



Book 2

NAKED

Desires

A Cheating Erotica Novella

SAMUEL SILVER

Naked Desires

The Naked Series
(Book Two)

Preview Edition
Not For Sale!!



[Samuel Silver](#)

Copyright © 2020 Empire Fiction
All rights reserved

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

No part of this book may be reproduced, or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without express written permission of the publisher.

Cover design by:
[Empire Fiction](#)

Dedication

I would like to dedicate this achievement to all the pillars of support in my life. This includes my girlfriend, my insanely crazy friends, who choose to remain anonymous, and my loving family. I never would have been able to put all this together without their love and never-ending support.

I would also like to extend my gratitude to you, my reader. You are the drive behind every keyboard stroke and all the gory inspiration that goes into all my writing. I strive to give you perfection.

So, I do hope you will enjoy this little treat and come back for more as I continue this amazing journey of writing.

I love you all!

Other Books

Erotic Shorts

[Late Night Temptations \(Free!\)](#)

The Naked Series

[Naked Secrets \(Book 1\)](#)

[Naked Desires \(Book 2\)](#)

[Naked Climax \(Book 3\)](#)



Thanks for Choosing This Book

Get the full version on these links below:

[Amazon US](#)

[Amazon UK](#)

[Amazon CA](#)

[Amazon AU](#)

And if you haven't already,
[subscribe to me here](#)
for cool weekly book freebies.

Contents

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

11 Months earlier...

Chapter One

The Yearning

ALISHA OOZED WITH lust as she laid the final touches to her lover's office. The drapes were drawn shut, blocking the harsh midday sun's intrusion. Rose essence candles surrounded the fringes, gracing the office with romantic lighting and drowning the mundane smell of rotting paper and rusty steel cabinets.

Tantalizing aromas filled the office as Alisha spread her special dish onto a picnic mat on the carpet floor.

She turned to the office mirror for one last glance at the poetry that was her bountiful curves, hugged tight by a short blue dress. She flicked a stray strand of hair off her face and plunged her V-neck lower. An impish smile spread over her lips as she admired the voluptuous view.

She turned her back to the mirror. The backless design did a phenomenal job at displaying the salacious dip in her spine, closing in just above the swell of her generous ass. She ran her hand over the curve of her hips and smiled.

The hot seductress turned to her purse and pulled a perfume vial. She bit her lower lip as she raised the bottom hem of her dress and dabbed the fragrance onto the soft brown skin of her tender inner thighs. They gleamed with wanton in the dim candlelight.

Alisha turned her gaze back to the mirror and licked her lips.

You've been so damn busy, babe. I yearn to have you to myself. But today, you'll be all mine again.

She traced her hand over the bump of her firm nipple. It protruded hard against the tight fabric of her dress. She moaned with excitement as a tightness grew between her thighs.

Oh, how I long for you to make me come in your arms like you used to.

The door clicked at the end of the room and her head spun in surprise. An intrigued face greeted her from the entrance. He stood tall, dark, and exquisitely handsome, adorned in a black tight-fit suit.

Mac.

Butterflies fluttered in Alisha's core. The amazement gleamed from Mac's face. But his gaze was fixed exclusively onto the main attraction in the room.

Alisha.

Without a word, she waltzed her way to him and nudged him back, forcing the door shut behind her hot snack of a husband. Her breathing escalated as they made eye contact. His gaze burned into hers, blazing with desire. Alisha struggled to maintain her countenance as hot fervent pulses coursed through her body, exploding inside her core.

The seductress leaned in for a kiss, taking Mac's full upper lip into hers. His moustache tickled as she took in his warm musky scent. His lips were soft and moist over hers. A moan escaped her as he sucked at her inhibitions. She quivered as his hands wandered over her waist, snaking their way down to the curve of her soft round ass. His big strong hands squeezed with hunger, igniting a gasp from her lungs.

Alisha squeezed her thighs together, desperate to ease the burning sensations that sent streams of wetness oozing from her loins. She pushed herself off Mac's chest. Breathless, she brushed a finger over his lips and whispered, "Now, now, now, Mr. MacAbee. We don't want this show to end before it starts, do we?"

Alisha took a step back, letting Mac's eyes devour the divine presence splayed before him. He licked his lips in anticipation. A devious smile spread over his face before responding.

"Whatever you say, Babe," he conceded, raising his hands, "but I can't be held accountable for these hands. They tend to wander whenever you're around."

Alisha leaned in and whispered in his ear, "Well, mama's got a special desert just for them," she paused, "if they behave."

She turned her back to Mac and walked to the mat on the floor, letting her hips sway for Mac's enjoyment. She bent over and laid herself salaciously onto the floor, letting her hand run over the dip in her cleavage. She then motioned a finger at Mac.

"Come here, babe. Lunch is ready."

• • •

Thirty minutes later, Mac and Alisha were lying next to each other on the floor. Alisha winked suggestively at Mac as she put the empty plates aside.

She turned back to Mac. They were both propped up sideways over their elbows, facing each other. A food container with strawberries and cream sat between them. Mac was still dazzled by the set up around him.

"So, how's that promotion coming?" Alisha inquired.

"I have no idea, Babe. The competition's pretty stiff."

A naughty smile curled over Alisha's face. She reached between Mac's legs.

"Hmm... stiff... I like that."

Alisha chuckled as Mac reveled in her touch. Her heart raced as she stroked him over the fabric of his pants, enjoying the show as her husband zoned off with pleasure. She leaned in and fused her lips to his before interrupting her rhythm, bringing him back from his vortex of relaxation.

