

# THE STRANGER BEHIND MY ORGASM

## Chapter 1: VALENTINE'S DAY SURPRISE

Abigail

I was horny. *Again.*

My pen rolled between my lips, smooth plastic gliding over my tongue. My thighs rubbed together under the desk, heat pooling low in my belly as I stared at the spreadsheet without seeing a single number.

The figures were blurry.

*His hands on my hips. Fingers digging in, almost bruising. The cold wall against my back, my legs wrapped around his waist as he—*

A keyboard clattered somewhere across the bullpen. My office was right next to it, and the sound of printers whirring, spitting out pages mixed with someone's cackle and all of it faded into background noise.

*His mouth on my neck, scraping my skin with his teeth, his dick sliding through my pussy folds, drawing me close to release, my thighs slick with arousal—*

"Drake," I moaned around the pen.

It pressed against the roof of my mouth and I hollowed my cheeks slightly, sucking on it while imagining it was my fiancé's cock, his salty taste coating my tongue while his fingers fisted my crimson red hair.

*"That's it, baby. Take it all."*

My free hand drifted toward my lap. My skirt felt too thick and restrictive. God, how much longer before I could leave work? I needed Drake so badly.

My pussy throbbed as I flicked my tongue over the pen, imagining it was Drake's dick. A naughty smile flickered on my face. I couldn't wait until tonight.

"Hello??!"

The pen tumbled from my mouth, bounced off my keyboard—tap tap tap—and rolled across the desk.

My office chair squeaked as I jerked upright. Heat flooded my cheeks, crawling down my neck, and I was sure it would match my red hair. I let out a sharp exhale, my heart hammering against my ribs.

*What the fuck was that? Why was I getting horny in the office?*

"Jesus holy Christ, Sash, you scared me!"

Sasha leaned in the doorway, her arms folded. The fluorescent lights overhead cast shadows under her perfectly arched eyebrow. Her lips curved into a knowing smirk that meant I was absofuckinglutely busted.

"What on earth were you thinking about?"

"Working," I grumbled, arching my brows.

My computer screen glowed before me, filled with spreadsheets that I definitely hadn't been looking at for the past ten minutes. I snatched my pen like it had betrayed me and jammed it into the ceramic pen holder on my desk.

"Just... the quarterly report."

"Uh-huh." Her smirk widened, turning into a knowing smile. "You review reports by *deep-throating stationery now?* That's a new technique. Should I add it to the employee handbook under '*innovative office practices*'?"

Wetness pooled between my thighs, slick and insistent. I clenched, glancing at the clock on my desk. Five hours and thirty-six minutes until I could go home and pounce on my man.

"Fuck off, Sash."

"Valentine's Day got you all worked up," she wiggled her brows. "Let me guess, Drake promised you the night of your life and now you're sitting here fantasizing about his—"

"Sasha!"

"What? I was going to say '*excellent dinner reservations.*'" She grinned wickedly.

"Get your mind out of the gutter, Abby."

*Yes. God, yes.*

Tonight, Drake had promised, we would go to a club to get things steamy between us.

The piping hot kind of *steamy*. I had bought new red lace lingerie that cost almost half my paycheck and I couldn't wait for him to destroy it.

I wanted his teeth on those ribbons, tearing through fabric like he couldn't wait another second to sink his cock into me.

"Abby? You're gone again." Sasha's laughter pierced my thoughts.

"Seriously, you're like a broken radio stuck on the sex channel. Just wanted to check if you submitted the report to Mr. Morgan yet?"

My stomach dropped.

*Er, what report?*

One of the white files glared back at me accusingly from the corner of my desk. And that's when I remembered.

"Oh shit!"

My hands flew to the desk, scrabbling for the file. The clock read eleven fourteen, its red numbers glowing like a warning. The file was due to be submitted to the CEO by eleven on the dot.

My chair shrieked against the floor as I launched myself up. The folder crushed against my chest as I bolted past Sasha.

