

# *Mistletoe Manipulation*

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Chapter 1 to 1

## *Mistletoe Manipulation*

“And then... I told her she should just quit and go elsewhere. If I can't determine my own schedule, what's the point of being a millionaire!” he cried, laughing raucously, inundating me with another blast of Beef Eater breath.

Everyone in the circle laughed in unison and I followed suit, still annoyed I'd agreed to this. My new partner was a nice man, but obnoxious and very old fashioned. He had insisted I come to the Christmas party in Seattle to celebrate his successful year and I thought it best to keep him happy. And until now, I wasn't complaining...

He was all about employee loyalty and old contacts, and that shit was great, but I didn't have old contacts, so I allowed him a buy in. By the third quarter of this year, he had opened our Seattle branch and brought through \$4M in profit. He'd landed several deals and by all definitions, grew my business significantly, establishing our presence on the West Coast. A lot of money was made thanks to him, not that he'd get what he earned when I was done.

The funny thing was, I was as an obvious outsider in this group, clearly the stooge in the eyes of his loyal colleagues and associates he brought with him. They probably saw me as some young wunderkind from New York with no idea what I was doing. And now they were here, laughing at his stupid fucking jokes. Little did they know that, unless my new partner performed a financial audit within the next week, my accountant had already embezzled funds from his branch. And by this time next year, after the branch was sustainable at its current revenue, the discovery of what he'd done would emerge. He would take the fall and I'd walk with his contacts and revenue.

He would probably go to jail, but that's how business was done. I was successful and young and I didn't make it here by fighting fair. The plan was subtle and effective and the trail would be clean. He laughed again, inspiring a twinge of guilt. He was drinking and all fucking happy...

Pushing that away, I smiled at the punchline for the joke I hadn't heard... *It's okay...they'll all be replaced.*

And I was patient with his group of lackeys until he went into another business story, pointing out how he'd saved the day and what he'd learned. Fucking boring.

My flight was scheduled first thing the following morning and I couldn't wait to get back to New York. The rain and the dismal weather were already adding to my aggravation. Snow in the city was one thing, but this sleet and wet shit in Seattle was another. I needed out of this situation.

Once again, I swayed between the need to get the fuck away from this ridiculous group of people and the need to stay to make sure I was mingling... for an appropriate amount of time. *Mingle, fucking mingle... God damn it...* I met the fake smile of an older woman that had been staring all night. She was a hot piece of ass for an older lady, but... she was also with her husband.

Suppressing another sigh, I laughed again at a joke absently, catching the tail end before excusing myself to the bar.

The ballroom was nicely decorated, very colorful with Christmas shit everywhere. Trees, lights and mistletoe hung from the ceiling and decorated the bar. I made my way up to a stool and took a seat before I looked around again. It was funny to me that these people were all under my employ, but had no idea who I was – that reminder only made me laugh, realizing once again how clever my plan was. No one would ever suspect me, a competent business owner with majority share. Why would I steal from myself?

As I sat, jingle bell rock began to play and I decided I'd leave in an hour.

“Thank you,” a woman's voice said sweetly, somewhere close by.

I turned automatically, flinching back at the sight. A beautiful brunette was right next to me, squeezing in slightly closer at the crowded bar, waiting for the bartender. My eyes automatically darted to her tits, nice round cleavage peeking out just from the top of her black dress. Even from her profile, she was sexy with full parted lips and bedroom eyes...

And then she was looking at me.

“Hello,” she said, glancing up and down, observing me checking out her tits.

“Hi,” I said smoothly, leaning into her slightly to see if she was the type. Her eyes met mine with a turn of her head and she smiled again. *Oh yes, she's definitely flirting.*

A female bartender walked up and asked her what she wanted to drink. As she ordered a martini, I leaned back to openly stare at her body again. She was a sleek vision in a classy black skirt and low cut top. Her brown hair graced the middle of her back and her ass was nice, round and firm. She had a sparkle in her eye and there was something about those lips. I pictured them wrapped around my cock before she turned back to the bartender.

And it had been too long. She smiled at my eye fuck as she turned back and I smirked, loving that I'd been caught. She liked it. *Who was this woman?*

“I'm Edward Cullen. I don't think we've met before,” I said, extending my hand.

Brief shock crossed her face before straightening. Her lips parted in recognition as she shook my hand firmly. Her eyes seemed suddenly darker.

“You're Edward Cullen?” she asked conversationally, but somehow slightly suspicious.

*Uh oh*, I thought, wondering if she'd know me from somewhere. But I'd never seen her before. I was known in the business world to an extent, but she obviously didn't travel in that circle. She was in her early twenties and fucking sexy. “Do I know you?” I asked, suspicious now too.