"Don't worry about it, Babe," Alisha encouraged. "You've been working so hard. I can't imagine anyone else getting the position."

Mac's shoulders eased. But a nagging ache bit into Alisha's upper back. She stretched her neck for the fourth time, struggling to relieve the tightness there.

Mac noticed.

"Still got that back issue, huh?"

"Oh, you have no idea, Babe."

"That massage last night didn't help?"

Alisha burst out laughing.

"Um, excuse me? A five-second back rub followed by a three-minute quickie does not count as a massage."

Mac furrowed his eyebrows and scratched his goatee.

"Three minutes? Must've been at least five."

Alisha sighed.

“The number of minutes isn’t the problem, Babe. It’s just that we barely spend time together like we used to anymore.”

Mac softened, and began to speak, but Alisha cut him off.

“I know. The promotion. You’ve had to put in overtime. And I know you’re doing it all for us. But none of that matters if there’s no *us*, Babe.”

Mac smiled and leaned over to plant a kiss on her forehead. He then looked into her eyes and flashed her a cheeky smile.

“But you’ve got to admit. That was some damn good sex last night.”

Alisha’s eyebrow went up.

“Mr. Floyd MacAbee, we do not just have sex, we make love.”

Mac’s smile faded. A solemn look replaced it. In a fake southern accent, he responded, “But yes, of course, ma’am.”

They both laughed.

Mac reached over and massaged her shoulder. With a concerned look, he said, “Tell you what? I’ll get a masseuse to come home tomorrow and give you a nice treat.”

“Hmmm... As long as it’s a hot guy with big strong hands. Any time, Babe.”

“Ah, hell no. It’s going to be a greasy old lady with a good old replacement jaw.”

“Ew. MacAbee, now that’s just distasteful.”

Mac laughed and continued, his gaze tracing the décor in his office.

“How in the living hell did you get all this planned in here anyway?”

“Well, I did have to brush shoulders with that rowdy little secretary of yours.”

Mac burst out laughing.

Alisha faked a high-pitched voice, “*My boss is busy that day. No, he has a business meeting with a client at that time.*”

Mac fell over his back laughing at his wife’s show.

Alisha continued, “If I didn’t know better, I’d say that girl has the hots for you.”

“Well, if you must know, sweetheart, every girl in Manhattan has the hots for big Mac.”

Alisha frowned.

“Uh huh, very funny, buster. I so much as see you with another woman and I’ll gut you like a fish, kapeesh?”

Mac scooped in closer to his wife, pushing the strawberries to the side. Alisha lost herself in his deep dark eyes as his lips met hers.

“Listen here, Sweetie,” Mac explained. “The day you find me with another woman, would be the day the sun rises on the west. You hear me?”

Alisha frowned in response.

Mac smiled and continued.

“Babe, you’re the only one for me. And there ain’t no bimbo in this world that could ever change that.”

Alisha darted her gaze away, struggling to hide the warm blush brewing in her face. A smile broke free as she looked back up at Mac.

“Well, no one can blame you,” she retorted, brushing her hand underneath her full breasts, making them jiggle. “Especially when your black ass is fucking with a saucy pack of these, right here.”

Mac cocked his head back and raised his eyebrows.

“Goddamn, girl.”

Alisha scooped in closer and kissed Mac’s lips. She moaned as Mac kissed her back, holding her tight in his embrace. Their tongues danced in a tight loop as their hands searched hungrily across their bodies. Alisha almost jumped when Mac’s hand found its way down between her legs.

“Easy there, big boy,” the hot wife taunted.

Alisha’s breathed faster as Mac’s hand stroked her over the thin fabric of her dress. His touch was gentle and firm, sending ripples of pleasure cascading through her body. She closed her eyes and held on tight. Streams of pleasure trickled from her, dampening her knickers, and igniting her feral urges.

She quivered as Mac leaned in over her ear, his deep, raspy voice kindling spasms of pleasure as he whispered, “Do you like that? I’m so hot for you right now.”

Alisha moaned once more, barely able to conjure a response. Jolts of pleasure rivetted through her ear, trailing a crippling path of spasms down her spine. Her walls clenched harder as she burned with ardor.

Mac’s hand trailed further down her thigh, grabbing the lower hem of her dress and pulling it over her waist. Alisha gasped as his fingers found the hem of her knickers. He pulled them aside and trailed a path along her glistening folds, inciting another moan from Alisha’s lips.

Alisha grabbed Mac’s hand, pulling it from between her legs. She turned her gaze to Mac, a devilish smile curved over her face.

“Not so fast, big boy. It’s my turn.”

Mac’s eyes widened as Alisha unhooked his belt and unzipped his pants. She dipped her hand underneath his tight boxers, inciting a loud groan. A warm sensation radiated from the tip of her fingers as she touched the crucible of her husband’s throbbing desires. He was weighty in her hands, yet soft and smooth to the touch.

She released him from his cage.

So big. So hard. So thick.

Her hands barely wrapped around him as she stroked. Static sensations coursed from her fingertips through her body, crashing violently in the burning void between her legs.

Mac groaned again, sending chills of ecstasy dripping down Alisha’s spine. Her body pulsed with hunger as thick precum trickled down Mac’s shaft. She bit her lip with anticipation as she admired his towering beauty, lavishing him with her soft and tender touch.

Alisha pulled her hair back and leaned down over Mac’s throbbing cock.

A loud gasp came from Mac. His head shot back, and his eyes closed shut, losing himself in a tight limbo of lust and pleasure.

Alisha ran her tongue over his entire length, eliciting another gasp from her partner. She wrapped her soft lips around his towering cock, sucking him gently and holding down against his shaking legs. She pumped him slowly, letting his thick girth slip in and out of her spread lips. She looked up and made eye contact with Mac. The drag from her tongue drove him wild.

