

# ~ Job Interview ~

by Alex Tryst

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The day has been extremely long. It had started early at 4AM with a flight to Boston for a job interview. I was to spend the day with a prospective company learning their people and their culture in route to what might have been a new position. However, just then it was nearing 5pm, and I was more than ready to call it a day, but I had been invited to attend dinner with some of the staff. I felt as if I shouldn't refuse, so even though I was tired, I knew it would be several more hours until I was able to return to the hotel room I had checked into at their urging a couple of hours previous.

I checked my watch and wondered how much longer it was going to be until we went to dinner. They had placed me in an office of a woman who was on vacation but was said to be joining the group for the meal. I looked around the desk for clues of what this woman might be like. During the day people had told me about her. Anne was her name, and she was a sports fanatic. Being a Bostonian from birth, she always rooted for the home teams, and her office displayed her spirit. Moreover, I found her Guinness Stout beer deekle intriguing, for in my experience anyone who partook in Guinness was a bit of a party person, and I wondered if my theory would hold true in this case.

Deciding to take advantage of my extra time, I logged into my email on my laptop to ensure everything from my current place of work was completed before the weekend began. I was so engrossed in it that I didn't see the woman who came in and stood just inside the door for a moment. However, finally sensing eyes on me, mine left my computer screen and moved toward the door.

The first thing they saw was a pair of fit freckled calves and feet wearing a pair of black high heels. Trailing up a bit higher was a knee-length linen black skirt and then a tailored white blouse that accentuated a flat stomach and a set of breasts that I would describe as youthful. Further higher still my eyes quickly rose until it came to a freckled face sporting a bright smile that extended up into dark brown eyes. My heart started to thud when I heard her speak.

"Hi, I'm Anne, and this is my office," she said.

Instantly I was on my feet. "Hi, I'm Alex," I said, extending my hand to her. "I didn't mean to take over your office. They said I could sit here."

She took my hand in her own and shook her head. Her dark main of slightly curly hair that reached down to her chest swung back and forth a little with the movement. "It's fine."

"I tried not to move too much."

"It wouldn't have mattered. I've been on vacation all week and wouldn't have even noticed," she commented smiling again.

"You want to sit?" I questioned gesturing to her desk chair that I had just been occupying.

"No. That's all right. You sit. I'm just going to check on the dinner arrangements. I'll be right back."

I nodded and watched her leave before returning to the chair. I quickly shut down my computer and stuffed it back into its case before stepping out of the office. I didn't want to be away from that beautiful sight for a moment. She was just my type. She was just standing there talking to other associates but smiled at me. "If you all don't mind, I'm not going to wear my jacket to dinner. That is unless it's required where we are going."

"Not at all. We want you to be comfortable. Do you like steak?"

"I love it."

"Me too. I told them I would only come have dinner with you if we went to my favorite steakhouse," she commented with a grin.

"I'm glad to know how highly I rate with you already," I joked. She laughed a little.

We stood there for a few minutes waiting until everyone was ready. I was pleasantly surprised when I realized it was just going to be Anne, a woman I had met earlier in the day named Deborah, and me for dinner. Secretly I wondered if that was intentional as these two were the youngest women in the office and relatively close to my age, although I wasn't exactly sure what their ages were. I could only guess that Deborah and I were probably within a year or two of each other through the conversations we had previously had about our work experiences. Anne, on the other hand, I thought was probably a little younger, but I didn't know for sure. Whatever the case, I was glad to be in the company of two attractive women for dinner. It was much better than the thought of eating alone.

As the three of us headed to the elevator, Anne asked, "Is your hotel nearby?"

"Yeah, just in the next building. Why?"

"I was just thinking it might be nice not to have to take your briefcase to dinner. We can swing by and let you drop it off if you want."

"That would be great."

The three of us walked toward my hotel with the women in the lead heading toward the street corner and doing all the talking. They were chatting about their personal lives and what Anne had done over her vacation. Seemed she was engrossed in remodeling her kitchen all week but ready to be back in the office after her time away. Deborah mentioned how much she had been missed. Anne commented back that she had missed Deborah as well in such a way that intrigued me.

After all these two were such incredible beauties, and they way they stood closely together, much closer than I thought necessary, even on the crowded street. Immediately I wondered if there was something more to their relationship than professional. They seemed to know each other on a personal level deeply, possibly even deeper than friends, which stirred a bit of excitement within me. Just the thought of the two of them together would have made wonderful fantasies for men and women alike.

At the hotel they waited in the lobby together while I dashed upstairs to drop off my bag. Even though I said I was going to ditch my coat for dinner, I opted to keep it on. It had a good place to store my wallet, and I wasn't comfortable being without that in a city I didn't know well. Heading back downstairs we walked the rest of the way to the restaurant, which only happened to be a few blocks. All the way there I looked for signs of my theory about their relationship.

