

The Stranger Behind My Orgasm

Chapter 6: THE STRANGE STRANGER WHO POUNDED MY PUSSY

Abigail

My eyes rolled back in their sockets and my jaw went slack. He filled me completely. He was so much bigger than his fingers, stretching me in a way that burned and ached and felt absolutely fucking perfect.

A harsh curse ripped from his throat, his fingers digging into my hips hard enough to bruise.

God, he's huge. So thick.

I could feel every ridge, every vein. My pussy stretched so tight around his cock I could barely breathe.

He pulled back slowly, almost all the way out, his thick cock dragging against my inner walls, the friction making me whimper. Then he slammed back in.

"Ahhh!" The cry tore from my throat.

The force drove me forward. My palms slapped against the wall, trying to brace myself as he started pounding into me. Hard, fast, deep, exactly what I had begged for.

Yes, yes, yes. Fuck me. Use me. Wreck me.

The sounds filled the tiny space. The wet slap of his thighs smacking against my ass. My gasps and whimpers and broken moans. His grunts, low and animalistic and primal, and the obscene squelch of his cock plunging in and out of my soaking wet pussy over and over.

"That's it, Red," he growled in my ear, his voice rough and strained. "Take it. Take all of me."

A rough growl rumbled through his chest as if he could hear how hungry my cunt was for him, then his hand fisted in my hair and yanked my head back. My spine arched sharply, my throat exposed, completely at his mercy while he hammered into me from behind.

His hand tightened in my hair. "You're so fucking tight. Squeezing my cock so perfectly."

"Yesss," I hissed through clenched teeth.

"Harder. Fuck me harder!" I moaned, the words barely coherent.

"You want it harder?" His breath was hot against my neck. "I'll give you exactly what you're begging for."

His hips moved faster, the thick head of his cock slamming into that perfect spot deep inside that made stars explode behind my eyelids.

A satisfied growl vibrated against my back. His hand tightened in my hair, using it like a handle to pull me back onto his dick with each brutal thrust.

One hand left my hip and snaked around, finding my bare breast and squeezing roughly. Then he slapped it hard.

"Fuck!" The sharp sting made me cry out.

He did it again and again, alternating between squeezing my tits and slapping them, each strike making my breast bounce and jiggle, sending shockwaves of pleasure straight to my clit.

A low groan rumbled from deep in his chest.

"God, you feel so good," he grunted as his other hand found my other breast, groping and kneading the soft flesh until I was whimpering and writhing against him.

"I'm gonna—oh god—I'm gonna cum!" I gasped, my pussy already starting to flutter and clench around his thick shaft. My walls gripped his cock like a vice, trying to pull him deeper, milk him harder.

"Shit," he hissed, voice strained. "Already?"

Fuck, you're so responsive. Such a good girl for me."

His hips stuttered for a moment before resuming their punishing pace, pounding into me even harder.

"Can't help it," I panted, trembling in his arms.

A rough sound of approval, then both hands gripped my hips again, fingers digging in hard enough to leave bruises as he pinned me in place. He used the leverage to drive even deeper, his cockhead battering my cervix with each thrust.

My second orgasm was building fast, coiling tight and hot at the base of my spine. One hand left my hip and found my swollen clit, already slick and throbbing.

The first touch made me scream. His other hand clamped over my mouth instantly, muffling the sound while his fingers worked my clit in tight circles.

Knock knock knock.

We both froze.

"Excuse me?" A woman's voice came from behind the bathroom door. The flight attendant.

"Is everything alright in there?"

My heart stopped and my entire body went taut with tension. The stranger's cock was still buried balls deep inside me. His hand still covered my mouth. We were caught.

His hips rolled in a slow, deep thrust that made my eyes roll back.

What the fuck? He's still... oh god.

Another deliberate roll of his hips, grinding his cock deep inside my clenching pussy. My walls spasmed around him and a low grunt escaped his throat.

He's fucking me while she's standing right there. Oh my god, he's actually still fucking me.

"Everything's fine," he called out, his voice remarkably steady considering his dick was currently splitting me open. "Just feeling unwell. Turbulence."

Another slow, grinding thrust that had me whimpering against his palm.

"I have some medication if you need it."

"Won't be necessary." His hand tightened over my mouth as I moaned. "Few more minutes."

He said it like he was giving an order. Who was this stranger?

"Sir, you've been in there for quite some time."

In one smooth motion, he pulled his cock out completely. Before I could process the devastating emptiness, his hands were under my thighs, lifting me straight off the floor.

