

MIDNIGHT INDULGENCES

A NEW ORLEANS NIGHTS STORY

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A New Orleans Nights Story
By Elle Berlin
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MARA

A lone trumpet sings in the night, its soft melody winding through the streets of the French Quarter like a silver ghost. The dally of notes skips through the moonlight and across my shoulders, improvised and languid, making me close my eyes to savor the dim lanterns and tang of New Orleans humidity.

I lean against the iron lace railing of my balcony perch and look through the foggy streets below; a Victorian romanticism coats the cobblestones and street lamps in mystery. It's the perfect calm after a day filled with caterers and live bands and a hundred of my co-workers drinking champagne and dancing.

Our annual charity ball went off flawlessly. It was an evening of gold and decadence as we persuaded New Orleans' elite to open their wallets and give generously—which they did. I've been planning this event for months, and standing here on the quiet balcony without a to-do list as long as my arm is a sudden respite that feels wildly luxurious.

It was only a few hours ago that the dance hall behind

me was filled with waitstaff carrying silver trays of lobster brioche and blackberry Manhattans. Every donor was decked out in Roaring Twenties gorgeousness and no one spared the expense. Women danced in glittering dresses with flapper fringe fanning out at their hips, and the men mingled in black-crushed suits, nursing brandy snifters as they admired the ladies' long fishnet-covered legs. The event was one part speakeasy and two parts fantasy, because nothing gets donors to open their wallets like copious amounts of alcohol and a hint of sex and glamour.

My neck aches. The weight of this beaded dress hangs from my frame; the vintage white and silver gown splays in a V down my back, exposing the skin, as starbursts and chevrons cover the thin film that clings delicately to my shoulders. It's a sexy and flirty dress, perfect for a Gatsby-esque soirée. The whole getup is matched by my dark hair, styled in loose finger waves and topped with a beaded headband shaped in the curl of three rhinestone feathers.

I rub my neck and take a few moments to admire the dark and glowing beauty of the French Quarter. It's past midnight and everyone's left the party, leaving me to do a final pass through the dance hall, lock up, and return the keys to the box on the first floor. I revel in the silence, taking a deep breath to savor what I've accomplished before I give in to my aching bones and go home to soak in a rose-infused bath. I moan softly at the idea of such an indulgence: a claw foot tub, hot water, the flicker of candles, and my naked body melting below the water's surface.

Mmmmm. I *ought* to indulge in such things.

All work and no play makes me one hell of a drag, and I've been doing nothing but work for the past few months. I can't even remember when life wasn't meetings and phone calls and deadlines.

I tip back the glass of champagne pinched between my fingers, and finish off the remainder of the tawny and glittering liquid. Brashly, I let out an immodest moan as the bubbles slip down my throat, the drink a welcome allowance.

“Refill?” comes a dark voice from the shadows, making me startle. I flip around to look inside the darkened hall.

The shimmer of unlit chandeliers peek out at me in the darkness, their diamonds glimmering like a thousand black eyes—but I don’t see anyone. There’s only a hint of light from the foggy lanterns on the balcony casting long silhouettes into the now abandoned room.

“Who’s there?” I ask, and my answer is a shuffle coming from my left. The shadows on the far side of the balcony move to reveal a man tucked between a shuttered window and the iron lace that boxes us in. “I’m sorry,” I say with a sharpness to my tone, “but we closed the doors over an hour ago. You should—” I catch myself, realizing I’m alone on the top floor of this building with a stranger. Perhaps, I should be more polite. “I can, uh, I can call you a cab if that would be desired.”

The dark form moves forward to reveal a strong hand clasping the neck of a bottle of champagne. It’s followed by the elegant cuffs of a refined gentleman. Another step and his full build comes into view, showing off the sleek threads of a dark suit that he fills out all too perfectly.

There’s an eerie quality to him, exuding virility and danger, like a vampire in one of the legends they tell tourists in the quarter’s haunted streets. Voodoo and witchery never looked so sexy, especially when it’s a stranger with broad shoulders, and arms strong enough to make any attempt at escape useless.

My oh my, I *must* be exhausted, especially with a

thought like that! And yet, my shoulders break out into a mist, a sudden thrill of excitement sheening over my skin.