Once we were seated, Anne perused the wine list. "Do you want wine with dinner, Alex?"

"If that is what you all would like, that would be fine with me."

"Let's get some red wine since it will go with the meal better," Deborah piped in.

"Here. Why don't you pick out something you'd like," Anne said passing the list to her co-worker. Their hands touched briefly as she took it. Looking back at me, Anne smiled. "This should be interesting. Deborah loves to spend my money."

Deborah giggled and smiled but nodded. "It's true. I do."

"You know I was contemplating getting season tickets to the New England Patriots this season, and I thought for sure Deborah would be my voice of reason and say they were too expensive, which they are, but instead she told me that I had to get them."

"It was an obvious choice. I wouldn't have been able to live with her through the football season if she didn't do it," Deborah said. "She's crazy about the Pats."

"Do you like football?" Anne asked.

"I love it. I've been a Cowboys fan all my life. I grew up in Dallas, and it's a religion down there."

"So I've heard. I guess you were there during their heyday of the 90s then."

"Yeah, I was. Football was so big that I used to watch the games on TV at work every Sunday. I worked at a hardware store, and the manager was nice enough to bring the TV up front for us. Every Sunday we'd watch the game, and the store would be completely empty. We wouldn't get a customer all day. It was fantastic."

"Sounds like the ideal job."

"It was."

"Well, maybe you'd could come to a football game this season. My uncle and I split the season tickets, but there are two seats."

Deborah changed the subject slightly as she handed the wine list back to Anne and said, "I don't know anything about wine. That's why I have you around. You're always so much better at this."

Anne smiled in my direction and flicked her left brow. "All right. I'll pick unless you'd like to do the honors, Alex."

"No. You go ahead."

As she looked over the wine list, she asked, "So do you like any other sports?"

"Lots. I'm into baseball, softball, and basketball. You have yourself a pretty good baseball team this year."

"Oh yeah. The Red Sox are going all the way again. I just know it."

"I think you're right. When I was a kid I was a Rangers fan myself, and now that I'm in the D.C. area I keep up with the Orioles. I was considering becoming a Yankees fan, but I think that's going to be impossible when I move to Boston."

"You better not be or else I'll be forced never to speak to you again. That wouldn't go over well at the office."

Just then our server came to the table to ask if we had any questions about the menu. Anne proceeded to order a bottle of red wine before we all asked for salads. I didn't really want a salad, but I didn't want to just sit there while they ate, so I felt it best to go along with them. When he left we took time to look at the menu and decide on our entrees.

I could hear Anne and Deborah speaking to each other about options, but I chose not to add comments. I was too interested in watching how they related to each other to want to mess up their natural dialogue. I was even more convinced they were a couple, but the one thing I could not reconcile was the fact that Deborah was wearing a large diamond ring and wedding band on her left hand, and Anne was not. Same sex-marriage was legal in Massachusetts, and I just had assumed they'd both be wearing rings if they were married to each other. That left some room for a hole in my theory.

Over our salad course, Anne directed the conversation toward sports again. "You said you liked basketball. Did you play in college?"

"Yeah for a bit. It was for a Division III school though. Academics were more important than sports unless you were an equestrian."

"Really? That sounds cool."

"I suppose. Several people at the office told me you are quite the basketball player yourself. I assume you played college ball."

She nodded. "I played all four years. It was great fun. Do you have a favorite college team?"

"I like the Tennessee Volunteers. Pat Summit is a great coach."

"She is a great coach. Tennessee always has a great team. I met her once when I was in high school. She had come to one of my AAU games in Nashville to scout players. She wasn't looking at me or anything, but it was still neat to meet her."

"What did you think of Nashville? I lived there for a couple of years."

"It's a fun city."

"What college team do you like?"

"That's the only time I really root for something outside of Boston. I'm an UConn fan as is most of the staff at the office. You'll have to be careful about your new boss. He's an UConn fanatic, even leaves early to go to games. It's probably best if you don't mention your like of the Vols."

"Okay. I'll remember that. Perhaps I could convince him to hire me if I swore allegiance to UConn?"

"That would be a huge sacrifice. You must really like us," she teased.

I nodded and smiled. "So far I do."

When our entrée arrived, talk shifted more towards business. "Is there anything you want to ask the two of us about work while we're here?" Anne inquired.

I was tired of work talk by that time, but I felt it prudent to at least ask her what she did, even though someone else had provided me with that information earlier. It would at least make it look like I was interested in her job function. Anne was happy to rattle on for a while about her tenure at the company. The Boston accent that slipped once in awhile during conversation began to turn thick as she outlined her career with the company thus far with some excitement.

