

WHAT THE HELL ? ! ! !
MY WIFE GETS

HER OWN BOOK ? !

Chapter One

I stared at the crisp white pages in front of me with a slight frown, eyeing the list of names my father had picked out for the new children. *Aaron. Naomi. Peter. Lucas.* I groaned. *How boring, I thought. At least Mari sounds pretty.*

OH HEY!
I KNOW
THEM!

Sliding the sheet away, I grabbed a folder from the desk's drawer and flipped it open to Subject One's statistics. A glance at my thin gold watch told me I'd already been at the lab for nearly thirteen hours, which explained the heaviness in my eyes. Bruce had already called, for once sounding legitimately angry instead of just let down that I'd be home late yet again. Our marriage was beginning to feel strained, but my work was too important to ignore. With a sigh, I flipped to the back of Subject One's file, leaned forward, and began to write. An odd sensation, almost a tickle, flashed between my eyes, and I rubbed at it with my other hand.

My office door opened, and Frank, Lab 14's best geneticist, poked his head in. "Well hey." He grinned. "Didn't think you'd still be here."

Capping my pen, I sat back from the desk. "I'm always here, Frank."

NO SHIT

"Doesn't your husband get worried about you, always away from home?"

"Of course he does, but there's always something to be done around here."

"I'll say." He smirked and walked up to me.

I stayed seated, irritation blossoming in my chest. *I need to get these notes done.*

"So how about you stop what you're doing and let me take you out, hmm?" Frank sat on the edge of my desk, next to the children's files.

Despite my frustration, I smiled. "Out? Out where?"

"I'd take you anywhere."

I giggled behind a hand. "Oh?"

Nodding, he said, "I'd take you to get some food, or to see a movie, or for a walk in the park."

A blush warmed my cheeks.

"Or even just right here, on this desk of yours." He winked.

Oh, my. "Frank, you're too much." I leaned forward and brushed his knee with my fingertips.

"Is that a yes?" His voice lowered and lust filled his gaze. He stood and pulled me up with him, his dark skin a lovely contrast against my pale white hands.

"But...I have to finish this work. It's so late."

"Work can wait. It can always wait." He slid his right hand down the curve of my waist and excitement for a new fling surged forth. Adrenaline spiked as his fingers slipped underneath my skirt, and my heart stuttered when he stroked the inside of my thigh. "Frank..." My breathing had become heavier. "What if someone comes in?"

KNEW IT!

"I'll be quick, gorgeous."

HAI!

WOWWW

JUNE!
(OBSOLETE)

BEA ZEAALIN
AN LES

His lips grazed my neck and I let my head fall back. Frank slipped a hand in my long dark hair and pulled. Gasping, I allowed him to lower me back onto the desk. His mouth found its way down my chest, and I quickly unbuttoned my blouse, exposing more for him to kiss and lick.

I KINDA DON'T WANNA READ THIS.

Frank was fumbling with a condom wrapper when the knock sounded at my door. He backed away from me, muttering a curse. I shot off the desk, nearly twisting an ankle. "Just a moment," I shouted. Turning to Frank, I whispered, "Thank God you shut that."

"Get 'em to go away, June. I don't want to take care of this thing all by myself."

Winking, he gestured to his erection. OH C'MON!!

Securing the last buttons on my blouse and straightening my skirt, I walked to the door and cracked it open.

"Hey, hon." My father smiled at me from the hallway, hands in his pockets.

"Dad! Oh, hi. I'm just finishing up notes on Subject One."

ME HAS A NAME YA KNOW!

"No worries. Just checking to see if you wanted a late dinner. Saffron's is still open, and they have that crazy delicious pie. You in?"

"Sure. Just, uh, give me a few minutes so I can finish this. I'll bring the files to you and we'll finish up together."

"Okay. You know where to find me." He gave me a mock salute and wandered back down the hallway.

Shutting the door again, I turned to find Frank right behind me. "Jesus, Frank!" I lifted a hand to my chest. "Don't do that."

He pulled me against him. "Sorry, babe." He leaned in for a kiss, but I pushed him away.

"Stop. I have to go."

"Aw, come on. Just real quick."

Shoving him harder, I scowled. "Not now. My dad almost caught us. Back off, Frank."

Sighing, he let me go. "You have got to be kidding."

Ignoring him, I walked back to my desk, where my files were scattered. Picking up the one labeled Subject One: Shawn, I turned. Frank was still pouting by the door. "Oh, settle down. There's always next time." I winked and left my office before he could reply.

My flats made loud clacks as I hurried down the hall and through the large empty common area where employees often gathered for lunches or meetings. The door to the laboratory itself had just come into view when my pager beeped three times in quick succession. Great. Now Tony needs something. I strode over to a phone and called the guard.

"Your hubby's here. Do I have permission to let him in?"

My steps faltered. "What? Bruce is here?"

"Yeah. Lookin' right at him through the window."

"Did he say what he wanted?"

FOR YOU TO STOP FUCKING OTHER DUDES.

"No. I can ask him, though."

I cursed. "No. It's fine. Let him in."

YEAH JUNE.
TELL HIM TO GO
AWAY JUNE.

YAY! ☺

BIIIITCH

OH HEY...
IT'S ME!

WONDER WHAT THIS GUY IS UP TO NOWADAYS?

"Will do." Tony hung up.

I stood in the middle of the room, blinking. *What the hell has gotten into Bruce? He's never been so mad that he comes here looking for me. Maybe something's wrong.* I dropped the files onto a nearby table and made my way toward Lab 14's entrance.

After a short elevator ride, I stepped through the front door in time to see my husband, anger alight in his pale blue eyes. *Oh, great. Here we go.* "Bruce, what the hell?"

"What the hell do you mean, 'what the hell'?"

"What's the matter? Why are you here?"

He glanced behind me, then turned and stalked away, fists clenched at his side.

Why is he this mad? I've been late before. Stepping up behind him, I slipped my arm around his waist. "Bruce?"

He pulled free. "Tell me. How's Frank?"

My heart skipped a beat. "What are you talking about?"

Bruce spun around and faced me. "You know damn well. Is he going to take you out, hmm? Or just take you on the desk?"

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HER FACE! HAHA!

My jaw dropped open. "What the fuck?" I whispered. "Are you spying on me?"

"Are you *cheating* on me?"

I ignored the question. "Bruce, how did you overhear my conversation?"

"It doesn't matter, what matters is that you—"

Anger flared in my stomach. "Yes, it, *does* matter, damn it. You can't spy on your fucking wife!"

"You're just pissed I almost caught you in the act! Or *did* I? Huh? Tell me, did he get a quick fuck in before I got here?" He took menacing steps forward until he was inches from my face.

OH SURE, MAKE ME SOUND LIKE THE BAD GUY!

Heart racing, I glared at him. "Back off!" My hands began to tremble, but not from fear. I was furious. "There is *no* way you could have infiltrated the building here, so unless there's a huge camera in my purse I have somehow failed to notice, tell me how you fucking heard my conversation."

Bruce just stared at me.

LIES, LIES, LIES
SOOO MANY LIES!

"I didn't *do* anything," I yelled.

"Because I can. that's how." He turned and walked back to his car.

I froze. *Wait...could he be...?* "Stop." Bruce turned and faced me, jaw clenched. "What do you mean?" I demanded.

I PREFER ICEY

X X
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UGH. THIS STORY IS SO BORING.
MINE IS SO MUCH BETTER.
PICK UP A COPY OF GYM JUDGEMENT
@ ITS RELEASE PARTY ON
7-28-17!

♡ BRUCE