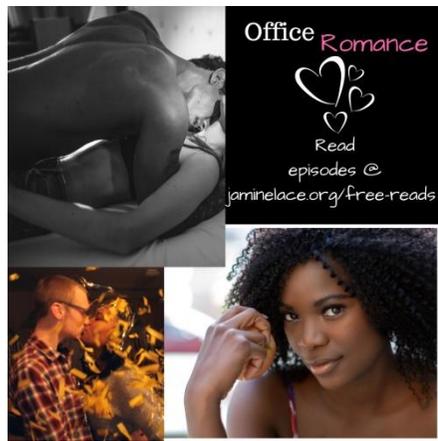


Office Romance

Episode II

by Jasmine Lace



Alexis Washington walked into the lobby of Nicbi Advertisement Agency. She had made it a point that day to arrive early so she could get a head start on the accounting charts. A plausible excuse to slip out of bed before her husband had woken up. Another way to avoid Anthony for a longer period of time.

After the events of the last 36 hours, Alexis was hesitant to confront her husband. She couldn't think about it without conflicting emotions swirling through her. Alexis body turned hot from angered betrayal, cold from frosty annoyance, and hot again with pleasurable memories of being in Cameron Dalton's arms.

Last night after coming home from her night with Cam, Alexis had been lucky to find her husband past out in bed. An old black and white movie had been playing on their flat screen that hung on the wall opposite their bed. A constant distraction from any physical or emotional intimacy they would share.

Anthony had barely listened to the excuse of her tardiness that Alexis had come up with on the ride home. He had given her a quick peck on the lips and turned his dark chocolate, lanky form back to sleep.

Alexis hadn't been able to let Anthony know the truth yet. The truth that she caught him getting it on in their shower with a young woman. Or even, the fact that she had spent her evening in the arms of her coworker as a form of revenge.

It wasn't that Alexis was afraid to tell Anthony that she had even the score. A fuck for a fuck seemed fair.

The thing was she didn't want anyone to know about last night. What Cameron and

her had shared seemed more than a revenge fuck. It was sweet and tender. Something between just themselves like a secret that bonded them more.

They had been work buddies for a few years now. Alexis had told Cam everything. They had shared their lives at work. They had laughed together on several occasions to one of many inside jokes.

Cam had always been the first person she would run to tell when big news happened. Cam would know hours before Anthony even heard about it.

That meant something, didn't it? She asked herself. *But what? And what happens next?*

Her heart lifted into rapid beats as her mind went to the possibility of waking up to Cam. His tanned, muscular arm laying wrapped around her waist as he spooned her from behind. His lips nuzzling the sensitive spot below her earlobe as he began running kisses down her neck.

No, I can't think about that right now! What about Anthony and what we have? Or had? Or...

Alexis nervously walked into the nearly empty elevator. As it lifted to her floor on the third level, she couldn't stop from worrying about how last night might have ruined her friendship with Cam. She was having mixed feelings of joy, excitement and fear.

A sensation of Cam's soft lips on hers as his fingers work between her crotch ran over her. The back of her neck heated up while she pushed away the vision of the desire in his hazel eyes when she was riding on top of him last night.

"Ding," announced her floor destination.

Alexis snapped back to the present. Her belly swamped with butterflies as she rushed to her cubicle. She pushed away thoughts of Cam for the hundredth time that morning. Alexis was too afraid to think about what she felt for him and she was too confused that maybe she was mixing up great sex for something more.

Plus, Alexis didn't know how to act around him anymore.

Are we friends? Are we lovers? She thought. *No, we can't be lovers. It was for one night, right?*

Alexis didn't want to analyze why she felt a little disappointed by that last thought. Having too

much to process, Alexis shutdown emotionally and like a robot stayed on her professional tasks. She flew into her work and kept her head down.

After lunchtime, Alexis squirmed around in her chair. She had successfully avoided Cam all day by staying at her desk. Her lunch consisted of a roast beef sandwich and a bottle of water that she had eaten at her desk as not to have to see him in the company cafeteria.

