



OFFICE
INFATUATION

BJALPHA

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B J ALPHA

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Libby

Sean Anderson is a prick. There's no other word to describe him.

Sure, he might be a drop-dead gorgeous prick, but a prick, nonetheless.

He has dark hair styled to perfection, a panty-dropping smile with sparkling-white teeth, muscular bronzed skin, and he smells like he bathed in a fresh fragrance of pure masculinity. But he's a prick.

Of course, he saves those smiles for the women he beds. Or more important, bangs against his desk or up against the wall.

I grimace when I take in the splash mark on the paintwork.

There's not a doubt in my mind it's bodily fluid. I spray the paintwork with a sneer before scrubbing my cloth over the mark with a shake of my head.

The office door swings open, making me jump and drop the cleaning spray.

My hand darts toward my heart, and I let out a startled gasp.

"Oh, I didn't realize anyone was in here." Sean stands stoically still, and I flush under his scrutiny as he lets his gaze roam over every inch of me.

I grind my teeth, trying to refrain from saying something snarky in response. The way my body reacts to his brown eyes eating me up makes me want to kick myself.

In the head.

Or worse, in the pussy, just as a form of punishment.

"I'm scrubbing the wall," I snap, then glare toward the wall I just cleaned.

His eyebrows shoot up before his mouth breaks out into a proud smile, and his shoulders broaden as though he's wearing a badge of honor.

"The walls, huh?"

"Can you not just do it in a bed"—I stare into his dark eyes—"like normal people?"

His eyebrows furrow in confusion, then a low chuckle catches in his throat, which only angers me further. He crosses his arms over his broad chest, and his shirt stretches to accommodate him, making my mouth water. Jesus, I bet he's a powerhouse when he slams into you.

I shake my head at the thought. *Focus, Libby.*

"Normal is boring." His lips form a teasing smile.

"Agreed," I say without thinking.

His eyes flicker with surprise before he glances away. Then he looks at his watch as though trying to distract himself.

"You've only got five minutes left, chop chop." He claps his hands together, tilts his head toward the wall, then he turns on his heel and strides toward his desk. Leaving me standing with my mouth agape.

Yes, Sean Anderson is an utter prick, and as much as it pains me to admit it, he's a gorgeous one.

SEAN

Libby Quincy is fucking delicious. The pint-sized brunette is stunning. Her hair is almost black, her perfect olive skin is so shiny it looks like she bathes in oil, her tits are the perfect handful, and her ass is so well toned I could bounce a nickel off it. *Fucking delicious.*

Her snarky comments make my cock rock hard, and our constant banter makes me want to wrap my hand around her slender throat while I fuck her hard against the wall, driving into her with enough power to leave her breathless and gagging for more.

If only she wasn't a fucking cleaner.

I've learned my lesson over the years, and never would I wet my dick with the hired help. Not after watching my father be screwed over by countless gold diggers in the form of maids, cleaners, and even cooks.

Not a fucking chance.

Sitting behind my desk, I adjust my raging boner before switching on my computer for the day.

I first took over my company, Flawless, six months ago after the disappearance of its previous owner, Griffin. After talking it through with some fellow business associates from STORM Enterprises, they reassured me it was a sound move. So much so Tate, one of STORM's owners, is now a silent shareholder in the business.

Libby started working for me soon after, and while I'd like to say I had a part to play in her recruitment, I owe that one to our human resources department.

Libby's ass sways as she scrubs away at the mark against the wall.

When she mentioned it before, I'm pretty damn sure she implied it was a cum stain. She actually couldn't be further from the truth.

Kurt Bennett, my best friend, came in yesterday with his son, who just so happened to have a water gun, and of course it wasn't filled with water, why the hell would it be?

Nope, my dipshit friend filled his kid's toy with bubble liquid, and it appears he shot at the wall.

A loud tsking comes from the attached bathroom, making me lean back in my chair to get a view of Libby emptying the contents of the bin into a black trash bag.

