

Going for Gold

By Kellie Kamryn

Teena followed Kelly to the buffet table, picked up a plate and set it back down. Food didn't appeal to her. Grant did. She'd rather be snacking on him. Licking him. Going down on him. She massaged her brow with a fingertip in an attempt to gain control of the direction of her thoughts. Grant had never indicated any interest in her, except for tonight when they'd shared a look. And that could be nothing. At least she'd tried to flirt by winking at him.

Unintentionally, her gaze slid toward Grant again.

"Just go for it."

Prying her gaze off of Grant, Teena asked, "Go for what?"

"It. Him." Kelly waved her hand. "What have you got to lose?"

Teena shook her head. "It wouldn't be a good idea. We work together. What if things didn't work out?" She looked over again at Grant and caught him staring at her. Was she imagining the chemistry between them?

"Riiiggghht," Kelly drawled. She leaned in and whispered in Teena's ear. "Maybe you shouldn't worry about things working out. Just focus on having some great, hot, sweaty gymnast sex."

Teena elbowed Kelly in the ribs. "Shut up," she hissed. "So, he looked at me. Big deal."

"I didn't miss the way your pupils flared, or the way your breathing quickened." She flipped Teena's hair off her neck. "Or the way your pulse is pounding."

Teena batted Kelly's hand away. "Stop it." She blew out a breath. "I don't know..."

Kelly put her hands on her hips. "What's the worst that could happen?"

"Uh...rejection?"

"So, he says no. Then you're in the same boat as you were before, albeit a little awkward for a while."

"You're ever so helpful," Teena muttered.

"Or you could end up having the best sex of your life and perhaps a relationship out of it. You'll never know if you don't try."

"True." Maybe taking a chance would be better than lusting away for Grant, washing pair after pair of underwear. She was tired of coming home from work every night, her panties soaked with juice from being in such close proximity to him. Perhaps it was time to make her fantasies reality.

“Okay. I’ll do it.” She straightened her spine. “I’ll ask him out or something.”

“The ‘or something’ sounds better,” Kelly mumbled.

“Well, one thing at a time.”

“Merry Christmas to you.”

Teena’s face flushed, picturing the best gift she could receive—his cock. “Merry Christmas to me.”