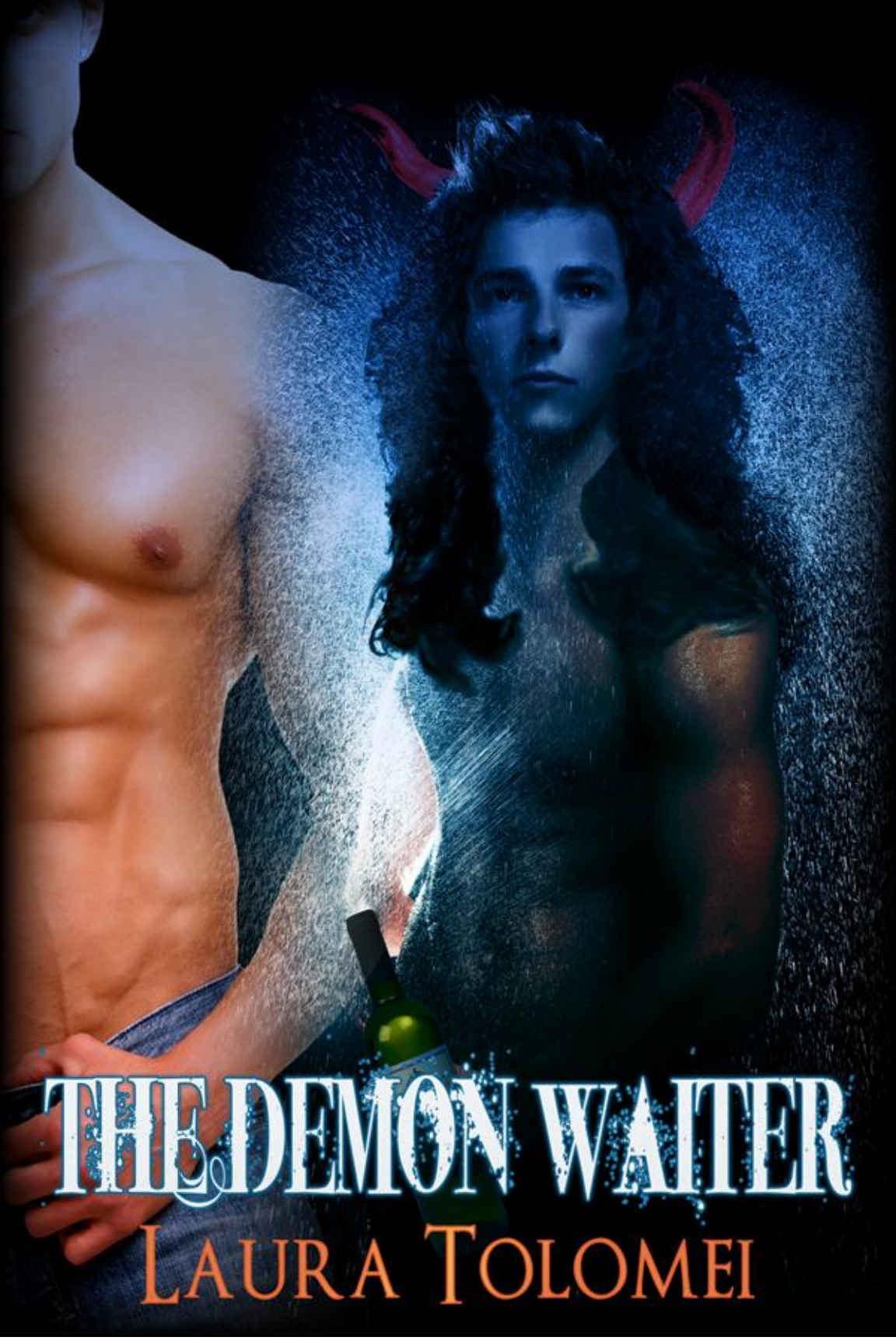




THE DEMON WAITER

LAURA TOLOMEI

He hadn't expected it. Not at all. And yet there it was, Laurent De Berger's heart wish was a...impossible! And to think he had done it by the book, have sex in a dusty ghost town saloon with Anthony and Renée on Halloween night, only to find out...no, he still couldn't believe it! But since there was no going around it, what to do now?