“No,” she answered, shaking her head and darting her eyes to the floor. *Strange*, I thought, still more focused on confirming that she wasn’t wearing a ring. And she wasn’t. I let her hand go as her eyes darted away from mine, back to the bar. My eyes strayed again; she had a lovely face and perky tits. I could see down the top of her dress again and I stared, trying to catch sight of her full cleavage. Damn... I wonder what she’s doing tonight.

“So, you work for Cullen Enterprises?” I asked, wondering if she was someone’s date, or worse, an employee.

“No,” she shrugged, watching the bartender, not meeting my eyes anymore.

“Here you go,” the bartender returned, setting down her drink. I stood next to her then, watching as she brought the glass to her full, sexy lips, drinking. Her pink tongue slipped under on the other side of the glass for just a moment before the drink was gone. I raised my brows at that sexy shit and said a prayer that I could get a blowjob. *I bet she swallows like that too...*

“Would you like another?” I offered. It would be easier if she were drunk.

“No,” she said sweetly, looking back at me now through thick lashes. She seemed hesitant, but when our eyes met, I saw it: *the look*. Dark eyes fluttering every other blink. The look every man knew from their very own dreams or favorite porn. She *wanted* me. *I knew it*.

“I think that’s all I needed. It’s been a long week. I needed to relax a little,” she sighed.

I wanted to tell her that my cock could help her with that, but I stared at her mouth instead, imagining how her tongue would feel sliding up and down...

She licked her lips and set her glass down on the bar.

“So,” I said quietly, leaning into her ear, taking the initiative. “Do you want to get out of here?”

She looked at me quickly, her eyes growing impossibly sexier even though she seemed a little hesitant still as if she was thinking, which was what I’d feared, and the reason why drinks were a good thing. I needed to persuade. Drawing my hand to her face to cup her cheek, I cleared a strand of hair from her shoulder with my finger, lingering against her soft skin, preparing my next lines...

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” she said innocently, batting her eyelashes, and clearly contradicting her words by leaning closer. She looked almost shy, but she was also right next to me now. I could feel the heat of her body against my stomach. The need to break our physical barrier enough to convince her to leave took over. I heard a loud, girlish giggle along the bar as a man grasped a woman’s face, kissing her under mistletoe. *Yes... Perfect...* I reminded myself to send a note to the organizer of the hotel for that stroke of genius, which was clearly about to get me laid.

My eyes sought the first piece in sight. A few steps behind her was a strand, hanging on a clear

thread from the ceiling. Glancing back to her confusion, I smirked before leaning in to her ear, “Do you trust me?” I asked her seductively, suppressing a chuckle as she shivered. This would be too easy. I pulled from her ear, waiting for her ‘yes’.

She shook her head, staring at my mouth. “I don’t think I could ever trust you,” she said softly, still contradicting her words with her tone, still staring still at my lips. I didn’t really care whether she did; but that was a good line and I needed to back her up to the mistletoe. We were in a crowded room after all.

“That’s a shame,” I said smoothly against her hair, breathing in her ear. “Why don’t you let me prove you wrong? Take four steps backwards right now.”

Her big brown eyes gazed at mine as she unraveled her hand from her drink, taking two steps back - away from the bar and towards the crowd. Our bodies never strayed more than a few inches as we locked on each other’s mouths. This would *definitely* be easy and probably really fucking good too. She stopped after the second step and I leaned again, sliding my hand up through her warm hair and wrapping around the back of her neck, trying not to be too obvious in the crowded bar.

“Look up,” I whispered against her hair, smelling her scent of strawberries. She looked up then and as she did, I seized my chance, kissing her full soft lips, taking her bottom in between mine and sucking lightly before kissing her full mouth repeatedly. She didn’t try to get away, and she even kissed me back for a few exchanges before pulling away. Her warm hand slipped into mine and I knew it was over. She was mine...

“You know,” she said sweetly, batting her dark eyes, hovering under my lips, “We *should* get out of here. Do *you* trust me?”

I didn’t trust women as a rule, but I shook my head anyway. She turned quickly on her heels, pulling me and leading me towards the exit. I started getting excited for this as I walked behind her, watching her walk with urgency, wanting me...

We knocked past a crowd of drunken strangers, towards mahogany doors leading out of the ballroom. *Damn*, I thought, fucking anxious now. *She wants to go straight to the room!*

We were through the doors then and as soon as they shut behind us, we continued with our pace in the marble hallway. The long hall was silent compared to the loud Christmas music and mumbles of the crowd. I had no idea where we were going either, but I looked down again at her nice little ass as her black heels clicked on the marble, thanking God for my fortune. Wherever she was going, I was there - I was going to get a blowjob or a fuck from this hot girl for free with no effort on my part. But wait... where are we going?

