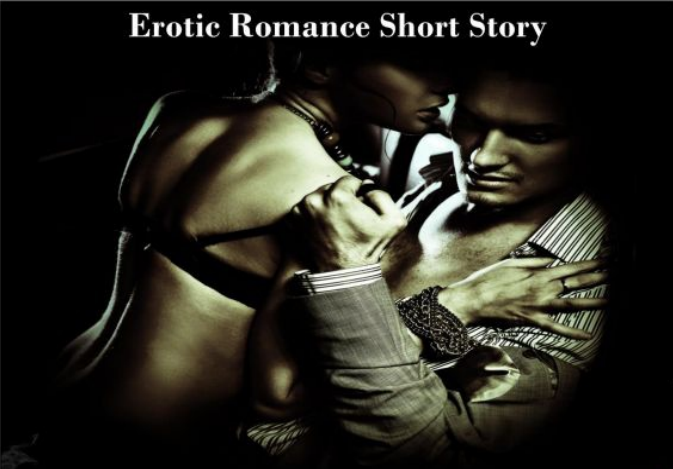


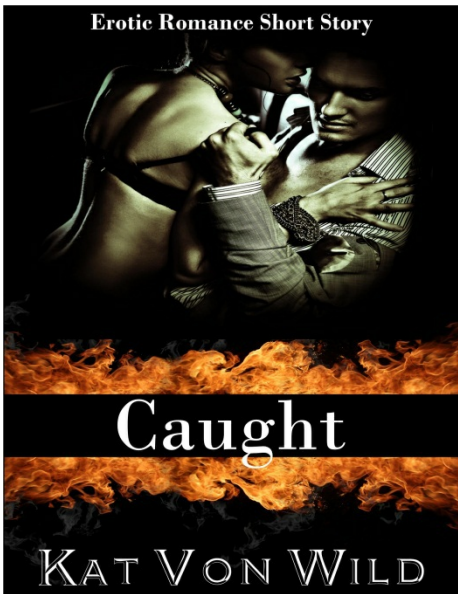
Erotic Romance Short Story



Caught

KAT VON WILD

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Erotic Short Story by Kat Von Wild

This book contains sexual content that is suitable for mature audience only.

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The cold dark tinted glass felt exotic pressed up against her naked breasts while her unbuttoned white blouse hung loosely over her shoulders. She felt his heated breath against her neck, his hand

sliding up her black pencil skirt as he growled out her name into her ear.

Tanisha felt her hands pressed hard against the office window, with her back arched, her head tilted back she let her eyes focus on the city lights illuminating up towards the thirty-second floor they were occupying at this late hour of the night. Her long brown hair draped to the side of her shoulders, leaving her neck ready for his lips to graze her bare skin again.

The man behind her, well he was her client and this moment they were having was a long time overdue. She had flirted her amber eyes at him more times than

she thought it should take. She bared more mocha colored skin than any woman should have to get his attention, yet he held out with reservation, often finding excuses not to be alone with her. Now she knew her charms could not be resisted and that his allusiveness was due to his inability to control his devilish desires. Tonight, was going to feel triumphant as this man she so intensely desired was now lost to her control.

The moments leading up to their passionate explosion was one that had her wound up so tight with anticipation that she found this challenge to get him to

notice her, touch her, desire her, only drove her on.

It started the first day after her interview with him as her client. It was a job as a marketing executive and at this level of price; she had to be free at a moment's notice, travel on his jet and handle all of his marketing and promotional coordination with his team of professionals, never leaving them alone - until now.

He was not the first elite client like this for her company to allow her to handle. The last one she had made such a success at his local political campaign, a well-known attractive man who was

running for governor, that she knew she was ready for the big leagues.

Perhaps his reservation had more to do with being caught with a contract employee than the fact that she was recently divorced. Either way, she wanted him the moment she laid her amber eyes on his dark penetrating ones, with a hint of golden glow that matched his dark skin.