My back hit his chest as he held my thighs spread wide open, then he slammed his cock back inside.

Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh FUCK.

The new angle drove him impossibly deeper. His cockhead hit something inside me that made my vision white out. My head fell back against his shoulder, a loud moan tearing from my lips before I could stop it.

"Ohhhh god!" A moan ripped through my throat, making me forget the attendant.

"Quiet," he commanded in my ear, voice rough and strained. "Unless you want everyone on this plane to hear you screaming on my cock."

A sound rumbled from his chest, amusement mixed with pure lust. Then his mouth was at my ear, his breath hot and ragged.

"Sir?" The attendant's voice sharpened. "If you don't respond I'm going to have to get help."

"I said I'm fine." He murmured in a tone of dismissal.

But his hips told a different story. He thrust upward in short, brutal strokes, impaling me on his cock over and over. Each thrust lifted me slightly, my toes dangling in the air, completely helpless.

"God, you feel so good," he groaned low in my ear, his voice finally losing that iron control.

"Oh my god, oh my god, oh my—" Each brutal thrust up into my cunt punched the words from my lungs.

"Yessss," I hissed, the word more moan than speech.

The attendant knocked again. "Sir, I really must insist."

Three sharp thrusts punctuated his response "Few. More. Minutes."

She went silent briefly before replying, "Three minutes. Then I'm getting the captain."

The Stranger Behind My Orgasm

Abigail

The moment her footsteps retreated, everything changed. He lowered me back to my feet, his cock sliding out of my dripping pussy with an obscene wet sound.

Before I could even whimper at the loss, his hand wrapped around my throat, not choking, just holding, possessive, and pushed me down.

"Down." The single grunted command made my pussy clench around nothing.

My knees hit the cold tile. His hand guided my head, bending me forward until my cheek pressed against the floor and my ass was high in the air, completely exposed.

Fuck. He's going to mount me like an animal. Going to use me like the desperate slut I am.

The blunt, thick head of his cock pressed against my entrance. For one second, he paused.

Then he slammed home in one brutal thrust.

"FUCK!" I screamed into my arm, biting down hard on my own flesh to muffle the sound.

His hand returned to my throat from the side, angling my face up while he started pounding into me. Not the steady rhythm from before. This was pure animal fucking. Hard, fast, desperate thrusts that drove me forward with each impact.

This is what I needed. What Drake could never give me. This raw, filthy, degrading fuck.

His other hand gripped my hip, holding me steady as he used my body. My tits swayed beneath me with each thrust, my nipples dragging against the fabric of my bra.

A rough groan, then his hand left my throat and both hands grabbed my hips, jerking me back to meet his thrusts. The sound of skin slapping skin echoed obscenely loud in the small bathroom.

My pussy was making the filthiest sounds every time his cock plunged into me. I was so soaked that I could feel my juices running down my inner thighs, dripping onto the floor.

One hand left my hip and came down hard on my ass.

SMACK!

"Ahhhhh!" The sting bloomed across my skin.

He spanked me again. And again. Over and over in rhythm with his thrusts until my ass was on fire and I was sobbing with pleasure, my pussy clenching and spasming around his pistoning cock.

His hand slid up my spine, pushing my sweater higher, then his fingers wrapped around the back of my neck and pressed my face harder against the cold tile while he hammered into me without mercy.

In the dim emergency lighting, I caught a glimpse of that tattoo again. My third orgasm was building inside me, spreading through me like wildfire.

My entire body detonated. The orgasm ripped through me with a violence that stole my breath, my vision, my mind. My pussy clamped down on his cock so hard I heard him curse above me, felt his dick throb inside me as my inner walls convulsed and spasmed, trying to milk him.

Wave after wave of pleasure crashed through me. My fingers scrabbled uselessly against the tile, my legs shaking so violently I would have collapsed if he wasn't holding me up with his cock buried deep in my cunt.

The pleasure kept coming and coming, each wave stronger than the last. My hungry pussy milked his cock desperately, clenching and releasing in rhythm, trying to draw his cum from him.

His control shattered, his thrusts becoming wild and erratic and desperate. He made a sound, half growl, half groan, and I felt his cock swell even thicker inside me.

"Good girl," he rasped, his voice breaking.

"Such a good fucking girl for me."

Three more brutal, punishing thrusts that battered my cervix, then he buried himself as deep as humanly possible with a guttural groan that vibrated through his entire body.

