



*Mr. Chen fixed me on*  
**Valentine's Day**

*An extended scene from the couple in Christmas on the 13th floor*

**LEE JACQUOT**



# Presley

VALENTINES DAY

**P**resley  
“Congratulations, Presley.” Nosey Nancy stands idly at my desk, her eyes directed at the small box containing my knickknacks. “Sorry Mr. Chen had to let you go. We sure will miss you around here.”

I paste on a smile, determined to make it off the premises without adding an unnecessary assault charge to my relatively clean record. “I’ll miss you too, Nancy. Try not to get too close to a flame tonight. Don’t want your plastic to melt.”

The pure shock and awe that mangles Nancy’s wrinkle-free face is priceless. She scoffs, spinning on her heels and stomping to her desk, but I can’t resist correcting her one last time. “Oh, and I *resigned!*”

“You just couldn’t help yourself, could you, dear?” Marge comes from the side of me, a cheeky smile lifting the edges of her lips.

I drop my favorite pen in the box and turn, pulling the best secretary in the world into my arms. “Oh, Marge, you know I can’t help myself.”

She shakes her head as she releases me. “Believe me, I know. I’ll miss having you around to make that woman turn the same shade as her lipstick.”

I mirror her sweet smile. “Thank you. And thank you for that cake. It was divine.”

Marge winks, tilting her head toward Roman’s office. “He told me it was your favorite.”

“He did?”

She nods, giving me another brief hug. “He did. Now go on and get out of here, so you aren’t late.”

I bite into my lip, a warm flush creeping up my neck. Roman left early, leaning down and kissing me on the temple in front of the entire staff before dropping a Lindor chocolate on my desk. He whispered in my ear to meet him at his penthouse not a second past five.

My heart beats so erratically at the memory it’s practically vibrating against my ribs. That damn man has wooed me and swept me off my feet at least once every day, twice if I’m a good girl.

“Ready?” My bestie, Monica, claps a hand over my shoulder. “Holy shit, girl, you look hot as sin.”

I give a little twirl in the limited space my desk allows. It’s a white cocktail fit and flare dress with a deep V-neck. I saw Roman eyeing it when we went downtown for dinner, and couldn’t resist picking it up later. I don’t know what that man has done to me, but pleasing him is my favorite thing to do.

Well, maybe second. Pissing him off is still fun as hell.

I nod. “Don’t I? It makes my boobs look freaking delicious. And also, thank you, I was a little nervous.”

She waves me off. “He’s going to eat you up, girl, just you wait. He better give you the good pain killers tonight. Let’s go.”

We both laugh as she grabs the box full of treats leftover from the farewell party Charlotte threw against my multiple pleas not to, while I snag the one full of office supplies and take one last look at the place I’ve called prison for the past few years. I can’t believe this is it. Well, I can, but in the last couple

*Mr. Chen fired me on Valentine's Day*

of months—since the Christmas party, if I'm being precise—this place hasn't been half bad.

I think I'll miss the stairwell fingerbang sessions the most.

After catching up with Monica, we discuss her Valentine's Day plans on the elevator ride down. She plans to drown in a bottle of wine, take a bubble bath, then cozy up on the couch and watch a Hallmark movie. Sounded nice until she got to Hallmark. "What about Fear Street or something?"

She rolls her eyes as she hails a cab for me. "So I can freak out the rest of the night, thinking every little noise is a serial killer or a ghost from the 1600s? No thanks. Text me later."

I agree and pull her in for a hug before loading into the cab, giving my driver Roman's address. On the way over, I examine my hair, touch up my lipstick, and offer my driver the box of cupcakes to which he happily accepts.

There's no reason in the world I should be nervous about having dinner with a man I've been dating for almost two months. No reason why there should be a zillion freaking little butterflies flapping in my belly, threatening to have my lunch make a reappearance. But alas, as I step into the lobby of Roman's building, I think I might be ill.

It takes two breaths until I'm ready to walk toward the elevator. Another before I can push the button, and three more before I knock on his door.

It takes more self-restraint than I care to admit not to ruin my lipstick by worrying my lips half to death as I wait for him to answer. But when the door swings open, the trepidation and anxiousness disappear, replaced by pure and intense arousal. My thighs clench, my pussy squeezes and my lips part.

*God, this man is gorgeous.*

I've always thought so, even when I couldn't stand him. But now, knowing what his mouth and dick can do? The tingle down below is always immediate.

Roman leans against the threshold. His starched white shirt is rolled a quarter of the way up his forearms, his blue slacks are pressed to a crisp, and in one hand is a bouquet of red roses and white lilies.

He runs a hand through his thick black hair, but it falls back over his forehead in that sexy Johnny Depp way as he holds out the flowers. “Happy Valentine’s Day, Miss Cartier.”

I lift the box slightly and he’s quick to switch, taking it out of my hand and replacing it with the flowers.

“These are beautiful, Roman. Thank you.” I take a deep inhale of the fresh flowers, peeking at him from behind the petals, a massive blush blooming across my face.

