



*captured*

*by his*

*lens*

JENNA ROSE

# CAPTURED BY HIS LENS

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## ABOUT THE BOOK

As a fashion photographer, I see beautiful women every day. But Ivy, my new assistant, is more gorgeous than any of them. She *could* be a model, but as far as I can tell, she doesn't even have a clue. The way she prances around my studio looking like a goddess...all she's doing is distracting me and making my work suffer. For my business to survive, I have to have her, no matter what it takes. Even if she's sworn to me that work romances are off-limits to her. But what she doesn't realize, is that she's not off limits to me. *Warning: contains minor non-con themes.*

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MIKE

CHRISTINE HALL IS one of the most famous models in the world. She's up and coming, gorgeous, and every photographer in the industry is dying to work with her. But today, it's me that's doing a shoot with her for Vogue. I should be thrilled at what this shoot will do for me. My reputation is already cemented as one of the best photographers in the business, but a shoot like this will only boost that even higher. But there's something major distracting me today, and that's my new assistant, Ivy.

I hired her two weeks ago to replace Trisha, my last girl who'd been with me for nearly a year and decided to go and get pregnant. And ever since then, I just have not been able to focus.

If you ask me, Ivy should be in front of the camera, not behind it. She's every bit as gorgeous as any of the girls I've shot in my career as a fashion photographer. The only thing she lacks is the confidence. Even now as I shoot Christine, all I can think about is what it would be like to shoot Ivy.

*Vogue doesn't even know what they're missing.*

"Mike? Hello?" I look over at the backdrop to see Christine giving me an impatient glare and realize I've been daydreaming, my eyes on Ivy as she organizes my lenses and storage cards over in the corner.

"Sorry," I quickly apologize. "I was...thinking about something."

“Well, can we get back to shooting, please?” she asks in that tone. “I can’t spend *all* of my day at your studio.”

“Of course,” I reply, trading her back the phony smile she’s giving me.

I raise my camera and go back to shooting. I’ll give it to Christine, she may be obnoxious and fake, which is typical for this industry, but at least she knows how to pose. And that’s a valuable skill for someone who’s only been working for a little over a year.

“Great,” I say. “These are great. Why don’t you turn around and give me a few over the shoulder.”

Christine follows my direction to the T. We shoot for another fifteen minutes or so, and although everything goes perfectly, I can’t help but wonder what this shoot would be like if I had Ivy in front of my lens. Sure, maybe she’s not mentally ready for it yet, but I could coach her.

If it was just her and me, maybe...

Vogue wouldn’t know what hit them. The fashion industry wouldn’t either. The whole world would not be ready for her.

Ivy defies the fashion model beauty standard. She’s not stick thin. She has curves that always get my mouth watering every morning when I see her. She has hips that get my fingers moving as I think about what it would be like to clutch them as I hold her from behind. She has breasts that remind me of perfect scoops of ice cream, and on top of all that, she has the face of an angel.

She is perfection. Pure perfection, and I totally screwed myself when I hired her as my assistant.

“Okay, Ivy,” I call out. “Let’s get these images transferred over to my computer.”

“Yes, Mr. Barrett,” she replies, coming over and taking my camera from me. I try not to smile at the formality. It’s been two weeks, and she still won’t call me Mike, despite me having told her to many times.



“Well, that went well,” I say to Christine as she starts to get dressed into her street clothes. That’s one thing about models; they aren’t shy.

“Looked good from here,” Zack, her boyfriend says, coming over from his seat in the corner.

“They were great.” Christine nods. “I can tell when a shoot goes well, and *that* went well.”

“Good thing we finished up so quick too,” Zack says with a grin. He’s chewing on a toothpick and looks like he hasn’t showered in a few days. I’ve never understood his and Christine’s relationship.

“Got some place to be?” I ask.

“My uncle’s dirt bike barbeque,” he replies. “We do it every year.”

Christine smiles. “It’s *so* much fun.”

“Ah.” I nod. “Yeah, you wouldn’t want to miss that for something like this.”

Just then, Ivy comes up beside me, walking slowly and gingerly like she does when there’s something wrong. I immediately turn away from Christine and Zack as she leans in and whispers. “There’s...a problem.”

“What is it?”

“You...um...forgot to put an SD card in the camera. None of the photos saved.”

I nearly have a heart attack right then and there. I move back so I can get a better look at Ivy’s face just to make sure she’s not screwing with me.

“You’re joking.”

She shakes her head adamantly. “No.”

I quickly replay the events that took place before the shoot in my head:

Ivy and I were here at the studio getting ready. The backdrop was all set up, so I just made sure everything was

sturdy. She had charged the camera batteries beforehand, so I doublechecked them and loaded one up. She cleaned my lens, I took it from her, put it on the camera, and then was all set to put an SD card in the camera...

But I didn't.

Ivy went over to her bag in the corner of the studio to check something on her phone—she keeps her phone in her bag so she doesn't get distracted during shoots. And when she did, she bent over and gave me the most ridiculous view of her unbelievable ass I'd seen since she started working for me.

Like the animalistic man I am, I completely forgot about what I was doing and started staring. My eyes locked on to her womanly curves, and my mind got sucked into a fantasy about all the things I'd die to do to her, and by the time I was snapping out of it, Christine and Zack were walking in the door. I hopped up to greet them and left the SD card sitting there on the table without loading it into the camera, meaning every single shot I took of Christine just went off into the ether.

*Shit. This girl is really fucking up my professionalism.*

"Is there a problem?" That's Christine. She's not just a great model, she can also tell when something's up. This is one of those times that I wish I was working with a less-professional girl who was just here to make a good impression.

"Um, yeah..." I say, turning to her and Zack. "We had a little...technical difficulty with the camera and...lost all those photos we just shot."

"What?" Zack blurts out.

Christine's jaw drops. "You *lost* them?"

I put both hands up, trying to calm the situation. "Look, you nailed that shoot. We can knock it out again if we start now. We're both professionals, right?"

"*One* of us is!" Christine counters.

"Wait a second here," Zack snarls. "You said you had a technical issue with the camera. Isn't that *her* job?"

Zack points to Ivy, his eyes filled with anger. Ivy takes a step behind me, placing her hands on my back. A protective instinct I've never felt before instantly floods through me.

"Listen, Zack, this is nobody's fault, okay?"

Zack steps forward, trying to get around me. But I quickly sidestep him, keeping myself between him and Ivy.

"Yeah, that's what *you* say," he growls. "What are you, fucking this bitch and that's why you gave her this job? You even look at her resume?"

Zack raises his hand toward Ivy and I just snap. I swat it away like a fly, causing him to react and come at me. He throws a right hook, which I just manage to duck and counter with my own right to his stomach. I hear Christine shouting as he stumbles, but it takes a knee to the face for me to knock him on his ass. Only then does he stop his assault.

"What the hell are you doing!?" Christine cries out at me, racing to her boyfriend's side.

"What is *he* doing?" Ivy shouts back. "Did you not just see what happened?"

I try not to smile at Ivy coming to my defense. I turn back to her and whisper, "I'm so sorry."

"It's not your fault," she whispers back as Christine helps Zack to his feet.

"I want you out of my studio," I tell him as he holds a hand to his nose. This definitely ranks number one on the list of craziest shoots I've ever had in here.

"You piece of shit..." he mutters. "You just screw my girl out of her Vogue shoot?"

"I'll shoot you, Christine," I say. "We can redo the photos, but only if Zack gets his ass out of here *now*."

I already know what her answer's going to be. Christine may care about her man, but she cares about her career more. She's on her way to the top, and she's not going to let this one incident hold her back. They exchange a glance, and she leans in and whispers something in his ear, which he clearly isn't too

happy with, but a few seconds later, he turns around and heads for the door.

“You’re a real piece of shit, you know that?” he calls to me before he leaves. I don’t even reply. It’s not even worth it. I just want to get this shoot over with and put this whole day behind me.

Christine seems to have the same idea; she’s standing in front of the backdrop in her wardrobe as soon as I turn around. I can tell she’s got a few things she’d like to say, but she’s maintaining her professionalism. I take the camera from Ivy and double-check that the SD card is loaded.

“It’s in there.” She smiles, a smile that nearly melts me. “Don’t worry, I made sure.”

This girl is going to be a problem. I knew it when she showed up for the job, but now I really know it. In the 10 years I’ve been shooting as a professional photographer, I have *never* made such an egregious mistake as the one I just made. But now, two weeks after hiring Ivy and being distracted by her unbelievable beauty, I go and screw up like that.

“Ivy, would you mind going out and grabbing a couple of iced coffees from Maddie’s for me?” I ask. I’m not actually in the mood for coffee, and my guess is Christine isn’t either, but if I’m going to finish up this shoot, I need Ivy the hell out of the studio.

“Sure,” Ivy smiles, showing me that unbelievable beauty again.

“Just grab some cash out of my wallet,” I tell her. “And take your time. It’s no rush. Grab yourself something if you want too.”

“I’m fine, but thanks.” Her voice is like listening to music. If only I could be around her all day. But then I’d get nothing done.

I pretend to mess around with my camera until she’s gone, then I turn back to Christine.

“Ready?” I ask.

“Is that a joke?” she counters. “Let’s go.”

Our second shoot of the day goes even better than the first one. Christine is on, just like she was before, and my focus is even more honed than it was before. My mind is still on Ivy, but at least she’s not here to tug at my gaze the way a black hole’s gravitational pull tugs at every other celestial body around it.

I have to do something about this. About her. I can’t just send her away during every single shoot I have. She won’t be a very useful assistant if I have to do that. I guess I could just fire her, but that’s pretty cruel. Fire a girl because I find her so sexy that I can’t keep my eyes off her?

No, there’s something in between those two moves, and that’s what I’m going to do.

“Okay,” I say to Christine as I take a deep breath and lower my camera. “That’s it. We got it.”

“And we *actually* got it this time?” She’s teasing, but I can see she’s still pissed off from earlier.

“We got it,” I reply, removing the SD card from my camera and plugging it into my computer to begin the image transfer. “Vogue is going to love these, and I truly apologize for what happened earlier.”

“So do I. Zack isn’t normally like that.”

*Yeah, right.*

Christine is finishing getting dressed just as Ivy is coming back with the coffees. She takes one, but I can tell she’s just being polite, and I take the other as we’re saying goodbye. I tell her I’m looking forward to the next time we work together, but the truth is, I’ll never work with Christine again. If this shoot hadn’t been for Vogue, I would have kicked her out of the studio after Zack went off on me like that.

Normally, I don’t let boyfriends come along to shoots for that specific reason. They get jealous, go crazy, want to give their input into how they think the shoot should go—it’s just a whole big mess. But because it was Vogue and Christine, I said yes this one time.

I clearly shouldn't have.

"So how'd it go?" Ivy asks, her eyes bright and shining. You'd think after what happened and how Zack came after her that she'd be in a terrible mood, but she's still upbeat and a joy to be around. I couldn't find something negative about this girl if I tried.

"Well, aside from my horrible fuckup? I'd say it went well." I smile. "Vogue will be happy, and so will Christine."

"Well, it wasn't *that* horrible."

"It was," I reply. I know she's just trying to make me feel better, which is her job, and it's helping...slightly.

"It's not like you," she adds. "You seemed a little distracted today. Is everything okay?"

I almost laugh. I can tell by the way she's looking at me that she's semi-probing, trying to make sure that nothing bad has happened in my personal life. Here she is trying to see if there's been a death in the family or if one of my parents is sick or something, and I just had my eyes locked on her perfect ass at the beginning of the shoot. If only I could explain that to her.

