



Office Match (Office Short Stories #2)

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Category: Suspense Thriller

Description: A short story, based on an office romance within the company Flawless, previously mentioned in TATE Book 2 STORM Enterprises.

Calvin is bored with his recent conquests but when he downloads an app specifically for private experiences, all that changes in one night.

* Previously published in the RAREEdinburgh24 Anthology. A steamy read for ages eighteen and over only.

Total Pages (Source): 13

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Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:33 am

Calvin

I've worked as CEO of Flawless for over five years now.

The moment the previous owner, Griffin Snider, disappeared off the face of the earth, I encouraged my best friend Sean Anderson to buy into the business, and it was the best move I ever made.

A little over a year ago, he became majority shareholder, and the business has since flourished.

There has always been speculation about Griffin and his wayward ways—the rumor mills rife with accusations of sexual indiscretions—that left a sour taste behind when he disappeared. It also helped me realize I could never mix business with pleasure—ever, no matter how tempting it may be.

Luckily for me, that's not even in the realm of possibilities, as my secretary is so old she looks like she's been dug up, and her assistant, Emily Thomas, who she's essentially training for when she dies—because, let's face it, it's the only time she will leave here—is everything I wouldn't want in a woman.

Sure, she's easy on the eye, if you take away the snarky attitude and the permanent scowl on her face that makes me wonder if she needs sex to help loosen her up.

She's a ballbuster, a stickler for timekeeping, and clearly has some form of OCD.

One time, I threw Post-it notes in the bin, and she practically exploded.

I bet she's shit in bed too, if she's had sex at all.

The way she walks so uptight, you know she's never had a good fuck in her entire life.

Maybe that's what she needs for her to loosen up and crack a smile.

She never brings a date to work events, and she never shows the slightest bit of interest when I use my flirting skills.

If anything, she seems put off. Yeah, she needs someone to give her a good fuck.

I scoff. Like hell would I go there. I bet her pussy has teeth, and once she sinks them in, she refuses to release you.

A grade A bunny boiler, next-level stalker.

Ugh. I internally shudder at the thought.

"Are you sick?"

"Huh?"

Her brown wavy hair is tied back in a long ponytail that sways when she walks. She stares at me, her dark eyes glimmering with concern, before tsking as if I've caused her a problem. "I. Said. Are. You. Sick?"

I rear back in my chair. Just why the hell is she speaking to me like I'm an idiot. "Calvin, do I need to call someone for you?" She snaps her fingers in front of my face.

Call someone for me? Why the hell would she need to call someone for me?

“You did some strange shudder that made me wonder if you’re suffering from some kind of illness.” She scrunches her nose and turns her lip up. The color of her lipstick suits her, it’s a soft pink like the color in her cheeks. Cute.

Jesus, where the hell did that come from?

I scrub a hand down my face. “I did?” Maybe I am sick.

She walks around the desk on those ridiculous high heels and presses her hand to my forehead. Her touch jolts me, sending a flash of need through my body, and I can’t quite compute why.

“You’re hot.”

Holy fuck. Did she just call me hot?

“You think I’m hot?” My lips curl into a smile as I sit back in my chair. I knew she wasn’t immune to me.

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His face erupts into a cocky grin, and I want to smack it... and sit on it.

As much as Calvin Connors is a womanizing, self-entitled, rich prick who I can't stand, even I can admit he's hot.

A shame he's my boss and wouldn't know his way around a woman's body if it hit him in the face.

The man's mantra is to pump and dump, and after hearing that in the break room, I had to refrain from dumping my coffee over his head.

His chocolate eyes meet mine as he sits back in his chair, crossing his arms over his muscular chest.

Of course he has to be sculptured within an inch of his life, anything but perfection has no place alongside Calvin.

I almost want to roll my eyes at the thought.

The women he "pumps and dumps" are like real-life Barbies: tanned to a particular shade of bronze that borders on orange, not a blemish on their made-up faces, and their hair so blonde the sunlight reflects off it, almost blinding you.

I wonder if I'd be entitled to some form of workplace compensation if I made a claim for that.

"You're not immune to me, after all."

His words snap me out of my thoughts. “I’m sorry. What did you just say?”

He gestures toward me with an open palm. “You can’t claim sexual harassment in the workplace if you came onto me first.” His eyebrows furrow, and even I can admit the look of confusion on his face is cute.

I reel back and my eyes roam over his face, scanning it for any signs of sincerity. He’s joking, right?

