

Charlotte was in a tricky situation and she knew it.

But the facts were these:

She wanted Sutton Spencer more than she wanted anything or anyone else. She wanted Sutton Spencer with an intensity, a burning, an *aching* that resonated through her entire body.

She craved time with Sutton, in any capacity. Enough that she'd deliberately sought Sutton out on a night they weren't even supposed to see one another! Charlotte... she didn't *do* that.

She knew she was testier than she should have been the day after they'd kissed, because it was a Tuesday and they were supposed to meet on Tuesdays. They had for weeks now, and Charlotte had come to look forward to Tuesdays. It didn't matter if Sutton never sat directly next to her, made certain not to touch her, and worked to avoid talking about herself. Just being with Sutton and having easy conversation... it just *felt good*.

Charlotte knew that kissing Sutton Spencer for the first time in over a decade felt like heaven.

She knew she wanted more of it.

Most of all, she knew – now, for certain – that Sutton wanted her, too. She couldn't fake that.

Something Charlotte loved about Sutton and still to this day loved about her, was that Sutton couldn't fake the important stuff. There was a raw honesty to Sutton that was absolutely captivating.

And the way Sutton kissed her, had leaned her whole body into Charlotte's, how she'd dug her fingertips right into Charlotte to try to hold herself steady... she couldn't fake that.

She *wanted* Charlotte, maybe even just as much as Charlotte wanted her.

However.

That lead Charlotte to the most surmountable issue she'd faced in quite some time, which was that Sutton had asked her to leave. And she'd been firm about it.

Maybe she wanted Charlotte, but she was not open to wanting Charlotte.

She pursed her lips and stared down at her desk.

Honestly, she understood Sutton. She did. She was scared because she'd been hurt before. Both in her divorce – and Charlotte's lips curled in distaste at the thought of the blonde woman in the photograph cheating on Sutton. How *dare* someone cheat on Sutton? The idea of it... was unthinkable to her. To have everything Charlotte herself had wanted, the life she would have killed for, and then just... throw it away?

She shook her head and took in a deep breath.

Never mind that.

Because most important when it came to Sutton was that not only had she been hurt by others but... *mostly* she'd been hurt by Charlotte herself.

She understood that. She could be patient.

All right, so it wasn't one of her many virtues, but she *could* do it.

She was doing it already, wasn't she?

She'd kissed Sutton four ago, Sutton had missed their Tuesday meeting with a flimsy excuse, and Charlotte had been totally and completely patient and understanding and, as a matter of fact, *chill* about the entire thing.

So chill.

Unbelievably so.

Charlotte stared down at her phone, unable to resist tapping on Sutton's texting thread, pursing her lips as she stared down.

**Tuesday** – or as Charlotte thought of it, the day after the monumental/disastrous kiss –

**Charlotte – 2:35PM**

*Very hectic day in the office, likely going to place an early order for dinner, likely just before our meeting. Would you like something?*

**Sutton – 3:13PM**

*I actually forgot I have a department meeting this evening. No big deal, right? I have your notes, now, so I'll make sure I'm submitting the partial draft to the editor before I see you next.*

**Wednesday**

**Charlotte – 12:05PM**

*I have a few pieces I'd like to go over that I thought of last night. Are you free for a meeting before Saturday?*

**Sutton – 2:57PM**

*A meeting? I really do have a lot going on this week. Can we make it a phone call? Maybe tomorrow night?*

**Charlotte – 2:59PM**

*Absolutely. Let me know when you're free*

**Thursday**

**Missed call from Charlotte 6:31PM**

**Sutton – 6:34PM**

*Sorry I missed your call! Lucy's not feeling too well and she got sent home from school today. I'm just getting her settled, and I'll give you a call back as soon as I can?*

**Charlotte – 6:37PM**

*Oh no! Nothing too bad, I hope? Don't worry about the call. We can just talk at the next meeting this weekend*

After all, Charlotte *had* somewhat exaggerated about the details she'd wanted to give Sutton. Oh, she had some comments, but it had never been anything urgent. She'd just wanted... something, some reason, to reach out.

