

Melodi Roberts
Untapped: A Collection of Erotic Firsts
Business Affairs: Project F.W.B

“You've been ignoring me, Dionne.” She stood her caramel, curvaceous frame in my office, whispering softly behind my right ear while I gathered paperwork for a meeting on the huge project bid we'd won. We were collaborating on it.

I forced out a nervous chuckle. “Whatever. You ask questions and I answer them.”

“Well answer me this. What's the risk in becoming a little bit closer as friends? I think I might've stroked up a little curiosity about it, right?” She kissed the nape of my neck.

“Let's talk about all this later, Chris.”

“Fine, then. Tonight. We'll—talk about it over drinks. Derek's doing some fantasy football thing at the bar. Come over later, okay?”

I opened my mouth to respond, but my assistant called and rushed us to the conference room.

I wasn't sure what I would have said to her. And now, as I looked down at my cell phone, I really didn't know if I could just go over and “have drinks” at her place. It felt like a setup.

Admittedly, the thought of another *woman*—pursuing me, as a close guy friend would during an obvious attraction, was kinda hot.

Obvious attraction. Is that what this was?

My phone buzzed at me. I flipped it over.

“No worries. We'll do dinner tomorrow. Couples night.”

“Cool!” I responded, relieved. I set the tone to silent, and headed out to the great room for Netflix night with my man.

*“**S**urprise!!”*

I was blown away as Sean and I entered the private party room of Blue Stream, my favorite seafood restaurant. Chris had apparently planned the “bigger celebration” we talked about last week as a surprise. Ten of my closest friends and my five staff members had shown up to celebrate the huge contract bid I'd won.

“Guys! Wow! Thanks so much!”

Chris walked up to me, beaming in a short, black cocktail dress. I told her that her short haircut made her look like a 5'9” Nia Long. “You deserve every second. You're my girl, Di. I had to hook it up for you.”

“Did Sean—” I turned and looked at my husband. “Did you know about this?”

“I plead the fifth.” He kissed me, his full lips hugging mine. “But what I will say is that it's time to eat. I waited all day for this.”

“You heard the man,” Derek said. “Let's eat.”

Almost two hours later, it was approaching ten o'clock and we had cracked the second bottle of red wine open, contemplating on dessert as people started to head home.

“I'm stuffed,” Chris said, pushing away her plate. “And this wine is running through me.”

I nodded in agreement, my insides warm from drinking two full glasses. I blinked hard, trying to stop the room from tilting.

“You guys get ready to go. We'll take care of the bill,” Derek said, standing.

“C'mon,” Christina started, grabbing my arm. We entered the restroom and I stood in front of the mirror, looking through my purse for something to freshen up my face with.

“Girl, give it a rest. You're absolutely perfect,” Chris said. About three inches taller, she stood behind me and placed her arm on my shoulder—the other around my waist. We glanced at each other through the mirror's reflection.

“I can see how uncomfortable this makes you, but—I don't know. This connection we have was obvious from the beginning.” She searched my face in the mirror, looking for a reaction.

Unsatisfied, she turned me around to face her, and I stepped back, leaning up against the wall. After glancing at the bathroom door for possible intruders, she stepped toward me, standing only inches away from my face.

“Since all you can do is play the victim and answer my questions,” she started, mocking me, “why haven't you stopped me yet, Di?”

I glanced up at the ceiling, then at the floor, stalling. “Maybe—maybe some things aren't meant to—”

“Meant to what?” She grabbed the strap on my red one-shoulder halter and yanked it down, partially exposing my breast. Then she dug her hand into my bra and pulled my nipple out of it, sucking it quickly, but gently. My panties were soaked in an instant. I inhaled, closing my eyes.

“Meant to feel good? Like that?” She lifted my skirt, using her finger to outline the triangle of my black thongs, but never ventured inside. My hips jerked backward and I grabbed her wrist, stopping her.

She smiled, licking her lips. “Ok, Di. I'll leave you alone.” She stepped back, allowing me put myself back together. “You know what? It's really not fair for me to keep teasing you.” She chuckled. “I pushed your limits a little and you pushed me back. I'm not goin' to make this anymore awkward for us than it is already. But at least you know how I feel—about us.

So, we can leave it here, in the ladies' room, and I won't ask you about this again. That cool?"

Relieved, I hugged her. "Thanks." I released my grasp and we stood face to face.

"So can I have one for the road?"

"Have one *what?*"

She leaned forward to kiss me and this time I welcomed it, my intensity growing to match hers. My kitty throbbed, begging for attention as I held on to her by the neck. Our bodies seemed welded together as we sprinkled kisses all over each other.

The flicker of curiosity I had, only a week old, was now a raging fire. I wanted to know how she felt, her skin to mine. I was willing to let her fingers explore me. I slid my tongue into her mouth and she received it, grabbing my waist and pulling me even closer to her.

I felt Chris's fingers walking up my thigh again, and this time I pushed my hip toward her in anticipation. The wall held us up as we remained wrapped in one another, moaning our goodbyes and filling this room with a dirty secret of our own.

BANG! BANG! BANG!