There's no way a traditional relationship with Ivy as my assistant is going to work. She's right; she's too distracting, but she doesn't even know it's *her* that's distracting me. I've got to do something about this and quickly.

"Yeah, everything's fine," I reply. "Listen, Ivy, why don't you and I go out to eat on Monday? There's this new restaurant called 4Pine that just opened, and it's supposed to be great. We could check it out. My treat."

I can tell by Ivy's reaction that she was not expecting that. She blinks hard, looking down and away and then back to me.

"You...you're asking me to dinner?"

"Yeah," I reply. "It'll be fun."

"Like...a date?"

I chuckle. "Sure. You could call it that."

Deep thought comes over her face, almost like she's contemplating if I asked her whether or not she wants to come be my assistant in Europe for the summer and leave everything she's ever known behind.

"I...no."

"No?" To be honest, I wasn't expecting such a firm, fast, negative response.

She looks up, and her eyes meet mine. She shakes her head. "I don't think we should. Work romances are not a good thing, you know?"

"But Ivy—"

"I should go," she says, checking her phone. "Or I'll miss my train home. See you on Wednesday?"

"Yeah," I reply slowly as she grabs her bag. "See you on Wednesday."

I watch as she leaves out the door, feeling like a deflated tire that needs refilling. I've just made my situation worse for myself. Now my insanely gorgeous assistant who has been distracting me from my work for the last two weeks is not just going to continue distracting me with her beauty, but is also going to be here reminding me of the fact that I tried to get her and was rejected.

No, that's not going to happen.

I *will* get her. I'll just have to find a more creative way to do it.

I CAN'T STOP THINKING about Mike the entire train ride back to Connecticut. Never in a million years did I think he would ask me out. He's surrounded by models nearly every day of his life; why would he ask *me* out to dinner? It doesn't make any sense.

Maybe he's having some kind of mental crisis. He has been acting strangely lately, and he was distracted at the shoot today. That mistake he made with the SD card and Christine was so not like him. Maybe he is just losing his mind. I guess something like that would make sense.

Part of me honestly wanted to say yes. There's no denying he's a good-looking guy. A *very* good-looking guy. Even if he wasn't one of the hottest fashion photographers in the business, he could still get the models that are constantly throwing themselves at him. He's a little intimidating, honestly. After my dad's insane no-dating rules throughout high school, I wouldn't even know what to do with myself around a guy like Mike, other than disappoint him in every way.

"I'm home!" I call out when my Uber drops me off. I set my bag down by the door and call out again but am greeted only by the sound of silence. That's no surprise. It's early evening on a Saturday, which means my dad probably has something to do for work and my mom is probably over at one of her friends' houses, leaving me with an empty house and quite the day to think about.

I text my friend, Sara.



### **Are you at work?**

I'm walking aimlessly around the kitchen when she texts back.

**Sure am. Come bother me.**

Smiling, I call an Uber to the restaurant where Sara works. Fifteen minutes later, I'm walking through the door and pulling up a stool at the counter.

"What'll it be?" a guy who looks like he's been here since five this morning asks me.

"I, um..."

Sara comes up from behind him and nudges him out of the way. "I got this one, Brad."

"Thank God," Brad says with a sigh.

"Hot chocolate?" she asks, already getting it for me.

"You know me too well." I smile.

"Well, I should, right? We've known each other since first grade."

"Has it been that long?" I laugh. "Shouldn't we be in college instead of busting our asses?"

Sara gives me that *Really?* stare as she fills my mug and hands it to me. "Busting your ass? Bitch, you're a fashion photographer's assistant. I'm a server in a restaurant, okay? Only *one* of us is busting their ass."

"Hey, I almost got assaulted today!"

"Say what!?" Sara gawks. "Was it Kendall Jenner? Do I have to go beat Kendall Jenner's ass?"

I burst out laughing. Sara has a wicked sense of humor and has always been there for me when things get tough.

"No, it wasn't Kendall. It wasn't even a model. It was a model's *boyfriend*."

I sip my hot chocolate and recount the details of the missing SD card, Zack losing his shit and coming after me like

I was the one responsible. By the time I'm finished, Sara is shaking her head.

"You see, boyfriends are like dogs."

"What!?" I burst out laughing.

"You don't bring them to work," she explains. "You have to leave them at home or they can screw up everything."

I laugh, but Sara's little analogy goes straight into my chest. "See, now that you mention it..."

"What?" she asks.

"Mike *did* ask me out after everything was over."

Sara gasps. "He did? What did you say?"

"Well, I told him no," I reply. "I said work romances weren't good."

"You did the right thing." She nods.

"I know I did," I sigh. "But you should see him, Sara. He's *gorgeous*. He's tall, he has great hair, a great body—but I never hear him talk about going to the gym—and these eyes... I feel like he's taking my clothes off with those eyes when he looks at me."

Sara frowns at me, and I know she's giving me that look she always has when she's about to give me one of her famous Sara speeches.

"Let me tell you something, Ivy. You know my sister, Susie? Well, she went out with her manager when she was working at the movie theater last year. They both swore it would be fine, that they could handle it, that things wouldn't get weird, but guess what?"

"Things got weird?" I guess.

"Bingo," Sara replies. "And you know who ended up getting fired? It wasn't her manager, it was *her*. That's what always happens in cases like this. The guy gets what he wants, and the girl gets screwed over."

I sigh and lean my head down on the counter. She's right. Sara's always right. She may be my best friend, but she's also like a second mom in many cases, which is handy considering how my mom is never home.

"He probably just wants to smash-and-dash anyway," she adds. "What are the chances he wants a *real* relationship with *you* when he's surrounded by all those women?"

I sigh, "Yeah. You're right."

Smash-and-dash. The thought of Mike being that kind of guy had never really crossed my mind before, but now that Sara has planted the seed, it's not going anywhere.

*I wonder how many models he's done that to...*

"When do you work next?" Sara asks.

"Not until Wednesday," I reply. "I've got a few days off."

"Well, unlike you, I have to go serve this table. So I'll be right back." She passes, leaving me alone at the counter, my mind filled with thoughts of my day at the studio –

Christine, Zack, Mike, and the mistake that started everything.

I've never seen Mike mess up like that before. He's always so professional. Something has to be on his mind, but when I asked him about it, he said everything was fine. And then all of a sudden he asks me out to dinner completely out of the blue? Something's going on, and I really wish I knew what.

My phone vibrates against the counter, causing my head to vibrate too in that really weird, uncomfortable way. I sit up quickly and glance at the caller ID.

It's Mike. I answer immediately.

"Hello, Mr. Barrett."

"Mike," he replies. "Just call me Mike."

"Okay...Mike," I say, feeling a little nervous. "Is everything all right? Something you need me to do for you tonight?"

“No, no. Everything is fine. I just wanted to let you know that I picked up a semi-spontaneous shoot for Monday evening, and I’m going to need you to come into the city for it, okay?”

“An evening shoot?” I ask. That’s quite out of the ordinary for us. I don’t think we’ve ever done an evening shoot before, as Mike is a studio photographer, and we’re always shooting inside in his studio.

“That’s right,” he replies. “They want some outdoor shots of the New York City skyline as the sun is going down. You know, some of that cliché crap. Don’t ask me, it’s not my concept.”

I laugh. “Right. What time should I meet you?”

“Six o’clock at my studio would work,” he says. “That should give us enough time to prep.”

“Six o’clock it is,” I reply. “I’ll see you then.”

“See you then.”

I hang up just as Sara is coming back from her table. “Who was that?” she asks.

“That was *Mike*,” I reply with a sigh. “As he wants me to call him from now on, informing me of a last-minute shoot on Monday evening that I need to go into the city for.”

“So I’ll be here serving coffee and lasagna to rude men who call me honey and sweet cheeks while you’re working a late-night fashion shoot in New York City,” Sara replies, rolling her eyes, clearly mocking my sigh. “What a difficult life you have. Now maybe if you were an actual *model*...”

I scoff. “Yeah, that will be the day!”

IT’S a few minutes before six when I’m arriving at the studio. I always like to be a little bit early just to save myself from being potentially late—you never can tell with New York City traffic. I punch the code for the door to Mike’s building and

take the stairs up to the studio, but when I get there, I find the space completely empty.

“Hello?” I call out, but there’s no answer. This is odd. Even if I am a bit early, Mike should be here, and hair and makeup.

Maybe there’s a chance that people are outside or up on the roof already, seeing as how this is an outdoor shoot. So I go grab Mike’s camera case as well as the case holding his lenses and make my way back to the door leading to the stairwell, but that’s when the door opens and Mike enters, dressed like he just finished a date.

I guess Sara and I were right; he *was* just looking for a smash-and-dash, and when I turned him down, he went and found himself a model looking for a leg up in the fashion industry who wouldn’t say no.

I feel my respect level for him drop, but at the same time, I feel slightly jealous and wonder who the girl was and whether or not I know her.

“You’re here.” Mike smiles.

“You said six,” I reply, trying to smile back and act like there’s nothing wrong.

“You can put those down,” he says, motioning to the cases in my hands. “Go ahead, put them down.”

I set the cases down, but I can tell there’s something going on. Mike is acting weird, far less formal than he normally is around me.

“Is everything all right?” I ask. “Don’t tell me the shoot has been postponed and I came all the way into the city for nothing.”

Mike chuckles and saunters over to the fridge he keeps in the corner of the studio. He reaches in and pulls out two seltzers, one grapefruit, my favorite, which he hands to me.

“Actually, Ivy, the truth is there was no shoot tonight.”

My breath catches in my chest as a thought comes into my mind—a thought I don’t want to accept but is the only one that

makes sense. Mike didn't have a date before he came here; he's dressed for *our* date.

"You're kidding, right?"

Mike shakes his head, still smiling, stepping closer. "Come on, Ivy. Work romances don't work out? What kind of silly excuse is that?"

"It's not silly, Mr. Barrett," I reply. "It's the truth. My best friend's sister dated her manager, and when they broke up, *she* got fired, and he kept his job."

I back up as Mike closes in on me, but my back hits the equipment rack, and I'm pinned up against the wall. I realize I'm trembling as he rakes me up and down with his eyes, showing absolutely no embarrassment as he does.

"That's all you're thinking of?" he asks. "What happens *when* we break up? Why does your mind go immediately there?"

"Oh, please," I snort. "Come on. You're surrounded by gorgeous women constantly—"

"And you're not one of them?"

I burst out laughing. "Don't try and run game on me, Mr. Barrett."

"I thought I told you to call me Mike."

"And I thought I told you I don't do workplace romance."

He reaches out with a hand like he wants to touch my chest, and I know I should move away, but I'm so struck by what's happening that I'm unable to. But just as the tip of his finger is about to make contact with my breast, he pulls back.

"Ivy, you are every bit as beautiful as any girl who has been in front of my camera," he says. "If not more."

"Okay, that's enough," I scoff, his ludicrous comment finally snapping me out of it. I brush past him and go over to my bag, which is sitting by the door. "I'll be your assistant, Mr. Barrett, but that's all I'll do."

“Oh, no you won’t,” he replies as I’m reaching for the handle.

I stop slowly and turn around, an uneasy feeling beginning to form in my stomach.

“What did you say?”

“I said no you won’t,” he repeats. “That’s not going to work for me.”

“Not going to work *for you?*” I can’t believe what I’m hearing. This man, this gorgeous man who looks like he could charm the socks off of any woman on the face of the Earth if he tried hard enough, is now speaking to me like my dad used to when he was scolding me for misbehaving as a child.