His taste was intoxicating to her body. His manly scent provoked her, fueling her towering flames of wanton.

She sucked him harder, faster, teasing his glans with the flick of her tongue.

Mac’s body convulsed in seizures of ecstasy. He curled over, struggling with the sensations coursing through him. A groan was stuck in his throat as he gasped for air.

“Oh, fuck me, Alisha,” Mac cried through gritted teeth. His hands gripped hard against the carpet floor and his toes curled in his shoes.

Alisha felt his cock pulse in her mouth, ready to release a warm, juicy load from his body. She smiled impishly and let go, nipping his climax short before it could bud.

Mac looked up in protest, his eyes drunk with lust.

“Wh- what the...” he panted in protest.

Alisha shrugged, a deviant giggle escaping her.

“Oh no, no, no, Daddy. Ladies come first. Where are your manners?”

Mac’s eyes widened as Alisha raised her short blue dress, unveiling an uninhibited view of her glistening, crotch.

Her panties were gone.

She could tell from his look that this only made his cock twitch harder with desire.

Mac raised his hips as Alisha shimmied his pants down over his knees. He ran his hand over the soft skin of her thighs as she straddled him and pulled her dress up over her head.

Mac licked his lips at the two gorgeous mounds dangled invitingly over Alisha’s chest. Her large dark nipples were hard, throbbing with lechery.

The hot seductress reached down between her legs and positioned Mac’s shaft over the length of her dripping folds. Mac gasped as Alisha rolled her hips over him, sliding her glistening cunt over his throbbing member. She leaned her head back and reached for her breasts, cupping and fondling them provocatively for Mac’s revelry. Her lubricious moans reverberated off the office walls as she teased her starstruck husband.

Alisha could feel Mac’s eyes devouring the sensuality that was her luscious body. His groans sent shockwaves of pleasure coursing through her enflamed nerves.

She leaned forward and planted her hands over his chest, pressing her breasts together between her arms. Her hips swayed casually, back and forth, pressing hard and wet over Mac’s throbbing desires, slowly teasing his senses to oblivion.

“I can’t take it anymore,” he huffed. “I want to be deep inside you. I want to fuck you so bad right now, Baby.”

Alisha looked down and smiled. She leaned over and dabbed her pouty lips over Mac’s neck, trailing further up and settling in over his ear.

Mac shook as Alisha whispered, “Anything for you, Daddy.”

He gasped as Alisha grabbed his cock and guided him inside her.

She was so wet. So tight. So warm.

His carnal instincts lit up as her insides strapped tight around his girth. Alisha let her weight fall onto Mac’s hard body. She tingled all over against his expanding thickness.

“Oh god,” she moaned, “that feels so good.”

Mac's body froze as he sank deeper inside Alisha. His glans burned with delectation as he glided over her tight walls.

"Yes. You're so tight," Mac remarked through clenched teeth.

Alisha wrapped herself tight around Mac, waiting for herself to adjust against his throbbing girth.

"Oh, Baby. You're so big inside me," she writhed. "Please fuck me. I want to come, Daddy. Make me come. Make me come like you've never made me come before. I want to come, Daddy."

Mac complied, grabbing her ass and running his other hand over her back and letting it settle at the nape of her neck. Alisha gasped as the first thrust went through her. She held on tight against Mac, giving him full control over her lecherous body.

"Yes, Daddy. Please, yes," Alisha moaned.

Mac maintained his pace, each stroke igniting ripples of pleasures up her spine, exploding mercilessly at the base of her skull. Her body tensed as his grip tightened around her. Her breathless moans eclipsed Mac's deep groans as their bodies intertwined in a tight embrace.

Alisha could feel her pussy drip with excitement with each thrust. She shivered as her walls hugged tight around Mac's hard dick.

Mac struggled to maintain his pace, not daring to go any faster. His strokes kept coming as Alisha shook over him. Her embrace got tighter by the second. Her moans got louder. Her breathing spiraled out of control. She could feel her climax coming fast. And she could tell Mac wasn't far behind either.

Alisha's breath came out in spurts as Mac gritted his teeth. She felt his muscles bundle and tense against her writhing body. She could tell he was holding back from his arduous groans. But Alisha wanted more.

"Fuck me, Mac," she encouraged. "Fuck me harder. Please don't stop. Make me come, Mac. I'm so close. Please..."

Mac shuddered as Alisha's nails dug into his neck. He groaned in ecstasy as he struggled to meet Alisha's demand. Cautiously increasing his pace as much as he could muster.

"I'm almost there, Mac," she announced. "Yes. Make me come. Please... Please, make me come."

Her moans turned into a squeal as she approached her climax when,

Ring! Ring! Ring!

Mac's office phone interrupted, forcing him to toss Alisha aside and jump to his feet to grab the receiver. Alisha raised her hands in protest.

"What the hell, Stephanie?" Mac barked.

Alisha glared from the floor, anger steaming from her face. She crossed her hands over her breasts, waiting for Mac to finish his call.

Mac finally hung up and turned to face naked Alisha on the floor.

"Shit. I'm so sorry, Babe. I've got a client meeting in about five minutes."

"What the...?"

Mac bent over to pull his pants from his ankles before Beth could finish her response.

Furious, Alisha got up, grabbed her dress from the floor and started to put it back on. She strode over to where Mac stood and poked her finger into his chest.

"You see? I told you. That sleezy secretary of yours-"

Mac held her hand and pulled her close, cutting her off.

"I'm sorry, Sweetie. She's only doing her job."