**Sutton – 7:12PM**

*Charlotte! You shouldn't have sent this! This gift basket is insane, she only has the sniffles. But... thank you. So, so much. Really. Lucy's already going crazy over the cookies in here.*

**Charlotte – 7:13PM**

*It was no problem, I hope it makes her feel a little better*

**Sutton – 8:59PM**

*Thanks, again. For the care package. It was wonderful.*

**Sutton – 9:04PM**

*I*

**Sutton – 9:04PM**

*Shit! I didn't mean to send that.*

**Charlotte – 9:05PM**

*No? I could have sworn I saw three dots there for a while after the first message?*

Fine, so she couldn't resist sending that. But it was *true*. And she'd wanted so badly to know what Sutton was about to say.

**Sutton – 9:05PM**

*No! No, there weren't. Goodnight!*

**Charlotte – 9:06PM**

*Goodnight, Sutton*

Totally and completely... chill.

"Tomorrow night you have a dinner with Lily and the rest of the Thompson Foundation board after your meeting with Ms. Spencer, and then Sunday afternoon you're flying back to New York. Maya should have already sent the itinerary to you. I'll check you in tomorrow night," Autumn reviewed her schedule as she sat opposite Charlotte's desk. "Maya and I will meet you in the office Monday morning."

"Mhmm," Charlotte hummed. She'd reviewed this earlier herself, but she did appreciate the final weekend review before Autumn left on Friday evening.

Her head simply wasn't in it, today. Especially given that Sutton hadn't confirmed their meeting for tomorrow. She didn't typically confirm in the last couple of weeks, since they'd established this rhythm... however, given that kiss and their subsequent communications, Charlotte had sent a little message to Sutton a couple of hours ago to check.

And had received nothing in response.

Even though she was now staring mostly out the window, she could see the look on Autumn's face in her reflection. The questioning look Charlotte was receiving.

"Senator... Charlotte," she coughed, straightening her back. "If I may ask – is everything all right?"

Charlotte was already arching her eyebrow in question as she swivelled in her chair to look at Autumn. "Why do you ask?"

"Uh, well," Autumn's discomfort – and regret at asking the question – was amusingly apparent as she fidgeted with her work phone in her lap. "You didn't have a meeting with Ms. Spencer on Tuesday and you sent the care package, and..." she trailed off, clearing her throat as she stared into her lap.

Charlotte leaned her elbow into her desk, staring down her assistant across the desk. "And?"

"I just, well, you did say that given our constant proximity – yours, mine, and Maya's – that dipping into each other's personal lives at times would be highly likely, and that we could discuss as long as we don't cross any lines. Maya said to me last night that she thought... Ms. Spencer... anyway," she fumbled. "I was just wondering. Senator," she hesitantly added, before her eyebrows scrunched together and she bit her lip.

Charlotte hummed under her breath. "And you don't think that question regarding Ms. Spencer and myself was crossing a line?"

Autumn's eyes widened, her mouth falling open in sheer horror. "I – no, I – yes, I shouldn't–"

Charlotte broke, the entertainment she'd felt showing itself in a smirk. "I'm joking, Autumn. It wasn't crossing a line. You've noticed something has been... abnormal with me, and you asked about it; we spend upwards of ten hours a day together. It's all right."

Her assistant melted into the chair with relief. "Oh, thank god." She furtively looked up at Charlotte. "So... is everything all right, then?"

While she didn't find it inappropriate for Autumn to ask, it still didn't mean she was about to lay her inner turmoil out for her. The muddle of her feelings was certainly not her assistant's business. Charlotte sometimes wished it wasn't even her own.

"Everything is fine, Autumn. I've been a little distracted after my meeting with Sutton on Monday, but it's nothing to be concerned about."

"Your, um, meeting with her on Monday, when you went to her house?" Autumn asked, giving Charlotte a very curious, expectant look.

Charlotte nailed her with a look. "The very one."

Autumn looked down at her lap, barely able to hold back a smile, though her lip bite certainly implied she was trying. "Right."

