

# *Merger*

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“So, while you’re going off to play pauper, Tate, what the hell am I supposed to do? Jenna Reagan will know who I am and will want to know where you are. You’re the CEO, I’m the Executive VP of Marketing and Advertising. I’m not equipped to deal with a corporate take-over, Bro.” Cade McCord did nothing to hide the fear in his voice.

Tate McCord chuckled into his phone, “Cade, you are more than well equipped to handle Jenna Reagan.”

Cade pulled his phone from his ear, stared at it for a moment, placed it back to his ear. “What the fuck wiggged you out anyway? We’re supposed to be partners. McCord *Brothers* Investments last time I checked.” When he got no response, he pulled the phone once more from his ear, hit it, shook it, put it back to his ear, “Bro?”

“I’m here. I *wiggged* out on you because Karyn informed me my best assets were my money and my cock. In that order. And while I was planning a life with her- with who she was pretending to be, who I thought she was at least- she was loving my money and the sex and playing along. I need to take some time off from being Tate McCord, and just be a man. See what kind of woman I attract when I’m *just* a man.”

“Uh. Bro. What do I do about Jenna and her take-over scheme while you’re off finding a woman who loves you *and* your cock?” He laughed at that one. This situation was just plain stupid. “Besides, don’t you think whatever woman falls for Adam Tate might be a little upset she’s not getting the whole story up front? I mean, you fall for a guy, he seems great, then you find out he’s really this *other* guy and you were an experiment. Seems like a disaster waiting to happen.”

“You really think a woman’s going to be upset to find out the guy she’s fallen for is a millionaire?”

“With a different name, and a high-powered career that makes him travel all over the world? Oh, yeah, and he kept the whole thing from you? I do. Tate, this is going to blow up in your face. Come back here and deal with this take-over. I should be looking at photographs and copy for brochures for the newest McCord Resort and Casino, not meeting with people who want to buy us out.”

Tate paused for a moment. “Whoa, Cade, you called me by name. Look, it’s not that hard. Don’t let her take over. At least, don’t let her take over unless she offers ungodly amounts of money and promises not to lay anyone off. Then you can think about. Oh, and Cade?”

“Bro?”

“She’s gorgeous.”

“Great. So, you’re going to be off finding yourself and I have to fight off a gorgeous woman who wants our company who I can’t touch. That’s perfect.”

“I didn’t say you can’t touch her. I said she can’t have our company.”

“So, how do you plan to pull off this whole Prince and the pauper thing anyway? It’s not like you haven’t been all over the papers.”

“I’m thinking of heading to small-town USA and writing a book. Someplace I’m not likely to be recognized. Don’t worry, you can still get to me. Remember, I’ll be Mr. Adam Tate.”

“How the hell could I forget? Tate, I think you’re crazy. But you do what you think is best. You always have.”

Tate McCord closed his phone, slipped it into his pocket and sighed. He had told his brother the truth, he had felt like a hunted man ever since his and Cade’s company had become an international hit and made them millionaires. One would think that would have made him happy, and it did. Most of the time. He also knew that every year in the beginning of May Jenna Reagan waltzed into his office proposing a take-over when what she really wanted was a merger of sorts. She hadn’t proposed it, but he wasn’t blind. He just wasn’t interested. As beautiful as she was, something was missing. He wondered how she’d react when she sashayed her nice little ass into his office and found Cade there Friday morning. He wondered how Cade would react.

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Jenna Reagan dressed for the day choosing an ivory skirt suit that clung to her curves and contrasted with her tan skin. As she did for the last three years, she went in knowing she would get turned down, but she was anticipating the fight nonetheless. Tate McCord was a master at the art of negotiation and the man was amazing to look at. She made it a point to do this only once a year, otherwise she was sure she could become addicted to sitting in his office in wet panties with hard nipples pretending to want his company when what she really wanted was him.

“Mr. McCord. Ms. Reagan is here to see you.” Tate’s long-time Executive Assistant Emily buzzed Cade. *Here goes.* “Send her in,” he answered and turned to face the floor to ceiling windows in Tate’s office.

Jenna walked into Tate's office as she did every May and looked to see him facing the windows behind the desk. He seemed taller than last she saw him, broader too. His black hair a little longer, touching the collar of his charcoal gray suit. Hadn't she just seen him at a charity ball less than a week ago? "Tate?"

