**NOTORIOUS by Caitlin Daire**

He leaned in close, conspiratorially, and all I could smell was his spicy aftershave. “I can see you watching me when you think I’m not looking.”

“I…”

“But that still doesn’t explain why you ran off to my trailer in the middle of filming.” He trailed a long finger down my arm. At this point, all I had to do was tilt my head and we could kiss. His nearness enveloped me. “Were you sick?”

“It’s stupid,” I breathed.

“Tell me.”

I closed my eyes, wondering why I was even here. Except I knew why. I tried to fight and fight these feelings so I wouldn’t be just another notch on the belt. I ignored every kind thing he did and allowed myself to believe he was an asshole just so I wouldn’t get attached. But standing here, so close, stripped me bare. “To see you with…her…was impossible. The way you looked at her, and the way she looked at you was so…so real. And it made me feel so…”

“Jealous?” he whispered against me. He pressed himself against me, his hands on my hips. There was a hardness to him that unwrapped every desire within me, exposed. He gently pressed his lips to my neck and stole my breath. “Alison Coleman, do you really not know what you do to me?”

I shook my head, eyes squeezed tight, barely breathing or moving. This almost didn’t feel real and I was afraid if I moved, it would all be over.

“Let me tell you.” I felt his mouth curve upward against my neck when he kissed me again. “Every day, I see you and can think of nothing but bringing you back here, locking the door, and having my way with you. Every day, I see you in those tight skirts and tall heels and picture you on that pole, when you danced only for me. Every day, I fantasize what it would be like to do this.”

He tilted my chin upward and kissed me. I melted. There was no holding back, no resistance. There was no ego here, between us, only a biting raw passion that had been suffocated for months and was finally seeing the sun.

“Every second I was with Lena, I pictured her as you.” He pressed his forehead against mine and cupped my cheeks. “Alison, look at me. You… break me. When I kissed her, I was kissing you. When I touched her, I was touching you. When Denver told me to moan her name, in my mind, I was saying ‘Alison’.”

“But Lena is so—”

“It doesn’t matter.” He murmured this against my lips. I opened my mouth and took him in greedily, all of the heat in my body racing towards one center point that was now screaming for his touch. The hardness against his leg pressed against me and drew out a gasp. “I have wanted you from the moment I saw you. Lena is great, but Lena is not my type. The most perfect woman I have ever seen is standing right here in front of me.”

Just like that, I shattered across the floor. “Don’t say things you don’t mean.”

His nimble fingers had already undone half the buttons on my shirt, and he bent down and kissed the top of my breast. “I never lie. Never. And unless you’ve suddenly had a change of heart, Miss Coleman, I’m going to undress you and make love to you until you cry so loudly, they’ll hook up a boom mic and dub my scene over. I have spent the last month and a half thinking of no one but you, and I have a lot of time to make up.”

My shirt was on the floor. A moment later, so was my skirt. I stood there in nothing but heels and lingerie before the man who looked like he wanted to devour me in two bites. I popped my hip out to the side, rested my hand on it, and tossed my head.

“Boy, you only think you can handle this.”

A growl rumbled in his throat. “Is that a challenge?”

My heart raced faster than ever and my head was so light I worried it would fly away, but I held my ground and beckoned him with a finger. “Come and take me.”