

Chapter 16

After my boss's last message, I was already furious. If he thought I was going to cower in fear of him, he's dead wrong. I had never reacted this way to a man before. I had never been so daring – I had always been reserved, never acted promiscuously or driven by impulses, sexual or otherwise. But somehow, this man managed to bring out the vixen in me. I simply couldn't control myself. 1

I jumped out of bed and opened my closet. I grabbed a black dress that, while appearing modest and office-appropriate, made me look incredibly sexy. It was form-fitting, hit mid-thigh, and had a V-neckline that suggested cleavage without being vulgar. I chose red high heels, and a black lingerie set with tiny panties to avoid lines showing through the dress. I decided to wear my hair down. It wasn't the most professional choice, but it was acceptable, and I couldn't care less – I was going to make his day hell, and he'd regret playing his little games. I was going to war. 1

I had to wake up earlier to get ready and rush out of the house to make it to the office on time. I left a note for Mel. But today, I was going to drive my boss crazy. He thought he was so clever, so I kept him locked in the bathroom all day. I teased him so much he couldn't control his 'little friend' – he needed plenty of cold showers. The nerve of him, sending those messages in the middle of the night! But if he thought I was going to sit quietly, he had another thing coming.

I arrived at the office twenty minutes before the time he set. Perfect. I made some coffee and sat behind my desk to wait for him – I didn't want him to see my dress right when he walked in and have time to prepare himself. I would be sweet and innocent; he'd have a heart attack and wouldn't dare do anything. I had carefully planned how I was going to



mess with him and come out of this situation with the upper hand. He would regret not keeping things strictly professional.

At the exact scheduled time, I heard the elevator open and pretended to be deeply focused on my computer. I caught his scent before seeing him, and it was delicious. He stopped in front of my desk, and I heard him grunt - he had already noticed my neckline. With a mischievous smile plastered on his face, he spoke in that slightly husky voice that was incredibly sexy:

"Good morning, Miss Vergara! How was your night?"

"Good morning, Mr. Miller. I slept like an angel. And you?" I smiled at him with feigned innocence.

"I needed some extra physical activities because of you," he smiled devilishly. I realized that if I had planned to torture him, he had made his own plans too. "Let's go to my office, please."

"Of course, sir." As he gestured toward the door, I grabbed my tablet, stood up, and walked ahead of him. I smiled when I heard him curse under his breath - my dress had achieved exactly the effect I wanted.

I entered his office and started walking toward his desk, but I heard him say:

"Let's sit on the couch, Catherine. It'll be more comfortable for you to share your tablet screen with me."

I looked at him, finding it strange, but headed toward the couch. It was a huge black leather couch and very comfortable. I sat at one end and crossed my legs, my dress riding up slightly, revealing the black lace of my thigh-high stockings, but I didn't bother pulling it down - I wanted



to provoke Alexander. I heard him grunt; he was losing control, and his massive erection was proof of that.

"Any problem, sir?" I asked as if I hadn't noticed anything.

"Oh yes, Catherine, a big problem," he said and looked down at his pants. I had to hold back my laughter as he sat next to me, very close, his leg touching mine. "Catherine, we need to resolve something, as I can't show up to a meeting in this condition."

I was having fun, laughing inside - it was working perfectly. But I hadn't counted on Alexander being such a direct and uninhibited man.

"Well boss, maybe you need to control yourself," I said, uncrossing and recrossing my legs, turning almost to face him in a calculatedly sexy movement just to provoke him more. I was sure he wouldn't dare touch me.

But the man lost all control. He lunged at me, pressing me against the arm of the couch, one hand on the backrest, bringing his nose close to mine while looking into my eyes, and brushing my leg with the back of his right hand, being brief and direct:

"Or maybe I need to fuck you right here on this couch with nothing but those damn ridiculously sexy red shoes on!"

My body responded to him immediately, as if begging him to do it. I swallowed hard - his lips were so close, and he smelled so good that I just wanted him to do what he was suggesting.

I felt his hand on my ass, adjusting my body better on the couch, and felt his weight on top of me. He grounded his hips against mine, buried his face in my neck, and licked my skin.

"Damn, woman, you're driving me crazy!" he growled in my ear while pressing his erection against me.

I wasn't thinking anymore, had already forgotten everything I'd planned against him – I just wanted him to tear off my dress. But he pulled away and turned his back to me, running his hands over his face in exasperation, leaving me confused.

However, I didn't even have time to react when he grabbed me and kissed me lustfully, a passionate kiss full of desire, as if he wanted to devour me. He lay on top of me, lifted my dress to my waist, and while nibbling my breasts over the fabric, grabbed my panties and tore them off, leaving me completely exposed. I was immersed in sensations I thought I'd never feel again. Only one man had made me feel this way before, and it had been so good. He ran his hand over my opening and smiled when he felt how wet I was. Then he circled my clit, and I moaned with pleasure. He slipped a finger inside me and circled it, leaving me breathless. And suddenly, he stopped and pulled away. 1

"This isn't right – I'm not some jerk boss who sleeps with his employees in the office, but you're pushing my self-control to its limits. You're driving me crazy, girl, and that's only happened to me once in my life. We need to figure this out somehow," he said, sitting at the other end of the couch with his face buried in his hands.


I was there, exposed to him, without panties and with a frustrated orgasm. Was he seriously not going to finish what he started? And then he said we needed to resolve things? Yeah, right! Let him resolve himself, since he decided to frustrate my orgasm. Furious, I stood up, fixed my dress, and quickly searched for my panties, but couldn't find them. It was the second time in my life I'd lost my underwear. And I would have to spend the day exposed because I wasn't going to humiliate



myself by asking him about the panties he had torn. No way.

I took a deep breath and quickly decided to turn the situation around. I sat down without crossing my legs this time, assumed my professional posture, grabbed the tablet, and spoke to him as if nothing had happened:

"Mr. Miller, I believe I can bring you some chamomile tea to help you calm down."

He looked at me frustrated; it was actually funny to see how a grown man who controlled a huge business conglomerate looked like a child who didn't get his toy. 

He stood up, looked straight at me, and pointing to his pants that showed his lustful state, said:

"Or maybe I should take care of this with my own hands!" he said, huffing. He turned his back to me and said: "Catherine, I need a minute, you can return to your office."

I got up and walked to my office, but when I reached the doorknob, I heard him say with a naughty smile:

"Aren't you forgetting something?"

I turned crimson, of course he had my panties, but I wasn't going to ask him for them.

"No, sir."

I left and closed the door behind me, but now I couldn't stop my brain from imagining him masturbating, because I knew that's what that devil was going to do. The day would be long and exhausting!