During that discourse I found out that she originally had started there working for Deborah, which was how the two of them had grown to be friends. Both of them felt it sensible to work in different areas of the company, as they were better as friends than employer and employee though after awhile. Having shifted her efforts else where, she was happier than she had ever been. Even though it was irrelevant to the topic, an off-handed mention was made of Deborah's husband, which confirmed that my theory about them was incorrect. They truly were only

friends, but that was fine with me, because over the course of the evening, I had been getting stronger signals from Anne and weaker ones with Deborah. Still the intimacy in their relationship made me think that Anne may have been inclined toward more-than-friendly affection for Deborah, which is what made the move to another department necessary.

When Anne had finished speaking of herself, she inquired, "Do you have a legal or tax background?"

"No. I've never specifically studied either."

"Then what did you study in school?"

"Psychology and religion."

"Wow," she said with some surprise. "How did you get into this field then?"

I began to talk about my career experiences in the interview-mode. It was the first time she had asked me anything remotely related to the job in question, so I wanted to give her a complete answer. After about ten minutes of explaining my career progression, I paused to see if she had further questions in relation to business. She didn't.

The rest of the meal focused on the area and more personal things. Anne was the first one brave enough to venture close to the relationship question that was typically out of bounds in an interview. "So when you move, will you be bringing someone with you?"

I shook my head. "No. It's just me at present. I haven't really found what I'm looking for yet. However, I do hope the dating pool of Boston is plentiful."

"I don't think you should have a problem," she said with a smile and another flick of her brow. I said nothing in response but noted that Deborah caught the gesture. Furthermore, it seemed she wasn't pleased with the exchange. I tried to direct things elsewhere quickly by asking about living space in the city. That conversation carried us through dessert.

When the end of the meal arrived, Deborah pulled her purse from the back of the chair to pay. She made a casual remark about needing a new purse to which Anne agreed. "I really should get my husband to get me a new one," Deborah commented.

"Oh, he will. I'll make sure of it," Anne said.

"That's one thing I have yet to understand, women and purses. I guess it's because I just carry my briefcase all the time. Most women I know have at least one purse for every season, though."

"I wish I did," Deborah said. Looking at Anne she smiled. "But if Anne says she's going to take care of it, I have no doubt that she will."

I just nodded. The tone of it seemed a bit challenging to me. What had started at a pleasant meal

had begun to have a tense undertone to it with Anne's slight flirtation about dating. It was almost as if Deborah wanted to keep Anne to herself even though she was already married. It was a friendship that confused me, but I didn't say anything, because it was still technically a job interview.

After the bill had been paid, the two of them sat there a few moments discussing what to do next. Anne wanted to go out drinking, but Deborah was tired and wanted to head home. Neither asked me if I wanted to join them, but having been up since 4AM, I really didn't have the desire to extend the night anyway. Leaving the restaurant they continued to discuss their plans, but finally Anne conceded to allow Deborah to go home.

Deborah looked at me and said, "We should walk you back to the hotel, so you don't get lost before I go."

"I'll do it," Anne volunteered. Turning to me, she said, "The train is just a block over. Do you mind if we walk with Deborah there before I walk you back to the hotel?"

"That's fine."

The three of us walked together, the two of them leading the way and me half a step behind on the narrow sidewalk. When we got to the train, I shook Deborah's hand and thanked her for the dinner and opportunity to discuss the position with her. Then she was gone, leaving Anne and me alone. Anne gave a large grin. "Well, I guess I should take you back to the hotel," she suggested.

"If you need to go somewhere, I'm sure I can find my way back."

"Nonsense. I can't let you walk around here by yourself. You could get lost, and I wouldn't want that."

"Then who is going to walk you back to the train?"

"Oh, I didn't take the train today. I drove in, because I knew I was meeting you, and I didn't want to be rushed by the train schedule. Come on. The hotel is this way."

We walked the few minutes in quiet. I was exhausted by the time of night, but having Anne so close was energizing as well. Part of me didn't want the night to end just yet, because I was afraid if it did and I didn't get the job that I would never see her again. When we reached the hotel, she paused outside on the street. We had reached the end of our evening.

"Well, it was certainly nice meeting you," she said, sticking out her hand.

"It was great to meet you, too. I appreciate you coming in to the office over vacation just to meet with me," I said, clasping her hand in mine to shake it.

"Trust me. The pleasure was all mine," she softly said. Our hands remained connected longer than necessary, and I sensed she was looking for a way to extend our evening as much as I was.

"Do you still want that drink, because I'm pretty sure I saw a bar in the hotel," I suggested.

