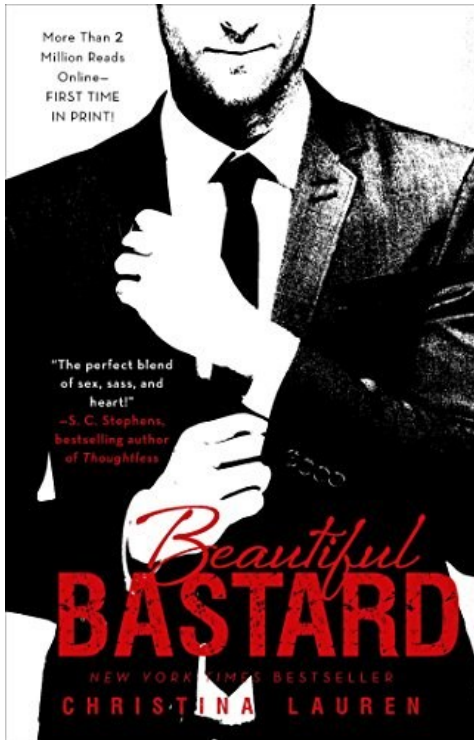


BEAUTIFUL BASTARD



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; and profanity.

Adult

By Christina Lauren

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CONTENT WARNING

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Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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8	<p>"Their timeline for the first milestone is a little ambi—" I stopped midsentence, my breath caught in my throat. His hand pressed gently into my lower back before sliding down, settling on the curve of my ass. In the nine months I had worked for him, he had never intentionally touched me.</p> <p>This was most definitely intentional.</p> <p>The heat from his hand burned through my skirt and into my skin. Every muscle in my body tensed, and it felt like my insides were liquefying. What the hell was he doing? My brain screamed at me to push his hand off, to tell him to never touch me again, but my body had other ideas. My' nipples hardened, and I clenched my jaw in response. Traitor nipples.</p> <p>While my heart pounded in my chest, at least half a minute passed, and neither of us said anything as his hand moved down to my thigh, caressing. Our breathing and the muted noise of the city below were the only sounds in the still air of the conference room.</p> <p>"Turn around, Miss Mills." His quiet voice broke the silence and I straightened my back, eyes facing forward. Slowly I turned, his hand skimming across me and sliding to my hip. I could feel the way his hand spread from his fingertips on my lower back all the way' to where his thumb pressed against the soft skin just in front of my hipbone. I looked down to meet his eyes, which looked intently back at me.</p> <p>I could see his chest rising and falling, each breath deeper than the last.</p> <p>... I had never felt this way, and I had never expected to feel this about him. I wanted to slap him, and then pull him up by his shirt and lick his neck.</p> <p>...With those eyes still locked to mine, he began to slide his hand lower.</p> <p>His fingers ran down my thigh, to the hem of my skirt. He moved it up so his fingertips traced the Strap Of my garter belt, the lace edge Of one thigh-high stocking. A long finger slipped beneath the thin fabric and pulled it down slightly. I sucked in a sharp breath, feeling suddenly like I was melting from the outside in. How could I let my body react like this? I still wanted to slap him, but now, more than that, I wanted him to keep going. The heavy ache between my legs was building. He reached the edge of my panties and slipped his fingers under the fabric. I felt him slide against my skin and graze my clit before pushing his finger inside mc, and I bit my lip trying, unsuccessfully, to stifle my groan. When I looked down at him, beads of sweat were forming on his brow.</p> <p>"Fuck," he growled quietly. "You're wet." His eyes fell closed and he seemed to be waging the same internal battle I was. I glanced down at his lap and could see him straining against the smooth fabric of his pants. Without opening his eyes, he withdrew his finger and fisted the thin lace of my panties in his hand. He was shaking as he looked up at me, fury clear in his expression. In one quick movement he tore them off, the rip of the fabric echoing in the silence.</p> <p>He pulled my hips roughly, lifting me up onto the cold table and spreading my legs in front of him.</p> <p>an involuntary groan as his fingers returned, sliding between my legs and pushing into me again. I despised this man in a singularly sharp way, but my body was betraying me; I craved more of what he was doing. Damn if he wasn't good at this. His weren't the gentle loving touches I was accustomed to. Here was a man used to getting what he wanted, and it turned out that right now, what he</p>