Before I could ask, she pulled me roughly towards a large mahogany door, yanking my arm. I looked around, wondering where the fuck where we were going as she wrenched it open with force and led me into the darkness. I looked once more behind me to the brighter hallway just to be sure there was no one around, not that it should have mattered, but scandal was always a

problem. Even possibly in Seattle. It was pitch black all of the sudden.

She pushed me roughly against the door with her hand on my chest. I heard a click that I assumed was the lock.

“What –“ I started, but never finished.

So suddenly, I was overwhelmed. She slammed herself against me immediately, crushing her aggressive mouth to mine and pressing her hot body eagerly against my now raging erection. I fought for breath as she panted in my mouth, winding her hands up neck, pulling slightly on my hair as she moaned and hitched her leg to my hip. I reacted finally, grabbing her knee and pushing on her ass. She moaned in approval and pulled again on my hair while I felt for the lines of her skirt, trying to guess if she was wearing panties.

I pictured what she would look like naked quickly with her long hair and her nice ass. That was so fucking hot and I kissed her harder as she moaned into my mouth once more. She wanted it too and I was growing impatient. Thankfully, she reached for my dick through my slacks and I hissed against her mouth, clenching my jaw at the sensation. She softly stroked me with her fingertips and the feeling was both excellent and long overdue. Long hours at the office, plotting and planning had eliminated my social life for a while. Call girls were my only source for sex and that was only a necessity.

Her kiss was increasingly more aggressive as I began to rub her ass, pushing her against me in time with her light strokes through my pants. Her mouth was delicious and plump and she was panting and excited for me. I felt her little teeth as she nipped and sucked on my lips and tongue before she thrust into my mouth repeatedly; the taste was exquisite, like liquor and strawberries and I fucked her mouth with my own.

I could think of nothing else but the vision of her pinned against the wall for me now, naked and taking me completely. And I wasn't going to mess around now if she wanted to fuck me, so I pulled her again into my cock, arching my hips forward, trying to show her what I wanted. I needed to get inside her against the wall, and I could only imagine how her ass would feel in my hands. Automatically, I squeezed her cheek roughly and smacked her hard, absorbing the tiny shakes with my hand. The skirt needed to come off.

“I never do this,” she breathed against my face as she began gyrating her body towards me, sending her breasts in a crush against me as if she was responding to invisible spurts of desire. I wanted to get her naked, but then I realized that we wouldn't have time for that. *Wait. Where the fuck am I?*

My dizzy mind slightly cleared as she pulled away from my mouth, hovering her swollen lips beneath mine as she slid her hands under my jacket. I let her slip it off me and I moved my arms from her for a moment to let it drop, only to replace them around her immediately, grasping her ass again. My cock hardened as she moaned deeply with the contact.

I opened my eyes quickly again, remembering that she'd pulled me in here when we could have

gone to my room. My eyes adjusted to the dark room quickly as she sporadically kissed and sucked on my neck with her own little whimpers. It was hard to concentrate and I clenched my jaw as she rocked her body into my cock again, teasing me. I focused and saw that we were in a dark conference room that should have probably been otherwise locked. My eyes landed on a long mahogany table stretching the length of the room with leather chairs all around.

*Jackpot*, I thought as I assessed the table, picturing her in my mind, laid out although unfortunately still in her black dress. Pinning her against the wall would be good, but she was all over me here and I wanted her my way.

I backed her up from the door with my hands on her ass, heading for the table. Her hands were in my hair and she panted in anticipation as she reached the table. She pulled her hands down to her slim skirt and bunched it up around her hips, staring at my mouth completely. Then she hiked it up further, exposing lacy red panties as she sat, spreading her legs for me. I let out a deep gust of air at the sight as I slid between them, rubbing my hard on against her immediately as I tangled one hand in her warm hair again, heading for her neck. Her hands began to work their way up my arms as my other roamed up her smooth thighs, heading for the lace in the middle as I nipped and sucked her neck, trying to at least have some form of foreplay.

“Are you in a relationship?” she asked quietly and quickly as she ran her hands across my shoulders, down my chest and stomach to begin working on my belt. She was going to fuck me so why did that matter?

“No,” I whispered honestly as I drew her bottom lip into my mouth and sucked lightly, trailing my hand to the side of her panties, deciding whether to slip in through the top or the side.

“Did you bring a date tonight?” she breathed as her hands undid my buckle.

“No,” I whispered as I ran the back of my fingertips against her wet panties.

“Mhmm,” she moaned, sucking on my lip and unbuttoning my pants. I moaned back, feeling quite proud of myself. She was soaked, so I stroked her again softly, eliciting a little whimper.

