

Encounter -- Flash Fiction: Called By The Boss Cynthia Sax

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Called By The Boss

"Where the hell are you, Stevens?" My control-freak boss's voice blasts into my left ear and my nipples tighten, his dominance wetting my panties.

"Detained... sir." I pant, running down 5th Avenue in my heels, unable to hail a cab because of another damn parade celebrating who the hell knows what.

"Detained how? You're breathing heavy, Stevens. Are you fucking someone?" he growls.

What? I nearly drop the phone. "No... sir." My already flushed face heats even more.

"Does some other executive have you bent over his desk, that plush ass of yours in the air? Is he pounding into you with his big cock, trying to please you?"

Is this my uptight boss saying these dirty, filthy, sexy things? I glance at the face of the phone. Yup, that's his number.

"All he's doing is bruising your skin, skin that belongs to me, and he's frustrating you. He isn't pleasing you, is he, Stevens?"

I see the office building, the structure jutting into the city sky, a phallic celebration of my boss's raw sexuality. "No, sir." I realize what I've said and I gasp. "I mean no one is fucking me, sir."

"Damn right, he isn't fucking you, not the way you should be fucked." My boss's voice deepens to a low rumble. "Not the way I'll fuck you."

My hot-as-hell billionaire boss wants to fuck plus-sized me? "Sir?" I squeak, my sensitive nipples rubbing against the lace of my jogging-inappropriate bra, my breasts threatening to snap their fragile restraints.

"But you know that, don't you, Stevens?" My boss continues his verbal torture. "That's why you're calling me. You need my voice to get you hot." There's silence and I pray the call hasn't been dropped, wanting, needing to hear more, this conversation steamier than any of my erotic dreams. "Are you hot, Stevens?"

"Running, sir." I push on the revolving doors, entering our building, the cool air not dissipating the heat.

He groans, a sound I feel right down to my pussy. "Are you? Are your pussy juices running down your thighs?"

"Um." I hustle through the lobby. The security guard smiles and winks at me as I pass, his gaze fixed on my bouncing breasts.

"Is he licking that sweet cream off your thighs? He shouldn't. Because that cream is mine." His voice hardens and I tremble, hearing his displeasure.

Bruce, the mailroom guy, holds the elevator for me. I mouth a thank you, tapping the side of the phone, and he rolls his eyes. Everyone in the company knows what a demanding employer my boss is.

"Your ass is mine." I suspect very few people know this side of him. I sure the hell didn't know about it until this call. "I told you that during your interview."

"You did, sir." I hadn't taken his words literally. My fingers shake as I press the button for our floor. The penthouse. Because my boss likes to be on top.

"I also told you I needed you to give everything you had to me and to this job. You swore you would. Have you changed your mind, Stevens?"

"No, sir." I pluck at my blouse, the fabric sticking to my skin, and Bruce's gaze lowers. "I enjoy working under you, sir."

"Then stop fucking around and get your ass in the office," he roars.

I hold the phone away from my ear. The elevator doors open and Bruce rolls his cart out, a smirk on his pale face.

I'm alone in the small space, the mirrored walls reflecting my red face, my frizzy hair, and... oh God... my nipples, my bra cupping, not covering, my breasts.

"Stevens."

"I'm coming, sir," I mumble, juggling the phone as I slide my hand into my wet white blouse and yank my bra into place. Lace rips. I groan.

"You do not have my permission to come," my boss snaps, and I straighten my spine, my bra forgotten. "Control yourself."

I squeeze my thighs together.

"You'll come around my cock, while I'm buried deep within you, and not before, understand?"

He really does plan to fuck me. I feel light headed, all of my blood rushing to my pussy.

"Understand?" His tone doesn't allow for refusal.

"Yes, sir." The elevator doors open. I switch the phone to my other ear, crossing my arm in front of my body, trying to conceal my bra malfunction. "I understand completely." I hurry through the busy office.

"The boss wants to see you immediately, Jules," my friend Stacie advises and I cover the phone with my palm, trying to block her voice. "He's in a mood."

"Damn right I'm in a mood." The phone clicks. The dial tone buzzes. "Stevens!" he bellows. My coworkers scatter, casting me sympathetic *sucks-to-be-you* glances as I double-time it to his office.

