

Chapter 24: Take It All Off

ELLIE

A storm was about to start. After work, I went straight home, where I took an almost hour-long shower and used an unnecessarily large amount of body lotion. Then, I picked out a new set of lingerie, some gorgeous heels, and a dress.

Now, standing in front of his building, I was wondering why I was about to do something so crazy. I was so nervous that my fingers had turned white from gripping the steering wheel of my car.

I felt like prey walking straight into a trap.

Alright, Ellie, you want this. It's just sex. People do this—it's completely normal to knock on a man's door for sex.

I laughed to myself before pulling a large breath into my lungs, exhaling slowly.

Stop being a coward and get out of this car before it starts raining.

I got out of the car, forcing my legs to move. I took a few steps before stopping.

You can still leave, and he'll never know you were here.

Was he really expecting me? It didn't matter. *You want this, so go and get it.* Lifting my chin, I started walking again, a wave of confidence washing over me.

You're not the prey—he is.

My heartbeat was erratic when I stopped in front of his apartment door, and my palms started to sweat.

I knocked on the door, feeling like my heart was going to explode out of my chest.

I tried to steady my breathing. The seconds that followed felt like an eternity. A part of me wanted to run, but it was too late. He opened the door, startling me.

Well, he didn't look like he'd been expecting me. His expression was one of surprise, and I also noticed a hint of tiredness.

He was wearing a white shirt and black dress pants. It was past nine at night, and he was still in work clothes? Was he not serious about waiting for me?

I tried to ignore the view of his bare chest offered by the first few buttons of his shirt left open. When my gaze returned to his face, I realized his eyes were moving slowly over my body, analyzing me.

"Hi," he said at last, holding the door.

"Hi..."

I had no idea what to say.

"This seems like bad timing. I mean... I thought..."

"No. I think I just lost track of time." He glanced at his watch. "Completely.

"

"Were you working?"

It was fine to take work seriously, but who worked this late?

"It doesn't matter." His eyes moved over my body slowly, sending a wave of heat through my skin. "Come in," he said, stepping aside to let me in.

I hesitated briefly, then noticed the faint smile forming at the corner of his lips.

"Thinking of running? You know I won't let you, right? If you take one step to leave, I'll throw you over my shoulder and carry you inside."

"Like a caveman? You wouldn't dare." I crossed my arms over my chest, arching an eyebrow at him.

"Try me."

"You know that's not very gentlemanly, right?"

"You wouldn't be here if you were interested in gentlemanly."

The way he said those words awakened something wild inside me.

"So, you're admitting you're a brute?"

"You should come in while I'm still being polite and ignoring how infuriating you can be."

"Six years in England weren't enough to make you a gentleman, huh?" I teased.

He smiled, taking a step toward me.

"Don't you dare," I warned through gritted teeth. "I can walk on my own." I brushed past him, intentionally letting my arm graze his chest, and saw a smirk on his face before I turned my back to him.

I heard him close the door behind me as I continued my train of thought.

"Or do you think I didn't get here on my own two l—" I started to say, turning, but I was abruptly cut off.

His hands gripped my hips, pressing me against the wall beside the door. Crushing my chest against his, he pressed his lips to mine with urgency, in a wild and hungry way, making me lose all reason in an instant.

I wrapped my arms around his neck, trying to pull him even closer, to consume everything. The way our kiss fit perfectly drove me insane.

Our lips and tongues moved together with a fiery intensity that made me want to tear off our clothes just to feel the heat of his skin against mine.

I wrapped my leg around his hip, desperate to feel him where my body was begging for contact.

Grabbing my thigh, he pressed his erection between my legs, making me moan against his lips and leaving me fully aware of how aroused he was.

I hated that we were still dressed. It was both painful and pleasurable, and it was driving me wild.

His hand slid over my hip, moving up the side of my body and stopping just below my breast.

When we pulled our lips apart, completely breathless, his face looked as tormented as mine must have been.

It was hard to meet his gaze after we'd just acted so wild. It was even harder to admit how much he made me lose control.

Removing my leg from his hip and my arms from around his neck, I adjusted my dress, which was now barely covering my butt.

Then his large hands reached for my face, forcing me to look at him.

