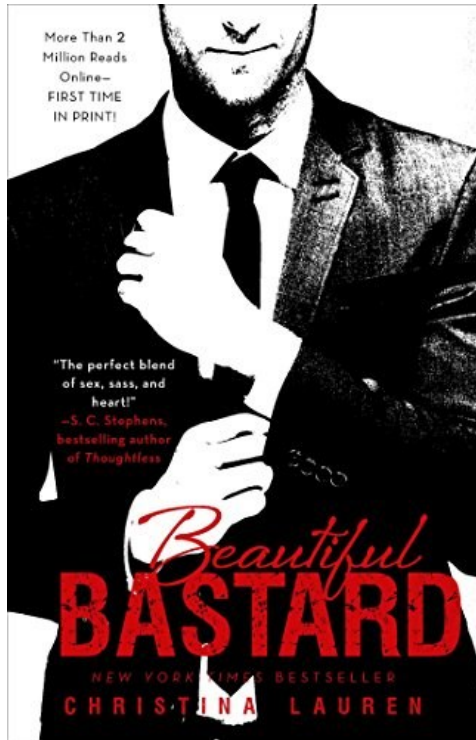


BEAUTIFUL BASTARD



Book Summary:

A woman has a romantic relationship with her boss.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities; explicit sexual nudity; excessive/frequent profanity; alternate sexualities; and alcohol use.

Adult

By Christina Lauren

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CONTENT WARNING

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4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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10	<p>His hand pressed gently into my lower back before sliding down, settling on the curve of my ass.</p> <p>...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.</p> <p>...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.</p> <p>...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. 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.</p> <p>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 me, 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. "Fuck," he growled quietly. "You're wet."</p> <p>...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.</p> <p>...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. I gave 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 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.</p> <p>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. 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</p>

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	<p>being completely sure of what my body wanted, entirely unleashed. 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. I gave his cock a hard squeeze, feeling him pulse against my palm. 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. I couldn't even be horrified by the loud moan I let out—he felt better than anything. "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>...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, I could. He blinked once, slowly, long dark lashes brushing against his cheek, and then said, "Ask me to make you come."</p> <p>...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> <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.</p> <p>"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."</p> <p>"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. 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.</p>

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	<p>“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. “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?</p> <p>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 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.</p> <p>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>...“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?” he rasped. “Get on your knees and open your mouth.”</p> <p>...I’d let him fuck me, give me 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>
21	<p>Brain: a mess. Dick: hard.</p> <p>Well, hard again.</p> <p>...It didn’t matter how many times I’d jerked off after she left me last night, it never seemed to go away.</p> <p>...Nine fucking months of morning wood, jacking off, and endless fantasies about someone I didn’t even want. Well, that wasn’t completely true. I wanted her. I wanted her more than any woman I’d ever seen.</p> <p>...Just her name made my dick twitch. Fucking traitor. I stared down at where I tented my sheets.</p> <p>...Why couldn’t I just keep it in my pants?</p> <p>...All it took was one moment, sitting in that quiet room, her smell all around me and that fucking skirt, her ass in my face.</p> <p>...But here I was, in my bed, hard, as if I hadn’t come in weeks. I looked at the clock, and it had only been four hours.</p>

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24	<p>One of my recurring fantasies was of taking all of the damned pins out of her hair before I grabbed a handful and fucked her.</p> <p>...But part of me relished the memory of her victorious expression as she turned and left me gasping and practically begging her to suck me off.</p> <p>...I walked over to my desk and sat down, trying to direct my attention to anything but thoughts of how amazing those lips felt around me last night.</p>
26	<p>I pressed the sharp tip of it into the delicate skin just above her breast and felt my cock twitch when she gasped and her eyes dilated.</p> <p>...I took a deep breath through my nose and threw the paper to the floor, leaning forward and pressing my lips against hers and digging my fingers into her hair, pinning her body against the wall. My dick throbbed against her abdomen as I felt her hand mirror my own and grip my hair, fisting it roughly.</p> <p>I pulled her dress up along her thighs and groaned into her mouth as my fingers once again found the lace edge of her thigh highs.</p> <p>...I felt her tongue run over my lips as my fingertips brushed the warm and wet material of her panties. I clenched my hold around the fabric and gave it a rough tug.</p> <p>...She groaned deeply as I thrust two fingers inside of her, and if it was possible, she was even wetter than she'd been last night.</p> <p>...She broke away from my lips with a gasp as I fucked her hard with my fingers, my thumb rubbing vigorous circles on her clit.</p> <p>"Get your cock out," she said. "I need to feel you in me. Now."</p> <p>I narrowed my eyes at her, trying to hide the effect her words had on me.</p> <p>"Say please, Miss Mills."</p> <p>"Now," she said more urgently.</p> <p>"Bossy much?"</p> <p>She gave me a look that would shrivel the dick off a lesser man and I laughed in spite of myself. Mills could hold her own. "Good thing I'm feeling generous."</p> <p>I made quick work of my belt and pants before lifting her up and thrusting hard inside her. Christ, she felt amazing.</p> <p>...She gasped and I felt her clench around me, her breath ragged. She bit into the shoulder of my jacket and wrapped her leg around me as I began moving into her hard and fast against the wall. Any moment someone could enter the stairwell and catch me fucking her, and I couldn't care less.</p> <p>...She lifted her head from my shoulder and bit her way up my neck before taking my bottom lip between her teeth.</p> <p>"Close," she growled and tightened her leg around me to pull me deeper. "I'm close."</p> <p>...I buried my face in her neck and hair to muffle the groan as I came hard and suddenly inside her, squeezing her ass in my hands. Pulling out before she could rub herself against me anymore, I put her down on unsteady legs.</p> <p>...When I looked back up, she had straightened her dress, but she still looked beautifully disheveled, and part of me ached to reach forward and slide my hand against her, to make her come. But a larger part of me relished the angry dissatisfaction in her eyes.</p>
49	<p>He pressed into me again, and I felt the length of him grow even harder, the traitor warmth spreading between my legs.</p> <p>We reached the fifteenth floor and a few more people filed out. I reached behind me, slid my hand between us, and palmed him. He exhaled a warm puff against my neck, whispering,</p>