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	<p>wanted was me. My head fell to the side as I leaned back on my elbows, feeling my impending orgasm approaching fast.</p> <p>To my absolute horror I actually whimpered, "Oh, please."</p> <p>He stopped moving, pulling his fingers back and holding them in a fist before him. I sat up, grabbing his silk tie and pulling his mouth roughly against mine. His lips felt as perfect as they looked, firm and smooth. I'd never been kissed by someone who clearly knew every single angle and dip and teasing move to make me almost completely lose my mind,</p> <p>I bit his lower lip as my hands made quick work down to the front of his pants, whipping his belt free of the loops. "You better be ready to finish what you started."</p> <p>He made a low, angry noise deep in his throat and took my blouse in his hands, ripping it open, the silver buttons skittering across the long conference table. He slid his hands up my ribs and over my breasts, thumbs slipping back and forth across my taut nipples, his dark stare fixated on my expression the entire time. His hands were big, and rough almost to the point of pain, but instead of wincing or backing off, I pushed into his palms wanting more, and harder.</p> <p>He growled, fingers tightening. It occurred to me I might bruise, and for a sick moment I hoped I did. I wanted a way to remember this feeling, of being completely sure of what my body wanted, entirely unleashed.</p> <p>He leaned close enough to bite my shoulder, whispering, "You fucking tease." Unable to get close enough, I quickened my pace on his zipper, shoving his pants and his boxers to the floor. T gave his cock a hard squeeze, feeling his pulse against my palm.</p> <p>The way he hissed my last name "Mills"—should have sent a rush of fury through me, but I only felt one thing right now: pure, unadulterated lust. He forced my skirt up my thighs and pushed me back on the conference table. Before I could utter a single word, he took hold of my ankles, grabbed his cock, and took a step forward, thrusting deep inside me.</p> <p>I couldn't even be horrified by the loud moan I let out—he felt better than anything.</p> <p>"What's that?" he hissed through clenched teeth, his hips slapping against my thighs, driving him deep inside. "Never been fucked like this before, have you? You wouldn't be such a tease if you were being properly fucked."</p> <p>Who did he think he was? And why the hell did it turn me on so much that he was right? I had never had sex anywhere but on a bed, and it never felt like this.</p> <p>"I've had better," I taunted.</p> <p>He laughed, a quiet mocking sound. "Look at me." "No."</p> <p>He pulled out just as I was about to come. At first I thought he was actually going to leave me this way, until he grabbed my arms and yanked me up off the table, lips and tongue pressing against mine.</p> <p>"Look at me," he said again. And, finally, with him no longer inside me, T could. HC blinked once, slowly, long dark lashes brushing against his cheek, and then said, "Ask me to make you come."</p> <p>His tone was all wrong. It was almost a question, but his words were just like him all bastard. I did want him to make me come. More than anything. But I'd be damned if I'd ever ask him for anything.</p>