As she leaned back in her seat, she studied the young woman in front of her. "You know, Autumn, you would do quite well to learn to control your facial expressions a bit better, especially if you'd like your political career to go further," Charlotte commented mildly.

The hiding-a-smile look completely vanished as Autumn looked up at her in wide-eyed alarm. “Senator, I—”

Charlotte waved her off. “It’s still Charlotte, and I’m not admonishing you; I’m giving you a piece of advice. You wear everything on your face. You could learn a bit from Maya.”

That alarm only grew, a surprised squeak leaving her lips before she pressed her fingers to her lips to silence herself. Her face slowly started turning tomato red. “Right. Yes. Good idea.”

As if Charlotte didn’t ever pick up on things like *Maya and I will meet you there Monday morning* and *last night*, Maya said from her own staff.

To stem Autumn’s clearly growing panic, Charlotte held her hand up. “You’re not in detention, Autumn. There’s no power imbalance between you two. Just continue to keep it discreet, please, and think about the fact that I continue to expect professionalism in the office, always.”

She wasn’t concerned about that; in fact, surprisingly, she had very little fears regarding that. She’d chosen Autumn and Maya for specific reasons, and both of them maintaining the utmost of hunger and motivation in regard to their careers was one of them.

When Autumn continued to stare at her, like she was just caught shoplifting, Charlotte barely smothered a laugh. “You can go home for the weekend, Autumn. Thank you for your diligence. I’ll see you Monday.”

Autumn nodded quickly, packing her bag as efficiently as always. “Will you be leaving the office soon? I can get your dinner sent...?” She hurriedly asked, as she looked as though she was ready to bolt.

There it was – doing her job in spite of the fact that she was clearly ready to run away from Charlotte. She nodded in approval. “No, don’t worry about it.”

Autumn popped up out of her seat, slinging the bag over her shoulder. “All right. I’ll send the preliminary schedule for next week to you by Sunday.” She swallowed, her grip tightening on her bag, and she took a step toward the door. Then paused, looking back at Charlotte. Then took another step. Then paused.

Charlotte watched, fascinated – and frankly, amused with the distraction from her own love life.

“I – we aren’t *romantically* involved, Senator. It’s only that it’s difficult to meet people at times and – we aren’t in a relationship. Maya is aggravating, honestly, and – I’m just saying, that if we were, I would have reviewed the ramifications with any necessary superiors.”

“I don’t quite need to know the details of your outer-work escapades, Autumn, but I appreciate the clarification.”

“I’ll see you Monday!” Autumn very nearly flew right out of the office, clicking the door shut behind her.

Charlotte watched and chuckled, spinning her chair once more to look out the window. She had no doubt that Autumn was scrambling to tell Maya that she knew, and overanalyze what that could mean for them.

Which meant Charlotte now had ample time to go back to overanalyzing her own romance.

Not that she and Sutton had a *romance*. She'd been thinking quite a bit this week – and perhaps for the last few weeks – if they truly ever had.

She'd never taken Sutton out on real dates, back when they'd been... acquainted. Not *really*. She'd never picked Sutton up and surprised her with an outing just to see the delighted smile she knew Sutton would have worn. She'd never taken Sutton out to a club and danced with her so closely it would have bordered on indecent. She'd never taken Sutton out to dinner and held her hand at the table. She hadn't even done that when they'd eaten their many meals at her apartment. It hadn't been part of their agreement. The *rules*.

In fairness, Charlotte had never done any of those things with any woman.

But she'd certainly never done them with the only woman she'd ever wanted to do it with.

She wondered if that was where she should start. She didn't have the first *clue* how to start a true romance with Sutton, but she thought she could figure it out. She was intelligent and resourceful.

And Sutton loved romance. Charlotte didn't care what else might have changed in her life – Sutton Spencer adored romance. She wanted to be swept off of her feet. She was certain that couldn't have disappeared.

Not only that, but she *deserved* it.

She hadn't seemed particularly receptive to it on Monday, after cutting their kiss off and kicking Charlotte out, but maybe it was because Sutton hadn't been romanced, yet.