As though he hears my approach, my boss throws the door open, wraps his fingers around my arm, pulls me inside, and slams the door shut, blocking out everyone and everything, leaving only the two of us, alone, horny and needy.

My boss's dark hair is mussed, finger-deep tracks separating the short strands, his silk tie is loosened, and his cock is hard, his black dress pants tented around his impressive length. I've never seen him so disheveled, so out of control, and I'm responsible.

He wants me.

My boss stares down at me, storm clouds in his gray eyes. I stare up at him, my chest heaving. He leans forward, inhaling deeply, his nostrils flaring. "Did you shower? I don't smell his cum on you."

"I --"

He smashes his lips against mine, stealing my breath, and I open to him. He fills my mouth, whipping my tongue with his, punishing me for my delay. He tastes of black coffee, coffee I normally fetch for him, and I moan, pushing my hips forward, grinding my skirt-covered mons into his hardness.

"No." He steps back and I blink, confused, frustrated, needing him. "I fuck you. You don't fuck me."

"Sorry, sir," I apologize, not knowing what I'm apologizing for.

He swipes his hand over his mahogany desk, sending the reports I'd neatly stacked for him late last night flying across the room. "You'll clean that mess up later," he informs me. "Up against the desk." He pats the wooden surface. "Facing my chair, hands flat."

"Yes, sir." I assume the position, bending over, my ass sticking out, my body vulnerable, at his mercy -- and he doesn't have any.

"Lift your skirt." He stands behind me, his cologne teasing my nostrils. "Show me that ass you allowed another executive to fuck."

I quiver as I tug my skirt upward, the air cool on my upper thighs.

“Higher,” he barks.

I pull my skirt up to my waist, revealing my soaked G-string and too much pale ass.

“Better, but not good.” He smacks my ass hard, heat radiating from his palm, the sweet pain shooting straight to my pussy. “What was that for?”

“Ummm...”

“Answer me, Stevens.” He wallops my ass again and I cry out, surprised and excited, so fuckin’ horny I could come from his hand on my ass alone.

“For being too slow, sir?” I lilt my voice into a question because I have no clue why I’m being punished.

I’d like to know so I can be punished again in the future.

“Wrong.” His palm cracks on my skin and I press my thighs together. “Spread them.” He kicks my feet wider apart, denying me that orgasm-delaying ploy.

“You’ve covered your pussy in my presence.” He slides his fingers around the tiny ribbons at my hips and twists, snapping them. “I own this pussy. I’m paying for this pussy.” He cups me and I grit my teeth, struggling not to come. “You’re always to be open to me, anytime, anywhere, understand?” He strokes my wet folds, his touch as sure and as confident as he is.

“Yes, sir.” My voice is strangled, strained. “Sir?” I shake... all over. Oh God. I’m going to come.

“Wait for me, Stevens.” A zipper rasps. A wrapper crinkles. I want to look but I can’t, my control battered and frayed, my body primed for his big cock.

My boss, the powerful and brilliant man I’ve lusted over for three months, prods against me, finding my entrance. He folds his fingers over my hips, holding me securely, his palms wide, and he pushes his condom-covered cockhead inside me, stretching me, the pull delectable.

He pauses, his tip buried in my pussy and nothing more. I swallow my whimper of frustration, needing more, needing all of him, the waiting shredding my already paper-thin restraint.

“Don’t make a sound,” he warns.

My boss thrusts hard and deep, filling me completely, and I open my mouth, the pain, the pleasure too much. He slaps his palm over my lips, muffling my scream, and he pins me against the desk as I come and come and come, writhing on the wooden surface as though I’m a wild animal, biting his hand.

“Fuck, Stevens, I can’t last. You feel too good.” He withdraws and drives into me again, slamming me against the desk, ramming his cock into my pussy and his hips against my battered ass cheeks. He thrusts one, two, three more times, groans, stiffens, and sags on top of me.

I stare at his empty leather chair, my boss’s empty leather chair. I fucked my boss, or rather, he fucked me. I’m spread over his desk, naked from the waist down, with his big cock inside my pussy. What have I done? “Sir?”

“Stevens,” he mumbles against my frizzy hair, his voice adorably drowsy, lacking its normal edge.

“What does this mean?”

“It means your probation period is over.” He straightens, his cock slipping from my body. “And your ass is permanently mine.”

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