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The Demon Waiter

By

Laura Tolomei

Grazie dell'idea e del rimorchio, Micio!

Chapter One

Today was the day! Yes, it was finally here. And he felt great, not even the tiredness that plagued him of late. Tossing aside the sheets, Laurent De Berger took a quick peek out the window. *Uff! Same old fastidious blue sky with the glaring sunlight.* Dallas's usual weather and today was no different. *Parbleu! How can the sun be so bright on the thirty-first of October, practically November?* It was beyond him.

Living in the damn city, he missed his Paris drizzle, the cool, if not downright cold falls, with dead leaves clogging street gutters in their range of colors dimming to winter's grayness. Nothing here to mark the passing seasons, no changing hues or temperatures, just the same dreary blue and hot yellow fixture in the sky. Then again, he couldn't do much about either or for being there in the first place.

With a sigh, he remembered how he had come to be an exile from his native country...either that or end up in prison. Well, the choice seemed easy—better Dallas's insufferable weather than seeing comforting gray skies from behind bars. Not his fault French Internal Revenues Department hadn't caught up sooner with call centers or their earnings, realizing only much later how much money they really made. By then Laurent had a flourishing bank account stashed in Switzerland's secreted vaults and wasn't about to give it up for some stupid mistake on the government's part. And to think the business was going

great, too. At age twenty-five, he managed one of the most profitable call centers in all of France, something he had started as a way to pass time while searching for a job more in line with his Sorbonne University degree in Economics.

A friend of his asked him to lend a hand in a new sort of enterprise, and Laurent accepted readily. To his surprise, it turned out a gold mine, quite worth the challenge, to the point only three years later he was earning more than his father ever did during his employed life. This, though, didn't mean Laurent was entitled to keep it all, at least according to the French Treasury. Waking up after years of being unaware of the venture's enormous potentials, the newly learned accountants came on to Laurent and requested an outrageous sum of money, claiming huge tax evasions for the entire period the business had run. Well, options seemed limited, but instead of forking over half his bank account, Laurent bought a plane ticket to Montreal and was out of Paris before anyone could lay a finger on him or his money.

Gone from his country for good, Canada was an acceptable replacement. The choice was hardly casual. His intended destination had a very favorable legislation toward holders of French passports in need of fresh starts. Few restrictions and many advantages gave Laurent the right, mostly the time, to seek jobs and stable settlements without any pressure. In addition, it was his type of place. Cold and with marked seasonal changes, he loved both the people and the city, also because they talked his language. And that was no small advantage.

Though he knew English well enough, nothing beat his French when hustling a lap dancer working in the middle of nowhere. It was part of the beauty of this fascinating nation. To drive for hours in a magnificent countryside until he'd

come up to a place that, along with food, offered lap dance shows on the side. And Laurent had always been partial to women and could never resist tasting the flesh they displayed so freely.

But Canada wasn't a land of opportunities for sex alone. At twenty-seven, Laurent was more than ready to start over on a new and different career, whatever came his way. At his age, he wasn't choosy nor could he afford to be. And meeting Julie Walters certainly proved this point.

As head of a start-up company, she was conducting interviews for a sales position in an uncharted field, or so it was when Laurent first heard of it. At that time, seven years ago, biotechnology was the future. No one had any clear idea on what they were getting into. Most distrusted it outright. That stuff about genes and cloning seemed pure sci-fi, meddling with something closer to God than science, which couldn't be tolerated or encouraged.

Still scientists were moving faster than public opinion, and in the best capitalist tradition were turning high profile research into business. Companies were beginning to take their first steps in a market that would soon become richer than Midas's gold, particularly in Canada with its great fervor of underground activities, increasingly remunerative for anyone insightful enough to grab this unique chance. Exactly like Laurent, broad-minded and with a knack for giant profits. So what if he knew next to nothing about it? He had gone to the interview anyway and liked Julie more than he did anything she said about the job.

Petite, skinny, long dark hair, a sad look on her face, Julie was definitely his type. And the fact she was married, like the wedding band on her finger claimed, made it all more exciting. So they talked, and he seduced her into giving him

the job in spite of having absolutely no experience, not just in scientific matters, but in the sales department in general.

