

# *Euphoria*



*A Tantalizing Dream*

*Akyra Chiffon*

# Euphoria: A Tantalizing Dream

By: Akyra Chiffon

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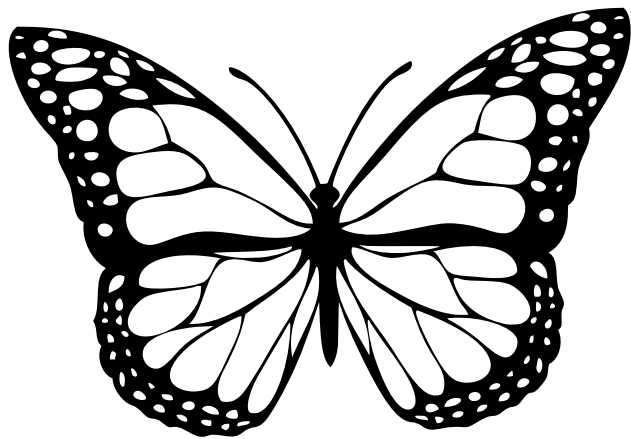
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## PROLOGUE

Her hips gave off luscious sways with a grace that no other woman could master. She stalked down the desolate, red carpeted hallway towards a mahogany door at the end of the corridor. Her hair was freshly washed, and her wet curls clung to the frame of her face. Aaliyah carried herself with an aura around her that captured the attention of most. She had this sense of unattainability about her that had men desperate to claim her as theirs. But what Aaliyah enjoyed most was a particular man that could tame her need for control.

Aaliyah yearned to take the leading role in his life, but she knew such a request was foolish. She reached the door and gave three quick knocks consecutively. After a few seconds, the sound of footsteps on the other side grew louder as they drew near. The lock sounded and the door opened to reveal those enchanting eyes she loved to indulge in. His infamous smirk decorated his smooth chocolate face as he stepped aside to grant her access to his domain. Although, this wasn't why Damien came into her life, such euphoria only came once in a lifetime.

However, the unfortunate reality was...

...he's off limits.



## CHAPTER ONE

Aaliyah jolted from her sleep drenched in a cold sweat. The darkness surrounded her in her empty bedroom as she gasped for air. Her eyes darted back and forth for any sense of familiarity before her breathing slowed to an even tempo. When the atmosphere grew still, Aaliyah slipped out of bed and entered the main corridor of her apartment. As she ventured further down the hall toward her living room, her carpet slipped between her toes. The soft furs of carpet cradled her feet and comforted her amidst the darkness.

Normally her living room window was shut to keep unwanted guests from crawling inside. However, tonight the window was slightly ajar and the crisp Movian District air seeped into her apartment. Aaliyah shuttered at the cold, before she slammed and locked the window shut. With a sigh, Aaliyah trudged down the hallway back to her bedroom. However, she froze in the darkness at the sound of her phone's ringtone bouncing off the walls. The eerie sound guided her back to her safe haven; where she noticed Tara's face plastered on the home screen.

"Um, hello?" Aaliyah answered.

“Sahara, you awake?” Came that silky baritone voice that had plagued Aaliyah's mind for the past week. Just hearing him speak ignited a flame in the pit of her belly, which sprouted goosebumps on the back of her neck. *What was he doing calling her at three o'clock in the morning!?*

“Yeah. Yeah, I’m awake. Everything okay?” Aaliyah asked as she slid back in bed and pulled the cold comforter over her face. Her words were coated with false concern, something she'd been trained to do at the Academy. Albeit she couldn't deny her growing feelings for Damien, Aaliyah understood that certain lines couldn't be crossed. Just talking with him while she worked this case threatened the integrity of her job. Thoughts of Damien were purposely shoved into the dark abyss in the depths of her mind. Simply in hopes of forgetting of their existence while she moved on with her life.

“Yeah, I came over to Tara’s to talk with Malik. Then Tara said she hadn’t heard from you today, so I figured I’d call.”

“At three in the morning?” Aaliyah incredulously rebutted. She flopped backwards onto her bed with an exasperated sigh. “You don’t have to lie, Damien. Wassup?” Aaliyah added with a chuckle, making Damien suck his teeth.

“I...I uh, you know what, I didn’t mean to call.” He mumbled.

“Why is that?” Aaliyah asked. She heard shuffling on the other end of the line before she was met with silence.

Damien sighed under his breath, “It’s stupid, ‘cause I had this crazy dream last night and it's been on my mind all day. I just needed to hear your voice to see something.”

“See what?” Aaliyah egged on.

The cold breeze from the AC brushed over her body as Aaliyah waited for Damien’s response. She just needed time to get herself back on track so she could move forward in life. As an undercover cop, Aaliyah had the skills to pull those hard answers from the toughest criminals. Yet here she was, lying in bed struggling to draw a confession from Damien. The silence in the room spoke louder than anything the two of them could muster. Yet the persistent ticking of the second hand on her clock gave Aaliyah more than enough company while she waited.

