

# **New Year's Resolutions**

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By the same author:

37 Songs

Parallel Lines

Zodiac

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“He’s such a phoney.” Mia Cavalli took another bite of her tasteless lunch and nodded in the direction of Alex Cranley. “I mean – look at him. He thinks he’s so funny.”

Nell Harding followed the direction of her friend’s gaze to the table in the corner of the staff break room. Alex Cranley – aka ‘the new guy’, even though he’d been with the company for over six months - was holding court and entertaining half a dozen of their colleagues. She smiled at her friend and put her sandwich down. “I think he’s funny.”

Mia looked disgusted for a moment, her nostrils flaring as if she had just caught a whiff of something unpleasant. “Really? No. He’s a phoney. I mean – look at him – all nice hair and perfect teeth.”

“He does have nice hair. And perfect teeth. I like his aftershave too.” She smiled inwardly, knowing how her friend would react to this latest statement. Mia had been antagonistic towards the guy since day one and Nell knew why. But her control-freak friend would never admit the truth.

“Do you fancy him, or something?” Mia’s voice was as cold as ice, and she eyed her friend with suspicion. “He’s not exactly your type, is he?”

Nell smiled and patted Mia on the arm. “No, he isn’t. You know that. I’m blissfully in love with my girlfriend. You, on the other hand? Well, he’s exactly your type.”

Mia pulled an incredulous face. “No, he isn’t.”

“Yes, he is. This is exactly the same as when you fancied Trevor Jenkins in Year Eight. You moaned about him all the time and said you hated him. Everyone knew you were nuts about him – including Trevor, by the way; you’re not exactly subtle.”

“This is nothing like that – how can you even think it? And we were twelve years old. This is hardly the same. He’s just a phoney, that’s all.”

“Hmm – whatever you say. Why are you so bad-moody, anyway?”

“I’m not bad-moody. Well, maybe a little bit.” Mia exhaled heavily and pushed the remains of her lunch away. “This diet sucks.”

Nell smiled and handed over her remaining chicken sandwich wrapped in a paper napkin. “Here – eat some bread – you’ll feel better. I don’t know why you think you need to do all those faddy diets anyway.”

“It’s not faddy. Carbs are evil.” Mia looked longingly at the malted slices.

“Oh – you don’t want this then?” Nell moved to retrieve her offering, knowing full-well what her friend would say next.

“I didn’t say that.” She pulled the napkin towards her and lifted the delicious-smelling offering to her nose. After a quick, appreciative sniff, she took a bite and chewed slowly. She moaned softly, and her eyes rolled back in her head. “Oh god. That is so good. Why do I love bread so much?”

“Because it’s the staff of life. Or something. Nobody should have to live without the pleasure of a good sandwich. So – please – for the love of all that’s holy – give up on these stupid diets. You’re gorgeous – you don’t need to change – and I’m fed up with you being bad-moody.”

“I could make it one of my New Year’s Resolutions. Eat bread every day, get all bloated and what-not. Then I can go another year without getting laid.”

Nell’s eyebrows went skywards. “What? What about that guy from Tinder?”

Mia’s head dropped, and she pulled a face. “Yeah ... I may have exaggerated that slightly. When we got to my place, he tried to kiss me, and he smelled funny.”

Nell leant back in her chair and laughed. “You, my friend, are a work of art. What are you doing for New Year’s, anyway? Do you want to come to ours again? Bee would love to see you.”

“Thanks. But I think I’ll stay in this year. I clearly need to work on my list of resolutions.” She laughed and stood up, tucking her chair under the table. “And now, it’s time to get back to work.” She waved the remainder of her sandwich at her friend and smiled. “Thanks for this. I feel a lot better now we’ve had a chat – and I’ve had some carbs.”

Mia’s assistant leaned through the open door of the office. “Don’t forget the meeting upstairs at four o’clock.”

Mia looked at her watch and jumped up from her seat. “Shit! I’m going to be late. Thanks, Rhona.” She grabbed her briefcase and ran for the door. She looked between the stairwell and the lift; the stairs were always her first choice, but today, she didn’t have time to climb the twelve flights to the conference room. So she pressed the button, and the doors opened almost immediately. Maybe fate was on her side; she could still make it on time.

The doors were closing when a male voice came across the landing. “Hold the lift!”

Mia pressed the button to keep the door open and then groaned as she watched Alex Cranley run through the doors.

“Thanks, Mia.”

“You’re welcome.” She forced herself to smile at her nemesis. “Are you going to Max’s meeting?”

Alex pressed the button for the top floor and turned to face Mia. “Yep. I thought I was going to be late.” He treated her to one of his kilowatt smiles and put his briefcase down so that he could adjust his tie.

