

# My Forbidden Desire

## Chapter One

By Madison Blake  
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Gavin MacAllister tapped one foot with impatience as he waited near the doorway. "Becca! What's taking you so long?"

He scowled, wishing for the nth time he hadn't consented to having her stay at his flat. Oh right, *he hadn't*. His dad had forced it on him, reminding him it was his duty to take care of his *stepsister*.

He rolled his eyes.

*Right.*

"Coming," Becca called from behind her closed bedroom door a second before said door opened and she stepped out.

Not that he had ever thought of her as his sister.

One sight of her and his gut tightened. With desire, with lust, with hunger.

Rebecca Adams with the straight black hair that fell to her chest, hair that he often dreamed would form a curtain around them as she bent over to kiss him, tickling his skin as she moved down his body. Her eyes a rich, chocolate brown he found himself drowning in. Mesmerized by the emotions swirling in them, there were times he couldn't seem to tear his gaze away, though if he were asked, he couldn't for the life of him say what it was he read in those expressive eyes. Her mouth a small rosebud red, a beautiful mouth made for smiling, with lips he ached to see wrapped around his cock.

God, what a sight she would be.

She appeared radiant today, the smooth, creamy complexion of her face giving off a warm, excited glow. He was so enchanted he couldn't keep his stare off of her, so fascinated he forgot his irritation and the reason for his annoyance.

“Gavin?” Becca stopped in front of him, a confused expression on her face. “Are you okay? You’re looking weird.”

He recalled himself and snapped, “I’m fine.” He hoped his mouth wasn’t hanging open and that he was able to hide his desire for her. No, it wouldn’t do for her to know how much he wanted her. She was sure to laugh her head off. As he had predicted, she’d outgrown her infatuation for him and was even now pursuing one of the rising young men in his employ.

Gavin resumed his scowl, fighting hard to ignore his attraction, his need to touch her, to caress the silky skin of her cheek. “Didn’t I tell you I have a meeting with an important client today at nine in the morning?”

“Oh, lighten up, Gavin. It’s barely eight. We’ll get to the office in plenty of time.” She sashayed past him in her stiletto heels, her intoxicating scent of flowers and mint wafting to his nose and making him dream of forbidden things.

He turned, following the fragrance. With her back to him, he allowed himself the enjoyment of skimming her lush curves with his gaze, lingering on the hypnotic sway of her hips. Her sweet, taut derriere beckoned to him and he could just imagine holding her tight right there while he rammed deep into her.

His cock hardened. And ached.

Unbearably so.

And that was before he noticed her long, long legs.

Damn. It was, as she said, *just* barely eight in the morning. How was he going to survive the rest of the day?

The way he did for the past two weeks.

“What’s the matter, Gavin?”

Was her voice lower and huskier than usual? Did the minx know what reaction she was engendering in him? Did she dress in that skimpy skirt and low-necklined top with the deliberate intention to entice him, to cause him to lose control?

His gaze narrowed on her attire. "Your clothes. They're new," he accused.

"Yes." She preened and twirled, the skirt flaring high and giving him a glimpse of white cheeks and a red thong. "Do you like them?"

God! What he'd seen wasn't helping. The thought of pulling her close, swiping aside her thong and burying his cock in her was getting more attractive with each second that passed. Soon, he wouldn't be responsible for the way his hands acted of their own accord because his brain would've shut down by then. He reached and pulled at his tie, loosening the constricting cloth wrapped around his neck.

"Go and change," he demanded. "Those aren't proper office attire."

"Says who?" She wrinkled her cute, button nose at him. "Don't be a prude, Gavin. My skirt reached to lower than mid-thigh and there are girls at the office wearing even shorter ones. Anyway, I wore these to impress Josiah and nothing you say is going to make me change."

Gavin's mouth pressed into a straight line to prevent the curse from escaping. His erection deflated with the stronger urge to pluck out the other man's eyes so that he wouldn't be able to appreciate Becca's charms.

She backed out of the door and struck an impatient pose. "Well, aren't you coming? I thought you're scared of being late?"

No, not scared. He just *didn't want* to be late. Couldn't she differentiate the two? Or was she trying to goad him?

For one crazy moment, he battled with the urge to pick her up, lock the door behind them and make mad, hard love to her for the rest of the day, meetings be damned. Sanity returned with the rush of cool air drifting in from the open door. He picked up his briefcase from the hall table and strode toward her. "You're right. Let's go."

Inside the car, the battle escalated in pitch and fury as her fragrance filled the small confines. He forced all his concentration on getting them to the office in one piece. He was so focused on the road that he jerked when she laid a hand on his thigh, the wheels spinning out of control for a single second before he brought them back in check. "What

the fuck do you think you're doing?" he snarled, very conscious of the heat of her hand on his thigh. The thin fabric of his trousers was no use as a barrier and his traitorous cock reacted, reaching eagerly for her.