It was at their first meeting together that her body tingled with desire; her nipples grew taunt as he smiled sheepishly at her for just that short moment. Her silk panties drenched themselves as her eyes traveled over every inch of his finely

sculpted body. His dark chocolate eyes and Latino business look had her wanting personal samba lessons, horizontal style. With her mixed heritage, the two of them would make an erotic picture in bed. It was that internal vision that enticed her to ace the interview, signing the client on as long-term basis and the start her mission with a newfound desire, her client and herself achieving multiple orgasms together.

As his hand stroked her back under her opened white blouse, the sound of his dress trousers unzipping filled her ears with music that made her smile. He wasn't going to just tease her with his kisses and oral stimulation; he was

getting ready to fuck her against her office glass window while she looked out at the city lights, just like she asked him to. Almost exactly as she told him her fantasy only fifteen minutes ago about wanting his face between her legs with her naked ass on her mahogany desk, her four-inch heels resting against his back while she looked down at him past her naked breasts. He made all of that happen and now more.

Now he was going past her verbal fantasy; she whispered out to him pleading that he fuck her against her office window. She had him in her control; he was lost to her scent, her

taste, her willing desire to be taken sexually.

As she felt his promise vibrate against the skin of her neck. "I'm going to fuck you just as you wanted. I want you to scream out your orgasm as the city lights stay within your focus." She let her smile illuminate with passion as she looked over her shoulder to where he just mumbled a promise and gave him the words she knew he wanted to hear.

"Fuck me. I want your cock so deep inside me. I'm so slick and excited. I've wanted you since the first day we met." She teased openly now, knowing that it

turned him on to hear her voice beg for action.

She did not know if he truly knew that she desired him from the moment their eyes met, but how could he not. They had only worked four weeks together, and he had spent most of them avoiding her eye contact or physical contact that she loved to tease him with. An unsuspecting hand brushing over his shoulder until she massaged his neck with both hands. A whisper into his ear how the suit he was wearing made him look extremely desirable. A coincidental brushing of her excited nipples against his backside to reach her slender fingers through his hair, claiming she was fixing

his thick dark hair from looking a mess. All of those teasing things in such a short time had him reacting with desire, but holding back. He began to avoid her, finding ways to keep some kind of distance between them. It was funny really and if she thought he didn't want her; she would have stopped and perhaps moved on to just do her job. However, she could tell the way his eyes enlarged when they would graze her entire body, thinking she couldn't see him. Every time she came into a room his breath would hitch, and he could talk no more. She knew he desired her; she just had to get him alone and tonight was her opportunity.

The fact that they could get caught in the act was even more enticing. She knew that a late-night meeting was due to happen in exactly half hour. She had full access to his business calendar as to not mix up any promotional plans. She planned this meeting to fit her needs, one that would include other coworkers, which ran this project, as well as her recent ex-husband who had full control over the company.

Tonight her client would not be seeing the woman that he met a week ago at a work social function, as she canceled their date that he had planned after this meeting. The hour they had until the meeting was enough for both of them to

scream out in the troughs of an orgasm, enough time for them to succumb to this fetish of city light sex, and enough time for her to convince him that perhaps this thing between them should not stop at just tonight. If she had her way with him, she wanted to tease him into submission in so many ways.

She spread her legs apart and bent back a bit as her pencil skirt was around her waist, she felt his mouth drop to her ass and give her a quick kiss as she caught his reflection in the mirrored glass when she looked down towards his reflection. He had his trousers off and his white starch dress shirt that she unbuttoned

earlier teasing him, was laying underneath his pants.

She almost missed the cold of the winter's night that had pressed against her taunt nipples as she bent backwards but the moment his left hand quickly grasped her breast and began to roll her nipple; she moaned with pleasure knowing that what he was about to do was the ecstasy she was waiting for, his throbbing hard cock in her tight wet pussy.

Yet he surprised her again with his fingers dipping into the front of her folds while his naked body pressed against her. His lips grazed the side of her neck

again beneath her ear as he moaned something about her body and her sweet taste. That comment brought a smile wide across her lips as she remembered only moments ago his face was buried between her legs, devouring her like his favorite dessert.

“Fuck me.” She begged out, knowing full well she could cum again with the way his fingers so expertly teased her clitoris. “I want your cock!” She moaned louder, almost hoping some coworker would walk in on them as they came early for the meeting and wanted to know what all the moaning was about.