I cringe when I imagine what she's seeing, but hey, I'm a free agent. Without another word, she walks out, ignoring me as she heads toward the office door and not a backward glance in sight.

My eyes trail after her, watching her neat little ass in those skintight yoga pants, and when the door clicks shut, I breathe a sigh of relief because now I can release all the pent-up tension I've been holding onto since seeing her this morning.

Opening my office drawer, I snag a condom, tear it open, and unbuckle my pants.

I've resorted to using condoms after Libby flipped her shit at all the tissues she was cleaning up. She realized the flu was not the cause of me needing shares in Kleenex.

After dozens of remarks about me having safe sex like she's a fucking teacher educating a teenager, I arrived in work one day to a box of condoms sitting on my desk.

I was tempted to tell her they weren't necessary but liked the thought I

was doing this for her. Only now she's commenting about the amount of condoms she's seeing. I can't fucking win.

Taking my cock out of my boxers, I smear the pre-cum over the swollen head with my thumb, eliciting a groan from within me. Fuck, I bet her silky skin would feel in-fucking-credible against me. I close my eyes as I roll the condom on with a heavy sigh and work it down my rock-hard length.

"Mmm, fuck." I pump myself with a firm grip while I use my other hand to tug on my balls. "Fuck, Libby." I imagine her slamming down on top of me. I grab those luscious tits of hers, squeezing them together while she rides me. "Harder, baby." She grinds her hips.

I tighten my hand, imagining her pussy gripping me as she slams down. Thrust after thrust, I drive up into her while her tits bounce. My balls ache, begging for me to come, I pump harder, faster. "Fuck," I roar as my cum spills into the condom, and as the last splash hits the latex, annoyance rumbles inside me. I should be coming inside her.

I'm absolutely fucking obsessed.

Libby

My mind works on overdrive as I make my way toward my evening cleaning shift and back toward Sean's office.

God knows what mess he has in store for me tonight. The man is a pig. Before I left this morning, I emptied the bathroom bin into the trash bag and a collection of used condoms and wrappers fell out.

At least he's using protection, I guess, but ew, the number of times that man has office sex I'm surprised he hasn't started a new strain of STDs.

When I started working here five months ago, I only cleaned his office when someone was off sick. But after the first encounter with him, I was given more and more shifts until I became the sole cleaner of his office. *Lucky me.*

I try and divert my thoughts to my night ahead, I got six hours sleep today, so that was a win. The elevator door pings open, and I stride toward his office with purpose, part hoping he's left already but also wishing he hasn't. I can't deny I look forward to seeing him.

I'm not sure what the pull is with Sean, his sexual antics disgust me, repulse me even, making it difficult for me to admit how much I enjoy our banter and the blatant look of longing in his eyes.

Knocking on the door softly, I open it and lock eyes with Sean. The intensity of his stare from behind his desk has me stopping in my tracks and sends a ripple of butterflies fluttering through my stomach. He waves me into the office while using his other hand to hold a phone to his ear. Giving myself an internal shake, I step into the room and close the door behind me.

"Tonight? No, not tonight," he breathes out as I make my way toward the bathroom.

My eyes lock onto the dreaded bin. Surely he didn't fuck someone else today, right? An odd feeling of jealousy courses through me.

And I can't help myself, I crane my head out the door to find him staring in my direction. He gives me a cheeky wink—*cocky bastard*—making me huff and snap my head back into the bathroom.

“I know. I love you too, but I can't come over tonight. I'll call you.” He smiles into the call, and anger shoots up my spine as I flip open the bin.

There, laying alone, are the remnants of yet another sexcapade by Sean fucking Anderson—it's a wonder his damn dick doesn't drop off.

“Speak soon. Love you too.”

I see red.

SEAN

I may have stayed longer in the office than necessary, but I needed my little Libby fix before leaving for home. Something to help fill my spank bank.

She cranes her head around the bathroom door, and I gift her with a wink that normally makes women swoon, but for some unknown reason, it only makes her scowl in my direction.

