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Justin shook his head again. "It's completely unprofessional, and it can't happen again."

"All right, I'll respect that. I'm sorry. I guess I'm beyond tipsy at this point."

Justin chose to believe it for his own piece of mind. "It was nice to meet you," he said, and he hurried for the exit. The whole night had turned into a confusing mess. Luckily, the limo was already waiting for him. He closed the door inside and let out a shaky breath.

"Where to?" Thomas asked. "Take me home, please."

Thomas nodded while he drove away. The partition rolled up, and he was thankful for the brief privacy. Justin had to calm down to be able to process the event that had just unfolded.

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room carrying a forest-green robe. Natalie took it from her, feeling the rich, cotton fabric between her fingers. Just by studying the design, she grasped the details of the dress.

"Is this another Valentino dress?"

"Yes, I got it from a cousin after the show. It's exquisite." "Certainly, the designs are always unique and elegant." "C'mon, put it on already," Dylan said.

Natalie slipped into the dress then she walked to the long mirror next to the window. The dress exposed all her curvy angles in a subtle manner.

"You're definitely wearing it for a good impression." Dylan mused, scanning every angle.

Natalie put on her gray Jimmy Choo stilettos and some jewelry to complete the outfit. She kept her head still to allow Dylan to apply makeup on her face. Once they were

done, they ambled out of the apartment and caught the lift just before it closed. Dylan unlocked the rental, a sleek, black Mercedes Benz sedan.

When they were inside, she reversed out of the parking spot. The ride to the studio was about twenty minutes long. Dylan recounted their crazy night the whole way. That made it hard for Natalie to forget about Justin and the soft, consuming feel of his lips.

"Will Justin be there?" Natalie asked.

"Yes, he usually skips the photoshoots but this one is a big one. Like I said first impressions."

Dylan pulled over and entered a car park situated near the huge Magnetic studio. They walked up to the sliding glass doors. Throngs of stylish people dressed in the latest trendy garments filled the spacious reception. Natalie followed Dylan to a large room with silver double doors. The brightly lit interior of the room had an extending platform surrounded by high-tech camera equipment. Several lanky models, the makeup artists and the camera crew filled the studio. Natalie hardly paid attention to other models when it was time to work. She altered her mind out of the chaos in the room and maintained the highest level of concentration. The cause for her nervousness was seeing the head designer again.

Dylan guided her to a line of black chairs in front of a long mirror that stretched to the end of the wall. When she was seated, Natalie saw an African American young lady move behind her to ruffle her long hair. The hair stylist managed to be gentle while her hands flipped and blurred in the haste of

Chapter Three

concentrating in a busy room was a skill Justin had perfected a long time ago, but the arrival of Natalie threw him off. Shawn, the beauty director, was gushing over all the frames with Dylan. Justin rarely looked at the same pictures over and over again, but Natalie's held his gaze until Shawn paged through to the next one. The pictures were flattering and sophisticated—Justin was beyond the point of simple visual stimulation. Her makeup was subtle, and every position her body eased into made her more appealing. Each frame captured her flawless features to perfection. It took several minutes just to narrow them down. They went back and forth all the images until they settled for one they agreed on.

"Dylan was right, she's a stunner, these will capture the attention of most fashion designers who can afford to employ her," Shawn said.

"I'll keep her for as long as I can," Justin said.

Seeing her again made the lustful thoughts worse. An hour later, Justin rounded up his editing session with Shawn and left the studio when everyone else was dispersing. Thomas waited for him in a red Cadillac.

"Take me to the apartment. I have to start packing."

"I still can't believe you're leaving so soon, Mr. Parker."

"I don't stay in one place for a long time. I'll come back. I always have to come back here."

"I understand."

Evening fell upon the bustling, restless city. Thomas ma

neuvered through the chaotic traffic with ease. He drove for about forty minutes to the Upper East Side of New York. The apartment building was in a private gated estate. Thomas dropped him off near the entrance.

"I'll see you in the morning, Thomas." "Enjoy your evening, Mr. Parker."

Once he was in the lounge of his apartment, he threw his body on the black suede couch and flipped through his text messages on his cell phone. He was quick to answer when the phone buzzed in his hand.

"Hello? We're coming to get you, okay?" Dylan raised her voice in a place with loud dance music.

"I'm not in the mood tonight. I'm so stressed about the show."

"Yes, I know, we're coming in a few minutes," Dylan said then she hung up.

"I can tell. You're always thinking about work, you need to unwind."

"So what should we do first? I have some great films."

"I thought you wanted to be alone," Natalie said.

Justin shook his head. "Forget about that." When the lustful yearning overcame him, he put his palm on Natalie's cheek. "You look gorgeous."

Justin's hands held the sides of her face, feeling her soft lips brush his. His head was spinning by the time she opened her mouth, allowing him to slip his tongue in. He felt her arms close around his waist. A low whimper escaped him when her breasts came into contact with his chest. He had a time catching his breath then he increased the pressure around her firm breast, making her moan. He gave both her tit a gentle squeeze. I just have to be with her once. Justin trailed his hand down to grip Natalie's left breast. What was he doing? Natalie's tongue was licking in between his lips—his actions were harder to control, his arm came around her, and he squeezed her against his chest. He felt his own heart pounding.