She stepped closer to me, so our bodies almost brushed. "I thought you'd never ask, but I know it's been a long day for you."

"Believe me. I'd much rather spend more time with you than go upstairs and be alone."

Her hand left the handshake and reached out to touch the left lapel of my suit jacket. I felt the French-tipped nail of her index finger lightly scrape my skin where my shirt fell open slightly. "Well, if you spend some more time with me, then you may not need to be alone at all tonight. I know how to show someone a good time in Boston. I just want to make sure you're up for it."

I reached my left hand out and touched her by the back of the arm gently as I closed the gap between us, letting our bodies touch. "Oh, trust me. I'm up for it," I whispered.

"Good. Then I know a better bar for us that isn't too far from here."

We moved down the street together in a quick pace. Neither of us spoke at first. My mind was whirling with thoughts about what I was doing. This was definitely not a part of any interview process I had ever had previously. Instinctively I knew it could be a horrible decision to make, but my desire was gaining ground over my mind. I watched her walk, her confident strides against the concrete. They matched the pounding of my heart, strong and swift. I was quickly getting over my head, and I was going to blow the whole job due to my libido. I knew I had to cool things down a little before doing something I regretted immensely.

When we got to the bar, I realized it was actually more than that. It was a bar with a dance club attached, a gay dance club at that. Due to the early hour, there weren't that many people there, and we easily found two stools at the bar. "What are you drinking?" I asked her as the bartender approached us.

"Vodka and cranberry juice," she ordered.

"Bourbon neat," I requested. He brought them to us quickly as he didn't have many patrons at that moment. After I paid for the drinks, I asked, "Do you come here often?"

"Not really. Deborah doesn't like it here. She says her husband has a problem with her coming here. I don't know why. I guess he thinks it's dangerous for a little woman like her."

"Is it?"

Anne shook her dark head. "No. Personally I think she doesn't like coming here, because my attention gets too divided, and I'm not focused on her."

"Were you all always just friends?" carefully I asked. We were walking a fine line, and I didn't want to overstep my boundaries too far.



"Yeah. I'll admit I grew deeper feelings for her, and I think she enjoyed the attention actually. However, I moved on a long time ago. She's straight, and she's married. She still likes the attention, though, and I give it to her, because I don't really have anyone else to give it to. What about you? I'm surprised you're not already taken."

"Just haven't found the right woman I suppose. So since this is all out in the open, could I ask you another work question?"

"If you must," she said with a smile and roll of her brown eyes.

"I assume people at the office know about you."

"Yes."

"And it's never been an issue?"

"Not at all."

"That's refreshing. Where I come from, it can be a big issue depending on whom I'm dealing with. That's one of my reasons for wanting to make this move. I'm just tired of it all. I want to be free to be myself, and I can't do that where I am now."

"Well, you can do it here. Let's not talk about work anymore, though. That's not why we're here."

"Then why are we?" I teased. "I thought this was the portion of the interview in which I get grilled about my personal life."

She laughed at my joke. Trailing her left hand along my shoulder, she replied, "That is definitely that part of the evening. I want to know what you are like, starting with knowing if you can keep up with me. No one else at the company can. However, I think you might be up to that challenge."

"Oh, I'm going to try my best."

"So you like sports as much as I do it seems. We're off to a good start. What else do you like?"

"Well, I am also into home improvement projects like the one you were undertaking this week. I love power tools," I joked.

"I bet you look good using them, too."

"I like to write and read, and I like meeting new people."

"Do you like to dance?"

"With the right woman I do."

"Am I the right woman?" she asked with a smile.

"I think so."

Rising from her stool, she picked up her drink in one hand and extended her other to me. "Dance with me then."

I couldn't resist. She just looked too good right then, and I managed to convince myself that a little dancing was harmless. Picking up my own drink, I put my hand in hers and allowed her to lead me to the floor. Electricity shot up my hand into my arm from where we were touching as we went to the floor. Since it was almost completely empty, we didn't have any problems finding space. She took my hand and wrapped it around her waist before scooting into me, so our bodies touched lightly.

At first we just sort of swayed to the music and consumed our alcohol while we made small talk about nothing of importance. However, when our glasses were empty, we discarded them and wrapped ourselves further into each other's embrace. Anne's body felt toned and yet small against mine. I was totally mesmerized by the feel of it and the look in her dark eyes as we danced. Our movements grew in intimacy as the songs passed, and soon we were grinding lightly against each other to the beat of the music.