It was inevitable. Through the entire interview, she kept staring at him the way women do to tell a man they're ready to spread their legs for him. Yes, he had played the field too long to mistake it. Maybe it was his good looks that turned her on—his athletic build kept in shape by rigorous gym sessions, his long chestnut-gold hair tied in a ponytail, his green-yellowish eyes that a lover once defined as *tiger eyes*. Either way, she had fallen for him.

The first days on the job, her eyes followed him everywhere as she took on the task of training him, something usually delegated to a lesser ranking manager. He made no outward moves. No use screwing the boss if he had no intention of staying long. So he kept a low profile to weigh the pros and cons of the sector he was beginning to know. Only once he determined it would be his fast-lane ticket to a colossal fortune did he go for Julie.

Not a man to waste time, Laurent took advantage of the first time he found her alone in her office. It was late evening, past dinnertime. He had stayed behind to check out revolutionary methods of targeted drug delivery in patients affected with liver cancer. Apart from commercial reasons, it was a fascinating read and in French, too, which made it faster and easier to understand. Immersed in the subject, he almost missed the noise at the end of the hall. And since it seemed to come from Julie's office, he went to investigate and what a surprise—Julie's back bent over a cabinet as she rummaged noisily through stacks of papers.

Well, words weren't needed, not after the eloquent *come on* she kept sending him from the day she hired him. In fact, it was only natural she should turn to him and say absolutely nothing. No, she didn't even move—perhaps to

shake her derrière briefly, or was it Laurent's impression? Either way, he went up to her and clutched the hips to crush her buttocks against his crotch.

To his intense satisfaction, his cock immediately stirred to hard alertness, already trying to find a way into an ass he had fantasized about at night. Small wonder it was the part he most loved to possess, so tight and narrow sometimes it proved an effort, particularly for his huge equipment always craving for more space. Hers promised to be especially cramped.

Derrière up in the air, back bent, Julie remained in the same exact position while he slid up her skirt and down her panties, already flicking impatient fingers inside the tiny hole squeezing them forcefully. That it wasn't used to frequent penetrations was a truth she confessed later on. She could've saved her breath. The extra tightness only added to his sense of anticipation, requiring as it did a thorough wetting before just the tip of his erection could break inside.

Dropping on his knees, he obliged immediately, pushing his tongue through the small entrance that sucked viciously, pulling out only to drench the edges in a continuous rimming that was driving Julie wild with desire. Not that she said anything to that effect. He gathered as much from the rhythmical throwback trapping his tongue in the confined space he longed to try with a completely different piece of equipment. And her cunt dripping honeydew on his chin, literally, was clearly indicative of her reactions. Then the faster butt spins convinced him she was ready for it.

Straightening up, he deepened the sensual play with his fingers to keep her hot while he took out what had become a stone-hard erection. Then fished in his pockets for the condom he always carried with him and slipped it on. Now he, too, was ready for her.

At his first shove, she retracted slightly, signaling that imagination and reality didn't always coincide. Fortunately, she didn't move far enough to prevent him from claspings her sweet *derrière* and dragging it back to him, to his cock precisely, to screw it without any further delays. The deeper he went, the less she squirmed to get away until he planted it all inside, balls excluded. It was a delicious pleasure to have the restricted passageway at his entire disposal to enlarge an inch at a time. Accommodating the length and thickness of him wasn't easy to begin with. Laurent knew it well, having refined his technique for crawling into apparently impossible jams and sticking to them to the inevitable end. He was so good anyway, they all found it irresistible to let go despite his frantic pumping, the same way Julie's ass walls pressed on every side to hold him prisoner. So his resistance wore out in a bursting jet of seedy fluid flooding the condom.

Thus had started a great working and sexual partnership he found exciting and stimulating, at least for five years, at least until Julie told him she was divorcing her husband and would love a steadier situation with him. Of course, the mere mention of the word *steady* was enough to cool his enthusiasm. Sure, she had a great butt, one he used often, though not exclusively, during the five years. But to turn a satisfying ass fuck into a *relationship* and with the boss, too, he needed much more of something he would've been ashamed to confess to his best friend.

