pinks around them.

He reached into his pocket and took her hand with his other. He placed something in the palm of her had as his jaw clenched together. If she opened it she would see a golden wedding bang with a small bang of white gold inside of it. The inside of it showed Rose's name engraved in beautiful script lettering. "I want you to throw it in the sea.." he whispered to her. "I can't do it.."

Emily watched as he took the papers back from her and placed it in the bag again, the wind whipped past her again and she

wanted to ask him why he had shown them to her, did he want to? Or did he simply feel like he had to?.

Before her thoughts could manifest into anything more he was pulling her close, she closed her eyes resting her head against him simply breathing him in for a moment, she became aware then of something heavy being placed in her hand. She looked down to her palm and saw the wedding band.

" Nathaniel..." she whispered carefully, his words made tears come to her eyes, her free hand came up to his cheek stroking it tenderly. " Nathaniel...are you sure? Are you sure you want me to do this? " she asked wanting to be completely sure that he did indeed what it gone, once she got confirmation she pulled back from him then, looking to the ring before looking to the ocean in front of her, she clutched it in her hands closing her eyes for a moment before she threw it, she watched the ring glisten in the light before it vanished into the ocean waves, she turned them and simply embraces him, pulled him into her as her cheeks nestled against his face.

He confirmed with her that it was what he wanted. He had thought about it long and hard and it really was the thing he had needed to do. It as the end of an era for him. His promise to let go. To let his feelings wash away in the sea. A promise to start over... He just hadn't been able to bring himself to do it.

He watched with her as it shone in the air and eventually landed in the water. He could feel his heart skip a beat before

she came back to him and embraced him. "Thank you.." he whispered softly to her. It was a big thing he had asked yet, yet she had done it for him.

He didn't know what to do now.. He was free now, no longer a married man. No longer someone who was bound to his house because his wife was waiting for him No longer stressed to find her there. Yet he wasn't even sure if Emily would still have him. Things had been so low between them and it had probably been his fault. He had been too distracted, to consumed by what he had to do by Rose.

But being free from her now it had made one thing clear to him. He wanted her.. all of her. The difference was.. this time he could have her.

"Em.." he whispered to her softly as he pulled her even closer.

" You don't need to thank me Nathaniel you know I'll do anything for you..." she whispered against his ear, her arms pulling around his neck to hold him close to her, her face burried against his neck, she couldn't shake the feeling that he was going to tell her he wanted to move on, move on from rose , from her.

And when he whispered her name she felt the same familiar fear rush through her she didn't remove her arms from him, if anything they grew tighter her face burried into him she tried desperately to keep her emotions at bay.

" Nathaniel..." she whispered back not finding the strength to pull away from him yet.

They stood there for a long time before he dared to speak. All that time he was just taking her in to him. Holding her close against him as he brought a hand up into her hair. He took in that familiar scent of her. He could tell she had recently washed her hair as the smell of vanilla was strong around her.

In the end he pulled her back and brought their foreheads closer together, catching her eyes with his as he planted a small kiss on her lips. It was short and sweet, full of promises and love. Then he just said it.. he didn't know how else to bring it to her. He just needed to get it out. He needed to say those words that lay so heavily on his chest.

"Move in with me.. Be mine.."

Emily stood like that for the longest of times, breathing him in, she felt his hand come to stroke her hair and her hand did the same, toying with the short locks of his own hair, her nose nuzzling his neck.

When he pulled back she was hesitant, her eyes were already becoming watery with tears, she caught his gaze, his eyes were filled with emotions before he kissed her, her hand came to cup his cheek holding it firmly within her grasp .

" Move in with me..Be mine ." Emily paused then unsure if she heard what he said right she pulled back her brows furrowing

together as she looked at him , her heart was pounding in her chest then, her breathing become a little heavier. " What?...what did you say?.." .

“Be mine.” He repeated for her before he pressed his lips back into hers, this time with more passion. It took him a moment before he broke it again. “I am done hiding, I am done sneaking.” He said and pressed his lips into her once more, deepening her kiss. “I want you, all of you, always.. every moment of every day.” His hands travelled to the small of her back, pushing her into him. “You make me the best version of myself, you make me better.” He stared into her eyes, holding them with his as he rubbed his thumb over her cheek. “Move in with me.”

Emily felt a choked sob leave her lips then as he repeated that he wanted her, her hands come up to clutch her cheeks to kiss him back, she felt tears coming to her eyes then, she felt tears slipping free and coming down her cheek, each word he spoke just called her to smile, a smile that simply got wider with each passing second.

She leaned into his thumb her eyes catching his gaze, her own thumb tracing beneath his eyes as she smiled lovingly towards him. " only if you promise not to moan about my candle obsession..." she teased with a small chuckle before she leaned in and kissed him, kissed him with all she had, their frames silhouetted in the garden rays of the setting sun.

She pulled away resting her forehead against his. " I love you Nathaniel, I think I've loved you since the first day I met you, I want to spend every day of the rest of our lives showing you just how much..." she whispered against his lips.

He chuckled at her comment about her candles. "Never." He said to her. He tried to brush away her tears, but every time he brushed one away another one came. They were happy tears though, he was sure of that. The same happiness that he felt. They got there. It had been a long road.. a road with a lot of up and down, but they were here. They had found each other. They had overcome everything.

She had told him to choose for himself and in that moment it was what he did. He was freed from the thing that held him back, yet he had done well by Rose. His world had become more clear, better.. All he needed now was her. "I want that too." He whispered into her as she expressed her love for him back. "I will never let you go." He said and claimed her lips one more time. "You are mine.."

Emily smiled against his mouth as he responded with his own love, his own care, his own tenderness...hearing him call her his sent a small sigh of content through her, he had said it...so many times in the past, but it never sounded as true as it did now.

Emily nuzzled her nose against his, the sun dipping lower beneath the ocean now, the golden hues turning to a darker

shade of blue as she opened her eyes to look at him, her hand stroking his cheek tenderly.

" Take me home Nathaniel..."