

Chapter Ten

Alex

I draw in a breath, but I can't fill my lungs. Rafael has sucked all the oxygen out of the room, and my body is responding to him in a way I can't explain.

My hands drift up to cup the back of his neck, raking through his thick black hair. Rafael's kiss is rough and demanding, and I can't get enough.

I pull him closer, my hands skimming over his bare chest as his teeth and tongue ravage my mouth. Rafael's fingers tangle in my hair, pulling me closer until every inch of me is pressed against him.

Then he breaks the kiss and pulls away, breathing just as hard as I am. "Alex . . ."

A jolt of horror goes through me when I realize what I've done. I just kissed my boss. He's going to tell me that he's not fucking his assistant — or that it can't mean anything.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" he growls, his eyes blazing a fierce gold.

I blink up at him, surprised he's asking — surprised that any man with Rafael's status would bother to ask before taking.

It's a long moment before I answer. Logically, I know I shouldn't want this. Rafael is entitled and demanding, but he's also not what I imagined. I know a relationship with him is out of the question. I know we don't make sense.

But in this moment, I can't bring myself to care. There's a throbbing ache between my legs, and my nipples are so hard they hurt. I want to climb this man like a tree.

I need Rafael inside me.

"Touch me," I whisper, running a hand down his perfect jawline and delighting in the prick of his stubble.

Apparently, that's all he needed to hear.

Rafael's hands grip my waist as he lifts me onto the counter. My butt knocks into the box of Cocoa Pebbles, sending cereal skittering all over the counter and onto the floor.

Tugging my robe off my shoulders, he yanks down the flimsy straps of my nightgown to bare my breasts. The cold air makes my peaked nipples harden even more, and I let out a wanton

moan as he takes my nipple into his mouth. He bites down, and a bolt of electricity shoots down my spine.

Fuck.

Rafael's tongue flicks out to lick the sting away, and I feel a wet gush between my legs. Right on cue, Rafael's hands slide up under my nightgown, and I lift my hips so he can pull my panties down. He flings them carelessly over his shoulder, shoving my thighs apart until I'm completely exposed.

"So fucking sexy," he breathes, staring down at my dripping pink folds as if they hold all the secrets of the universe. Then he reaches between my legs, caressing my pussy lips with the backs of his knuckles. It's such a light touch, but it sends a shudder through my whole body. I'm so worked up already that I feel as though I might shatter.

"You're already wet for me, kitten," he growls, those devilish golden eyes flicking up to meet mine. "What have you been thinking about?"

A shaky moan is my only answer.

Rafael spreads me apart with his fingers, running his thumb down my crease and causing my thighs to shake. He rolls his thumb over my swollen clit, and I have to bite down on my lip to stifle a whimper.

"Don't worry, kitten. I'm going to take care of that ache between your legs." He carelessly flicks my throbbing nub, and I clamp my thighs together with a groan.

Rafael pries my legs apart and looks up at me from under thick dark lashes. "I'm going to make you come until you scream my name, and then I'm going to fuck you so hard you won't be able to walk come Monday."

I don't know why, but something about his filthy promise sends a fresh gush of wetness surging out of me.

Rafael dives down to lap it up, and I throw my head back in a shaky moan that rises to a squeal as his stubble rakes against my most sensitive places. It feels like a thousand bolts of lightning shooting straight to my core.

Then Rafael's hot mouth cups my mound, and my pussy clenches as his wet tongue circles my entrance.

I'm trembling so hard it's downright embarrassing, and when Rafael's tongue flicks inside me, I think I might black out. It swirls around my entrance, tasting and exploring at first and then thrashing in and out as though he owns me.

The pressure starts to build deep in my core, but then Rafael pulls out. My pussy aches at the sudden emptiness, but then I feel the scrape of his teeth along my clit, dragging me to the very edge.

I groan and fist Rafael's hair, grinding my pussy into his face.

