

UNDER THE ROSE

Extra Deleted Scene

“Some archnemesis you turned out to be,” I said. “Being your partner is a privilege, Sam.”

“How so?” he asked.

“Because you’re the best agent I know. And the man I trust to always protect me.”

Another kiss—firm lips, mouth moving, a sultry heat building between our bodies.

“Falling in love with my rival actually made my life better,” he replied. “I wish I’d known that seven years ago.”

“Another thing we agree on,” I teased. “Now what do you say about finding that soundproof room in the library?”

FREYA

The fifth floor of the library at Quantico was silent - and thankfully empty. Sam and I were on a mission.

I still had twigs in my hair from Sam tackling me to the grass during a race I was certain I *would* have won - if only we’d finished. But the thought of acting out a shared fantasy from our Quantico days was too goddamn compelling. Evidenced by the vice-like grip of Sam’s fingers in mine, the hard set of his jaw. We moved through the still and quiet stacks of books with sex on our minds; the memory of pent-up sexual attraction we’d accumulated right in this building.

How many times had I fantasized about dragging Sam up to this sound-proof room? And how many sexual positions had I pictured us enjoying? It was, honestly, too many to fucking count.

We turned the final corner to the narrow, dark hallway that led to the infamous study room. The sign next to the door read *Not In Use* and my knees weakened in gratitude and anticipation. I got to the door first, ready to turn the doorknob.

Sam’s hand shot out. Closed over mine. Steadied it. He grabbed my other wrist and pinned it to the door. Pinned the rest of me too - my back to his chest; his cock, already hard, pressed to my ass.

“Evandale,” Sam whispered, mouth hot at my ear. “How many times did I ask to borrow your notes from class to study?”

“Hmm, can’t recall,” I said, shivering.

“Really?” Sam’s voice was rough with desire. “Because I think I might even have *begged* to borrow them and yet you denied me.”

“Anything to get ahead, Agent Byrne,” I purred. Sam’s laugh was husky. His teeth grazed the side of my neck. “Besides. I’m pretty sure you stole my notes one night.”

Sam’s hips rocked against me. “Anything to get ahead. And I’m not the one still pissed that I scored higher than you on our last exam.”

Even when role-playing Sam had to win. I’d hate it if I wasn’t the exact same way.

“And I’m not the one *begging*, now am I?” I arched my ass, let Sam know exactly what I wanted from him. Exactly what I needed.

Sam’s nose traveled from the base of my neck to just below my hair line, setting off goosebumps. His fingers wound their way into my messy bun. Gripped. Pulled my head back just an inch.

“You finally tempt me into fucking you in this goddamn room and you think *I’m* going to be begging?” He laughed again - dark. Raspy. “It’s a good thing its soundproof, Evandale. Because you’ll be screaming my name five minutes from now.”

My eyes closed with pleasure, lips curving into a flirtatious grin. God, I loved this; loved that *Sam* loved this.

“Bold claim, Byrne,” I whispered, breath already coming faster. “Five minutes isn’t much time.”

Sam growled against the back of my neck. Opened the door. “Get in the damn room.”

I danced in, wiggled my fingers at Sam as he flicked the light on. Kicked the door closed - locked it. There were no windows; just a long white table and five chairs. A typical study room for stressed out FBI recruits, trying to concentrate.

Or stressed out FBI recruits wanting to fuck each other’s brains out.

Sam’s took a fistful of my sweater and literally yanked me into his body, lips hovering over mine. I could feel my toes curling, heat flooding my core. “You’ve got your nemesis in a locked room where not a single fucking person can hear us. Tell me how you wanted it back then.”

I grazed his mouth. Bit his bottom lip. Wrenched my hands up and broke his grip easily; hooked his ankles and sent Sam Byrne to his knees in front of me. With a rough grunt, his arm latched around my waist - but before he could snatch me to him, I jammed my knee up, foot on his chest - holding him at bay. Our muscles shook, chests heaving. The look in Sam’s eyes was so sinfully seductive I knew I was in for it.