He pressed hard against her body, and her taunt nipples felt the cold of the glass again as his hands were now on her hips. "Patience." He teased with a smile in his voice.

Just then, she felt the graze of his hands as her blouse was pulled down off her shoulders, and her arms fell away from the glass as the force of him taking her blouse the rest of the way off had her standing almost completely naked faced away from him. All that was left was a bunched up black pencil skirt around her waist as her black silk panties had been tossed off in a mad desire to get her sweet bald pussy on her mahogany desk. She now was standing there gloriously

naked in only her black four-inch stilettos that strapped around her ankle.

Just as she was about to turn around and face him, teasing him with her wicked smile, her long black lashes batting rapidly as her amber eyes tossed a look of desire that she felt deep inside, she felt him unzip her skirt and pull it down her legs.

This infatuation might have started at that interview, but the anticipation had been building for weeks. Her desire for his touch ached deep within her body. The first lash of his tongue told her that she had found her playmate, and with the way he devoured her, she knew that the

rest of his sexual skills would rival that of what her expectations only dreamed about.

The moment her skirt hit the floor; she turned in her four-inch heels and looked at his sculpted naked body, his hard throbbing cock jutting out towards her and his hands slowly rose to her face, cupping her chin in their strength as his mouth lowered to her lips. It was in that moment that sexual desires turned to romantic fantasies. She felt her own hands wander up his arms and around to his back as she returned his kiss with an open mouth and eager tongue. The way his passionate kiss tingled her lips, she knew that she would was too far-gone

that being caught was no longer an issue but how they could continue after tonight was foremost on her mind. When his lips parted from hers, she barely opened her eyes to his smile.

“Now I want to fuck you just like your little fantasy. Turn around, put your hands up against the glass, your tits pressed against the cold and your ass out so I can fuck you.” It wasn’t vulgar in the way he teased as it was a repeat of the exact way she told him she wanted to be fucked. Nothing pleased her more to know that he was fulfilling her fantasy.

She turned slowly, but not before she let her hand slowly linger down his chest

and the single word escaped her mouth, 'perfection'. Because that was what he looked like standing naked before her with a puffed muscular chest, his dark wavy hair, his piercing eyes and strong hands reaching out to touch her, just as she turned.

She let her hands place up on the glass so that her tits barely pressed against the cold of the window. Her step went wide again as her ass stuck out just a bit that she knew the position in which she was standing was such that her submission was self-explanatory. She was posed to be taken in desire and the second she felt the tip of his cock brush gently against

her dripping wet pussy; she knew that the anticipation was over.

It was the way his hand pulled at her hip backwards, just as his cock entered her slowly that she had to moan out in pleasure. The stretch of his cock felt glorious as her recent orgasm had her tight from within. His slow glide in had her pushing away from the glass just a bit and opening herself up more to him as she bent at her waist just a bit.

As soon as the entire length of him was in, he moaned, and then she felt him slowly glide out and back in. "Fuck me hard. I can take it." She heard her own voice vibrate through the room in a

moan. “Your cock feels so good.” Her true feelings aired themselves without hesitation.

She felt his hands on her hips with strength as he began to push and pull in and out of her, faster, thrusting with purpose and stride as his own growls of enjoyment escaped his tortured controlled ways of expressing himself.

“Yes!” She screamed out loudly. “Yes! Oh my god, you feel so good.” She moaned the last word as it echoed through the room. Just as she heard him mumble something about her body, the office door flew wide open and the person standing in the doorway was the

person she longed to see her do this, the man who had turned down this fantasy of hers since the moment she knew he was sleeping with his secretary. The man who hired her not so many years ago and fell in love with her, or she thought, married her and kept her happy until he quickly found another muse, his secretary, to suffice his sexual appetite... her ex-husband.

Just as she caught a glimpse of him on the reflection of the glass, her client came inside her with an intense groan and shutter. She let herself feel all the rejection and dishonesty of the last year roll through her, and she released her inhibitions and shuttered with her own

orgasm. If there was ever a way to get back at the man who humiliated her, cheated on her and took any sense of pride she had away from her, it was the man standing in the doorway, watching her client fuck her to oblivion.