"You're welcome!" Sasha's voice followed me down the hall. "And try not to orgasm on the way there!"

I bit back a smile. Mr. Morgan's office was at the end of the floor. I rapped my fist on the door thrice and pushed it open without waiting for an answer, as was usual.

His chair sat empty behind his desk, still spinning slightly like he'd just left. Papers scattered across the surface in chaotic piles, and a half-eaten sandwich sat on a napkin, mayonnaise oozing onto the wood.

His computer screen glowed with an email inbox that had to have at least two hundred unread messages, each subject line screaming for attention.

*Where was he?*

Well, all the better for me to submit before he noticed I was late. I strode stealthily toward the desk, intending to leave the report front and center where his eyes couldn't miss it. Just as I leaned forward to set it down, the folder slipped from my sweaty fingers.

"Shit, shit, shit!"

I bent over, my skirt riding up my thighs as I scrambled forward on my knees, grabbing at pages before I got caught. The click of the door closing made my spine stiffen.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Morgan, I dropped the—"

Strange hands clamped onto my hips, caging me just as I felt a body press against mine from behind, something hard grinding between my ass cheeks through the thin fabric of my skirt.

*What the actual fuck?*

Every muscle in my body went rigid. The warmth that had been pooling in my belly all morning turned to ice.

"Mr. Morgan... what do you think you're doing—"

"Oh, don't pretend you don't want this, Kellerman," my boss whispered in my ear, his breath hot and disgusting against my skin.

Revulsion crawled up my spine like insects. My hands crushed the papers. This wasn't Drake's hands on me. I tried to jerk away but his fingers dug into my hip bones, yanking me back against him.

"Let. Go. Of. Me!"

"You submitted late." His hands started moving up my waist, and rage exploded in my chest.

"So you ought to do something for me and make it worth my while, yeah?"

*Oh, hell no.*

I twisted hard, adrenaline flooding my system. My elbow flew back and connected with his ribs—*hard*. He grunted, his grip loosening just enough.

I whirled around and my palm connected with his face with a resounding crack that echoed through the office. His head snapped to the side, and I had never felt so much satisfaction hitting anyone in my entire life.

"Don't you dare touch me!" I screamed, my voice ringing with fury.

Mr. Morgan stumbled backward. His hand flew to his cheek, which was already blooming red with the perfect imprint of my fingers. For one beautiful second, shock flickered across his face before rage replaced it.

"You little bitch."

"You disgusting old bastard." I didn't lower my voice. Didn't care who heard. My hands were shaking, but not with fear—with pure, crystalline rage.

"I heard about you touching Sarah from accounting. Making Jessica uncomfortable during late meetings. But you never tried it with me before. I guess the slimy old pig finally worked up the nerve."

His face went purple, veins bulging in his forehead.

"You can forget about your job. You're done here."

"Good." I stepped toward him instead of away, and he actually flinched.

"You think I want to work for a pathetic predator who gets off on cornering women in his office? You're doing me a favor."

He lunged for my arm and I jerked it away, holding up my other hand in a fist. "Touch me again and I swear to God, the next slap will be the least of your problems. I will scream bloody murder and tell everyone in this building exactly what you tried to do."

His hand froze mid-air.

"I'll ruin you!" he fumed, pivoting to jab the intercom button on his desk instead.

"You won't be able to work anywhere in this city. I'll make sure everyone knows what a difficult, teasing bitch you are—Security!"

His voice boomed into the intercom.

"Security to my office. Now."

"Ooh, I'm terrified." I made a funny face, sticking my tongue out at him before straightening my blouse with shaking hands and heading for the door.

"Go ahead and try ruining my chances. I'll make sure your wife, the board, and every news outlet in this city knows exactly why you really fired me."

His face drained of color. The door burst open before I could reach it, and two security guards filled the doorway, both looking confused.

