



Hostile

TAKEOVER

These CEOs play dirty...

Hostile Takeover

Olivia T. Turner



Copyright© 2023 by Olivia T. Turner.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including emailing, photocopying, printing, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the author. For permission requests, email Olivia@oliviatturner.com

Please respect the author's hard work and purchase a copy. Thanks!

This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual events, businesses, companies, locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

www.OliviaTTurner.com

Edited by Karen Collins Editing
Cover Design by Olivia T. Turner

*To Jenna.
Maybe your hot boss will bang you on his desk one day.
Keep the faith, girl.*



Contents

[Copyright](#)

[About](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Follow Me...](#)

[Come and join my private Facebook Group!](#)

[Audiobooks](#)

[Become Obsessed with OTT](#)

About

Kyra

My aunt and I started this beauty company in her kitchen.

Now, it's a multi-million dollar international company.

I adore it. It's my whole life.

And some rich prick waltzes in, thinking he can buy it.

Brandon Raven.

He represents everything I hate.

The corporate establishment. Trust fund babies. Greedy corporations buying up small ethical companies and bleeding them dry.

I was expecting my aunt to put up a united front against him and everything he stands for.

But my aunt wants out. She wants to retire. She wants to sell our baby to the highest bidder.

And she's the majority stakeholder, so I'm kind of screwed here.

But I have a couple of tricks up my sleeve.

I'm not going to cave so easily.

He can try his little hostile takeover.

And we'll see who wins...

Brandon

I walked into She's The Sun corporate office, expecting to buy a cosmetics company, but I saw something better that I must have.

The quirky, adorable, and feisty CEO.

Kyra Black.

I want her. I *need* her.

But she seems to hate me with every fibre of her being.

Well, I'm the boss now and she's going to have to do whatever I say.

Whatever. I. Say.

One look at Kyra and this hot rich alpha in a suit will do anything to get her.

Office meetings have never been more fun (or inappropriate) with Mr. Raven

in charge.

Insta-love at its finest in a SAFE read with no cheating and a super sweet

HEA guaranteed. Enjoy!

Chapter One

Kyra

“**L**ove these!” I say as I lean over Barb’s desk and scan the photos from yesterday’s photoshoot. “This girl is going to be perfect for our new foundation line. Call Janet and tell her we have our new model.”

“Really?” Barb asks with a big smile on her face.

“Oh yeah!” I say as I keep walking. “Love her! Great job, Barb!”

Barb is beaming as I continue through the office with my adrenaline pumping.

“How’s that mascara coming along?” I ask Daphne as I pass her desk.

“The midnight blue?” she says, popping up over her computer with her orange glasses askew. “I sent it to you last week.”

“Not that one,” I say as I keep going. “The top secret one.”

“I’ll have it to you by Friday!”

“How about Thursday?”

She grimaces.

“You owe me one!” I remind her.

“Okay,” she says. “Thursday it is, but we’re even!”

Yes!

“Deal!”

I love this place. Everything just... fits.

It’s like I was made to run this company. Like I was born to roam these halls.

I may not be able to cook a meal without forgetting at least two ingredients and adding one extra by mistake, and my dating life might be a tragic disaster of epic proportions, but I can run *She’s The Sun* like nobody’s business. In this one part of my life at least, I’m kicking ass.

“Kyra,” Aisha says when I arrive at her desk, which is located right outside my office. She’s not only my secretary, she’s my good friend too. “Linda is looking for you.”

“Is she in her office?” I ask as I grab the stack of mail on her desk and cycle through it. All of my mail goes through Aisha. I get to the Abigail’s Lingerie catalogue and look up at her with an eyebrow raised. “Aren’t you supposed to filter out the junk mail?”

She has a mischievous look on her face. “I thought it might help you spice things up.”

“Spicing things up,” I say with a sigh, “requires a piece of meat to put spice on. There’s nothing to spice up. My freezer is cold and empty.”

“Order something from that catalogue and you’ll have a buffet of meat to choose from,” Aisha says. “It will be pounding down your door.”

I roll my eyes as I quickly cycle through the pages. All of these models are stick thin with huge hair, long ass nails, and heels that are surely going to fuck up their spines. I don’t get it. This is not how real women look.

“Look at this,” I say as I turn the catalogue and show her a full page spread of a scantily-clad woman modeling a tiny piece of lingerie. “She looks like a mannequin in an X-rated store. Fake boobs, fake lips, fake hair, fake nails, and airbrushed to the max. It’s ridiculous. Who looks like this? For real? Who the hell *wants* to look like this?”

Aisha shrugs as she looks at the photo. “I bet she has a big strapping steak to spice up on Friday nights.”

“I hope so because she won’t be able to do anything herself,” I say. “How do you go grocery shopping in those heels? Or, give your dog a bath with those ridiculous nails? Or change a flat tire?”

“If you look like her,” Aisha says with a laugh, “you’re going to have a line-up of men on the side of the highway begging to change your tire.”

I toss the catalogue on her desk.

This is why I love this place.

Real beauty for real women in real life—That’s *She’s The Sun*. That’s our tagline.

We manufacture make-up and beauty products for regular women and that’s who we feature in our ads. We have all sorts of body types on our labels and we don’t hide a thing. We show it all—cellulite, curves, freckles, moles, beauty marks—because that’s real life. That’s real women. That’s real beauty. No air-brushing required.

“I’m going to order you something,” Aisha says as she takes the catalogue and starts looking through it.

“No, you’re not,” I say, snatching it back from her. Knowing her, she’s going to order me something I’d be too embarrassed to even try on alone in my bathroom.

“You have a meeting at three with accounting,” she reminds me, switching into business mode. “Jerry is trying to reach you—something about two pallets falling in the factory.”

“Ah, shit.”

“And go see Linda asap. She looked a little stressed.”

“Alright,” I say as I tuck the catalogue under my arm with my laptop. “She’s in her office?”

“Yup.”

I head over, but she’s not done.

“Check out page one hundred and seventeen,” she calls out as I hurry to Linda’s office. “It would look ravishing on you.”

“Yeah, right,” I say with a laugh. My curiosity gets the better of me and I flip over to the page while walking. I quickly shut the catalogue with my cheeks burning when I see how skimpy the lingerie is. I would need a *really* special cut of meat for me to put *that* on.

Linda’s door is open a crack. I knock as I push it open.

“Hey, auntie,” I say with a smile when I see her. She’s sitting at her desk with the gorgeous view of Manhattan sprawled out behind her.

Linda is the owner of the company, my aunt, and my favorite person in the whole wide world. I had the *worst* case of acne when I was a teenager and every beauty product that touched my skin would somehow make it even worse. If I tried to hide my acne with a new foundation, it would multiply—exploding like fireworks all over my skin. My zits were like that damn Hydra from Greek mythology. Try to get rid of one zit and three more would take its place.

A good aunt would take you to the makeup store to find something to conceal it, which she did at first. But after we tried every product on the shelves, my good aunt turned into an amazing aunt when she made it her mission to develop something herself.

Her husband—my uncle—had just died the year before and I think she needed something to distract her. She used my teenage insecurity, desperation, and self-consciousness as fuel to dive into something new. She reverse-engineered products and researched how to make everything from make-up to concealer to lip gloss, and then mixed it all together on her kitchen stove. She’s incredible.

She was able to make me a concealer that I wasn’t allergic to and it helped me get through high school with my severe case of acne.

Aunt Linda could have stopped there, but the fire was lit in her core and she built her little kitchen project into a multi-million dollar business that

sells natural, cruelty-free beauty products in over one hundred countries.

She's the most amazing person I know.

"Hi, Kyra," she says with a deep breath. "Come on in. Close the door."

Okay, something is off with her. She never tells me to close the door.

A weariness settles into my stomach as I close the door and take a seat at her desk. Her eyes drop to the pile of papers on my lap. The Abigail's Lingerie catalogue is visible, but she doesn't even seem to notice it. I quickly slide my laptop over the half-naked model. Something's up with her.

"What's the matter?" I ask with a sudden lump in my throat. "Are you sick?"

"No, no," she says, waving her hand. "I'm fine."

"Then, what is it?"

She takes a deep breath and then steels herself as she looks me in the eye. "I'm selling."

"Your house?"

She shakes her head. The weariness inside my stomach turns to nausea.

No. No, no, no, no, no.

"You're selling the c-company?" I whisper so low she can barely hear it.

She nods her head. Her eyes get watery as I stare at her in horror.

"To who?" I spit out.

She doesn't want to say it.

"To who, Aunt Linda?"

"The Hammerhead Group."

She watches me closely to gauge my reaction.

"*What?!*" I scream. "You're selling to that evil conglomerate! They stand for everything we hate! They're going to corrupt our brand! They're going to ruin everything! All our values that we've built up over a decade with our employees, with our customers... all *gone!* Out the freaking window! Aunt Linda, you *can't* sell to them. Think about what you're doing!"

"*Please, Kyra,*" she says with an uneasy look. "Sit down. Let's talk about

this calmly.”

I didn't even realize I was standing.

I pull my chair back in and sit with a huff.

The Hammerhead Group. The *fucking* Hammerhead Group! What is she *thinking?!*

My chest is heaving up and down, fierce angry breaths ripping in and out of me as I stare at her in shock. My heart is *pounding*.

Aunt Linda takes a deep breath, trying to gather her thoughts and her courage. “They made me an offer I couldn't refuse.”

“You can refuse it!” I shriek. “Did they put a gun to your head? Did they shove a dead horse head into your bed? It's a business conglomerate, not the Corleone family!”

“Kyra, I'm tired,” she says with a defeated slump of her shoulders.

I take a breath as I look at her. I *really* look at her. She does look exhausted. Despite having access to the best cosmetics in the world, she has bags under her eyes. Her skin is pale. Her hair a little disheveled. But it's more than that. I've been noticing lately that there's been a change in her demeanor. She no longer has the same pep that she used to have. The same fiery spirit. Five years ago, when there was a problem in the factory or with our marketing, she would attack it with an optimistic, passionate energy. I could tell she loved the challenge of it. She craved the action. She loved testing her abilities, probably because she always came out on top.

But the past few months... It's been different. When problems come up, she sighs deeply. She reaches for the Advil container in her desk. She shuffles down the hall and rubs her temples. This place is no longer making her happy. It's no longer filling her with joy.

“The past ten years have been a hell of a ride,” she says with a nostalgic smile. “But I want off now.”

My stomach drops when I see it on her face—Her mind is made up. No amount of arguing and trying to convince her to change it will work. She's

done.

“What it meant to me...” she says, tearing up. I feel tears flooding my eyes as well. “When David died, I thought my life was over. I had nothing left. Nothing to look forward to. I could never have kids. I was working as a secretary for one prick after another... And then...” Tears start flooding down her cheeks as she tilts her head while looking at me. “Building this company with you has meant the world to me. My whole life, I never thought it was possible... That I could do something like *this*.” She looks around her luxurious office at the floor-to-ceiling windows with the gorgeous view of the most amazing city in the world. “And building it with my favorite person in the world made it that much sweeter.”

I wipe my watery eyes as she gathers herself.

“I’m *incredibly* proud of what we built together,” she says after a deep breath. “But it’s time for me to move on. I want to travel. I want to see the world. I want to try Tagliatelle with ragù in Bologna, Italy, I want to spot a Cotinga in the jungles of Costa Rica, I want to ride a horse in the Outback. I want to... meet someone and fall in love.”

I sigh as I watch her. There’s the fire I know so well. There’s the optimistic passionate energy.

Wow. She really has moved on...

The non-business side of me wants to encourage her, to tell her to go and conquer the world. To see and do everything while having erotic and romantic adventures along the way.

But the business side of me wants her to stay. It wants her to continue growing She’s The Sun with me. To grow it tenfold and change the beauty industry forever.

I guess that’s why they say not to mix business with family.

“Did you accept the offer?” I ask, barely able to look at her. My heart feels like it’s breaking. It feels all twisted up like a rope.

“I did,” she says firmly. “They’re coming in tomorrow to start their due

diligence.”

“Tomorrow?!”

She nods.

“Who’s coming?”

“The CEO. Brandon Raven.”

Yuck. Even his name sounds evil. I hate him already.