My mother moans a mile a minute in my ear, reminding me I haven't been over to her house this month and how bad she wants grandchildren. *Fuck, I'd make her perfect grandchildren with Libby.* I drag a hand through my hair. *Where the hell did that come from?*

When I finally get off the phone with her, I drop my head back against my chair with a sigh of relief while I close my eyes, allowing myself to imagine Libby swollen with my child, and my cock comes to life. Jesus, I have it bad. Maybe I should just fuck her, and this little obsession with her might end?

No. That's never going to happen. She's buried so deep inside me I know this will not be a pump-and-dump scenario.

I've never felt like this before. And while I thought that would scare me, it actually excites me.

I want Libby Quincy. Cleaner or not.

"You know, as much as it's incredible that you're doing society a favor

by using protection. Is it not just possible for you to fuck someone at home?” I snap my head up and open my eyes to find a raging little vixen standing with her hands on her hips. She’s a little wildcat, that’s for sure.

I wonder what her nails would feel like being dragged over my bare skin. *Mmm, fucking delicious.*

“Did you hear me?” Her face reddens, and I chuckle at how riled up she is.

“Oh, I heard you, baby. I’m just processing what you said.”

Her nose scrunches up. “Baby?” She rolls the word on her tongue in disgust.

I gift her with my panty-melting smile, that again does nothing but add confusion as to why it’s not working on her.

“I hope you wrap it all the time.” She points in my direction. “I can only assume by the amount you’re getting through that it’s for more than one woman as well, and STDs are one of the biggest causes of infertility in men.”

My eyes widen at her words.

“You can still get STDs from oral sex, of course.” She continues while I play catch up on her words. “And it’s great that you’re using contraception. But Sean, seriously, in the office constantly?” Her shoulders drop in defeat, then she sniffs the air like a fucking bloodhound, making my mouth fall open in shock.

She shakes her head. “You know what. I don’t even want to know.” She lifts a bottle of air freshener and sprays my office as though it’s contaminated and she’s ridding it of some infectious disease.

I watch on with a snicker as she moves around my office, loving how her top rises when she stretches to dust the blinds, and how I can make out she has no panty line in those yoga pants that drive me crazy.

There’s a knock on the office door, which is odd for this time in the evening. I’m usually the last one here, apart from Libby.

“Yeah.” My eyes flick from the door to Libby’s tight little ass and back.

“Oh, thank goodness you’re here, Sean.”

I shrink back in my chair with an internal groan when Samantha, one of Griffin’s old secretaries, struts across my office toward me. “My car broke down. Can you help?” She flicks her hair over her shoulder and bats her eyelashes at me.

I don’t miss Libby’s frozen posture at her voice, but she doesn’t look in our direction.

“Have you got AAA?”

She stops in her tracks. “What?”

“AAA, emergency breakdown insurance.”

“N-n . . . no. Can you just help?”

“I’m not a mechanic,” I snipe back.

“But you helped Celia with—” I jump to my feet, but not without missing a scoff coming from Libby as I grab my car keys and follow a smiling Samantha out the door.

Libby

I pull off my gloves and throw them in the trash. “Room twenty-two. Hot businessman.” My work colleague, Felix, wiggles his eyebrows as he thrusts a file into my hand. I swear he would give Sean a run for his money with how sex crazed he is.

Making my way down the corridor, I dodge the crash team rushing through the emergency doors and head toward room twenty-two, sighing as I collect myself for another patient. I open the file and flip the first page over, only for my eyes to lock onto Sean Anderson. My mouth falls open, and I blink several times before I register the fact that the patient in my bed is my boss.

His face reddens, his jaw grinds, and his body coils tight as he scans me over my white blouse and pencil skirt.

Averting my gaze, I ignore his angry stare and glance down at the file in my hand. I bite into my lip to stifle a laugh when I read how Sean became trapped under the car of a coworker’s after he was changing the tire, the jack slipped from beneath the car, pinning him to the ground. The medical team that freed him were concerned about his pelvis and groin being harmed. His x-rays have given his pelvis the all-clear, now it’s just his groin that needs assessing.