She should have quit her job at her ex-husbands company but honestly found a sick feeling of revenge building momentum as she stayed on. Just now, she got the biggest thrill of revenge while being caught and after tonight's meeting, she will announce her resignation, hopefully taking the stack of clients, she has enticed over the years to stay with her at her own new firm she was creating with the alimony she

received from the divorce just two short months ago.

It took a moment before he realized that someone had opened the office door, just as he pulled out and turned to see the ray of light coming from the hallway. The moment her ex turned to walk away in what seemed a confused and maddening look; Tanisha let her hands wander up the back side of her client, and she whispered against his ear as her breasts pressed against his naked back. “Well, Derek, I would have to say that was worth getting caught by a stranger.”

He chuckled and turned into her arms. “I wonder who that was? I thought you

locked the office door.”

“I thought I did, but in all my excitement, I guess I didn’t push it closed all the way. Who cares who it was? They’re gone now. Let’s lock the door and think about doing all of that again, with maybe this time I can put my face between your legs.” She taunted naughtily with a smile.

He gently kissed her then pulled away. A moment of chill came between them. “I’ve got about fifteen minutes to freshen up and then the executive members along with your coworkers will be here. I’m glad you canceled my other appointment for after.” He let that hang out in the air

as if he dismissed the fact that he was originally supposed to be out with another woman tonight. She felt a tinge of despair wondering if he wished that other woman was the one that fulfilled his desires tonight.

She looked down at her white blouse and pencil skirt all wrinkled on the floor. As she stood there naked in only her black four-inch heels, the moment of euphoric orgasmic high was quickly wearing off. She had to wonder if this was a one-time thing and that after tonight, would he want to find another account executive. After what her ex had done to her over a year ago, she let the moment of her fantasy to this man take

all her pain and sorrow away, but somehow standing here naked left her feeling as if she had just been slapped across the face again.

She remembered trying to win her husband back with a tighter body and new clothes. She even remembered proposing fantasies like this one to get his attention away from straying towards anything that looked good in a short skirt. It was not long that she realized it was hopeless. However, staying at his company as friends and coworkers seemed enticing. It gave a glimmer of hope that one day he would change. However, that feeling quickly turned into ideas of revenge and then moving on.

“Hey? Why so glum all of a sudden?” She heard his voice vibrate softly against her neck as his body closed in against hers. In her moment of pity, he had taken the time to get dressed, and she stood completely naked before him not only physically, but mentally. She could not tell him that the man she just saw was her ex-husband or about what she had endured in the last year, but what she should tell him was how incredible her night had just been. She lightly kissed his lips as his arms closed around her and his warm embrace brought back to the tender moment all of this started tonight.

She quickly remembered back to standing in his office earlier this week, looking at a picture of him and a group of friends and smiling down into the picture. Somehow, romantically she wished herself into that picture with his arms around her and her being a part of his life.

Yet, her life was a bit lonely since the divorce. Friends picking sides and her career ambitions spiraled out of control as she saw an end to the means of this boss slash employee thing that she carried on after divorcing the man who hired her and swept her off her feet.

A memory from earlier in the day came forward in her mind when a strange call from her ex-husband had reached her desk, and his cold heartless voice echoed out a plea that he needed to talk to her tonight before the client meeting. She told him she was busy, and that she would see him at tonight's meeting. Secretly, she had hoped he would walk in on her and her client.

When she told her client Derek that he had to come an hour early to go over some last-minute details, which she knew that tonight she had to go all the way with her seduction plan. If not for the sake of her own desires fulfilled but

the fact that being caught would get back to her ex in some way.

The minute her client walked into her office and asked what made her so happy that she had to respond. “It’s you sir; I can’t stop thinking about you.” Then she walked past him, looked out and noticed most of the office was gone on a dinner break until the late night meeting. She closed and locked the door before she turned shyly back to him and stated. “If you only knew how badly I want you, then maybe you might do me this one favor and fulfill one of my many fantasies I have about you.”