“After that moan,” the man says smoothly, referring to the intimate sound I made when I *thought* I was alone, “you’re bound to need a refill.” He lifts up a bottle of Clicquot with its golden label, his strong fingers gripping the neck. The peppered stubble of his jaw etches itself out of the dark, and something in the timber of his voice ripples through my memory—dark and sexy, but *familiar*.

I squint, trying to force my eyes to adjust to where he stands in the low light. I start to make out sharp cheekbones and tussled hair above a strong chin. Then, a shock of comfort and embarrassment shoots through me—

I do know him!

“Cole!” I exclaim breathlessly, his name coming out of my mouth with a taste that’s too startled and hot. I thought he was one of the party-goers creeping in the shadows, but instead he’s my employee. An employee who looks far too delicious in that suit. “I’m sorry, I, uh—I thought everyone had left.”

His lips curve into a wayward smile, releasing a shiver across my skin, the softness of his two lips lacking innocence.

“You should, uh...” I stumble over my words. “Everyone from the agency left hours ago. You didn’t have to stay and help the waitstaff and the cleaning crew.” My throat tightens and I turn away from him to look over the moonlit horizon.

My body is suddenly overly aware of the silk clinging to my curves. This dress is sexy—bordering on risqué—the beads and translucence hug my body like the scales of a mermaid. It was the perfect dress for the event, slinky with a teasing allure that made donors add zeros to their checks.

But now, under the hooded gaze of Cole's sapphire eyes it feels—

Naughty.

Inappropriate.

Cole is the lead designer on my art team. He's the kind of rugged charmer who the younger women on my staff gossip about wanting to sleep with. He's devilishly good looking, hence the vampire elegance in the suit he wore tonight. He's the type who always arrives at the office with that slightly unshaven look, like he might toss you over his shoulder and show you exactly what you've been missing.

Of course, I didn't hire him for his good looks. I hired him because he's talented and meticulous. His attention to detail and work ethic are off the charts, making him a veritable bull, happy to do anything I ask (all of which he has done impeccably well).

My stomach clenches, my mind drifting to other things I might ask, and the fact that I've never considered how his skills could be put to *other uses*.

I grip the iron railing as the trumpet plays in the distance. Cole is on my staff and I need to treat him like a professional. Except, the man behind me clutching a bottle of champagne is exuding a whole different side of himself that I've never considered ...

Dark eyes.

Strapping power suit.

Did he intentionally wait for us to be alone?

Has he been scheming all evening, waiting to offer me champagne in the moonlight?

I suspect Cole has something very different on his mind than clients and design files, and I'd be lying if I said I hadn't noticed the ache between my thighs.

"Champagne?" Cole offers, his voice right behind me.

He's moved silently in the midnight fog. His smell of smoke and brandy wafts in the air between us, a subtle, wistful tang that makes me bite my lip at his proximity. The glass flute I'm holding idles between my fingertips, the thin stem delicate and precariously easy to drop over the balcony onto the street below where it would crash into a thousand pieces.

I nod in response to his question, and Cole reaches across my body to take the glass from my hazardous grip. His shoulder brushes my gossamer dress, his passing arm gliding against me like a dragonfly wing, invisible and intense.

Cole fills my glass with his sturdy hands, leaning over the balcony and allowing the overflow of bubbly froth to cascade to the street beneath us.

"To a job well done," he says, handing the glass back to me and clanging my flute with the neck of the champagne bottle.

He doesn't pour his own glass; instead, he tips the bottle back like a flask and drinks straight from the narrow opening. I watch, entranced, as the bottle raises to his lips and the tip of his tongue tests the rim, before he takes that first thirsty gulp. I shouldn't be mesmerized by how the brine of his mouth softens and his throat bobs as he swallows, or how he lets out a wicked gasp of satisfaction when his mouth uncorks itself from the slender bottle's opening.

I look away, unable to control the blush of color that flushes down the front of my dress, heating me with the swell of my own breath.

Warily, I take a drink of my own glass, trying to keep my movements measured. I've interacted with Cole on plenty of occasions and *always* in a professional manner. I've managed him, worked with him on client bids and

accounts. We've clocked countless late nights and extra hours together. So, why is my body suddenly swimming in endorphins? Yes, we've occasionally flirted, but always with that easy we're-the-same-age-and-single casual banter. It's never been anything more than a harmless tease.

