

Caitlin

The moment I saw him walking my way, I knew what was coming.

"Hey Caitlin," Adrian grinned. "How about today? I know a sweet little restaurant downtown, best food in the city."

I smiled the most apologetic smile I could.

"I'm sorry, I have plans for after work. Rain-check?"

Alright, so it wasn't *exactly* the truth. But I had to come up with something. It's not like I *wanted* to constantly reject Adrian. He just refused to take the hint.

Adrian's smile faltered, a hint of annoyance crossing his face for an instant.

"Maybe next time," he shrugged.

As he walked away from my desk, back to his own, I let out a light sigh.

Why didn't he just take the hint already?

It wasn't that I didn't like Adrian. He was a nice enough guy, sure. I just wasn't interested in dating right now. With life as it currently was - working nine hours a day, six days a week - I didn't have the time or the energy to even consider getting into a relationship.

And the last thing I wanted to do was tell Adrian that.

Right now, we were office friends. Not friends in the sense that we mingled outside of work, but friends in the sense that we were friendly at work, talked and chatted enough to make the long hours a little less tedious.

I didn't want to jeopardise that friendship by telling him that I didn't want to date him - date anyone - right now.

Hopefully this time he took the hint and wouldn't ask again.

Hopefully.

In the early hours of the morning, as I walked into the office, I felt an odd sensation. Not unlike *deja vu*, only in reverse. Rather than feeling like everything was repeating, it felt like something was off - different.

I couldn't see anything out of place, wasn't aware of anything being different. Yet, somehow, it felt wrong.

There were already people in the office, Adrian included, and none of them seemed bothered. They were getting ready to work, just like any other day.

I shook my head, ignored the feeling.

Just me being silly.

The day passed painfully slow. Minutes stacked on minutes, hours never seeming to change. By lunch time, I was more tired and worn out than I'd usually be after a full day's work.

That strange feeling was still there, though I still couldn't say what was wrong exactly.

I felt... uneasy. Anxious.

By my afternoon, I couldn't take it any more. I rose from my desk, walked out of the office.

No-one seemed to notice me leaving. No-one, that was, except for Adrian. He watched me go, eyes never leaving me. Even after I was out of the large room, I could feel his eyes on me - though I knew he was still in the office, working like I should have been.

The nearest ladies' restroom was on another floor of the building. Rather than taking the elevator, I walked there and, thankfully, that uncomfortable feeling slowly faded away. As if every step I took away from the office washed away a little more of the unease I'd felt so potently.

By the time I reached the restroom, I felt almost like myself again.

I walked to a sink, looked into the mirror.

Save for the dark circles under my eyes, I looked the same as always. Angular face, auburn hair, blue eyes. A casual business suit with pencil skirt, professional and modest.

Pretty. In a word, that describes me well enough.

Not in-your-face, revealingly sexy like some. But good-looking all the same. Quaint where others might be blatant.

Only...

As I looked at myself, I got the same sense of unease. That something was wrong. Only this time, I knew exactly where the feeling was coming from.

My outfit. My clothes.

They were all... *wrong*.

Sunday, the one day a week I get off, I spent on my feet. Shopping for a new wardrobe.

Nothing I had at home was right. Nothing *fit*.

I mean, they fit me perfectly well. They were the right size and everything. But they weren't *me*.

I don't know how to explain it, other than to say that those clothes, while fine before, now were not.

Which meant I needed new ones.

Clothes that did suit me.

Six hours worth of shopping, much of that time in dressing rooms looking into mirrors, gauging my appearance, and I finally had a selection of new clothes to work with.

Exhausted, significantly more poor than I had been just a few hours ago, I drove home with my new wardrobe.

When I walked into the office on Monday, more than one pair of eyes were drawn my way.

Where before, I'd worn common business attire, same as anyone else here, now I was dressed very differently. Gone was the modest grey business shirt, replaced with a jet-black leather jacket. Gone was the pencil skirt that reached down past my knees, now I wore one that was thigh-high and slack, fluttering dangerously with every step I took. And, instead of boring old low heels, I was now rocking a pair of knee-length, sexy black boots.

Of all the eyes on me, the only pair that didn't look shocked or scandalised was Adrian. He, oddly enough, had a satisfied smile on his face.

I blushed, walked over to my desk, trying my best to ignore the stares.

No-one said anything, no-one reprimanded me. The work day simply continued on as normal; everyone doing their job, chatting occasionally, complaining about this and that.

Adrian walked over to my desk, cocked a grin.

"Are you doing anything after work?" He asked. "If not, we could catch a movie or something."

Two things happened in unity. The first - expected - reaction was of trepidation. Doubt and discomfort at the prospect of having to turn the man down yet again. The second reaction, the one that was totally unexpected, the one I'd never felt - at least not with Adrian - before, was nervous excitement. Butterflies in my chest all fluttering at once. The feeling you get when that one boy you've had a crush on forever notices you, talks to you for the first time.