“You said I was hot.” He clarifies, exposing his straight pearly whites.

I can’t help the jolt that rushes through me. “Ew! You think I’m into you?” Wow, he is deluded. Maybe I should call someone, after all. I glance toward the door.

“Everyone is into me.”

I can’t help the scoff that bubbles in my throat, causing me to snort, and when I chance a look at Calvin, his jaw has sharpened and his eyes have narrowed.

“Calvin, honey. I really think you need to get yourself home, jerk off or something. Hell, treat yourself and order one of those bimbos and do your thing. It might make you feel better, because I can assure you, you’ve lost your damn mind if you think I’m even remotely attracted to you.”

His jaw tics and the vein in his temple pulsates, making me wonder if I went a little too far. So instead of sticking around and getting my ass fired, I snatch up the files from his desk and beeline toward the door.

But maybe I should take some of my own advice and get laid tonight too. I bite into my lip as a smile forms on my face; I know the exact app to use tonight.

Oblivion.

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Calvin

I scroll through the terms and conditions of the app and press the green button to activate my account.

As soon as Emily ran out of my office after insulting me, I realized she had a good point. I need to get laid, ASAP, and what better way to do it than with a new dating app which was cocreated by a friend.

Oblivion—named after his family nightclub.

The app works to hook you up with someone in the local area, based on a sex test, and to add to the element of intrigue, you don't add a photo. If you choose to meet, you do so at the club where each member is monitored and registered, therefore giving both parties security and anonymity.

The nightclub recently reopened after a fire and now has a a sex club level with private rooms available.

My cock throbs thinking about using the app for the first time, craving something more than the regular dull fucks.

The thought of not knowing what that more is only adds to the seductive element that causes excitement to fill my veins like a drug.

After scrolling through the ridiculous amount of questions, it begins giving me an abundance of matches, and a nervous energy rushes through me. I sit back in my

chair, ignoring the mounting paperwork on my desk, and gnaw on the edge of my thumb.

My phone pings and I smile. That didn't take long.

When I lift my phone to see only two matches have been found, I wonder if there's been a glitch with the system.

I'm pretty damn certain I'm missing a couple hundred.

This is definitely something that needs reported, because I never double dip and just dropped too much money on this membership for it to fail so epically early on.

Irritation slithers through my blood, but I knock it aside and decide to deal with the error next time I have a hookup. I flick open the first match and grimace. The back of someone's head with long blonde hair looks too familiar, so I scroll onto the next.

A blue dragon tattoo on the lower part of the woman's back makes me lean forward and zoom in.

This is different; I've never had sex with anyone with tattoos before, always so polished and put together, tattoos scream fun and out of the ordinary for me.

They're not exactly my thing, not normally, anyway, but the whole point of this app is to try something different. Something more.

I press the green button to start the interaction, and a grin spreads over my face when a chat box with my app name pops up—Blade.

It's the nickname I was gifted at my private school when I was stabbed in the stomach during a school excursion in Mexico and didn't so much as wince.

Hurt like a bitch, but I feigned confidence, got myself a cool nickname, and it brought the girls flocking. Win fucking win.

The other user's name pops up, and my smile grows further.

Submissive.

Sounds fucking perfect if you ask me.

My heart rate picks up when the three dots appear and my little submissive types away, and what she says not only blows my mind but almost my cock too.

Submissive: Does your name mean you bring a blade with you for our meet?

Yeah, my cock weeps and my balls threaten to blow because holy shit, not only is this thing a done deal already but she sure as shit will not be happy with a pump and dump. Exactly what I need, more.

Blade: Would you like that?

Submissive: Fuck yes.

Jesus Christ, I swipe another hand through my hair, my body thrumming with excitement.

Blade: Only if you submit like a good girl.

I smirk.

Submissive: What will you do if I don't?

My hand finds my cock and I stroke it over my pants before releasing it and glancing around my empty office space in panic while my balls ache, begging for release.

Blade: I'll force you to your knees while you watch me fuck someone else.

Submissive: I don't share.

I lick my lips, contemplating my next move. I've fucked two women together before, but I also want to have at least one night with this one, and if she doesn't share, then neither will I.

Blade: Neither do I. So I suggest you do as you're told, otherwise, you're going to be missing out.

Submissive: Understood.

Blade: Good girl.

Submissive: Tonight?

Holy. Fuck.

I blow out a deep breath and try to act cool. Like I'm not about to blow in my pants while sitting in my fucking office, of all places.

Blade: Sure.