"Throw her out," Mr. Morgan clutched his red cheek. "She's fired. Expect your severance pay by the end of the month!"

"I know the way out. And you can't fire me because I quit, asshole!" I looked at the security guards.

"You might want to ask him why his face looks like that. And maybe check in on the other women who've had '*late meetings*' with him."

I lifted my chin and walked past them, my head held high even as my legs trembled.

*I just got fired. Oh god, I just got fired.*

The hallway blurred as I stormed down to my office. My desk swam into view and I reached for my purse, phone, the framed photo of me and my grandparents at the beach, all three of us grinning at the camera.

*I just lost my job, Meemaw.*

I couldn't ever tell her that. She would panic so hard.

"Abby?" Sasha materialized beside me, her eyes wide with questions. "Abby, what's going on? What happened? I heard the noise."

I couldn't answer. If I opened my mouth, I might scream or cry and never stop. Tears burned at the back of my eyes, hot and insistent, but I blinked them away furiously.

The guards waited at the door. My lips pulled into a fake smile at Sasha, and before my legs gave out, I moved.

Every eye in the bullpen watched me leave. It felt like I'd been walking for a thousand years by the time I reached the parking lot. My car sat in its usual spot, a small red thing that I'd busted my ass to get last year.

Everything went silent once I got in. The tears I'd been holding back finally spilled over, burning hot trails down my cheeks.

No. I wiped the tears from my face. I was not going to cry over that piece of shit. I would get another job. Good riddance to Morgan.

Only one person could help me get out of this mood. I fished my phone out and typed a message.

***Me: Bad day, baby. Are you home?***

I needed Drake. He would tell me Mr. Morgan was a bastard and I was amazing and everything would be okay. He would hold me, kiss me, make me forget. My thighs clenched together at the thought.

*Horny, angry, and frustrated?*

What a perfect combo for Valentine's Day. I was supposed to be horny and excited, counting down the hours until Drake could fuck me senseless—not harassed and fired, shaking with rage and trying not to cry.

This was why I loved living with him. We'd be married in a few months anyway.

I stared at the message, more tears blurring my vision, before tossing the phone into my bag and starting the car.

There was no way I could get justice either. I had no proof, and Mr. Morgan was connected enough to blacklist me from every company in this city.

"Good luck finding a better secretary than me, pig!" I spat, slamming my fist on the wheel as I drove. I was good at my job.

Connections or not, I could get another. I hoped.

The drive home was a haze until our apartment complex came into view. Drake's sleek Mercedes sat in the parking lot.

Relief flooded through me. He was home.

I parked beside him, grabbed my bag, and hurried to the front door, reaching for my keys. If I had to beg him to fuck me, then so be it. I needed him to erase the memory of Morgan's hands on my body.

Inside the dim living room, the sound of heavy music filled the apartment, oozing from the bedroom.

"Ohhh, fuck baby!"

Heat flickered between my thighs despite everything. I managed a weak smile. Drake was watching porn. God, maybe he was as worked up as I'd been.

Maybe he'd been thinking about me all day too, couldn't wait for tonight. I wouldn't have to beg at all—he was already ready for me.

My hand reached up to squeeze my breast through my blouse as I walked faster, my other hand already working the buttons.

"Drake? Baby, I'm home," I called out, my voice breathless and shaking as I pulled off my shoes.

The groans were louder now. Multiple voices layered over each other. *That's some weird porn and some loud music*, some distant part of my brain noted.

The sound quality was too good to be from a phone or laptop. It sounded... live. Like speakers.

"Oh, fuck me in my ass! Yes yes yes!" A man's deep throaty moan joined. Something cold slithered down my spine. Why would he have the speakers on? Why would it be so loud? Then another woman's moan. How many people were in that video?

Panic surged through my veins, replacing the heat. My hand trembled as I reached for the bedroom door.

*It's just porn. He's just watching porn.*

My heart kicked against my ribs like it was trying to escape. I pushed the door open wider.