

# **First and Ten**

## **Part 2: Ready to Play**

**An e-book series by Emily Embree**

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### **Author's note:**

Hey Ladies! First and Ten is an Erotic/Romance serial novel that will be published in concurrent sections during the NFL Football season. While your man sits on the couch watching the games, you can entertain yourself with these. Let's face it—men in tight football pants are hot! After the initial first four parts are published in August for Training Camp, each new section will come out every two weeks during the season.

--Emily Embree

I am a huge football fan and am out of my mind crazy—rooting for the Miami Dolphins. Now on to the good stuff...

## **Part 2: Training Camp**

I was too aware I had violated the unbreakable rule of becoming involved with a client. Hell—involved didn't cover that little mistake, I berated myself with a good lip chewing as I watched practice on the sidelines.

Coach Parmeal had the first offense going against the second team defense on the field. My eyes went to Bobby McRann as he jogged into to replace Quint McCallister, the Sharks incumbent starting quarterback.. Quint gave Bobby a smirk and a look of open contempt as he passed by.

I had I tried to turn down this job, knowing I violated ethics, but I had no chance. Mr. Gershwin—I meant Jerry, the owner of the Sharks, swept me away with a cloud of bullshit and wouldn't let me explain. He never gave me a chance to excuse myself, and so here I was observing my first client and feeling guilty as shit.

I wasn't just worried someone would find out how Bobby and I's first meeting went, I was worried about how I felt about him. He was like a loaded-calorie piece of chocolate cake, I just kept wanting to run back to for another bite. This was bad, and it was worst knowing our little encounter meant more to me than it did him.

Shit—he had all the power over me, and my stomach had sunk as low it could drop in my belly and had remained there churning with anxiety ever since, over it,

For a moment, I forgot my impending catastrophic problems, and watched Bobby. My heart jumped heavily with pride in my chest as I watched him walk to the center. Even in pads, he was sexy—hell—the pads made him look sexier than any man should, as if it was a suit of armor he felt supremely confident in. Plus, his ass looked hot in those tight pants. An ass I was extremely familiar with and longed to grab again.

Shaking my head, I tried to clear those distracting thoughts out my hopelessly addled head and tried to clinically observe the action.

Bobby took the ball from the center and jumped back into his stance. Boom, the ball came out of his hand so fast, it was blur. I was no expert on football, but even I could see the difference between Bobby and Quint. Bobby was on different level, talent wise, Quint would never rise to. The ball shot down the field into the receivers hand for a good chunk of yardage before the defensive backs could react.

Boom, boom, I almost lost count of the throws he completed as I marveled over Bobby throwing. Then he threw one quick over the middle and the receiver jumped up to snag it before getting creamed by the defenders. The ball popped out to the ground and one of the defenders picked it up and streaked down the sidelines. Bobby turned and chased him down with such an intensity, it reminded me of our little encounter the day before. Before Bobby caught him, the coaches blew their whistles, and he jogged back down the field to where they had started the play.

“What the fuck was that?” Coach Parmeal met him, grabbing his face-mask, yanking Bobby's head down. “Didn't you see the free safety? How many times do I have to tell you, you have to look the free safety off before zipping that in there.”

Bobby gestured around wildly, looking like a schoolboy trying to make excuses.

*May have problems starting over. He was a hero in college and he expects that to translate to automatic respect at this level. Maybe he can't accept he has to prove himself all over. He fills entitled.* I wrote my notes on my I-pad.

“You're the stupidest quarterback I ever met,” Coach Parmeal continued. “Fucking apologize to your teammates and then get back in that huddle. We're going to run that play until you get it right.”

*Or maybe the coach is an asshole,* I had to erase that note, knowing there was a part of me just raring to tear into Coach Parmeal for treating my guy like that. I gritted my teeth, wondering why the hell I felt so protective of him and why I was claiming him as mine. He wasn't mine, he would never be mine. That unfortunate incident was going to stay that way, despite me wanting to repeat it again and again, as vigorously as possible. I had to forget it, pretend it never happened, though I sure as hell hoped he remembered it when he was banging the next shank who caught his eye.

“Yeah, rookie, get this shit straight. You make a bad throw like that over the middle, and you get me killed.” That brought my head up, and I looked over to see how it would play out. Bobby just tucked his head and walked away from the wide receiver as the Coach smiled broadly.