After awhile we retrieved more drinks from the bar, but they were quickly consumed before the floor called us again. That went on for several hours. I should have been exhausted given the time of the night and my early start that day, but I was too enthralled by the feel of Anne's body moving against me. Suddenly sleep and job interviews were the last thing on my mind, but I still held back, fearing I would completely blow my chances if I caved to my baser desires. They were getting harder to fight as the night continued though as Anne began to show me more of the body I was craving. She slipped open two buttons of her blouse while we were dancing. Instantly my eyes were drawn to the new skin covered in freckles. They had always been a weakness with me, and she had plenty. I wanted so much to touch her more intimately than just having my arms around her waist, but I knew it wouldn't be appropriate. Still I was overwhelmed and found my hands trailing up her back and entwining with her shoulder-length dark hair. She moaned lightly into my ear in response.

"I was wondering if you were ever going to touch me more," she said.

I shook my head as our eyes met. "Anne, you're an incredibly sexy woman, and under normal circumstances, I'd know just what to do, but I don't want to blow my chances with this job. I really want it."

She grinned and raised her brow. Leaning toward me, so we were almost nose-to-nose, she answered, "No one said you couldn't have both. I know you want me. I could tell over dinner. You couldn't keep your eyes off of me even as much as you tried." I couldn't respond. I didn't know I had been that obvious. "But not to worry. The only reason I know that is because I

couldn't stop looking at you. You're so sexy. I want you, and I don't care what I have to do to get you to take me back to your hotel room," she growled. "I want you to kiss me."

There was no way I could deny the demand. I wanted to do much more than just kiss her, and she seemed of the same mind. Our mouths connected in a solid lock. Both of us groaned as our tongues clashed with growing urgency. I could tell she was ready to leave as was I. When our kiss broke, I pulled her by the waist off the floor. "Let's go," I said.

She just smiled and reached down to take my hand as we headed out onto the street. Neither of us said anything on the way back to the hotel, but it was clear what was to come next by our fast pace through the streets. Arriving at the hotel, I escorted her through the lobby where I avoided the gazes of the hotel staff behind the desk. The woman who was there that afternoon to check me in was still there, and I had commented how I couldn't wait to get to bed, because I was so tired, but I knew just then that I looked as if even though the bed was my destination, it wasn't to sleep. With the dark-haired beauty trailing behind me and giggling at our rush, I knew it was obvious what we were going to do in the privacy of my room.

Fortunately we were alone in the elevator and took the time to kiss again, but this time I came with a softer approach. I kept it gentle and lightly as my hands drifted along her arms. I could feel her nails digging into my jacket at the sensation. Breaking apart slightly I whispered, "You have to promise not to hurt me too much with those beautiful nails of yours."

She chuckled into my ear and bit the lobe as she answered, "I won't hurt you too much, but I'll warn you right now. I am a scratcher and a screamer, and the better it is the more I tend to do it. However, you look like you have a strong back that can take it."

"I can take anything you give me. I can't wait to get your arms and legs wrapped around me. You're going to wake up the whole floor by the time I'm finished with you," I growled.

"Promise?" she whispered before our mouths met again.

When the elevator chimed, we stumbled out of it and into the hallway. I had to break away long enough to take Anne down to my room and unlock the door. However, once we were inside with the door secured, the flurry began. She was tearing into my clothes as our kissing became more intense. Each of us struggled in our rush with the buttons of each other's shirts, but when hers was off, I groaned deeply. The freckles covered her entire torso. Quickly I released the back clasp of her white stain bra and pulled it from her frame, leaving her in only her black skirt and heels. Meanwhile, she had rid me of everything above my waist and was diligently working on my belt. I could feel it being pulled from its loops. Hands immediately came back for the button and zipper. Not wanting to fall behind, I unzipped her skirt and hooked my thumbs through the tiny straps of her thong. Easing it down more slowly, I kissed along her neck and the valley of her breasts. Instantly my pants were forgotten as her hands threaded through my hair at the movement.

Backing her up toward the bed, I laid her down and covered her with my own body. As she said would happen, her nails were already starting to grip at my back and shoulders as I managed to

free both of us from the rest of our clothing until we were naked. Her legs locked around my hips as we began to kiss with brutal force, each trying to exert dominance with our tongues. However, I knew it was a battle I had to win. She wanted me to for the sake of her enjoyment. Breaking away from her mouth, I attacked her neck with my teeth and with it came her first cry. Her nails scratched my shoulders blades. I could hear her gasp for breath as her body bucked into mine, but I kept her pinned down by my weight. I had no idea things were going to get this intense so quickly, but I figured this was how she wanted it and proceeded accordingly.

With my right hand, I grabbed her left thigh. Her legs were clamped around me like a vice, but I forced her to loosen her hold enough to slip my hand between us. It found its mark quickly causing another violent surge of her hips and a scream. "You are so sexy like this, Anne," I growled dipping my head down to her breasts. "I love freckles, and I love women who need to be tamed. You're quite the little hellcat."