“That’s right.” He nods. “This can go one of two ways, Ivy. Either you go out with me, and possibly more...or I fire you right here, right now, and blackball you from working in the fashion industry forever.”

That uneasy feeling in my stomach turns into a sinking feeling that nearly knocks me over. I reach behind me to steady myself against the wall as I look at the man who for the last two weeks, has been the most perfect, sweet, incredible boss a girl could ever ask for, who is now blackmailing me into giving myself over to him like he’s some kind of horrible sex-seeking villain.

Maybe this has to do with him acting strangely lately and the mistake he made during Christine’s shoot...

“Well, Ivy?” he asks, breaking the silence between us. “What’s it going to be?”

---

MIKE

I CAN BARELY FOCUS on the incredible meal I've been served. Yet again I'm distracted by Ivy and her beauty as she sits in front of me. I should be thrilled to be eating at 4Pine – I had to pull some major strings to even get a table here, but all I can do is keep looking across the table at *her*.

Is what I did to get her here with me unethical? Highly. Do I care right now? Not at all.

I'd do anything to show Ivy that she and I are meant to be together. It's clearly meant to be, the way she keeps interrupting my work and threatening to harm my career with just her presence. What am I supposed to do? Just continue letting something like that go on?

No. She is obviously mine, and all I have to do is make her see it.

"Enjoying your meal?" I ask with a smile. I'm being slightly ironic, as Ivy hasn't touched her raspberry spring salad. "Come on, have some. This place is one of the top five restaurants in New York."

"I know," Ivy replies with ice in her eyes. There's something about that that's *so* sexy to me.

"You've got to be hungry," I say. "There's no way you had a big lunch. I know you."

She glares back defiantly. I'm right, of course. We may have only been working together for two weeks, but I know her pretty well already.



“Come on,” I say, pushing her plate closer. “Eat. Sara would be pissed at you for skipping out on a good meal.”

That gets to her. Ivy immediately frowns at me and sighs. “You’re annoying, you know that?”

I chuckle as she picks up her fork and spears a bite of the salad and stuffs it defiantly into her mouth. I keep my eyes on her plump lips as she chews. There’s something so sexy about watching her eat, and I can feel myself getting hard under the table as she swallows.

“Good, right?”

She shrugs. “It’s good.”

“Come on,” I laugh. “It’s *really* good.”

“Why do you care if I think it’s *really* good?” she counters. “You didn’t make it.”

“Because, Ivy,” I reply, “as much as you might not believe it, I actually want you to have a good time here tonight.”

Ivy’s eyes roll so hard I wonder if her head might roll off with them. It’s strange for me to see her like this, so uninhibited and free. She’s always been on her best behavior at the studio when she was working as my assistant. I guess after the way I got her here, she decided the walls between us had come down and she no longer had to perform anymore.

“Right. Blackmailing a girl into being your date, of course you want her to have a good time.”

“Well, I couldn’t get you to come with me willingly,” I reply. “But that doesn’t mean I want you to suffer. I’m not here to torture you with one of the best meals in New York City. But I suppose we could leave and I could take us to Denny’s if you’d prefer that?”

To my surprise, Ivy actually laughs. She instantly tries to hide it, though and covers her mouth with her napkin. “No thanks. I’m good on paper-thin, burnt bacon and the ultra-weirdos that hang around Denny’s this time of day.”

I just smile back and take a bite of my marinated squid. The flavors that hit my tongue are mind-blowing. 4Pine is an

incredible restaurant, but I can think of one place I'd rather have my tongue right now, and it has nothing to do with the award-winning menu in store for us.

Ivy is underdressed compared to the other women seated around us, but that's not why she's been drawing dirty looks from them; she's been drawing dirty looks from them because her beauty is making the rest of them insecure.

All these women here are rich: sugar babies or wannabe models with their husbands financing their careers. Ivy, simply with her presence, is upsetting them, especially the models, who know who I am and are wondering why I'm with her and not them.

"You have absolutely no idea how gorgeous you are, do you?"

Ivy can't hide her reaction to my words this time. She nearly chokes on her bite of her spring salad and has to take a quick sip of her water to prevent it.

I'm hard as a rock now, my cock ready to stretch the buttons off my pants. It's not just her good looks, which are utterly incredible, but how completely unaware she is of them. How can a girl so beautiful not know she has every eye in the room on her?

"Stop it," she says.

"I mean it. Were you raised in Amish country until you were sixteen or something?"

Ivy giggles, causing her face to light up. "No, but my dad had a no-dating rule throughout high school, so I dunno..."

"Is that right?" If I had a mustache, I'd be twirling it right now. I know that Ivy is only eighteen, and if her dad didn't let her date throughout high school, that would mean I could be the first man to get my hands on her.

Christ, she's just getting better and better...

"Yup," Ivy replies, clearly embarrassed. "You can say it. I'm just a safe, sheltered girl from Connecticut."

I burst out laughing. “I would never say that, Ivy. What, you think I’d prefer one of these girls I shoot who’s slept her way to the top and been with every photographer in the city?”

She shrugs and stuffs another bite of spring salad between those perfect, untouched lips of hers. “Well, I wouldn’t want to shame anyone...”

“I’m not shaming,” I reply. “That’s just not what *I* want.”

“And what do you want, Mr. Barrett?”

“Mike,” I correct her, leveling my eyes at hers. I hold the moment before speaking, letting my intention sink in so it’s quite obvious. I mean, it already should be given what I’ve done tonight. “And do I really need to say it?”

Ivy’s cheeks go red, and all I can do is start picturing her without her clothes. There’s just something so pure and sensual about her—there always has been. She wears makeup, but hardly any, and she knows how to dress, but she’s never overdoing it with the latest fashion.

It’s as though she wants to be part of the fashion industry, but at the same time, she doesn’t want to be beholden to it. It’s like she’s above it without even trying to be. And that’s a spot that few models occupy and have spent their whole lives trying to get to.

She’s a girl I could picture wearing any kind of clothes and still looking sexy. I could take her to Walmart, give her thirty dollars, and wait for her in the parking lot, and in twenty minutes, she’d come out looking like she was on her way to Paris fashion week.

And yet still, somehow she doesn’t know she’s *that* beautiful. Ivy is the world’s greatest paradox.

THE NEXT COURSE is a wood grilled hanger steak for me and marinated chicken breast for Ivy. This time she actually eats and lets her enjoyment show on her face, which surprises me. She seems to be loosening up a bit, which I like.

Of course, she has no idea how good I could make her feel. A dinner at 4Pine is just the beginning...

"Would you two like some dessert?" the waiter asks us after clearing away our plates.

"No, thank you," I reply. "We'll be getting dessert back at home."

The young man in his twenties, glances at me, then over at Ivy, then back at me and does his best not to smile. "Very good. Should I just bring the check then?"

"That would be fine." I nod. Once he's gone, Ivy leans over the table and hisses at me.

"Dessert back at *home*? What am I, your wife?"

"Not yet," I reply.

"Are you kidding me?" she whispers. I chuckle. At least she's trying to keep her voice down. "You're never going to stop, are you? When will you just—?"

The waiter returns with the check, and Ivy quickly closes her mouth and slaps a fake smile on her face for his benefit.

"Thank you so much for dining with us tonight at 4Pine," the waiter says very professionally. "We hope to see you again soon."

"We hope to see you again as well," I reply, leaving him a generous tip. I then stand and take Ivy by the hand, which she has no choice but to allow in front of him and all these people, and lead her to the door.

"You are absurd," she says, her voice slithering into my ear like some kind of sexy snake.

"And your hands are *so* soft," I reply. "Do you moisturize?"

She scoffs the moment we're outside and pulls away, immediately pulling her phone from her purse.

"What are you doing?" I ask.

"Calling an Uber so I can get a train home."

I reach out and gingerly pluck her phone from her hands. “Didn’t you hear what I said back there? About us getting dessert?”

Ivy drops her shoulders and her jaw at the same time and glares at me. “You’re joking. Seriously, you’re joking, right?”

“I’m having a *great* time,” I tell her. “So if you’re going to use that phone for anything, I suggest you use it to call your parents and let them know you won’t be coming home tonight.”

“That I won’t be coming home...” she repeats.

“Let them know a shoot ran longer than expected and you’re going to have to crash at your *very* gracious boss’s apartment in the city tonight.”

Ivy bursts out laughing. “My very gracious boss?”

“That’s right.” I smile. “Your very gracious boss who just so happens to have vanilla bean ice cream with chocolate shell topping at his apartment.”

If Ivy was a dog, her ears would perk up at hearing that. She bites her lower lip and looks at me skeptically. “Chocolate shell topping? That’s my favorite.”

“I know it is.” I nod. “I remember you talking about it.”

“I didn’t *talk* about it. I only mentioned it once.”

I shrug. “Good memory, I guess.”

The truth is, I have a terrible memory, but when it comes to people I actually care about or am interested in, I remember everything.

“And I guess I don’t have a choice in this, do I?” Ivy asks.

I grin. “Come on. Vanilla ice cream and chocolate shell at a really nice New York City apartment? Is that really a night to complain about?” I step closer to her, and to my surprise, she doesn’t back away. “Am *I* really *that bad*, Ivy?”

It’s nearly impossible to stand normally here on the sidewalk in front of her with this raging hard-on I have down my pants. Ivy is just too goddamn sexy. I have to get her back

to my apartment and get her out of those clothes, or get those perfect fucking lips of hers wrapped around my cock. Forget any of the models I've shot during my career in the industry—all I want is *her*.

"Fine," she grumbles, snatching her phone back from me. "I'll call my parents. But *only* because you have the chocolate shell."

"Right." I nod. Sure. If she wants to play it like that, fine, I'll let her. But I've seen something in her eyes when we've been in the studio together and tonight at dinner that lets me know there's more to it than that. Even if she doesn't know it, it's not just the threat of never working in the industry again that brought her here tonight.

SHE'S IMPRESSED by my apartment when we get back. I can tell even though she does her best job trying not to react to it. A guy my age really shouldn't be living this well, but that's where talent and hard work get you. Besides, when I first moved to the city, I was working for free and living in a building ready to collapse with six other guys for roommates. Some people just aren't willing to make the sacrifices required to reap the benefits later.

Ivy is already at the fridge while I'm still kicking off my shoes by the door. "Someone's in a hurry," I chuckle.

"I was promised ice cream with chocolate shell," she replies, glancing back over her shoulder.

"So you're making sure it's really there? I'm not lying to you, Ivy."

Ivy scoffs. "Oh, right. Because you've shown such a shining example of good character so far." Ivy reaches into the freezer and pulls out the carton of vanilla ice cream. "Ah ha!"

"See? I told you."

"Still have to find the shell," she replies, but before she can move, I go over to the pantry and pull out the bottle.

"See? What did I tell you?"

Ivy huffs and rolls her eyes, but there's a little bit of playfulness behind it all. "Congratulations, Mr. Barrett. You aren't a *complete* scumbag."

Her sassiness invigorates me. I'm already turned on, but for some reason, the way she's acting now is getting me going even more. I pop the top off the chocolate and advance on her, dragging my eyes up her unbelievably curvy, delicious physique. I could care less about the ice cream now; all I want my tongue on is what's hidden between her legs.

"And you, Ivy, aren't a complete angel either."

"Wh-what's *that* supposed to mean?" she stammers, taking a few steps back.

"Don't pretend like you don't know," I counter.

"I don't!"

"I've seen you give me a few looks back at the studio," I say, closing in on her. "Checking me out, like you think I'm good-looking."