"You have no idea how long I've waited to do this or how hard it's been to control myself around you," he said, breathless. "Unfortunately, I still need to take a shower before we continue." He kissed me softly. "Make yourself comfortable," he added, taking my hand and leading me until we stopped in front of the living room couch. "Would you like something to drink?"

"Water."

"Water?" The corners of his lips curved into a smirk as if I'd just said something absurd. "Alright." He nodded, shaking his head as he walked to the kitchen just off the living room.

Only then did I take in his apartment. It was very... masculine. Dark colors dominated the space. Almost all the walls were black, as were most of the furniture.

A gray carpet stretched out beneath my feet. There were only two white armchairs in the corner, along with a few cushions and some paintings that made the room feel less monochromatic.

But what caught my attention the most was the nighttime view of Manhattan. Through the enormous glass windows that stretched from floor to ceiling, it was possible to see hundreds of buildings with their lights on.

A minute later, he returned with a glass of water in one hand and, in the other, a bottle of whiskey with an extra glass. He set them on the table in front of me after handing me the glass of water.

"I figured you might want something stronger."

"Thanks."

"Sit down. You wouldn't want to tire out your legs," he teased, and I resisted the urge to roll my eyes.

"Go on," I urged, narrowing my eyes at him.

"Go on with what?"

"Your thought. I know it doesn't end there. I wouldn't want to tire out my legs before...?" I challenged, amused.

He smiled.

"Before I really leave you unable to use them."

I sat down with a smile, crossing my legs.

"Why do men always overestimate their abilities?"

"I can't wait to wipe that smile off your pretty face when you realize you shouldn't compare me to other men," he said, a dark energy in his eyes.

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"Did I hurt your masculinity?" I teased.

Smiling, he walked around the couch and stopped behind me. Leaning down, he brought his lips close to my ear, his warm breath sending a shiver through me.

"Not even close," he whispered, and I could feel his smile as he brushed his fingers along my neck. "Don't worry—you won't remember any other man when I'm inside you," he teased before stepping away. "I won't be long."

I admired his incredible ass and broad back as he ascended the stairs, leaving me completely drenched.

I wasn't sure I was ready for what would happen when he came back.

✱

The storm started while I waited, each second making me more anxious, leading me to drink nearly half the whiskey in my glass.

So, when he finally came down the stairs, I think my jaw dropped. I had to close my mouth to keep from drooling.

He was wearing only a towel around his hips, his hair wet, with a few strands falling over his forehead.

I bit my lip, trying to ease the desire his body stirred in me. He must spend hours at the gym every day—"fit" was an understatement for Mr. Morgan.

His abs were so defined that it seemed like he had more muscles than I could count, his chest was even bigger than I had imagined, and the

muscles in his arms were huge and sculpted.

As he got closer, giving me a better view, he seemed even bigger. My attention was drawn to the lines at the bottom of his abdomen, forming a sensual V-shape.

There was something so sexy about that area that it left me almost desperate to know what awaited further down—maybe it was the prominent veins.

I took a deep breath as he stopped right in front of me. It was hard to keep my eyes on his face when I noticed the bulge in his towel.

"Sorry to keep you waiting. Now, tell me what you want."

His tone now seemed deeper and lower. The sound felt as if it seeped beneath my skin, reaching my bones, making my entire body tremble.

"Huh?" I swallowed hard.

"I need you to tell me what you want because after that, I'll do everything I want. I've spent plenty of time thinking about what I'd do when I had you, so we have a long night ahead of us."

"Oh..." I nodded, understanding.

It was hard to think clearly when it felt like my entire body was about to burst into flames. I could feel my heart pounding in my chest.

"So?"

"What I want? Well..."

His hips were at my eye level. I didn't have to think too hard. What I wanted was right in front of me.

"I want you to take that off," I said, pointing to the white towel.

Maybe the whiskey had given me an extra dose of courage, or maybe it was just the desire speaking for me.

He smiled wickedly, making my panties even wetter—if that was even possible.

"You're being ambitious. Don't you think it's unfair? That I'm nearly naked while you're still fully dressed?"

"You didn't ask."

At that moment, I knew I'd do anything he asked.

He nodded, stepping back to sit in one of the white armchairs further away.

"Take it all off. And that's not a request," he ordered.



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