

# I

I woke up alone in a large comfy bed, Jake's bed, I remembered. After our major first time together we had dropped off Reese at his dorm, he had kissed me for a long while to the amusement of my bosses, who made jokes about how he would not be able to sleep thinking about me to which Reese had confided to me in a whisper that they were not wrong.

The three of us had gone to Jake's, but Everett did not stay, I slept snuggled closely to Jake's body, thinking of the shower Everett had taken with me before leaving, how his version of washing me ended up with me bent over and him giving me quick strokes while his soapy hands caressed my body; Jake had let me rest, though I had felt his interest while he spooned me but he had not acted on it, and now he was nowhere in sight. I looked at the clock and saw it was six still; I needed to go home, pick up some stuff and go to work. I had a light load because I was again only assisting and helping Everett these days, just as when I had started at the company.

"Sweetheart, are you up?" A fully dressed Jake stepped to the bedroom, how he could look so refreshed and ready that early in the morning was beyond me, I was two cups of coffee away from being actually functional. "Get up, lazy beauty, we have to go to your place first." He told me, pulling at the sheets until they were gone.

"Hey!" I complained, sitting up.

"Hurry up." He said, leaving with the sheets, I groaned annoyed and left the bed.

Getting to my apartment took almost twenty minutes from Jake's since he lived at the edge of the city, so I had to hurry once in my place. I took my mail and looked

through it in the elevator. I was not going to open anything, but the legal logo caught my attention. I opened the envelope as I entered my apartment. "Oh my God!" I exclaimed reading all the legal gibberish in my hands, I did not get it all at first, but the essentials got to me. "You have been called to serve as witness," horror was seeping in. "The trial against Mr Jacob Alexander Miracle." I gasped at the paper. "Accused of *Wrongful Termination and Intentional Emotional Distress*." What. The. Fuck? I read the whole thing once more looking for the other name, the one suing him was some woman, Laura Williams, who I had no clue who could be. I thought back for a second, leaving the paper on the kitchen table, trying to remember if I had heard the name before, but nothing came to mind. I didn't know this person so why would she ask for me to witness *against* Jake? My phone rang in my bag, I answered without seeing the number, knowing it was him. "Come up," I told him and hung up. Five minutes later, Jake opened the first door and entered my apartment.

"What's wrong?" He asked me, coming up to me and lifting my face to study my expression.

"Who the hell is Laura Williams?" I asked, and it was as if I had declared the devil himself was in the premises, his face paled in a way I had never seen before. Jake looked behind me, ignoring my question.

"Get ready, sweetheart," he said, picking up the paper and reading the notice.

"No, tell me."

"We need to go." He relayed, pulling out his phone. "You'll have to talk to Al first thing." He was saying as he typed. "Sapphire, there is little time for explanations."

"Make time!" My voice one volume down from yelling. I had never spoken to him in such a way or him to me. "Tell me," I asked once more when his eyes finally left his phone.

“Okay.” He agreed and sat down.

“Is this why you had been so busy?” I wondered, sitting next to him.

“Yes. I was served while I was in Switzerland.” He told me.

“Is that why you came back earlier?”

“Partly, yes.”

“Why would she do this? What happened?” I asked, still in shock. “What is it?” I said, taken aback by the sudden small smile he sent my way, Jake grabbed my hand and kissed it.

“You're amazing and incredibly kind, did you know?” I felt my cheeks warm slightly.

“Most would ask if it is true, or what I did to this woman.” He said, keeping my hand in his hold. “Not you.”

“That's because you could not hurt a fly,” I mumbled back. “Or be unjust.”

“How do you know, sweetheart? Do you not doubt for one minute? Did the thought not cross your mind?” I denied with my head and lifted my free hand to touch his face.

“Not for one second,” I assured. “What happened?” I asked once more. He sighed heavily, closing his eyes for a second. When he opened them again, I could see the green even more clearly and somehow knew it was not going to be easy. Any of it.

“She's an ex,” he admitted surprising me. “She used to work at the company under my division, and we dated for a couple of months.”

“Oh,” was all I could say, trying to digest that.

“We had to let her go, and it coincided with us not seeing each other anymore. I was not invested in it, I admit I had not been for a while, but I let her know the minute I realised I could not make her happy, that I was not what she wanted.” It was hard hearing him say that, it struck too close to what I had felt, that they would end it with me. “She didn't take it very well.” He finished.

“Why was she fired?”