Alisha stepped back and made a face.

"Her job, Mac? And what job is that? Lusting for a married man and cockblocking his wife?"

Mac ran his hands over her shoulders.

"Relax, Babe," Mac soothed. "Stephanie's just looking out for me."

Alisha crossed her arms.

"Oh, really?"

Mac chuckled.

"Yap. That and making sure a client doesn't walk in on me getting down and dirty with my lovely wife."

Alisha squared her stance and peered into Mac's eyes. Mac leaned over and gave her a quick peck on the cheek, but Alisha barely flinched.

"Besides, we got all night to catch up where we left off."

Mac flashed a cocky smile, but Alisha grunted in response. She frowned and went on to pick up the candles.

Mac tied his belt and went out the door, leaving Alisha behind to clean up the office.

• • •

Two minutes later, Alisha came storming out of Mac's office.

Stephanie was seated in her desk outside, adorned in a silk silver spaghetti top and a short black skirt. She looked up at Alisha and flashed her a smile.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. MacAbee."

Alisha turned at her and grimaced.

"Save it, bitch."

Stephanie's eyes widened with shock. She swallowed hard as her boss's wife turned on her heel and left for the elevator. She stared from behind with her jaw wide open as Alisha disappeared behind the elevator door.

A ring on her phone snapped her back to reality. Just as she answered, a deep voice came streaming through the earpiece.

"Stephanie. Could you come see me at the conference room for a moment? I need to ask you a favor before that client comes in."

Still dazed from Alisha's outrage, Stephanie managed a shaky response.

"Um- Yeah. Yes- I mean- Sure, Ma'am. I mean, Sir."

She took a deep breath and turned from her seat before heading for the conference room. Her boss was seated at the edge of the table in a white shirt. With his jacket off, Stephanie could make out his broad silhouette through the thin material of his buttoned shirt. There was just enough light tracing out the side of his chiseled jaw in the dim-lit space.

Those broad shoulders. Those bit meaty arms.

"Stephanie? Hello... Earth to Stephanie..." Mac called, waving a hand over her face.

The dazed secretary shook her head and snapped back to attention.

"Oh, um, Sir. I'm sorry, Sir. Were you saying something?"

Mac laughed.

"That's okay," the boss smiled. "I know you got a lot to do. I'm sorry to bother you. I just need a little favor."

"Um, yes Sir. Just name it."

"I need you to schedule a home massage session tomorrow morning."

Oh, my God. He wants a massage a from me. Wha-Why? How am I- Relax, Steph. Don't panic. Stay calm.

Stephanie swallowed, her heart palpitating in her rib cage.

"Huh? What? I- I um, I've- but- I don't- I've never done a massage before, Sir."

Mac burst out laughing.

Stephanie started to shake as she watched in confusion.

“Girl, you crack me up.”

“Sorry, Sir? I- I don’t follow.”

Mac put his jacket on and walked toward her. She shuddered as he put his arms around her shoulder, igniting flutters in her core.

“Okay, I need you to book an appointment with a masseuse for my wife by tomorrow morning. Could you do that for me?”

Stephanie’s eyes widened as a bulb lit in her mind.

“Oh, yes. Yes. I can do that, Sir. Yes.”

Mac chuckled.

“Thanks, Steph. You’re the best.”

Stephanie’s gaze darted to the floor. Blood rushed to her cheeks.

Mac continued.

“Tell the client I’ll be in the conference room when she comes over.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Stephanie began to walk away when Mac called her back.

“Oh, and one more thing.”

Stephanie turned to face him.

“What’s the name of the client again?”

“Natasha, Sir. Natasha Walkins.”

Chapter Two

The Ardent Deal

“YOU’RE CRAZY, YOU do know that, right?” Venessa hissed.

Stephanie was seated next to her old redhead friend. They were both in bikinis, soaking up the sun by the pool out at the Shorthill condo.

The warm evening air felt good on Stephanie’s skin as the cool water caressed her aching feet. She sighed and looked out into the lush green that surrounded the vicinity of the pool.

“Damn it, Nessa,” Stephanie complained. “For once, could you just do as I say without being a bitch about it?”

“Steph, I don’t need to be a genius to tell you this. It’s a bad idea.”

Stephanie frowned and crossed her arms over her chest.

Venessa pressed on.

“Oh, come on. What would happen when Mac finds out that you run this shin dick?”

“*If* he finds out, Nessa. *If*.”

“Okay, fine,” Venessa made quote marks in the air. “*If*, he finds out. Regardless, what’s he going to think of you? Huh? What then?”

“What do you mean, ‘*What then*’? Worst case scenario, I get fired. I don’t need that job anyway.”

“Uh, duh. We both know you never needed that job in the first place. You said so yourself, remember?”

“So?”

“Come on, Steph. I’m not that slow, you know?”

Stephanie sighed and turned to glare at Venessa, hoping it would get her to stop.

It didn’t work. Venessa pushed on.

“You’ve got the hots for Mac, and you know it.”

Blood rushed to Stephanie’s face. Even in the presence of her best friend, she felt completely naked.

No. Venessa can never know.

She darted her gaze from her friend’s dark penetrating eyes. She struggled to steady her breath against her racing heart.

“There it is,” Venessa announced. “I knew it.”

“Shut up, okay?” Stephanie protested, brushing an imaginary strand of hair from her face.

Venessa began to laugh when Stephanie got up and made her way into the house. But she stopped at the door and heaved, taking a deep breath. Without turning around, she finally managed to speak,

“Venessa, I’m telling you this as your boss. Tomorrow morning at 9 am, you have a massage appointment with Mrs. MacAbee at her place. Don’t be late. You know where it is.”