It was in the moment he looked down shyly and back up that she saw the glimmer of hope in his eyes. “Why don’t you tell me what it is you fantasize about?” Then the smile upon his face deepened to a pair of dimples, and a glimmer of hope rose up in her as she sashayed over towards her desk. Slanting her ass on the edge and her hands holding her behind her as she slowly began to unbutton her white blouse. She took off her bra in preparation before he came, allowing her to expose her naked breasts all ready to play. It was in that moment her voice softened to a sexual vibration as she told him her fantasy.

Now that it was over, and it played out so well in her favor, she had to wonder if her desire for this man was worth losing him all just to make her ex-husband jealous.

When the sound of his voice brought her back to the moment as he had locked the door, picked up her clothes and offered them out to her, she softened to the sound of it. "Tanisha? I think we need to get ourselves together for this meeting. Then if you are open to it, perhaps a late dinner and a serious discussion. I think you know I have been attracted to you for some time. I also know about your new lease space at the Primer Building. Starting a new business?" He smiled at

her with seduction as she grabbed her clothes out of his hand and turned away out of utter embarrassment suddenly.

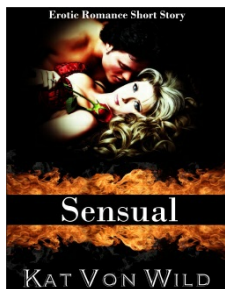
As she tried to get dressed, she realized her plan was foiled with her own emotions for the man. She was truly excited by him but more so, she felt an emotional friendly connection build day by day, working moment by moment. When she was about to turn and speak, she felt his arms surround her with a hug, as he whispered against her ear. "I think we both know there is something spectacular building between us. Let's not end this here tonight. I think getting caught might make it easier for you to leave this place. Let's make plans to

continue this and after your announcement tonight, I want you to know that as your client, I will follow you to your new business, as will many of my friends who utilize this company. You are smart, beautiful and your executive plans of action have made so many clients successful, how could you not do well out on your own? It's time to break away."

She turned into his arms with tears in her eyes. It was no longer about revenge or getting caught; it was about the man holding her and her desire to start anew. Her fantasy fulfilled only gave her the appetite for more. As his lips dropped to hers to devour her with passion, she

knew that getting caught was the best thing that ever happened to her. Tonight was her night to start fulfilling her own dreams. **The End**

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air force pilot fulfill a woman's dreams of doing it while a mile high? Between missions, one lonely Navy Seal, wonders will he always come home to find her waiting? Can one Marine be all he can be for his new neighbor? Should a rich sultry woman be picking up a sexy lonely soldier on leave? Can one woman's temptation be revealed by one man's desire to have her? Can a total stranger's kiss wake a sleeping beauty with such a feeling that all she can think about is being kissed just one more time by him? This book is filled with sultry seductive romances that will ignite your erotic fire.

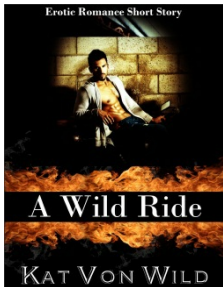


From the moment the bet was made, the sexual attraction started. One simple dare, on live radio, could not be taken lightly. Being a woman of honor, not to mention the curiosity of the attraction to the man and his voice on air that proposed the dare, the loss of the bet would only be completed once her virginal skin was sweetly inked.

How far will a woman take it to make her newly promoted women's radio talk

show to make it successful? Perhaps too far, in the sexual sense. Losing a bet was not the only thing on Amber's mind when she talked with viewers about the sexiness of women with a tattoo. It was the voice of the man who made the dare that viewers choose the answer, and if she loses, she must get her first tattoo, by him. Who was this man? Could she really come through with the loss of the bet? And the most important question of all, if his flirting could cause an orgasm, what would his hands do to her once he got her alone?

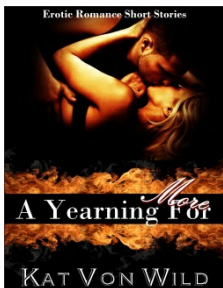
Will her fantasy be ignited with just his touch?