“Am I still going to have a job?” I ask with a quiver in my stomach. I already know the answer to this question. There’s only one high-ranking executive in the beauty industry who would be willing to have my acne-scarred skin as the face of their company. Only one, and she’s currently telling me she wants out.

“I don’t know,” Linda says with a sigh. “But I’ll put in a good word for you. I’ll talk you up.”

“Thanks,” I mutter.

“But Kyra,” she says, putting her palm on the desk. “Either way, you’re getting a portion of the sale.”

“No, Aunt Linda...”

She puts her hand up and closes her eyes like she doesn’t want to hear it. “You were there with me since day one. You built this empire with me too.”

“But you’re the one who put up all the money you got from Uncle David’s life insurance,” I say. “You’re the one who took all the risk.”

“I’ve already made up my mind about this,” she says in a firm tone. When Aunt Linda gets something in her mind, it’s impossible to shake out. “You’ll be able to do whatever you want. The world will be your oyster after this very lucrative sale.”

I never cared about the money. I mean, it’s nice to not have to worry about money, but that’s never why I was doing this. Eating pasta in Italy and bird watching in Costa Rica sounds fun for a week or two, but what else am I going to do for the next sixty years? Count my money alone in my house? No, thank you.

I *adore* this company. I love our employees, who are like a big family, the culture, our mission. I love helping women feel beautiful like Aunt Linda helped make me feel with her life-saving products.

The lifestyle and making a difference is what I really love. What I really need. I don't know what I'm going to do without it.

The money has always just been a bonus. A byproduct of the important work we're doing.

It's always been about more...

But with The Hammerhead Group, money reigns supreme.

It's all about corporate profits with that huge conglomerate.

And with this Brandon Raven guy. I don't know him, but I know him. These sharks in suits are all the same.

They buy something amazing like this company and then bleed it dry.

They destroy the values that made it so incredible.

And they take every employee who actually cares—like me—and dump us out on our asses.

Chapter Two

Kyra

“**W**hat’s his name?” Aisha asks as she types away on her laptop. “Brandon Crow?”

“Brandon Raven,” I say, dropping my head into my hands.

I just finished my meeting with Linda and we’re googling him in my office.

“Is he a professional baseball player?” she asks. “Pitcher for the Oakland A’s?”

“No,” I say as I rub my temples. “Try typing in The Hammerhead Group. Or evil corporate overlord sent to ruin our lives.”

“Oh, here. Got him. Wow! I mean... Wow!”

“Why are you wow’ing? Does he look evil? Does he wear a monocle and a top hat? Does he smoke a cigarette on one of those long cigarette holders and scowl at little children?”

“Look for yourself,” she says as she spins the laptop around.

I swallow hard when I see a screen full of photos of Brandon Raven’s ravishing face. He’s definitely not cartoonishly evil-looking, but that’s how

the real villains get you. They lure you in with their gorgeous brown eyes, their dark wavy hair, and their dazzling smile, and then when you let your guard down, they snatch your beloved company that you spent a decade busting your ass to make, and they crush it in their evil corrupt fingers. I'm not going to fall for *that*.

"Get it away from me," I say, pushing her laptop back around. "I can't even look at him."

"He's hot," Aisha says, having no problem staring at the screen. "I volunteer to let him share my desk. I'm even willing to sit on his lap if there aren't any extra chairs lying around."

I slowly push her laptop closed while glaring at her. She's already been corrupted by the enemy. This is going to be harder than I thought.

She tries to open her laptop again, but I give her a stern look. "That laptop is company property," I tell her. "I forbid you to open it."

"Fine," she says with a chuckle as she pulls her phone out of her pocket. "I got this from my mom for Christmas, so you can shove your orders up your ass."

She pulls up a photo of Brandon Raven at some charity ball. He's standing on a red carpet in a black tuxedo. "You're seriously telling me that he's not hot?"

"Maybe in a corporate robot kind of way," I say, scrunching my nose up in disgust.

Aisha laughs as she shakes her head and stares at the screen. "You're crazy. This man is a ten. And look... No girl on his arm."

"Probably because he's insufferable."

She chuckles as she starts reading out his bio. "He's twenty-nine and already runs a multi-billion dollar conglomerate."

Okay, that's a little impressive, I'll give him that.

"He took over the company when his father died."

I roll my eyes. I take that back. It's not impressive at all. Just another case

of rich guy nepotism.

“Mr. Raven,” Aisha reads, “has doubled the company’s growth by aggressively acquiring companies in the beauty industry.”

He’s like a virus, invading my wonderful industry, and Aunt Linda just opened the door and let him in. She let down all of her defenses and is allowing this guy to devour us whole.

I have to stop this.

The idea pops into my mind out of the blue, but once it’s in there, I know I won’t be able to get it out. I have to put a stop to this sale.

Aunt Linda is tired. She’s worn out. She’ll take a much-needed vacation, but after relaxing on the beach for two weeks, she’ll be horrified when she realizes what she did. She’ll be desperate to get her company back, *our* company back, but by then, Brandon Raven will have ripped it to shreds in a cruel attempt to increase profitability, and then we’ll all be screwed.

She doesn’t know what she’s doing. She’s not in her right mind.

I know what’s best for her. I know what she really needs.

And what she needs is to keep her company.

What she needs is for me to stop the deal.

“Uh oh,” Aisha says as she looks at me funny. “Why do you have that creepy smile on your face?”

“We’re going to stop the sale from happening.”

“Sabotage?”

I shake my head. “Sabotage is a strong word... We’ll just make this Brandon Raven guy see that our company doesn’t share the same values that he does. We’ll make him see that we’re not a good fit for his massive portfolio.”

Aisha grins. “Yeah! Sabotage!”

She starts playing *Sabotage* by The Beastie Boys on her phone and a big grin spreads across my face.

Brandon Raven will never want to step foot in this office again after I’m

done with him.

He'll rescind the offer and flee down the street in his fancy little designer suit.

"Yes," I whisper as we both get up and start dancing to the catchy song. He's going to regret coming after my turf.

I'm going to make him rue the day.

For Aunt Linda, of course.

It's all in her best interest.

That's why I'm doing this.

Sabotaging this deal and getting this Brandon Raven character out of our lives is the most altruistic thing I can do.

She'll thank me one day.

I'm sure of it.

Chapter Three

Brandon

“**Y**ou must be Mr. Raven,” the woman at the reception desk says with a big smile when I walk in, flanked by my team. “Right on time. I’ll get Linda right away.”

I give her a polite nod as she quickly picks up her phone.

“Linda,” she whispers. “The VIPs are here.”

I’m only in the lobby, but I’m taking everything in—the decor, the vibe, even the way people are walking in the office. Are they slumped over waiting for the bell to ring, or are they zipping around with purpose and energy?

“Look at that,” my older brother Oscar says as he bumps my arm with his elbow. He chuckles as I look up.

Hanging high on the wall is a giant photo of a woman in her underwear. She’s not your typical model with her flat breasts, wrinkles, greying hair, and large cellulite-riddled thighs, but she’s beautiful nonetheless. Her body is a canvas that’s experienced life. That experience is written all over her.

“This place is weird,” Oscar whispers to me. “This doesn’t fit in with anything we’re doing. Let’s get out of this deal and bounce.”

Everyone else seems to agree. My top lawyer, Sakura, my head accountant, Mike, and my marketing director, Candice—they're all looking confused as they look around this place.

"She's The Sun?" Sakura whispers when she reads the sign. "Isn't that a lyric from The Beatles? Might have to check copyright on that one."

"Mr. Raven!" Linda McCaffrey says with a big smile as she walks into the lobby. "Thank you for coming."

"Call me Brandon, please," I say as I shake her hand.

"Brandon," she says with a warm smile. "We're up in the conference room. Please, let me show you the way."

We follow her through the office and all eyes dart to us. This place is so unlike any of my other companies that I don't know what to make of it.

The Hammerhead Group owns hundreds of companies, but seventeen are beauty-related companies—some small, some large, some medium like this one—and they all share the same kind of vibe. A luxurious, fashionable vibe of elegance and class.

My other employees in the beauty-related companies all seem to try and outdo each other with their choices of fashionable clothes and cosmetics like it's some kind of unspoken competition, but these people look... normal. The woman in the orange glasses who's peeking at me over her computer is wearing a sweater that looks like she knitted herself. Another woman with a messy bun in her hair is wearing slippers.

Oscar chuckles when he sees her. "This is a *beauty* company? Are you sure we're in the right place?"

I stop abruptly, turn on my heels, and get right in his face. "Keep your fucking mouth shut," I whisper in a threatening manner, "and show some respect to these women. This company did three hundred million in sales last year."

"They did?" he says, looking stunned.

"Yes," I snap. "I don't want to hear your voice again until we're back in

the fucking limo. Got it?”

He rolls his eyes. I stare him down until his shoulders drop and he nods.

“Good.”

My heart is hammering behind my tailored suit jacket as we continue walking.

That’s the problem with working with family—They don’t know when to fucking shut up. My grandparents started this company eighty years ago when they started messing around in their garage on Hammerhead Lane, making perfumes. They spent their lives growing it and then handed it over to my father when they were ready to retire.

My father was a beast. He was a business genius and catapulted The Hammerhead Group into the nine-figure-a-year-in-revenue club.

But the stress of running such a large company and the constant grind mixed with all of his bad habits—smoking, eating, drinking, not exercising—and he had a fatal heart attack that shocked our family. It shocked our business too, because he passed *before* he named a successor.

All four of my siblings—three brothers and one sister—and my five cousins, all thought that they should be the one to take over the huge conglomerate.

I was the youngest at twenty-three, so I didn’t have any delusions that I’d be the one put in charge.

It came down to a vote. Everyone had to write down the name of who they thought should run the billion-dollar company. You couldn’t vote for yourself.

My oldest brother Thomas got one vote (which was mine), and I got all of the others.

I took control of the business, took control of the family, and never looked back.

“In here,” Linda says with a smile as she presents the open door of the conference room.

Her team is in there as well—lawyers, accountants, and executives. We all introduce each other and then finally sit down.

“The CEO, Kyra Black, is on her way,” Linda says as she sits near the middle of the table. I take a seat opposite her. “She’s bringing over some of our wonderful products for you to test and take a look at. Oh, here she is now.”

I turn as a woman walks into the room holding a stack of boxes. They’re piled so high that they’re covering her face. I burst out of my chair and rush over to help her as the rest of my team stays put in their seats.

“Thanks,” she says with a huff of breath as I take them from her.

My heart stops when our eyes meet. She’s... She’s... I don’t even have the words. She’s... *mine*. The word reverberates through my head and travels down my body as I stare at her in awe.

She blows a loose strand of hair out of her face as she looks up at me funny.

Those light greenish-gray eyes... They’re haunting. They’re mesmerizing. My breath gets caught in my throat as I watch her looking up at me under those long eyelashes.

“You must be, Mr. Raven,” she says, reaching out her hand.

I suck in a breath as I look down at her hand. It looks so soft, so tiny. I shake it with my heart pounding. My large hand practically swallows hers whole.

My eyes dart back to her stunning face framed by her dark golden brown hair that falls in waves. It catches the light from the window and shines in an ethereal way, making me feel like I’m gazing at an angel or some other kind of beautiful otherworldly being.

Curved bangs cover her forehead, freckles dot the bridge of her nose, and her big full lips spread out into a tight line as I hold her hand a little too long.

I can’t seem to let her go. I can’t seem to look away. She’s rocked me to my core. I’m falling deep over here. I feel an intense obsession with this

woman forming in my soul.

Her captivating eyes draw me in. They *pull* me in. There's something about them—some mischievous alluring quality that holds my attention. It's almost as if she knows something that I don't. That she's in on a joke and I'm not.

Scars dot her cheeks. From chickenpox or acne, or some other traumatic experience. They draw me in even more. I've always found scars so beautiful. They're life's artwork. Unique imprints that show a person's growth and triumph over pain.

Perfection is boring. It's just a superficial veneer. True beauty comes from strength and character, and what better way to know someone has strength and character than by their scars? They tell the world that this person can't be beaten. No matter what life throws at them, they get back up. It's a visible mark of their resilience.