Despite his rationality's vehement scorn, he couldn't let go of a deep yearning to find that something special, the one being connected to him in a way no other ever could be, beyond sex, stronger than love or whatever other deep emotion people could share. Most of the times, his analytical mind refused even to consider the possibility, throwing it all

back at him like another of the heterosexuals' myths or mumbo jumbo designed to produce more prolific couples. If forced to admit it, though, Laurent craved to recognize at a single glance his significant other, as literature and gossip now defined them. To have the same thoughts simultaneously was his dream, if not the similar stuff romance authors loved to describe at length in their stories. Having read more than his share of such nonsense type books, he could never bring himself to scorn them entirely, like they deserved to be. A deep-rooted and tenacious belief held him back from throwing them away contemptuously. *Et s'il c'était vrai?* Yes, what if it were all true? So reading of two souls linked by fate, past lives or whatever only made him wish—no, believe—someone like that existed for him, too.

Of course, Laurent had more sense than to say any of it to Julie's face, simply looked for a job elsewhere. By then biotech had become the big thing she had foretold—yeah, the smart ass had vision all right—which made it very easy for him to have his pick of companies willing to pay his outrageous salary requests.

The one bidding highest had to be in Dallas, damn it! But since location wasn't an issue, in fact the farther from her the better, he immediately accepted and here he was.

Chapter Two

Excited, having nursed his dick while reliving his first time with Julie, Laurent sent one last disdainful look at the blue sky of this Halloween, then got out of bed. Despite everything, today was still the day and he needed to get ready for it, to be in perfect shape. And nothing perked him up like a generous cup of hot strong coffee, the same waiting for him downstairs in the kitchen's percolator. After racing down the steps, he opened the giant glass door that led to his extensive lawn with a swimming pool to the side. He always loved the view while going through his morning routine—choosing a mug from the antique cabinet in the dining room, filling it with the freshly brewed black liquid, then sitting on the comfortable couch in front of the large bay window overlooking the yard to sip his first coffee of the day. *Ah, il n'y a rien meilleur du café!* No, there was nothing better than coffee. Laurent loved it whichever way it came—Italian *espresso*, French or American regulars made no difference to him as long as the brew was strong, black without sugar preferably. Moreover, coffee was the reason he met Anthony, so one further proof to be grateful it existed. For sure that was an encounter he wasn't likely to forget.

Laurent liked him from the start. Sitting in the town's best coffee shop, so they assured him on his first day of work in Dallas, he glanced several times at the man giving him more than a casual look over. Facing one another vis à vis, they were both alone at their tables in the shop's smoking section. With steamy cups in front of them, both plunged into the eye-game with greater audacity the longer they played it. Yes, Laurent noticed him, too, like he noticed all men before deciding if they were worthy of his bed. So one brief look led to another until Laurent went for a more lingering stare, almost persistent by the end of the five minutes it took him to realize he wanted to fuck the man and badly, too.

He liked it that way, gender never an issue with him, nor did he ever bother determining if there was one he preferred above the other. In fact, he craved both for their differences and for the varied sensations they offered. And if with women his type was very specific, with men he kept an open mind. For one thing, they didn't have to fit any standards. In them, he valued the details, rather than the overall appearance, cock size and ass shape always taking precedence.

With Anthony, though, it was kind of difficult to determine either. He was sitting, *Goddamn it!* Still something kept his gaze straying to him. Maybe the long hair did the trick, not as long as his, more down to the shoulders, dark thick curly strands that gave Laurent the urge to run his hand through them. Then again, the man's eyes held a devious glint he found fascinating, swimming as Laurent was in the depth of the black gaze that lit the man's otherwise dark complexion. The face was interesting, too, masculine and ruggedly handsome, its only trace of softness in the jaw, not so clear cut as one would expect given such male features.

Well, whatever it was, it kept Laurent glued to his seat and his coffee until the man got up and approached, waving a cigarette between index and forefinger.

"Excuse me, would you happen to have a light?" The voice sounded great, too, deep and well-modulated with a very comprehensible accent. "I seem to have misplaced mine."

"Pardon?" Acting dumb on purpose, Laurent started as if he didn't understand English. "Mais oui, vous voulez du feu?" He always spoke his native tongue when he wanted to attract prey. Then fished in his pocket and took the lighter out, switching on the flame.

"Ah, you're French." The man bent to light his cigarette, deliberately brushing his soft curls against Laurent's hand. "Now I understand that...non-American look I couldn't quite place." A smile split his face. "And by the way, I'm Anthony."