"Oh, please!" she scoffs, acting all innocent. But it's a bunch of horse shit. Her cheeks tell the whole story. They're as red as the cherry tomatoes that were chopped up and thrown into her spring salad back at 4Pine.

"You're gonna deny it?" I ask. "*Now* whose character is in question?"

Ivy opens her mouth like she's about to speak, then stops like I've stumped her. She plops both hands on her hips defiantly, which only accentuates her curves, causing me to salivate. I can see she wants to admit that I'm right but just out of spite chooses not to.

"I don't know what you're talking about," she says.

"Oh, yeah?" I step quickly closer and raise the bottle of chocolate shell over her head. "Well, you know what I was thinking? I'd rather skip the vanilla ice cream for dessert tonight..."

"Mike, don't you dare—"

“And I was thinking I’d rather just have chocolate-covered Ivy!”

“Mike!”

Ivy tries to duck out of the way, but she’s not quick enough. I squeeze the bottle, and a thick stream of chocolate squirts out and splashes all over her face, neck and chest. She shrieks like a little girl, puts both hands up, and darts out of the way around the kitchen island toward the living room.

Laughing, I follow in hot pursuit, and squirt another stream all over her back and perfectly shaped behind.

“No!” she cries out, giggling. “Mike, no!”

I notice as I chase her that she’s dropped the whole Mr. Barrett thing.

I manage to hunt her down over by the coffee table. She tries to squat down and hide, but that only lets me close in on her, pin her down on the floor, and cover her face in chocolate.

Squealing, she opens her mouth and licks her lips as the dessert topping splashes down on her. My cock is absolutely throbbing as though I’ve discovered some kind of food fetish I never even knew I had. Without even thinking, I lean down and give her a great big chocolatey kiss that is unlike anything I’ve ever felt. Christ, it’s like kissing a girl again for the very first time.



I SHOULD *NOT* BE into this. My blackmailing boss who forced me into going out with him and then forced me back to his apartment and covered me in chocolate, probably ruining my outfit, is now kissing me. I mean, this is all kinds of wrong, and I should be kneeing him in the balls to get him off of me.

But I'm not. I'm actually kissing him back.

I have no idea what I'm doing, seeing as how I've never kissed a guy before, but I'm doing my best, and he seems to be enjoying himself.

What am I thinking? Why am I even worried about whether he's enjoying himself? After all he put me through to get me here, I shouldn't give two flying fucks whether he's enjoying himself. I mean, the guy's a total douchebag, right? If he'd asked me to cook him a steak, I would have cooked it for him well-well done and told him to suck it up and eat it. So why do I care if he's critiquing my kissing abilities?

*God, my head is spinning.*

He was right though when he told me he'd seen me checking him out at the studio before. I thought I'd been more discrete than that, but I guess not.

I can taste the chocolate on his lips and on his tongue as he forces it between mine. I always thought something like this would be disgusting, but it's actually kind of sweet (in more ways than one), and the way he came at me in the kitchen was

flirty and boyish and not at all what I was expecting given his behavior up until now.

There's also that solid, insanely hard bulge that I can feel pressing against my lower stomach as he grinds against me.

*Is that his...?*

But there's no point in asking myself that question; I already know the answer. I'd seen that too when we were standing outside 4Pine, a thick lump in his pants signaling his arousal. And in the kitchen too when he was standing across from me with the bottle of shell in his hands.

All this for me? Despite my dad's no-dating rule in high school, I never really got that much attention from the guys. Sure, I may be from Connecticut, but I'm not one of *those* families—you know, the ones with money and trust funds and brothers who look like the Winklevoss Twins from *The Social Network*?

I just didn't fit in. All the other girls were out playing tennis or field hockey or lacrosse, and I was buying weird clothes and trying to start my own Instagram page on cool fashion, but I just never quite fit in in the right way. And my family was just never *quite* good enough for me to be in with the right crowd, so I was always on the outside. I guess that's how Sara and I became friends. She never judged me, and I never judged her.

"You taste so sweet," Mike whispers, his lips still pressed against mine, snapping me back to reality. I have absolutely no idea what to say in response. I'm treading water here, so all I do is just try and make a cute face back at him. It seems to work. He runs a hand up my stomach and under the hem of my shirt, causing me to go tense. His touch is so gentle and nice but so new, and I don't have any idea how to react. "It's okay, sweetie. Just relax."

I do my best to take his advice and take a deep breath, which seems to help, but I'm still on the verge of panic.

"Mike..." I start to say, but he is already getting to his feet. He takes me by the wrists and lifts me up with him.

“Come on.” He smiles. “You’re all sticky.”

I open my mouth to speak, but I don’t know what I’m even going to say, so I just close it again and follow him as he leads me out of the living room and down an elegant wood-paneled hallway to a bathroom that looks like something out of an architecture magazine.

He pulls me inside and over to an enormous walk-in shower, then lets go of my hand.

“Take it off,” he tells me, his eyes fixed on me. I’ve never felt such excitement and trepidation in my entire life.

“What?”

“You’re all sticky and covered in chocolate, Ivy.” He smiles. “Take your clothes off and I’ll help you shower.”

I want to give him some sass. *You’ll help me?* But I don’t. I can’t. I just feel my hands move to the buttons on my blouse, then slowly undo them as Mike watches. There’s chocolate all over my fingers, but I’m not even thinking of that as I slip out of the shirt and let it fall to my feet. I leave my bra on and move to my pants.

My sticky fingers make the button hard to undo, but once I get it, the zipper goes down easily. I’m trembling as I take them off. Now I’m just standing in front of him in bra and panties while he stares at me. It’s like being analyzed for one of his shoots as though I’m one of his models. But this is so much more intimate than that.

“You shower in your bra and panties?” he asks, stepping right up to me. I clear my thoughts, finding my voice.

“You shower in your pants and shirt?”

Mike grins. “You’re sassy, you know that? I like it.”

Before I can respond, he reaches out, and with just a thumb, unhooks my bra. He uses his middle fingers to pull the straps down over my shoulders and expose my breasts. I expect him to look down like any other guy would, but he doesn’t. He just keeps his eyes glued to mine like the

connection between us is more important. Then he moves to my panties.

He uses his hands, strong and callused, to trace the lines of my hips on his way down. I can't even explain the feeling this awakens within me. "I've always loved these lines on you," he says, his voice low. "They're what make you so much sexier than those other girls I shoot."

"Stop it..." I huff, feeling my cheeks blush.

"Stop what?" he asks. "Telling the truth?"

His thumbs hook the straps of my panties, and he tugs them down. I arch my back to help him, and they fall to the floor, leaving me completely nude and trembling with anticipation before him.

My head is now completely spinning.

I did not want any of this to happen. I had the talk with Sara, and she confirmed that work romances were a terrible idea. Even a few hours ago, I was dead set on *not* getting involved with Mike. And yet now it seems as though he may have won me over somehow.

"Your turn," I whisper, tugging at the hem of his shirt. He smiles back at me, takes a step back, and with one fluid motion, removes his shirt and tosses it aside.

I have to stop myself from gasping at how good he looks—his shoulders, his arms, his chest, his abs—all of them perfectly sculpted like a man who just stepped out of a fitness magazine. Yet I've never heard Mike talk about taking trips to the gym. It's like he was just born looking like a total Adonis.

Next, he pops the buttons on his jeans and lets them drop to the floor, leaving him standing in just a pair of black designer briefs that are doing their best to hold back the massive bulge between his legs. This is the most naked I've ever seen a man in real life. I don't know what I'll do when he takes those off.

As it turns out, I gasp.

When he drops his briefs, his cock springs out—and not just any cock—a cock that is enormous and hard and standing out like a spear ready to stab me and kill me.

And I don't have to be a girl with experience to know this either. Any girl with a brain would know that Mike is absolutely packing. If I had to guess, I'd say that thing is the size of my forearm.

"Oh my God, Mike!" I gasp. "What in the..."

"Come on." He smirks, leaning into the shower and turning on the water. "Let's get all clean."

"Don't you mean dirty?" I counter with a *very* silly joke, doing my best to break the tension that has formed between us due to my anxiety.

Mike chuckles, wrapping an arm around my waist to lead me in with him. I can't even describe how many emotions arise within me as he does so.

"Sure." He nods. "I guess you could say that."

The hot water he guides me into serves only to intensify the heat that has already taken hold of my body. I don't even know what to do, so I just stand there, and luckily for me, Mike lathers up his hands with a bar of soap and begins to wash what's left of the chocolate syrup off of me.

"You look like the sexiest dessert to ever exist." He smiles as his slick hands pass over my breasts, causing me to break out in goosebumps. "Only I would never share you with anyone or let you be put on anybody's menu."

"Not even for a million dollars?" I ask. It's a ridiculous question—sassy, childish and absurd—but it's the only thing I can think of to say right now. Luckily, Mike just smiles and continues caressing my body.

"Not even for a hundred million."

Of course, he saves the moment. He's so much more mature than I am. He's been through so much more than I have, not just in the industry, but in life. That was one of the reasons he was so attractive to me in the first place. It went

beyond his good looks. It was his confidence, his wisdom, the way he seemed to never come up against a problem he couldn't defeat.

He made me feel safe and welcome and a part of his world in a way I'd never felt back in Connecticut, and I guess that's why I've been so resistant to getting together with him, because if things don't work out, and I can never come to work for him again, I don't know what I'll do. I'll be heartbroken.

When he touches me down there with a finger, I light up like a light bulb. It's just the back of his middle finger, gently, almost like he's afraid he might break me if he touches me too hard. But that's all it takes. I gasp and fall forward into his arms. My cheek presses against his taut, muscled chest, and I prepare myself for him to touch me again. Which he does.

"You're already wet for me, kitten," he whispers into my ear as he caresses me again, this time with the other side of his finger, this time with a little more pressure. My whole body is alive, sparking with electricity.

My lips open, and I kiss his chest, completely unable to speak. I give myself over to him—nothing but pure submission in my mind now. Whatever doubt or resistance I had on our way to dinner is gone. I want this man, and I'm willing to let him do whatever he wants to do to me now.

I feel the tip of Mike's finger slide inside me, but before I can even begin to react, he snatches me by the jaw and lifts my lips to his. He kisses me deeply then spins me around and pins me against the wall of the shower. The tiles are cool against my chest, having not had enough time to warm up yet.

He circles around behind me and seizes my hips with his hands. I know what's coming next, and all I can do is brace myself for it.

"A no-dating rule," he says, almost to himself. I feel him rest his cock on my lower back. It's so big there's actual weight to it. "That means I'll be taking you for the first time, won't I?"

“Y-yes...” I reply, barely able to get the words out. He responds with a growl and spansks me hard on my right butt cheek, causing me to squeal. He chuckles to himself and enters me.

My mouth hangs open as he spreads me. The stretch alone is enough to wash all thought from my mind. All I can focus on is this sensation I’ve never felt before and how incredible it feels. There’s a slight stinging sensation of pain, but it’s gone in no time.

His hands are warm and strong on my waist as he pulls me back onto him, and a whole new type of intimacy grips me.

I give over all control.

I hand myself over to him as he begins to pump in and out of me like I know it’s supposed to happen.

I feel so small compared to his strength and the way he moves me. The way he groans gives me such pleasure. He’s enjoying this, and that makes me smile and bite my bottom lip.

“You feel even better than I’d imagined,” Mike whispers in my ear as he leans his body down against mine.

*He’s been thinking about this,* I think as I feel a swell rising inside of me.

