

Caution: May be too hot to read at work.

Undercover Tail
By Dillon Watson

I watched how the muscles on the side of her thighs tightened as she stretched. How the thin white t-shirt pulled against her broad shoulders. Damn! She was hot – more so, because she didn't seem to know. It was a crying shame her sense of honor kept her from sliding between my thighs.

I sighed loudly, desperate to draw her attention to me. I knew she'd feel compelled to look my way. Those dark brown eyes would check out my body, but only to make sure I was okay. That was her job – to make sure I was okay. My job was to stay alive. My wish was to get in her pants.

She turned her head dutifully, her eyes always watchful. "Everything okay, ma'am?" she asked politely.

I returned her look with an appraising stare, smiling when I saw her shoulders stiffen. I'd learned that meant she was uncomfortable. "Everything is as fine as it can be, Agent Washington." After another sigh, I returned to the book I was pretending to read.

"Are you sure, ma'am?" Her smooth voice sounded troubled. "I'm here to help."

Just not the kind of help I want! "Really, I'm okay." Crazy, but okay. It was crazy for me to be thinking about sex when my ex had offered up a price for my dead body. Gina wanted to silence me as much as I wanted to talk. In a way it was ironic because I was always the silent one in our relationship.

Remembering the promise I'd made to never look back, I looked up from the meaningless words that couldn't seem to grab my attention. My breath caught in my throat as I was presented with the sight of black nylon shorts shaping a taunt, round behind. Maybe thinking about sex with Agent Washington wasn't so crazy. If I had to go, would it be so bad if my head was between her strong thighs and my hands were filled with her luscious ass? I breathed in, and it was almost as if I could smell the scent of her passion.

I spread my legs, to release some of the tension from my thickening clit, and looked away with a rueful grimace. Obviously, the seriousness of my situation had no ill effect on my libido. And in some ways, I think the danger heightened the sexual tension between us. I say us – but it was wishful thinking. There is no us. There's me, and the totally hot agent who is protecting me.

"I'm going for my run, ma'am. Agent Fisher will relieve me."

I couldn't stop my lips from tightening as I nodded. I hated when she called me ma'am. It was as if she was putting me in my place by letting me know I was only a job to her. If only she

could read my mind. Somehow I don't think she'd be calling me ma'am when I had her on her back with her clit between my teeth. No. She'd be screaming Angelica when I made her come.

Why do I torture myself like this? Shaking my head, I made a futile attempt to clear the fog that had become a constant for me. These days, the sight of her doing anything was enough to send my brain off down fantasy lane. I try to tell myself it comes from having spent a lot of time with her as my primary protector. I say try because she had my interest from the first moment I laid eyes on her.

I'd been seeking revenge against Gina for the senseless death of my only real friend. I could have followed Gina's rule of a life for a life; but in my mind, death was too easy. I wanted Gina in prison where she would have nothing but time to think about my betrayal.

I was meeting with the police when I walked Agent Washington. Like Blair Cameron, I could tell which branch the government types worked for by their suits. She was been wearing the standard FBI uniform to perfection. The dark blue jacket emphasized her broad shoulders, and the crisp, light blue shirt contrasted nicely with her mahogany skin. I felt the first stirrings of desire in the pit of my stomach. If I hadn't already wanted to snitch, seeing her would have convinced me. She oozed the authority and strength I thought it would take to keep me alive long enough to testify. Her beautiful face didn't hurt, either.

My desire for her had only grown stronger each and every day. The nights were the worst. Even though two guards watched the front of the suite, we slept in the same room. She said it was to protect me. My body knew it was to torment me. Having her close enough to hear the sound of her even breathing fueled my fantasies. I wanted to pull back the covers and expose her body for my exploration. Her skin would feel smooth and warm beneath my fingertips. I'd cup her small breasts and squeeze her nipples until she begged for more. And I would give her more. My hand would glide down her rippled stomach, stopping at the beginning of curls. Then her hips would lift off the bed, enticing me to go further. As if I needed incentive to part her slickened folds and moistening my fingers with her silky wetness.