Of course, he's never had me alone in the dark with my body wrapped in suggestive sequins. The theme of tonight's event was fun and fantasy. Get dressed up and play a part—put on a sexy gown and become someone else for the night. Is that what's happening? Are we playing our parts: Sexy Flapper meets Dapper Gentleman among the fog soaked lanterns?

I take another sip of champagne and consider chalking this up to the sultry night air, or the possibility that Cole's had plenty to drink this evening and it's getting the best of him. Or maybe I'm exhausted and overworked and my body wants a night of indulgence.

Ferns hang from the planters above, dangling in the night like emerald necklaces reaching down for us. I hear a soft clang, which is the bottle of champagne being put on the ground, and then a shuffle. The hairs on the back of my neck prickle, coming to attention at the thought of Cole moving behind me—or maybe I *want* him to move into that position. When suddenly, *he's there*, at my back, making my body shiver as his fingers brush my dark curls off to the shell of my neck.

"We have a problem," he says, exposing my shoulders with the sweep of his hand. The bleat of his hot breath rolls down my spine, followed by the sinful pass of his mouth ghosting across my shoulder blade. I bite my lip at its wickedness, his mouth continuing to trace from my shoulder to my neck and back again.

“A-and what problem is that?” I ask, my eyes fluttering at his irreverent gracefulness.

Cole cages me in from behind, his fingers wrapping around the iron railing as he surrounds me on three sides. His mouth feathers upon my neck, but the rest of his body is large and imposing, making me feverish. Only, he hardly touches me, and that’s on purpose. He has impeccable attention to detail, which means he’s chosen this exact position to make me wait, as if I’m the delicate petals of a flower he’s not ready to tarnish.

“Well, you see...” he whispers, his tongue peeking out to taste my shoulder—just the slightest hint of a touch to see how much salt is needed. “I have this boss,” he continues, “and she’s smart, and she’s brilliant, and I’d do practically anything for her. In fact, I *have* done anything for her...”

His words trail off as his mouth skims the husk of my neck, making me drop my head back and expose my throat to the rooftops. “Mmmmm,” I moan, my resolve softening. “And what exactly did you say the problem is?”

“Well, I like my job,” Cole continues, his words spilling forward down the front of my dress. “It’s my dream job. I get to do what I love. I get to work with incredible people. I don’t want to mess that up...” He trails off again, his attention trained upon the tendons of my throat.

“Except?” I urge, adjusting so he has better access to my skin.

“Except...” he shifts, pressing his broad chest against my back. “Except, my boss—” One of his hands drop from the railing to land on my hip, his expansive fingers digging into the beaded fabric. My nipples tighten at the sudden contact, hardening into tiny buds at his dominance. I let out a whimper and his lips smile against my neck. “You see,” he continues. “I have this boss who’s incredibly sexy. A real

knockout. She's the kind of woman that—" his teeth graze my shoulder "—that you *fantasize* about."

My body reacts, heat shooting between my legs. I'm trapped in by him, aroused, caught by the insinuation of his words. The weight of my dress aches for him to slip the straps to the side and let gravity pull it to the ground.

"I used to ignore it," Cole's dark voice continues. "I could pretend it wasn't a problem, but—" his hand grinds into my hip, causing my ass to brush across his groin and make me wet "—but lately, every time I'm around her I can't stop *imagining*." He nuzzles my hair. "What would it be like to undress her, to taste her, to feel her shiver."

His takes my earlobe into his mouth and sucks, rousing me until I see stars. My nipples fist into rocks, wickedly aching for him to suck on them just as hard.

"I see," I whisper, twisting myself from his carnal grip and turning around to face him. His head lifts, his bruised lips torn from my skin, his dark eyes dilating. "That *does* sound like a problem," I breathe, my ass pressing into the iron behind me. "W-what exactly do you plan to do about it?"

Those words sound like an invitation.

Cole's eyes glitter, hungry as the vampire I imagined him to be, and I must concede that facing him wasn't smart. It's one thing to feel his lips tease the ridge of my shoulder, it's quite another to watch his eyes dip down the front of my gown and fixate on how my nipples strain against the cobweb of fabric containing them. Red flushes my collar at his attention and something guttural releases from his throat.

"It's been a long few months," he say darkly. "And the company's worked you to the bone. Has anyone thanked you yet? Shown you their appreciation?"

“I’m an adult,” I toss back, trying to keep my composure. “I don’t need praise and appreciation.”