From there to Laurent's queen size bed didn't take long, only for night to fall after his first day at the new job. On meeting at the pub where Anthony was waiting outside, Laurent's first comment had been simply, "Do we really have to waste our time on a drink or can we skip to the fuck?" Having read the signs clearly, he knew Anthony would have no hesitation, none whatsoever in following him home, which he did readily.

Anthony was a passionate one, a real cock lover who couldn't wait to get him indoors to take it out and suck it in the living room. That was before he saw the swimming pool and decided Laurent would be more comfortable laying in one of the sun-beds. His mouth was so good Laurent would've allowed him to do it wherever he wanted, also upside down if necessary. The way Anthony took his dick in one gulp and brought it down the throat, literally

swallowing it to the point Laurent felt the plunge, was simply incredible. He couldn't get enough of his tongue either, wrapped around the firm stem to lap on all sides or curled in a tight squeeze that drove Laurent crazy.

On the pool's edges, he let Anthony have it all, each intake bringing him closer to the cum that was pushing from his balls up until it burst into the pliant cavity. It didn't stop Anthony from sucking, though, quite the contrary. He continued pampering the limp piece to make it grow again, which it did in a matter of minutes. His fastest recovery to date, Laurent wondered how the man managed it without the slightest effort, but it was hardly the only surprise of the night.

If Laurent didn't know better, he'd have sworn Anthony had some sort of magical power. That trick of swallowing was unlike anything he had ever experienced with either men or women. The impression was really of plunging in a bottomless pit, like the shaft went beyond the normal throat constriction, the obvious limit to most other blowjobs. Anthony's, instead, was a smooth drop into an abyss, and without even coughing once.

It was more than enough to turn his dick into another throbbing erection, pushing into Anthony's mouth to demand more space despite the excess it was already getting. That was also when Laurent's gaze fell on the derrière moving to the same rhythm of the head bobs. Definitely a male's ass in shape, Laurent wanted it from the start, to ram until Anthony begged him to stop –

"Now you're ready to take my ass." Holding the stone piece upright and sliding the skin with an expert touch, Anthony grinned smugly.

Well, I'll be damned! The man is some sort of psychic. "It's exactly what I was planning on doing."

What he liked about men was he didn't need to beat around the bush, simply ask for what he wanted or take it outright. So he stripped Anthony of his jeans and turned him to lean on the sun-bed while still down on his knees. Then on covering the erection with the extra-large condom, he got a good look at the man's equipment, an impressive one that made Laurent gladder he had followed his instinct rather than verifying beforehand.

Anthony's dick had a large thick stem, maybe shorter than Laurent's, still long enough to fill any hole to satisfaction. Then again, Anthony liked to have his own well cramped by Laurent's determined cock wanting to smash it open. Not surprisingly, it was a well-trained hole, too, considering how easy it was for Laurent to penetrate it. With one shove he was inside, sucked down by the greedy butt wanting him all at once.

Again, Laurent had the impression of drowning in the man, reaching his essence in a few powerful thrusts that enlarged the narrow entrance to his dick's size. As far as the actual screwing went, he wanted it the fast way for their first time together, already knowing there would be plenty of others to make up for any hurry on his part, so pumped hard to get to a quick climax. Anthony evidently craved the same or he wouldn't have jerked his cock so madly, throwing back the derrière to match his slams. Stepping up the dance, Laurent slid his hips forward to bury his entire piece into the confining space crushing it to a spasm, and there was no turning back. The jet of semen filled the condom's réservoir much like it did now, only on his hand still flicking the thick piece as he sat in his living room couch finishing up his coffee.

Chapter Three

“**B**onjour, Monsieur De Berger.” Renée smiled cheerfully upon his entering. “Comment-allez-vous?”

“Très bien, merci, et vous?” No question about it, Laurent had chosen Renée Levain as his personal secretary because she was of French origins, born and raised in Canada, Montreal to be precise, by Parisian parents.

Her eyes sparkled mischievously. “Moi aussi, M’sieur.” Well, all right, maybe being French wasn’t the only reason.

Either way, he was working for a big holding, headquartered in Dallas true, but of French origin. Bio-Tech Haute Engineering Médical—BIOTHEME—was an up and coming, aggressive company in the bio-medical engineering field, the same compartment Julie Walters had trained him. Lately it was paying off with increasingly high market results. The discovery of DNA strands and the many ways the new knowledge could help people with serious illnesses was becoming a top priority of industrialized countries everywhere.