“I...I feel good?”

He just gave me a compliment, but I want another one. He nods against my cheek and kisses me, his warm breath spilling over my skin.

“So good I’m already close.”

“You are?” I ask, that sensation inside me swelling higher. His sex is so thick within me, like a taut muscle ready to burst. My whole body is hot, like I’m blushing all over. “So am I.”

“I’m going to unload inside you, kitten,” Mike growls, taking my earlobe in between his lips. I’m not on the pill, and he’s not wearing a condom, and I know I should be telling him to pull out, but for some reason, I don’t. It’s like I’ve been drugged or something. There’s some strange force that’s just

taken me over, and I want nothing more than to feel him come inside of me *right now*.

“Do it,” I tell him. “Come in me, Mr. Barrett.”

And he does.

His cock pumps hard, and I feel a hot spray of warm stickiness shoot inside me, just like when he was spraying me with the chocolate shell in the living room, except hot—so, *so* hot. And that sends me right over the edge.

Mike groans, and my own orgasm shakes through me. I press my palms up against the tile wall of the shower to brace myself as we both share this blissful moment together—a moment I never thought we would have.

“I CAN’T BELIEVE YOU,” I tease as I jump onto Mike’s bed beside him, the towel he wrapped me in falling away.

“Who me?” he asks, pointing to himself with the most innocent look on his face.

“Yeah, you.” I smirk, poking his deliciously defined abdominal muscles. “Pulling all those shenanigans you pulled to get me here.”

“Well, you never would have come if I hadn’t,” he replies. “And then you never would have *come*.”

“Hey!” I snap, pointing a silly finger in his face. “Bad jokes like that are my thing, not yours.”

He chuckles and pulls me under the covers with him, tossing my towel aside. I’m now completely naked with him beside his glorious muscled body, and there’s nowhere else in the world I’d rather be.

“Yeah, you’re probably right,” I reply. “But my friend Sara is going to *kill* me when she hears about this.”



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MIKE

"I CANNOT THANK you enough for doing this shoot with me, Mike. You are *the best* photographer in New York, and if you *ever* want to meet up sometime and grab a drink or a coffee or anything, just let me know, okay?"

Cara French, the girl I'm shooting today, smiles at me with *those eyes*, letting me know that if I was to meet up with her it would totally not be for a drink or a coffee – it would be for *anything*.

"Well, let's have a great shoot today, Cara," I smile. "I'm just trying to figure out where my assistant is..."

I glance around the studio and then check my phone to see if I have a text from Ivy updating me on her situation. The last one I got was ten minutes ago from her letting me know she was going to be a little late due to her Uber driver not knowing what he was doing, apparently, but I haven't gotten one since, and that's not like her.

"That's totally fine," Cara says, putting her hand on my shoulder. "I could use a few extra minutes to get my hair ready."

"Yeah? It looks fine to me."

"Trust me," Carlos, her hair and makeup guy for the day, chimes in. "With another fifteen minutes, I'll have her looking like an absolute *goddess*!"

Just then, the door to the studio bursts open, and Ivy, looking like she's ready to kill someone, comes marching in.

“Sorry, everyone!” she calls out. “My Uber driver apparently has never driven in New York City before.”

“No problem!” Carlos replies. He’s a friendly guy, thankfully. Most hair and makeup guys annoy the hell out of me.

“Where in the world have you been?” I call out, marching right over to her. I can see the look of surprise in her eyes, but as I take her by the wrist, I lean in and whisper, “Come on, young lady. Let me see you in the back room.”

I make sure she understands by the look in my eyes that she’s not being taken out back for a scolding—at least not the kind that the rest of the people in the studio today think she will be getting.

Ivy purses her lips and tries not to let on. She nods and replies, “Yes, Mr. Barrett.”

I release her and walk quickly to the small room in the back where we normally store extra gear. She dutifully follows behind me, and once we’re both inside, I close the door, snatch her by the waist, and slide a hand up her shirt.

“I’m sorry I was late,” she whispers as I cup her breast. She’s not wearing a bra today—something I assume she did for my benefit.

“I’m not.” I smile, bringing my lips so close they nearly touch hers. “Now I get to punish you.”

“Punish me?” she mews. “With these people here?”

I smirk and slip my other hand down between her legs. She’s wearing button pants today, which I easily undo with my fingers. And like above, she’s wearing nothing beneath. No panties. Nothing.

The feel of her bare skin has my cock instantly hard.

“You know Cara? Today’s model? She basically offered herself to me before you showed up.”

“Did she now?” I can hear the possessive intrigue in Ivy’s voice as she reaches back and grabs my bulge through my pants. “And what did you tell her?”

“Oh, I told her to meet me after work,” I tease. Ivy gawks and slaps at me with both hands, which I quickly snatch and pin over her head against the wall with a single hand. Her eyes light up as I grab her pants with the other one and tug them down, exposing her bare little pussy.

“I told her I’d give her some of this big, hard, swollen cock that she wants so badly.” I unzip my pants and pull out my cock, which is pulsing with lust for her, and begin teasing her sopping wet slit with it, parting her little lips as I stare into her gorgeous eyes.

Ivy’s tongue is practically hanging out of her mouth as she listens to me talk—as I play with her and hold back giving her what I know she wants.

“Yeah? You told her that?” she whimpers, jutting her hips forward, nearly begging for me to enter her.

I move forward and shake my head. “Of course not, kitten. You know this dick is only for you.”

I tilt my hips down and thrust up, slipping all of my inches inside her at once. She nearly cries out, and probably would have if I hadn’t clasped my hand over her mouth to silence her.

She feels so unbelievably good, and her pussy is so fucking tight that I can barely contain myself as I start thrusting. But that’s a good thing—we don’t have much time. I have a shoot to get back to, and Cara and Carlos are waiting for us out in the studio. Of course, if I had it my way, I’d lay her out on the floor out there and fuck her all afternoon. I’d come once and then make her suck me until I’m hard again, then I’d fuck her until I came again.

But we’re on a timeclock now, so I move in close and lock my lips around hers as I pump her delicious little pussy with everything I’ve got, doing my best not to make any noise.

Her tongue is sweet and slick against mine, and I lift her shirt up so I can feel her soft breasts against my chest. It’s incredible, but it’s not enough. I’m going to want more again later.

God, I’m going to always want more with this girl.

I press my thumb against her clit, and she goes wild. With just the right amount of pressure and tiny little circles, her whole body starts to quiver.

“Baby...” she whispers.

“I know,” I tell her. “Come for me.”

“Will you?” she asks.

I smile, gazing into the beauty that is her eyes. “You first.”

She smiles back, and I realize I’m looking into the true happiness that could be my life.

*This girl.*

I thought by fucking her I would be just scratching an itch that would allow me to stop being distracted at work, but Ivy is so much more than that.

I lock my lips to hers as she begins to moan when her orgasm hits her, and that’s all it takes to send me over the edge too. I spray inside of her, knowing she’s going to be feeling my warm, sticky seed for the rest of the shoot—a constant reminder of what we just did.

I squeeze both her breasts as I start to come down, and we both laugh quietly when it’s over.

“I wish I could have done this before *every* shoot you assisted on,” I tell her.

“Stop,” she giggles.

“I’m serious. You don’t even know how distracting you’ve been to me. You’re the reason I didn’t load the SD card in on that shoot with Christine.”

“What!?”

“I was about to,” I explain. “Then I saw you bent over doing something, and I got lost staring at this.” I grab her ass and squeeze with both hands. “And completely forgot what I was doing. Screwed up the entire shoot.”

Ivy bursts out giggling and covers her mouth with her hands. “I was wondering what happened...”

“Come on, let’s get back out there,” I say. “Pretend we just had to fix something with the camera grip or batteries or something.”

We get ourselves quickly back together and head back out into the studio together, bullshitting about gear in a way that will make Cara and Carlos believe we were back there doing something that needed to be done before the shoot. Luckily, the two of them are just finishing up Cara’s hair, so they’re not exactly in the mood to be suspicious anyway. I do have to admit, though, Cara does look even better than she did when Ivy and I went out back. Carlos was right.

“All set?” I ask, holding up my camera.

“Just a finishing touch,” Carlos replies, teasing a few strands of Cara’s hair, his eyes filled with the stare of perfection. “There. We’re good.”

“Better, don’t you think?” Cara asks, smiling at herself in the mirror. “Didn’t I tell you Carlos was a genius?”

“It looks great.” I nod. “Now why don’t you show me *your* genius, Cara? And let’s crush this shoot.”

Cara nearly leaps out of her chair and takes her place over by the backdrop in her first outfit. I raise my camera to start on the first shot, but before I put my eye to the eyepiece, I glance back over my shoulder to Ivy, who is on her stool in the corner of the studio and give her a little knowing grin.

She’s going to sit there now, throughout this shoot (however long it takes), with her tight little pussy full of my cum, thinking about what we just did. I wonder how that’s going to make her feel?

For me, I am able to actually focus on the shoot now that she and I fucked beforehand. I guess I was right; this is going to have to be what I do with her from now on if I want to maintain my focus—at least when she’s in the studio, which seems to be every single day I have a shoot given the fact that she’s never once called out or missed a day for any reason.

Cara’s first wardrobe change goes perfectly, and she changes quickly into her second with Carlos’s help. The

second change goes just as well. Neither she nor I nor Carlos likes the third outfit, but we take some shots all the same just in case and finish up a half an hour ahead of schedule.

“Thank you so much, Mike!” Cara says as I walk her to the door. She leans in and whispers, “And remember, if you ever need *anything*.”

I nod and smile, trying not to be rude. “Thank you, Cara.” I turn to Carlos and shake his hand. “And thank you for all your great work today, sir.”

Carlos grins. “Always a treat working with people you love to work with.”

I smile and let them both out the door, sigh with relief, then turn back to Ivy, who looks just as relieved as I feel.

“So when’s the date?” she teases.

“Next Saturday.” I roll my eyes.

“Well, I should get going,” she says. “Unless you need me for anything else.”

I watch as Ivy gets up from her stool and goes over to one of my lights to start disassembling it and packing it away, and as she raises her arms up, stretching her body in a way that simply accentuates her beauty, a lightbulb goes off in my head.

“Actually, yes I do,” I say slowly. “You know, I wasn’t kidding when I told you you were sexier than the girls I shoot on a regular basis.”

Ivy scoffs and laughs, “Stop it, Mike.”

“I’m serious,” I say, going over to her. With one hand, I take her by the arm and guide her over in front of the backdrop. When she realizes what I’m doing, she starts to protest. “Oh, no. Mike, no!”

“Oh, yes.” I nod, positioning her right where she should be standing. “You’ve been my assistant, Ivy. But I think it’s time for you to be my model.”

Ivy’s face breaks out into a blush so red that she looks like she’s just been splashed with watercolor.

“I-I can’t,” she stammers. “There’s no way—”

“Of course you can,” I reply, stepping back to my usual position. “You’ve seen what the other girls do. Just imitate that, look right here, and—”

“Mike, look what I’m wearing!”

“Then I’ll get some headshots first.” I smile. “And then we’ll just take off your clothes, and it won’t matter what you’re wearing.”

Ivy looks at me and bites her lips. I see the hesitation in her eyes. She wants to do it, but she’s also nervous as hell. It’s crazy that a girl as gorgeous as her would be nervous to have her picture taken, but I also understand. She’s never done a shoot before, and she’s never dated. She’s never built up the confidence needed to believe in herself, but if anybody’s going to help her with that, it’s going to be me.