They signal a past that I wasn't a part of. A past that I don't know. It kills me that I don't know everything about her. I want to know her story. I want to know her dreams and passions and desires.

My body is aching as I hold onto her. I long to run my fingers over her stunning cheeks and then continue until my hands are sinking into that dark golden brown hair and our lips are coming together. I let out a low involuntary groaning sound as she looks up at me with a confused little tilt of her head.

"Sit, please," Linda says yanking me out of this warm awestruck moment and dousing me back into cold reality.

Oh, right. We're not alone. There's a whole conference room full of people here. I want to bark orders at them to leave me alone with this goddess, but instead, I sit down politely and pretend that my hands aren't shaking under the table.

My eyes never leave Kyra as she walks around the large table and takes a seat beside Linda.

“So, these are the best products that She’s The Sun has to offer,” Linda says as members of her team spread the boxes along the table and open them up.

It’s painful to look away from my girl, but I force my eyes onto the cosmetics.

“These look great,” Candice says as she takes a concealer and opens it. “I love the packaging.”

“And it’s all cruelty-free?” Sakura asks as she pulls off the cap of a lipstick.

“All organic, natural, and of course, cruelty-free,” Linda says with a proud smile.

“Do you use these products?” I ask Kyra. I just need to hear her talk. I want to hear the sweet sound of her voice in my ears. Maybe that will settle the tight edgy feeling rampaging through my body.

“I do,” she says with a warm smile.

“In fact,” Linda butts in, “this company was started because of her. My niece had a bad case of acne growing up and was allergic to all of the beauty products on the market.”

Kyra’s cheeks get red and she drops her eyes to her lap.

I want to lean over the table, tilt her chin up, and tell her to hold her head high. It’s nothing to be embarrassed about. She should be proud of what she’s been through. Of what she’s conquered.

Linda goes on, explaining all about her company’s origin. It’s fascinating stuff how she started mixing compounds in her kitchen, but I want to hear more about Kyra and her involvement.

“And you’re the CEO?” I ask, staring at Kyra.

She nods with a tight smile. “Yes,” she says. “Since day one. Aunt Linda—sorry, Mrs. McCaffrey—is head of product development.”

“Kyra has been a powerhouse CEO,” Linda says, laying it on thick. She’s probably trying to flatter her niece into a new job. It’s unnecessary. There’s

no way I'm getting rid of her. I might just have to move her into my personal office. She can do all of her work while sitting on my lap. "She knows the business in and out. She's a real asset."

Kyra is looking at me from under those long dark lashes and it's making my cock grow hard. I feel it pushing and thickening along my muscular thigh with those mesmerizing eyes on me.

"Can we try these?" Candice asks, eyeing the blush in her hand.

"Absolutely!" Linda says with a big smile.

I like this company. It's not just the angel on the other side of the table either. They're unique. I like their values. It's something I wouldn't mind bringing to the rest of the companies in our portfolio.

This industry is a mess. Everything is airbrushed and digitally manipulated until it's not even real. The fashion industry sets a standard that real people can't possibly live up to. It's unfair, it's fake, and frankly, it's ugly.

I'm in a position at the head of The Hammerhead Group to make a difference. To get back to some realism. To get back to what makes us human. To get back to *real* beauty.

"Is it supposed to be so sticky?" Sakura asks as she spreads some lotion on her face. It's not blending in. It looks like it's part glue.

"No..." Linda says, staring at her in confusion. "I..."

"What's happening?" Candice asks as she fans away the cloud of pink floating in front of her face. "I just dabbed the blush onto my cheek and it went everywhere."

It's all over her clothes, her face, and the table.

Linda doesn't know what's happening. Her mouth is hanging open and she's speechless as she looks around with wide eyes. "That shouldn't be..."

I look at Kyra and immediately know that she's responsible for the malfunctions. Those beautiful cheeks are blushing and she's staring straight ahead like a guilty kid who is being questioned about a broken window.

Linda realizes it too. She snaps her narrowed eyes on her niece and grits her teeth.

“Excuse us for a moment,” she says in a low tense voice as she abruptly stands up. “I’d like to have a private word with my CEO.”

Chapter Four

Kyra

“**H**ow could you do this?!” Linda shouts as she sits on her desk and glares at me.

I sink into the chair with my arms crossed and look up at her.

“I was doing this for you.”

“For me?!” she shouts. “What are you crazy?! Have you lost your mind?! How could sabotaging the sale possibly be for my benefit? You were doing this for *you*, so you wouldn’t lose your job.”

I shake my head, even though there might be a kernel of truth in there. “I was doing it for you. I swear! You’re going to go on a trip and have fun for a week or two, and then what? You can’t sit still, Aunt Linda. You’re going to go nuts with nothing to do all day! You’re going to drive yourself crazy and then you’ll miss working here and it will be too late. The company we built together will be gone!”

She sighs as she looks at me.

“I’m not going to change my mind, Kyra,” she says in a softer tone. “This has been on my mind for over a year.”

“A year?”

She nods.

“I thought you... liked working here with me.”

“Nothing has made me happier,” she says as she slides off the desk and sits in the seat next to mine. She grabs my hand and leans in. “But I need a new adventure. I need to get out of this office and into the world. I’m not getting any younger, Kyra. I’ve been alive for sixty-two years and I’ve been stuck in an office for forty-three of them. I want out.”

“You’re not going to change your mind?” I ask as the painful realization starts to sink in.

She shakes her head as she smiles sadly at me.

“I’m sorry about the way I sprang it on you,” she says, tapping my hand. “I should have given you more time to process it. It’s just, Mr. Raven called out of the blue and, I... I had to take the opportunity.”

Butterflies flutter in my stomach at the mention of his name.

I knew he was hot, but... Seeing him in person is a whole other ordeal. I can still feel his big strong hand tingling on mine.

“I’m sorry I tried to sabotage the deal,” I say, feeling awful. “That was... immature of me.”

Aunt Linda chuckles. “It sounds like something I would do,” she says with a laugh. “We’re more alike than I even thought. What did you put in that lotion anyway?”

“Glue,” I say with a laugh. “The washable, non-toxic, kids’ kind. She’ll be alright. Pissed, but alright.”

“She was the lawyer,” Aunt Linda says with a smile. “She’ll forget all about it when she gets her big commission check from the sale.”

“I hope.”

“And what about that Brandon guy?” she says with a grin. “He seemed to like you.”

I burst out a laugh. “Yeah, right.” Like he would be interested in me. He

probably has a supermodel girlfriend. Or two.

“I’m serious!” she says. “He couldn’t take his eyes off you!”

“He’s a shark, Aunt Linda,” I say rolling my eyes. “He’s using his good looks to get my guard down so he can take advantage and lower the price of the sale. He’s trying to honeydick me.”

“Honeydick?” Aunt Linda says with an expression that makes me laugh. “What the heck is that?”

“He’s trying to seduce us with his hot smile, big muscles, tailored dark blue suit, and then just when we’re in the palm of his soft sexy hand, he’s going to fuck us on the price. That’s honeydicking.”

Aunt Linda grits her teeth as she narrows her eyes on me. “He’s not going to get away with that. Let’s dick his honey right back!”

“That’s not how you... Nevermind. Let’s do it!”

She bursts up, but then immediately sits back down. “Wait. How exactly are we supposed to honeydick him?”

Someone knocks on the door.

“Come in!” Aunt Linda shouts.

The door swings open and Brandon Raven’s beautiful face is revealed. My heart immediately starts beating harder than it did in the conference room.

This man is unbelievably hot. It’s scary.

Just one second of those sexy brown eyes on me and I’m ready to lay on the desk and let him honeydick the shit out of me. He can honeydick me all night long.

“We’re glad you’re here, Mr. Raven,” Linda says as I try to stop my legs from trembling. “We’re so sorry about that unfortunate mixup. Kyra accidentally grabbed the pile of boxes that were meant to be destroyed. We were trying some unorthodox methods with our products. We try putting everything in our products at She’s The Sun to see what works best.”

“Even glue?” he asks in that deep rich voice. The rumble seems to travel

along my skin, giving me goosebumps in its wake.

“Even glue,” Linda says with a swallow. “I can assure you that our ready-to-ship products will not be tainted like those ones were. It was an unfortunate accident.”

“It was my fault,” I blurt out. “I sabotaged them. I didn’t think Aunt Linda should sell, so I added some glue to the lotion and some cinnamon to the blush. I apologize. I hope your employees aren’t mad.”

Aunt Linda is looking at me with a mix of disappointment and admiration. I guess I won’t be keeping this position after all. It’s not like I deserve it after what I just did.

“The girls are fine,” Mr. Raven says. “A little confused, but fine.”

This is such a debacle. What was I thinking?

“The check is signed,” Mr. Raven says to Linda. “And the contract is ready for you. Why don’t you go over it with the lawyers while I take Miss Black off your hands?”

I gulp as those intense brown eyes lock onto me.

“Okay, then,” Linda says with a relieved smile now that she knows the deal hasn’t been torpedoed by my stupidity. “I’ll head right over.”

She touches my arm before hurrying out the door.

I look at the floor, at the wall, at the chairs, but there’s only so long my stubborn eyes can resist looking at this gorgeous man. They dart over to him.

I swallow hard when I see that he’s staring right at me.

The air feels thicker all of a sudden. More electric. Alive.

“I’m sorry about that,” I quickly say. “Did that nice lawyer manage to get the glue off her face?”

He nods. “I believe she did.”

“Is she going to sue me?”

His stern face eases into a slight smile. “I won’t let her.”

“Thank you,” I say, smiling shyly at him. “Do you want a tour of the office?”

“Are you going to give it to me?”

“Sure. Unless of course, you want someone more professional... I’ll understand completely...”

He grins and my insides get all light and fluttery. “Just don’t glue me to the floor and we should be fine.”

“I’ll do my best, but no promises.”

He follows me out the door and I begin showing him around. All of the ladies of the office keep popping their heads out of their cubicles like groundhogs wherever I go. It’s like Office-Whack-A-Mole. Whenever he’s not looking, their eyes go wide and they mouth things like - ‘So hot!’ or ‘Are you kidding me?’

This man really is a stunner. He’s a ten-on-ten if I’ve ever seen one.

“This is the accounting department,” I say as Cindy and Megan wave at him with blushing cheeks and big smiles. “Most important department in the company, since they’re the ones who give me my checks.”

“Hello, ladies,” Mr. Raven says with a polite nod.

We continue walking and I smile to myself, knowing they’re probably whispering and freaking out once we’re gone.

“This is the marketing wing,” I say as I step into the vast open room. With over thirty people—mostly women—it’s normally very loud and bustling, but everything comes to a standstill when Mr. Raven walks into the large room. All heads turn to take in the new owner, and then they all stay staring at him because he’s that gorgeous.

“Let’s keep moving,” I say. *Before these horny women turn feral and mob attack you.*

It might be my imagination, or my self-consciousness, but I can feel his eyes on me as we walk. I keep wanting to suddenly spin around on my heels to see if he’s looking at me, but that would be weird and I’ve already been way too weird in front of this man for one day.

“This is my office,” I say as I wave at the door in a weird dramatic way.

Why did you do that, you freak? Just act normal. Please. He already thinks you're a nut bag.

I step forward to continue the tour, but he walks inside my office like he owns the place. I guess he does now if Linda has already signed the contract.

It's going to feel so weird to have a new owner. To have *him* as the owner.

I've always seen She's The Sun as mine and Linda's. It's always felt like a second home. Like I can be myself here and do whatever I want.

It's going to feel so different with these corporate suits walking around. What if Mr. Raven stays in the office and works here from now on? I don't know if that would be exciting or terrifying. Probably a little bit of both.

He wanders in and starts looking at the framed photos hanging on the brick wall.

I keep my eyes on him, wondering what he's thinking.

A smile spreads across his very kissable lips as he looks at an old picture of me and Aunt Linda in her kitchen after we had perfected the concealer for the first time. I have a big chef's hat on and we're holding up the massive pot—huge smiles on our faces. Even though my acne is so bad in that photo, it's still my favorite photo ever.

I don't have many photos from my teenage years. Whenever I saw a camera pointing at me, I either hid behind my hair or ran from the room. This is one of the only ones I have where I'm smiling.

