

CHAPTER 1

I'm going to miss my flight if I keep messing around with you, Morgan.”

Morgan's friend's concerns about missing her flight were genuine, but her personal wants contradicted her words. With her arms passionately wrapped around his neck, she leaned forward, giving Morgan every opportunity to take possession of what he wanted. Shifting her body more to one side, she accepted his kisses with no resistance. Morgan's kisses were needed more than she let on. She slid her legs higher to lock behind Morgan for more stability. Now she kissed Morgan with more passion, and Morgan reciprocated, but this was short-lived.

Morgan peered over to control the ring with a glance, but the phone continued to ring. Adjusting her fallen robe up around her shoulders, she waited for him to answer.

“Come on, Luv!”

Morgan stared at her, trying to ignore the phone, but it continued to ring. The woman peeked towards the phone and back to Morgan.

“Are you going to answer that?”

He pulled her in closer. Morgan moved his body in a deep, grinding motion. “I’m trying to answer your body, but you are worried about the phone.”

Walking through the house in nothing but a towel wrapped around his lower body and drying his upper body with another towel, Moca waited for Morgan to answer his call. Morgan's muffled voice finally screeched across the line.

“Hello! Good morning, Mr. Pneuberry.”

An echoed voice of Morgan responded. “Is this Moca?”

“Yes, sir, this is Moca.”

Morgan’s echoed voice was filled with irritation. “As always, bad timing, young blood, bad timing.”

Morgan peeked around in time to catch a glimpse of his guest walking towards the backroom shaking her finger at him to control his attitude.

An echoed voice of Moca replied, “Mr. Pneuberry, I’m confirming our meeting for ten today. Are we still on?”

Hastily wanting to end the call, Morgan said, “Yes, I will be here.”

“OK, Mr. Pneuberry, I’ll talk with you then—”

Morgan hung up the phone before Moca could finish his sentence.

“Baby, baby, where are you? I’m off the call now. We have 30 minutes before Moca arrives.”

“So sorry, Luv, I must go!”

“Go, with all this tackle in front of me?”

“Yes, I must go.”

Thrashing the tie of his bathrobe in the air and contorting his body in frustration, Morgan said, “I wanted to finish what we started.”

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