“Is it atrocious if I say *not as beautiful as you?*”

I walk inside, strategically letting my hip brush against his hand. “Absofreakinlutely. But thanks anyway.”

I feel Roman’s gaze on me as I venture into his kitchen, my heels clicking on his hardwood floors. Laying the bouquet on his island delicately, I spin around, my dress twirling behind me as I do.

“*Oh!*” The air whooshes out of me as I realize Roman stands a mere foot away from me, only the small box of office supplies between us. His gaze is hooded and hungry, and I’m ninety percent sure the heater is on.

His eyes lower, burning a trail of fire as they go. “Really, Presley. You look...” He sets the box next to my elbow on the counter and steps closer.

My breath catches as he lifts his index finger and ghosts it across my jaw.

“Absolutely...”

Along the satin of my V-neck and through the valley of my breasts.

“And utterly...”

Over my waist and down my right thigh.

*Mr. Chen fired me on Valentine's Day*

"*Mine.*"

Goosebumps sprout at the same moment as his hand disappears under my dress and connects with the thin lace covering my pussy. He groans low as his finger sweeps back and forth, the pressure not enough to do anything but drive me fucking crazy.

"Roman." His name is a breathy moan as my head lolls to the side, my lashes fluttering to a close.

"Words, Miss Carrier." Another stroke of his fingers and I have to lean into the counter to stay steady. "You know I like it when you tell me what you want, pet."

"Hmm." My fingers clench the marble island as I fight the urge to tell him to toss me over his shoulder and take me to bed. "Is this what you had planned?"

Roman moves closer, skimming his nose up my neck. His breath is warm and minty, the combination a contradiction against my tingling flesh. "Is there something else you'd rather be doing?"

"Well, I saw, on-n the—" A heady moan slips out as his fingers bypass the lace and swipe through my drenched cunt.

"Ah, yes. The balcony. We'll go there in one second. But first, I want you needy."

I laugh, though it's much too high and strained to be considered genuine. "Can't you feel how *needy* I am?"

He tsks, nipping at my earlobe before soothing the small ache with his tongue. "I want you dripping on the floor."

Two fingers slip inside my pussy suddenly, and my body lights up immediately. The welcome intrusion causes me to open my legs farther, allowing him ample room to curl his digits in a tortuous motion.

"Play with my pussy, pet." He coos and through the delirium of pleasure budding in my core I feel him smile into the crook of my neck.

His free hand pulls the bottom of my dress up from the back, exposing my entire bottom half, and tucks it into the back of the V-neck. His fingers continue to fuck me as I obey his request, letting my fingers travel down to join his, and find my throbbing clit.

I only circle it twice before the heat begins to spread and my knees start to quiver.

That's when everything stops. Roman, along with his warmth and fingers, disappears. My breath is coming out as if I've been replicating the *Rocky* movie, and when I peel my eyes open, I see red.

Well, not like angry red, though I am completely pissed. No, it's a basket of strawberries.

I drop my dress and narrow my eyes at him. "That was a mean thing to do."

His head quirks to the side before he selects the smallest strawberry from the basket. "I said I want you ready, pet."

Biting on the corner of my lip, I fold my arms over my chest. "I was ready before I walked in the door, *sir*."

Roman smirks, tapping my bottom lip with the strawberry, prompting me to release it. "Open. Now."

I wrinkle my nose, my classic look of defiance taking over. This only makes Roman grin his *oh, so you want to do it the hard way* grin. "Miss Cartier, it would be in your best interest if you open that pouty little mouth of yours."

Rolling my eyes, I give in. My pussy is throbbing too damn hard to be super bratty, and the strawberry pinched between his fingers smells extremely sweet. When I open, Roman puts the berry on my tongue, pressing his digits down, making me close my lips around him.

That's when I taste it—the mix of the fruit and my arousal. It's as sweet as it smelled, but combined with my want, it is fucking intoxicating. My thighs snap shut, a tremor

*Mr. Chen fired me on Valentine's Day*

working through my entire body as I bite the berry from the stem.

Roman withdraws his hand slowly, before dropping the leaf in his basket and sucking his fingers clean. "That's my girl. Shall we?"

I nod, my head starting to become foggy. "Yes, sir."

Slowly, I turn on my heels and let him lead me to the balcony door. He's drawn the curtains closed, so I wasn't able to spoil the surprise, but as he slides the door open, I don't bother holding back my gasp.

The entire space has been cleared of the furniture and replaced with a massive fuzzy black blanket, along with an assortment of fruit and a small ceramic fondue bowl over a flame in the middle. Rose petals are scattered over the rest of the blanket, while tall and short pillar candles at the two far ends illuminate the patio in the perfect ambient light.

"Oh, Roman, this is beautiful."

"I couldn't agree more." His low timbre causes me to twist and look at him. His eyes are on me.

"Oh, you're pulling out all the corny stops tonight, huh."

His gaze darkens. "I thought I'd try out being nice. Does it not suit me?"