Mia felt her tummy turn to water. Partly from the movement of the lift, but the proximity of Alex was having its usual effect on her. There was no point in trying to lie to Nell; this man floated her boat – every, single molecule of it. She inhaled deeply to try to control the feeling, but his glorious scent filled her nose, and she felt her body tense. She was just about to sneak a look at him in the mirrored surface of the door when a sickening sound filled the lift, and it ground to a halt.

Alex groaned and ran his hand through his hair. “Not again.”

“Again? Has this happened before? I usually take the stairs.”

“Me too. But there wasn’t time today. And yes – I got stuck in here for nearly two hours last week.”

Mia’s mouth opened in horror. “Two hours?”

“Yeah. And I was stuck in here with Bill Travers – he’d had garlic sausage for lunch.”

Mia’s nose wrinkled in an involuntary response. Bill was a lovely guy, but he ate a lot of smelly food. And he probably didn’t shower as often as he could. “Eew ...”

Alex laughed at Mia’s reaction. “I have to say that the company is much more pleasant this time.” He went to the control panel and pressed the red emergency button.

A tinny voice came through the speaker on the panel. “This is George – please don’t tell me that thing is stuck again.”

Alex blew out a frustrated breath. “Okay – I won’t tell you it’s stuck again. But can you please get someone to let us out of here?”

There was an audible groan through the speaker. “I’ll call the engineer. Again. Who’s in there?”

Alex looked at the CCTV camera in the corner of the lift. “Can’t you see us? I’m waving.”

“No – the camera’s out. It hasn’t been fixed yet from last week.”

Alex looked at Mia and raised an eyebrow. His mouth turned up into a grin, and he started to sing softly, “I think we’re alone now.” Then he turned back to speak to George again. “It’s just the two of us – and can you please let the boss know that Alex Cranley and Mia Cavalli will be late for the meeting?”

“No problem. Sit tight. We’ll get you out as soon as we can.”

Mia looked at Alex, and her tummy started to turn over. Could this day get any worse? And what the hell was wrong with him? They were stuck in a six-by-four box-of-death, and he looked as cool as a cucumber – not a hair out of place, even though he'd run his fingers through it three times – not that she was counting or anything. She groaned and rolled her eyes.

Alex crossed his arms over his chest and leaned back against the wall, with his legs crossed at the ankle. "Okay. Let's have this out. You can't run away from me in here, and we may as well talk about something. So – please – what is it? Why do you give me the stink-eye every time I see you?"

"I don't give you the stink-eye." Mia knew she sounded defensive. "I just ... I don't know. I think, maybe we got off on the wrong foot."

Alex grinned and uncrossed his arms. "Oh – I see." He looked at Mia's feet and raised an eyebrow. "But you have such pretty feet, Mia. And I wear really great shoes – so how did that happen?"

"Stop making fun of me, Alex!" Mia tried to sound angry, but his subtle, teasing humour was infectious. She giggled softly and looked at her feet. "I suppose you're not so bad."

"Oh, that's good news. Coz I heard on the grapevine that you think I'm a phoney."

Mia started to protest. "I never said ..." When Alex raised his eyebrows at her and grinned, she stopped. "Well ... I might have said ..."

Alex stood up straight and walked towards her. When he was standing close enough that she could smell his glorious cologne, he reached out and laid his hand on her shoulder. "Well, you should probably know from the get-go that I don't have a phoney bone in my body. I'm completely WYSIWYG."

Mia couldn't help but smile at him. "What you see is what you get."

"Exactly." He took his hand off her shoulder and pressed the palm against the metal wall behind her. "So – in the interest of transparency, this is what I think happened on my first day."

"Go on – what do *you* think happened?"

"Well – when Phil introduced me to you, you were completely overcome by –"

"Pah! You have a very high opinion of yourself, Alex!"

"Let me finish. You were completely overcome – as I was – by this crazy, mutual attraction thing that we've got going here."

Mia felt the colour drain from her cheeks. "You – what?"

"You heard me." Alex reached up with his free hand and took a strand of her hair between his fingers. "You have gorgeous hair." He let the hair fall and brushed the back of his fingers on the soft skin of her neck. "And you, beautiful Mia, are a control freak."

Mia looked confused for a moment. "What's that got to do with anything?"

“Ah – you didn’t deny it!”

“No. But that’s pretty common knowledge around here.”

“It is; which is how I came to work out what was going on. We met – sparks flew – you couldn’t control that, so you closed off and tried to convince yourself – and everyone else – that you can’t stand me. When actually, the opposite is true. You can’t stop thinking about me, can you?”