Cade turned around and her knees nearly gave out. She thought Tate McCord was hot, but Cade McCord was positively off the chart. Jenna had met Cade in passing once at a charity event, but hadn't seem him except to notice the resemblance between he and Tate. Now that she really looked at him, she noticed Cade was at least an inch taller than Tate's 6'2" with the same black hair, but his was longer with more wave. His eyes were a deep emerald green framed by arched brows and incredibly long black lashes, setting off a very chiseled face completed with a square jaw. *Wow*. Surprisingly, she was able to find her voice. "Oh, I wasn't aware Tate was out of town. Am I to assume I will be dealing with you for the duration?" Hey, that actually sounded like she ran a multi-million dollar company and her heart wasn't thumping against her chest like she was sixteen!

Cade assessed the willowy brunette standing across the room. Tate wasn't kidding when he'd said she was gorgeous. If he'd met her under different circumstances, he'd have assumed she was a swimsuit or lingerie model. 5'9" if she was an inch, she had ample curves in all the right places, eyes the color of the Mediterranean sea and chocolate brown hair that fell in waves to her waist. He felt his body respond to her. Hell, she might want his company, but he wasn't blind or dead. "Yes, Tate is out of town for an indeterminate amount of time, so you get the pleasure of dealing with me. I hope you find me satisfactory."

"I'm sure I will." *Satisfactory? Was he kidding?* She could already feel moisture pooling between her thighs and knew her nipples were hard as rocks. She wished she were one of those bold women who could just say, 'Look, I don't really want your company. This is a pretense, I thought I wanted your brother, but now I really just want you. Come here, strip me, take me, *please* just take me.' but she wasn't. So, she'd play the game.

"Okay. So, instead of sitting here and talking for ages, let's just cut to the chase, shall we? Tate tells me you come in every year and present a case that you are better equipped than we to run a multi-branched real estate company and we should sell out to you. Let's drop with the pretense though. What do you really want? For you to come in once a year, but get sent off empty handed tells me you don't really want to overtake the company. I might just be the second in command here, but I'm not an idiot. Are you really after a merger, and just waiting for Tate to suggest it? He won't, you know. I might. I think differently than he does. I don't see the harm in adding a third party to our partnership, and he's left me in charge indefinitely."

A merger? She hadn't been after a legal merger. Although, the idea did have merits and she wouldn't have to

cop to her more lascivious plans. Using her business to have a weekend of no holds barred sex was a little wicked, she knew, and she'd never actually gotten up the nerve to actually ask in three years. She'd have to work closely with Cade to make everything official, so that was a big plus. "Yes. That's exactly what I've been trying to get at for the past three years. I don't know why Tate never saw it, and you did in five minutes, Cade." She caressed his name deliberately, liking the way it felt on her tongue.

She had to say his name like that. It made him wonder how it would sound falling from her lips if he were buried inside her. Dammit, he just suggested they merge their companies and he was thinking about making love to her. He shook his head to clear it and said, "I'll put a call into Legal and we'll arrange another meeting in the morning. 9:30am work for you?"

She gave him what she hoped was a sexy smile and replied, "Anytime, Cade. Anytime," as she sauntered out the door.

He watched her and her delectable ass until the door closed and then he sank down into his chair. "Tate, you are a dead man." he said aloud. The man had set him up. Tate knew she wanted a merger and he didn't want to deal with it, so he had left Cade to deal with all the legal mumbo jumbo. Tate got to run off and sink his cock into any willing woman who wasn't after his money while Cade had to keep his hands off the lingerie model he had just suggested merging companies with. How the hell had this happened?

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Jenna sat in her Mercedes and laughed at herself. "You can run a multi-million dollar company on three continents, but you can't look a man in the eye and tell him you want him? You're funny, Jenna Alexis Reagan! Now, you're sitting here talking to yourself in the parking garage at his company and people are going to think you're crazy. That's good too."

She looked around and realized there was no one around to think she was crazy, and she was so turned on from just being in Cade McCord's presence she needed some relief. Dare she do something? Making the decision, she started to move against the seat, causing the sweet friction she needed. Before long, she had her skirt hiked up and her hand beneath her silk panties, rubbing against her clit, thinking of Cade and wishing he were the one doing the rubbing. That did it. She broke, calling his name as she did. Opening her eyes, she looked around, hoping to God no one saw her. Pulling herself together, she headed towards home.

On the drive she contemplated the last three years and this harebrained idea she'd had to propose a wicked tryst

with Tate McCord. It was hard finding a man who respected a woman who was intelligent, attractive and rich. She didn't want to be anyone's arm candy or anyone's sugar momma, so she ended up alone. A lot. She had found Tate attractive, and she knew he wouldn't be after her money as he had his own, but he had never driven her to public masturbation like his brother just did. She let that rattle in her brain for a while. She had a meeting with the delicious Cade McCord in the morning, and she would see just where this merger led. Maybe there was some value to this deal. She had never actually proposed anything to Tate, but she wanted Cade with a vengeance. Now she had to figure out how to have him.