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	<p>“Fuck yes.”</p> <p>And then I squeezed.</p> <p>“Fuck. Sorry!” he hissed into my ear.</p> <p>...As soon as the doors closed and the elevator began to move, I heard a growl from behind me and caught a quick, sudden movement as Mr. Ryan slammed his hand against the stop button on the control panel.</p> <p>...In one fluid motion, he pinned me against the wall of the elevator with his body. He pulled away just long enough to give me an angry glare and mutter, “Don’t move.”</p> <p>And even though I wanted to tell him to fuck off, my body begged me to do whatever he said.</p> <p>...His face was only a couple of inches from mine, his breath coming out in sharp bursts against my cheek. “I would never imply you’re trying to fuck your way to the top.” He exhaled, bending into my neck.</p> <p>...“I have the power? You’re the one who pressed into my dick in the elevator. You’re the one doing this to me.”</p> <p>...The ache for contact began to build, first in my navel and spreading lower, between my legs.</p> <p>He bent forward, licking my jaw before covering my lips with his, and an involuntary groan rumbled in my throat as his hardened cock pressed against my stomach. My body began acting on instinct and my leg wrapped around his, pressing me closer against his arousal, my hands finding their way to his hair. He pulled back just long enough for his fingers to flick at the clasp at my waist.</p> <p>...Goose bumps spread along my skin as he took my hands, turned me around, and pressed my palms against the wall.</p> <p>...Hot, wet kisses rained down my spine and across my shoulders. His touch left a spark of electricity over every inch of skin he touched. 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>...“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>...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.</p> <p>...His hand slid around my waist and down my abdomen, slipping lower until his finger rested on my clit.</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>...A second finger joined the first, and the sensation caused me to cry out.</p> <p>...The feel of his clothed body against my naked skin, the sound of his rough voice, and the feeling 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</p>

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	<p>loudly. I was so close. "Say it," he grunted into my ear as his thumb rolled over my clit. ...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. And then the rhythmic sounds of our panting and groans were suddenly interrupted by the shrill ringing of a phone.</p>
69	<p>"You know, it's a good thing you've got that big dick to make up for that mouth of yours." I found myself leaning forward, whispering, "I'm pretty sure you'd be thrilled with my mouth too." ...I opened my mouth, feeling her soft tongue press forward. ... My hands ran down her sides and I gripped the hem of her shirt, bringing it up and over her head, breaking our kiss for only a second. Not to be left behind, she pushed my jacket from my shoulders and it dropped to the floor. My thumbs ran circles across her skin as I moved my hands to the waist of her jeans. Quickly undone, they fell to the floor, and she kicked them off along with her sandals. I kissed down her neck and shoulders. ...She was wearing sheer black panties that only covered half her ass, and a matching bra, her silky hair spilling down across her back. The muscles in her long, toned legs flexed as she pushed up on her toes to reach my neck. The visual, along with the feeling of her lips, made my dick push painfully against the confines of my pants. She bit my ear hard as her hands went to the buttons of my shirt. "I think you like it rough too." I undid my pants and belt, pushing them and my boxers to the floor, and then pulled her with me to the chaise. A thrill shot through me as my hands moved around her ribs to the clasp of her bra. Her breasts pressed against me as if urging me on, and I kissed along her neck as my fingers quickly unhooked her bra and I slipped the straps from her shoulders. I pulled back slightly to allow the garment to fall and for the first time took in the full view of her breasts completely bared to me. Fucking perfect. In my fantasies I'd done everything to them: touched them, kissed them, sucked them, fucked them, but nothing compared to the reality of just staring at them. 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 my head away from her skin. 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'd ever wanted anything. "Yeah." "Ask nicely, then." "Fuck asking nicely. Let me go." She whimpered, leaning forward to let me suck a perfect nipple into my mouth, causing her to pull harder on my hair. ...There was nothing in this world I wanted more than to bury myself in her, but I knew when it was over, I would hate us both. ...Sliding my hands down her sides, I let my fingers run along the waist of her underwear. A shiver went through her, and I closed my eyes tightly as I bound the material in my hand,</p>

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	<p>willing myself to stop.</p> <p>“Go ahead and rip them... you know you want to,” she murmured into my ear and then bit down hard. A half-second later, her panties were nothing but a mess of lace in the corner of the room. Grabbing her hips roughly, I lifted her and held the base of my dick with the other hand, and pulled her down onto me.</p> <p>The feeling was so intense that I had to forcefully still her hips to keep from exploding. ...Once I felt in control again, I began moving her hips. We hadn’t been in this position yet—her on top, face-to-face—and even though I hated to admit it, our bodies fit together perfectly. Bringing my hands down her hips to her legs, I gripped one in each hand and wrapped them around my waist. The change of position brought me deeper inside her, and I buried my face in her neck to keep from groaning out loud.</p> <p>I was aware of the sounds of voices all around us as people entered and left the other dressing rooms. The thought that we could get caught at any moment only made this better. Her back arched as she stifled a moan, and her head fell back. The deceptively innocent way she bit her lip was driving me crazy. Once again I found myself looking over her shoulder, to watch us in the mirror. I had never seen anything so erotic in my entire life.</p> <p>She pulled my hair once again, guiding my mouth back to hers, our tongues gliding together, matching the motion of our hips. “You look so good over me,” I whispered into her mouth. “Turn around, you need to see something.” I pulled her up and turned her to face the mirror. With her back against my chest, she lowered herself back onto me.</p> <p>“Oh, God,” she said. She breathed out heavily as her head fell back against my shoulder, and I was unsure if it was from the feeling of me inside her or the image reflected in the mirror. Or both.</p> <p>I gripped her hair and forced her head back up, “No, I want you to look right there,” I growled in her ear, meeting her gaze in the mirror. “I want you to watch. And tomorrow when you’re sore, I want you to remember who did it to you.”</p> <p>“Stop talking,” she said, but she shivered and I knew she loved every word. Her hands ran up her body and behind her until they dug into my hair.</p> <p>I touched every inch of her body and I trailed biting kisses along the back of her shoulders. In the mirror I could see myself sliding in and out of her; and as much as I didn’t want these memories in my head, I knew that was a sight I would never forget. I moved one hand down to her clit.</p> <p>“Oh, shit,” she whispered. “Please.”</p> <p>“Like this?” I asked, pressing, circling.</p> <p>“Yes, please, more, please, please.”</p> <p>Our bodies were now covered in a thin sheen of sweat, leaving her hair sticking slightly to her forehead. Her gaze never left where we came together as we continued to move against each other, and I knew we were both close.</p> <p>...As her movements became more frenzied and her hands gripped my hair tighter and tighter, I pressed my hand against her mouth, stifling her scream as she came apart around me.</p> <p>I muffled my own moans against her shoulder and with a few more thrusts, I exploded deep inside her. Her body slumped into me as I leaned back against the wall.</p>
97	<p>“When you spread your legs in my office today, I didn’t hear one word of protest out of that fucking mouth of yours.”</p> <p>...“Of course you are,” he whispered, shaking his head and moving even closer, his erection pressing into my stomach. He braced his hands against the car, trapping me.</p>