His cock pulsed and throbbed, and even through the condom I could feel the heat of his release flooding into it.

We stayed like that for a split second, the reality of what I had just done crashing into me.

I just fucked a stranger. And holy shit, it was the best sex of my entire life.

Drake's cock had been nothing compared to this. This stranger was ruining me for anyone else and I didn't care.

Slowly, carefully, he pulled his cock out. My pussy clenched at the loss, still spasming with little aftershocks, feeling devastatingly empty without him stretching me open.

He helped me up from the floor with gentle hands, and when my legs refused to support my weight, his arms wrapped around me.

"I've got you," he murmured against my temple, the words barely audible. "I've got you, Red."

He held me until my breathing steadied, until the violent trembling in my legs subsided to just a slight shake. I heard him deal with the condom, then he found my clothes in the darkness, helping me dress because my hands were still shaking too badly to manage buttons or elastic.

He strode to the door, pulled it open, and just like that, he was gone. I stood there in the darkness for several heartbeats, trembling and wrecked and more alive than I had ever felt in my entire life. My hand fumbled for the light switch.

Fluorescent brightness flooded the tiny bathroom, making me squint behind my sunglasses. I caught my reflection in the mirror.

Oh my god.

My red-dyed hair was messy and wild, like someone had been pulling it. My sunglasses sat crooked on my flushed face. My lips were swollen and dark red. My sweater was wrinkled beyond repair and my leggings had a noticeable wet spot where my juices had soaked completely through the fabric.

I look like I just got fucked within an inch of my life. Because I did.

"Holy shit," I whispered, clamping both hands over my mouth before hysterical laughter could escape.

My body sang with the aftermath. I could feel him everywhere. The pleasant ache between my thighs where his thick cock had stretched me, the marks his fingers had left on my hips, my breasts, my ass. The slight soreness in my throat where his hand had pressed.

My pussy still throbbed, sensitive and well used, my inner walls still occasionally clenching around the memory of being so perfectly filled.

Wait until I tell Annette. Holy fuck. I just got absolutely destroyed by a stranger on a plane. And it was fucking incredible.

I cleaned myself up as best I could, then took several deep breaths, trying to calm my racing heart.

When I finally emerged from the bathroom, the flight attendant was waiting nearby with a knowing look in her eyes and a slight smirk on her lips.

"Feeling better, miss?"

Heat flooded my face, burning from my neck to my hairline. "Much better. Thank you."

She didn't say anything else, but her expression said she knew exactly what had happened in there.

I walked back to my seat on shaky, unsteady legs, hyperaware of every eye that might be watching me, though most passengers were still absorbed in their phones or sleeping, oblivious.

When I collapsed into my window seat, I pulled my sunglasses down further over my eyes and stared out at the dark sky, my reflection in the window.

My body still hummed with aftershocks. My pussy still throbbed, sensitive and tender and thoroughly fucked. I could still smell that expensive cologne mixed with sex and sweat and something uniquely masculine on my skin.

I didn't even know his name. Didn't know what he looked like. All I had was the memory of his hands on my body, his cock inside me, his grunts and groans in my ear.

The tattoo. I had that too. The intricate black ink spiraling up his forearm, visible for just a moment in that faint green emergency lighting.

Would I recognize him if I saw him again? Would my body know him before my brain did? Would my pussy remember the exact shape and feel of his cock?

The plane began its descent. The captain's voice crackled over the intercom, announcing our approach to Los Angeles International Airport.

I pressed my forehead against the cool window and watched the lights of the city grow closer, brighter. The plane touched down with a gentle bump. Passengers began gathering their belongings, shuffling impatiently toward the exits.

I grabbed my bag and followed the crowd on wobbly legs, my thighs still trembling slightly.

The terminal was bright and busy with travelers. I followed the signs toward baggage claim, checking my phone to see multiple messages from Annette.

I spotted my grandparents before they saw me. The moment Meemaw's eyes found mine, her whole face lit up like sunshine.

"Abby! Oh, my sweet girl!"

She rushed forward, arms outstretched, and I fell into her embrace. The familiar scent of her lavender perfume wrapped around me like the softest blanket.

"Hi, Meemaw," I whispered, my voice cracking with emotion.

She pulled back, cupping my face in her soft, wrinkled hands. "Oh baby, you've been crying. Your eyes are all red."

"It's been a really long day."

"I know, sweetheart. I know." She kissed my forehead tenderly. "But you're here now. You're safe. And we're going to take care of you."

