

Chapter 1

EVERETT

"Can you make me come?" I whisper on the phone, bringing the mic closer to my lips. I sigh and wince softly under my breath as if someone is trying to choke me. My head thinks about him naked in his bed right now. I will do anything for my boyfriend because he likes how much I want to please him. "Are you there, honey? I'm hanging by a loose thread about to explode. I am coming apart by the seams. I need you so badly."

"Oh yes, baby," he wails on his side of the static, about to shoot his stuff around his sheets. "Can I suck on your tits? Your big tits?"

"You can do whatever you want, my love." I increase my pace of breathing, playing along with his dirty game to get him off. He needs it at least thrice a day. "I'm here with my big tits straddling them in your face."

"Oh fuck, oh jeez, fuck me." My heart throbs loudly against my chest. I enjoy hearing him get all turned on. "I would fuck you so hard, Evie, and I'll stretch you all out if you were here in my bed."

"I'm at work, though." I chuckle, enjoying the torture I'm laying over on him. "Unless you want to fuck me in a toilet stall, then I'm all yours, babe."

I can imagine him lying under his sheets, wrinkling his long nose.

"You're gross, sweetie." His voice doesn't have that turned on edge to it, and the simple fact tells me he's done with jerking off for the afternoon. "You know I would never take you anywhere near a public toilet, let alone a workplace cubicle."

"Oh, I know."

I get off the toilet seat and peep out from the cubicle door, hoping no one hears me talking dirty to my boyfriend. When I see that there's no one outside, I exhale loudly, thanking the universe for working along with me.

The moment I get out of the toilet cubicle and move to the sink to wash my hands, another person who works here enters the washroom. I quickly wipe my fingers with the toilet paper hanging loosely near the sink and then dry my almost wet fingers under the air dryer.

Then I go back to my call.

"Hey, I got to go. I need to get back to work."

"Will we be seeing each other at the weekend?" My boyfriend sounds excited to see me. "I can't wait to see you, baby."

"Neither can I, my love. We'll see each other definitely." I smile into the static. "But I really have to go right now. If Kyra saw that I was not at the work table, punching the numbers and designing the next advertising campaign, then I'm almost convinced she'll find a new graduate to run her side of the department."

"Of course, she's your boss." He blows out a loud breath.
"You should go. We'll talk later."

"Thank you for understanding my situation, babe. I'll have to call you later. Bye."

"Bye, baby."

The woman disappears into the stall next to the one I was in, and I quickly escape the room, cursing under my breath. It's hard to find a moment to myself since work is always so crazy during the wee hours of noon, especially when one would expect it to slow down so they can catch a breather, but it never is slow around here.

Kyra wanted me to work on a new advertising campaign for this new client we had picked up last week. She put me in charge of designing all the marketing materials since we are about to collaborate with them on launching their latest product line for the international market. The heyday of the internet makes my work all that excruciating because my boss can check the number of clicks, the visitors, and the number of inventory sold with a swipe on her phone's screen. And if you don't know how Kyra works, then you shall find out shortly that she loves to put my ass on the line for pretty much everything.

"Everett, have you checked the data analytics?" She yells as soon as I enter my small office hidden at the end of the floor, stuffed between the horizontal kitchen and the document review room where a bunch of freshly graduated paralegals check contract documents for the company and give their two cents on them. I'm sure our company only hires them to fire them as soon as they move on to the next

project because I hardly see the same faces for more than a month at a time. "I told you to check the data and get me the report of inbound leads over two hours ago. What are you up to, huh? Still texting with your boyfriend?"

I bow my head as soon as she comes into view and then get busy flipping some files while opening the client's website and punching some numbers in an online excel sheet on the computer.

"It was just one text," I utter my words as softly as I can. "I don't text anyone during work hours."

Kyra breaks into a mean bout of laughter.

"Sure, you don't." She rolls her eyes. "Is that why you keep taking regular bathroom breaks? Do you have a stomach upset or something?" She wrinkles her nose. "Cause I'd sure like to solve the mystery of who's stinking up the bathroom stalls." She puts her fingers around her nostrils. "It reeks so bad. I have already called maintenance thrice this week."

"It's all clear right now." I give her a small smile, stealing a glance from my computer. "My stomach isn't upset." I shrug. "But I sure am having a splitting headache today. I had to splash some water on my face to feel better. My head is spinning."

I put my fingers around my temple, massaging the skin in small circles to convince her of my pain.

"Oh, that makes sense." She thins her lips. "You've been awfully slow this morning." Then she walks back to her

office and appears minutes later with a small bottle of aspirin. "Here," she pushes the pill bottle towards me. "Pop some pills and get back to work. We have a lot of work to do. I can't lose you today since the client is breathing down my back asking for updates every hour, and so far, I have had nothing to share."

She shakes her head as I open the bottle, grab a tablet, and then put it under my tongue.

"You have to be certain I get those analytics with some hard data within the next hour, or I won't think twice before firing you after the monthly appraisals. You can't let me down now, Everett."

I shake my head repeatedly.

"You'll get the files at the end of this hour." I sigh. "I'll get behind it. No, scratch that. I'm working on it as we speak."

"Good girl." She snaps her fingers to get my attention. "You better make sure those reports are perfect because they will be going straight to the CEO, and you don't want to know what he's like."

My boss, Kyra Fox, has a terrifying expression on her face. I never thought she'd be the one to be scared of anything.

"He's scary, and I'm not calling him scary because he's like me. No, girlie, he's nothing like me because I'm a peach." She laughs. "He would fire you without thinking twice. No ifs, no buts, and you receive a termination letter in your email. It just comes when you're least expecting it. I'm sure you don't want that, do you?"

I shake my head again.

"No, ma'am."

"Guess you're probably the reason why we'd get to keep our jobs this coming month, so get to work right freaking now!"

With that, Kyra storms out of the room, leaving a weird sensation bubbling in my stomach.