“All right,” she says after a moment. “You’ve already got me to do things I swore I never would do, why not this?”

We both laugh, and I motion for her to take her first pose as I raise my camera to my eye. “Just relax, look right here, and don’t overthink it.”

“Sure, that will be easy,” she says sarcastically.

Of course, as it turns out, Ivy is much more natural in front of the camera than I’m sure she expected. Maybe it’s because she’s not trying super hard like many girls do, or maybe she’s just *that good*, but the first batch of headshots I take of her come out absolutely incredible.

Because she’s not wearing a prearranged outfit for a shoot and hasn’t had a professional makeup job done, she looks like a supermodel who just had a casual walk on the beach and then decided to have her picture taken. They’re incredible, and I feel electrified as I take them. I haven’t felt this passionate about a shoot in years.

“Look at these,” I tell her. “Come here.”

“Oh, God,” she groans, plodding over to me. “Are they horrible?”

“Horrible!?” I laugh as I show her the back of the camera, thumbing through the recently taken shots. “Babe, these are *incredible!* See? What did I tell you? You’re an absolute natural. You should be a model.”

“Oh, shut up...” she starts to protest, but as she sees the shots, her voice tapers off.

“You see? You look like a supermodel.”

“I don’t know if I’d go *that* far,” she replies, her voice barely a whisper. “But...”

I can see from the look in her eyes that she’s actually starting to accept her beauty. Sometimes all it takes for a girl to understand is for her to see herself as others see her, and clearly, that’s never happened to Ivy.

It’s been less than two hours since I was inside her in the back room, but I’m still starting to get a bulge in my pants as I watch her. And I know that after what comes next, I’m only going to be even hornier.

“Come on, kitten,” I say, tugging at the hem of her jeans. “Let’s get you out of these clothes and capture *all* of your beauty.”



I NEVER THOUGHT I could feel nervous and confident at the same time, but that's how I feel now, lying here without any clothes on while Mike aims his camera at me—his camera that's captured some of the most beautiful women in the world—women who have been in the world's most famous publications.

And here we are, just shooting for fun, because he asked me to. I mean, what am I really doing? On one hand, I know I have absolutely no place beside any of those girls. But on the other hand, Mike has been showering me in nothing but compliments since we started shooting, and I have to admit that the photos we're coming up with together *are* pretty damn good, if I say so myself.

I'm sort of detaching myself the best I can when Mike shows them to me. I look at them and try to pretend I'm looking at another girl that isn't me, and *then* I judge whether I think they're good or not. And using that method, I have to say they're good.

Mike, however, thinks they're fantastic.

"You should be a model," he tells me as we're finishing up and I'm standing beside him wearing nothing but my birthday suit.

"Oh, no," I protest. "I couldn't. I don't have the...the..."

"The what?" he asks.

"The pizazz, you know? The vibe. The go-get-'em attitude that girls like Cara have."

Mike waves a hand dismissively. “You can learn all that. And besides, you don’t have to be some female predator to make it in the industry. Nice girls can make it too.”

I shake my head. “I don’t think I could. I really don’t.”

“Trust me. With your looks? Everyone in town would be *begging* to shoot with you.”

Mike’s looking at me now with a fire in his eyes that I can practically feel. I’ve seen him time and time again after a shoot, and I’ve never seen him look like this. It’s not lust in his eyes either; it’s a passion. It’s an excitement, and it’s all because of what we just did together artistically.

It’s hard to imagine *me* out there shooting and working as a model in New York City. Me, the girl in high school that didn’t fit in, that wasn’t allowed to date, that had to find her own way and do her own thing. How would kids from my class react if they saw me in *Vogue* or *Cosmopolitan*? I can’t even imagine the messages I’d get on my social media.

But then, a thought occurs to me, and I look up at Mike.

“Wouldn’t you be jealous?”

“Jealous? Why would I be jealous?” he asks.

“Well, I’d be out there shooting with other photographers, and let’s be honest, they’re basically all men.”

“And you think that would make me jealous?” he replies, turning and gripping me by the waist with both hands.

“Well...the rest of the world would get to see me as well,” I go on. “I know a lot of guys, a lot of models’ boyfriends don’t seem to be able to handle their girlfriends in this profession very well.”

His fingers trace up my naked body, moving to my breasts. I’m tingling all over and am hotter than I realized. I guess the nude shoot turned me on without me even knowing it.

“That’s true.” Mike nods. “But those boyfriends are insecure. And as long as you aren’t out there doing nude shoots like the one we just did, and you’re only coming home to *me*, and I’m the only one who gets *this*”—he drags his index

finger down my stomach until he hits that little sweet spot between my legs, causing me to gasp—“then I don’t see why I would have any reason to be jealous.”

I’ve gone through so many levels of submission with Mike.

First I became his employee and submitted to taking orders from him, but that wasn’t really a big deal. Tons of people do that every day. But then when he told me it was go out on a date with him or else, I submitted to his demands.

I submitted to him back at his apartment and gave him my virginity, and it was the most incredible experience of my life, then again in the back room of the studio.

And yet again I’ve submitted to having my picture taken by him, completely nude and completely vulnerable, putting my trust in him because I now know that he is a different man than the one I thought he was when he first demanded I go on that date with him.

My hand reaches out, almost on its own, and finds the bulge between Mike’s legs. I start to undo the buttons on his pants, but I don’t have time to finish before I’m being pushed down onto my knees, Mike’s fingers threaded through my hair.

“Open your mouth for me, kitten,” he says, his voice deep and growly. I light up inside when I realize what he wants me to do.

*I haven’t even done this yet.*

I open obediently as he pulls out his hard cock. Staring at it from right here with it right in my face gives me a new appreciation for its massive size. I can see all the veins, the taut skin, and a drop of what must be pre-cum already dripping from the thick, swollen tip.

I extend my tongue just as he pushes it into my mouth. I do my best to take it all in, but there’s just no way I can get it all down. Not yet at least, but I’ll learn.

“Good girl,” he groans. “Your mouth feels so good.”

I look up at him with obedient eyes and do something I know I wouldn't have been able to do even yesterday—I reach down between my legs and start to play with myself.

This causes Mike's eyes to light up. He likes it. I know I wouldn't have had the courage to do this in the shower back at his place when I was completely under his control and letting him run the show. But now, after doing the shoot, I have enough confidence to feel like I can express at least some of my sexuality in front of him.

I don't even know what that is, but I'm learning, and I want to learn it with him. I want to explore with Mike. I want him to teach me things I can only dream of.

"You're so goddamn sexy," he tells me. His cock is so thick and hard between my cheeks, pressing down on my tongue, threatening to gag me as it goes in and out, touching the back of my throat. "Come here."

He pulls out and grasps my hips, lifting me to my feet. Before I know what's happening, he has me bent over his worktable—the table where he lays out all his equipment—the table where he has his computer and shows his images to his models after the shoot.

He presses me down and uses one hand to spread me open, then enters me from behind. I grab the table with both hands and brace myself, and I'm glad I do, because Mike's not holding back at all this time.

Every single inch of his cock slams into me. It's like he's not even worried about hurting me, and to my surprise, he doesn't. I must just be that turned on. I feel a stretch, of course, but the pleasure overwhelms me. My body is singing with it.

He begins slamming me from behind, shaking the entire table and all the camera equipment with it. Somebody's coffee that was sitting on the corner falls off and splashes to the floor, but he just keeps on going.

"Fuck yeah," he growls. "I'll never get enough of this pussy, baby."

He spans me, driving me even more wild. *And I'll never get enough of this cock.*

I should say that out loud, but I can't. Not yet. I'm not *quite* there yet.

But I am able to reach down between my legs and play with myself. I can do that while he fucks me, and that's just pure bliss. Pure sensory overload. His balls slap against me as I apply pressure to my little nerve button, and I start to moan as my orgasm races up on me like a race car going as fast as it can.

It hits me and goes off like an explosion. Now that Cara and Carlos are gone, I cry out loudly as my climax tears through me. I don't have to hide this one like the last one, and God does it feel amazing.

I expect to feel Mike's at the same time as mine—his cum spraying inside me like he did each time before—but I don't. He buries his cock deep inside me and lets me ride him until I'm nearly finished, but just as I'm about to come down, he growls and pulls out of me and forces me down to my knees in front of him.

"Open," he commands me. "Open, kitten. Swallow my cum."

I'm so shocked all I can do is obey. Not like I would do anything differently anyway, but as the last waves of my orgasm pulse through me, I open my mouth and accept his cock between my lips.

It pulses, and I taste it—the sweet, salty, hot and sticky mess of his cum as it sprays all over my tongue.

"Fuck," Mike groans as he coats the inside of my cheeks with his climax. I was on my way down, but somehow this act drags out my finish and keeps me going longer than I would have. It's so dirty and yet so intimate that as he's finishing up, I'm already thinking about the next time I can do this for him. Maybe I'll just suck him off sometime and swallow for him. That would be so hot.

*Oh my God...*

I keep my lips locked around his sex, holding pressure until the pulsing stops and he slowly pulls out and releases an enormous sigh of relief.

“Wow,” I giggle. “That was really hot.”

“That was...” Mike’s voice trails off as he raises a palm to his forehead. “Who would ever believe that you’d never done this before?”

I’m taken aback by his words. “Wait. You *do* believe me, don’t you?”

He chuckles and lifts me to my feet. “Of course I do, kitten. I know you’d never lie to me. Besides, if you ever did, I’d *totally* be able to tell.”

I gasp and swat him lightly on the chest.

“You would not!”

“Oh, I totally would,” he laughs. “I can read you like a book.”

“Oh, yeah?” I reply, narrowing my eyes at his as though trying to form some kind of mental connection with him. “What am I thinking right now?”

Mike narrows his eyes back and focuses hard on me for a few seconds, then takes a long, deep breath.

“You’re thinking...that you could use something to eat.”

I burst out laughing. I was actually thinking about just how much I like him and how if this doesn’t work out I’m going to be totally heartbroken, but I guess expecting him to come out and say that was asking too much. But in all fairness, I am actually hungry.

“You know what?” I giggle. “I could use something to eat. But something a little less fancy than 4Pine?”

I get dressed, and Mike and I go out to a popular local pizza place just a block down the street. It’s always slammed, but Mike knows the owner, so we’re able to get in and grab a slice and a drink and a table in the kitchen where we sit for about twenty minutes while we eat and chat.

Something so warm inside me has formed in the last couple of days, and I can feel it for the entirety of our meal. It's just there, like a miniature sun, not moving, not fading, not going anywhere.

As I chow down on my pepperoni and sip my lemonade, I know now that this has gone far beyond a simple workplace romance that I have to be careful with. I'm not just his assistant, and he's not just my boss. This isn't a movie theater either, and he's not my manager. I can't even picture him firing me at this point. Maybe I'm just being naïve, but that's really how I feel. There's no way he was just going for a smash-and-dash. There's something real going on here between us. I just know he can feel it too.

“YOU POSED NUDE FOR HIM!?” Sara’s eyes look like they’re ready to pop out of her head like in a cartoon. I pull my blanket up over my face and hide, but Sara immediately pulls it back down. “You crazy hoochie mama!”

“Hoochie mama!?” I blurt out, blushing all over. “What!?”

Sara bursts out laughing and topples over back onto my bean bag where she’s been sitting across from me. It’s her day off from work, so I invited her over to the house to hang out and update her on my situation with work and with Mike.

“I’m only kidding,” she replies, clutching at her belly. “But seriously, I can’t believe you did that.”

“Do you think I shouldn’t have?”

“No, no, I think it’s great!”