Would she notice his bulging erection? No, she wasn't looking at his lap. What would she do if he dragged her hand the few inches upward?

"Tsk, tsk, Gavin, your language," she chided, teasing. When he didn't respond, she sighed. "I don't understand why you're always so angry at me."

She inspired a lot of emotions in him—attraction, lust, yearning—but not anger, definitely not anger.

"I just want to ask," she continued, "do you think we could ever become friends?"

"No," he bit out.

"Oh." She removed her hand and he could hear her swallowing hard. "I see."

He wished he could be whatever she wanted him to be, but he knew it wouldn't be enough for him. He didn't want to be friends because he wanted to be so much more. He knew he hurt her with his reply, but it was better this way. Better to make a clean break than hang on to false hopes and illusions.

No, they could *never* be friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gavin accompanied his clients out of the meeting room to the lift lobby, satisfied at the outcome. No, more than satisfied. He was happy, over the moon with joy because he'd landed the company another big account that was guaranteed to give everyone fat bonuses at the end of the year. More new accounts meant the company had to hire more accountants and financial analysts to do the work, but expansion was good—very good—for the company. It promised growth and progress—

His jubilation abruptly faded when he entered the office and saw Josiah Smith, one of the supervisors, standing very near to Becca. The two were talking and laughing quietly, Becca looking up at the other man with shining eyes.

A queer sting of pain shot through him and jealousy curdled his blood. Their easy camaraderie and Becca's worshipful gaze created a deep longing within him for the same things and a wrenching certainty that whatever he wanted with Becca could never be.

As he watched, Becca clasped Josiah's hand and held it to her heart. Gavin couldn't breathe, as it felt as though she was squeezing *his* heart and tearing it to pieces.

When he could gulp in air again, he cleared his throat and strode past them, controlling his feet with difficulty as the damn things seemed to want to walk toward Becca. It hurt to hear her release a slight giggle mixed in with the sounds of their hurriedly concluded whispered conversation. He took his seat and placed the stuff he carried on top of his desk. With head bowed, closed his eyes briefly.

Maybe he needed a woman to take his mind off the enticing Becca. God knew it had been two months since his last date, two months since Becca graduated from university and came to work at the company. Yes, a woman would do the trick, especially if he took her to bed.

*But it wouldn't be the same, a small voice within him whispered. Because she wouldn't be Becca and it's Becca you want in your arms, Becca's lush body beneath you as you surge into her –*

*Shut up.*

Feeling better now that he had a plan of action, Gavin settled down to work. He'd flip through the address book in his cell phone later and see who he wanted to take out to dinner tonight.

Gavin was so lost in his work he didn't register the comings and goings in the office. Nor did he take note of the piece of paper thrust under his nose for the first few seconds. He blinked several times when it obscured his sight, then followed the hand

up to the arm and further up to the face of Josiah Smith, the man whose desk was irritatingly close to his own. A surge of annoyance flooded through Gavin at the sight of the other man, but he mastered the irrational emotion, reminding himself Josiah hadn't done anything to deserve his foul temper. Yet.

"Yes?" he managed to ask in an even tone.

"This is yours." Josiah placed the paper square in the middle of his desk.

Gavin eyed the small note with skepticism. "How'd you know? I don't see my name anywhere."

"I picked it up from there." Josiah pointed to a spot on the floor between their desks and shrugged. "And it's closer to you."

The implied statement being that it had fallen from his desk.

Gavin suppressed a sigh of exasperation. He really didn't have time for a debate. Maybe Josiah was right and someone had left it for him while he was at the meeting. It would be easier to see what the note was about than to continue arguing with Josiah. "All right, fine. I'll take care of it."

The other man beamed him a smile, turned around and took his seat. Gavin didn't really have anything to complain about the man, as he eyed Josiah apply himself to his tasks.

Except one.

He flipped open the quarter-folded note.

*Darling,*

*Meet me at the broom closet at 11:30. Got something to show you.*

Gavin's first thought was that no, this wasn't for him. Nobody at the office called him darling.

The next thing he was aware of was the handwriting, which was familiar and contained that distinctive swirly “s”. There could only be one person this note was from.

Becca, the woman he’d lusted after since she was sixteen.

And only one person to whom this note was addressed to.

A black fury unlike anything he’d experienced before swamped him, almost obliterating his vision for a few seconds. His hands itched to clamp themselves around the man’s neck and squeeze. When he could see again, he realized he was staring at Josiah’s unprotected back. If looks could kill, the man’s entire backside would have been covered with arrows and knives.

# End of First Installment #

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