"This is where it started?" he asks as he turns to me with a grin.

"Yup! In my aunt's kitchen."

"And look what you've built since," he says as he turns back to the photo. He strokes the frame and my body tingles with life. "It's very impressive."

"Not as impressive as you Hammerheads," I say as he looks at the next photo of me and Linda standing in front of our new office building. "I don't think there are many sharks that find minnows impressive."

He turns and looks at me with those piercing brown eyes and I find

myself taking a step back.

“Sharks?”

I swallow hard. “I didn’t mean offense,” I ramble on. Gawd, is it possible to fuck this first impression up more than I already have? I wish I could restart the day.

“It’s just... The Hammerhead Group,” I say with my voice racing. “Corporate sharks. You guys swallow little minnow companies like us, don’t you?”

He takes a deep breath and walks over to my desk. “Is that what you think?” he asks as he sits on it and crosses his arms over his chest. His dark blue suit fits his muscular body perfectly.

I chuckle nervously as he stares me down. “What do you want me to think? That is what’s going on here, isn’t it? She’s The Sun with all of our quirky products and eccentric marketing is getting eaten by your huge corporate conglomerate and it’s only a matter of time before the suits are going to swoop in and start axing our employees and changing everything that made us special. Everything that made us unique. Everything that our customers love.”

He just looks at me like an unreadable statue.

I can feel my cheeks going red under his stern gaze.

“I mean, it’s in your name. You’re a bunch of Hammerhead sharks.”

“The company was named for the street my grandparents lived on,” he says after a long uncomfortable moment. “Hammerhead Lane. They started this company in their home too. In their garage.”

He stands up and pulls out his phone. “Look.”

My breath stills as he walks over and I get a whiff of his delicious cologne. He stands so close as he shows me an old photo of a young couple holding up a bottle of perfume—big smiles on their faces. The photo is similar to mine.

“Those are your grandparents?” I can’t help but smile as I see the

excitement in their eyes. I know that entrepreneurial excitement all too well.

“They started this company,” he says as he smiles while looking at it, “and I can assure you, they weren’t sharks. They were lovely people who wanted the best for their family, the best for their employees, and the best for their customers.”

“Right...” I say as he puts the phone back into his pocket. “But that was then. It’s awfully different now. The company has come a long way from a cute couple in their garage.”

He looks at me for a long time. I don’t know what he’s thinking. He’s probably wondering how he can get me the hell out of this building for good with as little fuss as possible.

“Do you always speak your mind like this?” he finally asks.

I stare back at him. “Does that bother you?”

That unreadable expression breaks and he smiles a little. It’s quite the sight...

“I like employees who speak their mind.”

“More like ex-employees.”

He tilts his head a little as he looks at me in confusion.

“Come on, Mr. Raven,” I say, sighing in exasperation. “You don’t have to put up this charade. I know I’m going to get fired.”

His eyebrows go up. “Fired?”

“The CEOs always get fired in a takeover,” I say. “Even without causing chaos in the first meeting. You don’t have to pretend otherwise. I know I’m not going to be welcome in The Hammerhead Group.”

I’m expecting him to agree. To take a breath of relief. Maybe even start discussing my compensation package, but he just looks at me with those penetrating brown eyes.

“You’re not going anywhere.”

He walks over to the wall of windows, gazing out at the city while I stare at him in shock.

“I’m not?”

“I want you here, Kyra. With me.”

He turns with a possessive look and my toes curl in my shoes as those dominating eyes run up and down my body, leaving tingles in their wake.

Those eyes suddenly dart to my desk and he sucks in a sharp breath when he sees the lingerie catalogue laying on it.

I close my eyes, dying of embarrassment, as he picks it up.

Chapter Five

Brandon

“**T**hat’s for market research,” Kyra quickly spits out as I read the Post-it note sticking to the cover.

I ordered you the little ditty on page 117. Time to spice things up!

- Aisha

I swallow hard as I open the catalogue and rifle to page one hundred and seventeen.

Kyra tries to leap across the desk to grab it, but I hold it out of her reach. My heart is thundering in my chest as I open the page and spot the little black outfit.

I picture it on this beautiful woman who’s desperately reaching for the

catalogue and I let out a low hungry groan.

She would look incredible in it. I need to see it on her.

“That’s private, thank you,” she says as she lunges forward again and rips it out of my hands.

“Private?” I say as I look at her blushing cheeks while she shoves it into a drawer. “I thought it was for work.”

She huffs out a breath as she smooths her hair back and straightens her jacket. “It came in the mail. I was looking at it for research purposes.”

“Who are you wearing that lingerie for?”

There’s a tense rigid edge to my voice as I ask her. I keep thinking of her in that silky lingerie and picturing a man in the room. A man I’d like to launch out of this high-rise building without a parachute.

“Are you married?”

Those beautiful light greenish-gray eyes dart over to me. “No.”

“Fiancé? Boyfriend?”

My whole body is tight as I wait for her answer. I don’t know what I’m going to do if she’s attached to someone. All sorts of dark things are going through my head. This girl is *mine* and I’m not going to let any asshole who got here first think he can keep her. No fucking way.

“No,” she says as she tucks a strand of hair behind her ear. “I’m… single.”

I take a breath of relief. The tenseness rushes out of me, although I’m not done yet. I still have to make her see that she belongs to me.

“Then, who’s the lingerie for?”

“It’s just a catalogue!” she says, throwing her hands in the air. “What are you even talking about?!”

That’s when she spots the Post-it note on the table from Aisha. It fell off during our little scuffle. She picks it up, reads it, and her cheeks get even redder.

“This is my… assistant,” she says, quickly crumpling the Post-it note and

tossing it in the recycling bin under her desk. “I didn’t even know she was doing this.”

I can’t take my eyes off her. Those lips... They’re so seductive. They look so damn tasty.

My body is *craving* her.

I don’t know what’s gotten into me. I’ve never reacted to a girl like this before.

I’ve been so focused on the family company since I took over that I haven’t paid much attention to women. I haven’t had much of a love life. I haven’t had much of anything.

I didn’t think I needed it, but now that I’m in this angel’s presence... I know it was something entirely different. I needed *her*. I was waiting for *her*.

“Who are you going to wear it for?” I ask in a deep throaty voice as I slowly walk around the desk with my heated eyes locked on her.

She swallows hard as she watches me approaching. “I... No one.”

“Such a shame to waste such a beautiful garment,” I say in a low voice as I tower over her. She’s looking up at me with those stunning eyes. Her long black lashes float up and down. My cock aches at the alluring sight.

Her eyes drop to my mouth and her lips part as I get in closer than I should be getting. This is so unprofessional. This is so wrong. But I can’t seem to stop myself.

I’m already obsessed with my hot little CEO, Kyra Black.

“I’m your boss now,” I say as I drag my fingertip up her arm. She shivers as I reach her shoulder and then touch the bottom of her chin. I gently tilt her head up until she’s looking into my eyes.

A sexy little moan leaves her throat as she looks up at me with these big innocent Bambi eyes. Her body leans closer to mine. Her breathing gets faster and more shallow.

“I’m implementing a new dress code,” I find myself saying as I gently brush my thumb along her soft parted lips. Her sexy tongue slides out as I

drop my hand, wetting where I touched. “For you only. As soon as that lingerie arrives, Miss Black, I want you wearing it under your outfit. Understood?”

Her glossy eyes never leave mine as she slowly nods up and down.

“I’m taking that catalogue with me,” I tell her in a deep, commanding tone. “And I’m ordering more pieces for you. I don’t want you coming to work without something lacy on your skin. Do I make myself clear?”

She nods her head up and down.

“Say it.”

“Yes, Mr. Raven.”

“Good,” I say as I lean down, bringing my mouth an inch from hers. Her chin tilts up and I can feel her hot breath on my lips. “You’ll find that I’m a fair, but strict boss. Don’t make me discipline you, Miss Black. I don’t know how much *restraint* I’ll be able to have.”

“I won’t let you down,” she whispers. She rises on her toes, her lips trying to connect with mine.

My heated eyes look her up and down slowly before settling on her mouth. “That’s my good girl.”

She lets out a little tortured moan and something in me snaps. I can’t resist her. Not anymore.

I grab her lower back, flattening my palm on her crisp jacket, and pull her into me. She whimpers as her perky little breasts press into my hard chest. I can almost feel her firm nipples digging into my pecs.

Her eyes fall closed, chin tilted, lips parted as I lean down and kiss her hard. I take her mouth in a possessive way, claiming these soft lips and letting her know that I’m the only man who will be touching them from now on. They belong to me.

Our tongues meet and my cock gets rock hard as I claim her mouth as my own.

Her little hands slide up my suit jacket and onto my neck. She grabs the

back of my head and pulls me down, deepening the kiss. I groan when she thrusts her tongue into my mouth. She whimpers when she feels my hardness pressing against her stomach.

A hard knock on the door rips through the office and she explodes away from me, breathing heavily with a shocked look on her face.

I don't think she was expecting to be kissing her new boss on day one. I'm as stunned as she is. I wasn't expecting this either.

Linda swings the door open and shows us the big champagne bottle in her hands. "The contract is signed! Come out and celebrate!"

There's all kinds of noise and commotion behind her. It seems like the whole office is getting together out there.

I just want to lock the door and stay in here with this goddess. I want to continue where we left off. I want to strip her body and claim her wet little pussy on her desk.

I want to breed her and make her mine forever.

Kyra takes a deep breath, composing herself as she shoots me a quick look. She fixes her hair, smooths out her clothes, and then hurries out into the hall, leaving me all alone.

I calmly walk over to the drawer, open it, grab the lingerie catalogue, and walk out to join them.

Chapter Six

Kyra

Aisha is talking excitedly to me, but I'm not hearing anything she's saying. My heart is going nuts in my chest. I'm light-headed and it's impossible to think straight.

I just kissed my new boss. I just kissed Mr. Raven. I just kissed a god.

My body shivers as I remember his rich silky taste. The way his strong hands felt when they pulled me against his firm body. The hardness of his cock...

I want *more*.

"Look at you!" Aisha says with a big grin. "You look like you're in disbelief!"

I am in disbelief... Why is that man interested in me?

She clinks her champagne flute against mine. I'm so distracted and disheveled that I forgot I was even holding a champagne flute.

I take a fizzy sip and then am immediately disappointed that I just washed away Mr. Raven's taste from my mouth.

"I can't believe you're going to be rich!" Aisha shrieks as she bounces up

and down.

“Wait. What?”

“I’ll get some more champagne!” she squeals before hurrying away with her empty glass.

Oh, the sale. Right.

I never asked Aunt Linda how much I’ll be making, because well... The money was never the point for me. I love the lifestyle, the office, the thrill of running a large dynamic company, of helping girls who were just like me. It was never about a large payout.

But still... It could be a nice chunk of money. It may even be a life-changing amount. That’s how distracted I am with Mr. Raven. I can’t even focus on my new potential windfall right now.

He’s standing across the large conference room by the head of the table. That lawyer he brought is talking to him, but he doesn’t seem to be paying any attention to her. His possessive eyes are locked on me, cutting across the room like we’re the only two people in here.

A shiver ripples up my spine. *Are my cheeks going red again? Shit, they are.*

Aisha returns and stands in front of me, blocking the intimidating yet sensual view of Mr. Raven eye-fucking me.

“Aisha, I have to tell you something,” I whisper as I grab her arm.

“You’re quitting?” she asks with her face dropping. “I mean, I don’t blame you after getting a payout, but... This place won’t be the same without you.”

Awwww.

“No, I’m not quitting,” I tell her. At least, I don’t think I am. “I just... I have to tell someone.”

“What is it?”

“Me and Mr. Raven,” I say, not quite believing it even though I was there. “We kissed.”

Her eyebrow goes up. “How much champagne did you have?”

“I’m serious,” I say as I tighten my grip on her arm. “In my office. He saw the lingerie catalogue on my desk and then we kissed.”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa,” she says, waving her hand between us. “That’s a pretty big jump. How exactly did you go from catalogue on desk to lip-locked with our new boss?”

“I don’t even know,” I say. It’s all a blur in my mind. I’m still not quite sure I didn’t hallucinate the whole thing. I mean, why would he be interested in me? Seriously?!