Submissive: One thing first . . .

I hold my breath as I wait for her next message.

Submissive: I want a photo of your fist holding your cock.

My jaw hits the desk, and my fingers scramble to unbuckle my belt.

Game. Fucking. On.

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Submissive: I want a photo of your fist holding your cock.

I smile as excitement rushes through me, causing my panties to become wetter by the second.

The moment the app matched me with a new guy, I couldn't wait to rush off to the restroom to play with my latest conquest.

I lean against the toilet door, waiting for the message to come through.

My phone pings and my gaze darts down to the photo on the screen, and my heart stills in my chest at the sight.

Blade: As requested . . .

His cock stands tall, his thick fingers encompassing it, and my mouth waters to sample it. It's perfect, and just as important, his hands are perfect too.

I have a thing for hands. After my last meeting resulted in the guy's hands being more feminine than mine, I decided no way in hell was I going to make the same mistake again.

Nope, a man needs to have man hands. Big.

Strong. Thick. With bulging veins running through them, that pulsate as they pump their dicks and have dominancy to them as they wrap their fingers around your throat and force you to comply.

Part of me wants to witness that now. Watch him come undone and spray his cum over that thick hand of his, but the other part wants to build the anticipation, for both of us.

So, with that in mind, I respond simply.

Submissive: Thank you. See you tonight.

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Calvin

Nervousness is not something I'm accustomed to, but it's the only way to describe how I feel standing outside of the club. I take another glance around at the variations of masks to adorn guests faces while I try to figure out if one of them is her.

Of course, I won't be able to tell. That's the whole point.

So, with that in mind, I take a deep breath and pull my shoulders back and stride toward the VIP entrance, then stroke my finger over the scanner to gain access.

The door opens and a woman with long blonde hair in loose waves greets me wearing a mask, and I scan her body for a sign of my cock becoming interested yet find none.

"This way, Blade." Her blood-red lips curve and she tilts her head toward a corridor.

"Your guest requested a private room tonight. I trust that's okay with you? "

My body screams hell yes, but I choose to fake calmness.

I gift her a tilt of my head. "Of course."

"Your submissive has been blindfolded, gagged, and prepared at your mercy."

My eyebrows shoot up, and I almost choke on my tongue.

"Gagged?"

She spins to face me, then glances down at her iPad. “You ticked yes to every box, sir. So your date was matched accordingly.”

My mouth becomes dry at the prospect of me screwing this up so early on, so I force the words out. “Of course. Thank you.”

She pauses before speaking again, and my heart thuds, waiting for her to respond. I can’t lose this fucking date; I can practically taste it.

Eventually, she sighs. “Very well. Would you like me to run you through the safety protocols?”

She stops outside a door, and my body vibrates with desperation to gain entry, to unleash on her body like never before. To not just pump and dump but give her my entirety.

I clear my throat. “That won’t be necessary, thank you.”

She nods, then moves aside to allow me to open the door, and the moment I do, my lungs tighten, making it difficult for me to breathe, the air trapped inside at the sight before me.

She’s completely at my mercy.

My submissive.

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Emily

I've been preened within an inch of my life.

Every hair removable has been waxed, then my body moisturized after creating the perfect canvas for my date to mark as he sees fit.

Wetness gathers between my thighs, but the position I'm in makes it difficult for me to move.

My blindfold in place, my hands have been tied behind my back, and I'm gagged.

I have my hair down in long luscious waves, and my nipples are pebbled, begging for attention, and only a tiny red G-string barely concealing my pussy.

Soft sensual music filters through the speakers, but when the door opens, my head darts up toward the sound.

Being blindfolded is new to me, and I'm happy to try anything, but I wonder who has entered the room. I can only hope he's tall, dark, and handsome, and when my boss's face flashes before my eyes, I whimper, annoyed with myself that my mind went there.

"What a perfect little submissive." His voice comes out gravelly and choked, causing a rush of arousal to flood me.

Jesus, his voice sounds hot, full of desire and need.

His footsteps circle me, and when his fingers comb through my hair, I can't help but moan. A thousand goose bumps spread over my body, and when he yanks my head back, I relish the bite against my scalp.

"You like rough." It's not a question, a statement, one I'm only too pleased to acknowledge with a tight nod.

"Then rough is what you're going to get."

If I could lick my lips, I would. I'd lick them, then lick him. All fucking over.

"Stand!" he barks. His tone has a familiar edge to it, but I ignore it and concentrate on what he's asking of me.