Another scream and then a taunt followed. "Is that all you have, Alex? You can't tame me. Nobody tames me."

Without a reply I swiftly and forcefully entered her. In return I got a scream as her nails broke the skin of my back. Then I retreated. "You know, if you were just a good girl, I'd be happy to give you what you want."

"Never," she growled but the smile on her face let me know, she loved this game.

I chuckled a little. Going back to task, I found my way inside of her again. We kissed frantically, but she had the audacity to bite my bottom lip so hard it began to bleed. The pain of it brought me to my senses enough to pull back a little. "Careful there, baby. We don't know enough about each other to swap that much fluid," I said.

My concern seemed to break through to her. Her hand left my back and gently touched my bruised lip. "It's okay. I swear I'm clean."

"Me too," I whispered, kissing her on the fingertips. The momentary lull seemed to lessen our fevered rush. "Listen, Anne. You're a hellion, and I like that. We can do this anyway you want, but I have a feeling this is the way you always have sex. Isn't it?"

"Because it's the best way."

"What if I showed you another way?"

"Another way?"

I nodded in the dark as I gently kissed the palm of her hand and down toward her wrist. Taking my time I moved down her forearm and then up to her shoulder before settling into her neck. "Another way, a much better way. I promise to take care of you and make you feel so good."

"O...O...Okay," she stuttered at my change of pace as her hands settled into my dark hair again.

"Just relax, baby," I whispered as my hands began to stroke her body in a different fashion. I started lightly letting my fingertips dance along the skin of her sides. She squirmed a bit and moaned at the feathery touch. Curving my left arm under her to hold her to me, I settled it in the small of her back. Meanwhile my right continued on toward her left breast. I kissed over her face gently before finding her lips while at the same time my middle finger teasingly circled the crest of her breast. Her back arched upward toward my touch as she cried out lightly. Even though her body was responding as if she was enjoying the change, there was uncertainty in her touch that made me wonder if she was all right. Kissing her neck softly, I whispered, "Are you okay?"

"Yeah," she replied but with nervousness that gave me pause.

"Are you really that uncomfortable?"

"No. I just never do it like this."

"But you're going to try for me? I want to do something that I know you'll enjoy, but you have to trust me enough to let me."

"Okay."

Looking into her eyes through the darkness, I said, "Close your eyes and relax your body."

I watched her eyes closed and felt her strong thighs loosen their grip on my waist. Satisfied that she was going to be compliant, I closed my own eyes and went back to task. Beginning at the top of her head, I lavished her with kisses and caresses as I made a methodical descent down her frame. Her face, her neck, and her shoulders were all thoroughly investigated before I settled myself for a bit of time on her chest. The screaming she had predicted was replaced with light moaning and soft cries, making me wonder if she was finding as much pleasure in it as I, but her nails scraping my back were still present. Even though they hadn't broken skin a second time, the light scratching felt good.

I could have spent a great deal of time bestowing attention to her breasts, but my body was starting to feel the effects of the late hour, long day, and several drinks, and I knew I had much more ground to cover with her, so I moved on. Down her toned stomach I went until my mouth lingered just below her navel. My right hand joined my lips there as I teasingly began to touch her, running the tips of my fingers over the tops of and between her thighs.

Just like the rest of her body, she was well-groomed, leaving just a small trail for me to follow. It surprised me, because most women I had been with preferred the more natural state, but Anne was manicured from head to toes, and everything in between obviously was not overlooked. Dipping my head between her thighs, I received the first small scream.

"Alex, what?" she called. Her fists clutched to my dark hair.

"Easy now. Just relax. I promise you'll love this."

Going to task, I took my time. By the way she responded, I could tell the sensation of being touched that way was not that familiar to her. This was not something of her usual activities, which pleased me, because it was a real chance for me to show one of my specialties. Using my hands, I opened her up further to allow my mouth the access it wanted. Gently I started to explore the essence of her. My tongue glided over the contours, taking mental notes of what she liked by her body's responses. After the inventory, I focused on what gave her the most pleasure. The screaming and the nails made a reprisal, but gone was the battle for control. She was lost too much to her pleasure to even fight for it. The only resistance even left was in her thighs as they squeezed against my shoulders.

