

Encounter: Hot and Ready

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Hot and Ready

Zoey leaned against the office door until it clicked shut and she promptly locked it. Sebastian lifted a brow, as if asking what she was up to. She licked her lips and sashayed across the room until she stood before him. She'd been dying to get her hands on him for as long as she could remember and now her every fantasy was about to come true.

She lifted her hands and placed them on his wide, firm chest, feeling the heat through the thin material of his blue shirt. After caressing the hard muscles under her palms, she reached for his tie. Slowly, she loosened it and pulled it free of his collar. She draped it over the back of the closest chair before reaching for him again.

Sebastian watched her with his intense blue eyes, his gaze burning through her. She saw heat in his eyes to match her own. As she unbuttoned his shirt and exposed his skin inch by inch, she licked her lips. Shoving the material down his arms, she splayed her hands across his abs, chiseled from hours at the gym. Seeing Sebastian in the flesh was far better than anything she'd ever imagined. Her over-active imagination hadn't done him justice.

Tossing the shirt onto the chair, she then reached for his belt. As she slid it free from his pants, he leaned back against the desk. With her heart hammering in her chest,

she unfastened his pants. This was the moment she'd been waiting for. Would she be impressed or disappointed? She had a hard time believing that Sebastian would disappoint her.

Zoey unbuttoned the pants. The rasp of the zipper was loud in the otherwise quiet office, but she was pleasantly surprised when she'd pulled the zipper all the way down. It seemed her sexy as hell boss didn't wear underwear. His cock sprang free, into her waiting hands, all nine inches of him. Zoey was more than impressed, she was in awe.

Sebastian gave her a sardonic smile, as if guessing her thoughts. She was sure he'd been praised for his size on more than one occasion and she refused to be just another woman who drooled over his cock, even if her mouth was watering.

Pushing away from the desk, he stalked her, backing her against the wall. He hadn't touched her once, not even when he'd called her into his office. She knew he'd only wanted to reprimand her for daydreaming during the meeting, but she hadn't been able to resist the opportunity to have her wicked way with him.

Sebastian skimmed his hands up the outsides of her thighs, gathering the short skirt of her dress on his hands. He shoved the material to her waist, baring her to his gaze. She'd forgone panties that morning and watched as the heat in his eyes intensified. He gripped her hips and lifted her, urging her legs around his waist.

He rubbed the head of his cock against her clit, teasing strokes, back and forth until she was panting. An ache was building inside of her, an ache only he could relieve. Just when she thought she'd have to be, he began to enter her slowly, stretching her a little at a time. She'd never felt so full in her life, his impressive size filling her completely.

He stared into her eyes as he pulled back and plunged inside of her again. Using long, hard strokes he had her clawing at his shoulders in a matter of minutes. When he settled into a faster rhythm, she came apart, calling out his name.

With a growl, Sebastian doubled his efforts, taking her faster and harder. A second orgasm quickly followed her first and they both came together.

Sebastian gathered her close and kissed her neck.

“If you worried about me daydreaming in meetings before, you’re really in trouble now.”

His shoulders began to shake and she realized he was laughing. “If I had known why you were so distracted, I would have called the meeting and brought you to my office sooner,” he said with a grin.

“Pencil me in for this time tomorrow?”

“And every day thereafter.”

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