

# THE FIRST SIN by Lisa Beth Darling

## EXCERPT

"It looks like everything is on schedule. Come tomorrow, just after eleven in the morning, you will be the largest owner of imaging and communications satellites orbiting the planet. The stock is going to shoot through the roof at opening bell."

"Good work," he said as he tossed the folder onto his desk without looking at it, "Go home, get some rest. We're going to party hearty tomorrow but before that I need you at your best to deal with the press. You know how I hate that."

"Yes, I know." She smiled for him. "Congratulations, you did it."

"We did it," he corrected, "now go on, scoot, get out of here." He said with a smile and wave of his hand toward the heavy mahogany door to his office. "Don't think I've forgotten about that bonus I promised you. It'll be in your next check. Take a vacation, Jessie. You work too much."

"Pot. Kettle. Black," she snickered as she walked through the door for the night.

Watching her leave was something he always enjoyed. The way the soft black cotton of her skirt clung to her firm ass was nothing short of divine. Once she was gone he opened his desk drawer to pull out a bottle of Johnny Walker Blue and pour himself a good long drink.

Jessie had no idea how long of a road it had been getting to tomorrow. It was thousands of years in the making but here it was dancing in the palm of his hand...finally. Drinking down the last of the two fingers in the glass and pouring himself another, Cain Enoch—owner, operator, and CEO of Enoch Industries—got up from his fancy desk in his fancy high-powered office with its breathtaking view of the Manhattan skyline, and went the Monet hanging on his wall. Looking back to the door, he used his mind to lock it before pushing the hidden button behind the lamp that sprung the painting loose on its hidden hinges. Behind it was his office safe which he now opened and took from it the only object hiding there. Taking another swallow of the warm liquid he smiled at the gleaming short sword in his hand and whispered, "Soon, not long now. Soon we'll know." Satisfied that his most prized possession was still secure he put it back in the safe and locked it tight. Turning back around he gingerly picked up the handset o

f his desk phone, punched #2, and when Jason, his driver answered, informed him, "I'm ready. I'll be there in five." Then he hung up.

On his way to his private elevator, he buttoned the Armani jacket clinging to his athletic frame like white on rice and straightened his silk tie. Walking the short distance from the elevator to where his town car was parked and Jason waiting by the open door, the footfalls from the soles of his shinning leather shoes echoed loudly, almost booming as though they foretold of his deeds on the horizon, throughout the nearly empty parking garage.

"Good evening, Mr. Enoch," Jason greeted him with a warm smile as he held the door and his boss slid onto the buttery soft backseat.

"Jason," Cain replied without looking at the man who'd been driving him to and from his home in the Hamptons, around Manhattan, and wherever else he wanted to go for the last six years. "The scenic route tonight, if you please."

"Yes, sir," the chauffer replied never losing his smile. The scenic route meant that Mr. Enoch had a lot on his mind, he wanted to drink his Johnny Walker Blue in the backseat and let his brain decompress, let it meander around with the car taking the long slow route to its destination. It also meant he wouldn't talk much, if at all, he wouldn't demand anything, no he would just sit back there silent as a lamb drinking and thinking watching the night go by with absent eyes.

Tonight, Jason could find no fault in that, after all tomorrow was a very big day for his boss and the whole world knew it. No pressure there.

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