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	<p>...His nostrils flared slightly and just when I thought I would go insane, he took my lower lip roughly between his and pulled me to him. Growling into my mouth, he deepened the kiss and pushed me forcefully against the car.</p> <p>...Our kisses were teasing then rough, coming together and pulling apart, hands fisting in hair and tongues sliding against each other. I gasped as he bent his knees slightly, grinding his cock against me.</p> <p>“God,” I moaned, wrapping my leg around him and digging my heel into his thigh.</p> <p>“I know.” He exhaled heavily into my mouth. Looking down at my leg and cupping my ass with his hand, he gave it a rough squeeze and murmured, “Have I told you how fucking hot those shoes are? What are you trying to do to me with those wicked little bows?”</p> <p>“Well, there’s another bow somewhere else but you’ll need some luck finding it.”</p> <p>...I groaned as I felt him part the material and run his hands across my bare skin. Pushing me back to lie on the cool leather and kneeling between my legs, he placed his palm between my breasts, slowly moving down my abdomen to the lace garter belt. His fingers traced the delicate ribbons to the edge of my stockings and back up again, moving to run across the edge of my panties. The muscles of my abdomen clenched with every movement and I tried to control my breathing.</p> <p>...I pulled him to me by his shirt and slid my tongue into his mouth, groaning as his palm pressed against me. Our lips searched; our kisses grew long and deep, gaining urgency with every inch of skin uncovered. I pulled his shirt from his pants and explored the smooth skin over his ribs, the sharp definition of muscle at his hips, and the soft trail of hair urging me down his navel and lower.</p> <p>Wanting to tease him the way he was teasing me, I ran my fingers across his belt and to the hard shape of him beneath his pants.</p> <p>...“I want you to fuck me.”</p> <p>His hands were shaking as he gripped my new panties in his fist, and as insane as it was, I wanted him to rip them. The raw passion between us was unlike anything I’d ever experienced; I didn’t want him holding back. Without a word, he tore them from me, the pain of the fabric pulling across my skin only adding to the pleasure.</p> <p>I pulled my leg forward and pushed him back and off me. Sitting up, I shoved him against the seat back and straddled his lap. I grabbed his shirt and yanked it open, sending the buttons scattering along the seat.</p> <p>...With frantic hands I undid his belt and pants, and with his help managed to get them down his legs. The tip of his cock grazed my entrance and I closed my eyes, slowly sliding down over him.</p> <p>“Oh, God,” I groaned, the sensation of him inside me only making the bittersweet ache intensify. Lifting my hips, I began to ride him, each movement feeling more intense than the one before. 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.</p> <p>...“Bite me,” I whispered.</p> <p>He bit down, hard, making me cry out and pull harder on his hair.</p> <p>...“Do you like feeling my teeth?” he asked, his breath short and jagged. “Do you fantasize about where else I could bite you?”</p> <p>...He lifted me off and roughly threw me down onto the seat. Pushing my legs apart he thrust back into me. My car was too small for this, but there was nothing that could have stopped us now. Even with his legs bent awkwardly below him and my arms braced above me to</p>

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	<p>protect my head from the door, it was almost too much.</p> <p>Pulling himself onto his knees and into a more comfortable position, he picked up one of my legs and placed it over his shoulder, forcing his cock deeper inside me.</p> <p>...He lifted my other leg to rest across his other shoulder. Reaching out, he gripped the door frame and used it for leverage to deepen his thrusts. "Is that how you like it?" The change in angle caused me to gasp, as the most delicious sensations spread throughout my body.</p> <p>"No." With my hands pushing off the door, I lifted my hips off the seat to meet each motion of his hips. "I like it harder."</p> <p>"Fuck," he murmured as he turned his head slightly, his open mouth leaving wet kisses up and down my leg. By now our bodies were glistening with sweat, the windows were completely fogged up, and our groans filled the silent space of the car.</p> <p>...Ducking his head between his outstretched arms, he closed his eyes tightly and shook his head. "Oh, God," he panted. "I just... I can't stop."</p> <p>I arched to get closer, needing to find a way to pull him deeper, more completely into me. I'd never wanted to consume another body as ravidly as I did when he was inside me, but even like this, I could never seem to get close enough to the parts of him I wanted to feel. And it was with that thought in my mind that the delicious, ratcheting tension along my skin and in my belly crystallized into an ache so heavy I slipped my legs off his shoulders, pulling all of his weight on top of me and pleading, "Please, please, please," over and over.</p> <p>I was so close. So close.</p> <p>My hips circled, and his hips answered rough but steady, as savage above as I was underneath. "So fucking close, please."</p> <p>"Anything," he growled in reply, before bending to bite my lip and growl. "Take fucking anything."</p> <p>I screamed as I came, my nails digging into his back and the taste of his sweat on my lips. He swore, his voice deep and hoarse, and with one last powerful thrust he tensed above me. Exhausted and shaking, he collapsed with his face against my neck.</p>
130	<p>My lips lightly grazed under her ear, and she shuddered with the contact.</p> <p>..."You might think that," I whispered, my lips ghosting along the column of her neck. "But your body," I said, running my hands under her skirt and pressing my hand against the damp lace between her legs, "thinks otherwise."</p> <p>Her eyes closed and she let out a low moan as my fingers moved in slow circles against her clit. "Screw you."</p> <p>"Let me," I said into her neck.</p> <p>She let out a shaky laugh, and I pushed her against the bathroom door. Grabbing each of her hands, I raised them above her head, keeping them captive in my own and bending to kiss her.</p> <p>..."Let me," I repeated, pressing my hardened cock against her.</p> <p>"Oh, God," she said as her head tilted to the side, allowing me access to her neck.</p> <p>...I ran my lips down and across her collarbone to her shoulder. Shifting both of her wrists into one hand, I reached down and slowly pulled one of the ribbons holding her top together, kissing along the newly exposed skin. Moving to the other side I repeated the action and was rewarded when the bodice slipped down to reveal a white lace strapless bra. Fuck. Did this woman own anything that didn't make me nearly come in my pants? I trailed my mouth down to her breasts while my free hand unfastened the clasp. There was no way I was missing the sight of her bare breasts this time. It opened easily and the lace fell away, revealing the vision that filled every one of my filthiest fantasies. As I took one pink nipple</p>