BIOTHEME analyzed and mapped human genes to determine how best to employ them in nerve or tissue regeneration. Specialized in cloning and implants for medical treatments, it was also very active researching and developing efficient drug delivery methods, including the

very specific targeted versions of which. Laurent was in charge. More importantly, it was a fast-growing market segment, which was bringing a lot of money not just to the company, mostly to Laurent himself.

Once inside his office, he stopped to admire the view of Dallas's skyline from the large window taking up most of the walls around the room, all three sides of it. As an extra advantage, his centered desk allowed him to save a lot on electricity out of the sheer amount of sunlight always available to help him read the many research briefings and updates the scientific department sent him almost daily. In them, he found detailed accounts of the latest advancements or new discoveries on gene's benefits to specific long-term diseases, which in turn BIOTHEM applied to revolutionary drugs or implanted systems that saved countless lives every day. Laurent would not just read, rather memorize the innovations he would then sell, duly patented naturally, either to traditional pharmaceutical companies or to hospitals, medical facilities in general and other research centers for a huge profit. So constant adjournments were the only effective way to be one-step ahead of the competition, and no one managed to turn them into hard cash better than he could.

Undoubtedly, he was particularly good at it, considering the hefty slice that came his way with each signed contract. Having learned more than the ropes from Julie, he had kept studying and staying on top of the latest trends and discovery. Then combining the in-depth knowledge with his well-developed business sense brought it all together in the now hefty Swiss bank account that had never been healthier or with more digits. And if sometimes it meant he had to bring home documentation he didn't have time to read in the office, so be it. Always worth his effort, which suddenly

reminded him he had to finish the last report received on Friday. Luckily, it was stashed in his briefcase and he immediately dug it out to place it on the desk. But one thing was still missing.

"Pardon..." Switching on the intercom, he heard Renée on the other side of the line. "S'il vous plaît –"

"Oui, j'arrive avec le café."

Right, coffee. He could never quite go through a day without several cups of it, much less get off to a good start. Lately, it also turned out to be his only antidote to a growing sense of fatigue that preyed on him unexpectedly whenever alone or not working, which fortunate for him was in very rare occasions. In any case, he needed it and bad, so sat at his desk, shuffling a few papers around until the soft knock at his door. "Yes..."

Renée opened the door and approached, holding a steamy cup in hand, high heels clicking on the Carrara marble floor, real Italian style. Above all, he relished the look of her straight firm muscled legs under the pussy-short mini-skirt moving confidently forward, hips swaying seductively as he imagined the *derrière's* erotic rotation.

All right, nationality and language be damned, she owed her employment to the mere fact she was exactly his type, and the red hair and fiery green eyes added to her sensual beauty.

Smiling as if she read his mind, she placed the coffee on the table, then turned to leave. Another thing he liked about her was she never took it for granted, his interest that is, never soliciting anything he wasn't willing to give at any particular time. But today, he was in the mood for a little fun before the long day, no make that the long night ahead.

Deliberately, he pushed a pen off his desk that fell with a loud clatter. "Would you mind getting that for me?"

Renée stopped and retraced her steps to pick up the pen, elegantly dropping down on her knees to grab it, then returned it to his desk.

Not exactly the way he had figured it, so he tossed it back on the floor again. "Pas comme ça."

Well, she was anything but stupid, another reason he hired her, so this time she didn't bend her legs, simply stretched her back down to grab the pen on the marble.

"Un moment, ne bouge pas." It was an order.

And she didn't move a muscle as he reached her from behind, the part most worthy of the outstanding salary he convinced the company to give her. And the fact it wasn't out of any particular skill, simply to repay his use of her tight little *derrière* made it all the more precious.

Up in the air, he admired its round form, firm and athletic, curving tastefully to her legs. A shape better appreciated naked, Laurent was quick to slide the skirt to the waist and pull down the panties. "Magnifique." He couldn't help commenting while running his hand on the silky flesh. His fingers already aimed at the cleft, a clear-cut division splitting the two lusty cheeks, and for the prize at its very center.