But now she really had to go pee. Alexis scoped out her pathway pass the cubicles. Her eyes scanned down the long row of hidden desks, which sat in front of personal offices of the managing staff, there was one right turn to make, and then, it would be a dead shot to the restrooms.

Everyone was busy at their desks. The hall was clear. Alexis walked hurriedly away from her work space area. She kept her eyes down as she scurried by. Her full bladder threatening to flow out.

She was about to turn the corner when she slammed into a solid form. Strong hands grabbed the sides of Alexis' arms and kept her from tipping over her black heels. The gracious move had saved her from falling on to the floor, and possibly, relieving her bladder on the company carpet.

Alexis looked up to give her thanks and apologies to her hero when a familiar wide smile flashed down at her. She froze.

Cam's smile was filled with genuine surprised happiness. Alexis' heart sped up as her breath caught.

He looked delicious in his black suit and tie. A normal outfit he wore at the office but today he looked sexier in it. More alive, confident and free, if that was possible.

"Hey, Alexis," he said in his low baritone voice.

The sensual sound of his voice caressed around her eardrums making her chest heat up. His hazel eyes roamed her face in a loving way. Alexis fought back the urge to lean into him.

Cam's hands squeezed her arms while they held her a few inches from his body. A light pull could quickly send her against his broad chest. Her hands could easily slip their way up around

his shoulders to bring his head down for a soft touch on his sweet mouth.

Suddenly, a spike of fear hit Alexis, scurrying away the arousing thought. Her body stiffened up. She quickly slipped from his touch and took a few steps back.

Then, Alexis sheepishly looked around.

Was anyone watching us? Could they guess something was going on between us? What was he doing here?

Being in the department of sales assured Cam would remain on the fifth floor. There was never a real reason to come down to the account section of the building unless there was a problem with one's expense report.

Before she could overanalyze his sudden appearance on her floor, a pain stuck in Alexis abdomen reminding her of the urgency in her bladder. She backed away a little more, edging towards the restrooms.

"Hey, stranger, I haven't seen you all day," Cam said, ignoring her abrupt distancing. "I was hoping we could..."

"Sorry, I really have to go pee," Alexis interrupted as she rushed off to the restroom door.

"Oh, okay. We'll talk later," he called after her.

Alexis pretended not to hear. After finishing her business, she stayed in the restroom a little longer than usual to make sure Cam wouldn't still be out there. He couldn't stand in front of the ladies' restroom all afternoon. Neither, could Alexis stay inside the stall for any more time before people started to worry.

Hoping we could what? she wondered about what Cam was going to say before she had left. Alexis' dark brown eyes stared into the mirror as she washed her hands.

The question plagued her thoughts for the rest of the day intermittently with the replay in her head of when she had bumped into him by the restrooms.

Had he really been happy to see me? Or was he as nervous as I was?

If he had been nervous, was it because he regretted last night?

Had I held on too him for too long when he grabbed me before I fell? How long is it appropriate to

hold the arms of a coworker without HR throwing up red flags?

His hands are so strong. She remembered what he had done so skillfully with them last night.

Oh god, I'm such a slut.

I know I ruined it with Cam. I was so weird. I didn't know what to say.

Cam probably doesn't want anything to do with my nasty ass, anyway.

He was probably just being nice to save face.....

But he did seem very happy to see me, thou.

At the end of the work day, Alexis walked towards her parked car lost in thought. She hadn't seen Cam for the rest of the afternoon and her brain was melting from all the over thinking she had been doing.

Nothing a long bath and some Chinese takeout couldn't help soothe, she thought with a sigh. Then the idea of sitting across from her husband, Anthony, filled Alexis with dread.

"Hey you," Alexis looked up in surprise at Cam's friendly greeting. He stood casually next to her driver's side door.

Her face briefly brightened up. She was happy to see her friend. Alexis had missed him all day.

Then her smile fell at the memory that they were no longer just friends. A line had been crossed, blurring what their relationship was to one another. Alexis began to feel awkward and sad by their unclear next step.