“Don’t get too excited,” she said, her eyes closed and pouty lips right in front of my face. “I was wet before I laid eyes on you.”

I pulled back from her face, still stroking her with my knuckles absently, unsure as to how to take that. She tightened her grip then on my pants, pulling the band towards her, bringing my clothed erection against her. I slipped my fingers inside the edge of her panties without another thought, stroking her soft wetness.

*Oh God*, I startled with a rough exhale. *She’s fucking completely bare.*

I shuddered with lust, peering down to watch my hand, seeing my fingers under the wet cloth. I tried not to whimper my damn self, thinking of how hot that was, and how fucking good she’d feel. My cock throbbed and ached for her.

“You like that don’t you,” she whispered against my mouth, jerking my button open. “You like to fuck people quick and hard.”

*People?* I barely registered. *Not people, but you,* I thought wryly.

“It won’t be quick,” I countered teasingly, touching her clit with my fingertips now, eliciting a whimper that made my cock harden further. I turned my fingers then, pulling her panties to the side completely, stroking her with my entire hand. *Oh God.* She was all soft skin and slippery wet. I heard and felt my zipper go down.

“We’ll see about that,” she said disparagingly as if she doubted me. She didn’t even know me.

I ignored that little sweet taunt as I felt her hands move to my hips, thinking clearly that she had no idea what was in store for her. I headed to her soft tits with my other hand, plumping them and pulling them further out of her dress, just enough to suck on her nipples. I licked and nibbled as she continued to work my pants, absorbing her little moans. She slid her hand into the top of my slacks and pushed them down, going straight for the band of my boxers.

“I bet you’ll want me to scream your name,” she breathed against my mouth now, sending chills up my spine. The cold air invaded as she pulled them down roughly, taking no care with my erection. I cringed as it slapped back against my stomach once the elastic had passed. And I had a smart ass comment that I forgot as her fingertips softly stroked me for the first time, skin against skin. My eyes fluttered closed, wondering exactly how she would sound. *Two syllables or three?*

I was so hard for her, stroking her, watching her hand trail in long strides, fucking *stroking* me. I couldn’t believe how good that felt, but I wanted inside now. Leaning into her shoulder even further, I grasped her ass, pulling her to me.

“I thought so...” she said, referencing something she’d said a minute ago. “You want me to submit to you...so you can own me and fuck me...” she continued. “But, I won’t.”

*Jesus, this girl is intense,* I thought. “You have a dirty mouth,” I breathed absently, thought impossible. “But, I can give you what you need.”

“Christmas *is* the time for giving,” she whispered, pulling my hair, her hand tightening on my shaft roughly. I groaned, torn between wanting to get inside again and seeing what else she wanted from me. Because that felt fucking good. I tried not to respond to the pleasure as she worked my cock like that, jerking enough to make me shudder, but I leaned my head on her shoulder, anyway. Smelling her skin, I tried weakly to rub her nipples, my dick and her hand quickly becoming one throbbing entity.

“Mhm,” she moaned again against my ear, nibbling my skin painfully. “We’ll see who fucks who,” she dared, palming, stroking, and tickling my cock erratically. *Fuck.*

Confusion invaded because her words were so dirty and fucking hot and I wanted her to keep talking like that unless it prevented her from stroking.

“Where's your condom?” she whispered pointedly, loosened her grip, thumbing the bead of moisture at my tip. I leaned back from her legs, feeling my dick right against her heat as she still touched and trailed her fingers. Then I was fumbling with my wallet, struggling to find the condom on an autopilot of lust. She began to stroke me faster, my lidded eyes kept open by the promise of more.

Finally, I opened my wallet as she leaned up to suck on my mouth once more in time with her strokes. My head felt clouded, and I was trying to find the condom to have this girl already, but she was distracting.

And then something came over her. She pulled me forward by ripping my hair in a burst of energy. I had just pulled the condom out, clenching it in my fist as the pain made me shiver.

I dropped my fucking wallet as she grabbed my jaw, plunging her tongue into my mouth. She was *rough* and I couldn't believe she'd just done that. It was fucking hot and I kissed her back hard, snatching her wrist from pulling my hair, placing it back on my aching cock, showing her I wasn't done with her. She moaned and I groaned, both opening our eyes, kissing eagerly now. Hers fluttered closed quickly, but I saw it. She fucking wanted me, too.

My hand clenched around hers with that encouragement and she moaned as I began to stroke with her. My hips were surrounded by her legs suddenly as she pulled me closer, forcing my cock at attention against her red panties, rubbing and chafing. *Fuck the foreplay*, I decided.

