



Chapter 20

I left Alexander's office with shaky legs. That jerk almost made me come again! He left me burning with desire, that coward. But this wouldn't end here. I needed to find a way to not let him affect me and prevented him from getting anywhere near my panties for the rest of his life. I needed to think of something that matched what he did, since I'd already crossed a dangerous line anyway. And then I would quit and go back to my old job.

I was frustrated and furious. When Patrick came into my office, I was struggling with the file. He didn't dare say anything, just walked straight through and entered his friend's office.

When Celeste came in and said she was going to step out quickly, I had an idea. And it was a devilish idea planted in my mind because it was wicked.

"Celeste, would you mind stopping by the bakery across the street and buying me a slice of chocolate cake? The one with milk chocolate shavings and cherries on top?"

"Of course not, Cat. I can get that for you. I'll be back in twenty minutes max, is that okay?"

"Perfect!" I said and handed her the money. "Thanks!"

My boss had a video conference with partners in China, and I would make him sweat during that call. He wouldn't use the conference room but stay in his own office. Patrick would also participate from his office. It was perfect. I could tease him, and he couldn't react. He would regret messing with me.

Celeste brought my cake, and I prepared a tray with the cake on a small plate, a cup of chamomile tea, and my phone. The moment the meeting

started, I entered Alexander's office and locked the door. He glanced at me discreetly, not understanding.

I went to his desk, set down the tray, and placed the teacup beside him, deliberately dropping the napkin and repeating this morning's scene. His eyes fixed on me as he shifted uncomfortably in his chair. He cleared his throat and gave a brief answer to the question he was asked.

I placed the napkin next to the cup, and he looked at the slice of cake on the tray. I picked up the cake, sat in the chair right in front of him, and put a piece in my mouth, chewing with my eyes closed as if eating the most delicious thing in the world.

He stared at me with amusement, and I knew he wasn't even paying attention to what was being said in the video conference anymore, though he was keeping up appearances. I put the plate on the desk, took my phone, and sent him a message:

"Are you sure I taste better than chocolate cake?"

He looked at his phone screen glowing and read the message. He put a finger to his lips to hide his smile and looked at me, raising his eyebrows. He quickly typed and sent:

"Oh yes, Catherine, you're delicious, more than this chocolate cake. And I know what you're doing, this is child's play! Save half of that cake for me."

I read his message and smiled innocently at him. Let's see, Mr. Miller, if you could handle this little game. I was furious with him and was going to get even, I was going to be bold on a whole new level. Later I'd crawl back to my old job with my tail between my legs.



I put another piece of cake in my mouth and, letting my inner vixen take over, I placed one leg on each armrest of the chair, spreading myself completely and giving him a perfect view of the show I was about to put on. I moved my right hand to my panties and stroked the fabric, while with my left hand I squeezed my breast.

I saw his eyes widen and him becoming even more uncomfortable in his chair. I was already aroused, having spent the whole day on the edge of climaxing. When I pulled my thin panties aside and started massaging my clit, I was incredibly wet.

While pleasuring myself, I saw his eyes glued to what I was doing, he wasn't even paying attention to his meeting. He was getting impatient, squirming in his chair. When I heard his low growl, I slipped a finger inside my pussy and fucked myself very slowly, knowing he was watching made me even more aroused. When I felt I was about to cum, I closed my eyes and bit my lip to muffle my moan and came on my finger, releasing all the tension I'd felt all day.

I brought my finger to my mouth and sucked it, licking my lips as I pulled it out. I looked at him, who was sweating and had no idea what was happening in the video conference, but couldn't leave it either. 1


I slowly put my panties back in place, lowered my legs, fixed my dress, and picked up my phone, sending him another message. 1

"You're right, I am tastier than chocolate cake."

While he read the message, I stood up, placed what was left of the cake next to the tea cup and picked up the tray. But before leaving, I decided to tease him one last time, it was the mercy shot, and sent him another message:



"Boss, you seem stressed, drink your chamomile tea to relax."

He read the message and shot me a death glare as I quickly left. Now all I had left to do was quit, but I'd do that at the end of the day. 

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