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Dressing that morning, Jenna felt positively sinful. Maybe it was the orgasm she'd had just thinking about the man and touching herself, but she felt ready to play hardball. She slid on a silk thong in black lace, thigh-high stockings, and black silk lace strapless bra. Then, her black linen skirt that stopped above her knee, but was short enough to show the lace top of her stockings when she crossed her legs, and the matching jacket that covered everything unless she bent over- then it gaped and showed her bra. A bra that barely covered her double D's. On her feet were simple black pumps, but the heels were high, not a problem when the man you were going to see was 6'3". She was ready to seduce Cade McCord.

"I met with Legal this morning from seven until right before you got here, and I find a merger might be a little premature. We would have a very long waiting period to join two companies as vast as ours due to the anti-monopoly laws both here in the States and in the European Union."

"I thought of that last night myself. Reagan International is worth \$164 million in real estate alone, not to mention the revenue from the resort facilities. If we were to merge with McCord Brothers, we would be tied up with the monopolies board for ages." She paused to slide a sheaf of papers across the desk.

The small movement caused the seemingly professional jacket to gape open to give him an almost unfettered view of her amazing breasts barely covered by black lace. There was no way she didn't know what she doing. He clenched his jaw and willed himself to act like he was second in command in a multi-national, billion-dollar corporation.

"So, what do you suggest, Jenna?"

She leaned back in her leather chair and crossed her legs, revealing the barest hint of the lacy top of her thigh

high black stockings. She was going to kill him. He swallowed and soldiered on.

“Jenna?” he prompted again.

“I suggest a partnership between McCord and Reagan.”

“I’m listening.” Suffering, but listening. *And, don’t ask me to stand up.*

“Well, our resorts are not in direct competition with each other as we have stayed in different towns or different parts of cities if we could help it. Tate and I have always been friends, and had an unspoken agreement that we wouldn’t directly compete if we could help it, and that has been mutually agreeable.” She broke off when he nodded in agreement, then rushed on. “And you have casinos while we do not. I think we should entertain the idea of a system by which our members can also become members with you as well, trading weeks as necessary to go where they’d like. I’m also thinking of adding a cruise line and those would be included as well.”

“So you’re thinking resorts, casinos, timeshares, cruise lines and something along the line of Wyndam or RCI?”

“Yes, but special. Travel packages. Winery vacations, Spa weeks, something amazing. I think this could work, but we’d need that WOW factor. That amazing marketing, the advertising that makes it pop. I have a graduate degree in hospitality, I can make anything work, but I can’t sell it... You, you can sell anything.”

“That’s what they say.”

“Don’t be sheepish.”

Excited as she was, she stood up and paced the room. Making several laps, she thought out loud, the papers she had slid to Cade forgotten.

“I can see this, although we could still have problems with the monopolies board. I really think this will work. Now, you’re bigger, so you’d be listed first. McCord & Reagan? McCord Brothers & Reagan International. We’d need a splashy campaign showing all the facilities together and we’d have to make sure all the amenities we offer are available across the board. I really am interested in picking up a couple cruise vessels also, maybe only from Florida to the Caribbean to start. Oh, and...” her hand flew to her mouth, “I didn’t even ask what you thought!” She looked at him, still sitting in his chair, his jaw clenched, “You look like you’re in pain.”

“I am.” He answered truthfully. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement, and all he could think about was stripping her down and taking her. He was most definitely in pain.

Her seductive plan of a few hours ago forgotten, Jenna shot him a puzzled look. “Why?”

“You really don’t know? This isn’t how you dress for all your negotiations? You don’t fog your opponent’s brain with so much lust he can’t think straight so you get whatever you ask for without so much as lifting a finger?”

She looked down at herself, a deep blush creeping up her neck and staining her cheeks. Shaking her head, she quietly answered, “No.”

“So, all this,” he gestured toward her and her outfit, “was for me?”

She couldn’t find her voice this time, so she merely nodded. He was out of his chair like a shot.

The kiss was carnal and needy and perfect. His mouth was on hers before she could even draw a breath, her arms wrapped around his neck, her heels high enough he only had to dip his head to claim her mouth. One hand was tangled in the mass of her hair, the other was already beneath her jacket.

“You’re playing with fire, Jenna.”

“I am a bit of a pyro.”

He unbuttoned her jacket, palming one heavy breast, teasing the nipple with his thumb. She let out a sigh and swept her tongue into his mouth with more force. He walked her towards the wide desk, never breaking the feverish kiss except to take a shallow breath. Before she knew it, her jacket and skirt were gone and she stood before him in her bra, panties and thigh high hose. He looked at her and groaned, tucked his hands in his pockets and stepped away from her.