Pawpaw hugged me next, his embrace strong and solid and exactly what I needed.

"Good to have you home, Abby."

Home.

The word settled over me like warm sunshine breaking through stormy clouds.

As we walked toward baggage claim, Meemaw chattering about the big dinner she'd prepared and Pawpaw asking gentle questions about my flight, nothing prepared me for how my life would change in the next couple of weeks.

The Stranger Behind My Orgasm

Abigail

"Abby, your phone won't stop ringing."

I looked up from the crossword puzzle to see Meemaw walking towards me, holding up my phone. The floral apron I'd bought her for Mother's Day three years ago was marked with oil and flour. Her reading glasses perched on her nose as she squinted at the screen.

"It's Drake again." Her dark eyes softened with concern. "Won't you answer? Maybe something's wrong."

My stomach clenched while I scrambled for words to say.

"I'll call him back later." I plucked the phone from her hands.

"That boy." Meemaw smiled, the wrinkles around her eyes deepening. "So attentive. You shouldn't take him for granted, sweetheart."

If only she knew.

The pencil I'd been using snapped between my fingers. Meemaw didn't notice, thankfully. She was already turning back to the kitchen, humming under her breath.

"Your grandfather and I are so excited for the wedding. Have you decided on the flowers yet?"

This was why I couldn't tell her. Yet.

"Not yet." I hadn't told her about catching Drake in a fucking orgy in our bed. Or that I'd lost my job. I'd lied and said I was on leave. If I told them the truth, they'd worry, and I didn't want that. I would fix this myself.

I glared at the phone screen with anger burning in my veins. Twelve missed calls. All from Drake, and that was just this morning. I'd been with my grandparents for four weeks, and he'd called me a thousand times since then.

That festering piece of shit. That walking biohazard. That absolute waste of oxygen.

I swiped away the call notifications and pushed away from the table.

"I'm going to take this in my room."

"Take your time, sweetheart. Breakfast will be ready when you're done."

I walked down the narrow hallway, past the photos on the walls. Me at every age from five to twenty four. School pictures with gap toothed smiles, dance recitals, high school graduation. The engagement photo with Drake. I glared at that one, resisting the urge to rip it off the wall.

My childhood bedroom waited at the end of the hall. I closed the door behind me, flopped on my bed, and opened the messages.

The screen was full of Drake's name. Message after message after message, the timestamps showing he'd been texting since five in the morning.

Drake: Baby, please talk to me.

Drake: I'm so sorry. It wasn't what it looked like.

Drake: You're overreacting. We were just having fun.

Drake: Come on Abby, don't be like this.

Drake: You can't just disappear on me. Where are you?

Drake: WHERE ARE YOU?

Drake: This is ridiculous. Answer your fucking phone.

Drake: You know what? Maybe it's better this way. You were never that good in bed anyway.

My jaw clenched so hard my teeth ached.

Never that good in bed?

The stranger from the plane would beg to differ. Oh god, I was thinking about him again. Whenever I wasn't stewing about Drake, I was thinking about the stranger.

The way he'd touched me. Those rough hands on my hips, my breasts, between my legs. The way his cock had stretched me, filled me, hit places inside me I didn't even know existed.

Heat pooled between my thighs. I shifted on the bed, pressing my thighs together. Four weeks later and I could still feel him. I could still hear that thick, gravelly voice calling me *Red*, telling me what a good girl I was.

My hand drifted to my lap before I could stop it. I'd touched myself every night this week thinking about him. Nothing felt as good as that night.

I kept scrolling through Drake's messages.

Drake: I'm sorry I didn't mean that. Please baby just come home.

Drake: WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU? I'M LOSING MY MIND.

Drake: You need me. You won't find anyone better than me. No one else is going to want you.

His words would have stung a month ago. Now, they felt like dust settling on my skin.

My thumb hovered over the delete button. One by one, I watched his messages disappear when another message popped up on my screen.

Annette: Babe, Drake showed up at my apartment again. Demanding to know where you are. I told him to fuck off but he's getting scary. Block his number. Please.

Me: That asshole! I will. I'm sorry he's bothering you.

Annette: Don't apologize for that piece of garbage. Just take care of yourself. Love you.

Me: Love you too, Annie.

I went back to deleting Drake's messages, my mind drifting back to the plane bathroom.

I squeezed my thighs together again. God, I wanted to feel that again. I wanted those rough hands on me, that commanding voice telling me what to do, that thick cock stretching me and pounding me senseless.

