

**TAKE**

**BY**

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TEASER

## PROLOGUE

When Logan woke in a bedroom other than his own, it was usually for one of two reasons. He'd either had too much to drink and gone home with someone he shouldn't have *or* he'd purposely gone home with someone, fucked their brains out, and been too tired to creep out at dawn. But neither of those two reasons applied this morning as he sat in the small one-seater by the window.

No. The reason he was still there was simple—or perhaps not that simple at all. Tate Morrison.

The sun was just beginning to rise and slip through the curtains, streaming over the honey-toned skin of Tate's back. Logan had the intense urge to climb into the bed, kiss his way up Tate's spine, and then nuzzle in under those brown curls he loved.

*Wait...love?*

But he didn't move. Instead, dressed in only his work pants, he stayed where he was, paralyzed by his own thoughts, and watched the man between the white sheets sleep peacefully.

Last night had changed whatever was building between the two of them, and Logan knew there were decisions—big decisions—that needed to be made.

Rubbing his fingers along his jaw, he found himself smiling. *Tate Morrison, where the hell did you come from?*

As the thought entered his mind, Tate's legs shifted under the sheet, and his head turned on the pillow so that his face was now angled toward Logan. His eyes were still closed, but Logan knew it wouldn't be long before he woke, so he took a moment to

really look at the man who'd somehow managed to change the way he thought about relationships. It was time to push aside insecurities, time to move forward if he really wanted to make this man his.

As Tate's warm brown eyes opened and locked with his own, Logan found himself standing and smoothing his palms down his legs. He moved toward the side of the bed and crouched down so he could get a closer look at the sleepy man staring up at him. Reaching out, he brushed aside an errant curl and leaned down, touching his mouth to the spot by Tate's ear.

"Call your mother. Tell her there'll be an extra person on Sunday."

Tate rolled to his back and stretched his arms up over his head before he sat up so they were face to face with only inches separating them. "Are you sure?"

Logan shook his head and placed his hands on the bed. He pressed his lips to Tate's and then laughed. "Fuck no. But I'll be there...for you."

"Don't be alarmed," Tate started, fingering the unfastened button of Logan's pants, "but you almost sound like a real boyfriend."

Logan could feel Tate's mouth curve under his as he pushed forward and Tate lowered back to the mattress. "Imagine that."

Tate's hand smoothed around to his ass as he nodded. "Yeah. Except the Logan I know sure as hell wouldn't be in my bed with his pants on."

*He's right. They need to go.*

Moving back until he was kneeling, Logan slowly unzipped his pants as he held Tate's avid stare, and when he backed up off the bed to drop them to the floor, Tate kicked the sheet off his naked body, making every thought Logan had about talking

vanish.

He moved back down until he was between Tate's thighs and knew right then that, with *this* man, he wanted it all. All he'd ever dreamed of was right there within reach. All he had to do was reach out and take it.

TEASER

## CHAPTER ONE

Later that morning, Logan stepped off of the elevator and made his way across the marble-floored lobby of Mitchell & Madison.

“Good morning, Mr. Mitchell,” their perky receptionist greeted him.

“Good morning, Tiffany.”

With a briefcase in one hand, he found himself whistling as he pushed through the large glass double doors. He was in a fantastic mood.

“Oh good. There you are.”

*Cole.*

Not even a foot in the door and already his brother and business partner had a look on his face that did not bode well for him.

“Good morning to you too, Cole,” Logan replied as he walked between several desks and stopped in front of his personal assistant.

“Good morning, Mr. Mitchell.”

“It *is* a good morning, isn’t it, Sherry? Could you possibly give him the memo?” He pointed to his brother. “I think he missed it.” He grinned at his middle-aged PA as he took the envelopes she was holding and tapped them on the table.

Without bothering to ask Cole what he wanted, Logan turned away and pushed open his office door. After putting his briefcase on his desk, he unbuttoned his grey suit jacket, shrugged out of it, and hung it on his coat rack.

“We need to talk,” Cole finally spoke, stating the obvious.

“Well, yes, I gathered that since you’re hovering.”

Logan stepped around the formidable man and made his way over to his desk. Once there, he turned back to see Cole walking slowly to the center of the office, crossing his arms over his chest.

“Oh for God’s sake, Cole. Spit it out.”

“I got a call this morning.”

Barely resisting the urge to roll his eyes, Logan got out the papers he needed and then placed the case down on the floor before sitting. With his arms on the desk, he

clasped his hands and not-so-patiently waited.