I frowned not liking that. I couldn't quite divorce my personal feelings from my clinical judgment, but I still put it down on the I-pad and resisted the urge to hit delete.

*So...the rumors are true. Coach Parmeal is an asshole. Bobby needs to get the respect of his teammates, but the coach isn't helping establish that. I understand he's trying to get Bobby to grow up fast in this environment, but his disdain is only making matters worse. It's almost as if the coach needs a whipping boy to take his repressed anger out on.* I erased asshole and replaced it with tyrant. That was as completely objective as I could be on the matter, and I made another note to examine Parmeal's past relationships with his quarterbacks. But then he hadn't treated Quint like that...

Watching for another few minutes, I thought I might be right. This dressing down had a negative impact on Bobby. He just seemed to fall apart, throwing two interceptions and fumbling the ball once when he

stepped away from the center. When another pass zipped over everyone to find the ground, Coach Parmeal blew his whistle. "Get the fuck off my field McRann, hit the showers, you disgust me. Quint you're back in."

*Asshole*, I thought before I could catch myself. I headed for the facilities to compose my notes before meeting with Bobby in an hour. Mr. Gershwin—I meant Jerry, jumped out of the metal bleachers where he had been observing and came straight for me.

"Did you see that," he exclaimed, looking like a man watching a huge investment fade away into nothing. "What is wrong with him? One moment, he's doing great and the next—"

"He crumples when the coach yells at him. He can't seem to handle adversity," my traitorous mouth finished before I could catch myself. "I noted it, sir."

"Not sir, not Mr. Gershwin, Jerry," he corrected before running a hand over his worried face. "So, do you think you can fix him?"

"We'll see," I murmured. "Is there any one on the team that has worked with Coach Parmeal before? I need to examine his past coaching techniques and relationships with his players to gain some perspective on the situation."

"Brian McDonald. He's our third string quarterback and is as old as the hills. He never plays, he's through and knows it. But Coach Parmeal brings him with him from team to team. It's a package deal. Basically, he stands on the sideline and tells Parmeal, he is always right. A waste of a roster spot, but I have to keep Parmeal's ego properly inflated."

"Do you think I could talk to him? He's what I need to get the whole picture here," I asked.

"Sure, it's a done deal. I'll get it set up immediately. Anything to get my future star fixed."

I grimaced inwardly at that word. I didn't fix people, I advised them how to overcome their hangups and work through them. But it wouldn't do me any good to explain that, the difference would be lost on Jerry. Besides, I had serious doubts I could help anyone. The Coach looked like the main problem to me, and I couldn't fix him. It was doubtful, I could get him in my office to council him to treat Bobby better.

"By the way, I set up a meeting tomorrow for your second client, Michael Jefferson. He's one of our wide receivers and he has problems. How about you meet me on the golf course at 6am, tomorrow morning, and we'll discuss it," Jerry smiled.

"What?" I nearly jumped out my clothes. Literally. "Mr. G—I mean Jerry, I haven't worked through the issues with Bobby yet, I think you should wait until you see what progress we make there before giving me

another client. Besides—I don't play golf, I have never even held a golf club in my hands. I—“

Laughing, Jerry clapped me on the back. “I have every confidence in you. And you just show up tomorrow. and I'll teach you how to play golf. It's fun and good exercise.”

I wondered if I could get a plane ticket to Alaska—right now. Thanks to the retainer, I could afford a one way ticket before I thoroughly embarrassed myself in all arenas here. “I don't think that's a good idea—”

“You'll be fine.” Smacking me on the ass, Jerry reminded me he didn't take no for an answer. “Now go fix my quarterback.”

• • •

To say I was nervous, would have been the understatement of the year. I had been steeling myself for this moment for the past twenty four hours, but my stomach fluttered with butterflies and I kept pressing my hand against my cheeks to try and suppress my blush. Nibbling on my pen, I looked around my square office in the Shark facilities to try and calm myself.

Painted light blue with black and silver stripes, the walls were bare— with no windows— except a large poster of some former Shark's game, I had never seen and didn't know the historical importance of. My company supplied lap-top had a shortcut to to the browser to take me to the the team's history, but I had never bothered. Maybe I would, I put my finger above the mouse ready to click for a short visit. Football had never remotely interested me, but watching Bobby on the field today—oh my God! I could easily become fan if I got to watch him all day. There was something about the way he held himself, the fierce, competitive— relentless—drive in his eyes. Hell—he looked so sexy out there, sweat drenching his uniform as he fired perfect spirals left and right. He could do me on the fifty yard line...