I hadn't seen his face and he'd ruined me for anyone else. Another message notification slid down from the top of my screen, breaking through my reverie.

Sasha: Hey, babe! Hope you're doing okay? Listen, I heard about a job offer. Wolfe Group is looking for an Executive Assistant for their CEO. Apparently the last one quit suddenly and they need someone ASAP. I know you're dealing with a lot right now but this is HUGE. Great pay, amazing benefits, and an actual HR department that takes harassment seriously. Want me to send you the posting?

Me: Hell, yes! Thank you so much, Sash!

Holy shit. If I could get a job there, I could wipe the floor with Mr. Morgan's face using my salary.

That night, I pulled up the Wolfe Group's website on my laptop. The company page was sleek, professional, impressive. The Leadership Team section showed photos of board members, executives, department heads.

But where Finnegan Wolfe photo should have been, there was just a gray silhouette and a brief bio: "Finnegan Wolfe, CEO. Mr. Wolfe founded the Wolfe Group of Companies and values privacy. He does not participate in public photography."

I frowned. That was unusual. Most CEOs loved plastering their faces everywhere.

I Googled "Finnegan Wolfe CEO photo."

Dozens of articles came up—Forbes, Fortune, Business Insider—but every single one used stock photos of buildings or the company logo. Not a single photo of the man himself.

Weird. But not my problem. I just needed to show up on time and not screw up.

My phone buzzed again.

Drake: I know you're reading these. I can see the receipts. Stop being a child and ANSWER ME.

That was it. I blocked his number.

Sasha sent me the posting and I submitted my resume immediately.

☆☆ ☆☆ ☆☆ ☆☆

Two Weeks Later

"Congratulations, Ms. Kellerman. You performed excellently. You're hired."

That was exactly what I'd been hoping to hear since I walked into the gigantic Wolfe building an hour ago.

My heart did a backflip. I just got hired by the freaking Wolfe Group. On the outside, I pressed my lips together to hold back a scream and extended my hand across the polished desk.

"Thank you, Ms. Carlson. I'm excited for the opportunity."

Ms. Carlson, the head of Human Resources, shook my hand with a firm grip. Her blue eyes assessed me over the rims of her glasses.

"We're pleased to have you. Your references were glowing, and your interview responses demonstrated exactly the kind of competence we need for this position."

"When would you like me to start?"

"Tomorrow."

My eyebrows rose slightly. "Tomorrow?"

"Is that a problem?" Ms. Carlson's tone didn't change, but her eyes narrowed.

"Not at all." I straightened in my chair. "I'm ready to begin immediately."

"Good." She pulled a manila folder from the stack on her desk and slid it across to me.

"Mr. Wolfe has very specific expectations. You'll need to hit the ground running."

I opened the folder. Several pages of protocols, schedules, and contact lists.

"Mr. Wolfe arrives at his office at nine a.m. sharp every morning." Ms. Carlson's manicured nail tapped the first page. "Nine a.m. precisely."

I nodded, still reading.

"Which means you need to arrive no later than eight fifteen."

My eyes flicked up. "Eight fifteen?"

"His coffee needs to be on his desk at eight fifty, made exactly as specified on page three. There's an espresso machine in the executive suite."

I glanced at page three. Double shot espresso, one sugar, splash of cream, served at exactly 180 degrees Fahrenheit.

Who the hell measured coffee temperature?

"His morning briefing packet needs to be printed and organized on his desk by eight forty five. Financial reports on top, followed by departmental updates. His schedule for the day should be on his desk before he arrives. Mr. Wolfe does not tolerate interruptions during his morning review, which takes place from nine to nine thirty. No calls, no walk ins, no exceptions unless the building is literally on fire."

Did this man have an OCD complex?

"Understood."

"He takes exactly fifteen minutes for lunch, usually at his desk. You'll order from the restaurants listed on page seven. He rotates through them on a schedule. Monday is Italian, Tuesday is Japanese, Wednesday is—"

"I can follow a calendar, ma'am." I said without thinking, then almost smacked myself.

Ms. Carlson's lips twitched with amusement.

"I hope you know more than that. Mr. Wolfe doesn't tolerate incompetence, and he has very little patience for questions he believes you should already know the answer to."

I closed the folder. "Out of curiosity, how many assistants has he had in the past year?"

"Seven."

Seven in one year?

"Most quit within three months. One lasted six months. She left crying and we never saw her again."

Jesus Christ. What kind of monster was I signing up to work for?