How ironic that it’s his overworked dick that lands him in here today. Maybe now he will be out of commission for a while, and I won’t have to dispose of his used condoms daily.

“It’s not fucking funny.”

My eyes flit back up to his angered face that’s so flushed I wonder if it’s also caused by embarrassment.

I clear my throat. “My apologies. Let’s take a look, shall we?”

His eyes bulge, and his chest rises in a panic, sending the pulse oximeter

beeping erratically. He rips it from his finger and throws it to the bedside.

“No, we shall not. Get me a fucking doctor!”

“I can assure you, Mr. Anderson, I’m the only doctor available at the minute.”

“You’re a fucking doctor?” His lips part in utter disbelief.

Of course, the asshole thinks I work solely as a cleaner. He’s even made remarks about how I should apply to be a secretary at his office. As-fucking-if.

“I am.” I nod as I pull a set of gloves from the dispenser while ignoring his outburst.

“A fucking doctor?” His eyes search my face for sign of deceit.

“Now. I’m going to assess you, Mr. Anderson.” I nod toward his groin.

“It’s fucking, Sean. You know my name, use it,” he snaps, clamping his lips shut like a child.

I nod as I inch closer.

Glaring at me, he shakes his head, fisting the sheet covering his lower body as though determined to keep me out. “Sean, with an accident like yours, every minute can be catastrophic.” I can’t help but exaggerate a little. Seeing him so wound up, I’m actually enjoying him being on the receiving end this time around.

“Jesus,” he seethes. Closing his eyes, he tilts his head up toward the ceiling and lets go of the sheet.

I slide the sheet down, exposing a trail of short, soft brown hairs in a v that makes my mouth water and my panties become wet as my eyes fix onto his steely length standing proud toward his belly button. Oh, hell, the man is gifted.

His thick cock looks somewhat angry, and when a trickle of pre-cum releases from the tip, I can’t stop myself from running my mouth further, no matter how unprofessional it is.

“Have you considered sex therapy?”

His head drops forward to face me, and his eyes shoot venom through me. I wince, knowing I've overstepped.

A knock on the door saves me from what is undoubtedly going to be a tough conversation, only for me to panic when Leon walks into the room. He's the emergency room's on-call consultant. His eyes soften as they meet mine. "How are we getting on, Libs?"

"Libs?" Sean scoffs in Leon's direction while tugging the sheet back over him.

Leon shakes his head and gestures toward me. "My apologies, Dr. Quincy."

I smile back at him graciously.

"How about you sort me out instead of fucking flirting?" Sean growls, making my eyes dart toward his in shock. He gifts me with a patronizing smirk, as though proud of his childish antics. A small part of me wants to laugh, but I refuse to allow it.

"Very well. I'm head consultant, Mr. Flint. Have you assessed, Mr. Anderson yet Dr. Quincy?"

Feeling Sean's eyes on me, I keep my focus on the file, shaking my head. "I only just arrived."

"Ah, I see. Let's take a look at the little guy, shall we?"

"Little guy?" Sean balks, and I stifle a giggle, chewing on the tip of my pen, because he sure as hell isn't little. The prick knows this and wears it with honor, he's practically preening with pride.

Leon moves toward the sheet, but Sean puts his hand up to stop him. "I don't want you touching me. She can do it." He motions in my direction, and the words cause the pen to slip from my mouth in surprise.

Before I can respond, Sean pulls the sheet back, rests his hands behind his head, and thrusts his cock in our direction like a prized pony.

Leon's eyes widen in shock while my other boss's eyes are alight in glee. "My balls hurt. I think they need assessing."

I grind my teeth—oh my fucking God, I'm going to kill him.

“All the way up to the tip.” He moves his hand toward his thick cock and goes even further by holding it out and pointing it in my direction.

“Dr. Quincy, could you assess the patient?” I turn toward Leon, who nods in Sean's direction.

Taking a deep breath, I lean over Sean and whisper through gritted teeth, “I'm going to fucking kill you.”

He smiles against my face as I draw away to stare down at his cock. “Oh, and Dr. Anderson?”