Aisha casually glances over her shoulder at our new boss. He’s still staring at me. She turns back around with a grin.

“That man is eye-fucking the shit out of you.”

“I know!” I nearly shriek. “I don’t get it.”

“What’s not to get?” she says, looking at me funny. “You’re a total badass. You started this company from scratch. You’re the sweetest, smartest, funniest person I know. And you look hot as fuck in this pantsuit. Hell, I’d make out with you and I’m not even attracted to girls.”

I roll my eyes. “Come on, Aisha. He could have any girl he wants. I have acne scars all over my face, what’s he looking at me for?”

She frowns, giving me a nasty look. “Don’t talk about my friend like that,” she warns. “You are fucking beautiful.”

I shake my head as I glance over at him. Maybe I did hallucinate it...

Linda comes over, already tipsy from all the champagne she’s been downing. She throws a heavy arm on my shoulder and gives me a wet kiss on the cheek.

“We did it, Kyra,” she says, spraying the side of my face with spittle. “We sold it. The next phase of our lives starts now.”

I’m watching Mr. Raven through the corner of my eye. It kind of feels like the next phase of my life is starting, but not for the reasons she’s talking about.

My whole life is about to change dramatically. Either I get fired from my position or I remain here, but the entire office atmosphere will be different with Mr. Raven running things. For one, I'll be wearing lingerie every day under my work clothes. For what reason, I can't possibly fathom, but that's what the new boss wants and I'm not about to disobey a direct command from the powerful man.

"So," Linda whispers into my ear as she squeezes me a little tighter. "Don't you want to know how much you're getting?"

I'm keeping my eye on Mr. Raven as I take a sip of champagne.

"Twenty-three million dollars."

I spit out my champagne and then start choking loudly as my eyes water and the inside of my nostrils burn. *Twenty-three million dollars?!? What the fuck?!*

I wasn't expecting that at all. I didn't really think about it, so in the back of my head I was going to get like a few hundred thousand dollars or something. Not this much. She's The Sun had to take on multiple rounds of investors over the years and I just kind of assumed that Linda's ownership position had been severely diluted over the years. I didn't realize... Twenty-three million?! What the hell?

Everyone is looking at me as I wipe my mouth with the back of my hand. Mr. Raven never takes his eyes off me, which is humiliating. He must have seen the whole thing. I just keep digging myself deeper and deeper into this never-ending hole of embarrassment and shame.

"Excuse me," I mutter as I hurry into my office to clean up and gather myself.

I'm a mess of emotions and swirling thoughts. My hot boss seems to have a crush on me for some reason, I'm suddenly a deca-millionaire, and I'm dripping with champagne.

I sit at my desk and pull some napkins out of my drawer. I take a deep breath, wipe myself down, and look at the photo of me and Linda on the wall.

We did it. We actually did it.

Now that the shock has worn off a little, pride and excitement take its place. My heart hums in my chest as I remember all of the work, all of the struggles, all of the obstacles we overcame.

The door slowly creeps open and my eyes dart up just in time to see Mr. Raven walking in.

“Are you alright?” he asks in that thick rich voice that sends tingles shooting down my spine. He’s so hot in that fitted navy blue suit, crisp white shirt, dark gray tie, and shiny black shoes. His wavy brown hair is styled perfectly to the side. There’s not an inch on him that’s out of place.

“I am, thank you,” I say, feeling my cheeks turning red. He’s looking so perfect, and here I am a total mess.

Those dark brown eyes are focused right on me. He’s so intense. I love it.

“I will be touring the factory tomorrow,” he says as he smooths out his tie. “I’d like you to join me.”

“Like a date?” I blurt out.

I close my eyes and drop my head in horror. “I’m sorry about that, sir,” I quickly say. “I didn’t mean... That was inappropriate. I’m normally quite professional.”

“Yes,” he says. “Like a date.”

My eyes dart up to his and he’s got a slight grin on his perfect face.

“Sounds fun,” I say with a smile. “I’ll be there.”

“Should I meet you there or should I have my driver pick you up?”

Driving alone with Mr. Raven? The thought of being alone with him in the back of a car is making my pulse race for some reason.

“I won’t say no to a ride,” I say.

“Perfect,” he says with a sparkle in his eye. “I’ll pick you up at nine a.m.”

He lingers by the door.

“Is there anything else I can do for you, Mr. Raven?” I ask, noticing that my voice is an octave deeper than it normally is. “Anything at all?”

“Yes, actually.”

I swallow hard as he turns around and closes the door. He flicks the lock and the *click* is deafening in my pounding head.

He walks over to the two chairs in front of my desk and slowly peels off his jacket. My eyes dart all over his muscular arms and chest as he slowly folds it and rests it on the back of the seat like he’s giving me my own personal peep show.

I can’t take my eyes off him—heart thumping on overdrive—as he slides out his cufflinks and rolls his crisp white sleeves up his thick forearms.

“I’m afraid I’ve been acting inappropriately, Miss Black,” he says as he sits down in a chair, those heated eyes gazing at me over the desk. “I don’t normally kiss my employees.”

“I don’t normally kiss my bosses,” I say with a chuckle. “But that could be because the only boss I’ve ever had was my aunt and she’s not my type.”

“Let’s start over,” he says. “On a more professional level.”

Oh, so I was right. He’s not interested.

“Okay,” I say as I stand up and smooth out my jacket, trying to hide my disappointment. “More professional. That’s fine with me.”

I walk around the desk and put my hand out for a shake.

“Hello, Mr. Raven, I’m Kyra Black.”

He takes my hand and goosebumps rise along my arms. Our heated eyes are locked on one another as we shake, neither of us wanting to let go.

“This is better,” I say with a thickness in my throat.

“Mmhm,” he moans as his eyes roam down my body. My eyes roam down his and a little whimper pops out of my throat when I spot his long hard erection running along his leg.

“Professional... is... better,” I whisper as I stare at it, unable to look away.

Every inch of my body is craving that long hard rod. My mouth waters. My fingertips tingle. Every part of me wants to get on my knees and please

my new boss.

My pussy is *throbbing*. I feel sticky heat seeping into my panties as I slowly look back into his eyes.

“Do you see something you like?” he asks in a deep sensual voice.

My head slowly nods up and down.

“Get on your knees,” he commands.

My body follows. It reacts on its own accord. It obeys every word from this powerful man.

I drop to my knees with my body on fire. My unblinking eyes are locked on his crotch.

“Take it out.”

I swallow hard as I reach forward and grab his soft leather belt. He sucks in a breath and holds it in as I pull the belt through the buckle and then pull down his zipper.

“That’s it,” he says, nodding in approval with his dark eyes on my chest. “Now, reach in and pull it out.”

I squeeze my thighs together, feeling the wet heat as I reach into his pants and underwear. He moans as I wrap my hand around his hard thick meaty shaft.

I don’t know what the fuck I’m doing. This is so not like me.

The whole office is outside right now. I can hear their muffled voices talking and laughing down the hall. And here I am, on my knees in front of Mr. Raven with my hand wrapped around his big rock hard dick.

I gasp in shock as I tug his big dick and it pops out in front of my face. It’s so massive. So beautiful. I stare in awe at his beautiful cock as he watches me with an intensity that has my pussy *aching*.

“That’s my girl,” he whispers. “Look how hard you’re making your boss.”

I’ve never done this before. I’ve seen it, in a couple of porn videos, but I’ve never held one in my hand. It’s bigger than I thought it would be and it’s

making me react in a way I wasn't expecting.

My nipples harden in my bra as I give the thick base a firm squeeze. I'm so wet. My soaked pussy is on fire as I look up at Mr. Raven and see his eyes all dark with lust as he watches me. He's breathing heavily—that big muscular chest heaving up and down.

“Put it in your mouth,” he commands in a husky tone.

Heat sears through me as I lean down and open my mouth. He moans as I slide his cock between my lips. That big swollen head stretches my mouth wide—wider than anything I've ever felt before.

“That's it,” he groans as I push him in deeper, moaning as his firm shaft slides along my tongue.

I take him in until my eyes suddenly start watering and I choke from reflex. I pull back, sliding my mouth off him as I catch my breath and regain my composure.

“Sorry,” I whisper as I wipe my wet mouth with the back of my hand. My other hand is still clenched around his thick base. I'm not letting that go just yet. “It's just... you're so big.”

“You're doing great, Kyra,” he says in a low voice as he slides his hand into my hair. “Go as slow as you need to. It all feels incredible.”

I look down at his hard dick and lick my lips as a bead of pre-cum spills out of the tiny slit on his head. I take him into my mouth again and moan as I taste his salty essence.

He keeps his hand in my hair, cupping my head as he guides me up and down his length. I get wetter and hornier as I suck this powerful man's big cock, wanting nothing more than to please him. I want him to cum in my mouth. I want to make him moan.

I squeeze my lips around him as I move my head up and down, moaning on his hot skin. He's all slick from my saliva, so I start moving my clenched hand up and down with my mouth, jacking his big cock off while I suck him hard.

His grip tightens in my hair. He hisses out a breath. He's close...

I can feel it. I'm already so in tune with his body.

"Yes," he moans in a whisper as I suck his dick harder, faster... I'm sliding my tight lips up and down him, and ignoring the pain whenever he hits the back of my throat.

His chest and arms flex. His back arches off the seat. He grits his teeth and lets out a low savage growl as he releases in my mouth.

Hot cum surges out of him. I moan in ecstasy as it shoots into my mouth. I swallow every drop of his seed down as my pussy aches for his touch.

"*Oh, fuck,*" he groans as he watches me moving up and down his length, desperately trying to get every last drop out.

I pull him out with a *pop* and look down at his wet shiny dick as my heart pounds. It's so beautiful. So masculine. I want to do that all over again. I want to rip off my wet panties, sink down on it, and feel the strength of it as he stretches me out.

We look at each other, neither of us knowing what just happened.

The suddenness of it... The intensity of it...

Where do we go from here?

There's a sudden knock on the door and I spring up with my pulse racing.

Mr. Raven slides his beautiful dick back into his pants and quickly straps his belt back on.

"Who is it?" I ask in a voice I barely recognize.

"Linda," my aunt answers as she slides her key into the lock.

"Shit," I mutter as I race around the desk and leap into my seat so hard it rolls across the floor.

The door opens as I grab onto the corner of my desk and pull myself back.

"I should have known you two were in here," she says with a knowing smile.

Were we that obvious out there? Oh shit, does the whole office know?

“It’s supposed to be a party and you two work addicts can’t turn it off,” she says with her tipsy laugh. “Come join in the fun!”

“I’m just getting to know Kyra better,” Brandon says. “She’s got a quick tongue.”

My eyes go wide as Linda laughs. “Yeah, she’s always full of wit, that one.”

“We’ll be there in a second,” I say as I shoot Brandon a dirty look. He’s grinning at me.

Linda leaves the door open as she wanders back into the office.

“Tomorrow morning,” Brandon says as he stands up and fixes his jacket. “Nine a.m. We’ll visit the factory, and it will be my turn to show you *my* quick tongue.”

I stare at him speechlessly as he shoots me a sexy grin before walking out the door.

Chapter Seven

Brandon

“**A**nd this is where we keep the compounds for mixing,” the floor supervisor Greg says as I walk over with Kyra. He shows us the materials, droning on about each one, but it’s impossible to focus with my girl beside me. She’s stealing all of my attention in that white short-sleeve blouse and tight black skirt.

I look over at her as Greg struggles to open a big jug of glycerine.

She looks up at me shyly under those long lashes. Her hands are clasped in front of her and I fight back a groan as I remember how good they felt wrapped around my hard cock.

The sight of her on her knees, pleasuring me, silky mouth sliding up and down my firm shaft, excited look in her eyes... I’ll never forget it. It was the sexiest sight I’ve ever seen.

I still don’t know what came over me yesterday. Talking to her like that. Being so brazen. Speaking my mind. It’s like this incredible woman has removed the filter from my brain.

“That’s some high-quality glycerine,” Greg says when he finally gets it

open and shows us. It looks like regular clear liquid to me. “The best in the biz.”

We continue along the production line where the workers are putting labels on the containers. I’m just waiting for a chance to get my girl alone again.

Finally, it comes.

