

# Flames Of Sizzling Desires

## Chapter 1 Pleasure by Author Anika

Suite no. 5016

The man shut the door of the luxurious suite with his foot and trapped the woman between the door and his hard body. In a snap of a finger, the room lit up with dark dim lights and the sensuous music played just right to set the mood.

He kissed her mouth while his hand snaked around her shoulder, opening the strings of her red seductive dress that was enticing him all evening. The satin dress slipped off her body smoothly and bunched at her pair of golden high heels.

The man groaned when he found her wearing nothing underneath, and his rough hands groped her breasts as he kissed her mouth hard, nibbling against her lips. His thumb and forefinger played with the erected nub while the tip of his tongue travelled down from her neck, disappearing in the valley of her bosom.

“Aries, just do me!” The woman moaned and Aries looked up at her in the dim light.

“The night is still young, darling,” He whispered in a husky voice. His hand opened the bun, and her long hair cascaded down while his other hand moved to the south and he tugged down her lacy panties. His finger sailed between her folds and she took a sharp breath. “So wet and ready for me!” He said, biting her earlobes and she squirmed.

“I can’t wait to have you inside of me!” She panted, and Aries swiftly turned her, pushing her front against the door. He unbuckled his belt, zipping down, and his enormous cock sprang out.

Kicking her legs apart, he slid the tip of his cock up and down her pussy. “Aries, please...” the woman pleaded, bunching her fist on the door as he teased her with a mischievous smirk on his lips.

Aries took a step back, taking out a packet of condoms from his wallet and tearing the foil, rolling it over his cock, and he rammed into her with a guttural groan.

“Ahhh!!” The sudden thrust took her by surprise and her muscle struggled to accept his girth.

“Take all of it!” Aries demanded in a dark tone, bunched up her hair in his hand and pulled her back, taking her mouth in a passionate kiss while he thrust hard and fast, penetrating deep into her. His every thrust was more powerful than before, and the room filled with their groans and moans until he filled the condom with his seeds.

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The next morning,

“Aries Grayson is dating Victoria’s Secret model Sasha Lewis. Is the country’s hottest eligible bachelor ready to say goodbye to his title and finally settle down?” The woman propped against the pillow reading an article on her phone about the man she spent the passionate night with when Aries stepped out of the shower in a black bathrobe, rubbing the water from his hair with a towel.

“So you’re engaged?” She asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Paparazzi talks shit sometimes.” He said, opening the closet and taking out one of his Armani suits.

A smile was tucked on the lips of the woman as she shyly gazed up at him while he changed into a suit right before her eyes. He brushed his damp hair and fixed his tie while the woman continued to stare at him, biting her lips seductively.

Aries’s phone buzzed on the side table, and it was his assistant who informed him he was running late for the meeting. “Okay, I’ll join you in ten minutes,” Aries ended the call and glanced up at the woman who was sitting on his bed, in his shirt.

Now, when he was clearly looking at her face in his sober state, she wasn’t appearing as attractive as she appeared to him in his drunken state. Aries twitched his mouth, took out the wallet from his pocket and threw a stack of money near her.

“Thanks for the night.” He said and instantly the smile disappeared from her face. “I had fun!”

“I thought something was special between us!” she said. “I felt connected with you.”

Aries cocked his eyebrow. “I promised a night of fun, and the night is over now.” He glanced over at his latest Rolex. “Okay, I need to go. Take the money and leave at your convenience.” He said, moving to the door, but turning to her, recalling something.

“Oh! Please don’t take my shirt with you. It is expensive!!” He smirked and walked out of the suite, leaving the woman fuming behind.

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“Grayson Group of Hotels should always be on the top!” Aries said in his deep voice, inviting the eyes of his employees. “We are going to build our new hotel in New Orleans and I’d be selecting some of you to lead the project.” He announced, and every face had a smile, wishing for that one golden chance that could launch them straight into the sky as working with Aries Grayson was a once in a lifetime opportunity.

“I will do an internal assessment in a couple of days, and those who pass will have this great opportunity to lead this project with me.” He announced and rose from his high executive chair, buttoning his jacket.

“Questions?” Aries looked over at his employees.

“What kind of internal assessment, if I may ask?” A girl asked. “Do we need to prepare ourselves for some kind of test?”