Edging forward, I re-situated my footing, stumbling from my slacks at my feet. She moaned again, which was nice, but I wanted to hear more. *I hope she's a screamer*, I thought, ripping the packet open. Looking down, I saw her slick and bare for me still, little panties pulled to the side.

The condom was in my grasp, and I pulled it out, dropping the wrapper, watching her hand slide softly up my stomach. My muscles tightened under her touch as I quickly rolled it on, panting with anticipation over the image of her bent across the table, hoping we could get that far. Smiling lazily, she wrapped one hand in my hair and took my cock in the other, gliding me up and down, rubbing herself with the tip, moaning with me. *Fucking hell...*

Sliding my hand to her ass, I pulled the skirt even higher in its bunch, no longer patient. Looking at that mouth, she led me in, and I thrust, her body closing me out despite her wetness.

*Jesus*. She was tight and warm, and so good, even with the rubber on. Again, I shifted, but not even a third of the way in.

“You have no idea how it feels to be fucked,” she whispered in the silence, stifling a moan when I pulled back to work again.

“Yes, I do,” I told her honestly, letting her tight heat consume my cock, relishing exactly how

good that felt. I pulled out and thrust, eliciting a kittenish whimper. *That's right*, I thought, feeling her over and over. She was clinging onto my shoulders and my hair already, letting me ride her.

“Not yet, you don’t,” she moaned into my neck, pulling my head down further, grinding her elbows into my shoulder. That shit was hot, so I sped up, earning moan after moan, working her faster after a minute, still reeling over how tight her body was. And how dirty her mouth sounded.

She felt too good, though, and this wouldn’t last long, which was a shame because she was perfect. I reached up to palm her tits through her top, trying to make it good while it lasted. She whimpered against my ear, and I thought clearly that her sounds would make me cum...

“I hope... you don’t... cum fast,” she moaned through my thrusts, expressing my fear.

*What?* I reeled back, trying to process that comment while my head swam with sensations of fucking her. And she was perfectly serious. *Jesus*, I thought. *No pressure... what the...*

My eyes shifted accidentally to her mouth then, looking on in confusion, imagining her full lips wrapped around my cock. Even though I was fucking her, that image was exquisite. I buried my head back into her neck to concentrate.

“I never... get fucked...” she moaned, wrapping her legs around me, locking me into her. She *was* fucking tight, so I knew she wasn’t lying, which only made me thrust a little harder.

“You are now,” I whispered back without thinking. She cried out sharply then and pulled my hair as our hips smacked together.

“Ow!” I growled into her neck.

“Was that too much for you?” she teased shrewdly, absorbing a vengeful automatic thrust with a sharp intake of breath. She was fucking rude and sassy and she was talking shit to me. I liked it and yet I didn’t.

She let out a giggle that was anything but sweet, the sound turning into a full moan as I grabbed her hips, fucking hard in retribution now. I almost laughed as she cried out sharply with each new slam, wrapping her legs higher around my back, pulling her whole body into mine, absorbing my fuck. Leaning back in a daze of sex, I remembered her words from earlier as her sounds echoed in the stark silence, betraying how good I was making her feel. *Who was fucking who?*

Grasping her hair, I pulled her face to mine, making sure she knew. I grinned halfway as I panted with her, but she wasn’t smiling anymore, her look somehow dangerous this close. *Why was she being so bossy earlier?* I wondered, deciding quickly that it didn’t matter. I was showing her I wouldn’t take her taunting.

Holding her in place, I slammed repeatedly in quick succession, watching her face contort in pleasure. She gripped me for support and I huffed with exertion and satisfaction, knowing I was shutting her mouth.

“Yes!” she growled at my tight rhythm.

“Yes...” I repeated, unable to hide my smirk.

Suddenly, her nails scratched painfully from my back to my neck, her claws searing my skin. And then I lost my patience.

“That fucking hurts,” I snapped, fucking her even harder.

She laughed breathlessly. “It hurts... when you... get fucked,” she panted sweetly through ragged breaths.

“Not always,” I countered weakly, trying to think clearly because her tone didn’t fit her statement at all. She was fucking taunting me that way through sweet little sounds.

And then I made a rookie fucking mistake.

Looking down, I watched myself slip in and out of her wetness. It was dark, but I could see her tightness still holding on to my cock as I withdrew. The sounds were too much... the feel of her....

“Go harder...” she groaned, now rougher and lower. I complied with her instantaneously, desperate to show her what I could do now. But it was getting harder to focus as I disappeared inside of her tight pussy. I kept trying to ignore the vision of her wet red panties and bare skin. *Fuck.*

I thought of my grandmother swimming then, of the alphabet and the organizational tier for my company, trying to concentrate.

“At least... do it right...” she hissed, interrupting my control.