“Greg!” someone calls out across the factory floor. “Phone call.”

“Take a message,” he calls back. “I’m showing the new boss around.”

“No, you go,” I quickly say. “I insist. It could be important.”

Greg scratches his balding head as he looks at me. “Are you sure? I can just call them back later.”

“Go,” I say in my most commanding tone. “Miss Black will finish the tour for me.”

“Okay,” Greg mutters, looking upset that his opportunity to impress the new boss is over. His shoulders slump down as he walks away.

I turn to Kyra’s gorgeous face. Her eyes widen a little as she looks up at me.

“You want me to finish the tour?” she asks with a swallow.

“Yes,” I say, grinning down at her. “I want you to show me *everything*.”

“Okay,” she says in a breathless tone. “Follow me.”

She takes me through the shipping area where there are about a dozen men loading boxes onto trucks. They all turn toward her and either nod, smile, or say hello. I grit my teeth as possessive anger rips through me. *She’s mine*, I want to scream at them. I want them to know she’s all mine.

“Let’s go somewhere more private,” I say as my blood boils.

We leave the shipping area and continue walking into the basement down a long empty hall. She suddenly stops and turns to me. She takes a deep breath.

“I don’t know what came over me yesterday,” she says as she looks into my eyes with a firm look. “I can assure you that I am normally quite

professional when I'm not... sabotaging a multi-million dollar sale and..."

"Sucking your boss' cock in your office?"

Her cheeks flare as she looks up at me with her eyes widening.

"Yes," she finally says when she gets over the shock of hearing my dirty words. "I'll be better. I'll do better. It won't happen again."

I lean in close. Her delicious perfume hits my nose and it makes me ache with need. "Are you sure that's what you want?"

She doesn't look sure. That fierce determination is cracking. Her defiance is disintegrating the closer I get.

"I'll be professional from now on," she says as those sexy eyes drop to my mouth.

"Professional?"

"Yes... totally... professional." She can't seem to take her eyes off my lips. It's like she's mesmerized by them.

"So," I say in a low deep voice, "if I kissed you..." I brush the pad of my thumb over her lips and she lets out an involuntary moan. "You wouldn't kiss me back?"

"I... I don't..." She's breathing so heavily as she gazes at my mouth with her chin tilting up. "We can... try..."

I lean down and take her mouth, putting my sexy girl out of her misery. Her arms wrap around my neck as I slide my tongue into her mouth and taste her sweetness again.

She moans on my tongue as I reach up and cup her face. I'm not letting this girl slip away. She opens her soft lips wider and it takes everything I have to go slow and gentle.

"You still want to be professional?" I ask on her lips. Her eyes are slick with arousal as she looks up at me with a desperate look. "Or, do you want me to kiss you again?"

She grabs my tie and yanks my mouth onto hers. I kiss her hard as I tumble forward and she tumbles back. She slams into the wall, but that sexy

little mouth doesn't stop moving on mine. She's moaning and whimpering as she pulls my tie so hard I might choke.

My erection is digging into her. She's rolling her hips and grinding against it. I'm going to fucking die...

"Professional is overrated," I say as I slide my hand between her legs. The skin on her inner thighs is so soft. She moans as I drag my hand up, bunching her skirt, until I finally arrive at her hot wet sex. I cup her pussy with my hand and she deepens the kiss.

"So fucking overrated," she moans as I massage her little cunt. I find her hard clit and start rubbing it with my finger. Her head rolls back onto the wall as she moans deeply. She's looking at me with her eyelids falling closed.

"Is your pussy always this wet?" I growl as I feel the wetness seeping through the thin material.

"When you're around it is," she moans.

I lean over her and kiss her neck as I peel her panties to the side and run my fingers along her silky wet slit. My mouth waters for a taste of this sweet little cunt, but we're in the middle of the hallway, so that will have to wait until later.

She shivers as I slide a finger inside her tight hole. Her pussy is squeezing my finger so hard that I suck in a breath as the realization hits.

"Are you... a virgin?"

Her eyes dart open and she looks at me with an embarrassed look. Those gorgeous cheeks are turning red, which just makes me want her even more.

"I... A... Yes."

My lips curl up into a grin as she watches me, gauging my reaction.

"That's my good girl," I whisper. "Your man is here. The wait is over."

I slide my finger in deeper and she grabs fistfuls of my jacket with a moan. She buries her face into my chest and shivers as I start sliding it in and out, imagining how amazing this little virgin cunt is going to feel wrapped around my hard cock.

I press the heel of my palm against her clit and rock her back and forth, fingering her in the hallway until her legs start trembling.

She pulls me into her and fights back a scream as she cums all over my hand. Warm cream oozes onto my palm as I stroke her softly, my raging cock straining against the inside of my pants. It's trying to tear its way out to get to this juicy little cunt.

"*Oh, fuck,*" she moans as she drops her back against the wall and looks at me with half-closed eyes. "That was... *incredible.*"

I don't want to move my hand, but I do when she grabs my wrist and gently pulls it away. I keep my eyes locked on hers as I bring my dripping wet finger to my mouth and suck it clean.

Her body shivers again as she pulls down her skirt and takes a deep breath. She stands up on her shaky legs and tries to compose herself. She takes another deep breath and then smooths her hair back.

I've rocked her. I can tell.

The way she's looking at me now. The way that sexy little body keeps leaning toward me.

She wants more...

And as soon as we get back to the office, I'm going to give her more.

I'm going to give her *everything*.

Chapter Eight

Brandon

“**T**his package came for you,” the receptionist says to Kyra when we return to the corporate office. She hands over a box and I sneak a peek at the label—*Abigail’s Lingerie*.

My breath quickens as I watch her grab it with her adorable cheeks blushing.

“That’s for... a... work purposes. Obviously.” She gives the confused receptionist a curt nod and then looks up at me shyly.

I *have* to see her in that lingerie.

As soon as fucking possible.

“Excuse me!” I call out to the entire office. “Can I have everyone’s attention?”

Heads pop up from behind all of the cubicle walls and people step out of their offices as I call out to everyone again.

“What are you doing?” Kyra whispers beside me.

“The Hammerhead Group has a tradition,” I tell them in a loud booming voice. “Whenever we acquire a new company, we give all the new employees

the afternoon off.”

Smiles break out on faces and an excited chatter fills the large open room.

“It’s a little welcome gift and a means to show our appreciation,” I say as Kyra watches me curiously. “So, as of now, you are all dismissed. Enjoy the rest of your afternoon doing whatever you like. The only rule is, you can’t stay here.”

The simmering excitement boils over as people get up, talk, make plans with each other, and race to the door.

“So, I can go?” Kyra asks, looking at me with a challenging look.

“Not you, Miss Black,” I tell her as people hurry by us, thanking me as they go. “I have plans for you.”

The place empties pretty fast. We stay at the door, smiling and wishing everyone a good afternoon as they leave. Pretty soon, the floor is empty.

It’s just me, my stunning CEO, and a box of skimpy lingerie.

“Is that really a Hammerhead tradition?” Kyra asks, looking up at me skeptically.

“No,” I say with a slow shake of my head.

She swallows hard as those light greenish-gray eyes fill with intrigue and arousal.

“What do you have planned for us?” she asks.

I take the box from her, tear it open, and pull out the silky black lingerie inside.

“This,” I say as I hand it to her. “Put it on for me.”

“Here?”

“Not here. In my new office.”

“You mean Linda’s old office?”

I nod. I’m the boss now. It’s mine.

I walk over to the front door and snap the lock into place. I don’t want anyone returning. I want this sexy little angel all to myself.

“I’ll be at my desk,” I tell her in a firm voice. “Be in my office in ten

minutes wearing that, and only that.”

She gulps as she looks at the silky material in her hands while I walk away with my cock hardening in anticipation.

Chapter Nine

Kyra

I can't believe I'm actually doing this...

My pulse is racing as I hurry down the hallway toward Brandon's office. I'm wearing my blouse and skirt, but the lacy lingerie is hugging my skin underneath my outfit.

I'm already so wet thinking about Brandon seeing me like this. The way he was kissing me in the hallway... The way he was touching me...

I shiver from the memory of cumming on his strong skilled hand.

I peek into every room I pass, but they're all empty. We have the place to ourselves.

My chest is fluttering and my breath quickens when I arrive at the door. I knock as I push it open.

"Mr. Raven," I say in a sultry voice. "You wanted to see me?"

"Come in," he growls from behind the desk.

Oh, boy...

He's so unbelievably sexy. Those intense dark eyes are fully focused on me as I walk in with a little sway in my hips. He looks like he's going to tear

off my clothes and fuck me over the desk at any moment.

My pussy throbs as he slowly stands up.

“Close the door.”

I close it and lock it too just in case any stragglers remain in the building. I don't want anyone to walk in and see what's about to happen.

He shakes his head in disappointment as he looks me up and down. “A bit overdressed, are we?”

I swallow hard as he comes right up to me. He's so tall. So big. He towers over me with that large muscular frame.

“This is my office now,” he says as he slowly drags the back of his hand up my cheek. “I make the rules, remember?”

Warm shivers ripple through me from his touch. God, I want those hands on me...

A heavy moan escapes my lips as he drags his hand down my neck and over my collarbone. He slides two fingers into the neckline of my blouse and gently pulls it over my shoulder, revealing the lacy black straps of the lingerie underneath.

“That's my girl,” he whispers when he sees it. “Now, follow your boss' orders and take your skirt and blouse off.”

“Why me?” I ask. It just blurts out of me. I just have to know why this amazing gorgeous man is interested in me and my scarred face. He could have anyone he wants. Why is he choosing me?

He grabs my chin in his firm hand and tilts my face up until I'm looking into his beautiful brown eyes. “Because you're mine,” he says in a deep voice. “You were made for me, just like I was made for you.”

“You think we're...”

“Soulmates,” he finishes. “I know it. I knew it the second I took those boxes from you and saw your perfect face.”

“I know you're lying now,” I whisper, turning away with my cheeks burning. “My face is not perfect.”

His grip tightens on my chin and he turns my head back until I'm looking into his eyes again. "You're the most perfect woman I've ever seen, Kyra. I've never met anyone like you."

"You don't mind my... scars?"

He runs the back of his hand over them as he slowly shakes his head.

"They're beautiful," he whispers. "They're a part of you. A part of your history. A part of what makes you so strong. You're stunning, Kyra. Every inch of you."

I grab his jacket and pull his mouth to my lips. He kisses me as my body boils into a frenzy. I *want* this man. I *need* this man. *Now*.

His strong hands pull up my blouse until it slides out of my skirt. I want him to see me now. I want him to see me in the lingerie *and* with it off.

It's a lacy bra and high-cut lacy underwear—all black. It has so many straps that I was looking for a manual in the box to explain how to put it on. It took me a while, but I finally figured it out. Hopefully, Brandon won't have nearly as much trouble when he takes it off.

I lift up my arms, yank my mouth away for the second it takes him to pull my blouse over my head, and then I lunge back onto his mouth. I shove my tongue down his throat as those sexy hands slide my skirt's zipper down my ass. It becomes loose around me and with a shake of my hips, it falls to my ankles.

Brandon pulls back to admire his handiwork, to admire me. I place a hand on his big muscular chest and push him back until his ass hits the desk.

"What do you think, Mr. Raven?" I ask as I give him a sexy pose. "Am I qualified for the job?"

He licks his lips as he looks me up and down with a heated gaze. "You're qualified," he says as he runs a hand through his hair. "You're perfect for what I have in mind."

I strut up to him, slide my hands under his jacket, and pull it back over his hard round shoulders. It glides off his arms and falls to the floor.

“Clumsy little me,” I say in a flirty tone as I bend over to pick it up. That strong hand palms my ass and my pussy pulses in response.

His hand stays on my ass as I stand back up and toss his jacket on the chair.

He’s got a wild, hungry look in his eyes as he stares down at me. “On the desk,” he growls. “*Sit.*”

I quickly hop on the desk and he drops to his knees in front of me. I gasp as he grabs my legs with a firm grip and pries them open.

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit...

With a hungry moan, he comes forward and drags his nose up my tingling mound. He looks at me with those devastating eyes and then kisses my pussy softly.