“Oh, but you do.” Cole’s hand slides to the small of my back, pressing our lower halves together and making my legs turn soft. “Give me a task,” he growls, making my heart pound at the familiarity of that comment. It’s something he likes to say at the office when he needs something to occupy him—*give me a task*. Only, now—he’s talking about my body. “Let me show you just how hard I can work to impress you.”

My core lights up, tingling at that promise. “I already know how hard you work,” I muster.

“Not like this you don’t.”

His head dips to take my mouth. It’s startling, and perfectly aggressive, as his tongue slides between my teeth. His hand cups my neck and I’m lost in the pull of his lips, making me gasp into his deliciousness. His tongue teases, my moans making him ravenous, and I nearly drop the glass of champagne I’m still holding. His hand becomes a pressure at the back of my head, tangling and undressing all of my resolve, all of the reasons I have to resist him, till I’m kissing him back with the same heated intent. The ache of fatigue in my bones becomes a thrumming perfectness, a waking need that leaves me gasping.

“You’re way too good at that,” I compliment, having never considered Cole as someone who could unravel me.

“Tell me what you need,” he demands. “Where you ache, where you require attention?”

“Cole!” I bite my lip scandalized. “You can’t just offer to—I’m your boss! We can’t—”

“Be consenting adults?” he replies brashly. “It would be inappropriate?”

“Yes!”

“Except, I’m already past inappropriate, because I fantasize about fucking you every day.”

“Cole!” My mouth drops open, but his hands become scandalous, loaded with fiendish intent.

“I fantasize about fucking you when we’re at work,” he continues. “Especially fucking you in your office—your office with all those glass walls, which means you have to pull all the blinds down. Only—” His hands blaze over my ribs. “In my fantasies you never get the string to those blinds to release correctly, leaving just enough space between the slats for someone to look inside and see what we’re up to. You on your desk with your pencil skirt pushed past your hips. Me bent between your knees tasting your delicious—”

“Cole!” I reprimand. Only my body is on fire at the mere suggestion of this man between my legs. “Seriously, that’s—”

“Exactly,” he agrees. “Now you know why I said we have a problem. I’m way too turned on at work when I’m around you. I’m completely distracted. Then tonight, I saw you in this dress and—” he growls before pulling me into another kiss. The command of his lips has my mind fogging with images: my desk, my thighs spread, my heart fluttering at the idea of someone watching.

I push him away, even though his hands have gotten greedier, clutching me through the flimsy fabric of my dress and making my body roil with excitement. “Cole—I—I won’t deny that there’s—” I pant hotly, trying to get my bearings. I lean over and put the glass of champagne on the ground by the bottle. “I won’t deny that there’s clearly chemistry between us, but—”

“What was the theme of this charity ball?” Cole interrupts, his hands a dizzying grasp, pawing my hips. “What

did you pitch to our team? What was your line for how we'd get the donors to be extra generous?"

I shake my head, not following, yet overly aware of his wandering hands, even though I haven't scolded him for the line they're crossing.

"The theme was, uh—" I try to answer, but I'm too distracted "—uh—the twenties, speakeasys, glamour."

"And?" he pushes, mischievously letting his gaze skate down the front of my gown to rest upon my swollen chest. Salaciously, his hands inch upwards, skating across my ribs until his thumbs are just below the under-curve of my breasts. I bite my lip as the edge of his fingers softly stroke my weighted flesh—just the hint of a tease to wake my traitorous body.

"Sin," I say softly, remembering what I told the art team. "I told you to sell sex and glamour and—" his thumb swirls across the beads just below my nipple and my voice waivers "—secret indulgences."

"Now you're catching on," Cole says, teasing the chiffon. "So tell me, when are *you* going to give in to your secret desires?" He pushes me backwards, pinning me between his hips and the iron lace, the pressure of his body making my eyes flutter at the promise of what he's offering. "You already know what *my* fantasies are," Cole whispers against my neck. "No one's here but you and me. This can be our little secret. But first you have to tell me what *you* want, and what *you* need. You know how eager I am to please."

My hair sticks to my neck. I'm already sweating as Cole tugs playfully on my ear with his teeth, his hands blazing across on my gown. We've already crossed lines we can't go back from. I can't return to the office on Monday and see him sitting at his desk and pretend I'm not thinking about the wicked things he's just said. I won't be able to push away

the thought of what he promised to do with his tongue if I invited him into my office for some discipline.