“*And?*”

“It was from Ms. Cline.”

Logan glared at Cole, seemingly unmoved by the announcement. Letting out a deep breath, Cole sat in the chair opposite him and propped his ankle up on his knee.

“Tate’s ex-wife.”

“I *know* who she is.”

At the mention of Tate, Logan’s heartbeat sped up. *God*, just remembering the look on his face this morning when he’d told him he’d meet his family—

“Hello.” Cole waved his hand around. “Earth to Logan. Are you listening to me at all?”

“Not really,” Logan admitted, busy thinking about this coming Sunday. “Would you say that I’m a people person?”

“Excuse me? I just told you that Diana Cline, your boyfriend’s ex, called to pull her case from us, and *that’s* what you ask me?”

Logan contemplated Cole with tight lips and a serious expression.

“As if we didn’t know that was coming. Let her pull the case. Good fucking riddance, I say. And he’s not my—”

“Boyfriend?”

“Yes. We aren’t using labels, they make everything so…”

“Real?” Cole hazarded a guess as he tapped his knee.

“Complicated,” Logan was quick to correct him.

“Whatever. Look, Tate will have to go through all this shit again if she leaves, and this time she will definitely bring up the fact that you two are together.”

“So fucking what? We were together after the fact, not before. Although, let’s face it, she never would have stood a chance against me. I give really good head.”

Cole frowned at him but said nothing. Logan thought about the stuck-up woman from the day before. That, of course, made him think of Tate’s sister, and he felt a shiver race up his spine. “So…would you say that I’m a people person?”

Bringing a hand up, Cole scratched the side of his head and finally smiled.

“This is about meeting Tate’s family, isn’t it?”

Rocking back in his chair, Logan tapped his fingers on the arm.

“Just answer the question.”

“You answer mine,” was Cole’s retort.

“I asked first, and mine is more important.”

Cole studied him for a moment. “Are you a people person? Sometimes.”

Coming forward on his chair, Logan questioned, “What the fuck does that mean?”

“It means that *sometimes* you can be charming.”

Logan felt his phone buzz in his pocket. Shoving his hand inside, he pulled it out to see Tate’s name on the screen.

“You can leave now,” he told Cole, who was already standing. As he answered the phone and brought it to his ear, he added, “You were absolutely no help at all. Thank you for that!”

Cole opened the door and gave a blasé wave of his hand. “As were you with my problem. Have a good day, brother.”

“Yeah, yeah. Whatever, asshole.”

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Two hours. It’d been two hours since Logan had left his bed, and Tate was already missing the guy. *How is that even possible?*

That arrogant, smart-mouthed lawyer had pushed his way into Tate’s life and managed to take a tight hold of his heart—which was currently jackhammering at the thought of talking to him.

*Why am I so fucking nervous?*

It wasn’t like this was the first time he’d spoken to Logan. It wasn’t even the first time they’d woken up in the same bed together. It *was*, however, the first time he was acknowledging that things were dramatically changing—especially since Logan had agreed to meet his family.

Last night had been...incredible. *Logan* had been incredible. He’d been so controlled and gentle, but then fierce and passionate when he’d said he was ready for more. He’d taken everything Tate feared and made it acceptable. In fact, he’d made it desirable.

Tate couldn’t put into words how he was feeling, so he’d been lying there

remembering the way they'd rolled around in the same bed only a couple of hours ago. Now he was left between empty sheets that smelt of Logan and had a raging hard-on that was a throbbing reminder of how much the guy had gotten to him.

Reaching across to the side table, he lifted his cell phone and dialed Logan's number, suddenly needing to hear his voice. After several rings, the phone connected and he heard, *You were absolutely no help at all. Thank you for that*, and found himself smiling.

"And what exactly do you need help with this morning, Mr. Mitchell?"

Tate could imagine the humorous look on Logan's face as his deep voice filtered through the phone.

"Well, well. Look who finally woke up...again."

Leaning back against his headboard, Tate rubbed a hand through his hair.

"I was awake when you crept out this morning."

"Oh, I wasn't creeping out. I thought you might need a little extra sleep to recuperate."

Tate's lips twitched as he tried to hold back a laugh. "Are you trying to say that I can't keep up with you?"

"Are you trying to say that you can? Because if so, we should definitely test that statement tonight."

Logan's voice was smooth. So smooth, that as it settled over him, Tate slid back down under the sheet.

"You do know that you're older than me, right?" he joked, feeling more at ease now that they were back to their usual sparring.