“...I wanted to see if I...” Damien trailed off which sent chills down Aaliyah’s spine. “...Sahara, I know it's late, but could I stop by to see you in person? Ya'know, so we could talk.” He added.

*Say no, Aaliyah! Just say no!*

“Sure.” Aaliyah whispered in response.

“I’m on the way.” Damien growled before he abruptly hung up. Aaliyah tossed her phone on the side of the bed with a loud exhale. She patiently waited for Damien to announce his presence at her front door with a knock. Tara's apartment was only three doors down from hers.

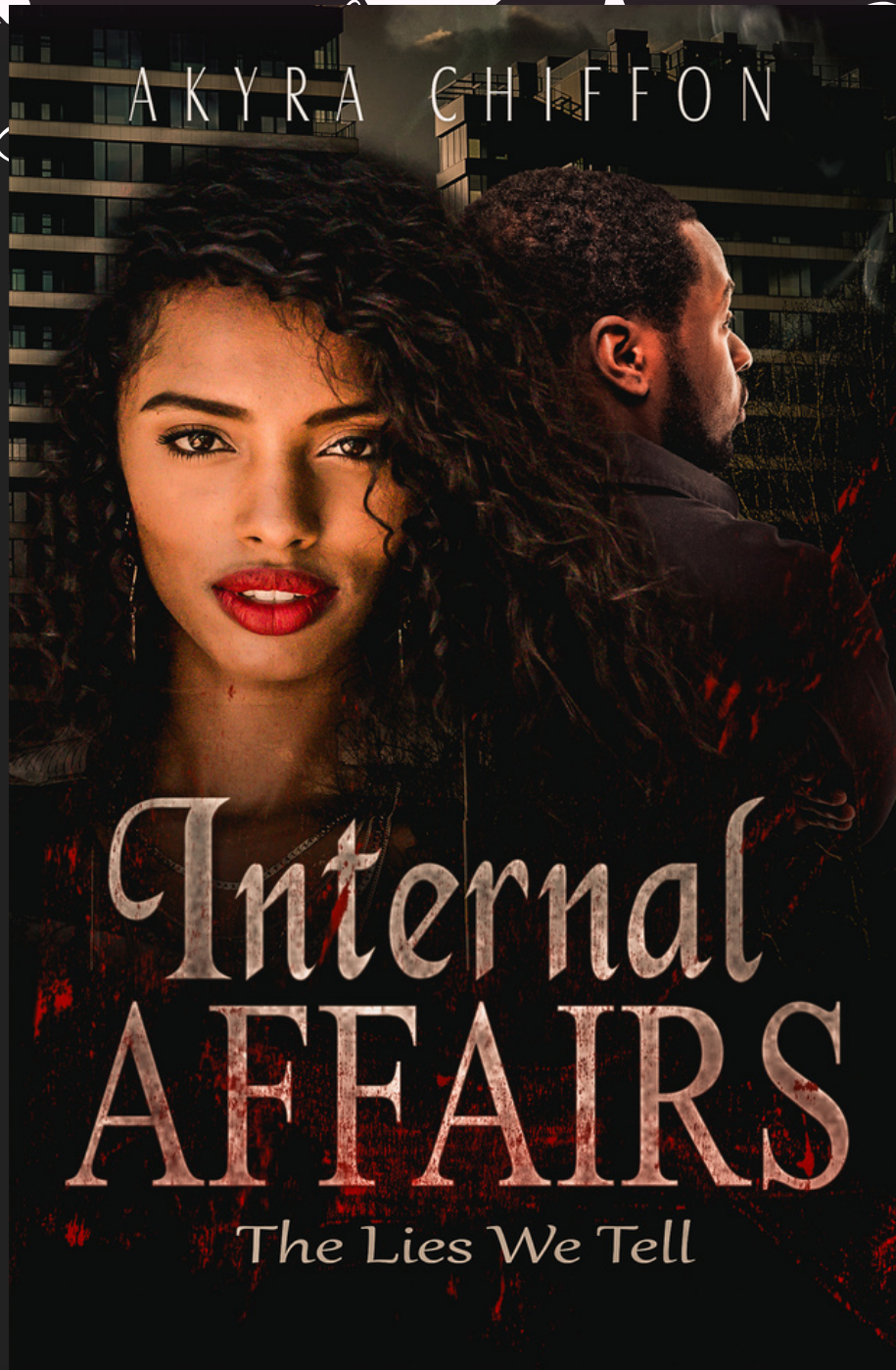
The knock she wantonly desired finally came.

Aaliyah gathered her composure before she exited her bedroom. Her heart thumped in her chest to its' own rhythm as her shaky hand gripped the golden doorknob. Aaliyah pulled the door ajar, and admired Damien's smooth espresso skin. He wore a black hoodie with gray joggers underneath the outside hallway light. He stood still while his hooded gaze inspected her frame. She stepped aside to grant him access to her domain.

Aaliyah’s job was very important to her, but...

...euphoria of this caliber only comes once in a lifetime. Especially for two star-crossed lovers trapped in a tantalizing dalliance.

DESIRE MORE?



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