

# Take Me

## Michele Bardsley

All rights reserved.  
Copyright ©2007 Michele Bardsley

**Warning: This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.**

"Now?" Michael shook his head, and pointed at his laptop. "I'm in the middle of this report. It's due tomorrow."

"Oh, come on," I said. "Nobody's here. Your office's been closed for an hour. We've never messed up your desk." I wagged my brows.

His smile didn't quite reach his eyes. "I don't want to get caught."

You ever hear of a guy turning down sex? Sheesh. I unbuttoned my blouse and showed him the new red lace bra. I cupped my breasts and plumped them together. "Don't you want to see the rest?"

"Annie." Michael sighed. "I appreciate the surprise visit, but I don't have time for your craziness."

I felt like he'd slapped me. "My craziness?"

"Don't lose your temper." He offered another tepid smile. "Why don't you show me tomorrow night?"

Oh, for the love of God! He wanted to schedule our fucking. *Boring*. Michael was staid and proper. I figured we were good for each other because I was the opposite: spontaneous and passionate. I thought I needed the balance he offered. But really, he was just no damn fun.

"Forget this," I said. "And forget us."

"Jesus!" He tossed the report onto the desk and rolled his eyes. "I'm sorry I don't want to fuck you. Can we skip the drama tonight?"

“Why, yes, we can, Michael. In fact, I’m gonna skip right out of your life. Good-bye and fuck you.”

He didn’t bother following me. Our relationship had gone cold and I knew it. That’s why I’d dropped by his office -- trying to rev it up again. But there was nothing to rev up. Pity. Michael had a big cock, even if he didn’t know exactly what to do with it.

I strode down the hallway to the elevators. I smacked the button and the doors opened almost immediately. The twin brother of George Clooney was inside the car. Well, close enough anyway. He was tall and lean, his brown hair graying at the temples, and his eyes dark, brooding.

He studied me intently. I realized then I hadn’t buttoned up my shirt. His gaze lingered on the gap in my blouse. I opened it then grabbed my breasts, offering them up like a dessert at the buffet. “If I came to your office and showed you these, would you do me?”

His lips quirked. “Hell, yes.”

“Fine,” I said, throwing caution to the wind. “Take me.”

I had to give the guy credit. He opened a panel underneath the numbered buttons and hit a red circle. The elevator slowed to a stop. He took off his jacket and dropped it to the floor. All right, I admit it. My ego had taken a battering from Michael’s rejection. Fucking an anonymous guy in an elevator probably wasn’t the wisest way to assuage my bruised self-esteem.

Then again, this guy was built. I was horny. And we were alone.

We stared at each other for a minute. My heart pounded fiercely. What the hell was I doing?

“Take off your shirt,” he demanded. “And your bra.”

Wow. His attitude was a turn-on. My stomach quivered, caught between excitement and fear. I let my shirt drop to the floor. Then I twisted the front clasp and pulled off the bra.

He clamped my nipples between his fingers and twisted. I gasped sharply as pleasure-pain shot straight to my cunt. Man, oh man. He didn't mess around. My doubts fled.

I wanted to be fucked.

"Hike up your skirt. Show me your pussy."

Oh, yeah, baby. I didn't wear hose. I kept myself waxed and plucked and silky smooth. I also kept my weekly appointment at the tanning booth. All that work to look good was totally worth being ready for a moment like this. I grabbed the edge of my skirt and lifted it. The red lace thong wasn't worn for coverage. I wiggled off the panties.

"Beautiful," he murmured.

"And when it is your turn to play show and tell?" I asked.

He slammed me against the wall. Holy shit! He pressed his hot mouth against the pulse beating wildly at the base of my throat. His hand slipped between my thighs and stroked my clit.

I fumbled at his pants, unzipping them. Thank God he was a boxers kind of guy. His cock was hard and ready, the veins pulsing in the thick length. I stroked it roughly. His head came up and he thrust his tongue into my mouth.

His kiss was raw, possessive. I heard my skirt rip as he shoved his hands under the material to cup my ass. Then his cock was sliding into my wet pussy, filling me.

He pulled away from our frantic meeting of lips and stared at me. I imagined that my eyes looked much the same: glazed, desperate, passion-filled.

He thrust inside me hard, deep, fast. He gave me everything I had been denied by that dumb-ass who'd rejected me. My tortured nipples rubbed on the expensive cloth of his shirt. I realized vaguely he was still dressed and I was nearly naked and then I didn't care.

"God in heaven," he gasped. "I love fucking you."

His words sent me flying over the edge. His fingers dug into my ass as I came, unable to do much more than ride the incredible wave all the way to the end. When I

finally came back to Earth, I realized he was holding me up. My knees had buckled and hell, I still felt boneless.

"You didn't come," I said.

He shook his head. "No condom."

I shoved him away and knelt at his feet. I sucked his cock into my mouth, tasting my own essence. The musk of sex intoxicated me. He was yummy. He'd given me what I'd been craving.

He needed a reward.

"You don't have to -- oh, God."

I grabbed the base of his shaft and stroked while I sucked the top half of his length. His hands grabbed my skull and he pumped his hips.

"I'm going to come!" he cried.

He tried to pull his dick out of my mouth (what a gentleman), but I wouldn't let him. His cock spasmed and his hot, salty come shot down my throat. I swallowed it, all of it, and licked him clean.

Then I stood up. He helped me get dressed.

"Thanks," I said. "I feel much better."

"Me, too." He grinned. He started the ride going again, and we stood there, not so much in awkward silence, but... okay, yeah, it was a tad awkward.

We reached the lobby. As the doors opened, I stepped through them. He grabbed my hand and I turned.

"Same time, same elevator?" he asked.

I looked him over. "How do you feel about fucking on desks?"

He handed me a business card. "Tomorrow night. My desk awaits."

Well, *all right*.

<http://www.changelingpress.com/author.php?uid=41>