I don't care that I'm spread-eagled on his expensive quartz countertop with my breasts hanging out of my nightgown. I don't care that his mother or his chef could walk in at any moment. My need for him is too great.

Rafael's enthusiasm matches my own. He grips my ass and pulls me closer, sucking on my aching nub until the pressure is almost unbearable.

"Rafael . . ."

My voice comes out as a raspy plea, and when he pulls back to meet my gaze, his eyes have lightened to a molten gold, and his chin is glistening with my juices.

"I already told you, kitten. I want you to scream my name. That's not going to cut it."

I open my mouth to tell him just what a conceited bastard he is, but then he thrusts two fingers inside of me.

I gasp at the sudden feeling of fullness, but Rafael doesn't give me a moment to adjust. He rams his fingers in and out until the slapping sound of my wet pussy against his palm fills the kitchen. He pauses only to lap up my cream, biting down on my clit until I shatter into oblivion.

My orgasm comes hard and fast, stealing my breath with the intensity of it. Tears well up in my eyes as I grind down on his hand, my pussy needing him to fill every inch of me. Rafael's name is a broken cry in my throat, but he doesn't stop.

Before I've had a moment to recover from my crushing orgasm, Rafael shoves me back until I'm lying flat on the counter. He lifts my legs over his shoulders and licks a trail from my clit all the way down to my asshole.

"Whoa!" I cry, clenching my cheeks automatically.

"Relax, kitten, or I'll have to punish you," he murmurs, his voice simultaneously rough and silky as he lifts my legs off his shoulders and pushes them against my chest.

Ohhh, no. This is happening . . .

I'm about to tell Rafael what I really think about his idea of "punishment," but I never manage to get a word out. Rafael's tongue flicks at my puckered back hole, causing my entire body to flush with heat and desire.

No one has ever touched me like this, but to a man like Rafael, there are no limits.

Then his tongue circles my rear entrance, and my pussy clenches in response. A fresh surge of arousal gushes out of me, and Rafael's tongue makes a lazy sweep up my center, lapping up every drop.

"Mmm, kitten," he groans, his voice chiding as he rises up to meet my gaze. "I think you might be enjoying this just a little too much."

My skin flushes harder under his gaze, and I squirm on the cold hard counter. In this position, I'm completely at his mercy, but I think I like it.

Then, without warning, Rafael brings his hand down to spank my pussy. A stinging heat flares over my mound like a thousand needles, sending little sparks skittering all the way through me.

"Fuck you," I grit, though my voice lacks conviction.

I hate that this man has the power to turn me into a quivering wet mess, but I just can't seem to hate him enough to stop.

"In a minute," he purrs, slipping two fingers inside me and stroking my inner walls. I moan as he hits some magical spot and nearly come all over again, but Rafael pulls out just in time.

With his thumb working my clit in mean little circles, he slips a finger into my back entrance.

I cry out in surprise, and a wicked grin spreads across his face. "I just had to see if this was as tight as your sweet little pussy."

Rafael slowly moves his finger in and out before spreading my thighs so he can lean over and plant a kiss on my lips. He tastes musky and sweet. He tastes like me. "I'm going to make you mine, kitten. Are you sure that's what you want?"

My heart is pounding in my throat. This is it — my last chance to tell him to stop. Somehow, I know there's no going back after this. But I find myself whispering "yes."

Rafael's eyes widen in surprise, and his throat bobs as he swallows. His muscles shake as though he's holding himself back, and then I hear him fumbling with his belt.

His jeans hit the floor, along with his underwear, and I push myself up onto my elbows for a better look.

Rafael Cabrera Garcia is magnificent. There's no other word for it. Hard abs end in a trail of fine dark hair, which leads down to his giant throbbing cock.

I swallow as I take in the sheer enormity of it and the drop of precum glistening along the tip. I don't know what makes me do it, but I find myself sliding off the counter.

Holding Rafael's gaze, I let my nightgown slip down my hips until it pools on the floor.

