

Encounter -- Last Resort: Show Me

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Last Resort: Show Me

Howard walked toward Penny with the swagger of a man who had fought for and earned his place in the world. It was a swagger similar to the one her billionaire father had, a confidence-filled strut women found appealing and her mother had instantly fallen in love with.

Howard's gaze drifted down Penny's form, his blue eyes warming with a gratifying appreciation. She'd spent hours planning the outfit she'd wear to seduce him, their flirting having escalated over the past couple of days.

"Miss Penny." Howard gave her a cocky *I-get-what-I-want-and-I-want-you* grin. "I..."

Penny placed her finger over his lips. "Words are meaningless." She glanced around her. There was no sign of Sloane, her father's appointed watchdog. "Show me how you feel." She opened the nearest door and darted inside, pulling Howard into the supply closet with her. "Seduce me, Howard." She pressed her lips against his.

He hesitated for a moment, his body stiff and his lips unyielding. *Doesn't he want me?* Penny's heart squeezed.

Howard's eyes darkened to black, and he surged against her, pushing his tongue past her parted lips, the impact driving her head back. She moaned her happiness into

his mouth and lifted one leg, rubbing her panty-covered mons against the reassuringly hard bulge in his pants.

He wants me. Penny undulated against him, brushing his chest with her breasts and grinding her hips against his. He slid his rough working man hands along her bare thighs and under her sinfully short skirt, cupping her ass, lifting her.

“Strong,” she murmured against his lips, holding onto his wide shoulders.

He grunted his reply and staggered forward, banging her arm against the shelving unit. She winced, the pain puncturing her passion-filled haze, and rolls of toilet paper fell soundlessly to the floor.

They found a free piece of wall, and Howard rode her against it, smacking her ass against the plaster, heating her flesh, her cotton panties useless as a buffer. Howard drove his tongue into her mouth as he rammed his hips against hers, their bodies frustratingly separated by clothes.

Penny lifted her hips, meeting his thrusts, the tempo of their dry humping fast and furious. This could be their last time, their only time. A blue-collar man had been good enough for her mother, but supposedly not good enough for her. Penny curled her fingers around the back of Howard’s neck, clinging to him.

Need and want and arousal coiled around them, Penny’s panties soaked with her juices, her body throbbing, aching. She panted. He grunted, his muscle slamming into her curves.

The society boys she’d dated had been soft and untested, concerned only with themselves and their pleasure. Howard was a man, confident and hard, his dark gaze on her and her alone. She was his. He was hers.

“Come for me, Penny,” he commanded, squeezing her burning ass. “Show me how you feel.” He echoed her words back to him, providing proof he’d truly listened to her.

“Yes.” She arched, everything intolerably tight. “Yes. Oh. Oh. *Oh.* Howard!”

He covered her mouth with his, muffling Penny’s scream as she exploded, every nerve ending in her body sparking to life, the room bursting with brilliant color. She

writhed and rocked, trying to break free, and he tightened his grip, holding her securely to him.

As her tremors eased, he thrust once, twice, three more times and released a soul-deep groan, his shoulders shuddering, his hips pinning her ass to the wall.

“Fuck, Penny.” Howard rested his forehead on hers, his skin slick with his efforts. “What are you doing to me?”

She blinked, her mind foggy with spent desire. “Is this a first for you too?”

“God, yes.” He chuckled, his laughter shaky, and he lowered her feet to the floor. “Fraternizing with the guests is strictly forbidden.” He smoothed down her skirt, his consideration warming Penny. “Mister Glace is a hard ass about that.”

“Oh.” Penny stared at the huge wet stain on the front of Howard’s pants. “You need to change your uniform.”

He glanced down. “I’m so getting fired for this.”

“I’m sorry.” She chewed on her bottom lip, not having thought of the possible consequences.

Howard met her gaze and smiled. “I’m not.” He took her hands in his. “No matter what happens, meeting you was worth it.”

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