The question isn't *if* I want him.

The question is *how* I want him.

I bite my lip. Do I want him here? On my desk? At home in my bed? And he's right, I've worked hard. I deserve to give myself a little reward for my dedication.

"Tell me," I ask breathlessly, swallowing to gain back my composure before pushing the intense pressure of his body away from me slightly, just enough to look him in the eye. "Is the allure for you the fact that I'm your boss? Is this a power play? Role reversal? Are you expecting me to get on my knees and beg?"

"Oh god!" he reacts hotly, stealing the air from between us and covering my mouth. "You *want* me to make you beg?" he asks into my breath, his big hands lifting suddenly to cup my breasts. I gasp at his sudden fondling, hawkish and showing me exactly how he'd get me to bend beneath him. Heat streaks through my nipples with his shocking assault, making me ache to be naked—and on my knees in front of him.

I toss his hand away, instead of giving in, slipping out from beneath his dominating posture. "I'm the boss," I bark out, my throat raw with the command. "This doesn't change anything. You do what I say, when I say it, and how I say it? You understand?"

Cole smiles, a mischievousness glittering in his sapphire eyes. "Yes, ma'am." He nods softly, almost bowing, and I watch him for a long moment in the darkness of the balcony, fog and lantern light hanging upon us dangerously.

"Go get a chair from the dining room," I order, surprised by my own intensity as I point into the empty cavern of the dance hall. "Bring the chair back here and sit down."

Cole tilts his head in a gesture of approval, before disappearing into the black hole beyond the threshold of the balcony. Am I really doing this? Am I really going to—? Only, Cole is back before I have time to think this through, his powerful hands placing the golden-rung chair between us.

“Sit!” I remind him, and he drops to the edge of the chair like a perched animal. He’s beautiful and obedient in his suit. Though, I have no delusions that he’ll stay so mild mannered. Yes, my voice is loud and commanding, but Cole could clearly overpower me if he wanted to. He sits patiently—for now—sending shivers between my legs. I’m far too excited by the prospect of this beautiful man addressing my every whim.

I lick my lips and step to the side, out of the light, running my fingers over the rough beads on my hips. This dress is heavy and exotic, soon to be pooled in a heap at my ankles.

“Take off your coat,” I instruct, pointing to the door behind him. “You can hang it up on the doorknob. Remove the shirt, too, while you’re at it—but leave the tie.” Cole lifts a sly eyebrow, to which I don’t smile. “I might want it later,” I say darkly.

Cole loosens the knot around at his neck, his eyes trained on me. I stare back, unmoving, giving him my best *don’t disappoint me* glare as he removes his suit jacket and hangs it up.

The shirt’s a different story. His cheek crooks as he makes a show of unbuttoning it one deliberate button at a time, slowly punching each nub through the hole to reveal a new hint of skin and muscle. His eyes never leave me, broiling me with the weight of his intent as his arms and chest come into view.

He's impressive, toned and fit. Who knew so much beauty was hidden under those clothes? His gorgeoussness sits before me, misted in fog, and all I can do is stare. That lone trumpet from earlier is gone and only the silence is present for his undressing.

"Face the railing and sit," I instruct, motioning so he can look out at the hazy dim, the Quarter's rooftops moon-bathed in dove-colored stillness. Only hours ago, the air was hot with jazz music and laughter, the chandeliers blazing at the champagne-induced merriment. Now, the champagne at the back of my throat tastes like menace. "The railing," I repeat and Cole obeys without question. His pupils darken as he turns to face the night, sitting down and showing me the broad expanse of his shoulders—thick and enticing.

I walk behind him and dance my fingers over his firm muscle, my palms cupping his velvet skin. He's warm and smooth and so deliciously alive my mouth waters. My fingers sweep past his shoulders and down the front of his golden brawn to his nipples, to his spray of chest hair, to each delicious curve of muscle. My breasts brush against his shoulders at my bent position, his chest lifting and falling under my soft inspection.

"Tell me," I ask, digging my nails into his flesh. He grunts, but doesn't protest. "In your little office fantasies of us at work—" I soften my assault to skate my fingers over his exquisiteness; I turn my head and nibble on the shell of his ear "—tell me, what is it you do to me after you're done licking my cunt?"