Venessa stood and tilted her head at Stephanie before protesting once more.

“And what about Robby? He’s one of our biggest clients.”

Stephanie paused before responding.

“I’ll get someone else to attend to him.”

“But-”

“End of discussion, Venessa.”

“Fine. Consider it done, boss,” Venessa shrugged. “Oh, and do I go all the way?”

Stephanie sighed, struggling to ease the bundle caught in her chest.

“Whatever she wants.”

Stephanie heard a splash behind her as she made her way to her bedroom.

• • •

Demons haunted Stephanie as she stood naked in the bathroom. She struggled to control her breathing as a cocktail of pain and anger burned through her insides. She grasped the sink in her hands as they trembled

beneath the tension that resonated from the deepest pits of her crumbling heart. She took one last deep breath before convincing herself to look into the mirror.

A strong blonde with high cheeks and a soft brow ridge looked back at her. She brushed a finger over face, erasing a rogue tear, and closed her eyes before taking in another deep breath.

Breathe, Stephanie. Just breathe. This was bound to happen at some point. I just need to deal with it. Everything's going to be fine. I can manage this.

She turned around and picked a robe from a hook behind the bathroom door. Her nerves calmed as she draped it on and headed out to her room. The queen-sized bed felt relaxing underneath her body as she stared at her reflection from the ceiling mirror.

Everything was so simple. When did it all get so complicated?

Her mind wandered off to that fateful conversation with her father that changed her life.

Stephanie was 21 when her father, the founder of Dexter Consultants, gave her a tour of their biggest office in the United States – the Manhattan headquarters. Her father took pride as he walked across the halls.

"Good morning, Mr. Burns," nodded the eighth head from another office.

Her father nodded back.

He gestured proudly at his achievements to Stephanie and said, "Look around, sweetheart. Someday, this will all be yours."

Stephanie froze. Her eyes widened, and her mouth went dry. She looked up at her father's gleeful eyes. She wanted to speak, but her voice got caught in her throat.

This is not what I want.

The father urged, "Well, don't just stand there, the shareholders are waiting in the conference room. We have a big announcement to make."

"Wha- what announcement, Daddy?"

"Well, today I'm announcing the sole heir of Dexter Consultants, my dear."

Stephanie's jaw fell agape. She raised a shaky finger and pointed to her chest in inquiry.

A big smile formed over her father's face.

"Yes, my dear. You're my heir."

A burst of laughter gushed from his lungs.

He continued, "What? Who else did you think would take over my business? You're the only family I have left."

The father pulled her daughter close and gave her a tight hug, showering his affection to her. But Stephanie felt smothered.

I have to tell him how I feel.

She raised her head to see the excited faces in the next room and swallowed a lump in her throat.

I can't tell him here. Not now, at least.

A pang of guilt stung at her chest.

I'm so sorry, Daddy.

Her heart sank as they walked into the conference room. The partners clapped with excitement as they made their grand entrance.

This is a nightmare.

The entire meeting took only fifteen minutes. But to Stephanie, it felt like an eternity. She felt sick over every fake smile she had to flash. Every handshake she had to give. And every second she had to hug her father in show of gratitude.

Thank God I don't have to give a speech. I'd hurl halfway through. My dreams were never wrapped around running Father's empire. No. I want to build my own legacy.

Vivid memories cascaded through Stephanie's mind over the day she opened up about her aspirations to her father. She could still see the reaction on his face at their celebration dinner that very same night.

They were seated facing each other at a small, round dinner table at home. The servants had just served the food and left the room to their privacy.

"What do you mean, 'you can't'?"

"I'm sorry, Daddy. The corporate world... that's not my scene. It's yours."

"I can't believe I'm hearing this from my own daughter."

"This isn't what I want to do with my life, Daddy."

"Oh, really? What do you want, then? Do you want to toil under some asshole of a pimp just like your mother did?"

"Father!"

Mr. Burns got up and walked to the window. Pain was carved into his face, but he tried to hide it. He raised his chin to the darkness outside and nested a fist in his palm behind his back.

Her daughter followed behind. She put a hand over his shoulder, but he barely nudged.

"Daddy."

The only response Stephanie got was a loud sigh followed by a lengthy silence.

She put her hands around her father's waist and wrapped herself around him. Another sigh ensued before he unfastened her hands from his belly and turned toward her, fire burning in his eyes.

"Okay, then. Would you care to explain this newfound life dream of yours?"

"Okay."

Stephanie stepped back and dropped her gaze to the floor. Hesitation seized her vocal cords.

"Well?" Her father pushed.

"I'm... I want..."

Her father raised an eyebrow.

Stephanie cleared her throat and finally managed to blurt it out, "I want to run my own escort business, I'm calling it Whispers."

The dismay was apparent in her father's face. He stared at her in disbelief. Unsure how to respond to her daughter's answer. Uncertain how to deal with the reality unfolding before him. He bit down at the bitter anger that rose inside him. Searing. Raging. Tearing into the depths of his hopes and dreams.

"Are you insane?"

"But Father-"

"No, there's no way my daughter is becoming some lowly pimp."

"Father!"

"Enough, Stephanie! We're done discussing this."

Stephanie's father pushed her aside and stormed towards the dining hall exit. But just as he pulled back at the luxuriously carved double doors at the exit, Stephanie called out to him from behind.

"What about Michelle?"

Stephanie's words struck her father like an out-of-control trailer truck speeding down an express highway. He froze in his tracks, his body shaking with anguish.

He finally turned to Stephanie, fire blazing in his eyes.