“You don’t think much of yourself, do you?” Mia couldn’t help the smile she gave him. He was inches away from her, looking and smelling divine and giving her the full dose of charm.

“Actually, no I don’t. But I think you do. And I’m full-on, Julie-Andrews-twirling-around-like-a-mental-patient-on-a-mountaintop crazy about you.”

Mia felt her mouth drop open at his confession. “Did you just make a ‘Sixth Sense’ movie reference?”

Alex’s mouth turned up into a teasing smile. “I did, but it’s the truth. I wanted you the first moment I saw you.”

Mia reached for him and pulled his face down to hers. Their eyes met for a moment before she sealed her lips over his in a claiming kiss. She felt him open his mouth in surprise and she smiled against his lips.

Alex groaned as he felt Mia’s sweet little tongue invading his mouth. She tasted as good as she looked. He let her lead for a few moments, then he took over, driving their kiss and pressing her against the wall. This unexpected, yet much longed-for encounter had stripped him of his control. He could feel his cock pressing hard against his suit trousers, and his heart was hammering in his chest. The kiss became deeper; teeth, lips and tongues, wrangling for control. His girl didn’t like to lose the upper hand – he was going to have so much fun teaching her how to let go. He raised his hand and cupped her firm breast. He could feel her nipple hardening through the soft fabric of her blouse and the lacy cup of her bra. His mouth watered as he imagined sucking on her sweet flesh, but that would have to wait for another time. Their little sanctuary could start moving again at any time, so uncovering her completely was not an option.

Mia was rubbing herself against him. His scent had filled her mouth and nose, and she felt like she was drowning in her desire for him. When Alex finally pulled his mouth from hers and started to lick down her neck, she moaned aloud and pressed herself further into him. His hand on her breast was infuriating, but she didn’t want him to stop.

“Steady, my gorgeous girl. I want it too. I’m going to make this good for you. Stay with me.” Alex breathed the words against the hot skin of her neck then he moved his hands down to start easing the fabric of her smart, tight skirt up her thighs.

Mia knew that when he reached his goal, he would find her wet and open for him. Her body, deprived of another's touch for so long, had ignited under his hands and now she was ravenous for him.

Alex pushed the last few inches of fabric up so that Mia's skirt was bunched around her waist. His fingers skirted over the damp fabric that covered her mound, and the scent of her arousal filled his nose. "Can I touch you?" The request was breathy and sounded desperate. "God, Mia – I'm coming apart here."

Mia's breathing was equally ragged. "Yes. Please. Yes!"

Alex raised his head and kissed her mouth briefly, then pulled back so that they were nose-to-nose, eye-to-eye. He held her gaze as he pushed his fingers past the lacy band of her knickers and through the damp curls. When he reached the wet silk of her labia, they both inhaled sharply. "I need to taste you. Please – don't say 'no'."

As Alex dropped to his knees in front of her, Mia's mind was racing. How on earth did this happen? Something in the back of her mind was yelling at her to make it stop, but for once, she was going to let another part of her body make the decisions. She wanted this – wanted him – and she was going to allow herself to enjoy it. "I'm not saying 'no'."

He looked up at her and his mouth curved into a wicked, sexy smile as he pulled her knickers down. At the same time, he used his knees to force her legs apart just enough to give him the access he needed, so her underwear lodged at her knees, making it impossible to move. "Ready?"

Mia nodded, breathing heavily. "Yes. I'm so ready."

Alex moved in and ran his nose through the neat patch of curls at the apex of Mia's thighs. "I love that you've got hair here. I'm so over the whole bald pussy look." Then he opened his mouth and kissed her; a devouring, tonguing kiss that he knew would leave her in no doubt that he wanted this as much as she did.

When Alex's tongue touched her clitoris, Mia's body jumped as though a bolt of electricity has shot through her. "Oh! Yes!" She tried to close her legs a little to dampen the sensation, but Alex was holding her apart. "Oh ... fuck!"

He knew he had her. He could hear her uneven breaths and feel her legs trembling as he circled her clit with his tongue. She tasted incredible. His cock was so hard; it felt like it was about to burst out of his trousers. He'd wanted her for so long, and now, here she was, spread out for him like a banquet, and he was gorging himself on her like a starving man.

Mia felt the first, warning shots of sensation firing through her pussy; she was going to come. Here, in the lift of her office building, with Alex Cranley on his knees, his tongue buried in her hole, she was going to have her first, non-solo orgasm in over a year. If someone had told her that this

was how the day would end, she would have laughed at them. She looked down at the gorgeous man who was working so hard to give her pleasure. He had unzipped his trousers, and he was fisting his cock. She could see the inflamed head of it, weeping with pre-come as he groaned into her. The orgasm tore through her, and she felt her knees go slack. She cried out something unintelligible and reached down to lace her fingers through Alex's hair, pushing him into her desperate flesh as she crested again.