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	<p>into my mouth, she moaned and her knees buckled slightly.</p> <p>...I lifted her and she wrapped her legs around my waist, bringing our bodies together more firmly.</p> <p>...I pushed her against the door but then realized there were too many clothes in the way; I wanted to feel the heat of her skin against my own, wanted to bury myself balls deep in her and keep her pinned to the wall until everyone had long since gone to bed.</p> <p>She seemed to read my mind as her fingers moved down my sides and began frantically tugging my polo from my pants, lifting it up and over my head.</p> <p>... I pulled her bare back to my chest and brought my mouth to her ear. "Do you see him?" I asked, my hands sliding along her breasts. "Look at him." I skimmed my hands down her abdomen, along her skirt and to her thighs. "Does he make you feel like this?" My fingers floated up her thigh and underneath her panties. A low hiss escaped my mouth as I felt the wetness there and pushed inside. "Would he ever make you this wet?"</p> <p>She groaned and pressed her hips back into me.</p> <p>..."Look at him," I said, my fingers moving in and out of her.</p> <p>..."I want to feel you inside me." She didn't need to ask me twice. I quickly undid my pants and pushed them down my hips, grinding into her ass before I lifted her skirt and gripped her panties in my hands. "Rip them," she whispered.</p> <p>I'd never been able to be this raw and primal with anyone before, and it felt so fucking right with her. I yanked hard and her flimsy panties tore easily. I tossed them to the floor, running my hands along her skin and sliding my fingers down her arms to her hands, where I pressed her palms flat on the table in front of us.</p> <p>She was a fucking gorgeous sight: bent at the waist, skirt pushed up over her hips, perfect ass on display. We both moaned as I lined myself up and slid in deep. Bending over, I placed a kiss and another "Shhh" on her back.</p> <p>...The image was enough to make me push into her more forcefully.</p> <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 on to, and my cock so hard inside her, harder every time she tried to make a sound but couldn't.</p> <p>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. She stuttered out a yes, and when I moved faster and harder, she begged for more.</p> <p>The bottles and jars on the table were rattling and tipping over with the force of our movements, but I couldn't find it in myself to care. Gripping her hair, I pulled her up so her back was against my chest.</p> <p>...I continued to thrust in and out of her, forcing her to look out the window.</p> <p>I knew I was slipping. My walls were falling around me but I didn't care. I needed her to think of me tonight as she lay in bed. I wanted her to feel me when she closed her eyes and touched herself, remembering the way I'd fucked her. My free hand ran up her sides to her breast, cupping it and twisting her nipples.</p> <p>"No," she moaned. "Never like this." Sliding my hand down her side I placed it behind her knee and hitched it up to the table, opening her up wider and allowing my thrusts to deepen.</p> <p>"Do you feel how perfectly you fit around me?" I groaned into her neck. "You feel so fucking good. When you go downstairs, I want you to remember this. Remember what you do to me."</p>

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	<p>The sensation was becoming too overwhelming and I knew I was getting close. I was beyond desperate.</p> <p>...Taking her hand in mine, I laced our fingers and moved them down her body to her clit, both our hands stroking and teasing. I groaned as I felt myself glide in and out of her.</p> <p>“Do you feel that?” I whispered into her ear, spreading our fingers so they slipped on either side of me.</p> <p>She turned her head and whimpered into the skin of my neck. It wasn’t enough, and I needed to keep her quiet. Removing my hand from her hair, I gently covered her mouth and placed a kiss against her flushed cheek. She let out a muffled cry, the possible sound of my name, as her body tensed and then tightened all around me.</p> <p>After her eyes closed and her lips relaxed into a satisfied sigh, I started taking what I needed: faster now, watching in the mirror so I could see how my thrusts made her breasts move.</p> <p>My climax began to rip through me. Her hand fell from my hair to cover my own mouth and I closed my eyes and let the wave overtake me. My final thrusts were deep and hard as I spilled into her.</p>
151	<p>His hand came to rest on my cheek, his thumb brushing across my bottom lip. Our gazes locked, and just when I thought I couldn’t wait one more second he pulled me to him, pressing his mouth to mine.</p> <p>The moment we kissed, my body gave up fighting and I couldn’t get close enough. My purse landed on the tile floor at my feet and my hands dove into his hair, pulling him to me. He backed me into the wall and ran his hands down my body, lifting me slightly. He pushed into my yoga pants and cupped my ass.</p> <p>“Fuck. What are you wearing?” He groaned into my neck, his palms sliding back and forth over the pink satin. Lifting me fully, he wrapped my legs around his waist and pressed me further into the wall. He moaned as I took his earlobe between my teeth.</p> <p>Pulling one side of my top down, he sucked one of my nipples into his mouth. My head fell back and hit the wall as I felt the scruff of his unshaven face against my breast. A shrill sound broke through my haze and I heard him swear. My phone. Placing me on my feet, he stepped away, his face already back in its usual scowl. I quickly rearranged my clothing and reached for my purse, grimacing when I saw the picture displayed on the screen.</p> <p>“Julia,” I answered breathlessly.</p> <p>“Chloe, are you in the bathroom fucking that nice slice of man cake?”</p> <p>“I’ll be there in a second, okay?” I ended the call and shoved the phone back into my bag. I looked up at him, feeling my rational side return after the small interruption. “I should go.”</p> <p>“Look, I—” He was cut off as my phone rang again.</p> <p>I answered without bothering to look at the screen. “God, Julia! I’m not in here fucking the piece of man cake!”</p>
159	<p>I closed the distance between us, wrapping my hand around the back of her neck. I pulled her to me, meeting her gaze as I drew her mouth to mine.</p> <p>...The moment our lips touched, I was overtaken by a familiar buzz coursing through my body.</p> <p>My hands fisted deeply into her hair, forcing her head back, to take everything I pressed into her. This might be for her, but I was damn sure going to control it. Pressing my body to hers, I groaned at the way each of her curves fit against me. I wanted this need to go away, to be satisfied and move on; but each time I felt her, it was better than I remembered.</p> <p>Falling to my knees, I grasped her hips and pulled her closer, my lips moving across the waist</p>