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	<p>I dropped my voice and stared back at him. "You're an asshole, Mr. Ryan." His smile told me that whatever he'd needed from me, he got. I wanted to slam my knees up into his balls, but then I wouldn't get more of what I really wanted. "Say please, Miss Mills."</p> <p>"Please, go fuck yourself."</p> <p>The next thing I felt was the cold window against my breasts, and I groaned at the intense contrast in temperature between it and his skin. I was on fire; every part of me wanted to feel his rough touch.</p> <p>"At least you're consistent," he snarled into my ear before biting my shoulder. He kicked at my feet. "Spread your legs."</p> <p>I parted my legs and without hesitation he pulled my hips back and reached between us before thrusting forward into me.</p> <p>"You like the cold?"</p> <p>"Yes."</p> <p>"Devious, filthy girl. You like being watched, don't you?" he murmured, taking my earlobe between his teeth. "You love that all of Chicago can look up here and see you getting fucked, and you loving every minute of it with your pretty tits pressed against the glass." "Stop talking, you're ruining it." Though he wasn't. Not even close. His gravelly voice was doing wicked things to me.</p> <p>But he just laughed in my ear and probably noticed the way I shivered at the sound. "You want them to see you come?"</p> <p>I groaned in response, unable to form words with each repeated thrust into me, pressing me further against the glass.</p> <p>"Say it. You want to come, Miss Mills? Answer me or I'll stop and make you suck me off instead," he hissed, driving himself deeper and deeper inside me with every thrust.</p> <p>The part of me that hated him was dissolving like sugar on my tongue, and the part that wanted everything he had to give me was growing, hot and demanding. "Just tell me." He leaned forward, sucked my earlobe between his lips and then gave it a sharp bite. "I promise I'll give it to you."</p> <p>"Please," I said, closing my eyes to shut out everything else and just feel him.</p> <p>"Please. Yes."</p> <p>He reached around, moving his fingertips across my clit with the perfect pressure, the perfect rhythm. I could feel his smile press into the back of my neck, and when he opened his mouth and pressed his teeth to my skin, I was done for. Warmth spread down my spine, around my hips, and between my legs, jerking me back into him. My hands slammed against the glass, my entire body quaking from the orgasm that was rushing over me, leaving me gasping for air. When it finally subsided, he pulled out and spun me around to face him, ducking his head to suck my neck, my jaw, my lower lip.</p> <p>"Say thank you," he whispered.</p> <p>I dug my hands into his hair and tugged hard, hoping I could get some reaction out of him, wanting to see if he was in control or delusional. What are we doing? He groaned, leaning into my hands and kissing up and down my neck, pressing his erection into my stomach. "Now make me feel good "</p> <p>I released one hand and brought it down to his cock and began stroking him. He was heavy, and long, and perfect in my palm. I wanted to tell him, but I'd be</p>

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	<p>damned if I ever let him know how amazing he felt. Instead, I pulled away from his lips, staring at him with hooded eyes.</p> <p>"I'm going to make you come so hard you forget that you're supposed to be the world's biggest asshole," I growled, sliding down the glass before slowly taking his entire cock in my mouth and back against my throat. He tensed and let Out a deep moan. I looked up at him, his palms and forehead resting on the glass, his eyes closed tight. He looked vulnerable, and he looked gorgeous in his abandon. But he wasn't vulnerable. He was the biggest jerk on the planet and I was on my knees in front of him. No fucking way.</p> <p>So instead of giving him what I knew he wanted, I stood up, pulled my skirt back down, and met his eyes. It was easier now, without him touching me and making me feel things he had no business doing.</p> <p>..."What the fuck do you think you're doing?" he rasped. "Get on your knees and open your mouth."</p> <p>"Not a chance."</p> <p>... I'd let him fuck me, give mc the most amazing orgasm of my life and then I'd left him with his pants around his ankles in the company conference room with the worst case of blue balls known to any man.</p>
52	<p>On his knees behind me, he grabbed my ass and pressed his teeth into the flesh, eliciting a sharp gasp from me before he Stood back up.</p> <p>Holy hell, how does he know to do these things to me?</p> <p>"Did you like that?" His fingers pressed and pulled at my breasts. "Being bitten on the ass?"</p> <p>"Maybe."</p> <p>"You're such a filthy fucking girl."</p> <p>I yelped out in surprise as I felt his hand smack hard where his teeth had just been, and my only response was a moan of pleasure. I breathed in another sharp gasp as his hands clasped the delicate ribbons of my underwear and ripped it Off.</p> <p>"Expect another bill, asshole."</p> <p>He chuckled darkly and pressed up against me again, the cool wall against my breasts sending shivers through my body and pulling forward the memory of the window that first time. I'd forgotten how good the contrast—cold versus warm, hard versus him—felt against me. "Worth penny." His hand slid around my waist and down my abdomen, slipping lower until his finger rested on my clit. "You know, I think you wear those things just to tease me."</p> <p>Was he right? Was I delusional, thinking they were for me?</p> <p>The pressure from his touch caused me to ache, his fingers pressing and releasing, leaving me wanting. Moving lower, he stopped right at my entrance. "You're so wet. God, you must have been thinking about this all morning."</p> <p>"Fuck you," I groaned, gasping as his finger finally pushed inside, pressing me back into him.</p> <p>"Say it. Say it and I'll give you what you want." A second finger joined the first, and the sensation caused me to cry out.</p> <p>I shook my head, but my body betrayed me again He sounded so needy; his words were teasing and controlling, but it felt like he was begging too. I closed my eyes, trying to clear my' thoughts, but everything was just too much. The feel of his clothed body against my naked skin, the sound of his rough voice, and the feeling</p>