“You do?” I ask.

“Of course!” Sara says, her face filled with excitement. “One, it’s *so* not like you, and that’s incredible. And two, remember I’ve been telling you for years that you should model?”

It’s true. Ever since we were freshman, Sara has been telling me I should model. But I always thought she was just being one of those encouraging friends. She knew I was interested in the fashion industry, so she was just trying to be supportive and show interest in my interests.

“You were just being nice.” I smile.



“As if!” she snorts. “You *totally* could model, and how awesome would it be if my best friend was the next Bella Hadid?”

I collapse back onto my bed and cover my face with my arm. “Would you stop? I am *not* going to be the next Bella Hadid, okay? And I did that shoot with Mike because...well, because it was an intimate thing between the two of us.”

“Between the two of you,” Sara repeats. “You two did a *lot* of things just between the two of you.”

I giggle as a warm, tingling sensation fills my tummy. Images of our time together instantly flash through my mind like photos taken at one of Mike’s shoots. “Yeah, I guess you could say that...”

My phone buzzes by my side, alerting me that I have a new e-mail. Knowing it could be work, I quickly check it. But when I see who it’s from and I see the subject line, my entire body goes cold.

“What?” Sara asks. My emotions must be written all over my face for her to plainly see. “What is it, Ivy?”

I stare at the e-mail, still frozen, trying to process if what I’m seeing is real.

**From: Ford models. Subject: Congratulations! You have been accepted to our women’s modeling division!**

“It’s impossible...” I whisper.

“What?” Sara asks. “What’s impossible?”

Ford models. The holy grail of modeling agencies representing some of the biggest names in the fashion world—and they’ve accepted *me*?

“Ford Models...I have an e-mail from Ford Models...” I say slowly.

“Say what!?” Sara nearly shouts, leaping over to get beside me on the bed. She peers over my shoulder at my phone and sees the subject line, and then turns her head to face me. “Ivy...what the *fuck*?”

I shake my head in disbelief. “I don’t understand...I don’t know how this could have happened.”

“Did you submit to them?”

“Hell no!” I reply. “In what world would I submit to *Ford Models*?”

“Well, did Mike?” Sara asks. “Maybe he submitted some of the photos he took of you the other day during your shoot?”

And like that, my heart nearly stops. Panic sets in, and a cold sweat breaks out over my entire body. I drop my phone and leap off the bed and race down the hall to the bathroom and hang my head over the toilet bowl as a wave of nausea hits me.

I want to puke, but nothing comes out. I’m cold and hot at the same time and have to strip out of my shirt to try and deal with some of it.

There’s a knock at the door. “Ivy?” Sara calls. “Are you all right?”

“Be right out,” I answer.

“Can I come in?”

I take a deep breath. I guess I’m not going to throw up. I’m wearing a bra, so I call back, “Okay.”

The door opens, and Sara enters as I slide down into a seated position and press my back against the cool ceramic of the bathtub.

“Here,” she says, wetting a hand towel and handing it to me. “Put this on the back of your neck. It will help.”

I do, and it does. Although my heart is still racing like I’ve just finished doing sprints before soccer practice.

“I’m gonna kill him,” I say. “Horror movie style. I’m going to splatter his blood all over the walls and mount his head on my bedroom wall—”

“Why would you do that?” Sara asks. I look up at her, astonished by her question.

“Is that a joke?”

She shrugs. “No?”

“He sent in *my photos*, Sara. *My photos* without even asking my permission.”

“And got you accepted to Ford Models,” she replies. “One of, if not *the*, biggest and best modeling agency in the world.”

“Without my permission!” I repeat. “And what if he sent in my nudes!?”

Sara scoffs. “There’s no way. He wouldn’t do that.”

“Oh, he wouldn’t?” I’m instantly on my feet and storming back to my bedroom. I grab my phone up off of my bed and dial Mike. “Let’s just see about that.”

It rings and rings and rings, but Mike doesn’t answer.

“See?” I say, waving my phone in the air. “He didn’t pick up. So he’s either dead already by some *other* girl he betrayed, or he’s ducking me because he knows what he did was wrong.”

“*Or*,” Sara says cautiously, “he’s taking a shower, or he’s napping, or he’s doing errands or one of the other million things a grown man does during the day when he doesn’t instantly pick up his phone.”

I drop my arms to my side and sigh, then quickly lift my phone up and open the Uber app.

“What are you doing?” she asks.

“Taking a little trip to New York City,” I reply. “A little *unannounced* trip to New York City.”

“You’re joking.”

“I’m not.” I smile. “If Mike wants to just throw a curveball into my day, well I’ll throw one into his.”

THE WHOLE TRAIN ride into the city I can’t stop thinking about Mike, and not the way I normally think about him when we’re apart. Normally it’s all butterflies in my tummy and heat

between my legs, but this time he's conjuring up images of rupturing volcanoes and buildings on fire. I'm *that* angry.

I feel completely and utterly betrayed. The one man I've ever been with, ever done anything with, who basically forced the start of our relationship to even happen, went behind my back and did something I would never have been okay with. He didn't ask for my consent; he just did it. And beyond that, he didn't even prepare me for what might have happened.

I can't stop my leg from jittering the entire way down. It's like I have an excess of energy I can't get rid of—like I've drunk fifty cups of coffee or something, although I haven't even had one. And by the time I'm stepping off my second Uber at Mike's apartment, I'm ready to tear his head off.

"Hello?" his voice warps through the speaker on his building when I buzz his apartment.

"Let me up," I say simply. There's a slight pause, then the door buzzes in response. I push it open and head up the stairs. He's waiting for me when I get there, in a pair of gray sweatpants and a white tank-top, looking sexier than ever, of course. But he does look concerned, and he doesn't even try to hide it.

"Hey, Ivy," he says simply as I brush past him into the living room. "Come on in..."

"You had *no right!*" I shout. "No right whatsoever to submit my photos without telling me!"

"Ivy—"

"Don't try to calm me down, Mike!" I'm raging right now. That train ride and two Ubers was like the longest buildup ever, and now I'm just exploding. "I was at home with Sara, and all of a sudden I get this e-mail from Ford saying I've been accepted. Accepted? How can I have been accepted if I didn't submit!?"

"Can we just slow down a minute?"

"And then suddenly Sara suggests to me that maybe *Mike* submitted your photos! And I realize that that's the only

scenario that makes any sense.” I point an accusatory finger right in his gorgeous face. “*You* submitted those photos.”

Mike raises both his hands up like I’ve got a gun aimed at him. “Guilty as charged.”

“*Please* tell me you didn’t submit my nudes, Mike,” I plead desperately. I’m enraged with him right now, but I’m still praying that my last bit of trust I still have left with him does not disintegrate right now.

“What?” Mike’s face twists in disbelief. “Come on, Ivy. How can you even think that?”

“How can I think that? Well, I couldn’t even have thought that you would do this to me a few days ago!”

“Remember the conversation we had before? Right after our shoot?” he asks. “About you asking if I’d ever be jealous of you modeling? What did I say?”

I realize where he’s going with this and that he’s sort of got me. I cross my arms over my chest indignantly. “You said... that as long as I wasn’t doing nude shoots and as long as I was only coming home to you, you wouldn’t be jealous.”

“Exactly!” He smiles. “So why would I send nude photos I took of you to Ford for them to see?”

I frown hard back at him. I guess he’s got me there, but it still doesn’t change the fact that he sent the other photos, my headshots, without my permission. It still doesn’t change the fact that I still feel betrayed.

“Fine,” I say, my lips pursed tight. “You didn’t send my nudes, but that doesn’t make what you did right.”

“Maybe not,” Mike replies. “Was it right the way I got you to go out with me? No, but look where we ended up, Ivy.” Mike moves in on me, his eyes intent and filled with that look that always gets me. But right now, I’m not accepting it. Right now, I back up and keep distance between us.

“So what are you saying?” I ask him. “That eventually I’m going to start modeling, realize I love it, and thank you for this?”

“Yes.” He nods, smiling. “That’s exactly what I’m saying.”

“Oh, fuck off!”

“I know you never would have submitted your photos on your own, Ivy! So I did it for you. I knew you’d be accepted, and you were!”

“Yeah, because *you* submitted it,” I scoff. “The big, bad, super-photographer Mike Barrett submits a new girl and, Ford accepts her. Whopty fucking doo—!”

“I submitted anonymously, Ivy,” Mike replies. “You were accepted on your own merit.”

Suddenly, I feel all my defenses starting to come down. I do everything I can to keep them up, but I simply can’t. It’s like I’ve surrounded myself with stone walls, and an army is laying siege to them.

Yet again, my head is spinning. Such a familiar emotion with Mike. Ever since he first forced me to go out on a date with him, it’s been like we’ve been together on a jet plane with the world going by us at blinding speeds and we just haven’t gotten off.

That feeling when you’re about to cry and your nose and eyes start to burn starts to form in my face, but I do everything I can to push it back down. There’s no way I can let myself do that right now. No way.

“Mike, you still didn’t—”

“And it’s not like you’ve signed a contract, baby,” he says, stepping closer. This time I don’t move back. “You’re not locked into anything you don’t want to do. All that’s happened is they’ve accepted you. It’s the first step. And you should be very, *very* proud of yourself.”

I can see the pride in *his* eyes, and the temptation to cry starts to overwhelm me. I can barely resist it. I’m getting all choked up in the back of my throat.

Mike *is* right; I never would have submitted those pictures on my own. And as hard as I’m trying right now, I just can’t hate him for what he did. Am I angry still? A little. But that

anger is dissipating with every second that ticks by, and soon I find myself looking at Mike as if we've accomplished my acceptance to Ford together, and all I really want to do is celebrate with him.

"I just...I can't believe it," I whimper, all choked up.

"What I did? Or that you got accepted?" Mike asks.

I laugh as the tears begin to spill from my eyes. "Both!"

Mike moves in on me and wraps his muscled arms around my waist. He's so warm and I instantly feel all my anger diffusing out of me.

Well, not *all* of it...

"Do you forgive me?" he asks quietly.

Slowly, very slowly, I put my arms around him. "I'll think about it," I whisper.

## EPILOGUE

MIKE

*FOUR YEARS LATER...*

PARIS FASHION WEEK. One of the craziest times of the year for photographers and models and designers alike. To be honest, I'd avoided it for my entire career, but that was because I didn't need the hassle and I had all the work I needed back in New York. I didn't need to travel overseas to meet new models who were happy to just e-mail me their portfolios, and most of the time I was shooting anyway.

But now things are different. Now I have a wife who's an internationally renowned model, so for the last three years, I've been following her to Paris for Fashion Week.

And as it turns out, it's less of a hassle than I thought it would be. But maybe that's because I have a gorgeous wife who I get to spend time with rather than having to do the entire thing myself. Of course, Ivy is working a lot this year (and so am I), so we're both quite busy, but I think the both of us are happy to be out of New York for a little while.

Ivy had been working so much, doing so many shoots, that the grind of the city was getting to her. And I had been taking a lot of jobs too that we were both happy for a change of scenery.

After that day where Ivy just about chewed my head off for submitting her photos to Ford, she told me she needed the rest of the night to think about what she wanted to do in order to make her final decision. I told her of course that was fine.



We spent the night at my apartment, and when we woke up in the morning, she told me she would give it a try.

“One year,” she said firmly. “One year, and if I don’t like it, I’m quitting.”

“Of course.” I smiled.

I think she was afraid—afraid that she wouldn’t do well—afraid that she would fail. But I knew she would excel. And boy did she ever.