My hands stop midair as his face breaks into that breathtaking, charming smile. “The slit is painful too. Can you make sure nothing is broken there?”

I clench my teeth so hard I swear one cracks.

He's a prick, alright.

A big fucking prick.

Sean

She's a fucking doctor. A doctor.

All this time I thought she was just a cleaner, and yet here she is in front of me in her fitted white shirt and hot-as-hell pencil skirt with a stethoscope around her neck and her hair pinned up, exposing that gorgeous neckline of hers I want to come all over.

The way the consultant watches her makes me want to take his fucking eyes out and stamp on them.

And the way he introduced himself as head consultant, like that's some achievement. The only head he will see is mine when I bash it against his pretty-boy face.

I wonder if they've fucked?

I feel rage like no other at the thought. Over my dead body will I wait another day to take her.

Now I have to make her mine.

Watching the consultant eyeing her up like a piece of meat while blatantly ignoring me and my raging cock, I decide to give them no other option but to pay attention to me.

"Oh, and Dr. Anderson?" She freezes and turns to face me, those sparkling-hazel eyes focused on me and not the shithead in the corner of the room. "The slit it painful too. Can you make sure nothing is broken there?"

She jolts, and I smile wider still, proud of my cock and my plan.

"Dr. Flint, can you pass me a urethral stick, please?"

"A what?" I ask, my eyes darting from Libby's to Shithead's.

"I'm going to examine your slit, as you so kindly put it. To be safe, I'll do a swab at the same time."

A fucking swab? I grab the bedsheet and tug it over my cock. No fucking way are they shoving anything down my cock.

Unless it's her tongue. *Jesus, now the fucker is throbbing with need. Fucking great.*

A loud beep cuts through the air, and Shithead digs his hand into his pocket.

"I'm sorry. Can you handle this?" he asks Libby.

"Sure." She fucking smiles in his direction, making my blood boil. She never fucking smiles at me like that.

The moment the door closes, I jump up from the bed, ignoring the fact I'm butt naked.

Libby turns back to me, her face flushing. "S-s-s . . . Sean?"

"A doctor?" I ask again as I lean over her, pinning my hands on either side of the bed she bends against it as I tower above her, caging her in.

She swallows audibly. "I'm paying off student debts."

I bury my face into the crook of her neck, inhaling her feminine fragrance filled with strawberries. Her breath hitches when I place a gentle kiss below her jaw, then follow it up with pecks along her neckline, my tongue darting out occasionally to taste her. She moans against me, making my cock spurt with excitement.

Teasing the hem of her skirt, her breath hitches, and her peaked nipples brush against my chest.

Fuck, I can't take it anymore. I shove her skirt up to her waist while my lips crash down on hers. My tongue invades her mouth as I swallow down her whimper, and our kiss becomes frantic as our need for one another sends us both into overdrive. My fingers fumble to push her soaked panties to the side, and I smile into our kiss with the knowledge of the obvious affect I have on her body. She grinds against me, giving me the green light. I line my cock up to her pussy and surge forward, stretching her wide with my thickness. Her back arches into me as she accepts every fucking inch.

Fuck me, she's incredible.

I still my movement. I've waited months to be inside her tight pussy, and

fuck, she doesn't disappoint.

Her fingers grip my chin, and she pulls away from my mouth, panting heavily. "Please."

That's all it takes to unleash month's worth of pent-up frustration. I pull back and slam inside her, making the bed shake with the force of my thrusts. Again and again. Her slickness envelopes me. "That's it, take that cock." It's incredible how amazing it feels to have her bare pussy encompassing me so perfectly.

"More," she begs.

"You're my little slut," I growl.

Her whimpers spur me on as her arousal drips around my balls, making my eyes roll with ecstasy. "That's it, soak my cock."

My hands tear her shirt down the center, sending her buttons skittering across the floor. "Feed me those fucking tits. Feed them to me," I demand.

Her hands move quickly as I continue powering into her. She pushes them together and brushes her thumbs over her nipples. Fuck, she's even more perfect than I imagined.

