

I give myself another mental shake and get ready to face the day and one of the sexiest men in New York City.

I take the subway, so it doesn't take me too long to get to work in Times Square from the Meatpacking District where I live. I walk up to the Harris building and I am in awe realizing this is where I will be working. I'm transported back to a few days ago when I had my interview. The skyscraper building is still like nothing I've ever seen. The Harris building looks just like the New York Times building. The outside is all glass. Professionally structured is the only way that I can explain it.

When I step inside, I'm in awe for a second time. I just cannot believe I will be working here—and I pinch myself. The inside looks like a hotel lobby, but with a more eloquent style to it. The coloring is a dark grey to a light grey with a little black. The floors are greyish marble. The chairs in the main lobby area are like the ones in Sean's office, black leather. The security desk in the main lobby looks more like the receptionist desk on the 30<sup>th</sup> floor, than a regular security desk.

I walk up to the security guard and give my name and what floor I will be working on. I turn my head as I wait for the guard to provide me with my security badge and codes for the research level in the building. I look up—captivated by this beautiful chandelier hanging. It was plain yet eloquent at the same time. It was shaped like icicles and the lights looked like small snowballs.

“Miss Jones, Mr. Harris would like to see you in his office” the security guard tells me. I am stunned for a moment. How in the world did he know I was already in the building? I was about to ask the security guard the question, but I decided against it. I thank the guard and take the elevator up to the 30<sup>th</sup> floor and Sean's office. I'm nervous, not sure how to handle an encounter with him today. I know that sounds strange. Given how I gave myself a pep talk this morning.

I know this is all part of the job. Sean is my boss and he will need to give me the ins and outs on the job and what he expects from me. I take a deep

breath and stand up straight. The elevator pings and I get off. On the 30<sup>th</sup> floor, I say good morning to the receptionist, who looks at me, and smiles.

I smile back. Sean's office is behind me, but I know that he's standing right there. It's weird and I cannot explain it, but I can feel him; it is like we are soul mates. I never thought that an attraction to another person could then turn into a connection. Or maybe I'm just losing my mind. "Thank you, Sam" Sean says as he makes his way to me. I swallowed over the lump in my throat. *God, what is this man doing to me.* "Please come into my office Shiv," he says.

I stare at him opened mouth. No one and I mean no one calls me Shiv. Its not that I don't like the nick name, its just... I cannot explain it. I can feel his hand on the small of my back as he guides me in front of him towards his office. It sends shivers up and down my spine. I start to wonder what his hands would feel like touching my naked body. *Man, where in the hell did that thought come from?* I try to clear my mind of these crazy thoughts. Once we're in his office, he shuts the door behind us. I turn around to face him. "No one calls me Shiv," I say to him. He just smiles at me, his sexy cool smile that has me melting and willing to do anything he wants.

"Well, it looks like that will be something special between the two of us," he says. And for the second or third time I looked at him open mouthed and surprised by his brazenness and confidence. I pull myself back to reality and a little away from him. "I am supposed to start in a couple of minutes," I say. "Is there anything I can help you with?" Looking at him I realize he has all the power and control.

But at the same time—I have to be honest with myself—Sean having the power and the control is reassuring to me and gives me some semblance of peace. He comes closer to me. I take a step back, not because I am afraid of him. Not because I don't trust him. But because I know that he could hurt me like no one has ever hurt me before. He notices that my body language is conveying to him what my thoughts must be. I am nervous, scared, excited—hell I'm all of the above. But being scared is at the top of the list. "Don't be

afraid of me. I would never hurt you,” he says. I can hear the conviction in his voice. His facial expression is serious. He not only means those words, he believes them. I’m a little overwhelmed. “I—I need—.” I close my eyes and start again with better selection of words.

“Mr. Harris, you were going to explain what you needed from me,” I say to him. No sooner do the words leave my mouth. I can feel a shift in the room. It’s like something you see when watching the sports highlights on ESPN. The moment in the game when the losing team has a momentum shift, thus giving them what they need to turn the game around.

The look on his face changes as his eyes looks like they’re on fire. His breathing changes as he takes my face into his hands. I’m frozen in time like I have no control over my own body. I simply can’t react. I wasn’t sure what was about to happen. And then he lowers his lips to mine and kisses me.

At first I’m taken back and not sure what I’m supposed to do. Then it was like my body was working on instinct. I had no control over my body—my mind was telling me to stop this, it was way to soon to be doing this. Not to mention that it was most certainly a company violation to be kissing not only my boss but also the owner of the company. But my mind can’t help what my body wants. I open up and we start fighting for control of the kiss.

Our tongues are demanding control; I can’t help the moan that escapes from my mouth. Sean pulls me closer, and I can feel his hard cock against my stomach. I love how he feels, how he’s demanding yet gentle at the same time. But something happens, something I thought I had a handle on. I start to freeze up and shake a little. Memories are fighting to make their way to the surface. *Please, no, not again. Why, why now?* I ask myself.