Cole growls, dirty and turned on by my tease. I continue to feather the edge of his ear in the exact way I'd want him to worship me. I suck his lobe between my teeth, ringing the soft flesh and inhaling, turning myself on as I show him exactly what my kitty needs.

“When you’re done getting me ready,” I moan, “how do you fuck me?”

Cole’s hands grip the sides of the chair, the four legs beneath him jolting. I smile at his eagerness. He’s ready to flip me onto the ground and show me exactly what he wants. Only, I dig my fingernails into his pecs to warn him that this is lady’s choice.

“I could show you,” he pushes, and I step back and break our connection.

“Or you could do what you’re told,” I scold, rounding the chair to stand before him. Most of his body is cast in darkness, but his shoulders gleam from the lanterns, the shadows of ferns swaying like inky demons above us. “Tell me. What have you imagined?”

He wets his lips, making me wait, making me watch his mouth glisten like when he drank from the bottle of champagne. I’m about to reprimand him when he says, “I linger between your thighs and watch you.” It’s an intimate admission, one that makes my core spasm. “I watch your body heave and soften as you recover from what I did to you with my tongue. Your thighs are damp. Your skirt is wrinkled at your hips. Your panties are on the floor under the desk.”

The image is too hot. I have to turn around, I’m so turned on. After a moment’s breath, I reach back to find the zipper of my dress. I hear Cole inhale, and I nod to him over my shoulder to keep explaining. “You were saying?”

“In my fantasy, your blouse is still on,” he continues, “but the sweat across your chest causes the silk to cling to your tits, and your nipples are so taut I want to suck on them through the fabric.” I pull the zipper down, knowing he’s watching the edges of my dress peel open to expose my back. “I don’t take my clothes off,” he says, my spine

unveiling itself with each inch of the zipper. “Instead, I stand up and lean over you and pull out my cock.”

My eyes flutter and I moan. The image of him over me, clothed, with just his pants undone—it’s enough to wet me the way he promised to with his tongue.

“I enter you slowly,” he says. “You’ve just come so you’re extra sensitive, but I want you to feel every inch.” The zipper slides past my hips to expose my thong and the curve of my ass. “Your eyes flash up to me as I enter you, because now you understand how unsatisfying my tongue was compared to my cock.”

My hands tremble at his words, my legs aching to see if he can live up to what he says. I remove my hands from the zipper and Cole quiets as I move my fingers up to the gossamer straps at my shoulders—they’re all that’s left holding up this dress. Slowly, I inch the beaded starbursts and chevrons across my skin, skimming them down my arms before releasing them to gravity’s unclothing.

Cole exhales audibly as the dress hits the floor, beads and gauze pooling at my ankles. Fog and moonlight cover my skin, and the only fabric that remains are my strapless bra and thong. I shift my weight on the silver stilettos holding me up, feeling wildly sexy, wearing little more than the silver night.

I lift my foot from the pool of chiffon and step to the side, opening my legs as I stand before the iron railing, allowing a peek of illumination to slide up my thighs and show Cole exactly how aroused I am.

“When I saw you tonight,” he growls, the seduction in his voice gone now, replaced by someone more brutish, “I saw you in that dress and I kept fantasizing about pulling you into a dark corner. Somewhere I could fuck you against the wall, on a back stairwell, or maybe a balcony.”

I sneak a look at him and he's smiling, lifting an eyebrow at the fact that the balcony is exactly where we've ended up. There's a flicker of motion and I look down to see his hands are no longer gripping the side of his chair. Oh no, Cole's pants are unbuttoned and his fist is beneath the fabric—

Stroking!

It takes me a second to parse what I'm seeing, and another second to believe it. I almost scold him for touching himself without my permission, but it's so wickedly hot my pussy creams in excitement.

His cheeks lift to a smile at my expression, inspiring longer more deliberate strokes as his eyes flick to my bare ass and the hint of fabric between my legs.

I stand up straight and turn to face him, trying to regain my dominance. "Pull yourself out," I command. "If you can't help yourself, then at least be a gentleman and—"

"Let you watch?"

His eyes skate over my front now, taking in the sight of my bare stomach and my tits cupped in the strapless bra. He pulls his thickness from his pants and the sight of his impressive cock makes my mouth water. My mind keeps flashing between the image of him fucking me on my desk to the very real possibility of me stepping forward and straddling him right now. My pussy quakes in anticipation, knowing that I'll no doubt be coming the second I'm sliding down his girth.