"I, uh..." My mind went blank, my mouth acted on its own, said the first thing it could think of. "Sure."

Before I could stop myself, before I'd even realised I'd done it, I agreed to Adrian's date.

The man smiled. A victorious, ecstatic smile.

"Great!"

The uneasy feeling was still there throughout the day, though less noticeable than before. This time, I could manage to ignore the dumb sensation.

Not being anxious or distracted by the uncomfortable feeling, my mind could concentrate on the new problem.

Adrian.

The date.

How was I going to get out of it?

Why had I even agreed?

A lapse in judgement, surely.

And the butterflies?

A mistake. My brain shorting out on me. I couldn't have a crush on Adrian. No way. I couldn't afford to be crushing on anyone right now.

No dating, not until I got better hours. That was the deal I'd made with myself.

No having a crush on a colleague.

I had to cancel this dumb date. Somehow, I had to get out of it. Cut things off before they went too far. As nice and cute as Adrian was, I would not be going to the cinema with him after work. Not a chance.

"Medium or large?" Adrian asked, voice almost drowned out by the din of activity.

"Huh?"

"Popcorn. Medium or large? Any taste preferences?"

"Oh," I glanced around, eyes on the flood of people entering the cinema theatre, finding seats. "Medium and regular. Plain."

"Want a drink?" Adrian smiled. "Other snacks?"

"No, thank you."

He nodded his head, rose from his seat and disappeared into the crowd of people.

Turns out, Adrian can be very convincing when he wants to be.

I was about to tell him about 'other plans' that I had, turn him down softly once again. And then he grinned, snapped his fingers, told me to get into his car and, well, here we were.

The butterflies in my chest were fluttering wildly, making it almost difficult to breathe.

"You missed the turning."

Adrian glanced over at me, smirked. He turned his attention back to the road, continued driving.

"I'm not taking you to your home," he said matter-of-factly. "I'm taking you to mine."

The words washed over me, the realisation coming a moment later. Adrian was taking me to his apartment. Likely, he wanted to have sex.

Oddly enough, I didn't have any reaction to that.

The butterflies were still there in my chest. I felt warm and content, relaxed. Dreamy, like I'd just woken up, or just fallen asleep. Everything felt unreal, yet perfectly normal at the same time. And, for whatever reason, I didn't question it.

It just *was*.

When Adrian pulled up outside his apartment complex, climbed out of his car and led me inside, I went willingly. Not just willingly, but silently excited.

It began slow, sensual. Kissing and light petting. Our clothes still on our bodies, with his hands roaming mine and my hands caressing his. Adrian's touch sent shivers through my body, little trembles of excitement and anticipation.

When he cupped one of my breasts, squeezed, I gasped. When his hand reached between my legs, my gasps morphed into gentle moans.

Soon, we were tugging at each other's clothes, pulling off jackets and shirts, tossing

them aside. My bra came unclasped, my panties torn completely off. When I reached down to remove my boots, my knee-length impulse buy, Adrian placed a hand over mine, stopped me.

He placed his other hand on my shoulder, applied a little force. Without needed to say it, I knew exactly what he wanted.

Slowly, I lowered myself onto my knees.

For the first time, I saw Adrian's penis. His beautiful, magnificent cock. With it's angry purple head, the bulging vein along its shaft.

Big. Girthy.

A moment passed, me doing nothing but staring at his cock, mesmerised. And then, after inhaling a deep breath, I leaned forward, mouth open.

When things moved to the bedroom, Adrian indicated that I should climb onto his bed, lay down. Instead, I pushed him onto it and mounted him.

Riding had always been something I enjoyed a lot.

Being on top, having complete control over the pleasure-giving, was thrilling. Adrian smiled an amused, cocky smile as I positioned myself.

And, when I lowered myself, letting out a whimpering moan, he reached behind me, gave my ass a little spank.

As he slid inside me, shock-waves of sensation reverberating through my body, I closed my eyes, enjoyed the feeling of being filled inch by inch. That feeling of being opened up, filled and stretched, is one I'll never get tired of.

Eyes still closed, mind fully absorbed in the pleasure, I began to ride. Lifting and lowering myself; slow and steady at first, then faster, harder - bouncing and moaning with abandon.

"That was amazing," Adrian breathed afterwards, laying on his back with me resting atop him, his cock still inside me.

"Mm'hm," I hummed in response. Adrian was right, it had been.

He let out a satisfied sigh, wrapped his arms around my body.

For a long while, neither of us said anything. Only the soft sounds of breathing filled the room. The rhythmic thumping of his chest against my ear. I fully thought Adrian had fallen asleep until he spoke again.

"I've always liked the idea of a white-picket life. House in the suburbs, two kids and a dog," he said, voice sounding distant, oddly alluring. "A nice family, me as the father and you, Caitlin, as the mother. What do you think?"

In the back of my mind, some small part of me was aware of a strange buzzing sound. An almost musical beeping. I ignored it, smiled and cuddled into Adrian.

"That sounds *perfect*."