She reached for her phone and unlocked it – was Googling *how to romance a woman* at age forty after being a lifelong lesbian ridiculous? She felt like it was – when the door to her office opened again.

“Autumn, truly, I'm not interested in your sex li–”

“What do you think you're doing?”

That was decidedly not Autumn.

Charlotte froze, before quickly turning in her chair to look up in surprise. “Sutton.”

Like an *idiot*, it was all she could say.

But Sutton was here, in her office. Her hair was clipped up, she was wearing her glasses, and her hands were on her hips while she wore form-fitting jeans and a blazer, and... Charlotte could only smile at her from her seat. She'd never seen Sutton look so casually professional – back then, it had been very preppy outfits, and Charlotte had loved them.

This was like the amplified version.

She realized Sutton was still looking at her, waiting for a response and she tilted her head up at her. “Excuse me?”

“You can’t just... do things like that,” Sutton’s voice was strong and sure, and Charlotte enjoyed it despite having no idea what she was referring to.

“I’m sorry, I haven’t got a clue as to what you’re referring to? You’ve barged into *my* office,” she pointed out.

And enjoyed the way Sutton seemed to pause at that, her eyebrows drawing down as she faltered for a moment. As if only realizing now in this moment that she had, indeed, barged into Charlotte’s office.

It made her just a bit flustered, as she wrapped her arms around her waist.

“I mean. You can’t just send hundred dollar “get well” baskets to my house – both the one from last night *and* this morning.”

Charlotte’s eyebrows furrowed as confusion rolled through her. “Did Lucy not enjoy them?”

She’d deliberated over them, picking the items for the food gift basket the night before to please both Sutton – with soup and vegetables and healthy juices – and Lucy – with a cupcake and a few cookies and some candies. And this morning, she’d done the same with a different basket – one with tissues and Tylenol (both children’s and adult) and VapoRub as well as a soft blanket and a cute stuffed animal from a popular franchise that she’d seen advertised everywhere lately that was apparently very hard to find, as well as new knee-pads, as Lucy had enthusiastically discussed how hers were scratched so much from learning how to skateboard.

Charlotte had *assumed* Lucy would enjoy it all; honestly, she was out of her depth with children, but Sutton’s daughter seemed relatively straight-forward and adorable on Monday evening, enough that she’d felt comfortable with sending the gifts and certain they’d go over well.

Sutton tossed her hands in the air. “Of course she liked them! She’s six! And you sent sweets and toys! She’s enamored with you now. But – you *can’t* do that. Would you do that for any other colleague who has a child with a cold?” Sutton challenged.

“I wouldn’t... not do it for a colleague I enjoyed who had a sick child,” Charlotte hedged around the truth they both clearly knew.

“Charlotte,” Sutton’s voice sounded almost pained, certainly exasperated, and tinged with so many shades of *something* Charlotte couldn’t identify, just in one word. Just in the way she said her name. “Please, it’s too much. And I don’t know what you’re getting at, because we – we kissed and then things got... they’ve been...”

“Ah, so you will admit it,” Charlotte leaned back in her chair, linking her fingers as they rested against her stomach, and watched Sutton’s pacing suddenly stop.

“Admit what?”

“That you’ve been acting avoidant since Monday.”

Sutton's mouth fell open in what seemed like offense even as she blushed. "I – I have not."

God, she was such a terrible liar. Charlotte loved it. Honestly, it delighted her.

"Sutton, I didn't send you those gift baskets with any untoward intention," that was the truth. She didn't expect to get anything from sending them. "You are my..." she pursed her lips.

"Did we not agree on Monday to be friendly? That's a bit more than colleagues, kissing not withstanding, right?" She countered.

Sutton's lips pulled into a frown before she admitted. "I... I guess so. But–"

"A kiss only has to have as much effect on our relationship as we let it." The words coming out of her mouth sounded so familiar, it made her ache. But it was the truth. And Charlotte, she'd just gotten Sutton back into her life. She wasn't going to risk it all and push for another kiss or anything more, now.