I could feel the momentum building within her. Her legs began to shift against the sheets and the thrusting of her hips went from a gentle pace to a frantic tempo. I could tell she was zooming toward a climax, and I didn't know what to expect when she arrived there. Erring on the side of caution, I backed off a little, but she wouldn't have that. Her right hand took me by the back of the head and forced me back in to finish what I had started. When she reached her summit, she emitted the loudest scream I had ever heard from someone in my bed before. I actually jumped at the sound as well as those French manicured nails digging into my shoulders. I bit back my own scream at the feeling of them slicing through my skin and into my muscles. I had no doubt blood was oozing out of the cuts. For a brief moment I thought to myself that she was more of a woman than I could handle regularly if those nails always came into play, and yet the thought of being without her already was one I wasn't prepared to accept. Even through her apparent adoration of pain with sex, I was still addicted to her responses.

When her tremors subsided, her hold on me weakened a bit. I took the opportunity to move up her body once again with my mouth until mine reached hers. Lightly I kissed her as I found my way inside of her for more gentle exploration. Her body arched into mine as she gasped at the feeling of me. Slowly I went. I knew I was going to be too tired to continue on after the next round, so I wanted to give her something to remember. Our bodies pressed together trying to find the right tempo for her. We settled into it after just a few moments. She was still close to the edge, so it didn't take much to push her over one more time before there was only breathing. Neither of us said anything as I rested on top of her with my head on the pillow next to hers. Her hands ran soothingly over my back and into my hair. I couldn't fight sleep at the gentle yet powerful touch, and I didn't even hear her slip out in the night.

The next day when I awoke, the room was silent. I wasn't surprised that I was alone but disappointed anyway. Heading to the bathroom to shower, I looked at myself in the mirror. She had scratched my back deeply enough to break skin in several places, leaving dried red lines. There were even some on the back of my neck, which I wondered how I was going to cover until they healed. My hair wasn't quite long enough to cover all of them.

I showered and then headed to my bag to find clothes. It was obvious that she had rifled through it, because everything was in disarray. I was concerned that something may have gone missing, and upon further investigation found that my Tennessee Volunteers basketball t-shirt was in fact gone. I found that odd given her like of Tennessee's rivals, UConn. However, while searching for missing contents, I came across her business card that she must have dropped in, because I hadn't

gotten one from her the day before. I sighed in sobriety as I looked at it and wondered just how much I may have ruined my chances for the perfect job with my behavior. In the light of day what had seemed relatively harmless now weighed heavily upon me. Nevertheless, I knew nothing could change what had taken place and did my best to forget it.

Six weeks later I was in Boston on a Friday afternoon. I hadn't heard from Anne since our meeting, and that saddened me. However, I was furious with myself when I found out the firm had decided to choose another candidate. I just knew it was because of what had happened. I had allowed my sexual desires ruin a great career move. I mourned that loss greatly. Fortunately though I had other Boston interviews since that point in time for good firms that were interested in me, and that day as I was looking at housing options when my recruiter called to relay positive news.

"You have an offer on the table with exactly the terms you want," he said. "They are just waiting to hear back from you."

"That's fantastic. I'm so glad. You already know that I'm going to accept."

"I know, but we should discuss your starting date. They are flexible, especially since there is relocation involved."

"I still want to stick to the plan. Three weeks. I'm actually in Boston and will be until Monday, so if they want me to come sign paperwork at their office, I'd be happy to do that."

"Great. I'll certainly let them know. Congratulations, Alex. I know you were unhappy about the way things ended with the other firm I introduced you to. I'm glad this one worked out for you."

"You still don't know why the other place went with someone else, do you?"

"Not really. I truly thought you had it. It came as a complete surprise to me."

"All right. Well, it really doesn't matter at this point anyway. Thanks for this news. I'm glad that the search is over."

"I'm glad for you. I'm going to go call them back. I'll let you know if they want you to come in on Monday morning before heading back. Have a good weekend if I don't talk to you."

"You too. Thanks again."

Hanging up the phone, I sighed. My job search was over, and I had found a position that would let me move to Boston. My only regret was it wasn't with my first choice firm. Nevertheless, I knew I would be happy there. Reaching into my pocket, I pulled out my wallet. I opened it and pulled out the business card I had carried with me since I woke up that morning in the hotel. I was upset over losing the job, and therefore, I couldn't bring myself to call Anne, but now that things were resolved I needed to know why.

Dialing the number, I waited as it rang twice before she picked it up and announced herself. "Hi, Anne. It's Alex," I said.

There was a prolonged silence, but I could hear the grin on the other end of the phone before she whispered, "Alex? Alex who?"

"I think you know, you little hellcat," I said with a grin, realizing she was just playing with me.

"Alex, how are you?"

"I'm good. I'm sorry that I haven't called you since our dinner that night, but I thought it best under the circumstances. I called you now because I needed to know something."

"What's that?"

I sighed. Growing serious I asked, "Was what happened between us why I didn't get the job with you all?"

She didn't answer at first. "It's not what you think, Alex. When I was asked my opinion of you, I gave you wonderful reviews. I wanted you to work here. I would have loved to have you working with us. Someone else opposed the idea."