*Girl! Get a hold of yourself.*

Just then, the door opened and in walked the object of my irrational obsession. Dressed in a t-shirts and shorts, his head still wet from his post practice shower, he looked amazing. His green piercing eyes found mine and for a moment all my resolve melted away.

*You can take me now, my sexy man. We can break in my shiny black desk or that leather chair, right now. You'r pick.*

*Megan! What the hell is wrong with you.* I didn't have an answer for that.

"Can I take seat, Doc?" My legs are killing me," Bobby grinned that lion's grin and I began to get uncomfortably warm in all the wrong places. I clamped my thighs together tightly under my skirt and wrapped my ankles around each other for good measure.

"Please," I could barely whisper, pointing the comfortable black leather chair behind him. He continued to look at me, knowingly, reminding me of what happened the last time we go together. Unable to look into his eyes a second longer, I glanced down at my notes on my laptop and chewed the end of my pen.

"That's not good for your teeth," he remarked wryly.

"Neither is getting tackled by three hundred pound linemen, I would presume."

"That's what the face-mask is for, Doc," he grinned broadly, sending minute shivers down the walls of my vagina and making my clit tingle in moist anticipation.

"Call me Megan or Doctor Ramsey," I held up my hand. "This will be our first session, and I would like to know how you feel about being here?" I didn't know where it had come from—how I found the ability to act professional, even it was an outright lie, but I was proud of myself. I hoped Bobby would read my tone and take me seriously.

"Before our first meeting, I would have said I don't need a shrink. But after our first meeting, I'm more than willing to reconsider," his green eyes lanced into me, teasing me, daring me to respond.

My breasts tightened in sudden aching to be touched under my bra, and I had to resist the urge to tug on my bra to give them room to expand. I clamped my legs together harder to suppress the continued swelling down in my loins. I cleared my throat as my face went red with embarrassment. "That was a huge mistake on my part, and one that won't be repeated. I'm urging you to forget, because it won't happen again."

"Isn't that a violation of your sworn ethics?" He grinned.

"It was, regrettably," I apologized. "I would have excused myself from your case, but Jerry has this way..." I didn't know how to finish that, and I chewed down hard on my pen pulling out a chunk of plastic.

"So," Bobby drawled, delighted to have me on the defensive. "Your career is in my hands."

"I was hoping you wouldn't figure that out." Suddenly, I decided to switch tactics—what the hell—if I couldn't get his respect by acting professional—why not try an insult. It had to get his mind off me. *And whose fault is that his mind is on you, girl?* "I thought most football

players had plenty of brawn but are usually lacking in the brain's department.”

“You'll find—not all of us are dumb jocks,” his eyes flared in anger. “I suppose if I threaten you and don't go along with this bullshit mind examination, you'll threaten to tell the press I needed a shrink, jeopardizing my career. Our opponents will just love that, and I'll never get their respect whether I lead us to a winning season or not.”

*Damn, why didn't I think of that?* “Plus, I'd get a book deal, and I'm sure they'd make a movie out of it. I could make a fortune...”

“So—your just like everyone else. Looking to cash in on my fame even though I haven't proven anything yet. I'm nothing more than a piece of meat to you,” his eyes went dark and ugly.

Blinking, I was shocked by the hurt in those words. What was he thinking? I knew he could have his choice of any woman he wanted and had just taken advantage of what I was just—oh—too willing to give. It couldn't have meant anything to him, could it have?

My hear flopped in my chest. I didn't know the answer, but I wanted to. I felt something strong for him, something so deep, I couldn't admit I was feeling it. “Bobby, I would never do any of that. I want you to trust me. The moment you step in my office, you have my vowed promise—I won't tell anyone what is said in here. Or what happens.”

“Unless I tell...”

“Not even then. Trust has to work both ways. I trust you and even if you break that trust, I won't,” and I meant it. I would gladly entrust this man with my life, and I was all too aware I was doing just that.

He stared at me for a moment, his eyes wanting to believe me, but he just couldn't quite do it.

“Just say what's on your mind,” I plied, leaning over my desk towards him, wanting to run over and grab him, I wasn't sure it was to reassure him or me. “I know almost nothing about football players or what you go through. So just tell me and we can work through this.”