He grips my arm to help me to my feet, and the warmth of his rough hand feels like a match to the flames burning inside me, and all I can do to react is whimper. When a growl escapes him at the sound, I'm done for. This man is going to ruin me for all others.

A shame that he doesn't exist outside of Oblivion too.

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Calvin

Little moans and whimpers trap in her throat, and I want nothing more than to shove my cock down it and drag them out, flood them with my cum.

When I entered the room and saw her there, adrenaline surged through me, along with a feeling of possession I've never felt before. Ever.

She is clearly a regular at the club, something that irks me and makes me want to force her to revoke her membership. I want her as mine, and mine alone, not for every other fucker to see and use.

My eyes scanned the room, and my cock thickens at the tools on offer to me, but not tonight. Tonight, I will fuck her so hard she won't want to match with anyone else but me. Next time, I can toy with her, use all the contraptions I need to study, but tonight, I'll make her feel me and crave more.

I throw her onto the bed and delight in the bounce of her heavy tits. Delicious.

Then I grab a handful of condoms and throw them onto the bed beside me.

One thing I liked about this girl was her insistence on wearing protection.

Even though thorough health checks have been made and each member can dictate their own rules, she insists on using them.

I'm grateful but can't help the slither of disappointment knowing I won't be feeling

her bare.

Something that would be new to me, and possibly her too.

Maybe next time we can negotiate?

“I’m going to make you remember tonight.

You’re going to crawl on your hands and knees, desperate to be matched with me again,” I grit out, as it pains me to imagine her not being mine, yet I haven’t even had the one night with her.

My voice sounds foreign, even to me, so full of a brutal desire to own her it’s like I’m becoming someone else.

Or is this really me? Has mediocre sex been masking the darkness craving to come out.

I flip her onto her stomach, then pull her ankles apart and position my knees on the bed.

My fingers tremble as I unbuckle my belt with haste, then pull down my zipper and tug my cock from my boxers.

It leaks pre-cum, and I groan thinking about it not entering her as it should, but I shake the irritation aside and rip open a condom and slide it down my solid cock.

My hands find her panties and I rip them from her, and she arches her back against my touch.

“I hope your little pussy is ready, because I’m going to fuck you deep, sweetheart.” I

hiss through my teeth as I line myself up to her pussy.

I catch a glimpse of her tattoo and wrap her hair around my fist, giving me a clear view of the dragon snaking up her spine.

Fuck me, she's incredible.

Desperate to feel her around me, I slam inside her, and her body stiffens.

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Emily

He doesn't give me a chance to adjust to his size as he powers into me, slam after slam. His cock so deep it's knocking my cervix. Holy shit, he's like a powerhouse, and the words he growls while thrusting those strong hips into me—filthy.

“Fuck. Such a tight pussy.”

I moan.

“Going to leave you begging for more.”

Slam.

“Desperate for me.”

Thrust.

“Crawling for me.”

Slam.

“Willing to do anything for me, like a good little sub.”

Thrust.

His hand tangles in my hair as he uses his palm to pin my face to the bed. “I'm going

to paint your back with my cum.”

My pussy clenches around him, loving the idea of him using me as his canvas and his cum coating me.

He leans forward and bites into my shoulders, and the pain sends a flash of arousal through me while my clit begs to be toyed with. I push my hips into the bed, hoping to rub myself against the sheets, and he chuckles, as if knowing what I’m trying to achieve.

“You don’t get to come until you’ve pleased me.”

His free hand takes hold of my hips, angling my ass higher and my pussy away from the sheets, making me whimper.

Then his thick hand smacks my ass cheek hard, causing tears to well in my eyes but pleasure to ripple through me.

Holy shit, he’s good.

So good.

He repeats the action, and each time, my pussy briefly holds his cock like a vise.

“So good.” He speaks my thoughts. “So. Fucking. Good.” He rides me hard and fast, the bed squeaks, and the slapping of our skin heightens my need to come.

I want to beg him. Plead and cry.

“My. Fucking. Pussy,” he roars, and his cock pulsates.

Then he withdraws, leaving me defeated, but when splashes of warmth hit my back, I cry out. I've never been so turned on in my entire life. He's marking me as his, and I couldn't be more confused because not only is my body his servant, but my mind is too.

For the first time ever, I want more than one night with a stranger in Oblivion.

I want more.

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She looks beautiful painted with my cum. The perfect canvas.

A masterpiece.

Her pussy milked me before I would have liked, but we have all night.