“No, don’t stop!” she protested.

“Jenna. We just agreed to a partnership. I can’t overstep. I can’t.”

“I don’t care about any of it. I came here today for *you*. I would love to partner our companies. But I met you

yesterday and I wanted you. Dammit, I probably committed a felony because of you.”

“What?”

“You. I. Want. You.”

“Baby, you can have me. Now, about this crime?”

“Public masturbation,” she admitted very quietly, “in the parking garage, right after our meeting yesterday.”

“Come again?”

“Just once.” She winked. Then she walked over to him, took his length in her hand through his pants. “Can I have the real thing? Does the door lock in here?”

“No condoms. Haven’t exactly been in need lately. And yes.”

“Go lock the door. I’m covered as long as you’re clean.”

He went to lock the door. “Nothing to catch from me. Can we do this? Have amazing sex and partner the companies and make everything work?”

“Amazing sex? Promise?”

He closed the space between them in seconds, sliding his fingers into her panties to tease her while he took her mouth in another passionate kiss. Switching his position slightly, he slid one finger into her slick heat, causing her to cry out.

“No fair, you still have clothes on!”

“You teased me all morning, Jenna. I didn’t know you were trying to seduce me because you wanted *me*,” he said as he slid another finger into her, then both fingers in and out in a lazy rhythm, “I thought you always used your tantalizing body to get what you wanted.” He continued to pump in and out of her while he released her bra, taking one nipple into his mouth, rolling the nipple between his teeth and tongue, then sucking it in gently. He let it pop out before he said, “Now I’m going to do all the things I wanted to do to you now that I know you

want me to do them.” He felt her get even wetter around his fingers and grinned as she climaxed around him.

“Cade!” She couldn’t believe she’d already climaxed and he’d hadn’t even been touching her for ten minutes!

“I want to touch you. Please let me touch you.”

He let her take off his jacket, dress shirt and dress pants, socks and shoes, leaving him in a thin white undershirt and boxer briefs. “Not nearly as sexy as black lacy things,” he quipped.

“I’d be scared if you were in black lacy things. Lose the shirt, I want you naked.”

He removed his shirt with one hand, revealing the chest and abs of a man who clearly spent time at the gym. She ran her hands up the hard planes of his chest, down the six pack abs, followed the dark trail of hair that led her where she desperately wanted to go, teasing the waistband of his briefs with her fingertips. With quick moves, she grabbed the waistband with both hands and pulled at the same time as she dropped to her knees in front of him. He let loose a very long, very wild groan when she encased his length in her mouth. She took as much of him as she could, letting the tip brush the back of her throat, reveling in the salty taste of him. He didn’t let her stay down there long before pulling her upright again.

“No more teasing. I can’t take anymore right now.”

“Cade. Just take me. I have to have you. Need to have you.” She leaned against the desk and offered herself. He needed no further invitation. With one thrust, he filled her to the hilt and she wrapped her mile long legs around his waist.

Jenna almost came again when he drove into her. She thought having Cade McCord inside her was quite possibly the best feeling on earth. Then he started to move and she amended her thought. She kissed him then, sweeping her tongue into his mouth, fisting her hands into his hair as he rhythmically drove himself into her, matching him as best she could pinned as she was against the desk. He slipped a hand between them to tease her clit and she came again then, milking his cock and causing him to lose control. He came on a near-shout, calling her name.

He had never lost control like that with a woman. Jenna Reagan was one of a kind. He’d just come, and he wanted her again. Pushing wayward thoughts out of his head, he kissed her instead. “Come home with me.” He found himself saying.

The man had just given her the best sex of her life, and was still inside her. Like she could say anything but yes? “Of course I will.” Amazingly, she felt him stiffen inside her, and he began to thrust again. “Oh my God, Cade.” He picked up the pace, claiming her mouth again, palming her ass to angle himself deeper and found that secret spot no one had ever found. She shattered, scraping her nails down his back, kissing him fiercely, her body shuddering and spasming like it never had before. She broke the kiss long enough to actually let loose a scream when one orgasm flowed straight into another one as he filled her again and again.

He covered her mouth with his own to muffle her scream, and incredibly came hard again. Jenna Reagan was magic. This time, he did disengage from her delectable body, otherwise, he didn't know if they would ever leave his office.

She stayed as she was, naked but for thigh high stockings, sprawled over his desk. The remnants of their wild lovemaking were clearly evident, her hair a tangled web, her lips swollen from his kisses. She looked ravished, and sexy as hell. No one would have any trouble knowing exactly what had been going on in here if they saw her. Surprisingly, Cade found he didn't really care, he'd gladly claim her as his.