"How dare you bring your mother into this?"

Stephanie shuddered.

"Dad-"

"How dare you?"

"Yes, father. I dare. She was an escort like so many out there struggling to make ends meet. And she was never ashamed to admit it."

"She would never want that life for you."

"She would want me to follow my dreams, Daddy."

Mr. Burns grunted and turned to his side. The turmoil in his expression was palpable.

Stephanie ran to him, opening her arms to hug him. But she stopped when her father raised his hand.

"I can't... I can't let you do this, Stephanie. You're the best thing that's ever happened to me since the day I met your mother. And now, you're the only family I have left."

Stephanie moved his arm aside and wrapped herself around him. Tears streamed down her eyes.

"Daddy," she sobbed on his dress shirt, "there are so many women out there facing torment every day. I want to help them. I want to change their lives. I want to set the trend in the industry. One that respects women and treats them with dignity. Regardless of what they do, or how they earn a living."

"But-"

"Just like you did with Mom."

Mr. Burns pushed Stephanie away. Rage seared from his eyes again.

Stephanie looked up at his beloved father, aware of the old scar she had just aggravated. Her heart wrenched inside her chest. Instant guilt seized her by the lungs, compromising her ability to breath.

The damage is done. And now, I have to fight for what I believed in.

"She was an escort, wasn't she father?"

Her father only stared back, simmering in boiling fury.

But Stephanie pushed ahead.

"What about all the atrocities she went through as she drudged for a buck just for food?"

Her father only responded with silence.

Stephanie continued.

"If you really loved my mother like you say you did, wouldn't you want to make a change for those who have to go through the same today?"

Mr. Burns swallowed a lump in his throat. A tear made its way down his cheek. He turned his gaze to the ceiling and unbuttoned his blazer before planting his hands on his hips. After a while of silence, he finally responded.

"Michelle- Your mother- She never would have wanted this for you."

Stephanie embraced her father once more. In his arms, she spoke again.

"I'm sorry, Daddy. I know you and mother put everything into Dexter. But I'm your daughter-"

"Stephanie-"

"Don't you want me to be happy?"

She pulled away from him and looked him in the eyes. She knew that her big green eyes were her father's biggest weakness.

He saw his wife in them. And Stephanie knew it.

Mr. Burns shook his head and slapped himself in the forehead.

"Damn it, Stephanie."

Stephanie knew all too well what that meant. Her face lit up with a wide grin. She couldn't hide her joy as her hands cupped over her face.

"Thank you, Daddy! Thank you so much."

A smile finally broke free from her father's face as he looked back at her.

Stephanie froze. She knew what that smile meant.

"There's a catch, isn't there?"

His smile grew wider.

"Anything you want, Daddy. Whatever you want, I'll do it."

Her father's smile faded. He took his coat off and sighed, "I'm an old man, Sweetie. I need to step down from Dexter soon. I need a successor."

Stephanie's smile grew as her father spoke, and the old man noticed.

"You've thought about this, haven't you?"

"Yes, Daddy. You raised me, remember?"

Her father narrowed his eyes at her.

"Okay, do you mind sharing with the rest of the class?"

"Floyd MacAbee."

"What? No!"

"Yes, Daddy. Think about it, he's pulled that company through more tough times than I can count."

"Yes, but he's not family."

"For now..."

Her father's eyes opened wide.

"No, we agreed, Stephanie. Work and pleasure don't-"

"Relax, Dad. We're not dating."

"But then-"

"Yet."

An impish smile grew in Stephanie's face. Her father had seen that smile before.

"Stephanie, No. The man's married, for God's sake."

"So what? People get divorced all the time."

"Stephanie, you're talking about wrecking a home."

"Oh, come on, Father. They don't even have kids."

"That doesn't-"

"Okay, tell you what. Give me one year to get through to him. If it doesn't work out between him and me, or if he gets a kid with his wife, then I'll back off. I promise."

“And you’ll leave this absurd Whispers thing and take over the family business?”

“Yes, Daddy. I promise.”

Mr. Burns shook his head, shifting his stare to the ceiling.

“You know, I think your mother and I spoiled you a little too much growing up.”

Stephanie chuckled and pressed her lips against her father’s cheek.

Mr. Burns brushed the lipstick from his face and turned to face his daughter.

“And what if he recognizes you?”

Stephanie laughed.

“The man has never met me in his entire life, Daddy.”

Her father chuckled, shaking his head.

Stephanie reached for her father’s hand and said, “Oh, speaking of the family business, I might need a small favor.”

Chapter Three

The Seed of Doubt

ALISHA SMILED AND bit her lower lip as she admired her cleavage from her bedroom mirror. Her plump breasts pressed hard against the laced fabric of her bra, plunging just enough over the top hem. She snaked her hand beneath her open silk robe to the soft skin of her stomach, and let it drift further down to her crotchless underwear. It did little to inhibit her throbbing clit from protruding out in the open. She gently ran her finger over the soft and tender crevices between her legs. Thick wetness greeted her from below, eager to finish what she had started with Mac earlier that day. Waves of pleasure coursed through her as she indulged herself with light, gentle strokes.

Oh, Mac. I yearn for your hard thickness inside me, fucking me soft and slow, edging me closer to my climax. Tonight, after so long, I want to come with you buried inside me as you hold me tight and lavish me with soft kisses down my neck.

The thought of Mac's lips caressing every inch of her soft ebony skin made her body ache. She walked back and sat at the edge of the bed before spreading her legs and letting her juices flow from her hungry lips. She closed her eyes and ran her hands over the length of her gleaming thighs. She quivered at her soft touch.