A night to prepare her for what's to come.

My little submissive will learn who owns her; she will learn I control her and her orgasms.

So when I dispose of the condom into the bin, I tear open the next and prepare to fuck her into oblivion.

Emily

I ache so bad I could cry, but my tears would be that of joy because last night was, without a doubt, the best night of my life.

It's a shame I don't double dip.

My lip quirks up at my analogy as I press the button to take me to the top floor, ready to start my working day, but a thick hand shoots out to stop the elevator doors from closing. When warm-chocolate eyes meet mine along with a smug grin, I sag back against the mirrored wall.

"Morning, Emily." He grins from ear-to-ear, making me want to kick him in the balls for how chirpy he sounds. Clearly, the guy got laid, and I can only sympathize for the woman he used to drain his balls last night. I hope she at least got an orgasm from him but probably not. I grimace.

He stares at me as the car ascends, and I clear my throat and plaster on a smile. Not giving him the attention he commands, I stare toward the doors. "Morning."

The mirror gives me a clear view of his reflection, and his eyebrows furrow as he scans over me. The heat of his stare sends a wave of exhilaration through me, and I cringe at the thought.

"You seem different." His stare never leaves my face as he drags a finger over his lips.

I narrow my eyes and spin to face him. “You seem perky for”—I glance at my watch—“seven forty. You normally need two coffees before you can utter a single morning to anyone.”

His eyes light up and he bites his lip, a lip I want to tug on and bite until it bleeds.

My cheeks heat and I glance away.

Jeez, after last night, I thought I would have had my fill, but I’m craving more.

He leans forward and declares, “I had an amazing night last night.” His eyebrows dance up and down while he practically bounces on the balls of his feet, clearly eager to spill more.

A smile spreads across my face because I can’t imagine he had a night as good as mine. A night that left me so bruised and satiated, I may well need to beg for more.

It’s a shame I blocked Blade. I prefer to try a new experience each time, and as much as I was intrigued by all the punishments and pleasure he was promising me at our next meet, I prefer to keep things fresh and uncommitted.

“You know. If ever you need any recommendations...”

I glare at him with wide eyes. He winces and clamps his mouth shut before turning back to face the door.

I hold my breath, waiting for the doors to open, desperate to get the hell away from Calvin and my body’s odd reaction toward him.

When the elevator finally pings and the doors shoot open, I push past him and march toward my desk, regretting the fact I wore lace panties as they rub against my tender

ass with each step I take.

Ugh, just another reminder I was fucked into oblivion only a few hours ago.

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Calvin

Staring down at my phone, I grind my jaw. Surely, it's an error, a system fucking glitch. Something.

I refuse to believe she blocked me. Me.

After last night and into this morning.

No.

Not buying it.

When I called the system operator, I was informed I'd been blocked.

Why the fuck would she block me? She soaked my cock so much I could have drowned in her cum.

She came so hard she blacked out.

She moaned until her throat sounded damaged.

It was the best night ever.

So why the fuck has she blocked me?

Me.

I throw my phone against the desk and sigh when it doesn't shatter.

Then I chew on my lip, trying to decide on my next move.

Do I reach out to Rafael, the club owner, and demand her details, or do I leave it?

This dude is Mafia, I can use his skillset.

I chew on my lip, knowing how pissed he would be if I called him over a girl.

We may be social acquaintances through family ties, but I don't want to piss a Mafia dude off.

Still, it was the best night of my life and the connection I felt with her in that room was like no other.

That girl is mine.

"Did you have the accounts complete for Mr. Holloway?"

I snap my eyes up to meet Emily's, and need surges through me. Her hazel eyes drill into mine and her lips part, making me want to slam mine against hers, to consume her much like the girl at Oblivion.

Holy shit, this is getting out of control.

I scrub a hand over my head.

"Calvin. Are you okay?" Her soft words filter through my senses, and I clear my throat.

“Yeah. Erm, the Holloway accounts. Here.” I rummage through the files and hold a manila folder out toward her.

When her fingers graze mine, electricity shoots through me.

I stare at the connection between us as the air becomes palpable, an undercurrent of something I can’t quite describe, but my cock takes notice, thickening in my slacks like it didn’t spend the night and early hours buried inside someone.

At least it’s not broke.

She takes the files from me, and my shoulders deflate at the loss of her touch.

Maybe my cock isn’t broke, but I am.

Something is not right with me.

She spins and heads toward the door, and I watch her ass sway, but then I lock onto the movement and something that looks odd.