*What the fuck?* I growled at her challenge. Her words were irritating me, as if I wasn’t giving her what she’d wanted already.

I slid her ass further off the table roughly, allowing me to enter her even deeper, but she had other plans. Suddenly she broke from my embrace, throwing herself across the mahogany table, her hair spreading all over the glass.

Her back arched and I smirked, laughing breathlessly, fucking winded now, giving her more. She was surrendering her body to the pleasure I was giving her. Submitting to me, despite her earlier promise. I grasped the edge of her hips more, pulling her into my slams, thrusting wildly, harder than I’d ever fucked anyone before. I could have sworn it would be painful, but apparently it

wasn't.

"Oh!" she cried, feeling what I was capable of, trying not to scream.

I tapped the edge of her, fucking her so good, wanting her to fucking howl for me as one of her hands slid into her hair, the other touching herself. That was a fucking sight to behold because I could see absolutely *everything*. Looking down again, I watched in awe as she played expertly between us, trying to focus on my cock and her fingers at the same time.

And then that was too much, but I slowed down to watch anyway, warring with myself to stop.

"No. That's not as nice as it was before," she complained from down the table with a frustrated sigh, annoyed because I slowed down. "Pathetic. I'm ready for you to cum now."

I fucking exhaled roughly. *Pathetic? What a bitch. Who does this girl think she is?*

I kept going, ignoring her words.

I was fucking mesmerized and I didn't want it to end as I watched myself enter her again. She had a fucking great body. To keep her engaged, I lowered my hand to rub her clit, but she slapped me away.

"Cum now, please," she demanded.

*Was she not enjoying herself anymore?* She was absorbing everything I was giving, and she was panting, but it looked as if she was biding her time or something... and that fucking infuriated me. I didn't get what her problem was, because I was fucking holding on for dear life, trying to make it last and enjoy her at the same time.

"I told you to cum," she demanded, lifting her head off the table, staring with narrowed eyes.

I slowed down automatically because... she *wasn't* enjoying herself. And that was the most emasculating thing I'd ever seen.

*Do I not feel good to her?* I worried. I had to know. Thrusting nice and deep, I tried to provoke her, to satisfy my confusion.

And then I saw it. Her head was still forward off the table, but her eyes rolled back, lips parting with a gasp as I did it again.

Too late, she snapped her eyes to mine, realizing her error. Then I understood.

This was about control.

She did enjoy it.

“I don’t cum on command,” I growled at her through my own ragged breathing, feeling instantly better now that I’d pegged her façade.

Dedicated to punishing her now, I re-situated my grip, pulling her forward for the grand finale, but then she shot up quickly, never dislodging my cock as she wrapped her arms around my neck, wrenching her hands into my hair, crushing her body to mine.

She was all over me then and I felt her hot mouth on my ear as she pulled my hair and clenched her legs around my back. I dug my fingers into her ass and held her even closer as I continued.

"I said... cum...." she taunted, slipping her hand up my shirt, scratching the shit out my abdomen. *Fuck*, I winced, but didn't breathe a word. That shit hurt, but I couldn't believe what she was saying, what she was doing.

And that it was working. The burn and ache began, spinning faster, urging me on. I was getting closer, despite my best efforts.

I fought to focus again, entering and withdrawing with diligent strength. But she was fucking with my head.

“I own you now,” she whispered serious and low through my thrusts.

I shuddered because that sounded fucking scary, but I couldn't control myself as my imagination tortured me with a vision of her telling me that shit in leather with boots on. So quickly I was losing it, the pressure building each time those words rang around my head.

“You *want* to cum...” she rushed out mockingly. “Cum now because I own you...”

*What the fuck? She’s a bitch*, I managed to think as I came closer. *Fuck her...*

Those words were meant as fucking weapons and I wanted to break free and demand that she explain what the fuck she was talking about, but I couldn't stop. I was so close now, but I wouldn't break...

I focused, not wanting to give in and refusing to relent, knowing she was saying some scary shit. I held on, thinking of my grandmother swimming fucking laps, again. And that worked, and I fucked her hard, and although she still taunted me with her dark eyes, I was feeling pretty good about my level of resistance.

Until I felt it.

Unparalleled and absolute ecstasy. She clenched painfully tight around me on purpose. *Oh fuck...*

I groaned a sobbing sound as I slammed her repeatedly, mindless, lost in sensation, hesitant to pull out, trying to soak up every bit of the feeling of her tight heat locked around me, enjoying

that she'd just done that, and trying to ignore the fact that she could tighten on command...

I groaned again, confused and fucking dizzy.

“Yes. Who’s... fucking... who... now?” she whispered roughly. “Cum now!” she demanded in another hiss, biting down on my shoulder and pulling hair from my head.

