

“God, I’m tired,” Effie complained to her empty bedroom, her limping steps taking her over to her bed. She sat down and pulled her left foot up, carefully removing her shoe and examining her foot. Yep, her big toe was swollen and starting to bruise. She let go of her foot, kicking off her other shoe and tossing the one in her hand over to land beside it next to the closet.

“Stupid jack!” She threw herself back onto the coverlet, careful to keep her grimy hands away from the white fabric. “I should have washed up before coming in here,” she muttered, grimacing at several broken fingernails. She wasn’t sure what she was more upset over—what had happened at work that had prompted her to leave early, the flat tire, the jack landing on her foot, or her ruined \$80 manicure. At this point, it was a tossup.

She heaved out a sigh and settled her hands on her stomach. The dirt didn’t matter where the front of her suit was concerned, seeing how it was already smeared with black grease. Yeah, it was probably ruined too. But at least she hadn’t managed to get any goo on her back or ass.

Damn! It had been one hell of a day. She drummed her fingers against her belly, her mind going back to Hank’s office and his last words to her. If he thought she... No, she wasn’t going to think about it. She couldn’t. And she was determined not to cry again—her slight snuffle and blurring eyes belying her thoughts.

But she would admit one thing, whoever said office romances were a good idea could go suck a big fat one! And yes, he’d expected her to do that one last time! She let out a snicker, wiping her nose. Well, she might have been sucking it, but it definitely wouldn’t have been a big fat one. She grinned up at the ceiling.

Wait a minute. What is that? She scrunched up her face and crossed her eyes to get a better look at her nose—black grease. Well, that explained why the smell had gotten stronger.

She sat up and took a fortifying breath, sniffing one last time and looked around her room. She loved this space. It was her safe haven—someplace she could unwind and find some peace. In fact, if it were any other Friday night, she would have already been in her PJs, sitting in her overstuffed club chair with the latest Kresley Cole book. She did so love those sexy immortals—the growlier the better.

She let out another sigh. But it wasn’t.

No, tonight she would need something else to take her mind off her troubles. She continued her perusal of the room, her gaze landing on her dresser. She bit her lip, wondering if she should bring one of them out. And if she did, would it even make her feel any better? Doing it was always a stress reliever. And really, what harm could it do?

She stared at the bottom right drawer for several seconds, finally deciding to get up and hobble over. She reached down, her fingers hesitantly wrapping around the handle—still unsure if this was a good idea.

“Oh, what the hell.” She pulled the drawer open, moving her collection of leggings aside to uncover her collection of “stress relievers.”

Her mouth watered and skin flushed in pleasure looking over the colorful array, finally deciding on the one she knew would do the job. God, it was easily eight inches long. She reached into the drawer, her fingers stroking over the smooth outer surface. She knew it was a guilty pleasure, but sometimes a girl just had to do what a girl had to do.

She smiled when she lifted it out, licking her lips in anticipation at what was about to come—her eyes widening at how much bigger it looked once she had it in her hand. She pulled the outer wrapping down and opened her mouth to shove it in, her lips stretching around it.

“Oh my god,” she mumbled around her first taste, her eyes closing in ecstasy—the flavor flooding her mouth. She sank her teeth in deep, taking a huge bite out of the giant chocolate bar she had been saving for just such an occasion.

What did you think it was? LOL