My mouth opens and closes twice. But he doesn't let me answer. Instead, he motions to the blanket. "Take your dress off and lay down."

His command is stern and drives straight into my core. Still, I can't help being a smartass and do a little twirl. "I thought you'd love this dress."

Roman takes a heavy step toward me. "I do. That's why I want it off. I'd hate to ruin it."

My cunt squeezes around nothing; the promise that tonight will somehow be messy sending shivers down my spine. I almost regret us being up so high, leaving no possibility of being

caught. I must admit that's what I'll miss most about our work rendezvous.

I place one hand behind my back, drawing down the zipper slowly, relishing in the burn of his stare. When it's completely undone, I strip the fabric just as leisurely off my shoulder, letting the dress fall to the floor.

The cool breeze blows over my bare skin, causing my nipples to draw tight. Or maybe it's the hooded gaze of Roman, which I'm almost certain could bring a mountain to crumble.

He moves as slowly as I did, laying the basket of strawberries on the blanket before closing the space between us. He captures my lips with his, taking complete control. His tongue dives between my closed lips, dancing with mine in a way that has my mind dizzy and on the verge of delirium.

"Ground," he growls against my mouth. "Don't make me ask again."

I nod, my nerves tingling as I sit, then lean back.

He tries to cover it, but I see the nerve in his jaw tic. He's struggling with his composure and something about a man like him losing his grip on his control is exhilarating.

Roman kneels next to me, grabbing a strawberry from the basket. One hand travels over my breasts and to my throat, wrapping around it firmly but allowing room for me to breathe. His free hand dips the strawberry in the fondue bowl, and he swirls it around, collecting enough chocolate until he's satisfied.

"Safe word is always red, yes?"

"Yes, sir." I blow out, my muscles tensing.

"Good girl."

He takes the berry from the bowl, twirling it around for a second before holding it over my belly button.

The small bite of pain is instant and hot. Like *really* fucking hot. But also feels so fucking good, my toes nearly break off because I squeeze them so tight.

*Mr. Chen fired me on Valentine's Day*

He trails the berry up, letting the chocolate form a river between my breasts before he doubles back and rolls it around my nipple.

I cry out, an indescribable amount of pleasure and pain making my pussy literally pulse.

“Color, Miss Car—”

“Again. Now. Oh my God, Roman.” I squirm under him, but keep my hands at my sides. He’s got a thing with me trying to finish before he’s ready and Heaven knows I’m two point two seconds away from just accepting the punishment.

He chuckles, grabbing another and repeating the same process, only this time he trails lower.

This time when I scream his name, I buck up, latching on to his wrist. “Sir. *Please...*”

His eyes scan over me for a moment and I can tell he’s debating on ending the fun early and giving in, or continuing what I’m sure he’s had planned for weeks. With the way my heart and cunt are squeezing in tandem, I decide to help him make the right choice.

“After we can do more of this, but right now, I need you inside me. I need you to *fuck me.*”

He sighs a heavy breath, but I see the concession in his eyes. He lets go of my throat and undresses quickly.

When he moves back to hover over me, I’m so past the point of need, I’m practically feral. I tilt my hips up, brushing my lace covered center over his incredibly hard cock, and a mix of my moan and his guttural groan fill the air.

Roman tugs my thong to the side before dragging his length through my soaking lips.

I cry out again. “Roman, sir.”

“Such an impatient little thing you are.” He tries to make a joke, but when he slams into me, his eyes snap shut. “*Fucccccck-kkkking* hell. You feel so fucking good, pet.”

I try to watch him lose more control, but the overwhelming sensation of him driving into me has my eyes rolling to the back of my head. After a few flexes of his hips, I join his rhythm, thrusting my ass up to meet his every stroke.

His dick hits the perfect spot, and as if he knows how utterly close I am, he presses on my lower stomach. I nearly come, the heat flaring wide.

“Just like that, pretty girl. Don’t stop.” He drives into me again and again, coaxing me. “You fit me so fucking perfectly.”

My walls flutter around his words, the impending orgasm too strong to fight now. As if he’s fighting the same thing, his thumb finds my aching clit. One. Two. Three. The fuse burns bright, the warmth coiling tight, ready to explore with the next pass.

“Come with me,” he demands, and already so close, we fall, exploding into a million pieces.

My vision fills with bright colors, my body convulsing and contracting simultaneously as Roman fucks us through the overwhelming orgasm.

It isn’t for a while before we catch our breath that he finally lowers, lying down next to me on the soft blanket. He draws me across his chest before peppering soft kisses over my sweaty temple.

“Happy Valentine’s, Miss Cartier,” Roman breathes into my neck, his heart beating so hard I feel it move in tandem with mine.

I smile, my head still floating in the clouds, along with the setting sun. “And to you, Mr. Chen.”

*Mr. Chen fired me on Valentine's Day*

Quick thanks to Greer & Dominique for reading this for me!  
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You're the bomb!

For more goodies like this, make sure to subscribe to my  
newsletter or check my website periodically!