Within six months, everyone in the industry was talking about her. Ford couldn’t book her fast enough. She moved in with me so she could get to her shoots without having to take the train into the city every morning from Connecticut, and by the end of the year, she was the new “it” girl, blowing up all over the Internet.

“You sure you’re not jealous?” she asked me one night when a video of her went viral online. I replied by pulling her into bed and tugging her panties off.

“Does any other guy get to do this?” I grinned. She shook her head as I leaned in for a kiss. “That’s what I thought.”

She resigned with Ford, and the next year was our first year at Paris Fashion Week together. It was wild, and even I felt a bit overwhelmed by just how much was going on and how many places Ivy needed to be, so I deliberately didn’t book any work for myself, just so I could be there for her and make sure everything was on the up-and-up.

It was. We had a busy but great time and spent two days seeing the sights and doing the whole tourist thing before heading back to New York. The next year was about the same, only I booked some shoots for myself too, now that Ivy was more comfortable. Now this year we’re basically both doing our own thing and meeting up at the hotel after we’re done. I was shooting a couple of French girls down by the river, and the whole thing was a big mess and ran long, so I’m coming back late, and when I step into the room, I find Ivy lying on the bed wearing a hotel robe with a towel wrapped around her hair, having clearly just stepped out of the shower.

“Yum.” I smile, closing the door behind me. I love her like this. I see girls in makeup and wardrobe all the time. I see her in crazy fashion-industry outfits daily, so I love it when I get to see her completely bare without anything else meant to enhance her.

“Oh, stop.” Ivy smiles shyly. “I look awful.”

“You look gorgeous,” I tell her, setting my things aside. “Total natural beauty *just* for me.”

I strip out of my shirt and pants and go over to her on the bed. I part her robe open, exposing her naked body, and plant a delicate kiss on her little shaved pussy mound, causing her to gasp in that adorable way that I just love so much.

I look up from between her legs. “How’d your shoots go today?”

“Mmm, they went well...” she whimpers. “This one photographer was a bit of a jerk, but apparently he’s like that with everybody.”

“Want me to kick his ass?” I ask, running my hands up her body to her breasts. “Because I will if I have to.”

Ivy giggles. “Yes, husband. Defend my honor, please.”

I’m throbbing beneath my briefs, which I quickly remove so I can be naked with her. I move up her body and set my stiff cock against her slit, gently parting her lips, which reveals the wet arousal within.

“But he’s part of that ridiculous Dolce and Gabbana campaign, isn’t he?” I say softly, as I tease her sex with mine. Ivy nods, her lips slightly apart.

“He is...”

I was asked to shoot on this campaign but declined. Early on in our relationship, once she started modeling, Ivy and I decided it would be best that we kept our work separate as much as possible so it would not affect our relationship. The last thing we wanted to have happen was for us to end up like Sara’s friend and her manager at the movie theater.

“Well, I guess you’re going to have to put up with him for now,” I say, sliding inside her. “But I’m always here to... lessen the tension after a really hard day.”

Ivy wraps her arms around me and draws a deep breath. “Or provide me with something *really hard?*” she whispers in my ear, pulling me down on top of her. I hear her silly, playful giggle and reply by driving my entire shaft as deep as it will go, causing her to try and wriggle out from underneath me. “Oh my God, baby!”

“Is there a problem?” I laugh, holding her tightly where she belongs, kissing all down her neck to her collar bone as I begin to thrust. I gave her no warmup, and there’s no way she was ready for all that. But as she opens her mouth to protest, all that comes out is a moan.

“Oh, baby...” she sighs, dragging the tips of her fingers across my back. “Just when I think I’m about to get mad at you.”

Grinning, I fuck my wife. It’s pure heaven to have this control over her and be wrapped up in such intimacy. She’s so small compared to me, and I love holding her in my arms and crushing her beneath me as I slide in and out of her soaking wet folds.

I love how she submits to me but still teases me and plays back with me every day of our lives.

I love just how perfect we are for each other. I meet more beautiful women in a year than most men meet in their lives, and I still know, without a doubt, that Ivy is the only girl meant for me.

Her moans are music to my ears and drive me closer and closer to my climax as I thrust. Nothing turns me on more than making my wife come. And she’s close too; I can feel it.

“Baby,” she whispers, her breath warm against my ear.

“Yes?”

“I...I want you to get me pregnant.”

My words shock me, and I lift myself up so I can look into her eyes.

She's not teasing me. I see nothing but earnestness there. Ivy is not on the pill, and we've been either using condoms or I've been pulling out for our relationship so far without incident, so if I come in her now, there's nothing stopping nature from taking its course.

"What do you mean?" I ask her. "You have the campaign to finish—"

"It's almost over," she replies.

"Do you not want to model anymore?"

Ivy smiles. "These last few years have been great. But I don't want to stand in front of other men's cameras my entire life. I want to spend my life with *you*. I want to start a family."

I knew I loved my wife, but hearing her speak like this sends my feelings for her skyrocketing.

Truth be told, I've been dreaming about getting her pregnant for two years now but haven't said anything because I didn't want to get in the way of her career. After all, I was the one who encouraged her to get into it in the first place. How selfish of me would it have been to then tell her I want her to quit and be a mom after barely letting her experience the industry?

"I thought you'd never ask," I say, leaning in to press my lips to hers.

I slide my tongue against hers as I pump my cock inside her creamy, dripping hole that I'm so addicted to. Her hips buck up against me as though she's begging for me to finish inside her. I can feel her sex tightening around my shaft as she starts to get closer and closer to climax.

"Do it," she whimpers. "Fill me up, baby."

My wife's dirty talk is always a guarantee to get me over the edge, and this time is no different. I hold her bucking body down against the bed and thrust my cock as deep as it will go just as my orgasm hits me. If there was any time to get Ivy

pregnant, this was it, because I can feel an enormous shot of my seed spray out of me and deep into her hole just as the first wave of pleasure hits me like a truck.

“Fuck,” I grunt, snatching at her hair with one hand. I tug her head back and kiss at her neck as her body begins to tremble beneath me.

“Yes, baby!” she cries out as I coat her pussy walls with my cum. I feel her going off beneath me. We ride it out together, so raw, so filthy, our juices coating both of our thighs and getting everywhere. She may have just showered, but we’re both going to have to take another one after this.

I’m so turned on that all I can think of is how good Ivy feels and nothing else. I can only hold my lips against her neck as I finish unloading my seed inside her—finish breeding her for the family we’re starting right here, right now.

She wraps her legs around my waist as she comes down, holding me where I am so I can’t go anywhere.

“Don’t pull out,” she giggles. “Make sure it all stays in.”

I chuckle. I’m such a lucky man. To find a girl with such incredible looks and a personality that is constantly surprising me, constantly making me laugh, and mirrors mine in a way I could never have anticipated—there’s not a day that goes by that I don’t wonder how I lucked out meeting her.

“I love you so much, kitten,” I say, delicately kissing her on the forehead.

“And I love you too.” She smiles, wiggling her hips slightly, causing me to flinch at the sensitivity. This only causes her to giggle even more.

“You know, you still haven’t thanked me for forcing you to go out on that first date of ours.”

Ivy’s jaw drops, and she looks at me in mock astonishment. “Oh, and you’ve been waiting for that, have you?”

I shrug jokingly. “It would be nice to hear.”

Ivy shakes her head, still smiling. I love teasing her, and she just loves teasing me. It's actually one of my biggest turn-ons about her, beyond her looks.

"Okay, Mr. Barrett." Now there's a name I haven't heard her call me in years. "Thank you so much for knowing that you and I would fall madly in love and forcing me to go on a date with you all those years ago."

I'm still hard inside her, and I start moving back and forth again as my lips twist into a smile.

"You are so welcome, Mrs. Barrett. Now why don't we go for round two just to make sure you and I have that baby?"

Ivy giggles and reaches up to caress my cheek with the back of her hand. She nods. "Now I like that idea *very* much."

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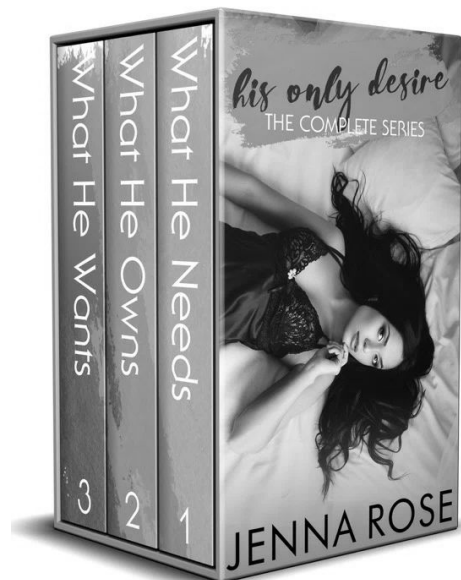
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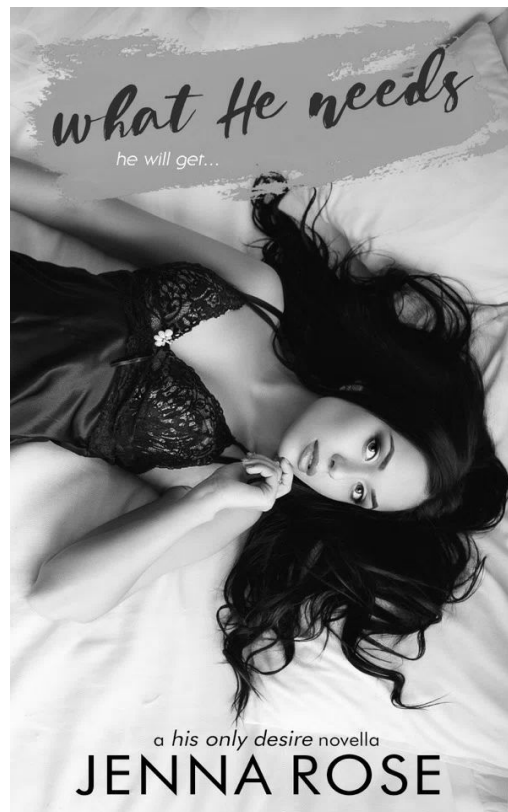
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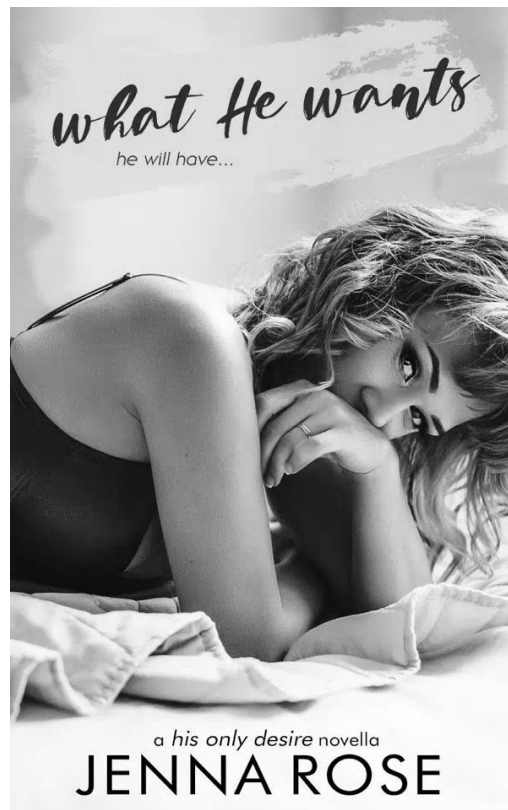
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