“Emily?”

She turns her head over her shoulder, and my heart hammers in my chest at her beauty. “Are you hurt?”

Her head rears back and her brows furrow. “Huh?”

“Are you hurt? You’re walking funny.”

A smile graces her pretty face, and she bites into lip. “You weren’t the only one that had a good night last night, Calvin.” Then she winks.

She fucking winks before turning and closing the door behind her, leaving me even more confused.

Something tells me there's more than meets the eye with Emily Thomas, and for the first time ever, I want to find out what that is.

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Calvin

I 've spent most of the day mulling over my strange thoughts and feelings, my mind replaying my time in the club. There's not a shadow of doubt I need more, want more, and if that means reaching out and asking for help to locate my girl, then so be it.

Taking a deep breath, I push back in my chair and stand.

I need a break; my head is fucked, and worse, I feel like someone has fucked with my heart.

I have this hunger inside me to want more than I've ever wanted before, to experience new highs, and I don't want to do that with no one but my little sub. I need to get her on board too.

I pull open my door and head toward the restroom, but Emily bent over the photocopying machine has my footing wavering.

Jesus, that ass.

It's even more shapely while she's kneeling on the floor.

"Why the hell is it so backed up?" she says to herself while huffing and puffing.

Leaning against the doorframe, I struggle to keep the chuckle inside me but somehow manage as she jerks the drawer that feeds the paper into the machine out. "Stupid

dumbass,” she grumbles.

Then she leans forward, and the air is stolen from my lungs because her blouse inches up, exposing her perfectly tanned skin and a tattoo.

A very fucking familiar tattoo.

A tattoo I painted with my cum multiple times.

My cock stands to attention as it dawns on me; my girl is here. She’s been right here all this time.

My little sub on her knees for me.

“I told you, you’d be crawling for me, sweetheart. Now, why’d you block me?”

She turns to face me, and her eyes widen, her luscious lips fall open, and her cheeks pinken, causing my cock to leak pre-cum and my balls to ache.

My little submissive.

Mine.

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“I told you, you’d be crawling for me, sweetheart. Now, why’d you block me?”

My body freezes while my mind whirls, playing catch-up with what he said.

Holy Mary, Mother of God. Calvin is Blade!

I turn my head slowly, and my eyes widen at the sight of his solid cock bulging in his pants. My mouth waters while heat travels over me, and my panties become even more uncomfortable.

“You’re not gagged anymore, sweetheart, so I expect answers. Start speaking.”

He crosses his arms over his chest, and the action makes his shirt tighten on those broad shoulders, the same shoulders he swung my legs over last night while he ate my pussy.

“I-I don’t want commitment.”

His eyes narrow and he licks his lips. “Neither did I.” He shrugs.

“Did?”

“Did. Past tense, because moving forward, sweetheart, there’s only me and you.”

“There is?”

“Abso-fucking-lutely.” His lip twitches. “I don’t share.” His eyes drill into me with

such sincerity it steals my ability to breathe. What the hell is he saying?

He steps forward and closes the door behind him while I watch on in shock, and when he clicks the lock in place, a bundle of nerves coupled with excitement storm through me like a tsunami.

“Now. I’m going to fill that little pussy of yours with so much of my cum every man will be able to smell my scent on you. You’re mine, little sub. At Oblivion, at work, and more importantly, at home too.”

“Home?”

He nods. “There’s something you need to know about me, Emily.

” My breath stills as he inches closer, and he bends down and brushes a curl behind my ear, then his palm rests on my cheek.

His pupils are dilated and his eyes hooded with lust. “When I want something, I give it my all, and I want you, Emily Thomas.”

Somehow, I function enough to respond. “You don’t know me.”

“Wrong. I know every inch of you.” He licks his lips like a predator. “Every fucking inch.”

My body practically vibrates with a desire so intense I melt against his hand like the good submissive he now knows me to be.

“Say yes,” he whispers, with a hint of vulnerability in his tone.

And I know he speaks the truth because I can feel it in his touch, see it in his eyes. Calvin Connors is giving me his all, and I actually want that too.

“Yes,” I respond, my voice low but confident.

He pulls back to scan me, and his eyes light up.

“We’re going to be the perfect together.” I smile, then his lips crash against mine, his tongue invading me, taking everything I have and more. When he pulls away, my body deflates. He slowly licks his lip, like he’s savoring my taste.

“A perfect match. Now crawl!”

THE END