I closed my eyes and bit my bottom lip. When I shifted to relieve the pressure on my throbbing clit, I could smell the heat of my arousal. How I wished I had her on her knees, pleasuring me until I came. Suppressing a moan, I hurried to the bathroom, ignoring the concerned look from Agent Fisher.

I locked the door and walked to the full length mirror. Had Agent Fisher noticed the arousal that tinted my cheeks and darkened my gray eyes? I looked like a wild animal that had gone without food for too long. It was fitting.

I removed my shirt and fingered my erect nipples through the lacy bra. My breathing quickened when the sensation in my nipples rippled down to my aching sex. I wanted to touch myself, but I didn't want to come too soon. I needed to slow down to draw out the pleasure.

As I stroked the v left open by my bra, I had visions of Agent Washington teasing me and making me want. I undid the front clasp, then cupped my breast, seeing not my hands, but her

larger, darker ones pinching my hardened nipples. My breathing was ragged as I removed my bra, followed quickly by my shorts and damp panties. I had to seek relief from the desire raging in my belly.

I trailed my hand down my tanned stomach, pretending it was her fingers following the path that would drive me to bliss. Cupping my aching sex, I pressed lightly against the moisture pooled there. I sucked in a breath as I caught a glimpse of the hungry looking woman staring back at me. Parting my aching sex, I wet a finger and ran it lightly over my clit. I bit my lip to keep from crying out against a pleasure close to pain. I continued with light strokes, getting hotter from watching the movement of my hand. The hotter I got, the faster my finger moved. Giving up the pretense of taking it slow, I strummed my engorged clit with an image of my favorite agent in my mind. I could almost feel her mouth on my breast, sucking my nipple in tune with her fingers on my clit. I wanted to slow down as the pressure began to spiral out of control, but it felt so damn good. Much too soon, a powerful orgasm burst through my body, releasing the pressure and leaving my body trembling. Breathing heavily, I looked at my reflection. *Damn!* The hungry look was still in my eyes. My imagination hadn't been enough to bring me total satisfaction. My mind wanted more.

The knock on the door startled me. How the hell had I forgotten for even one minute where I was?

“Are you okay, Ms. Capriotti?” Agent Fisher asked. “I thought I heard you call out.”

Shit! I didn't remember making a sound. “I stubbed my toe,” I lied glibly—a talent honed over the years. You couldn't live the kind of life I'd had and not learn how to lie effortlessly. “I'm fine now.” At the sound of her footsteps retreating, I sighed in relief. The last thing I wanted was her to call for backup because my body was starving for sex. *No*, I thought as I turned away from the mirror, *you're starving for more than just sex.*

Refusing to dwell on the danger my obsession could bring, I washed my hands and face, got dressed, then padded around the bathroom until I had some semblance of control. When I rejoined Agent Fisher, I managed to give her a reassuring smile before I sat down and reached for my book. Maybe this time I could actually read a page.

Before I could finish the thought, Agent Washington returned. My fingers tightened on the book as I took in the sweat drenched shirt clinging to her toned upper body. Her face gleamed with health and vitality as she scanned the room. I wanted to remove the shirt, slide my arms around her and feel the heat from her sweaty skin against my body. If my brain could have thought of a hotter word for hot, it would have applied to her.

I must have made a sound because she turned and asked, “Is everything okay, ma'am?”

“It's better than okay.” I smiled and licked my lips, allowing her to see the naked desire in my eyes. I probably imagined the hitch in her breath, but I didn't image the stiffening of her shoulders. She gave me a brusque nod, then turned with the precision of a military cadet and all but marched to the room we shared.

I almost felt guilty for teasing her, but only almost. Something had to give. I didn't know how much longer I could pretend I didn't want to get inside her skin. I leaned my head back against the chair and closed my eyes. Before this assignment was over, I would find a way to fuck her brains out. Then, and only then, would I be able to focus on revenge.