“You’re mine,” he growls as he slides his finger into the waistband of my panties and pulls them to the side, revealing my aching pussy.

He just stares at it in awe for a long moment while I stare back at him. I’m breathless. I’m frozen. I can’t do anything until his soft lips are on me. My whole body aches with every second he waits. I’m *dying* for it...

His hot breath washes over my wet folds and I let out a loud desperate moan. Even the air coming out of this man is too intense for me.

I grip the edge of the desk as I lie back and watch him with my breath trapped in my chest. He lunges forward like he can’t hold himself back any longer and drags his hot flat tongue up my slit. I cry out so loud it surprises me as I feel the heat of his tongue dragging up my most sensitive area.

His tongue lingers on my throbbing clit, teasing and playing with it and driving me crazy. My legs shake from the intensity.

The deep moaning starts. It comes out of me like thunderous rumbling as the sensation becomes overwhelming. It becomes too good to be true.

He slides his expert tongue down to my opening and teases me with it, tracing my virgin hole before plunging it deep inside. I buck on the desk.

“*Oh Brandon,*” I moan as he licks me everywhere with his hot tongue,

exploring every fold and crevice of my pussy. I melt into the pleasure. I succumb to the bliss. It feels so damn good.

He hits a sensitive spot and my legs close around his head. Hard impatient fingers dig into my thighs. He never stops moving that hot beautiful tongue as he spreads my legs wide open again.

When he latches onto my clit with his lips, the pressure begins to build. He never lets up, licking and sucking and fingering my pussy. My eyes squeeze shut. My mouth opens. I cling to the desk as the pressure becomes unbearable.

I'm going to cum.

I'm going to cum all over Mr. Raven's perfect mouth.

My hips begin rolling to the rhythm of his tongue. I'm grinding my pussy against his lips as he pulls me to his face, those big strong arms wrapped around my legs.

The pressure *squeezes* inside me. It's all I can focus on. *It's coming... I'm going to cum...*

I scream his name as the pressure snaps and a flood of heat surges through every inch of my body, drowning me in intense pleasure.

He pulls me against his mouth as my pussy pulses and constricts, cumming on this perfect man for the second time today.

Spots fill my vision. Tears stream down my cheeks. My toes curl as he continues to lick me relentlessly.

I'm shaking like a leaf when he finally pulls away, looking at me with those sexy brown eyes.

He wipes his slick mouth as he gets up, standing between my legs.

My heart is pounding as I watch him, wondering what he's going to do next.

He never takes his eyes off me as he unravels the knot on his tie and pulls it off his thick neck. My breath quickens as he tosses it onto the chair and then begins to work on his buttons. He flicks each one out of his shirt and

with every one that opens, a few inches of skin becomes visible.

The line separating his hard muscular pecs shows first, then his hard shredded abs. I'm throbbing all over by the time he gets to the last one and he yanks his shirt open.

Beautiful muscles ripple and clench as he peels off his shirt and lets it fall to the ground. I knew he was built from how he looked in that suit, but I didn't realize he was so cut. His six-pack is so perfect that my fingertips tingle with the desire to trace the deep valleys between each ab.

His arms flex as he reaches for his belt. Those bulging biceps... Good lord. This man is way too fucking hot for his own good.

He slips his leather belt out and that's when I see his long hard cock pressing out against his pants. My mouth waters when I see it. My pussy pulses with need.

I just want it in me. *Anywhere.*

A warm tremble ripples through me as he drops his pants and pulls out his long hard beautiful dick.

Heaven, here I come...

Chapter Ten

Brandon

This angel's lustful eyes are locked on my hard cock as I stroke it up and down. I kick off my pants and step between her legs, gazing down at her pretty little virgin cunt. It's soaked with need.

Knowing she's been a good girl and that there's an intact cherry waiting for me to claim is making the wait torturous.

"Are you ready to give me that cherry?" I growl as I grab her lacy black panties. She lets out a little whimper as I yank them down her legs and toss them across the room. I don't want anything in the way. I don't want anything blocking the view of my cock sliding into her for the first time.

"Yes," she moans with her body swaying on the desk. She's as desperate for it as I am.

"Good," I growl as I grab my cock and press my thick head to her tight opening. She sucks in a breath as I add a little bit of pressure.

I'm not wearing a condom. No fucking way. I want my raw cock penetrating this pussy *deep*. I want to unload into her womb and *breed* her sexy little body.

Just the thought of my child growing inside her is making me want to get this done fast.

But I take a deep breath and force myself to go slow. For her, but also for me. This is the only time I'll be able to fuck her virgin cunt and I want it to last. I want to enjoy every second of it.

I run my hard shaft up her slit, parting her folds and making her moan. Her warm honey coats my veined skin.

“You're mine forever, angel,” I tell her. “You know that, right?”

She nods her head as she lays down on the desk, watching me with arousal in her eyes.

“I'm never letting you go,” I tell her as I pull her forward and then slide my head back down to her opening.

“Oh, fuck,” I moan as I push my head into her and her pussy clamps down on me. I knew she was going to be tight, but I didn't expect her to be this fucking tight.

I grit my teeth as I push in another inch, feeling the tight squeeze of her wet silky walls engulfing me. She feels so fucking good. It's all I can focus on.

Her body stiffens and she lets out a little gasp when I arrive at her cherry. I look at her one last time before I take her innocence forever.

I'll never forget this moment. Ever.

The way she's lying there and looking up at me with such trust and anticipation. The way her dark golden brown hair is splayed out on the desk. The way her pretty pink pussy looks wrapped around my shaft. The way she's massaging her tits that are still hidden behind that black bra.

I burn it all into my memory forever and then I take a deep breath and thrust forward.

Her back arches and she lets out a scream as I slide into her heat, burying my hard cock in her cunt until her clit hits my pelvis.

I hold myself inside her and focus on the heat, on the tightness, on the

beautiful feeling of being deep inside my girl's virgin body.

Her breathing quickens as she tries to get used to my size. The poor girl's hands are squeezed into fists.

I'm a size magnum and she's finding out just how large that really is.

"You're doing amazing, baby," I whisper as I lean over her and start kissing her neck.

I kiss a trail down her chest and then yank her lingerie down, freeing her beautiful tits. Her nipples are rock hard and pointing at the ceiling. I take one in my mouth as I cup her other breast, all while her pussy tries to get accustomed to having my thick cock inside it.

I focus on her naked breasts until her hips start moving and she's grinding her clit against me. Her pussy is still *extremely* tight, but she seems ready to go.

"That's my good girl," I whisper as I stand back up and grab her legs. I pull her into position and then start rocking my hips back and forth, slow at first, but it's not long before I can't hold back and I'm fucking her with long hard strokes.

She whimpers and moans as her body rocks back and forth on the desk, those beautiful little tits swaying to the rhythm of my cock.

I was planning on being slow and gentle, but that plan is out the fucking window. I can barely control myself.

"You like this, baby?" I growl as I fuck her harder and faster. Her hot pussy juice sprays onto me with every powerful thrust. Pens roll off the desk. A stack of papers falls over. I can't get enough of this girl.

"I love it," she moans. "Don't stop. *Please*, don't stop."

I grin as I give it to her. I look up at the view of the city sprawled out all around us, but it's not long before my eyes are right back on her naked body. The view down here is way better than anything Manhattan has to offer.

When I see her pink virgin cream on my shaft, all I can think about is breeding her. I yank my cock out and turn her around with rough hands. She

whimpers as I bend her over the desk and shove my hard cock back into her.

The black straps of the lingerie are running all over her body, crisscrossing along her back. I grab onto a strap with one hand and grab a handful of her ass with the other while I pump in and out of her juicy cunt.

“*Oh, Brandon,*” she moans. “*Oh, Mr. Raven, your dick is so good.*”

I grin as I thrust in deep, trying to get my hard cock as close to her waiting womb as I can.

The desk inches across the floor, groaning with every hard thrust I give this perfect angel.

It’s not long before her pussy is tightening around me and I know she’s about to go off. I grab her hips and hold her in place, slamming my dick into her harder and harder as she gets closer and closer.

She suddenly throws her head back and screams as the orgasm overtakes her. Her body jerks and convulses on the desk, and her virgin pussy clamps down tighter than ever. The hot, tight, milking sensation of her cunt yanks a fierce orgasm right out of me.

I roar like a savage as I thrust in deep and release. Her body is shaking when I cum inside her, releasing the seed that’s been building all damn day.

I imagine it filling her womb as I cling to her waist, the heat surging through my body like a fiery tornado.

Just when I think I’ve emptied every drop, my cock jolts, and some more leaks into her.

She takes it all. This woman is so amazing.

I’m still trying to catch my breath when I pull out of her a few minutes later.

Kyra lays on the desk—bare ass in the air—with her eyes closed. I take a long look at her, admiring her beauty and the way she’s no longer shy around me.

Her puffy little red pussy is in full view and she’s not trying to hide it.

She’s no longer a virgin, but she’s still all mine.

I'm never letting this girl go. We're going to be together forever.
In work and in life.
Just how soulmates are supposed to be.

Chapter Eleven

Brandon

“Welcome, Miss Black,” I say as Kyra walks into the huge conference room at The Hammerhead Group headquarters. I’m surrounded by all of my executives, who are mostly family. None of them know that I’m in love with this woman.

But even if I wasn’t, the same thing would be happening. My love for her doesn’t affect my business decision at all.

“Hello,” Kyra says with a confident nod. She looks around the table, smiling at everyone as she walks over to the only empty seat. It’s beside me. I made sure of that.

My breath quickens when I get a whiff of her perfume. We’ve been together for two weeks now, so my body immediately reacts to that delicious smell. I have to take a deep breath and calm myself down, trying to tell my body that it’s not time for *that*.

“Hello, Mr. Raven,” she says with a sexy little smile as she turns in her seat and looks at me.

God, I love her. My obsession with this beauty has only grown over the

past two weeks. It's rooted deep in me now. I don't think it will ever go away.

"Miss Black," I say, grinning at her.

"I remember you," my older brother Oscar says as he points at her. "You're from that strange company with all of the weird models. What's the name again? She's The Beach?"

Kyra stares him down with narrowed eyes. "She's The Sun."

"Oh, right! That's it."

I take a deep breath, trying to calm the furious storm raging inside me as I stare at my idiot brother. "Oscar was just leaving."

He tilts his head in confusion as he looks at me. "No, I wasn't."

"Yes, you were," I say in a sharp tone while glaring at him. "I need you to supervise the mail room in the basement."

He scoffs. "We closed that mail room over ten years ago. There's nothing down there but rats and cobwebs."

"And you're going to go down there and supervise them. *Now.*"

My cousins and other siblings chuckle as he slams his hands on the desk and gets up like a sullen teenager who was just told to go to his room.

"This is bullshit," he mutters as he shuffles out of the room with his shoulders slumped.

"Every family has a black sheep," I say to our distinguished guest. "Please, don't pay him any mind. We all know he's an idiot."

My sister Sadie laughs. "We actually *love* what you did with She's The Sun," she says as she leans over the table toward Kyra. "I *love* your products. I use them all!"

"It was Sadie who introduced She's The Sun to me in the first place," I tell her.

Kyra smiles at her. "Thank you so much."

"Thank *you*," she says. "After this meeting, I'd love to pick your brain over a coffee."

“Definitely,” Kyra says, looking around at all of the smiling faces. “Does this mean that I’m not getting fired?”

“Fired?” I say, turning in my seat to face her. “You thought you were getting fired? All this time?”

She shrugs as those adorable cheeks blush a crimson color.

“You’re not here so we can fire you, Kyra,” I say. “You’re here so we can offer you a promotion.”

“A promotion? Really?!”

Everyone smiles at her from around the table. I told them my plan before the meeting (except for Oscar) and they were all on board with the new vision that Kyra is going to help bring to the beauty-related side of our portfolio. Well, that is, if she takes the job. That massive check her aunt gave her cleared, so she doesn’t need the money anymore.

But I know that my girl is driven by more than just money. This runs deeper for her. It’s her calling in life. That’s why she’s perfect for the job.

I love that she’s so driven. I adore her strength, resilience, and determination. She’s the most amazing person I’ve ever met.

