

Special Delivery

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Special Delivery

He came every day at the same time. For once, I wanted to as well.

I'd set my sights on him almost from the first day. He'd taken over when the last guy, Robert, had retired to Florida. Jason, I think his name is. (With pecs like that, it's kind of hard to concentrate on the name tag.) He walked in one day with a twenty pound box from Tokyo, bouncing it around like it weighed nothing. I happened to be standing over my secretary's desk at the time, trying to decide what we should have for lunch. Jason smiled at me, those big blue eyes twinkling, and I forgot all about honey mustard dressing and low-carb croutons.

"Where would you like the package?" he asked.

Buried deep and hard. Repeat.

I smiled and motioned to the far corner of the office where there was enough space for it. He bent over to put it down and I swear I almost ordered him to strip right there. Hard, well-defined calves led up to firm thighs and a butt hard enough to bounce a quarter off of. I watched the muscles shift beneath his shorts and shirt and noticed my very married secretary watching (and drooling) out of the corner of my eye. When he turned around and smiled, I bet Sylvia was wishing that ring would magically disappear. Personally, I was wishing a sudden case of invisibility on that delivery uniform.

"Be right back," he said before dashing out the door.

Sylvia squealed and I wheeled around with my mouth open.

"Oh my god!"

"Deeeeelicious!" She and I spoke at the same time, though unnecessary. The temperature in the office had risen ten degrees since Jason's arrival. Before either of us could say anything else, he was back in our little space, brandishing his computer, waiting for my signature.

"Right here, ma'am."

I refrained from flinching—after all, it causes wrinkles.

After putting electronic pen to screen, I held the computer and looked deep into his eyes as he tried to take it away from me. "Do I really look like a *ma'am*?"

Hell no, I thought. He did a slow perusal of my appearance before shaking his head 'no' slowly, a small grin touching those full lips. *Good boy*, I thought. And thank goodness for Victoria's Secret's Very Sexy pushup.

He smiled one last time, winked at Sylvia and was out of the office before I could drag him back to my desk and display just how un-*ma'am*-like I am.