"Hi," Alexis cleared her throat and looked at the ground. The long red nail of her index finger scratched underneath the bun of her black natural hair.

Cam walked over. Alexis' ears ran hot the closer he got to her. Slowly he placed his long arms around her waist and pulled her into his embrace. It was how he normally would greet her. Yet, after what had happened last night it no longer seemed innocent and normal.

She deeply inhaled his masculine scent. He smelt like a new laptop. Clean, fresh and electric.

Alexis enjoyed that small moment. Her short, plump body clung closer to his tall, athletic form as she felt like she was home.

"I wanted to get a chance to talk to you," he said as his chin rested on her forehead. "How are you?"

"Fine," she said awkwardly. Shame and embarrassment made her body stiffen. She quickly pulled out of his arms. "Just had a busy day. I'm a bit tired."

Cam stared hard at her weak smile. Alexis felt like she had offended him in some way. But she didn't know how she had nor what to say next.

They stared at each other for a long silent moment.

"Last night was..." he began.

"Yeah, it was," Alexis interrupted him in a mumble.

Silence hung between them again.

"So..." they said in unison.

After an awkward laugh, Cam nodded for her to finish her sentence.

"I was gonna say that I should get going," she said. She shivered a bit. "It's cold and getting late."

"Let's go somewhere to get you warmed up and we could...talk," Cam offered. His hazel eyes sparked.

Alexis didn't feel up to talking.

"Hello, hello," a tall and square shaped blond rushed over to greet them.

Alexis and Cam stood back and eyed her warily. A low greeting slipped out of their mouths.

"God, it's cold tonight," she carried on, ignoring their cold attitude towards her. "But it is nearly Christmas. You can't have the merry without the frost."

"Can we help you, Doris?" Cam abruptly asked. He was never patient with their office manager. Doris only talked to them when she needed something.

"Yes," she cheerfully said. "I'm organizing the Christmas office party and would love some volunteers to help decorate the office."

Cam rolled his eyes. Alexis had a nicer response. She simply smiled and said, "Well, let's talk

about it tomorrow. I've been busy with accounts so I may not be able to help much..."

"Whatever you can do, would be helpful," Doris smiled. Clearly, ignoring the brush off.

Doris flicked back a strand of her short, blond hair that had blown into her face as the trio stood in silence for a long moment.

Then, Doris realized she was interrupting something. "Well, I'll bore you with the details in the morning. Have a good night."

Cam watched her walk towards another co-worker. She waved him over as he tried to make a quick getaway.

"God, that woman always wants something," Cam shook his head. "Man, she's annoying."

"She's not that bad," Alexis said. "She's just trying to bring in some holiday cheer. Lord knows no one else wants to do her job."

"No one wants her to do her job either," he said. "Constantly trying to get us to use our free time to do office activities. I don't have the time or energy for that shit."

"That's not being in the holiday spirit, Mr. Scrooge," she laughed.

Cam shrugged it off. Then, he smiled down at Alexis and said, "Anyway, we could come up with some excuses not to help over a drink."

"No," she shook her head. Then lied by saying, "Anthony is expecting me."

Cam's neck went back and he straightened up at the mention of Alexis' husband's name.

"Oh," he said in surprise. "I thought you two were..."

"No...well, yes,...I don't...," she let the sentence fall with a shrug.

Cam rose an eyebrow and gave her a judging look before adding, "It sounds like you have everything worked out."

Alexis hated his sarcastic comment. *How dare he judge me? Or make me feel bad about my marriage?* She thought angrily. *Like his life is so perfect.*

"Anyways, I'm sure you have to get back to Bonnie," Alexis pointed out his husbandry responsibilities to his wife. Mainly, being with your

wife rather than the person you just had sex with 24 hours ago. The person who you hadn't married.

Cam looked away a bit annoyed. Then he stuck out the side of his cheek with his tongue against it as he nodded and looked Alexis up and down.

"It's like that then?" he asked angrily.

How else can it be? She thought as she wordlessly stared back at him.