She slowly stood, coming to the front of her desk, only a foot in front of Sutton. And she could feel those blue eyes on her, watching every move. She felt Sutton's gaze like it was a physical touch, and she made sure to stay at least a few feet away.

Almost every instinct inside of her said to move the slightest bit forward. To move close enough that Sutton would feel that physical connection they shared. That they'd always shared, and even before the kiss on Monday, it had still been there.

She wanted to feel it herself, that buzz of awareness that swept through her whenever they were close, and she wanted Sutton to feel it, too. It was... instinctive. This innate part of her, that knew how an effect she could have and how much sway it had over both herself and Sutton.

The kiss was evidence enough of that.

But – no.

No, she wasn't doing that. Charlotte was not relying on the physical with Sutton. That was what she did, before.

Charlotte had to figure out her game plan for *romance* now.

So she crossed her arms over her chest and leaned back to sit on the edge of her desk. "I apologize for the kiss and any other feelings it inspired throughout this past week that caused any sort of avoidance. It wasn't my intention when I arrived at your home on Monday."

Also true.

Was she upset about it? Of course not. The opposite, really.

But she'd just – she'd just wanted to move things forward between them. She just didn't want to waste this opportunity of Sutton returning to her life and have it wither into truly nothing more than professional.

Sutton's eyebrows drew down and Charlotte could really see all of the fight that had been bolstering her the whole way here, drain out of her.



Her body language read as... fidgety, but no longer upset, as she intertwined her fingers in front of her. Charlotte would count that as a win.

“I, um, accept your apology,” Sutton spoke, her voice quiet. She bit her lip, seeming unsure of her next move.

The closer Charlotte looked, the – odder Sutton seemed. Her mannerism storming into the office, her fidgeting now, the flush in her cheeks.

Odd, she thought again, studying her closely.

“I’m,” Sutton cleared her throat, “Sorry, about avoiding you. We are adults in a working relationship and that was not professional. I,” she closed her eyes tightly. “I’m feeling out of my depth a little bit,” she admitted, her tone so vulnerable.

And even though Charlotte wanted to reach out *so badly*, she kept her hands pressed against her thighs. “Sutton, would you like to get dinner with me?”

Those blue eyes opened wide, blinking incredulously at Charlotte. “Excuse me?”

“Dinner?” Charlotte suggested, a small smile on her lips, even as her hopes rose at the unexpected invitation. “I assume, since you’re here, that Lucy is with her other mother. For the night.”

“What...” Sutton seemed nonplussed, her eyebrows drawing together at Charlotte’s invitation. “What?”

“I’m not sure what.” Charlotte was already thinking of a few options. She could get them in essentially anywhere, and even though she hadn’t really tried to *woo* anyone in – ever, she knew what venues exuded romance. “Anything you’re in the mood for.”

Sutton shook her head, before she stared at Charlotte, eyebrows furrowed.

“I know a lovely bakery that sells lemon cakes.”

She’d always taken notice of lemon cakes when she saw bakeries, now. Ever since Sutton. Even though she never ate them, it just *happened*. It was ingrained, now. But, it seemed it had a purpose.

Romance.

She could wipe the slate clean from that kiss and start over tonight. She could take Sutton out and – she had what it took. That thought struck her, in that moment.

She knew she had what it took, for Sutton to want to be with her. Charlotte wasn’t necessarily certain what exactly it was, but she knew she had it. Because it had worked before, somehow, without her even trying.

“No.” Sutton started pacing again, crossing her arms and then uncrossing them. “No, Charlotte, I don’t want to have dinner tonight. That’s not why I came here.”

She took a deep breath and stopped her movements, coming to stand right in front of Charlotte. Only a foot or so away – closer than Charlotte had stood to her.

Charlotte quirked her eyebrow, setting her palms behind her on the desk as she looked up at Sutton, ignoring the way her pulse sped up just a bit. “Yes, you came here to yell at me about sending you a gift basket.”

“I came here, because...” Sutton stared intently at her, that cerulean gaze seeming to turn laser-intent, and Charlotte’s heartrate jumped with it.