Passionate glances and short words exchanged were not the sexual satisfaction they were looking for. They both needed an explosive exchange of primal carnal sex to suffice their desires. What happens when their bodies ignite with passion and nothing stops them from pure sensual satisfaction? A willing desire to have more. It was as if they could not get enough of each other sexually in one night. Unsure of her own

feelings she finds herself on a wild ride. Will he find her and bring her to the brink of submission that this passion they have should be ignited with sexual sparks and her satisfied smile is all that matters to him?

The wind through your hair, the open road unfolding, and the vibrations between your legs to suffice. What's your wild ride?



Sometimes once is not enough. Being able to experience something over again with variety makes the spice of life even more exciting. Four Erotic Romance Short Stories, steamy sultry tales that ignite a warm passionate feeling within.

What's your favorite spice - Dangerous Reaction, Misbehaving, Naughty Nighttime, or City Lights?



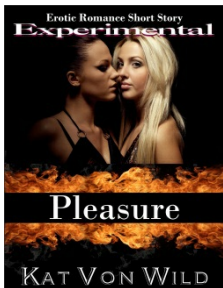
From the moment, the friendly bet between two neighbors was spoken; the flirtatious teasing transpired to the point of pleasure. The sexual attraction started months ago with a desire on both their parts to be so much more.

One simple dare from his gorgeous mouth taunting her at a chance meeting in a nightclub had her so frazzled with anticipation. She wondered if she could take it lightly and actually show up to complete the challenge. Being a woman of integrity, not to mention the inquisitiveness of the fascination to the man mixed with their six months of occasional passing in the apartment complex with eyes that grazed at each other's bodies and smiles that could only

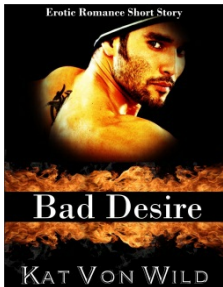
be interpreted as sexual dares, she knew the minute he whispered his proposal the time had come.

How far will she take it? That question is unanswered until she finds herself in that moment, unsure if she can stop her sexual attraction from unraveling into a heated mess.

His dare, was her only unfulfilled fantasy that he ignited with just his teasing comment. Could she let her guard down and let him be the man to take her to the next sexual height of her fantasies or will her shyness to open up her requests to a man sexually go unfulfilled?



Excitement awaits a woman who is willing to try new things with her husband. It takes one very special woman to see that her sensual side can be ignited through sensual foreplay and erotic fantasies. This erotic novella will have you wet and wanting with each sexual scene.



Coming Soon! With one look, one dangerous notion, she knew that she had to have him. He looked like sin on wheels and if her perceptions were right, he was going to appease her bad desire. Being bold and daring against a man that is dangerous and sexy, could get her into some heated trouble. Trouble could just be the thing she needs.

The Author
Kat VonWild

As an inspiring new writer, I have experimented with several different writing styles. From full-length adult romances to short erotic stories and short adult romances. I have acquired new skills and viewpoints on my writing through reviews and listened to my readers.

I enjoy writing and sharing my stories with you, my readers, and often hope that I give more much joy then I receive in payment. I write as a hobby and a way to fulfill my muse that likes to come up with romantic stories to share; as an e-book writer for adult romance or erotica, whose purpose is to make you feel as if you took a moment away and

found sensuality. My adult romance novels tell stories of love and passion, and my short erotica stories are written to ignite the fire within. My one true passion is to leave you feeling fulfilled and wanting.

Like luscious liquid dreams, my stories pour from my fluttering fingertips, creating a provocative experience, for your pleasure. Deliciously dark dreams dare me to be so bold. Stimulating warm trickling sensations like a waterfall gently washing over your soul. Accept my offering of a moment in time to escape. Thank you for allowing her to offer you pleasure.

"I believe in giving to those who need to receive. There is satisfaction in sharing my words in writing to you as a reader. Sensuality and sexuality are two of the most basic primal desires for which many long for. When my words bring that desire closer, I feel I have given a gift in return. With all of my writing, there is always a touch of romance, so that a small story may unfold for you."

Kat Von Wild

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Bad Desire

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