Aries’s eyes stared at her, and she gulped. “You just have to do your work sincerely, and the assessment is done!” He said, and she nodded her head, looking down at the desk.

“Anyone else?” He asked, but no one dared to put across questions.

“The meeting is adjourned.” He said in a gruff voice and left the conference room.

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“Cara, you are late again!!” the manager of the local eatery screeched loudly as he saw a young girl around the age of twenty-one, rushing inside through

the back exit of the restaurant dressed in a pair of blue jeans with an old black t-shirt.

“I am sorry, sir! I missed the bus and had to walk four miles to reach here.” Cara apologised in her softest voice, panting, trying to catch a breath, and took out a white shirt and black mini skirt from her bag.

“Cara, this is the fourth time in a month! You are testing my patience now,” the manager glared at her.

“This won’t happen again, sir. I am sorry.” She apologised, looking at him with her pleading eyes.

“You said the same the last time. Anyway, change quickly. It’s the fucking peak hour, you lazy ass!!” He sneered and Cara rushed inside the washroom.

She changed into a white shirt and a short miniskirt quickly pulled her long dark blonde hair into a ponytail and washed her face. She looked at herself in the mirror and sighed, watching her pale face.

She applied a baby pink lip gloss on her dried lips and wearing a red and white checked apron with a white cap, she dashed out only to meet the cold eyes of the manager.

The manager handed her a notebook and pen, gesturing for her to take orders from the couple sitting at the last table. Cara nodded and started her day cheerfully.

“Two cheese bacon and egg hash, and two filtered coffees, please.” Cara communicated the order to the chef and heaved when Sandra, her co-worker, nudged her arm.

“What caught you up again?” She asked.

“What does the look on my face explain?” Cara lifted an eyebrow.

“Oh! I get it. But don’t you think it’s high time? You should take a stand for yourself, bitch!” Sandra encouraged, but Cara yawned in response.

“I’m tired.” She said when the chef slid the tray full of exotic food in her direction and an enticing aroma hit her nostrils and her stomach growled in response. “And I just realised I am hungry.” She said.

“Thank you, chef!” She smiled at the old man and quickly make a move, serving the happy couple. “Enjoy!” As she turned to leave, someone interrupted her.

“Excuse me!” A voice of a woman sent a chill running down her spine and Cara halted in her track, slightly tilting her head to the left and gulped. Goosebumps appeared on her skin.

“Get me some more red wine!” The woman ordered nonchalantly, not sparing a glance in Cara’s direction, and the latter stood rooted in her place as if she had seen a ghost. The woman finished her drink and shifted her focus to Cara, who shivered under her gaze.

“Y-Yes, r-right away!” She stammered out and sprinted to the bar section of the restaurant.

“W-wine!” she stammered and looked around for Sandra, but she was nowhere in sight.

“Why are you wasting your time looking here and there?” The manager appeared and scolded her, and Cara looked at him with doe-like eyes.

“Take the damn order and serve!” He growled, keeping his volume in check, and she nodded, getting the wine and walking over to the woman, who crossed her legs under the table and stared at her with an amused expression on her face.

Cara served the order, but she was so nervous under the woman’s constant gaze that she accidentally spilt the wine over her expensive white dress. “I’m so sorry!!” Her face turned pale and she quickly took some napkins to help but the woman glared at her.

“Stay away from me! Call your manager,” she growled in Cara’s face and the latter gulped, apologising continuously.

“What have you done, Cara?” The manager appeared to save the day. “We apologise for the mistake, madam!” He politely apologised.

“Mistake! This woman standing here is a mistake!! Big mistake. She spoiled my expensive dress. Do you even check the staff before employing them!!” the woman shouted loudly and every set of eyes in the restaurant was pinned on the scene.

“I demand you fire her right now!!” the woman said, crossing her arms across her chest.

“I am sorry, ma’am.” Cara apologised, her eyes filled with tears, and she was ready to beg her, sitting at her feet.

“Get the fuck out of my sight, you lowlife!” The woman gave a disgusted look. “Are you firing her? Or do you want me to make your small eatery famous?” She cocked an eyebrow, and the officer was quick to make a decision.

“Cara, you are fired!” He dismissed Cara without any delay, but the latter continued to beg deaf ears until the manager threw her out.

A sinister smile spread across the face of the woman as she watched Cara through the glass window, standing outside, helpless and sobbing.