But I'd dealt with Mr. Morgan. I could handle a demanding boss with control issues, as long as those issues didn't involve sexual harassment.

"One more thing." Ms. Carlson's tone turned stern. "Mr. Wolfe values discretion above almost everything else. What happens in his office, what you see, what you hear, it stays confidential. He's a very private man, and he expects that privacy to be protected absolutely."

"Of course."

Despite being one of America's most coveted billionaires, practically nothing was known about him. He was definitely very private.

Ms. Carlson studied me for a long moment. Then she rose, extending her hand again.

"Welcome to The Wolfe Group, Ms. Kellerman. I'll have security prepare your badge and send you the building access codes by this evening. The dress code is strictly professional. Any questions?"

I rose too, gathering the folder. "No questions. I'll see you tomorrow at eight fifteen."

"Eight a.m. would be better."

I met her gaze. "Eight a.m. it is."

The Stranger Behind My Orgasm

Abigail

"Hold! Please!"

I breezed through the marble lobby in haste as the elevator doors slid shut, those polished steel panels closing like jaws while I was still twenty feet away.

"Hold the elevator!"

My heels clicked rapidly against the floor as liquid sloshed in the Stanley cup in my left hand, threatening to spill iced coffee all over my crisp white shirt. My bag kept sliding off my shoulder,

the strap catching in the crook of my elbow while I tried to keep the stack of folders from scattering everywhere.

A hand shot between the closing doors and they bounced open, so I lunged inside, breathless and flushed and probably looking nothing like the composed professional I was supposed to be.

So much for a good first day.

"Thank you," I gasped, slumping against the elevator wall. "Thank you so much."

Three people stared at me, two men in black and grey suits respectively and one woman with a bluetooth earpiece and a bored expression.

I fumbled with my folders, trying to get them organized while preventing my bag from sliding down my arm again. The Stanley cup was still in my hand because I hadn't had time to take a single sip yet, and my stomach was eating itself because I'd skipped breakfast in my rush to get here on time.

"What floor?" The blonde man had his finger hovering over the panel.

"Top floor. Executive suite."

The woman's eyebrows shot up while the brunette let out a low whistle.

"Oh shit."

I pressed my lips together and nodded.

"Exactly."

The blonde looked confused. "What's the problem?"

"She's the Boss's new EA, Ted." The brunette chuckled darkly, which had the blonde cursing too.

My stomach dropped even farther. Was this man really that terrible?

I glanced at my watch—eight forty five—which meant I had fifteen minutes to prepare his coffee and set up the files on his desk.

Was it just me or was this elevator moving slowly?

I shouldn't have stayed up late with Annette last night because waking up fifteen minutes behind schedule had completely thrown me off.

"Yeah." The brunette shook his head, regarding me with a look of pity. "You're fucked."

"Language, Marcus. We don't want to scare the new recruit," the woman said absently, still typing on her phone.

"Good luck," the blonde offered as the elevator dinged for the twelfth floor.

They all stepped out, leaving me alone with my racing thoughts.

I can't get fired on my first day. I can't.

When the elevator finally opened on the top floor, I stepped into a space that screamed money—glass walls, expensive art, thick carpet that muted my footsteps.

My office was right outside the CEO's, bigger than my last one, with a desk, computer, filing cabinets, and a door that connected directly to Mr. Wolfe's private office.

I rushed inside, dropped my bag and folders on the desk, and checked my watch again.

It was eight forty seven and his coffee had to be on his desk by eight fifty, so I hurried through the connecting door into his office.

The space was massive with floor to ceiling windows overlooking New York, a desk that looked like it cost more than my car, and sleek modern furniture that probably came from some exclusive Italian designer.

I found the coffee station Ms. Carlson had mentioned—a sleek espresso machine built into the wall with a small prep sink and marble counter. A mini fridge sat in the cabinet below.

Okay. Double shot espresso, one sugar, splash of cream, 180 degrees. I can do this.

The machine had more buttons than necessary, so I found the one labeled ESPRESSO and pressed it.

Nothing happened. I pressed it again but still nothing.

Come on, come on!

Noticing a small switch on the side, I flipped it and the machine hummed to life, its lights blinking at me.

Eight forty nine.

"Shit," I muttered, searching the cabinet above for coffee grounds until I found several jars labeled Espresso Forte. That sounded right.

I dumped grounds into the machine, locked it into place, and hit the button for a double shot as dark liquid started streaming into the small cup I'd found.