And it was over then. And I came.

Resistance was impossible and I surrendered to the glorious fucking pleasure of this crazy bitch completely, shuddering and groaning in waves. I leaned into her shoulder, still thrusting weakly and twitching into her as I panted and reeled and experienced the final bursts of my release completely. Her legs unwrapped then, but I still felt her hands in my hair, stroking me nicely now, and rubbing the spots she'd nearly pulled from my scalp. *Holy fuck, that was awesome.*

“Shhh,” she coaxed. I frowned vaguely at that shit, but I caught my breath against her neck anyway, still holding on to her ass. She smelled like strawberries and that was nice, even if she was fucking nuts. I recovered and pulled out of her though, feeling instant unstable fatigue in my legs.

And I was in great shape, but I would be sore tomorrow because I'd just fucked her brains out. She let me go then and I stepped back, still reeling from that shit. Our eyes met before she looked away to the door, smiling distantly and straightening her clothes. As if she'd recovered so quickly, while I could barely stand. My body and my mind were floating.

I watched her, unable to move yet, contemplating lying down for a moment to recuperate completely.

And she was fucking hot with her hair all over the place. She smoothed it down and ran her fingers through like a comb.

I snapped from my stupor as her heels hit the carpet with a soft thud, realizing I was panting and naked from the waist down still. She stepped away, leaving me standing there as I clutched the edge of the table for support, unable gather my thoughts completely. Images of what we'd just done filled my head. *She'd spoken so dirty... those words... and... she'd said she owned me...*

I looked down to see my cock hanging limply. I snatched my pants up, feeling awkward as I finally registered the strange feel of my situation. I grabbed my wallet too as I tried to collect myself. *That was the strangest, rudest, most confusing no strings sex...*

“If you'll excuse me,” she said quietly, staring forward still with an absent grin. She walked away then for a few steps and I turned my body automatically in her direction, trying to recall what had all just happened as I tucked in my shirt. *I have to get rid of this condom...*

Suddenly, my eyes snapped to her form automatically as she quickly strode back to me in the darkness, seizing my hair in her hands with a violent pull, wrenching my face towards hers. Her

full lips met mine roughly once before she bit my mouth.

“Fuck,” I hissed as I reached out to her waist to push her away, only when I touched her that close, I felt the desire to pull her back in and I did. Her body was firm and warm under my hands. She leaned into my ear, stroking my hair now softly, sending her strawberry scent in a swirl around me. She licked my earlobe and I shivered.

“Mr. Cullen... *if* there's a next time, which will depend entirely upon you,” she breathed, stroking my hair again, pressing her body to my side, inspiring an involuntary shudder as she shifted in a wave against me. “You *will* man up and make me cum for you,” she whispered.

*Mr. Cullen?* And then she immediately released my hair and turned to leave. I didn't catch a glimpse of her face one last time, but I watched her sexy, crazy ass slip out of the dark room in a state of stunned silence. *What the fuck just happened? Next time? Mr. Cullen?*

I disposed of the condom in the wastebasket quickly and strode to the door to find my crumpled jacket. She'd scrunched it by the door purposely when she'd left. *What was the deal with that girl?*

Instantly, I felt the need to get out of this room. I couldn't shake the feeling that I'd somehow just encountered a crazy seductress. I still couldn't believe what she'd said to me. *She was a bitch...she'd said she owned me...*

I slipped out of the door, blinking in the low light of the hallway to adjust. Quietly, I made my way out and looked around, making sure no one saw me enter or leave. I wasn't paranoid, but I felt uneasy for some reason. No one was around, so I made my way immediately back to the ballroom, which was still muffled and cheerful sounding through the thick door.

And I tried to break from the memories of the fantastic and yet strangely fucking degrading sex I'd just had as I opened the door, feeling lighter and freer regardless. I walked up to the bar immediately and took a seat, definitely in need of a drink after that. Confusion set in as I began to replay the whole scenario in my mind.

“What'll you have, sir?” the bartender asked.

“Vodka, double,” I muttered, still thinking of that exquisite piece of ass and how strange that whole situation had been. Her big eyes and her bare, soft pussy and the smell of strawberries, and her dirty words. I started trying to think over every thing she'd said to me, but all of my memories were clouded with the vision of her spread out on her back across that table. And where was she now?

I wasn't sure why I was even entertaining the idea, but she'd said “next time” and I wondered if she'd want to start that adventure tonight. My flight didn't leave until the morning and I wouldn't be back to this shithole city for at least another year. After all, I was just waiting to cut Charlie Swan out. I would never see her again.