“She had her own accounts, but the numbers were not adding up.”

“She was stealing from you?” Now I was enraged with this woman I had never seen or met.

“From the company, yes. And I gave her the choice to leave or answer for it.” I guessed what she did; she left rather than being involved in a lawsuit.

“But why return now? Why go after you?”

“Sweetheart,” he said as if I was an innocent little thing. “Our company has never been better, we have helped so many merge successfully, that now, we sometimes have to pick among the big amount of clients that come our way.”

“So, she's in it for the money? She wants you to give her money.” I finished, and he nodded. “Everett was not involved? Only you dated her?” I wondered.

“No, she was not his type.” That did shock me. I didn't even know he had a type, either of them. “Everett likes brunettes exclusively.” He confessed. “And I have been of the same mindset since ten months ago.” He finished, raising a finger to curl in my own loose brown hair.

“Why didn't you tell me? About any of it?” I wondered, trying to maintain the conversation on topic and not let him distract me.

“I didn't want to get you involved, I thought that I could offer a settlement and that would be that; but now I don't think that will be possible at all.” He said with remorse. This was truly hitting him hard I could see it, and I didn't want to see or hear him like that, sad, it tugged at my heart, I wanted to cuddle him, I wanted to make everything better for him and knowing it was not possible because this was beyond my control, broke my heart.

“Why would she call to me? I don't know her.” I said, grasping his hand between both of mine, he squeezed them exhaling loudly.

“They probably made a list of everyone working right now at the company, and since I didn't want you to be there, not even as a character witness, I suppose they dug a bit. Is no secret that we are involved,” he explained. “And even though our relationship is not out in the open, you still are our main assistant, and I didn't put you on the list as a witness so that must have attracted their attention and since everyone in the company can be called as witnesses. They picked the person closest to me, at least to speak against me as an employer.”

“Then they will be surprised by what I have to say,” I replied furious, how dare she and her lawyers do this? Try to make me speak ill of the most considerate and amazing guy I had met; caring, nice, perceptive. “You should have told me,” I said to him, trying to sound reproachful but not too harsh. “I could have been your character witness, if not your girlfriend.” I blushed a bit. It was the first time I actually referred myself as his girlfriend in his presence and with such certainty.

“You're right.” He said nodding. “But I'm supposed to protect and defend you, not the other way around.”

“Love works both ways.” I declared and took a deep breath; he was going to let me say it, I knew, I could see it in his eyes, his yes-I-am-waiting expression. “You know I love you, right?” I touched his cheek, and he kissed my palm.

“I had my suspicions,” Jake said, leaning forward to kiss me and I met him halfway but it was too superficial, so I climbed into his lap and deepened the kiss, he let me and I thought he would say that it was enough that we had to leave when he got up rather suddenly with a groan, knocking the chair back in his haste. He turned me without warning and my hands landed harshly on the table, the loud sound echoing through me, there was nothing on it but a wooden napkin holder and my mail, he pushed it all to the floor and bent me completely over the table, he then proceeded to work my shorts down my hips and my panties with them until they were mid-thigh. “Step out.” He ordered me, and I chimed out of them, luckily I had left my boots at his place and replaced them for a pair of flats, otherwise, he could not have pushed so quickly inside me with a satisfied sigh. “Truly, sweetheart, couldn't you had told me that at another time?” He asked, pumping with fast short moves.

“I could have told you at any other time. You just didn't let me.” I managed to reply between strokes and moans.

“Damn. You're not even close.” Jake exclaimed confusing me, he slipped out and I was about to complain when I felt him push back in, only a bit higher.

“Oh God.” I cried as he started to push inside my ass.

“How long has it been?” He wondered as one of his hands travelled to my front and began working my clit.

“I don't know,” I gasped.

“Really?” His tone a bit playful. “I think you do.”

“About a month,” I confessed, trying to relax for him. He was halfway in when he decided to retreat almost all the way out in a rush.

“Too long.” He said, slowly pushing back in, his fingers on my front kept working me, putting me on the edge, nearly distracting me from what he was doing behind.

“Jake!” I cried, feeling a sudden shiver of pleasure, a pre-orgasmic toll I only had discovered at their hands.

“Should I stop?” And he did, again I could feel at least half of his cock inside me.

“You're tight,” he murmured, and I heard the hidden pleasure and need in his voice, yet if I told him to stop completely he would, I was sure of it, but that was not happening. “Should I?” He wondered again.

“Don't stop, no. Keep going.”