“Are we sparring, Evandale?” His fingers slid between my legs, palm cupping my pussy through the material of my yoga pants.

“Of course,” I teased, rolling my hips a little. “You tell me first, though.”

Push for push.

“Such a little fucking *flirt*.” Sam tried to kiss me but I dodged it, which only made him growl louder. His index finger slid back and forth across my clit in a maddening rhythm. “This was why every night after we studied in this library, I’d barely make it back to my dorm before I had my cock in my fist.”

Yes. That’s what I wanted.

“I’m guessing it didn’t take long?” I pouted. *Poke poke poke.* I was begging for it now. He knew it. I knew it. His mouth curved up. I made the mistake of softening - the smallest amount - and Sam had my wrists trapped. Then I was spinning through the air, my back, hitting the locked door. My arms, yanked overhead; hips held in place by his. I wiggled, not really trying to get out, but *really* enjoying his heavy, strong body holding mine in place.

Then his hand slipped inside my yoga pants. Slipped inside my underwear. Fingers, two of them, working inside my sex. The sounds that tumbled from my lips were incoherent and barely human. And the smug look on Sam’s face only turned me on more.

“I’m guessing this isn’t going to take long?” he whispered, watching me. Watching sensation build throughout my body.

“Jerk,” I panted, laughing, out of breath. Sam broke and kissed me. Kissed me and kissed me as I rode his fingers. “Tell me. Tell me while I come...tell me...*tell me...*”

Sam picked up the pace, grazing my g-spot over and over. My head was starting to tilt back, limbs trembling. “I used to get back to my dorm room and toss my books on the ground. Slam the door shut and have my cock out in the next second. I wanted to fuck you so badly I couldn’t see straight, Freya. Couldn’t think, couldn’t do anything other than give into my goddamn fantasies. Sometimes I’d stand right at the door and jerk off, listening to the sound of you walking into your room. Picturing all the ways you’d take off those clothes and bare this pretty body to me. It’d be slow, and beautiful, and emotional...”

“Yes...” I panted, “yes, yes I like that...”

Sam dipped his mouth to mine. Twisted his fingers and hit some spot that made me cry out. “And then I’d shove you back onto that bed and fuck you for *hours*. In every position I could think of. And believe me, gorgeous, I’ve had you in some filthy fucking positions.”

“*Oh god yes,*” I cried - so close, so close, so close.

“Come for me, Freya,” Sam demanded - eyes locked on mine, mouth close. “Make my dirty fantasies come true.”

The pleasure was untethered and wild, storming through my body and electrifying every nerve ending. Sam watched my response with starved eyes and flared nostrils, working me skillfully through the aftershocks. Catching me when my knees collapsed. But where sweet Sam had filled these moments with tender care the past few days, I was still frenzied with the raw sexuality of this shared fantasy.

I wasn’t ready for tender. Yet.

“Use me,” I gasped, climbing Sam and hooking my legs over his waist. He held me with one arm - easily - biceps bulging.

Sam’s eyes narrowed at my admission.

“My fantasy,” I said. “My fantasy, when we used to study...” My chest was heaving, body still buzzing with pleasure. “We were so stressed out and I used to think about just telling you to...”

Sam’s hand gripped the back of my neck in a show of total possession. “What?”

“Get your stress out. On me. Fuck me, use me, take me however you’d—”

My rival didn’t need convincing. I was thrown back onto the long table. Had my pants and underwear torn off, without finesse, and tossed to the side. Sam didn’t even undress - just reached into his sweatpants and freed his cock, so hard, so thick, so wet with pre-cum. I was starved for it - scrambled across the table on hands and knees to take the length of him into my mouth. His groan of total satisfaction was the most magnificent thing I’d ever heard. So was the possessive pull of his fingers in my hair, the out-of-control sound to his voice.

