



Chapter 19

Alexander's POV

She took the bag from my hand, completely confused. I seized the opportunity to grab a piece of cake and bring it to her mouth. She couldn't react; she closed her lips around the fork as I widened my smile. I put another piece of cake in my mouth while watching her slowly chewed the piece I'd placed in hers, then opened the bag. She took out the box, placed it on her lap, and opened it. Her jaw dropped as she stared at that tiny strip of fabric in the box. I was having fun. When she looked at me, I put another piece of cake in her mouth, preventing her from saying anything. Her eyes grew even wider.

I was thoroughly enjoying myself. I ate another piece of cake and watched as she took the panties out of the box, stood up, sat on the coffee table right in front of me, and began to put them on. I choked – was this crazy woman really going to put on the panties right in front of me? Man, this wasn't going to end well! 1

With very delicate movements and in an absurdly sexy way, she stood up, lifted her dress to her waist, and finished putting on the panties. I was drooling, turned on for the third time that day, which was far from over.

She looked at me triumphantly, as if she'd turned the tables, but I wouldn't allow that. When she moved to lower her dress, I stopped her. 3

"Don't be rude, Miss Catherine. I gave you a gift – aren't you going to show me how it looks? Or tell me if you liked it?"

She sighed and shot daggers at me with her eyes.

"Of course, boss," she said sweetly.



She started turning slowly, and I thought I might have a heart attack. What an amazing woman! She kept spinning and practically rubbed her ass in my face. When she stopped facing me again, she asked in a delicious voice:

"What do you think, Mr. Miller?"

I lost control, put the cake aside, and pulled her onto my lap. She was startled and fell with her legs spread, fitting perfectly against me, her legs wrapped around my hips. I was burning up. I moved my hips underneath her, and she shivered.

"Oh, Catherine, what am I going to do with you?" I asked, rubbing my nose against her hardened nipple through her dress, as if it was inviting my mouth. I was incredibly turned on, and she was too - there was no denying it.

I gently bit her nipple through the fabric of her dress, making her moan. That was delicious! I moved again beneath her and bit her other nipple. She moaned once more and trembled in my arms. This woman would be the death of me; she was delicious, provocative, incredibly sexy. She affected me in a way that made me lose all control.

With her still clinging to my lap, I leaned back against the couch without releasing her waist and slipped my hand under her panties, caressing her folds and sliding a finger inside her. I needed to be sure and feel that I affected her the same way she affected me. She was wet, hot, and tight - it was my turn to moan. I withdrew my hand, brought my finger to my mouth, and sucked it.

"Mmm, Catherine, you're better than chocolate cake!"

She stared at me in shock. I pulled her against my chest and kissed her



with pure lust. When she responded, I went wild, sucking on her tongue and giving her lower lip a little bite before returning to kiss her passionately. The more I kissed her, the tighter I held her against my hips, moving underneath her. I was close to climaxing, and by how lost she was in the moment, she wouldn't take long either.

Breathless, I ended the kiss, grabbed the cake, and began feeding her. For each piece I put in my mouth, I placed another in hers. Our eyes remained locked on each other. It was sexy and incredibly intimate. We were connected. 7

When the cake was finished, I noticed some chocolate on her lips, so I brazenly licked it off, cleaning her mouth, which was swollen from our passionate kiss, and finished with a small peck at the corner of her mouth. She was completely surrendered. But I had to control myself.

I helped her stand up, gently pulled down her dress, stood in front of her, and whispered in her ear:

"You're much more delicious than chocolate cake." 1

I stepped back and walked to my desk with a huge smile on my face, certain that this woman desperately wanted me and knowing I'd left Miss Provocative confused. But since it was inevitable, as Patrick had said, I wasn't going to give her an orgasm until she begged for it, and so far, she hadn't begged for anything.

"Miss Catherine, please share our notes with Rick and schedule a meeting with just us, Rick, Patrick, and Mariana present. It's strictly confidential, make that clear. That's all for now."

I sat down and watched her storm out, slamming the door. I'd won the battle, but I was left with a massive erection. I needed to take care of that.



I hadn't masturbated this much since my teenage years; I'm acting like a hormone-driven kid.

Half an hour later, Patrick was sitting across from me.

"What did you do to make Catherine so pissed off? Man, when I walked in, she was beating the hell out of the filing cabinet drawer."

I laughed at that.

"She probably wanted to be banging my head against the wall, Patrick."

I told him what happened, and his jaw dropped.

"Alex, that's too much even for me! You were diabolical. But I'll warn you as a friend, the fury I saw in that woman's eyes means she won't let this slide."

"I know, Patrick. But I have a plan - I'm going to hide in my office for the rest of the day and stay far away from her."

Patrick was amused by my cowardice. But I didn't care; I was really going to avoid her for the rest of the day.



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