"Mmmmm," he mocks, "you don't want to *just watch* anymore, now do you? Now that you see what I've been saving for you. You're ready to let me take charge and show you how I like to play."

I shoot forward and ignore what he's said, batting his hand away from his cock as I drop to my knees. His eyes

dilate as I take his girth in my hand and slide my lips over him hotly.

“Fuck!” he cries out as my mouth sheaths him, my tongue flicking down his shaft. “Oh, wow—” His body stiffens with the shock, and I use it to my advantage, taking him all the way to the hilt. “Okay, oh—!”

His hands ghost over my head and neck. Only, I’m not as sweet and pleasant as he thinks. I’m no dainty princess afraid to taste his velvet shaft. No, I suck his cock till he’s deep in my throat, then I hollow my cheeks, stroking him lavishly. His hands forgo their politeness and grip my hair, viciously knocking my flapper headband to the floor. My curls unravel as the rhinestones glitter by my knees, his grip perfect and unruly as I reach into his pants to cup him.

“You’re a demon!” he curses, my tongue tasting and savoring his every twitch.

“I’m sorry, what was that?” I ask hotly, pulling my mouth away from his salty dick. “Did you say you wanted to see me on my knees?”

He gazes at me like he isn’t sure how to proceed and I smile treacherously. I lift an eyebrow as I nod for him to lift his hips so I can slide his slacks all the way down to his ankles. Then suddenly this gorgeous man is stripped, with the shadows of iron lace drawn over his nakedness and a silk tie dangling from his throat. “I *am* on my knees,” I continue. “Only *who’s* the one gasping and begging?” I slide my mouth over him again for emphasis, savoring the sounds he makes as my head bobs.

My pussy aches, wanting attention, wanting his fingers to tease my thong. I know he’s close, and if I get him too close to the edge, my pussy won’t get her chance to play.

I lift off my knees and stroke him with my hand, standing only a moment before I straddle him and sit back

down on his lap. I move his cock so it's idling between our bellies, and his arms snap around me with the veracity of an iron trap, snapping us together so we're kissing and gasping. His hands are brands: on my hair, on my hips, on my ass. My body is undulating, my hips roiling as my mound grinds against his shaft.

"I want to ride you," I admit, and he lifts my ass, dragging my throbbing clit up the length of his thickness. Even with my drenched panties between us, my pussy spasms, but he doesn't pull the fabric to the side and slide me down his incredible length. Instead, he drops me back to his lap, unsatisfied. "I said—" but he cuts me off.

"Soon," he snarls, pulling the tie from his neck and grabbing both of my wrists.

"Did I say you could—" but both of my hands are strapped together before I can finish my sentence, bound tight into a praying position in front of me. Before I can complain, he hooks my arms up over his head so I'm strung around his neck and he drowns me in a kiss. It's wickedly exciting as I try to touch his hair, his back, but my fingers can only reach forward into the darkness. Meanwhile, his hands have free rein, large hands that consume me.

Suddenly, my bra is unsnapped and tossed to the ground. My naked tits brush against his skin, turning all of me liquid. His fingers burn my flesh as he bends me backwards and takes my nipples in his unchaste mouth. One, and then the next, each ripe bud swelling as I cry out.

The cascade of my dark curls brush against my back bone, my head thrown back, my body arched in a shameless prayer. I'm no longer calling the shots. I've succumbed. I'm a rose in his hands that he's plucked.

"I want to ride you," I breathe again, nibbling and

nipping his neck, hoping he'll lift my hips and let me use what little energy I have left to take him. "Please, I—"

His mouth silences and demands, hands searing down my spine and cupping my ass. I push my silver heels into the floor and lift my bottom, demonstrating I have the ability to take him if he'd just tear my panties off and give me access.

"I want—"

"Is this you begging for my cock?" Cole teases, his fingers ghosting between my legs to where I'm soaking. I'm so sensitive that even the hint of his fingertips makes me jolt.

"Don't you dare slip your fingers inside me and expect me to be satisfied. I've seen your cock!"

"Oooh, it sounds like you're begging," he nips at my chin. "First you're on your knees, then you're demanding to have everything your way."

"I'm the boss!"