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	<p>of her pants. Lifting her shirt up, I kissed each inch of visible skin, enjoying the tensing of her muscles as I explored. I looked up at her, hooking my fingers into the waistband.</p> <p>...I felt my cock harden in anticipation of what I was about to do.</p> <p>I pulled her pants down her thighs, goose bumps breaking out over her skin as I trailed my fingers down her legs. Her hands went to my hair and pulled roughly, and I groaned as I looked back up at her. I traced the edge of the delicate satin of her lingerie, stopping at the thin straps on her hips. "These are almost too pretty to ruin," I said, wrapping one strap around each hand.</p> <p>"Almost." With a quick tug they broke easily, allowing me to pull the pink material away and stuff it into my pocket.</p> <p>A sense of urgency took over me then, and I quickly freed one of her legs, placing it over my shoulder and kissing along the soft skin of her inner thigh.</p> <p>"Oh, shit," she said on an exhale, running her hands into my hair. "Oh, shit, please."</p> <p>As I first nuzzled and then slowly licked along her clit, she gripped my hair tightly, moving her hips against my mouth. Unintelligible words fell from her lips in a hoarse whisper, and seeing her come undone so completely made me realize she was as helpless against this as I was. She was pissed at me, so pissed that part of her probably wanted to hook her leg around my neck and strangle me, but at least she was letting me give her something that was, in many ways, so much more intimate than simple fucking. I was on my knees, but she was vulnerable and bare.</p> <p>She was also warm and wet and tasted just as fucking sweet as she looked.</p> <p>"I could fucking consume you," I whispered, pulling back enough to glance up at her expression. Kissing her hip, I murmured, "This would be so much better if I could spread you out somewhere. A table in a conference room, perhaps."</p> <p>She tugged on my hair, pulling me back to her with a smile. "This is working just fine for me. Don't you dare stop."</p> <p>...I moaned against her, causing her to cry out as she twisted her body closer. Sliding two fingers inside her, I pulled on her hip with the other hand to urge her to find her rhythm with me. She began rolling her hips, slowly at first, pressing into me, and then faster. I could feel her tense: her legs, her abdomen, her hands in my hair.</p> <p>"So close," she panted, her movements faltering, growing jagged and a little wild, and fuck if I didn't feel a little wild myself. I wanted to bite and suck, bury my fingers inside and completely unravel her. I worried I was growing too rough, but her breaths turned into little pants and tightened into pleas. When I twisted my wrist and pushed in deeper, she cried out, legs shaking as her climax overtook her.</p> <p>Rubbing her hip, I slowly lowered her leg and watched her feet just in case she decided to kick me after all.</p>
171	<p>"You smell... amazing," he said, untying my dress where it fastened behind my neck. "I always smell like you for hours afterward."</p> <p>He didn't add whether that was a good thing or a bad thing and I found that I didn't care.</p> <p>...With his hands sliding to my hips, he turned me to face him and bent to kiss me in a single, smooth movement.</p> <p>...He pushed my dress from my shoulders and it pooled at my feet as he stepped back, giving just enough room to let the cool air of his office wash his heat from my skin.</p> <p>...Before I could process the soft delivery of these new words he threw me a smirk and leaned to kiss me as he grabbed my panties, twisted and ripped them.</p> <p>This, we knew. I reached for his pants but he stepped away, shaking his head. He moved his</p>

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	<p>hand between my legs, found smooth, wet skin. His breath grew faster on my cheek and his fingers were somehow careful and hard, his words coming out deep, filthy, telling me I was beautiful, I was so dirty.</p> <p>...He told me how much he craved the way I sound when I come.</p> <p>And even when I did, gasping and clutching his shoulders through his suit, all I could think was that I wanted to touch him too. That I wanted to hear him get lost in me the same way.</p> <p>...He withdrew his fingers, sweeping across my sensitive clit when he did, and eliciting an involuntary shudder.</p> <p>“Sorry, sorry,” he whispered in response, kissing my jaw, my chin, my—</p>
196	<p>I kissed her harder, claiming her sounds as my own, making her lips mine, her taste all mine. “Let’s call a truce for one night,” I said, pressing three small kisses on her lips, one on each side and a lingering one in the middle, in the heart of her mouth “Give me all of you for one night, no holding back.</p> <p>... My lips were rough and unyielding but she didn’t move away, pressing her curves into me.</p> <p>...We bumped into a wall, the counter, the shower door, shifting and pulling in our desperation.</p> <p>...Our kisses grew deeper, our touches wilder. I grabbed her ass, her thighs, slid my hands up and over her breasts, needing every part of her in my palms simultaneously. She pushed me back against the wall and a rush of warmth cascaded across my shoulder and down my chest, bringing me out of my haze. With our clothes still on, we had backed into the shower.</p> <p>...Her hands roamed my body frantically, yanking my shirt from my pants. With shaky hands she unbuttoned it, tearing off some buttons in her haste before sliding the wet fabric from my shoulders and tossing it outside the shower door.</p> <p>The wet silk of her dress clung to her, accentuating every curve. I traced the fabric along her breasts, feeling her tight nipples underneath. She moaned and brought her hand to rest on mine, guiding my movements.</p> <p>...We teased and bit at each other’s mouths, the sound of the shower drowning out our moans. I slipped my hands into her panties and felt her warmth against my fingers. Needing to see more of her, I removed my fingers and slid them up to the hem of her dress. In one movement I pulled it up and over her head and stopped dead in my tracks at the sight of what lay underneath.</p> <p>...She stood before me, soaking wet in white lace panties that tied on the side with a satin bow. Her nipples were hard and visible beneath the matching bra, and I couldn’t stop myself from reaching out to touch them.</p> <p>“Fuck, you are so beautiful,” I said, running my fingertips along her taut breasts. A visible shiver ran through her and my hand traveled upward, across her collarbone, along her neck, and finally to her jaw.</p> <p>We could fuck right here, wet and slippery against the tile, and maybe we would later, but right now I wanted to take my time.</p> <p>...I reached behind her and turned off the shower. She pushed against me, pressing her body further into mine. I cradled her face in my hands and kissed her deeply, my tongue sliding easily against hers. Her hips rocked against me and I pushed the shower door open, holding on to her as we stepped out.</p> <p>I couldn’t seem to stop touching her skin: down her back, over the gentle curve of her backside, back up again along her sides to her breasts. I needed to feel, to taste every inch of her skin.</p> <p>Our kiss never broke as we made our way out of the bathroom, stumbling clumsily while we</p>