While that brewed, I searched for sugar and cream in the mini fridge in the cabinet below and found them, along with bottled water and what looked like meal prep containers.

Damn, this man really had the ideal setup.

When the espresso finished, I checked the temperature with the thermometer sitting next to the machine and the display read 165.

Not hot enough. Could I microwave it?

I looked around frantically but there was no microwave, just the espresso machine, which had a steam wand attachment.

Perfect.

I positioned the cup under the steam wand and turned it on while the machine hissed and steam shot into the coffee. The temperature display climbed—170, 175, 180.

I yanked the cup away and switched off the steam. My watch read eight fifty one.

Fuck. I was already late. I could only hope he chose today of all days to come in late.

I grabbed the cup, turned toward his desk, and my hip slammed into the edge of the counter. The cup flew from my hand as hot coffee arced through the air in slow motion, splattering across the marble, the floor, and into the sink.

The coffee hit the faucet at exactly the wrong angle and water exploded—a full pressure blast shot straight up like a geyser, hitting the ceiling before raining down on me.

"No! No no no!" I lunged for the faucet, trying to turn it off, but the handle was slippery and my fingers couldn't get a grip and the water just kept coming, soaking everything.

My hair, my face, my white shirt and skirt until the fabric clung to my skin. I finally wrenched the handle to the right and the water stopped.

I stood there, dripping, breathing hard as water pooled on the floor around my feet. My carefully styled hair hung in wet ropes while my white shirt was completely see through now, my black lace bra clearly visible underneath.

This couldn't be happening.

My hands trembled as I realized I needed to change, needed to go back to my office and find something, anything, dry to wear. Almost immediately, the office door opened.

"Yes, sir. I'll have the analysis on your desk by 12 noon."

"Not a minute later."

I froze and turned around slowly, water still dripping from my hair, my clothes, pooling at my feet.

Two men stood in the doorway. The first was younger, maybe thirty, in a tailored grey suit, and his jaw dropped as he stared at me, his hand hovering over the door knob.

The second man stepped forward from behind him. And the entire world tilted on its axis.

No, no, NO!

That devastating, unforgettable face I'd seen through the bathroom door gap. The strong jaw covered in dark stubble, the sharp nose, those lips, that pair of emerald green eyes that had tormented my sleep for days.

What sort of game us the universe playing with me?

My heart slammed against my ribs. My gaze traveled down to his forearm where his white dress shirt sleeve was rolled up to his elbow.

The tattoo was there—intricate black ink spiraling up his right forearm.

Then his cologne hit me. *Tom Ford*. The same scent that had wrapped around me in that tiny airplane bathroom.

It was him! Holy Jesus.

The stranger who had fucked me so hard I had wet dreams about him for a week was standing in front of me. My new boss was the stranger from the plane.

Oh, my God.

I looked up, locking gazes with his.

For half a second, something flickered across his face. Then it was gone.

His expression went cold. His gaze swept over me, taking in my soaked hair, my see-through shirt, the water on the floor, the coffee splattered everywhere.

When he looked at me again, there was nothing. No recognition. No memory. Just ice.

"Who the hell are you?"

The Stranger Behind My Orgasm

Finnegan

"Who the hell are you?!"

A woman stood in the middle of my office, dripping wet as though she had just crawled out of a swimming pool. Water pooled around her feet and spread across my imported Italian marble in an ever-widening circle. Her dark curls were soaked and clung to her face and neck in tangled ropes.

I wasn't in a particularly good mood this morning. *Courtesy of...*

Her white shirt had become completely transparent and clung to generous breasts that were barely contained by black lace underneath.

The soaked fabric revealed everything: the outline of dusky nipples straining against the delicate bra, the gentle curve of her stomach, the shadow of her navel. Her white skirt molded to rounded hips and thighs like a second skin and left nothing to the imagination.

What the hell was this? Another one?

My jaw clenched. The last assistant had pulled this exact stunt some weeks ago. Showed up soaking wet in a white blouse and batted her eyelashes while pretending it was an accident. I'd fired her before she'd finished her pathetic introduction.

I turned to Jason, who stood frozen in the doorway looking like his brain had short-circuited. His eyes were locked on the woman's chest and his mouth hung slightly open while color rose in his cheeks.

Pathetic.

"Jason!" I snapped.

He flinched violently and his gaze jerked toward me like I'd struck him. "Y-yes, sir?"

"Care to explain who the fuck this is and how she got past security to my floor?"

"I—uh—she's—that is—" He stammered and practically cowered against the doorframe.