"Deborah?" I questioned.

"I'm sorry, Alex. She was upset with my flirtatious comment toward you at dinner, and then when I came in that Monday she and I got into an argument. She accidentally saw the hickey you left behind on my neck. She was so angry. I wasn't going to tell anyone about what happened, but she knew."

"But how did she know it was me?"

"Because she knows me. They said there was no way they would hire you after that. I'm really sorry, Alex. It was my fault. I could understand if you were furious with me."

"No, it wasn't. I was there. I should have known better, but you just looked so perfect." I paused and sighed. "I really did enjoy our time together."

She moaned a little into the phone. "Me too. You have no idea how much." There was another pause between us. "You know, it's crazy. I hardly know you, but I've missed you. Not a day goes by that I don't think about trying to contact you, but I wasn't sure how receptive you'd be in light of what happened."

"I've missed you, too," I confessed.

"Where are you?"



"Actually, I'm in Boston. I came up here for the weekend for some house hunting."

"Have you found a job yet?"

"As a matter of fact, I just received an offer today. I'm planning on starting in three weeks."

"Oh, that's great. We should celebrate. Are you doing anything tonight? Usually I got out with Deborah, but things between us haven't been the same since we met you. I've sort of lost my best friend."

"I'm sorry to hear that. I don't have any plans for the rest of the day. I was thinking about having some lunch before heading over to Beacon Hill to look at a place."

"Are you downtown right now?"

"I am. Believe it or not, I'm just a few blocks from your office."

"Oh, you must come see me. Please?"

"I'm not sure I'm welcome in your office."

"No. That's why you have to come up here, to let them see what they lost. Please. We could have lunch together."

I contemplated her statement. It would be nice to show Deborah that even if she blackballed me from the job she had not scared me away from Anne. "All right. I'll be there in about ten minutes."

Going to their office, I made my way up the elevator to their floor. When I walked in, all was quite as it had been the first time I had been there. Deciding to take matters into my own hands, I walked down the hallway towards Anne's office. I didn't see anyone until I came to the open door. I paused to look at her sitting at her desk with her back to the door while she was on a call. However, when she turned and saw me, she gave a gleaming grin and quickly hung up the phone.

"Alex," she greeted rising from her chair and running toward me. She jumped into my arms. The flip-flops she was wearing fell from her feet as her legs came around my waist. I grabbed her by the seat of her ripped jean shorts to steady her against me. Without thought our mouths came together in a passionate lock. I had missed this woman, and clearly she felt the same.

Finally when our kiss broke, I smiled. "You look fantastic in that Tennessee Vols t-shirt that you stole from me," I teased.

She laughed and squeezed me to her once again. "I've been wearing it to the office every week just to piss everyone off. It's sort of been my punishment toward them for how they treated you."

"Has it worked?"

She nodded. "I hear the grumbling under their breath. I've even started rooting for the Vols whenever possible."

I laughed. "A girl after my own heart."

"Maybe," she whispered. We gazed at each other before beginning to kiss again.

Just then there was a clearing of a throat near us. Both of us turned to see Deborah standing there. I smiled as I put Anne down and graciously said, "Deborah, hi. How are you?"

She looked at the two of us and shook her head. "It all makes sense now," she said seriously. "Anne, I don't think having your girlfriend drop in during the middle of the day is the best example to set for people. We try not to have guests here, you know, so we can keep our casual dress code."

I curved my arm around Anne's waist. "Not to worry, Deborah. I won't make a habit of it. I just came by to take Anne to lunch. After all that's the kind of girlfriend I am."

She dismissed my comment and looked back at Anne. Thrusting papers at her, she left us. Depositing those papers on her desk, she came back and smiled at me tentatively. "So how about what you just said?"

"You mean lunch? Where would you like to go?"

She shook her head. "About being my girlfriend?"

I closed the distance between us again. "I said that to piss her off. Why would you want a girlfriend? You said you couldn't be tamed. Why wouldn't you prefer being single? I mean I would of course love a chance to spend more time with you and doing all those things girlfriends do," I teased softly. "But that would be up to you I guess."

"I thought I couldn't be tamed, but then I met you," she confessed. "I didn't stand a chance."

"So is that what you want between us?" I inquired. I had fantasized about what that might be like but never thought it was possible. Now it was right in front of me.

"I want to know you, Alex. The last six weeks a part has been the toughest six weeks of my life. I can't let you just walk away again, especially now that you're moving here. I would like it a great deal if you were my girlfriend."

Giving a smile, I leaned down to kiss her lips sweetly. It lasted for several moments before I replied, "Now that's the best job offer of all."

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