I take a deep breath and turn to her. “We would like you to become the new director of The Hammerhead Group’s beauty-related division. You would be in charge of all eighteen companies. We would like you to take the natural beauty vision you had for She’s The Sun and bring it to all eighteen companies.”

Her mouth opens as she stares at me in shock.

“What do you think?” Sadie asks.

“I think, hell yeah!” Kyra answers with a huge smile.

Fuck, yes! She’s going to be working here in the office with me every single day. We’ll be able to drive in together, go out for lunch every day, and I’ll be able to see her whenever I want. It will be perfect.

“But if I’m going to do it,” she says with determination in her voice. “I want to do it *my way*.”

“No one will interfere with your vision,” I promise her. “It will be yours to run however you see fit. All of the CEOs will answer directly to you.”

She folds her hands onto her lap and leans into my ear. “Did you tell them?” she whispers.

“Tell us what?” Sadie asks.

“We’re together,” I tell them.

“What do you mean?” Sadie asks. “Like *together* together?”

I grab my girl’s hand, thread my fingers through hers, and put our clasped hands on the table. “I’m in love with this woman,” I tell them. “I’m marrying her one day.”

They all look to Kyra for confirmation. She’s smiling shyly as she shrugs her shoulders. “It’s true.”

It’s no longer a business meeting, but a family celebration as everyone bursts out of their chairs and comes over to congratulate us.

“I’ve been trying to set him up for so long!” Sadie says as she hugs me. “We’re definitely getting that coffee now!”

“Okay!” she says with a big grin. “Let’s do it!”

I’m filled with such happiness that I’m having a hard time believing it’s real as I watch Kyra being absorbed into my company *and* into my family at the same time.

It’s been two weeks and this woman has already changed my life in so many ways.

I’ve never felt so happy. So complete.

She makes life exciting.

I’m looking forward to everything with this amazing woman.

And it starts now.

Epilogue

Kyra

One Year Later...

“**M**iss Black, what do you think of these?” Natalie asks as she shows me the photos from yesterday’s photoshoot.

“Love that model,” I say as I look them over. She looks like she could be the girl next door or sitting in front of you in a college class. She has natural beauty. *Exactly* what I’m going for. “Did you pick her out?”

“I did!” Natalie says with a big proud smile.

I smile back at her. “Great job!”

I’m about to keep walking, but she takes a deep breath like she wants to say something. I give her a second. “I just wanted to tell you,” she says to me, “that I love what you’re doing here. I love this new direction you’re taking us in.”

I thank her as a sense of pride fills me up.

Instead of firing me like I thought he might, Brandon put me in charge of the entire beauty division of The Hammerhead Group. I’m now in charge of

overseeing and making decisions for all eighteen beauty-related companies in the huge Hammerhead portfolio.

Each individual company has their own CEO—I put Aisha in charge of She’s The Sun—but they all have to answer to me. They get to steer the individual ships, but I’m steering the armada.

Brandon loved my vision of bringing real beauty back into the world, so he cut me loose and let me transform my vision into a reality. I got some pushback among the executives at some of the companies, but the employees and more importantly, the customers, all seem to love it. They’re finally feeling beautiful again now that they’re seeing women just like them on their city billboards, magazine ads, and on their TVs.

I want them all to feel as beautiful as Brandon has made me feel.

I thank Natalie and continue walking through the corporate office of Versenchy Perfumes. I have a meeting with Angie, the CEO, in a few minutes, but I’m getting the feel of the place first, speaking with the employees on the ground instead of walling myself up in an ivory tower like most other high-ranking bosses. The people working inside the trenches are always the ones with the most insight and the freshest ideas.

“Miss Black!” one of the sales reps says as she approaches with a nervous smile. “Can I have a second of your time?”

“Of course!” I answer with a warm smile. “And call me Kyra, please.”

“Okay,” she says, looking less nervous. “Kyra. I have an idea for a new line of perfumes for teachers.”

“For teachers?”

“Yes,” she says with a big excited smile. “Something subtle that’s also hypoallergenic, so they’ll be able to wear it around students. My sister is a teacher and none of the teachers at her school can wear perfume because there’s *always* a kid in the class who’s allergic to everything. They all want to, but they can’t. There’s nothing made specifically for them. It would fit in with the wonderful new marketing campaign about to launch. Could be a new

untapped market...”

I like it. Perfume for teachers. It could work.

“A+ Perfume,” I say, contemplating it. “*A Whiff of Wisdom in Every Spray.*”

She nods her head enthusiastically. “I like it. What about, *Fragrance That Deserves an A+?*”

I’m getting goosebumps.

“*Empower Minds, Enchant Senses,*” I say. There are so many possibilities. “Come to my office after my meeting with Angie. We can talk about it some more.”

She pumps her fist in excitement. “Okay!”

I love this job.

My pulse is racing with adrenaline as I continue walking through the office on the way to my meeting.

I still miss working with my Aunt Linda, but I’m happy that she’s doing well in her new adventurous life. She’s been shackled up in Scotland for the past couple of months with a big burly highland man who she is absolutely head over heels for. I’m so happy she’s found someone special like I have.

Brandon has been a dream come true. He’s my soulmate. There’s no doubt about that.

We’ve been living together for about seven months now and he keeps talking about wanting to start a family. I’m a little nervous about that, but I can’t help but smile and think wistfully about a little toddler running around whenever he talks about it. I’ve been thinking about it a lot lately and I know it’s only going to be a matter of time before I’m pregnant.

I love him so much. We fit so perfectly together.

“Angie?” I say as I knock on her open door. There’s no answer.

I push the door open and peek inside in case she has her headphones on and can’t hear me. Nope...

“What are you doing here?” I ask in shock when I see Brandon sitting

behind her desk.

“Angie had to fly to Germany to fix some supply chain issues,” he says with those intense brown eyes fixated on me. “I’m taking over the meeting.”

I get tingles all over, knowing what that means...

“Come in,” he commands in a dominant tone. My body responds immediately. I step into the office and close the door.

“I thought you were at the Hammerhead office today, Brandon,” I say.

“Call me Mr. Raven,” he demands with a deep sexy rumble in his voice. “Or, I may have to punish you, Miss Black.”

Heat tingles between my legs as I turn the lock on the door and close the blinds. “I’m so sorry about that, Mr. Raven,” I say in a flirty tone. “I wouldn’t want the big bad boss to be angry with me.”

He grins as I strut over and sit on the corner of his desk, letting my skirt ride up my thigh. I bat my lashes at him.

This man is so fucking sexy in his fitted light gray suit, white shirt, and black tie. He kills me every time. I can’t get over him.

“You have to learn the proper way to talk to your boss,” he says as those heated eyes slowly roam up my body. My nipples harden as his gaze lingers on my chest. “I’ll teach you *exactly* how I want you to use that mouth.”

I lick my lips as I slip off the desk. I arch my back, sticking my ass in the air, and drag my palms down his rough suit as I stare him in the eyes.

“Teach me,” I moan as I drop to my knees in front of him. “How can I make the boss happy with my slutty little mouth?”

My knees hit the hardwood floor as my hands slide over his shredded stomach and onto his lap. He’s already so hard. His big cock is throbbing under these pants.

“Should I... pull it out?”

He sucks in a breath as he watches me running my palm up and down his length.

“Yes,” he groans in a deep throaty voice. “Pull that big cock out and show

me how you please your boss.”

My mouth is already watering as I slide the belt out of his buckle, pull his huge firm cock out, and admire it for a few seconds before sucking on it like my promotion is on the line.

This sexy man slides his big powerful hands into my hair as I suck him off until he’s hissing out breaths and cumming deep into my eager little mouth.

I’ve said it before and I’ll say it again.

I have the best job on the planet.

Epilogue

Brandon

Ten Years Later...

I can't believe it's already been ten years with my angel. Kyra and I are celebrating our ten-year anniversary today. It's really been eleven years since we've been together, but it's been ten years married. I've never understood why people only count those years, as if our first year dating wasn't as amazing as the married years have been. It's all been incredible with this perfect woman.

We've had three children together—a girl and twin boys.

Kyra is an even better mother than she is a CEO, and that's saying a lot. She's grown the beauty-related side of The Hammerhead Group into the most profitable division of the portfolio with her unique vision for the industry. Women all over the world have responded to her ingenious marketing and unique products, and a firehose of cash has erupted into our company bank accounts. We're as profitable as ever thanks to her.

I'm so proud of her. She's the most amazing person I know.

Even if she is running a little late for our date...

The kids are with their great aunt Linda and her hunky new husband Finlay for the night, so we have the whole night to ourselves.

I made reservations at the five-star French restaurant down the street, I'm in a sexy new suit, and I have a wrapped-up diamond necklace to give her. All I'm missing is her.

I pull out my phone to send her a text. She's supposed to meet me in the office at seven. It's seven fifteen and I'm the only one here. All of the lights are off in the building, except for the lamp on my desk.

Where are you?

Outside your office, Mr. Raven. Are you going to punish me for being late?

A grin hits my lips when I see my beautiful wife step into the dark doorway of my office in a trench coat.

"Are you ready for our meeting?" she whispers in a sensual voice as she lets her coat fall open.

My chest tightens when I see the sexy black lingerie on her body. It's the same one from all those years ago. From the very first time I claimed her hot little cunt as my own.

She looks as sexy as ever.

"Come in, Miss Black," I say in a deep authoritative voice. "And close the door."

She struts in, bumps the door closed with her hip, and then locks it.

I'm breathing heavily—my cock a steel rod running down my leg—as I

watch her peel off the coat and toss it onto a chair.

No one has ever gotten me going like this woman can. She's always had some kind of magical spell on me. I'm *mesmerized* by her.

"Come here," I say as I stand up with my heart pounding. Fire is searing through my veins as she approaches.

She's strutting through my office on stiletto heels, swaying her ass with every seductive step. I love her body so much. Every curve, every mark from her two pregnancies, every scar, every inch. I'm *obsessed* with it all.

But of course, I have one part that's my favorite.

She gasps as I bend her over my desk with a forceful hand and then cup her hot sex.

"Who's cunt is this?" I growl.

Her wet lips part as she looks up at me with a fire in her eyes. "It's yours, Mr. Raven. What are you going to do to it? What are you going to do to your hot little pussy?"

I growl as I step up behind her and pull out my hard cock.

She wiggles her sexy little ass while waiting impatiently for me.

"I'm going to do whatever I fucking want to it," I say as I peel her lingerie to the side, exposing her dripping wet cunt. "Because I'm your boss and what I say goes."

She moans heavily as I part her folds with the head of my cock. I grit my teeth and thrust in hard, filling *every* inch of her.

"Oh, Mr. Raven!" she cries out. "You're the best fucking boss in the world!"

I grin as I pump my hips harder, thrusting into her hot juicy pussy until we're both screaming out and cumming all over one another.

This girl is getting a perfect performance review from me.

In work and in life.

She's the fucking best.

The End!

Follow Me...



Olivia T. Turner's complete list of books can be found at:

www.OliviaTTurner.com

amazon.com/author/oliviattturner



Come and join my private Facebook Group!



[Click Here to Become an OTT Lover!](#)

A private group for VIP readers of Olivia T. Turner. Come on in to interact with Olivia, get the latest OTT news, first look at covers, teasers, exclusive excerpts, giveaways, and more!

Must love Over The Top Alpha Males to enter!

Audiobooks



Check out my complete collection of audiobooks!

I'm adding more of your favorite OTT stories all the time!

[**OTT Audiobooks**](#)

Become Obsessed with OTT

Sign up to my mailing list for all the latest OTT news and get a free book that you can't find anywhere else!



OBSESSED

By Olivia T. Turner

A Mailing List Exclusive!

When I look out my office window and see her in the next building, I know I have to have her.

I buy the whole damn company she works for just to be near her.

She's going to be in my office working under me.

Under, over, sideways—we're going to be working together in every position.

This young innocent girl is going to find out that I work my employees *hard*.

And that her new rich CEO is already beyond *obsessed* with her.

This dominant and powerful CEO will have you begging for overtime! Is it just me or is there nothing better than a hot muscular alpha in a suit and tie! All my books are SAFE with zero cheating and a guaranteed sweet HEA. Enjoy!

[Click here to get your free copy!](#)