A smile curled over her lips as visions of Mac filled her decadent mind. Shivers crawled under her skin as she remembered his coarse touch. Her nipples pricked hard against her bra as she reminisced his brute strength. How he'd hold her tight in his arms as his long, hard thickness spread her wide and

filled her deep fervent void of ecstasy. She gushed with pleasure at the notion, burning for Mac's stiff thrust.

Alisha let herself fall back onto the bed as she reached down to nurse her aching desires. A soft moan escaped her lips as her finger traced its way across the soft valley of pleasures between her legs. Waves of lust cascaded through her. She arched her back as her fresh juices came flowing out of her hungry snatch. She let her finger slide through, brushing her palm against her pulsing clit, forcing a gasp from her lungs. Her breathing intensified as she ran her finger in circles around the crucible of all her womanly pleasures.

She opened her eyes and looked back at her reflection in the mirror. She smiled at the sexy woman splayed salaciously on the bed with her legs spread apart. Memories of the last time she was there with Mac's head between her thighs flooded her mind. She recollected the scintillating feel of his tongue lashing mercilessly at her, igniting her visceral flame and inciting her loud cries of pleasure. She loved how he licked every last drop of modesty from her, teasing her soft velvety lips and as they dripped with debauched desires. She loved how he made her hips buck against his face as he slid his fingers inside her. She quivered remembering the explosions of excitement all over her luscious curves as she fell further into the sweet abyss of sexual release. She relished the memory of her shuddering body as streams of wetness jetted from her pussy, spraying her love all over Mac's chest.

Alisha was getting wetter by the second. She closed her eyes and let her lust take control. Her nipples buzzed with need, sending pulses of wanton coursing through her throbbing clit. She couldn't help but pull down on the hem of her bra, exposing her soft bosom to the cool ambience of the room. She cupped it and pulled at the firm nipple. Her body begged for affection. Her other hand snaked back down to her pussy. A thick film of glistening wetness greeted her touch.

She moaned as her finger massaged her throbbing clit. Her body burned for Mac's strong hands to seize control over her concupiscent body. She yearned to have his thickness inside her, stretching her walls and filling the void that ached for his presence whenever he was away. She itched to have his tight, muscular form pressed hard against her soft delicate body. She wanted to take him in. She wanted his musky scent laced all over her inflamed frame. She wanted him to take her. She wanted him to fuck her.

Slow.

Hard.

Deep.

And more than anything else, she wanted to come with his throbbing girth buried deep inside her.

Alisha gasped. Her body tensed. She pressed harder and rubbed faster against her pussy as she edged closer to her sweet release when,

Ding!

The oven rang from the kitchen, hinting that the steak was ready.

The interruption yanked Alisha from her amorous world of lustful fantasy, depriving her of a sweet orgasm. A dissolute smile formed in her face.

I'll save this for later.

She rushed to the bathroom to freshen up before coming back out for a last peak at the masterpiece that was her luscious ebony frame.

“Take that, you bitch of a secretary,” Alisha hissed.

She turned and ran downstairs to make the last preparations for the surprise dinner she'd prepared for her husband.

• • •

It was 6.45 pm and Mac was still stuck at the office. What was once a buzzing floor with workers roaming right and left carrying papers and folders everywhere was now a desolate space. Mac was the only living soul there.

“Of course, Sir.”

He replied to the voice in his phone receiver.

“I'll have it on your mail before the end of the night.”

Mac hung up. He loosened his tie and took another glance at the clock on the wall.

Damn. Not again.

He gritted his teeth.

Late for third night in a row? Alisha's going to have my head on a stake.

He glanced at the open spreadsheet on his laptop.

On the other hand, this is like the tenth time this week that Mr. Burn's passed a special assignment to me. Me, and not any of the other managers.

He nodded with pride as he glanced at the title tag on his desk.

If I didn't know better, I'd say the prospects of me getting that promotion are shining pretty bright at the end of my horizon.

He turned to glance at Alisha's photo on his desk.

This promotion would be huge for us, Alisha. We could finally think about moving to a bigger apartment and starting that family we always wanted.

The clock chimed.

7 pm already?

He grabbed his phone from the desk and unlocked it, preparing to speed dial his wife, ready to tell her he'd come home late yet again. But he hesitated. He recalled the last two times he came in late, and how Alisha blew a gasket both times he did. He sighed out loud.

I can do this. I just need an extra hour, that's all. I'll bring home some flowers, a sweet box of chocolates, and all will be forgiven.

He put his phone away and got cracking on his keyboard.

• • •

Alisha's frustrations brimmed as she crossed her legs on the living room sofa. She took another sip of Chardonnay as she stared at the wall clock over the rim of her wine glass. She sighed once more and shook her head.

9.45 pm? What's taking him so long?

She turned her gaze to the rapidly cooling dinner on the table. The candles were burnt halfway down and the tingle between her legs had long gone stale.

Is he working late again? But he would have called. He always calls.

A concerned look manifested in Alisha's face. She uncrossed her legs and set the glass down to pick her phone. The earpiece beeped in her ear as she waited for her husband to answer his office phone.

No response.

She speed-dialed his cell phone.

Still no response.

Flashes of Mac's secretary invaded her mind. She remembered that revealing spaghetti top she wore that day. Thoughts of her firm nipples pushing hard against her blouse fabric ate at her mind.

The bitch wasn't even wearing a bra. She thinks those dorky glasses hide her innocence, but I see her for the slut that she is.

She frowned.

What kind of office attire is that, anyway?

She imagined Stephanie working late with her husband. How she would lean over across Mac's desk, showing him work files and giving him uninhibited view of her cleavage. Or maybe spill a coffee over his pants and grab a napkin, offering to dab him dry below his belt.