Sliding down, he stuck the first finger inside, then another to get the hole to enlarge. Since they were kind of dry, he licked the ones from his other hand and replaced them into the narrow opening to drench it. The wetter she was, the easier his plunge. So two became three, then four and –

"Ouch..." Renée moaned.

"Il y a des problèmes?" The tone left no doubts he expected none.

"Non, c'est seulement que –"

"Then shut up." At times he liked it better to give his orders in English. It made for more excitement, just like

switching from one language to the other did much to add to his already growing erection.

Unbuttoning his pants, Laurent took it out and rubbed it on the cleft. *Mon Dieu! C'est énorme.* Her ass was just so small his cock seemed three times its size, almost covering the two buttocks entirely. And to think he could penetrate to the hilt anyway made it twitch impatiently.

Grabbing her hips, he adjusted the aim and pulled her to him. Not exactly wide-open, her tiny entrance always proved an arousing challenge in the conquest itself. Invariably, to coax its surrender, Laurent had to resort to one of the many ways he had to learn during the two years of fucking it. This time was no exception. He had to convince it to give in with a series of small thrusts best achieved by swinging his hips forward and working his way inch by inch, which would eventually plant his entire length deep up the cramped space.

As for Renée, Laurent liked her to be passive under his blows, in fact didn't want her to take any initiative, not even that of her hand moving between her legs. "Ah, non, pas de tout!" He froze her immediately. "I'll decide if and when you come."

Obediently, she lowered her hand and didn't move. Just spread her legs further apart and rooted her palms to the ground to keep from falling. But he wasn't an insensitive oaf who used women for his own pleasure alone, without giving anything in return.

Bending slightly, he brushed between her legs, hardly surprised to find her drenched. Renée liked it rough, something he discovered early on and explained why he had kept her around for so long. Whatever and wherever he wanted her, she never said no or objected to his...persuasive methods. Every time she submitted to his whims, letting him

have his way with her, which also explained why he wanted her more and more lately.

He especially loved her wet pussy at the tip of his fingers, swaying to rub deeper in spite—or because—of the stone-like cock impaling her behind. Her clit agreed with everything else, throbbing insanely the second he stroked it. But it was an accident. He had no intention of releasing her so fast.

In the meantime Laurent increased the ass pump, her own excitement adding to the upbeat that squeezed his cock to perfection. Repeated shoves got him all the way to the balls, and he wished further so good was the sensation of the tight walls crunching him and the friction heating the entire piece. Yes, it was definitely getting very hot, soon too hot to stand. And he didn't want to leave her behind.

Returning to her clit, he brushed it intentionally, teasing and rubbing it the way she liked it. As usual, his cajoling worked like a charm. Renée responded immediately, flaunting back her derrière for deeper penetration, moving with him like they were one, until she stopped completely. No, she didn't have to shout it out. He knew she was coming, had learned the imperceptible signs telling him her body was convulsing out of sheer bliss. And it never failed to tip his scales right over the edge of his own pleasure, taking the shortest route to paradise, if one existed, while jerking his seed all inside her ass.

Then it was over. Nothing left to do besides zip up the limp dick flopping out of the snug hole, return to his seat and give permission to move her cramped muscles and get back to her duties, the official ones.

"I'll see you later, M'sieur."

From the desk, he watched her pull up the panties, slide down the skirt, then face him as though expecting further

instructions. “Bien sûr.” *Just get the hell out of here.* Annoyed, he picked up a few papers to scan, formally ending their playtime to start work.

“Hem...for tonight everything’s confirmed?” She had a delightful English accent that never failed to move him.

“Of course it is. Anthony will be here around five, so we can get there without hurrying and stopping in Jasper to have dinner.”

“All right.” And finally, she walked out of the office.

So he had brought them together in the end, his male and female lover, and with much pleasure, however interested his motivations, which they knew nothing about. And he planned to keep it that way.

About the Author

Born 1965 in Rome, Italy, I grew up in Lagos, Nigeria, then moved to Atlanta, GA, to complete my studies. In Rome, I graduated in Political Science and now work in international trade.

I have always loved writing and started in college by working with Emory University's magazine *The Phoenix*. Since then I have been writing and publishing in both Italian and English, specializing in gay M/M erotica in various genres, mostly fantasy, sci-fi and paranormal, sometimes trespassing into the contemporary, not to mention my ongoing fantasy series Virtus Saga.