Alex kept his mouth on her until he felt the tremors ease. He was so desperate to come. As soon as he was sure she wasn't going to collapse, he stood up quickly and captured her mouth with his. He knew that his whole face was drenched in her sweet scent and that he was now spreading it over her lips, cheeks and chin. He wanted that. He wanted her to know how good she tasted. He was going to wear her scent like a brand, and he wanted her to know that. He felt the first, tell-tale pleasure/pain sensation travel from the tip of his cock to his balls. He broke their kiss and rested his forehead against hers, his breath coming in short, ragged gasps. "Gonna come. Touch me – please!"

Mia reached down and wrapped her fingers around Alex's straining cock. It was hot and slick, the skin as soft as silk. As soon as she took hold of him, he groaned loudly and thrust himself into her fist. A moment later, he came, shouting out her name, his semen coating the skin of her thigh in a hot stream.

It seemed to go on forever. Alex felt his cock throb with sensation as he painted Mia's thigh with his cum. He heard her name as he shouted it, declaring to the world that this orgasm belonged to her. All of his orgasms had belonged to her since that first day; the difference was that this time she was there with him. When his breathing began to return to normal, he kissed her again. They stayed like that for several moments, savouring each other and basking in the afterglow of what they had just done together. "Are you okay?"

Mia giggled in response. "I don't know. I don't think I know anything at the moment. What the fuck just happened?"

Alex caressed her cheek and smiled at her. "What just happened is that we both stopped being idiots. We should have got together months ago."

Mia giggled again. "Well, it was well worth the wait."

Alex laughed loudly, throwing his head back as relief washed over him. "Yes, it was." Then his face turned serious again as he leant in to kiss her. "And, fair warning, Mia; the next time you come, it will be with my cock buried inside you and I'll be right there with you."

She nodded and let out a breath. "I can get on board with that. We could make it our New Year's Resolution."

“I like the sound of that. But I hope you’re not planning on making we wait two more days till New Year’s Eve. I intend to take you home with me tonight.”

“I can live with that.”

There was a crackling sound from the speaker, and the erotic spell was broken. “Hi, folks – sorry it’s taken so long. The engineer is here now. Should have you out in about ten minutes.”

Mia looked down at her naked thighs, still decorated with Alex’s cooling semen. Her skirt was hitched up around her bare bottom, and her knickers lay in a moist heap on the floor. She couldn’t remember kicking them off. Alex’s suit trousers were around his knees, and his wilting (though still impressive) cock was hanging out through the gap in his boxer briefs. “Ten minutes? Shit!”

They moved quickly. Alex picked up her discarded underwear and used it to clean the evidence of his climax from her skin before tucking them into his jacket pocket with a grin. “I’m keeping these.” He gave her a quick kiss then redressed himself hastily. When they were both dressed, he took a comb from his pocket and used it to tame Mia’s dishevelled curls as much as he could before using it to tidy his own hair.

Mia looked at their reflection in the mirrored door of the lift. “So you think we look respectable?”

Alex pulled her into his arms and looked at their reflection. “No. I think we look like a couple of horny kids who have just indulged in some serious heavy petting. But we’ll have to do.”

The lift juddered and began to move. A moment later, it arrived at the top floor – just as the meeting they had missed was turning out.

As they stepped onto the landing, the head of marketing came out of the conference room. “Hey – you made it! We’re going to have to get that lift replaced – that’s the third time this month. You missed a good meeting – I’ll send you both the minutes and brief overview.”

“Thanks, Max.” Alex nodded in acknowledgement.

“So – what did you two talk about while you were trapped in there?”

Mia looked at Alex who returned her smile. “It was quite a useful time, actually. We managed to iron out a couple of issues.”

“Yeah,” Alex agreed. “It was very *satisfying* to get those little issues resolved.”

Max looked at them, then slapped Alex on the shoulder. “Good. Well – at least it wasn’t time wasted. That’s great. See you two tomorrow.”

Alex and Mia both wished him a good night and headed for the stairwell. “Not taking any more risks with that lift.” Alex took Mia’s hand as they started the descent to their floor. “As much as I enjoyed that, I can think of somewhere a lot more comfortable for us to get stuck.”

“Me too.” Mia’s smile was loaded with innuendo. “Let’s get stuck together as often as possible.”

Happy New Year

I hope 2018 brings you everything you wished for,  
and maybe some nice surprises too.

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