The woman cleared her throat as if she was reminding me that I could speak to her directly. A whiff of her floral jasmine scent wafted into my nostrils, filling the office air.

I looked at her properly for the first time. Water still streamed from her hair and trailed down that see-through shirt and over those full breasts. Droplets followed the curve of her body and disappeared into the waistband of her skirt. But her expression...

She wasn't smiling coyly. Wasn't biting her lip or arching her back suggestively like the last one had. She looked absolutely furious.

Cornflower blue eyes blazed with barely contained rage. Her jaw was locked tight and her shoulders were rigid despite her soaked state.

Anger radiated off her in waves, but almost immediately to my surprise, she pasted on a fake syrupy smile and extended her hand but said nothing. She just stood there dripping water and silently seething while maintaining that false expression of politeness.

"Abigail Kellerman, sir. Your new Executive Assistant. "

Ignoring her outstretched hand, I strode past her, to the long mahogany oak desk in my office.

"If you wanted to seduce me," I said without looking at her while I retrieved my laptop, "you should know the last assistant who tried this little wet t-shirt routine got fired before she finished introducing herself."

I would have expected a rude response from her, just so she could test my limits. And considering the fact that I wasn't in a good mood, she'd be out of here before she even started her job.

I glanced up. If she'd looked furious before, now she looked like she wanted to commit murder. That fake smile had vanished and been replaced by an expression of pure and unadulterated rage but she still said nothing. Apparently, my new assistant was wise.

Her hands clenched into fists at her sides and water still dripped steadily down her body. Her chest heaved with barely controlled anger and made those breasts rise and fall in a way that might have been distracting if I cared about anything other than whatever game she was playing.

But she didn't speak. Didn't defend herself or make excuses or simper like the last one.

She just stood there visibly trembling with silent fury, but it was wws obvious she had a lot to say, but she couldn't.

"If you're quite done with your little display," I said coldly, "what's my itinerary for the day?"

"Sir, she's drenched," Jason interrupted weakly, still hovered in the doorway like he might bolt at any second. "Maybe we should—"

"Did I ask for your opinion, Jason?"

He flinched again and his mouth snapped shut while his face went pale. Then I turned my attention back to the woman.

"When you're on my time, you do your job. I don't care if you're wet or dry or on fire or being pursued by wild dogs. Your job is to have my itinerary ready. So either you have it or you don't. Which is it?"

Jason shot her an apologetic look from the doorway where he still cowered. For a moment, I thought she might actually burst into tears like the assistants before her.

Then she lifted her chin and that fake syrupy smile returned.

"Nine-thirty," she began and her voice dripped with artificial sweetness.

"Conference call with the Singapore office. By ten-fifteen, you have a meeting to discuss Q2 projections and the proposed expansion into the Dubai market. Eleven-thirty. Lunch meeting with Senator Morrison at The French Room. You're having the salmon and she's vegetarian and you're donating fifty thousand to her campaign so try to be charming."

I furrowed my brows. She didn't have a tablet. No files. No phone in her hand. Had she memorized my entire schedule?

She continued without pause and rattled off meetings and calls and appointments with perfect accuracy. She even included details I hadn't mentioned to HR. She'd actually memorized everything.

"And I apologize for the inconvenience, sir," she finished and her eyes locked on mine with that same furious smile, "It appears that the coffee station had a little malfunction."

She held my gaze and no once did she stutter even with the obvious scowl on my face. I leaned back in my chair and studied her. Most of my workers cowered when I spoke to them the way I'd just spoken to her. Jason was still practically trembling in the doorway, but this new assistant stood her ground and stared me down like she wanted to throw my laptop at my head.

Intriguing.

"Mrs. Chen's office is on the nineteenth floor," I said finally. "There's an emergency supply closet with spare clothes. You have ten minutes to make yourself presentable. When you return, you'll prepare my morning briefing packet with property reports and investor updates and market analysis."

"Remake my coffee to the correct temperature and have everything on my desk before my nine-thirty call. Understood?"

That saccharine smile widened though her eyes darkened further.

"Crystal clear, Mr. Wolfe."

She turned on her heel and water squelched in her ruined shoes as she marched toward the door with her spine ramrod straight.

Jason scrambled out of her way like she might bite him.

I turned back to my laptop and pulled up my email without another glance. The door clicked shut behind her.

Good. At least this one had fire in her. The last seven assistants had been spineless and incompetent. Let's see how long this one would last. Assuming she didn't quit after today.