*Damn*, I thought. *That really was some fucking weird shit*. My thoughts immediately diverted back to her as the bartender slid me my drink. I looked at the clear liquid thinking about how wet that girl had been for me.

*"I was wet before I laid eyes on you..."*

*"You like to fuck people..."*

*"Pathetic..."*

I looked around for her again, but didn't see her. So I smirked, thinking clearly that she was probably still in the bathroom recovering. *You hit that good*, I told myself, my smirk transforming into a smile. I sighed, thinking over when I could make my escape, wondering how to find her again.

Suddenly, a strong hand was on my shoulder and I turned quickly to see my partner Charlie standing with *her*. I stared back and forth between them in quick confusion, wondering how in the fuck they knew each other. His face was bright red from the alcohol, like hers, and she was glowing and smirking back at me.

"Edward! Meet my daughter Isabella! She'll be graduating this year with her degree in Business Finance and I hoped to appoint her as our new Chief Financial Officer for the Seattle branch!" He exclaimed, hugging her in a sideways embrace. "It's a big job, but she can handle anything! She's already been looking at the books, ambitious and ready to dig in," he said proudly, looking down at her in admiration. And then he chuckled. "Like I always say, get them young and they'll always be loyal and hardworking. She's got a great work ethic!"

My fucking heart stopped and my face grew hot. I stared back at her in veiled panic as she smiled sweetly and reached out to shake my hand. *Holy fucking...*

I stared back between the both of them again, wondering whether I'd just been played by the sexiest fucking co-ed I'd ever seen or whether I was somehow in deep shit. Or both. *You can always blame the accountant if you can't keep her quiet*, I thought quickly. *You should have followed your gut on this one!*

"Nice to meet you, Isabella," I offered dryly, staring her down, wanting immediate answers, letting her know I wouldn't go down without a fight. She smirked in mock confusion, shaking my hand tightly, digging her nails into my palm.

"Please... call me, Bella. In fact, I think we've met somewhere," she said slyly. "I have an excellent memory, but I can't seem to place it," Pretending to be confused, she batted her eyelashes. *Fuck*. "Oh, well. I'm sure it'll come back to me."

She shrugged and Charlie chuckled, apparently oblivious to the devilishly sexy woman he'd raised.

“Excellent, excellent!” he boomed with laughter, walking away jovially as someone called his name.

The moment he turned I leaned in to her threateningly, but she didn’t flinch back.

“I don't know what you think you're doing, little girl, but we need to talk,” I growled, grasping her hand, pulling her though she was keeping close. I dragged her to the back of the room near a corner and moved in, avoiding the way her eyes looked gazing up at me so close. I realized then, as her eyelashes batted sarcastically, that she could possibly ruin me and she knew it. If she had any dirt, I would have to pay her off, or try to silence her from telling her father. But if she was going to tell... she would have already. Unless she wanted something... *Fuck!*

“You knew who I was! You seduced me!” I charged in a low voice immediately, declaring now for the record what *exactly* fucking happened.

She shrugged and composed a mask of innocence. “What’s wrong, Mr. Cullen? You can fuck people, but you can’t take it in return?” she asked sweetly with narrowed eyes.

I searched her face and she searched mine before she slowly leaned in to my ear. I didn’t move.

“You won’t fuck my father,” she whispered back slowly, her voice so quiet amidst the revelry of the room. “But I can keep a secret... if you make it right.”

She raised her brows, fucking *purring* and I knew then that she had me.

“What do you want from me?” I whispered back, not agreeing to anything, asking for terms, looking at a Christmas tree across the room to avoid her eyes.

“Many things,” she shrugged casually before our eyes flashed back together.

Suddenly, she leaned closer, the heat of her body radiating. Slipping her hand into my hair again, she drew even closer, pulling me down towards her. Her fingers tangled softly and I struggled to focus as a shiver ran the course of my spine.

“Your accountant made a mistake. One that'll be corrected,” she breathed so close to my mouth.

I stared back at her without protest, wondering if she was done. I would lose money, but I had no choice now. I’d felt bad about the whole situation anyway and now I knew why. But, she might let it go if I could meet my end of the bargain. I could deal with that, granted I kept a close eye on her. Our corporate office was in New York, she was unqualified for the position, but perhaps I could lure her there, keep her close to watch her. Give her success and therefore no reason to turn on me... could that work?

Slipping her fingers into mine, she pulled my hand to her hip, tightening her grip on my scalp, demanding my attention again. My eyes still held hers, but then I saw the look again flash across her gaze.

“Right now,” she whispered sweetly, nibbling my lip, enjoying the control she clearly had as I stood there, waiting. “You’ll skip the fucking mistletoe and take me to your room.”

And I didn’t even respond before I was once again being navigated through a crowd of jolly drunken strangers.