Dipping my head, I cover her tits with kisses, tugging the flesh into my mouth as I groan with pleasure each time her pussy clenches around me. "Little slut. You belong to me."

"Mmm." She pushes them into my mouth more.

"Say you belong to me." I slam inside her harder, determined to prove a point. *She's mine.*

"Oh god."

Thrust. "Fucking say"—*thrust*—"you're my slut to fill." *Thrust.* I grind my hips against her and pull a nipple into my mouth, swirling my tongue over the peak sloppily before sucking it hard until she complies.

"I'm your slut to fill."

I can't hold it back any longer, hearing the words I've so desperately wanted to hear, I give her one hard, final slam and clamp my lips around her

tit, sucking it brutally, determined to mark her.

Her pussy clenches, pulsating around me, milking my cock as it spurts into her bare pussy, and my pleasure becomes euphoric as I imagine her swollen with my baby.

Mine.

Finally, fucking mine.

LIBBY

My body slowly comes down from the best orgasm of my entire life, and with it, a reality of what just happened. I freeze as Sean pulls his cock from me. But before I have time to register the action, he's flipped me to face the bed, his large hand takes a hold of my head as he pins me to the thin patient mattress while he once again drives that permanently hard cock into my swollen pussy.

I haven't had sex in over a year, and the way he hammers into me like a man possessed makes me wet with desire and sore from his passion. All I can do is be along for the ride. And what a ride it is. He tweaks my clit, then raises his hand and spansks my ass so hard I wince.

"Beg," he growls from behind as his balls hit against me. "Fucking beg me."

The slapping of our skin fills the room, and the knowledge of being discovered only adds to my excitement.

I lick my lips with a determination to drive him even wilder. To push him and me to our limits. If we're going to do this, it's going to be memorable. I refuse to be another notch on his bedpost. I'll make it unforgettable. For both of us.

"Fill my pussy with your cum."

"Oh, fuck," he grunts as he pushes inside harder.

“I’m your slut. Use your slut.”

“Fucking, Jesus. Yes, Libby. Fuck.” He grits his teeth, the masculine growl rising from his chest urges me on.

“Fill your slut full of cum.”

He powers inside me so hard I wince at the force. “Fucking take it all, slut.” He moves slightly, then spits onto my spine; the action doesn’t disgust me as I thought it would. Instead, I become wetter and more compliant.

Then I feel the pressure of his thumb around my ass. “Oh god.” I moan against the sheets.

“Be a big girl and take my thumb in your ass, Libby.” He pushes past the barrier as my hands tighten. “Such a good little slut,” he croons. I push back against him, encouraging him deeper.

“That’s it. Fuck me, that’s it.” His voice is laced in awe.

Our bodies push back and forth against one another, and when he grips my hair, I know he’s almost there.

With no other action but his words sending me tumbling over the edge once again. “Come.”

Wave after wave of pleasure hits me with his thumb deep in my ass and his thick cock filling me with his release as I scream into the sheet.

He collapses against my back, his chest heaving and his body spent, and he peppers kisses down my neck and over my back that send a thousand goose bumps trailing over my body.

“Can we talk tomorrow?” he suggests as he slowly rises to his feet.

His cock slips from me, and I immediately feel his loss along with a wave of sickness when his cum trickles down my thighs.

Oh God, what the hell have I done?

Sean moves toward a chair where his pants are neatly folded. He shakes them out as I shove my skirt down my thighs and tuck my marked tits back into my bra.

Glancing around the room, I sigh a breath of relief when I notice spare

scrubs hanging on the back of the door. Snagging them, I pull the top over my head.

“A fucking doctor.” He shakes his head from side to side once again in amusement before shocking the hell out of me by taking my face in the palms of his hands and kissing me tenderly.

“Tomorrow?” he asks with hope in his brown eyes.

I shake my head. “Sean—”

His lips slam down on mine, and when his tongue invades my mouth, I melt against him, and he pulls away, leaving me breathless.

“Tomorrow?” He crooks an eyebrow at me in question, leaving me no choice but to agree.