For a mind numbing moment, the air filled with this fragile, tenuous silence. Everything was about to be decided now, though, I had no idea what everything encompassed.

“Once you get drafted and sign a contract making you an instant millionaire, everyone wants a piece,” Bobby said quietly, measuring me.

“I'm not out to make money off you, Bobby. In truth, I didn't want this job, despite the huge retainer I received. I just graduated with my degree. I wanted to council couples with relationship problems and be able to live close enough to walk every night on the beaches here in South Beach. I didn't even major in sports psychology,” I finished in a low voice. I had

just confided my total incompetence and inexperience to him, giving him another weapon to sink me, as if he needed it.

He nodded and smile briefly. "You seem sincere, so I'll take a chance. I could use a friend."

It was the verbal equivalent of a handshake and lifted the enormous guilt from my heart. "That's what you should think of me as. I'm just a loyal friend who gets paid to listen to you." *but I want to be so much more, my heart cried out silently.*

"So how does this work, where do we start?"

"Well usually, we start with what ever you want to tell me and work from there. But since you didn't seek me out, you were forced to see me, I would suggest we get right to the problem," I suggested.

"I don't have a problem," Bobby crossed his arms stubbornly, but there a delicate tone in his voice that said otherwise. "It's not me but the damn —"

"Coach," I offered and got a confirming nod. "What happened out there on the practice field today? I'm no football genius, but it looked like you were doing great and then bam—one bad play and the coach jumped all over you."

"I was doing well. We had it going and it wasn't a bad play," Bobby said defensively. "I put the ball in the only place where my wide receiver could catch it. In a game that was ten yards and a first down."

"Why did the coach think it was bad then?" I looked down on my notes, hoping I had gotten this part right. "I don't understand football, but he said you didn't look off the safety?"

"I looked off the damn safety. In real game, it would have worked better, but even still—I completed the pass, despite the safety cheating."

"He cheated? Your coach didn't think so."

"The Coach is trying to make things hard on me," Bobby explained and from his body language, I believed him. "He knows the defense knows our playbook and cheats to keep us from making plays."

"Why does he allow that?"

"Because, he thinks it makes us better. It will be easier for us when the defense of our real opponents doesn't know our playbook."

"I see," I said. I really didn't, but I could tell Bobby wasn't trying to make excuses for a bad performance. And he wasn't upset the defense cheated. He was upset with the way Coach Parmeal treated him. I didn't have enough facts to make a firm diagnosis, but it was pointing to Parmeal as the real problem here. I wondered how that would go over with Jerry.

"Look," Bobby held up two hands. "I know I have to endure and survive, and I really don't a pshrink."



“Your Coach came down on you, and you had a meltdown on the field. That tells me you're not handling this pressure well. And that's where I can help you.”

“It's nothing, it's just football...”

“Look,” I decide to take a chance and force him to talk to me. “You're stubborn and the coach is stubborn. You think you need to take him straight on. Lock horns and see who out bulls who. But there other ways to approach this. Approaches that are less stressful,” I offered, hoping he would take me up on it.

“Stress is part of the job, and I know how to release it when it becomes too much,” Bobby stood up and fixed me with a fierce gaze.

Afraid he was going to leave and literally slam the door in my face, completely rejecting me, I stood with him. “I can help you, if you'll just trust me.”

“I know you can,” he grinned that lions grin, I found so irresistible, and before I could try and deduce what he was thinking, he pounced on me.

The impact slammed me into the wall behind my desk, and my head smacked against that stupid poster. Before I could protest, his lips came down on mine but not hard like before. They teased my lips and then settled down to press firmly, daring me to respond. I tried to resist, turning my head away from him, but his hands came up to grasp my face gently, but firmly and force me to look into his fierce and very fucking feral gaze. Bobby's teeth raked over my bottom lip and then seized it, chewing it delicately.

Sighing, I parted my lips and wrapped my arms around him. Our tongues intertwined slowly, deliberately, starting a new game between us. I shuddered a little as instant heat sprang into my loins, seizing my leg muscles and making them shudder in uncontrollable shivers. My pants suddenly felt unbearably heavily as my breasts fairly jumped out to press against my blouse, begging to be touched, to be sucked. My hand came up to grab the back of his head, wrapping those black curls tightly between my fingers, urging him to press closer. I didn't know what it was with this man, but he aroused the living hell out of me, and I couldn't control myself when I was too close.