“Funny that we both wanted the same thing,” he grunted, sliding his flesh between my lips. Slick, smooth. So *good*. “Every night before we left, I was fully ready to fight with you until we ended up fucking on this table.”

I sighed, moaned, ran my tongue down the length of Sam’s cock. With a growl of frustration, Sam stepped back, fingers wrapped around the base. He spun his finger in the air with a cocky look.

I happily complied.

On my hands and knees. On the table in the sound-proof study room.

With my nemesis.

Sam was behind me in an instant - fucking me in an instant. And it was rough, and fast, and dirty and perfect. He slammed into me over and over again as I gave myself up to the life-changing pleasure. Sam's hand was in my hair, tugging my ponytail. The other hand gripped my hip as he thrust hard and *so fucking deep*.

"Every night I was ready for this, Evandale," Sam groaned. "Every night I thought about dragging you onto this table and taking you like this. I wanted it so badly I thought something was wrong with me."

"Nothing wrong," I panted. "Nothing at all."

Sam wrapped an arm around my stomach, tugging the upper half of my body up. Making it easier to turn my head and kiss him. "We just loved each other is all."

"Yes," he bit out. "So much. I loved you so much then. I love you even more now."

His cock demanded every bit of my attention - it filled me so blissfully. So skillfully. We were made for each other. But as another orgasm gathered between my legs, I was still able to say: "I love you Sam. I love you, I love you —"

Sam bit my neck, fucked me fast. Shoved my head down onto the table and unleashed it all on me.

"Love you love you love you," I wailed, body clenching, everything bright and dazzling. Nearing a gorgeous precipice.

"Oh god, Freya," Sam groaned. "Oh god, I need you to come now." Two fingers rubbed my clit in rough circles, setting off an array of ecstasy. I screamed through an orgasm that shattered me from head to toe. Sam chanted my name, voice hoarse, as he followed with his own orgasm, strokes slowing. Slowing. Stopping, finally, as sensation abated.

"What the fuck," I panted. Laughed. "Literally what the fuck was that?" My skin was slick with sweat, knees bruised, throat sore. Body alive and humming with the sweetest release I'd ever known. I rolled over onto my back, still laughing.

Sam ran a hand down his face, blew out a breath. "I think that might have actually killed me."

"Same, dude," I said. He collapsed next to me, cuddled me close.

"I guess we answered that question," he murmured, kissing my temple. "If we'd actually let ourselves fuck in this room, we would never have fucking graduated."

"Nope," I said. "Actually, we'd probably just have moved into this room and lived here. You could probably set up a hotplate in that corner. Maybe a little couch when we needed a softer surface to have sex on."

Sam bent down, kissed each knee. "*Use me.*" He chuckled, ran his tongue along my inner thigh as I shivered. "What did I do to deserve a woman like you, Freya Evandale?"

I hummed a little. Stroked his hair. "I don't know, but I'm not going anywhere, Byrne. You're stuck with me now."

"Good."

The smile he gave me was one for the record-books.

"Think we can rent this space once a month?" I asked.

"Maybe we could use our connections," Sam said. "Have a date night down at the Quantico campus. Do some drills. Run some timed sprints. See who wins..."

"Me," I said.

“*Me*,” he said.

I rolled on top of Sam and pinned his hands to the table. Kissed him thoroughly. “You think there’s still time for us to race on the track again?”

“Of course,” Sam said, capturing my mouth. Kissing me until I saw actual stars. I dropped his wrists so he could sit up, wrapping his strong arms around my body.

Then palming my bare ass and squeezing. I squealed. Sam scraped his teeth along my ear.

“But first, I’ve got a few more fantasies that involve this room, Evandale.” Before I knew it, I was sprawled across the table, legs spread, with Sam’s head settling between them. He looked up at me, grin cheeky. “Want to make sure I’ve taken care of *all* that study stress.”

And he did. Three more times.

THE END

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