

The other man...

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by [LifeInWentworth](#)

Summary

Prompt: Franky finally meets Mark as he's leaving Erica's office and she's going to talk to Erica.

Franky put her hand out, "Must be the lucky guy."

Mark accepted and shook her hand quickly, "The luckiest."

Franky swaggered down the corridor, looking forward to a bit more cat and mouse between her and the governor. It had been a week since the kiss and she hadn't seen Erica one on one since. She turned the corner and stopped dead in her tracks. Erica was kissing a man in her office. Just a quick peck, but it was on the lips, and the way the man looked at the governor... Franky felt her whole body stiffen up as the two of them approached the door. Erica only noticed Franky as she opened the door, and her eyes flitted from prisoner to fiancée as Franky assured she was right in Mark's way as he exited.

"Sorry," he made to dodge her.

Franky put her hand out, "Must be the lucky guy."

Mark accepted and shook her hand quickly, "The luckiest."

"I'll say," Franky drawled, "ring's a bit over the top isn't it?"

Mark was visibly uncomfortable, shifting on the spot and Erica jumped in, squeezing Mark's hand, "Just right, I think," there was a warning edge to her voice.

Franky shrugged, "If that's what you like," she replied with a glint in her eye.

"Well I think I know what my fiancée likes," Mark found his voice, with a smile. Like he actually believed what he was saying.

Franky opened her mouth, that smirk playing on her face, "Really? Well –"

Erica panicked, pushing Franky out of the doorway, "Anyway, I've got an appointment with Franky, Mark, so I'll see you at home."

"Unless something exciting happens," Franky drawls, a smile playing on her lips, "Nice to meet you...Mark," she says his name like it's a dirty word, "maybe we'll meet again."

Erica walked Mark out. He turned to her.

"I don't like that you work with women like that," he said as soon as they were out of earshot.

Erica shook her head, "Franky's fine, she just likes to stir."

"Mm, I still wish you'd go back to being a lawyer –"

"Mark, now's not the time –"

"It's exactly the time. I get the chills from this place," he gestures towards the prison building, "these women, the things they say on the news, they're lowlife criminals. They're not worth your time, your efforts."

Erica rubbed her temples, trying not to raise her voice, "I've got to go. I have an appointment."

"What, this...convict," he spat the word, "is more important than a conversation with your fiancée?"

"A conversation we've had a thousand times, yes," Erica snapped, turning away, "I'll see you at home."

Franky was sitting across from Erica's desk, jutting her foot up and down on her knee. She hadn't liked seeing Erica with Mark, and she hadn't liked the way it made her feel. She tried to relax and may have presented as so, but her jealousy ran deep.

"Right, let's get to it then." Erica said upon entering the room, professional as ever, taking a seat behind her desk.

Franky began to smirk, but it disappeared. She couldn't hold back, "Really? Him? He's so...", she trailed off for a moment, "you can't be happy with him."

Erica sighed, "We're not here to talk about me."

“What about the kiss? Are we going to talk about that?”

“You forced yourself on me, Franky. You’re lucky I don’t – “ Erica said with a straight face.

“Report me? Well if you were so against it, why didn’t you? Did you tell Mark?” She still screwed up her face at his name, and spat it out like a dirty word.

“Why would I?” Erica said coldly.

Franky shrugged, “If it was...nothing, you would have,” Franky reasoned.

Erica had got into a conversation she had really wanted to avoid and knew that Franky had a point, “It wasn’t worth mentioning, besides do you have any idea how much trouble you would be in if – “

Franky laughed, “So you’re protecting me? Of course,” she rolled her eyes, shaking her head.

“I’m organising someone else to tutor you,” Erica stated firmly.

Franky shifted in her seat, “Erica...” she started, but she didn’t even know how to argue her case anymore, she was tired; she hadn’t been sleeping and this whole...thing was stressing her out more than she liked to let on.

Erica raised her eyebrows, waiting but was surprised when Franky simply shrugged and shook her head. The two sat in silence for a moment when there was a knock at the door.

Erica walked over and had a quick chat to one of the screws. Franky knew this was her last chance, that stupid desk was always a barrier between her and Erica, and now she was out from behind it. Erica closed the door and she felt, before she saw, Franky’s presence behind her. She turned around, ready to be firm and assertive but when Franky only placed a hand on her jaw, and nothing more, Erica couldn’t make herself move. Franky’s fingers moved lightly against the governor’s skin.

“Franky...” it wasn’t the same way she usually said it, there was no eye rolling or impatience, just her name, and when Franky bit her lip like she so often did, Erica leaned forward and took Franky by surprise as she touched her lips on the prisoner’s. Franky grasped her jaw a little tighter as she responded, closing her eyes. This kiss wasn’t commanding and rough like their first one, it was gentle and loving and had both parties choking up, not from a loss of breath but from the passion welling in their throats, and their eyes.

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