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	<p>of his long fingers plunging in and Out Of me had me teetering on the edge. His other hand reached up, firmly pinching my nipple through the sheer fabric of my bra, and I moaned loudly. I was so close.</p> <p>"Say it," he grunted into my ear as his thumb rolled over my clit. "I won't have you angry with me all day."</p> <p>I gave in, finally, whispering, "I want you inside me." He let out a low, strangled moan and his forehead rested on my shoulder as he began moving faster, plunging and circling. His hips ground against my ass, his erection rubbing against me. "Oh, God," I moaned, the coil tightening deep inside, my every thought focused on the pleasure begging to break free.</p> <p>And then the rhythmic sounds of our panting and groans were suddenly interrupted by the shrill ringing of a phone.</p> <p>We stilled as the realization of where we were crashed down on us. Mr. Ryan cursed as he moved away from me and took the elevator's emergency receiver. Turning, I grabbed my dress, slipped it over my shoulders, and began fastening it with shaking hands.</p> <p>"Yes." He sounded so calm, not even a little out of breath. Our eyes locked across the elevator. "I see . . . No, we're fine . . . He bent over slowly, removing my torn and discarded panties from the elevator floor. "No, it just stopped." He listened to the person on the other end, while rubbing the silky fabric between his fingers. . . . Placing one hand next to my head, he leaned in, running his nose along my neck and whispering, "You smell as good as you feel." A small gasp escaped me.</p>
71	<p>Her hips rolled over me, and nothing but her tiny panties separated us. I buried my face in her chest and her hands ran through my hair, pulling me closer. "You want to taste me?" she whispered, staring down at me. She pulled my hair hard enough to yank me away from her skin.</p> <p>I had no smart-ass remark, nothing biting to get her to stop talking and just fuck me. I did want to taste her skin. I wanted it more than I think I wanted anything.</p> <p>"Yeah." "Ask nicely then." "Fuck asking nicely. Let me go."</p>
102	<p>The pain from his rough fingertips on my hips only fueled my lust. His eyes were closed and his moans were muffled against my breast. Moving his lips across my lace bra he pulled one cup down and took my hardened nipple between his teeth. I gripped his hair tightly and elicited a moan from him, his mouth opening around my skin.</p> <p>"Bite me." I whispered.</p> <p>He bit down hard, making me cry out and pull harder on his hair.</p>
133	<p>Her strangled sounds made me smile, and I rewarded her with an increase in tempo. A twisted part of me felt a sense of vindication seeing Chloe muted by what I did to her. She was gasping, fingers searching for something to hold onto, and my cock so hard inside her, harder every time she tried to make a sound but couldn't. Speaking softly against her ear, I asked if she wanted to be fucked. I asked her if she liked my mouth dirty, if she liked to see me filthy like this, taking her so rough she would bruise.</p>
206	<p>My hands drifted out to find her, my fingers tracing her lips around my cock. She bobbed her mouth up and down on me, her tongue swirling and her teeth raking</p>

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	lightly against my shaft with each movement. Her hand slipped to my balls and I moaned loudly as she rolled them gently in her palm.

Profanity	Count
Ass	7
Cock	6
Fuck	14
Tit	1