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	<p>desperately tore at our remaining clothes. I kicked off my wet shoes as I backed her into the bedroom, her hands raking along my stomach as she reached for my belt. Guiding her, I was quickly free of my pants and boxers. In a rush, I kicked them to the side, where they landed in a wet pile.</p> <p>I traced along her ribs with my knuckles before sliding to the clasp of her bra, releasing it and practically ripping it off her body. Pulling her closer, I groaned into her mouth as her hard nipples grazed my chest. The tips of her wet hair tickled my hands as they roamed her naked back, felt electric against my skin.</p> <p>The room was dark, the only illumination coming from the small sliver of light that crept out from the bathroom door and the moon in the night sky. The back of her knees hit the bed and my hands ran down to the last piece of clothing between us. My mouth moved from her lips, down her neck, and across her breasts and torso. I placed soft biting kisses across her stomach and finally to the white lace that hid the rest of her from view.</p> <p>Sliding to my knees in front of her, I looked up and met her eyes. Her hands were in my hair, running her fingers through the messy, wet strands.</p> <p>Reaching out, I took one delicate satin ribbon between my fingers and pulled, watching it slide off her hip. A look of confusion crossed her face as I continued running my fingers along the lace edge to the other side and did the same. The fabric fell from her body undamaged until she was completely naked before me. I might not have destroyed them, but she could be damn sure I planned to take these pretties with me.</p> <p>She laughed, seeming to read my mind.</p> <p>I guided her back so that she sat on the edge of the bed and, still kneeling in front of her, I spread her legs. Running my hands down along the silky skin of her calves, I planted kisses along her thighs and between her legs. Her taste slid around my mouth and inside my head, erasing everything else. Fuck, what this woman did to me.</p> <p>Pushing her back to lie across the sheets I finally moved up to join her, running my lips and tongue along her body, her hands still tangling in my hair, guiding where she wanted me most. I slipped my thumb into her mouth, needing her sucking on me somewhere, needing my own mouth on her breasts, her ribs, her jaw.</p> <p>Her sighs and moans filled the room and mingled with my own. I was harder than I could ever remember being, and I wanted to bury myself in her over and over again. I reached her mouth and dragged my wet thumb across her cheek when she pulled me down to her, every inch of our naked bodies aligned.</p> <p>We kissed frantically, hands seeking and grasping as we tried to get as close as possible. Our hips rocked together, my cock sliding against her soaking heat. Each pass along her clit elicited a moan. With one tiny move, I could be deep inside.</p> <p>...“I am fucking dying to be inside you right now,” I whispered into her ear. Her breath caught and a deep moan escaped her lips. “Is that what you want?”</p> <p>“Yes,” she whimpered, her voice pleading and her hips rocked higher off the bed in search of me. My tip grazed her entrance and I clenched my jaw, wanting to prolong this. Her heels ran up and down my legs, finally locking around my waist. I took each of her hands and placed them above her head, entwining our fingers.</p> <p>“Please, Bennett,” she begged. “I’m losing my mind.”</p> <p>I lowered my head so our foreheads touched and I finally pushed deep inside her.</p> <p>“Oh, fuck,” she moaned.</p> <p>“Say it again.” I was becoming breathless as I began to move in and out of her.</p> <p>“Bennett—fuck.”</p>

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	<p>I wanted to hear it again and again. I pulled myself up on my knees and began thrusting into her more steadily, both of our hands still entwined.</p> <p>“I can’t get enough of this.” I was getting close and I needed to hold out. I’d been away from her too long, and nothing I’d fantasized about while she was away compared to this.</p> <p>“I want you like this every day,” I growled against her damp skin. “Like this, and bent over my desk. On your knees sucking my dick.”</p> <p>“Why?” she hissed between clenched teeth. “Why do I love it when you talk to me like that? You’re such a prick.”</p> <p>I lowered myself onto her again, laughing into her neck.</p> <p>We moved together effortlessly, sweat-slicked skin sliding against skin. With each thrust she raised her hips to meet me, her legs around my waist pulling me deeper. I was so lost in her that time seemed to stop. Our hands were still tightly clasped above her head and she began gripping tighter. She was getting close, her cries becoming louder and my name leaving her lips over and over, pushing me closer to the edge.</p> <p>“Give it up.” My voice was ragged with the desperation I felt. I was so close but I wanted to wait for her. “Let go, Chloe, come all over me.”</p> <p>“Oh, God, Bennett,” she moaned. “Say something else.” Fuck. My girl got off on dirty talk.</p> <p>“Please.”</p> <p>“You’re so fucking slippery and hot. When you get close,” I panted, “your skin flushes everywhere and your voice gets hoarse. And there is nothing more fucking perfect than your face when you come.”</p> <p>She squeezed me harder with her legs and I felt her breath hitch, felt her tighten around me.</p> <p>“Your fucking bee-stung lips go all soft and open when you pant for me, your eyes begging me to make it good and, fuck, nothing is better than the sound you make when you’re finally there.”</p> <p>That was all it took. I deepened my strokes, lifting her off the bed with every thrust. I was teetering on the edge now, and when she cried out my name, I couldn’t hold back any longer.</p> <p>She muffled her screams against my neck as I felt her let go, clenching wildly beneath me—nothing in the world felt as good as this, letting the rush build inside and crash over us, together—and I let go too.</p>
205	<p>Fuck, that felt good.</p> <p>Something warm and wet enveloped my dick again and I groaned loudly. Best. Dream. Ever. Dream Chloe moaned, sending a vibration along my dick and straight through me.</p> <p>...The warmth was back and my eyes flew to my lap, where a beautiful dard head of hair moved between my open legs. She sucked my cock back into her mouth.</p> <p>... My hands drifted out to find her, my fingers tracing her lips around my cock.</p> <p>She bobbed her mouth up and down on me, her tongue swirling and her teeth raking 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.</p> <p>The feeling was so intense, the realization of my dreams and reality coming together, that I didn’t know how long I could last. She moved slightly, her finger lightly rubbing a spot just below, and a long hiss escaped my clenched teeth. No one had ever done that to me. I almost wanted to stop her, but the feeling was so incredible I was helpless to move.</p> <p>While my eyes adjusted to the light, I ran my fingers through her hair and across her face and jaw. She closed her eyes and increased the suction, bringing me closer and closer to the edge. The combination of her mouth on my dick and her finger pressing against me was</p>