I felt his lips smile against mine, pleased I wasn't offering much resistance. “This is the part of therapy I like.”

“We can't do this,” I murmured. “No matter how much we want to. The first time was a mistake—”

“Was it?” he drawled, stepping away from me.

My body cried in the fear he was rejecting me, that my mind had gotten in the way and ruined my body's chance for satisfaction—for fulfillment of a desperate need. A need, only he could satisfy. But my mind keened in on his words, suddenly intensely curious. “Wasn't it?” “I wanted to know more, I wanted to ask him if this attraction between us was something more than just a way to relieve his stress. Or a way to get out of addressing the real issues he faced. On the other hand, I wasn't sure if I wanted to know the answer.”

He grinned as if he knew I was at his mercy—and damn if I didn't want to be. My heart sensed I could trust him no matter how much my mind pronounced me a fool.

“Do you really think, I'm as shallow as that?”

His words made my heart jump into my throat. Extreme angst and pain hoping against hope, his words were not a lie. “I don't know, Bobby, I don't know,” I managed to murmur.

Coming back to me, he gently drew me into his embrace, kissing me softly before pulling back to stare in my eyes so intensely, I wasn't sure if my heart would explode or shrink into a rejected ball of apathy. “I'm a god, the women of South Beach can't refuse. I could have any woman I want, but I'm not like that.”

“Really?” A thousand thoughts suddenly raced around in my head, and none could divine if he was truly sincere.

“You're the hottest damn woman I ever met, and the most confusing. I tell myself—you only want me because I may be a superstar in this league, but my gut instinct tells me that's not true. That whatever this is—this electric connection—its real and I can't stop thinking about it.”

If he didn't have me before, he had me now. I couldn't lie to myself. I was so hopeless—a fish hooked with no hope of escape.

He smiled appreciatively, seemingly reading my mind. “What was that you said? Trust me, I can help. I trust you, now trust me.”

“It's not that easy,” I had to try and make one more attempt to resist.

“So you are incapable of giving me what you claim I should give you so easily.”

My eyes searched his in alarm, but I saw he was just teasing me, that he saw through me completely. “This is going to be complicated.”

“No it isn't,” Bobby leaned down to kiss me. “This is easy and very uncomplicated. Trust me and just let yourself go.”

“I'm in your hands,” I surrendered, thinking I was finished here before I actually started. But I didn't care, I wanted him, I wanted him so bad—my body ached in acute pain for his touch. Fuck the inevitable consequences. I didn't have the heart or will to resist him.

Smiling broadly at his victory, Bobby ran his hands up my waist, coming to rest under my breasts, testing, cupping them delicately.

"You don't have to be so gentle," I purred and my lips crashed down on his, hard.

Just like that, the fire erupted, the fire of my desire for this man that seemed so unquenchable. Our hands began to stoke each others bodies, pressing—exploring. Just like before, our lips melded together in this intense heat, our tongues battling each other for control of the encounter—of each other. His hand grabbed a clump of my hair and pulled my head down, forcing me to strain to keep my lips locked with his.

"You are so fucking hot," he moaned, pulling away and then his lips found the curve of my neck.

"Ohhh," was all I was able to utter as this crazy, new pleasure shot down my skin straight to my pussy. It was like releasing a flood of water held by a dam. I hooked a leg around his waist, digging my sharp high heel into his tight, rock hard ass.

Bobby's lips trailed up, finding the hollow of my neck just underneath my chin.

"Oh, yes," I clenched against him hard, urging him to continue the onslaught.

His lips grabbed and suckled my skin, sending more shivers of exquisite pleasure down my neck and into my breasts. I pressed against him, rubbing my nipples against that hard chest, making him groan. His hands reached up to grab them, twisting, kneading. His thumbs rubbed through the stiff shell of my bra, teasing me, until I couldn't take anymore.

I unbuttoned my shirt and let it slide down my arms to fall to the ground. Reaching back, I grasped for the clasp on the straps, but Bobby's hands suddenly interjected, pushing mine away. He unsnapped it and my bra fell between us to join my shirt.

His hands came back around, and now they weren't just groping and teasing, they were doing all sorts of sensual things driving me wild until I couldn't take it anymore.