She has him all to herself. There's nothing she won't do.

The thoughts sent fire coursing through her veins, igniting a mindless rage, fueled by the stabbing pain of jealousy.

Why hasn't he called me? He always calls.

She took another look at her phone and called once more.

It was off now.

Alisha held the phone inches from her face, staring in disbelief.

Is Mac cheating on me?

Fury burned with malice in Alisha's eyes.

Not if I can help it.

She went back to her phone and scrolled through her contacts.

Private Investigator...

She tapped dial and pressed the receiver against her ear. A croaky voice answered on the second beep.

"Yo, Alisha."

"What the fuck am I paying you for, Craig?"

"Hey, girl. You need to chill. It's like I told you. I'll get to you when I got news."

Alisha hung up and tossed her phone across the floor before storming upstairs to her room.

• • •

Mac took another glance at his watch outside the front door to his home.

Damn it. 11.03 pm. Looks like I needed a lot more than just an hour.

He looked at the bouquet and box of chocolate in his hands and chuckled.

Thank God for New York City.

He ran a hand over his face and took a deep breath, bracing for the storm on the other side of the door. He put his keys into the door handle and twisted it open. The only light in the living streamed in from the streetlights outside.

The house lights were off.

Mac got inside and made his way to the open bar. He fixed himself a quick glass of whisky chugged it all down.

He gasped when he saw the romantically set dining table. The candles were off, but they were burnt almost all the way down. And in the middle of the table was a covered dish. He lifted the cover and took in the tantalizing aroma.

Mmmh... Rib-eye steak. My favorite.

It glistened in the dim light, cooked to perfection. But it had long gone cold.

Shit. I forgot about the promise I made Alisha over lunch.

Mac laid a fist to the table and grunted through clenched teeth.

I should have called, damn it.

He took another look at his watch.

11.10 pm. She must be asleep by now.

Mac left the gifts he'd bought on the table and cleared the dinner table. He wrapped the steak in foil before saving it in the fridge.

Shit. There's going to be hell to pay tomorrow morning. If she ain't asleep already.

Two minutes later, Mac stood at the bottom of the stairs that led to his room. His eyes were fixed to the top as a war raged in his mind.

He lowered his gaze and shook his head.

I'm way too sober for this shit.

Mac made his way back to the bar stand. He fixed himself another drink and climbed up the tall seat by the bar. He took the glass in his hand and swirled the drink a little before taking a sip of the bitter syrup. The room seemed to heat up as he took his blazer off and yanked down at his tie.

The tired man closed his eyes, letting his mind unwind from all the insanity that transpired since Alisha left after lunch that day.

Why was Mr. Burns so nice to me today? And why did he keep calling me son?

Mac shook the notion from his head. He chugged down at the rest of his evening medicine and poured himself another helping.

Alisha.

His expression softened.

That surprise today... she's never done that before.

Mac smiled.

Well, it definitely made my day. But why is she so damn cold to Stephanie?

Mac took another sip. The vision of Stephanie's tight frame crept into his mind. Her skirt held tight against to her ample ass as she swayed her way out of his office.

Mac chuckled.

Damn. With a body like that, I can see why Alisha would trip.

He guzzled the rest of his glass and finally made his way to the bedroom.

The door creaked as he pealed it open, careful not to wake his wife.

Mac gasped.

A figure was seated by his wife's bedside. From the silhouette, Mac could tell who it was.

He swallowed hard and managed a cheerful greeting.

"Alisha?" he called. "Hi, Babe. Is that you?"

She turned toward him and gave him a long stare. Without a word, she lied down and pulled the bed cover over herself, turning her back to her husband.

Mac slapped himself in the forehead.

Fuck, you idiot. What do you mean, 'Is that you?', who else were you expecting? Nicki Minaj?

Mac took his clothes off and scooped in beside his wife. The warmth of her bare skin on his was a welcomed comfort. He took a deep breath, taking in the sweet scent of her signature perfume.

Mac ran his hand up curve of her hip, snaking his way down across her belly. He applied some pressure, cautiously pulling her closer to his body.

He waited for her to push him away.

But Alisha snuggled in closer.

Mac's heart raced as his cock squeezed between Alisha's cheeks. His breathing escalated as he stiffened and grew harder by the second.

Alisha craned her head and sneered over her shoulder, "Oh, no, Mr. Hotshot! You ain't gettin' none tonight."

Mac sighed. A throbbing pain grew stronger in his balls.

Fuck. Maybe I should screw the damn secretary.

Get the rest of the book at:

[Amazon US](#)

[Amazon UK](#)

[Amazon CA](#)

[Amazon AU](#)

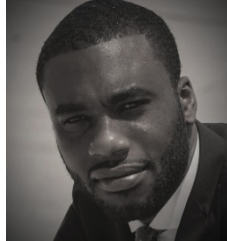


Author's Note

Did you enjoy it? If you did, feel free to
[let me know here.](#)

And if you haven't already,
[subscribe to me here](#)
for cool weekly book freebies.

About the Author



Samuel Silver is a self-published erotica author from the Empire Fiction publishing platform. From a very young age, Samuel has been very intrigued by the sensuality of the female figure. Everything about it sparked profound interest in him. So much so that he took up erotic art at a very young age.

Apart from his interest in the female form, Samuel has also been quite the storyteller in his younger years. But it wasn't until he read his first erotica that his journey in the seductive world of erotic writing began. This nifty skill combined perfectly with his wild, artistic imagination. So, enjoy his epic book escapades and make sure you don't miss latest releases.