"Am I? And how would you know that?"

"I saw your driver's license on the counter the other day, old man."

Logan chuckled, and Tate gave up and laughed along with him.

"So how old are *you*, since you know that I'm practically ancient."

"Thirty-two is hardly old. Except to someone in their...twenties," he pointed out.

The line went silent and then, "Please say you're older than twenty-five."

"Why? What would you do if I wasn't?"

"I'd be fucking shocked for starters," Logan informed him, sounding shocked

already.

It was funny how something like age had never come up between the two of them before, and he was having too much fun with the fact that it never even occurred to Logan to ask.

“*Tate*,” Logan warned, his voice dropping down an octave or three.

Tate couldn’t help himself from continuing the tease...plus it was distracting him from more serious matters, like the two voicemails already on his phone.

“I mean, I’m obviously over twenty-one since I can serve you alcohol. And what we did last night would still be legal even if I *was* twenty-one. So, why does it matter?”

“Tate.”

“Yes, Logan?”

“How *old* are you?” he practically growled.

“Twenty-nine. I’ll be thirty next month.”

He heard a relieved sigh through the phone. “You fucker.”

Tate busted out laughing. “What would you have done if I said twenty-one?”

“I want to say that I’d have walked away—”

“Bullshit,” Tate cut in, and just like that, things turned serious. “You can’t walk away from me, any more than I can from you.”

As Tate realized what he’d just admitted, he shut his mouth. Then Logan’s voice surrounded him in his room that now felt empty.

“Tate?”

Tate swallowed and placed his palm on his chest, trying to calm the nervous thumping. “Yes?”

“I didn’t even stop to think how old you were, I just had to have you. That should tell you everything.”

And really, it did.

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*Jesus, talk about a wake-up call.* It was clear to Logan that it was time the two of them started getting to know one another. He hadn’t even known how old Tate was. That was pretty fucking bad, even for him.

There was more going on here right now, and Logan wasn’t anyone’s fool. He

could tell by Tate's tone that something else was on his mind, and if he were a betting man he'd guess it was—

“Look, about Sunday...”

*Yep*, he'd guessed right.

“I don't want you going because you feel obligated.”

As Tate fell silent, Logan turned his chair so he was staring out the huge floor-to-ceiling window. He wasn't sure how he felt about that last statement. *Am I only going because I think I have to?*

“I mean, this thing between us is really new, and I was pissed off after everything that Jill—”

“Tate?” Logan interrupted.

“Yeah?”

Logan pictured the serious look Tate was probably sporting and felt the side of his mouth turn up. “Do you want me to go with you on Sunday night, yes or no?”

He knew if he was direct about it, the man at the other end of the phone would always be brutally honest, and Tate didn't let him down.

“Yes. I want you there.”

The smile that stretched across Logan's mouth at that admission surprised him.

“Then that's where I'll be.”

As the silence stretched between them, Logan noted the shift in the mood.

He was busy thinking. Thinking about their future and about Sunday fucking dinner. He wondered if Tate was thinking the same thing.

He could hear Tate breathing and wanted to ask if there was anything else on his mind, but like always, Logan fell back to the usual when he was uncomfortable—sarcasm.

“That doesn't mean I have to go to church, right?”

Tate's chuckle echoed through the phone, and the sound eased his mind somewhat.

“Heaven forbid. Logan Mitchell in a church? You may get struck by lightning. I wouldn't want that.”

Logan nodded, agreeing with the sentiment. “Well, I never claimed to be an

angel.”

Tate’s rumbled laughter continued. “No. You most certainly did not.” He paused and then asked, “Are you religious at all?”

The fact of the matter was, Logan wasn’t in any way, shape, or form religious, but he wondered how Tate, a good catholic boy, would feel about that.

“*Ahhh*, here come the big questions. You do realize that until only minutes ago, I didn’t even know how old you were.”

Logan heard a knock on his office door as Tate stated, “And you still don’t know my real name.”

Sherry stuck her head around the door, and Logan felt his mouth fall open as Tate’s words penetrated his brain.

“What do you mean I don’t know your real fucking name?”

“Just what I said,” Tate stated matter-of-factly, and Logan could tell he was enjoying himself at his expense. “Well, would you look at the time, I’ve gotta go.”

“Where do you have to go? Don’t you dare hang up on—”

It was too late, Tate—*or whoever the hell was on the other end of the phone*—hung up on him, leaving him curious and really fucking confused.

It was *definitely* time that they started talking to one another.