And then her heartrate went through the *roof*, as Sutton’s mouth descended to hers.

She hadn’t seen it coming. Her hands flexed in surprise against the papers they landed on, on her desk as Sutton pressed forward. She hadn’t seen it coming.

She could have never seen it coming, the way Sutton was standing above her, Charlotte’s crossed legs bracketed between Sutton’s thighs, while Sutton slid her hand into Charlotte’s hair, and kissed her.

And the kiss was nothing like what she expected of a kiss from Sutton Spencer. It was not soft or hesitant or coaxing or sweet. It wasn’t romancing Charlotte.

It was devouring her.

Sutton’s lips were hot and heady and demanding on her own, moving intently as Sutton’s tongue swept into her mouth, tasting her. Demanding Charlotte keep up with her, and in spite of her utter shock, she did.

She gasped and groaned in succession, shock and *want* coursing through her, one of her hands coming up to clutch at Sutton’s waist and she clenched her thighs together as the desire pulsed through her.

Only Sutton could give her that reaction, she thought, dimly, as her blood rushed through her. She’d been with women in the last ten years, of course she had. But it had always been discreetly agreed upon quiet affairs, and somehow, the wanting reflected that. Physically, sure, she’d wanted the women. They’d always been beautiful.

But it was nothing – *nothing* – like the need that pumped through her right now.

Sutton backed up her body just enough to keep their mouths connected and still draw her hands down to Charlotte’s legs. Crossed as tightly as they were, when she felt Sutton’s hands on her, the long fingers burning through the thin layer of her skirt, she let them fall open.

A moan tore from the back of her throat as she felt Sutton’s fingertips on her bare knees, moving up her thighs. Charlotte’s head absolutely spun.

What was *happening*?

Sutton moaned against her lips in response and Charlotte swallowed the sound, greedy for more.

Sutton’s lips fell from hers and trailed down to her neck, and Charlotte didn’t need to be urged or encouraged in the least for her head to fall back, baring as much of her throat as she could for her.

She wanted it. She wanted to feel Sutton’s lips on her skin, so badly. She felt like she’d been starving for it, for years.

And she had been, she thought vaguely, digging her fingers into Sutton's hip now, before slipping under her shirt with the hand she didn't have braced against the desk.

Charlotte had longed to touch Sutton's soft, heated skin for as long as she hadn't been allowed to. She had wanted to feel the way Sutton's pink lips would press against the base of her throat in that way she did – the way she was doing, now – since the last time it had happened.

She wouldn't deny it to herself, even as confusion swirled through her.

Because, "What is *happening*?" She whispered, her voice breathy and hoarse already, as she stared up at the ceiling of her office.

"You drive me crazy with wanting you," Sutton answered, her own voice so sweet and needy, sounding confused herself. "You always have, and then you kiss me, and I just – *want*."

And then Sutton's mouth was on hers again, as Sutton's hands slid Charlotte's skirt up her thighs even further.

And for a moment, Charlotte could only think about how different Sutton was than the way she'd experienced twelve years ago. Her cute, stumbling, awkward graduate student would have never taken the initiative to walk into Charlotte's office, push her down on the desk, and kiss her within an inch of her life, while trailing her fingers up and down Charlotte's thighs.

Charlotte wouldn't have complained then, and she certainly wasn't now.

She'd seen it in Sutton, in moments. At her grandmother's party, in the museum. There were flickers of all Sutton wanted *deep inside*, in a place she herself may have not even known, glimpses of who she would become, as a lover.

But she hadn't been there, just yet, then.

And it would be a lie to say that the thought didn't echo through Charlotte's mind – she hadn't gotten to see this part of Sutton blossom. Someone else had.

Then Sutton's fingers brushed over Charlotte's underwear, and she *knew* even before Sutton moaned, how fucking wet she was.

She couldn't not be.

Not with Sutton's lips on hers, tugging Charlotte's bottom lip between them. Nibbling, then releasing, and swiping over with her tongue.

"*Fuck*," she groaned as Sutton rubbed her through her underwear, even firmer.