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	<p>unreal, but I wanted her up with me, that mouth on my mouth, sucking my lips while I buried myself in her.</p> <p>Sitting up, I pulled her into my lap, wrapping her legs around my hips. Our naked chests pressed together, I took her face in my hands, looking into her eyes. "That is the best wake-up call I've ever gotten."</p> <p>She laughed a little, licking her lips to a delicious shine. Reaching down I placed my cock at her entrance and lifted her slightly. In one smooth motion I was deep inside her. Her forehead fell to my shoulder and she rocked her hips forward, taking me further inside. Being with her in a bed was unreal. She was leisurely riding me, grinding in tiny movements. She kissed along every inch of the right side of my neck, sucking and pulling at my skin. Short utterances punctuated every circuit of her hips.</p> <p>"... like being on top of you," she breathed. "Feel how deep you are? Feel that?"</p> <p>"Yeah."</p> <p>"Want faster?"</p> <p>I shook my head, absolutely lost. "No. God, no."</p> <p>For a while, she stayed slow, tiny circles, teeth all up and down my neck. But then she shifted closer, whispering, "I'm gonna come, Bennett," and instead of releasing a string of curse words to describe what hearing that did to me, I bit her shoulder, sucked a bruise into her skin.</p> <p>Working me harder now, she began to talk. Words I could barely process. Words about my body inside her, her need for me. Words about my taste and how wet she was. Words about wanting me to come, needing me to come.</p> <p>With each swivel of her hips, the pressure began to build. I gripped her tighter, fearing briefly that I would leave bruises every time I moved my hands, and quickened my thrusts. She moaned and writhed above me and just when I thought I couldn't hold out anymore, she called my name again and I felt her begin to spasm around me. The intensity of her orgasm brought on my own, and I moved my face to her neck, pressing a loud groan into her skin.</p>
216	<p>It had to be the sexiest fucking thing I'd ever heard. Between that and the tattoo and the fact that he was completely naked under me, I was going to spontaneously combust.</p> <p>..."Say something else." My breasts were heaving with each labored breath, my sensitive nipples grazing against the cotton of his shirt.</p> <p>Bending slightly, he kissed my ear, saying, "Je suis à toi." His voice was strained and gravelly as he held himself up for me and I put us both out of our misery, sinking down over him with a groan, and loving the depth of this position again. He whispered a single, profane syllable over and over, staring up at me. Instead of clutching my hips, his hands fisted the shirt at my sides.</p> <p>It was so easy, so natural between us, that it somehow just added to the space of uneasiness that I couldn't seem to shake. Instead of focusing on that, I focused on his quiet grunts into my mouth. I focused on the way he sat us up abruptly and sucked on my breasts through his shirt, exposing the pink beneath. I got lost in his urgent fingers on my hips and thighs, his forehead pressed to my collarbone as he got closer. I got lost in the feel of his thighs under me, his hips moving faster and harder to meet every one of my movements.</p> <p>Flipping me over, he spread his hand flat on my chest, hips stilling. "Your heart is pounding. Tell me how fucking good this feels."</p> <p>Instinctively, I relaxed when I looked up at his cocky grin. Did he know I needed some reminder of who we'd been less than a day ago? "You're doing that talking thing again. Stop."</p>

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	<p>His smile widened. "You love my talking. You especially love it when it coincides with my dick being in you."</p> <p>I rolled my eyes. "What gave that away? The orgasms? The way I ask you for it? Good sleuthing."</p> <p>He winked, pulling my foot up to his shoulder and kissing the inside of my ankle.</p> <p>"Have you always been this way?" I asked, tugging uselessly on his hips. I hated to admit it, but I wanted him moving. When he was still, it teased, it was sore, it felt incomplete. When he moved I just wanted time to freeze. "I pity the females whose discarded egos litter the path."</p> <p>Bennett shook his head, leaning over me and propping himself up on his hands. Mercifully, he started moving, hips shifting forward and up, pushing deep into me. My eyes rolled closed. He hit the perfect spot again and again and again.</p> <p>"Look at me," he whispered.</p> <p>I looked up, watched the sweat bead on his brow, his lips part as he stared at my mouth. Shoulder muscles bunched as he moved, his torso shone with a thin layer of sweat, and I watched where he moved in and out of me. I'm not sure what I said when he pulled almost all the way out and then pushed hard back into me, but it was quiet and filthy and instantly forgotten as he pounded into me. "You make me feel cocky. It's the way you react to me that makes me feel like a fucking god. How can you not see that?"</p> <p>I didn't answer, and clearly he didn't expect me to, his gaze and the fingers of one hand drifting down my neck and over my breasts. He found a particularly sensitive spot and I gasped.</p> <p>"It looks like someone bit you here," he said, his thumb sweeping across his bite mark. "Did you like it?"</p> <p>I swallowed, pushing up into him. "Yes."</p> <p>"Fucking wicked girl."</p> <p>My hands slid over his shoulders and down his chest, across his abs and to the muscles of his hips, my thumb running back and forth over his tattoo. "I like this too."</p> <p>His movements grew jagged and forceful. "Oh, fuck, Chloe... I can't... I won't last long."</p> <p>Hearing his voice so desperate and out of control only intensified my need for him. I closed my eyes, focusing on the delicious feeling beginning to spread throughout my body. I was so close, teetering right on the edge. Reaching between us, my fingers found my clit and I began to rub it slowly.</p> <p>Tilting his head, he looked down at my hand and swore. "Oh, fuck." His voice was desperate, his breath coming out in deep pants. "Touch yourself, just like that. Let me fucking see you." His words were all I needed, and with one last brush of my fingers, I felt my orgasm overtake me.</p> <p>I came hard, clenching around him, the nails of my free hand digging into his back. He cried out, his body seizing as he came inside me. My whole body shook in the aftermath, tiny tremors continuing even as my orgasm faded. I clung to him as he stilled, his body sinking against mine. He kissed my shoulder and my neck before placing a single kiss to my lips. Our eyes met briefly, and then he rolled off me.</p> <p>"Christ, woman," he said, exhaling a heavy breath, forcing a laugh. "You're going to kill me."</p>
241	<p>He bent to kiss me then, sucking on my lower lip for a few moments before whispering, "No. We just didn't work anymore. My romantic life was entirely without drama. Until you."</p> <p>...I could feel his laugh in the vibrations along my skin as he kissed up my neck. "And oh, you do." Long fingers made their way down my stomach, to my hips, and finally, between my</p>