"Yes," he agrees. "Except, you seem to like my work best when I take a little creative license. Sometimes, I have to show you what you really want from me. What you don't know is possible."

I'm so hot, I can't even begin to imagine what that might be, I just want him to do it. "If you've got some big presentation—" I snarl into his ear. "You better show it to me or I'll—"

Suddenly, he's standing up, hands clutching my ass as he lifts us both. My wrists are still tied behind his neck with nothing to hold onto to keep my balance.

"What are—?"

"Wait till the big reveal, boss."

"The big reveal wasn't your cock?" I sass.

He lowers me down, dragging body against him till I'm standing on the wobbly spindles of my silver heels.

"There's something I've been wanting to do ever since you removed that dress."

He lifts my arms up, unhooking me from him, though keeping my wrists bound. My shoulders ache deliciously from the change of position, but before I have a chance to say anything, Cole flips me around so I'm facing the iron railing with my back to him. I'm standing just as I did when I slipped the straps of my dress off my shoulders, except now my wrists are bound and my breasts are licked in moonlight.

"Grab the railing," Cole instructs and I wrap my fingers over the rough iron.

Behind me, the gold chair has been toppled to the side and discarded.

"Hold tight!" he snaps, grabbing my hips and yanking me backwards. He bends me into an L with my hands on the rail, my breasts dangling, and my feet on the ground.

His knees open my thighs and I realize what he's going to do now. How he's going to part me from behind and let my pussy suck on his incredible length. He's going to thrust into me again and again, and make my tits bounce and my pussy quiver with his pounding.

Through my glazed eyes I look at the dark buildings in front of us, only a stone's throw away, across the street. Their dark curtains are pulled tightly, but all it would take is one wicked cry from me to wake some unsuspecting neighbor. They'd come to the window and pull back those frilly curtains to see me bent on this balcony being fucked perfectly.

"This might be a good time for you to re-negotiate your contract," I say to Cole as he slides my delicate panties

down the sides of my hips, exposing my ripe bud for his taking. “You realize I’ll give you pretty much anything right now in exchange for everything you’re about to do with that cock.”

“Is that so?” he asks, running his palm down my spine and relishing the way I shiver beneath him.

“Yes,” I rasp out, abandoning all sovereignty. “I guess I’m not the hard-nosed boss you might have expected.”

“Oh, Mara,” he purrs, my body quivering at the intimacy of the fact that he’s used my name for the first time. “I’ve worked with you for years—” The tickle of hair from his thighs brushes against my backside. “And I’ve always known how to put you exactly where I wanted you.” He lashes the head of his cock across my aching entrance, making me cry out. I grip the iron lace, my knuckles white and desperate. “The trick is to make you believe—” He guides his thick mushroom head into the slick of my folds “—that what I’m offering was always your idea.” My mouth drops open as his cock pushes into my channel. “This is exactly what you wanted, wasn’t it?”

His cock parts me with the heat and elegance of every work of art he’s ever put on my desk. It’s so damn perfect.

“Yes, Cole!” His name trembles from my lips.

“Give me a task,” he growls in my ear, his body bent over me as he pushes deeper inside. “Tell me every one of your fantasies,” he slips a hand down to graze my breasts and stomach. “You know I’ll always deliver.” He starts to pump, shamelessly sending me into a fever of ecstasy. “All I want is to please you, Mara”

“Oh god, Cole, you feel amazing!” My thighs tremble as he increases his pace. “Oh yes! Oh please, Cole, don’t stop! Please, fuck me harder!”

And Cole—beautiful, meticulous Cole—shows me just

how hard he is willing to work. Because Cole is the type of man who makes sure that when he does a job, he does it right.

Oh—

So—

Very—

Right.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Elle Berlin is the author of steamy contemporary romance novels that will make you laugh out loud.

Elle has a background in screenwriting and design, and is an amateur baker. She's a sucker for romantic comedies—especially ones with lots of kissing and witty banter. A true foodie, Elle will seek out exotic off-menu delicacies and walk the extra block to the bar that has star anise in its cocktails. Inspired by exotic locations, delicious food, and contemporary art, Elle hopes to make the world a little more decadent one sexy book at a time.

When she isn't writing spicy stories, you can find Elle oil painting, reading in her hammock, sipping wine, baking macarons, or rose gardening (even though she has a black thumb and half of her plants end up dead).

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