I nod back at him in defeat. “Tomorrow.”

He gifts me with a satisfied smile as he leaves the room with a bounce in his so-called bruised step.

The smile that melts panties. I internally balk at how true that is, only my panties have practically disintegrated with his cum.

Sean

I push into my fist harder, faster, remembering how incredible she felt wrapped around my cock. “That’s right, my little slu—”

“What the hell are you doing?”

I stop pumping and spin to face Libby. “Oh, shit.” She wasn’t meant to see this.

“I didn’t think you were in today.”

“Clearly.” She waves her hand toward my cock as I stand in the small office bathroom. “I’m always in on Friday, Sean.”

I clear my throat and nod. “I meant with you being at the hospital so late.”

“I come straight here to work.” She glares at me.

I roll back on my heels in shock. She comes straight from the hospital to clean?

“So, how’s the dick.” She raises her eyebrows and glances down toward my solid cock, my hand still wrapped around it tightly.

I clear my throat. “It’s okay. Nothing broken.”

She chokes on a laugh that fills me with pride. “I can see.”

“What’s in the bag?” I motion toward the paper bag in her hand.

When her face falls, I release my dick, knowing I will not like what she’s about to say.

“It’s the morning-after pill.”

My spine jolts straight, and I slam my teeth together in rage. “What?” I snipe out.

She shrugs a shoulder. “I’m not protected. I’m not like you, Sean. I haven’t had sex in a while, so yesterday was unexpected.”

“How long?”

“Huh?”

“How long since you last had sex?”

“Around a year.”

I nod, happiness bubbling through me. Shithead obviously hasn't been tapping my woman.

I step closer to her.

“Ask me.”

Her face scans mine in confusion. “Ask me the last time I had sex.”

I hate the fact her face flashes in hurt before she quickly masks it. She lifts her chin with determination. “How long since you last had sex, Sean?”

I stare back at her with truth in my eyes. “Before you, around five months.” Her eyes widen in surprise. “I haven't wanted to fuck anyone but you since you walked in my office, baby.” I step closer until we're toe to toe. The atmosphere around us electric. Her scent fills my senses, and my cock pulsates with need, reminding me of my precarious position.

When her eyes latch onto my condom-covered cock, I step back and tug it off, lift the bin lid and throw it inside. “I've refused to allow myself the pleasure of coming bare without it being inside you.”

I take the paper bag from her shocked hands, lift the bin lid, and throw it inside. “You're mine, Libby. Permanently fucking mine.” My eyes fix on hers with determination in them.

“What about the call? You said, ‘I love you.’”

It takes a moment for her words to register before I tip my lips up into a smile. “My mother.”

Taking a loose wave of her hair between my fingers, I fix it behind her ear, then trail my finger down her jawline toward her lip. She shudders beneath my touch, making my cock jump. “You're mine.”

She swallows hard, and I know she's understanding. Holding her chin between my fingers, my lips find hers as she wraps her hands around my neck.

“Beg.” I breathe into our kiss.

She smiles. “Please, fill me with your cum, Sean.”

“Good girl.” I grin as my tongue invades her mouth and her legs wrap around my waist. “You’re mine.”

She pulls back enough for our eyes to lock.

“Yours.”

THE END

MORE?

Would you like to learn how Dean's company Flawless became his?

You can find out how the previous owner Griffin met his untimely demise, here: [TATE](#)

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BREN Book 4

OSCAR Book 5

CON'S WEDDING NOVELLA

SECRETS AND LIES SHORT STORIES

CAL

CON

FINN

BREN

OSCAR

Born Series

Born Reckless

The Brutal Duet

Hidden In Brutal Devotion

Love In Brutal Devotion

STORM ENTERPRISES

SHAW Book 1

TATE Book 2

VEILED SERIES

VEILED IN HATE

MAFIA DADDIES

Daddy's Addiction

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

BJ Alpha lives in the UK with her hubby, two teenage sons and three fur babies.
She loves to write and read about hot, alpha males and feisty females.

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