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	<p>legs.</p> <p>...He circled a lazy finger around my clit before sliding it inside me. He knew my body better than I did.</p> <p>...With a kiss to my shoulder, he moved his hand back to my stomach, drawing circles there once again.</p> <p>... Heat pulsed through me. His voice was different when he said that. Sharp. Commanding. Hot as hell.</p> <p>He rolled on top of me, grabbing my wrists and pinning them above my head. “Don’t tease.” “Don’t tease? Please,” I said, breathless. His cock pressed into my thigh. I wanted it higher. I wanted it pushing inside me.</p> <p>...As if to prove me wrong, he reached down, grabbing his length and guiding himself into me, pulling my leg around his hip. Holding very still, he stared down at me.</p> <p>...I tried to move my hips but he followed my movements so I couldn’t gain any friction.</p> <p>“Chloe, I never tease you. I fuck the sense out of you.”</p> <p>I laughed, and his eyes fell closed when I did, my body constricting him even more.</p> <p>“Not that you have much sense to begin with,” he said, biting my neck. “Now tell me how good I make you feel.” Something in his voice, some vulnerability or dip in its strength as the sentence ended told me he wasn’t playing around.</p> <p>...He exhaled my name as his hips moved back and then forward. And again back and forward. The conversation was done; his mouth found mine, and then my chin, and my jaw, and my ears. His hand moved up my side, to my breast, and finally to my face.</p> <p>And when I thought we were both lost to the rhythm and I could feel my climax just beyond me, but so close, and I dug both heels into his ass, needing more, and faster, and all of him, he whispered, “I wish I’d known that.”</p> <p>“Why?” I managed, an exhale carrying the sound barely past my lips. Faster, my body screamed. More.</p> <p>...He unwrapped my legs from around him, flipped me over and up onto my knees. “I don’t know. I just wish I’d known,” he grunted, pushing into me once again. “Jesus. So fucking deep like this.”</p> <p>His movements were so fluid, like dancing, rippling water; like the sliding of the sunlight across a room. The mattress springs groaned beneath us, the force of his thrusts pushing me farther up the bed.</p> <p>“Almost.” I clutched at the sheets, begged him to keep going. “Almost. Harder.”</p> <p>“Fuck. I’m so close. Get there.” He synchronized every movement with the last, knowing now was the point where he couldn’t change a thing. “Get there.”</p> <p>His face, his voice, his scent—each part of him filled my mind as I obediently came apart beneath him.</p> <p>He thrust roughly; then every muscle froze before he melted against me as he came. “Fuck, fuck, fuck...” he breathed into my hair before falling quiet, heavy and still on top of me.</p>
267	<p>She opened it, dressed like a naughty businesswoman pinup, and it took me approximately eight years to move my attention from her legs, up over her breasts, and finally to her face.</p> <p>... The sleeve of my jacket brushed against her bare arm, and before I fully understood what was happening, she had my tie twisted around her fist and my back pressed against the wall, her mouth sliding over mine.</p> <p>I froze, surprised. “Whoa, hello there,” I mumbled against her lips.</p> <p>With one hand splayed on my chest, she began loosening my tie and groaned into my mouth when she felt my dick grow hard against her. Her nimble fingers had my tie yanked from my</p>

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	<p>collar and on the floor at my feet before I remembered we had a flight to catch.</p> <p>...“I don’t care.” She was nothing but teeth and lips, suction all down my neck, her hungry hands whipping my belt off, palming my cock.</p> <p>I cursed under my breath, completely unable to resist the way she gripped me through my pants, her bossy wiggling and tugging on my clothes. “Fuck, Chloe, you’re fucking wild.”</p> <p>I whipped her around, pressing her back into the wall and shoving my hand up beneath her blouse, roughly pushing the cup of her bra aside. Her greediness was infectious, and my fingers relished the pebbling of her nipples, the firm swell of her breast as she pushed forward into my palm. I reached down and slid her skirt over her hips, shoved her underwear down, and she kicked it aside before I lifted her off the floor.</p> <p>I needed to be in her, now.</p> <p>“Tell me you want me,” she said, the words coming out as exhales, only air. She was trembling; her eyes were squeezed closed.</p> <p>“You have no idea. I want everything you’ll give me.”</p> <p>“Tell me we can do this.” She shoved my pants and boxers down past my knees and wrapped her legs around my waist, digging the heel of her shoe into my ass. When my dick slipped against her, pushing just inside, I covered her mouth as she let out a small, keening noise. Almost a moan.</p> <p>Almost a sob.</p> <p>I pulled back, inspecting her face. Tears ran down her cheeks.</p> <p>“Chloe?”</p> <p>“Don’t stop,” she said, hiccupping, leaning to suck at my neck. Hiding. With one hand, she tried to dig between us and reach for me. It was a weird kind of desperation. We knew frenzied fucking, and we knew covert quickies, but this was something else entirely.</p> <p>“Stop.” I pressed closer, pinning her tightly to the wall. “Baby, what are you doing?”</p> <p>Finally, she opened her eyes, focusing on my collar. She slipped a button loose, and then one more. “I just need to feel you one more time.”</p> <p>“What are you talking about, ‘one more time’?”</p> <p>She wouldn’t look at me, wouldn’t say anything.</p> <p>“Chloe, when we leave this room, we can leave everything here. Or we can take everything we have with us. I believe we can figure it out... but do you?”</p> <p>She nodded, her lip pinned between her teeth so tightly the pink flesh was white. When she released it, it flushed a decadent, tempting red. “I want to.”</p> <p>“I told you, I want more than this. I want to be with you. I want to be your lover.” I swore, digging my hands into my hair. “I’m falling for you, Chloe.”</p> <p>She bent over, laughing, relief spreading through her body. When she stood, she pulled me close again, pressing her lips to my cheek. “You’re serious?”</p> <p>“Totally serious. I want to be the only guy who fucks you against windows, and also the first person you see in the morning—from where you lie, having stolen my pillow. I’d also like to be the person who gets you lime Popsicles when you’ve had bad sushi. We only have a few months left where it’s potentially complicated.”</p> <p>With my mouth on hers, and my hands on her face, I think she finally started to understand.</p> <p>“Promise me you’ll take me to bed when we get back,” she said.</p> <p>“I promise.”</p> <p>“Your bed.”</p> <p>“Fuck yes, my bed. My bed is huge, with a headboard I can tie you to and spank you silly for being so ridiculous.”</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	77
Bitch	12
Cock	24
Dick	29
Fuck	167
Goddamn	2
Prick	7
Pussy	1
Shit	36
Tit	2