For a second, neither one of us breathes. Rafael takes me in with greedy eyes, but I don't shrink away or cover myself.

Sinking down onto my knees, I take his enormous cock in my hands and run my thumb along its seam. Rafael groans at my touch, and when I bring the tip of him to my mouth, he sucks in a hiss between his teeth.

Emboldened, I slacken my jaw to take in more of him, delighting in the feel of his smooth shaft gliding against the inside of my cheek. I suck and pull back off him to find Rafael's face screwed up in an almost pained expression.

I start to move my mouth rhythmically over his shaft, sucking harder with every thrust.

"Alex . . ." Rafael's tone is part warning, part plea, and the sound of the billionaire CEO begging me to take more of him into my mouth sends a fresh gush of wetness surging between my legs.

I've never felt so powerful.

Rafael wants to make me his? Well, two can play at that game.

I give myself a few more pumps, taking him deeper each time. Then I open the back of my throat and take every inch of him.

A tortured cry rips from his mouth, and he grips my hair so hard that it hurts. Then Rafael pulls out, glaring down at me with a mixture of lust and awe. "You don't get to make me come, kitten. Not until I'm inside of you."

I drag in a shuddering breath, and Rafael's fingers encircle my throat. My chest seizes as he tightens his hold, pulling me to my feet. His grip is hard but not painful, though that doesn't make it any less intimidating.

It's only then that I'm reminded how tall he is — tall and powerful.

He pushes me back until my butt hits the counter. Then he grips the back of my thigh and hauls my leg around his waist.

"I'm not wearing a condom for this," he grits out. "I want to feel you bare."

I suck in a breath. Rational Alex knows I should refuse, but there's this crazy hormone-fueled other part of me that wants to feel all of him.

Rafael fists the base of his cock, lining himself up between my legs. I feel him nudging at my entrance, and my pussy throbs with need. His eyes are so bright they're practically glowing, and every shred of hatred and resentment I've been harboring toward Rafael seems to melt away.

I want this man, I realize. I want him despite everything he represents. I want him despite the story I intended to write and everything that's wrong between us.

I feel a sting as he rams into me, filling me to the hilt. And then there's nothing between us.

I groan as his cock stretches my walls, demanding every inch of space. Rafael pulls out and slams into me again, hitting the very end of me. I cry out and dig my nails into his shoulders, and I feel him smiling against my neck.

When he finally pulls back, the look in his eyes steals my breath away, but then it's gone as quickly as it came. His mouth comes down to capture mine, and I kiss him back with a vengeance.

Our teeth clash together as Rafael pounds into me, and I bite his lip so hard I draw blood. Rafael's arm encircles my waist as his other hand cradles my jaw. Our breaths meld together as I press my forehead against his, savoring the feeling of his hard length filling me up.

With every thrust, I feel myself tipping closer and closer to the edge.

I shouldn't like this.

I should hate Rafael for being such an arrogant, entitled prick.

So why does he feel so good?

Then my orgasm rips through me, and all my thoughts scatter. My pussy clamps down hard on his cock, and Rafael's forehead scrunches.

His arms tighten around me for a moment, and then I feel the counter supporting me. Wave after delicious wave crashes through me, and then Rafael pulls out.

Hot, sticky warmth spurts across my chest, his cum trickling down between my breasts.

For a long moment, neither of us speaks. All I hear is the sound of our breathing.

The silence is terrifying, but neither of us seems to want to speak and risk shattering whatever is holding this together.

Slowly, Rafael bends down and picks his boxer briefs up off the floor. He uses them to clean me up, then tosses them in the trash. I blink as he takes a step toward me, a rare look of uncertainty flickering in his eyes.

When I don't move away, his arms come around me, and he lifts me off the counter. I let out the breath I've been holding and lean against his strong chest. The sound of his heartbeat echoes in my ears, and I sigh against him.

Then, without so much as another word, Rafael carries me upstairs.