

Enemies to Lovers Romance, Steamy Scene

Chapter 14: Tori

There's only one thought running through my head: *don't think*.

Because if I were thinking, I wouldn't be in a broom closet with my legs wrapped around Jett Warner.

"Take this off," I whisper in his ear, tugging on my shirt.

He rips it off me in one fell swoop. Then he turns his attention to my bra, releasing it with one hand.

"Touch me, Jett."

He covers me with his hands, cupping my breasts. I love the feeling of his calloused hands over my soft nipples. He teases my areolas, running his fingers around them. I fidget, thrusting, unable to control myself. It's like he takes my strings and moves them like a puppeteer.

When he moves his lips to my nipples, I practically scream. His mouth sucks on them, from one to the other, lapping his wet tongue over them. I shake in his hands, a volcano ready to blow.

"Jett," I moan.

"Keep saying my name." After he comes up for air, he dives back onto my breasts, sucking them like his life depends on it.

"Jett," I whimper, my voice trembling. "Jett, Jett, Jett."

His sucking goes from hungry to ferocious. He leans me against the wall so his hands can explore me, too. As his hands fondle me now, his tongue pokes in between his fingers, teasing me further.

I can't keep quiet. Not for much longer.

Releasing my legs from his waist, I move back to my feet. Jett steps back, possibly wondering what he did wrong. But I don't let him think that for too long. Soon enough, I'm sliding to my knees before him

"I want you, Jett," I breathe, my hands running up his pants.

He growls, grasping at his growing bulge.

Navigating through the dark, I undo his belt and lower his zipper. Only able to see the silhouette, his penis springs to life as it breaks free. Even with just the outline visible, my mouth waters.

"Put that in your mouth," he grunts.

I don't waste another second. As I fill my mouth with Jett, I take in his scent. My eyes roll back. With every taste of him, I only want more.

If his taste and smell weren't enough, the sounds he makes set me ablaze. Jett sounds so pleased, so vulnerable, showing me a side that most people never get to see.

"Stop, stop." He pulls out, panting like a dog.

"Was I okay?"

"Okay? You almost sent me over the edge." And I'm not ready for this to end." He pulls me to my feet and fills my mouth with his tongue.

“Maybe we should take this someplace else,” I whisper. Taking a deep breath, all the thoughts I’ve repressed flood back in my mind. We’re in my office building. My boss works down the hall. Just moments ago, footsteps passed by.

*What the hell are we doing?*

“We need to go,” I say.

Jett takes my face in his hands. “I’ll leave first, make sure the coast is clear. If you don’t hear anything, follow me out in thirty seconds. We’ll leave separately. Go straight to my hotel and I’ll meet you there.”

“Jett-”

“And don’t take a single detour. You hear me?”

I nod vigorously. He kisses me one last time, passionate and hurried, like he’s taking his last breath before diving underwater. Then Jett zips up his pants, buttons his shirt, fixes his hair, and leaves the closet.

What follows next is the longest thirty seconds of my life.