"You drive me insane with wanting you, and you kissed me, and I – I—" Sutton whispered against Charlotte's kiss-swollen and sensitive lips, her fingers toying with Charlotte, still, before pausing.

Waiting.

Charlotte didn't have to be asked. She didn't need to think twice. She didn't need to consider that they were in her office, that there was a chance there was still straggling staffers here.

“Touch me,” she urged, the urgency in her voice sliding through her veins as she dug her nails right into Sutton’s soft skin. “Touch me, Sutton.”

Sutton pulled her panties to the side, sliding her fingers over Charlotte’s entrance, and they both groaned.

Charlotte tilted her hips, panting against Sutton’s lips as she dragged her fingers down, into the waist of Sutton’s jeans, curling them into the material. “Touch. Me.”

She *needed* it. She hadn’t even known how badly she’d needed it, before this moment in time. But she did. Desperately.

Charlotte hadn’t expected the shocked cry from her own throat, barely managing to cut herself off, as Sutton slid two fingers inside of her.

*Yes. This. Yes.*

She found herself chanting it, “Yes, Sutton. *Yes,*” as Sutton started moving inside of her, and Charlotte’s thighs tightened around Sutton’s as the pleasure inside of her mounted.

Sutton’s free hand slid to the back of Charlotte’s head, holding her right here, against Sutton, as she made a concentrated effort to quiet herself. She made another concentrated effort to keep her eyes open and on Sutton, biting her lip to cut off the groans escaping her, as she stared into the bright blue eyes that were so locked on her own.

She wondered if Sutton knew she didn’t have to hold Charlotte so close; she would make the effort to ensure she didn’t move away from Sutton at all.

She couldn’t help herself.

As she moved her hips, fucking herself even harder against Sutton’s hand, closer and closer to the edge, she undid Sutton’s jeans with deft fingers.

She had to touch her, too. Had to.

And she moaned, loudly, unable to stop, as she felt how fucking wet Sutton was.

Sutton’s warm breath washed over Charlotte’s lips, as she whimpered, and Charlotte was so close, and she just – she needed –

She slid her hand down, feeling how hard Sutton’s clit was, and how she dripped over Charlotte’s fingers.

Sutton’s choked cry as she pressed herself harder into Charlotte was – it was –

“Sutton, *god*, I’m–” it was all she could say, before she felt her orgasm wash over her, the release of it stunning her into silence.

Her mouth fell open in a cry with no sound, as she shuddered through the pleasure coursing through her body, and she couldn’t stop. Couldn’t stop moving her hips, pressing into Sutton’s fingers, arching into the touch to draw out every sensation, before Sutton gently withdrew.

Sutton whined, deep in her throat, rubbing herself against Charlotte, and she was still dazed from coming, but managed to move her fingers against Sutton, faster, faster and –

And then Sutton froze above her, trembling, her hand fisting in Charlotte's hair as she stared into her eyes, and Charlotte felt that look in that dark blue gaze move through her.

When Sutton's breath became a little more regulated, more normal, and her forehead fell into Charlotte's shoulder, she finally was able to take a deep breath.

She slid her hand out of Sutton's pants, settling on her hip, as she felt Sutton's heart racing. She knew hers was, as well.

"Darling, I—"

Charlotte didn't know what she did.

But in that moment, she could feel Sutton stiffen, moments before she jerked away.

Wide blue eyes stared at Charlotte, still leaning back – shamelessly – on her desk, thoroughly fucked. And even though Sutton had been the instigator, she blushed. And, damn, Charlotte adored that, even as confusion crashed down over her.

"I – sorry – I'm sorry. I shouldn't—"

"Sutton, it's okay—" it was *more* than okay –

"No! It wasn't! Not okay! Nope," Sutton seemed to be muttering to herself more than Charlotte as she backed away, quickly zipping up her fly. "I have to go. I..." She stared, wide-eyed, at Charlotte for a long moment.

Before turning around and feeling.

Charlotte could only stare, her heart continuing to pound in her chest while utter bafflement mixed with satisfaction.

What in the hell was that?