Justin worked on discarding Natalie's dress. Anticipation to see the model's naked body built up, his hands trailed down her waist to pull up the black material. Justin was sliding his hands upward until the silk fabric came off. He marveled at her beautiful body and delicate skin. Her eyes halfclosed—reflecting his own lust while he appraised her red, lacy lingerie. He unhooked her bra and looked down at her breasts. His mouth fell open. Natalie got impatient when he didn't stop gaping at her chest. She lifted his t-shirt off and claimed his lips, her tongue forcing its way into his mouth. He released a low, sexy groan when her nipples pressed against his bare chest. Their tongues wrestled until he pulled back again.

* * * * "Are you sure we should..."

"Yes," she whispered, unzipping his jeans. She lowered them halfway, along with his Calvin Klein underwear and kneeled before his full-size erection. At first, she licked and swirled her tongue tentatively along the stretched skin. The taste made her wetter. When she put the tip in her mouth, he hissed.

"Fuck, Natalie." He placed his palm on top her head, pushing himself deeper into her mouth. She sucked harder, back and forth, sneaking a glance to see him staring down at her with hooded eyes, an intoxicated expression on his face.

a blissful trance. Natalie sucked harder, and the chills surged through his entire body, burning every nerve.

When his breathing was steady again, his hands roamed through her dark hair. He gave her kisses in the corner of her mouth, along her jaw and her cheeks. Natalie pulled back to stare at him.

"So was I good at it?" Natalie asked.

"Judging from my reactions, can't you tell that I'm already hooked?"

Natalie smiled, and a faint blush appeared on her cheeks. They kissed for a long moment until Justin reluctantly pulled away.

"I have to get up."

"I'm going to miss you." "Really?"

The words astounded him. He had to convince himself

that Natalie was being playful.

"Yes, I enjoy your company. I hope we can be friends after this, whatever this is," Natalie said, beaming at the idea.

Justin watched the emotions play in her captivating eyes. He felt something twist deep in his belly that he had never felt before. An intense longing for the model that made him wonder what it would be like if she belonged to him. A possessive instinct startled him into silence.

"Well?" Natalie searched his face.

"We still have to maintain a professional relationship.

What happens afterward will be entirely up to you."

"I don't know if I'll be able to control myself around you." "Me too, but we have to try."

Justin eased out of her embrace and hurried to the bathroom. He was grateful for the time alone to catch a breath and process the recent events in detail. Natalie was driving him crazy with her gorgeous face and sensual body. Justin raked a hand through his curls, wracking his brain with a million questions. Misinterpreting Natalie made him aware that he was reading too much into their intimacy. The warm shower did nothing to cool the flames engulfing all his nerves.

After bathing his whole body, he removed the bubbles in his curls and got out of the steam. With his towel secure around his waist, he went to the massive closet to search for an outfit. All his movements were hasty.

"How long will you be staying here?" he asked. "Few days, I have so many photoshoots lined up."

the iconic designer of the brand under scrutiny, he blended in with the male models. His skin was a gorgeous tan color, and his body was fit for the runway. The spring, summer collection presentation was a high fashion event with edgy, high-quality garments. Justin was the successful businessman behind the brand with several boutiques in Paris and the rest of the world. Seeing him made her realize that she missed him. He caught her staring, and for a moment they gazed at each other across the room. When Shawn guided her behind the line of girls, Natalie looked ahead to focus. She was closing the show with the black and beige dress. Applause erupted when the girls moved in procession. Natalie walked the runway one last time. She passed Justin, who was making his way to appear at the end for the ongoing applause.

It was soon over. Natalie couldn't find Dylan anywhere, so she decided to do a few interviews then she left before other fashion journalists hounded her with questions. She had to rush to her place to change for the party.

When she got to her house, she went straight into her walk-in closet. She pulled out a leather and lace top and a high-waist black, velvet skirt. After taking another shower, she put the outfit on top of provocative black lingerie. Then she decorated it with a gold necklace. Her nails were already painted a metallic gold color. She wore a pair of Gucci heels and appraised her reflection in the mirror.

Finding her way to Justin's mansion was easy. Several cars parked on the concrete expanse of the estate. Exclusive parties were a norm in the fashion business.

Natalie knocked on the massive front door. Lynette, the tallest dark-skinned girl, who was also on the runway earlier, opened the door.

"Oh hi, you came at the right time. The party's a bit wild at this point."

Lynette smiled and welcomed her into the grand living room filled with fashion designers and models. Few people danced to the music while the rest engaged in conversation about everything concerning fashion.

Shawn appeared, standing before her. His blue eyes were always focusing more on the clothes than her face. He gave her the other glass of champagne in his hand.

"I'd just like to say you were amazing tonight. First impressions are important. You were stunning," Shawn said.

Natalie smiled. "That's a wonderful compliment, thanks, even though you were rushing me at some point."

"That's what I have to do, sweetie. Don't take it personally."

"You do know how to pull it off, great job."

"Thanks. Justin makes it easier for me to express my creativity."