Feeling like she couldn't say the right thing, Alexis moved around him and got into her car.

"I gotta go," she said over her shoulder.

"Yeah, you've said. Tell your boy I enjoyed last night!" he said.

Alexis drove off while swallowing back her guilt.

Anthony texted on his phone while Alexis munched on her Kung Poa chicken and wondered if he was writing to the Asian girl, she found him fooling around with in their shower. In their home. A place she was paying rent for. *Since his unemployed ass isn't bringing any money in.*

I'm paying for a place for him to bring back his sluts. She thought in irritation. *How many others are there? How many others have there been?*

She pictured how his head had leaned back as the girl took him fully in her mouth. Anthony had let out a deep moan above the soft sucking sounds. *Lord knows the last time he's moaned for me like that.*

In fact, Alexis had trouble thinking about the last time they had had sex. *Had it been a week? Two? A month?*

She didn't know. And it hadn't bothered her before. The excitement in the bedroom had sizzled out years ago. Except for the few special occasions, they rarely were intimate. Alexis was hardly ever in the mood, and when she was, it wasn't anything she couldn't do herself with more speed and much more pleasure.

She hadn't missed the sex they had had in the early years of their marriage. But now someone else was satisfying him and that pissed her off.

Anthony laughed out loud and shook his head at the phone's screen. Alexis stared him down hard and imagine running her chopsticks through his crotch.

Suddenly her phone beeped. Alexis gloomily stared down at it. *This better not be my mother*, she thought. *I am in no mood to talk to her right now.*

DID U CALL? Cam had texted.

Alexis stared at the message in confusion. Then wrote back. NO.

R U SURE?

YEAH. I DIDN' T CALL U.

MY FAULT. U MUST HAVE WANTED 2 CALL ME BUT GOT BUSY.

NO.

THAT' S NOT WHAT THE VOICES IN MY HEAD HAVE BEEN TELLIN ME.

Alexis choked back a laugh. *His crazy ass.*

THEY' VE BEEN SAYIN U WANT 2 CALL ME. He continued to text.

OH REALLY? TELL THEM THEY GOT IT WRONG. She texted back. An amused smile sprung to her lips.

I DK THEY' VE BEEN RIGHT ABOUT THE OTHER STUFF THEY' VE BEEN SAYIN.

OH REALLY? LIKE WHAT?

LIKE HOW GOOD U LOOKED 2DAY & HOW BADLY I WANTED 2 KISS U THIS AFTERNOON.

Alexis smile widened. She quickly glanced up at Anthony who was oblivious to their flirty exchange.

WHEN CAN I SEE U AGAIN? Cam texted.

I' LL SEE U @ WORK TOMORROW. She wrote back.

After a long moment, Cam wrote: NO. I MEAN WHEN CAN I SEE ALL OF THAT TASTY CHOCOLATE AGAIN.

She read the texted over and over again in shock.

He wants...

Excitement ran up and down her body. Alexis squirmed in her seat while she relived Cam's powerful thrusts as her nails gripped into his

shoulders. Worries of ruining what they had flew away. He wanted her as much as she wanted him.

Alexis unconsciously licked her lips. Her eyes flew up to see her husband suspiciously staring her down.

Her phone continuously beeped as she guiltily tried not to drop his stare. She sucked in a breath.

“Who’s that!?!” he asked with a hard stare.

The breath she had been holding for a long time had rushed out of her mouth in place of any words. Alexis knew it was time for a talk. She swallowed hard and opened her mouth.

“A friend,” she said meekly. Then her spine hardened and she lashed out, “Just like who you were texting a minute ago.”

Anthony stiffened at that comment. His eyes shied away.

Hmmm. He had been texting that slut, she thought. Bastard.

“Well, that was...”

Before he could lie, Alexis said, “Here let me see.”

Anthony shook his head.

“Come on, Anthony,” she moved around the table towards him. “You show me yours and I’ll show you mine.”

This was Alexis’ chance. It was time to come clean.



Watch out for **Episode III** to find out what happens next.

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