"If you think you can perform, now is the time," I hissed, reaching down to grab his penis to make sure. I wasn't disappointed, the damn thing was rock fucking hard and straining against his shorts. I tugged at his the waistband, thinking I would like to go down on him, to feel that throbbing cock in my mouth again, but my screaming pussy had other ideas, feeling it needed to be satisfied first. To fucking hell with foreplay, it decided for us.

Sensing my urgent need, Bobby somehow stripped us both bare and then pressed me hard against the wall. I groaned and rolled my head to the

side, my mouth and face suddenly too sensitive to endure any more kissing. My hips pushed out, inviting him to plunge into me, to stick that huge shaft where it belonged.

But Bobby had other ideas, whirling me around so I was facing away from him.

“Mr. McRann,” I objected in sudden panic. I hated this position because it seemed so demeaning to me. I was a woman who had given herself completely to this man, but that wasn't good enough, he wanted to take advantage of that submission and humiliate me, demonstrating I was just some body to use to satisfy his feral desires. I started to object again and pull away, but he wouldn't let me go, pulling me tightly against him.

Fucking asshole, I whispered to myself, feeling that mammoth burning cock brushing my ass, pressing towards whatever relief it could find.

I wanted to rebel against it, to call him the betrayer he was, but then he wrapped his arms around me, his hands reaching up to cup my breast so intimately, it threw shivers down my spine. Bobby's lips came down on the side of my neck whispering a promise I was in good hands. To trust him—that this wasn't demeaning or how he would take some whore, but something that was so intimate, it could only be shared with someone special.

I arched against him, spreading my legs to invite his ravishment, to end this needless teasing and he didn't disappoint. His hot throbbing cock slipped perfectly into my vagina and began to move slowly, up and down as his arms kept me upright and firmly in his embrace.

I sighed as the delicious friction of his penis seemingly thrust my body into some metaphysical plane of pleasure, I had never experienced before. I let my head loll towards the left, my lips seeking something to suck on. Bobby released my breast his left hand was holding to come up and stroke my hair. I felt his body tremble and then clench as his dick began to move faster in my slick vagina, seeking and searching for a release to its straining need.

I arched against him as closely as I could get, my thoughts only on how wonderful this was.

His thumb found my probing lips and I didn't hesitate, taking it deeply into my mouth sucking on it slowly, my tongue exploring every wrinkle and crevice.

“Oh god baby,” He groaned against me, and I lost whatever resistance I had to that idea. I wanted to be his baby, I wanted to be the only woman he thought about. I wanted to remain in his arms forever, and I really wanted his dick inside me forever. This was heaven.

He continued to thrust slowly, building the pressure between us until we were both breathing so heavily, I was afraid the the room would run out of air.

Breathing was only a minor worry, I just wanted to concentrate on how delightful his massively hard cock in me felt, slowly stroking the inside of me, building an unreal friction. The way it felt was so damn intimate, and pleasurable, I knew I had been wrong about this position. It wasn't demeaning, it was fucking wonderful, I declared.

*Oh no!* I panicked, feeling my body suddenly tighten like in the grip of some uncontrollable seizure. My orgasm was coming now, way too soon, interrupting this wonderful, erotic state of being. Shit, Bobby's cock was so hard and rigid, he couldn't even be close to joining me.

But my body wouldn't listen as my ass clinched down hard on his dick. Massive, indescribable ecstasy exploded in my loins. "Oh my fucking god!" I screamed in involuntary response. I almost melted in Bobby's arms as it overtook me and then I felt it.

"Yes baby," he hissed as a warm jet of fluid ejaculated in my pussy. His body shook so hard, I thought he would drop me, but he surprised and delighted me, hugging me so tightly, I couldn't breath.

We surrendered to the unbelievable pleasure grabbing us and floated away together to some unnameable but peaceful place. I didn't how long we stood there like, I just knew I didn't want to come down from it.

But apparently, heaven wasn't forever as promised and now came the moment I dreaded. The shameful release and silent fumbling for clothes and then the acutely, hurtful goodbye.

But Bobby was more than that and turned me around to hug me deeply. He held me—like forever—and that silent, but sincere, embrace finally convinced me I was more to him than some easy fuck.

"I don't know what you think, but I'm thinking these little therapy sessions are going to have to go on indefinitely."

I couldn't help myself, I just melted into him, tears springing from my eyes. This was just too much to believe, and I knew I couldn't let him go. *Not in this fucking lifetime.*

