

**NSFW: SILVER FOX BILLIONAIRE
ROMANCE SAMPLE (STEAMY)
SAMPLE**

DONOVAN

I'm halfway across the room before I realize I've moved. I open the door, and just as I expected, there she is.

Emma.

Messy hair. Swollen lips. That burgundy dress hugging her like obsession stitched in silk. My goddamn key card in her hand.

"Hi," she breathes. "You dropped this."

My cock twitches, my gaze lowering to the card in her hand. "You came all the way up here to return my key card?" I blink. "I do have another one, you know."

Her perfume hits me next—citrus and heat and something that punches straight into the primitive part of me that wants to throw her against the wall and fuck her senseless.

"Well," she steps closer, bold and trembling, like a lamb offering herself to the wolf. "I thought you might need it." She holds up the card. "And also—"

She surges up, pressing her mouth to mine.

No hesitation. No sweet kiss goodnight.

A "take me" kiss.

And I fucking do.

I growl low and grab her—waist in my hands, soft curves yielding to my grip—and drag her into the room like a man possessed, slamming the door shut behind her with a hard booted kick.

She's mine now. And we both fucking know it.

Spinning Emma, I pin the lithe, little brunette against the door and lick into her pink mouth like I'm starving...

Because I am.

Because as a billion dollar self-made man, I'm a hungry deprived predator, and for the first time in forever, Emma goddamned Sinclair is the only meal that can satisfy me.

And when she moans, I almost lose it.

Fuck me, that sound.

I want to bottle it, harvest it, and force-feed it to every man who ever thought she was too much or not enough.

I break the kiss, cupping her jaw. "You want this?"

She nods frantically. "Yes."

"You want me, sweetheart?" My voice drops an octave, laced with need. "Not just soft touches and good intentions—but the real fucking thing. The part of me that doesn't ask permission, that takes what he wants?"

Lips parting, her pupils dilate over her hazel irises,, thighs pressing together as my fingertips move to her hips.

"Yes," she breathes. "I want all of it. All of you."

"Then show me." I step back slightly, cock straining against my slacks. "On your knees."

Emma freezes for half a second. Then she sinks to the floor.

The sheer vision of her—kneeling in front of me on the hotel suite's Persian rug, looking up with flushed cheeks and parted lips like she's worshipping a god, not a man, is enough for me to come on the spot.

Fucking Christ.

My hand tangles in her hair, gently but firmly guiding her.
“Take me out. Slowly.”

She unfastens my belt with trembling fingers, then undoes the zipper with agonizing care.

“Good girl,” I murmur.

She lets out a strangled sound, then pulls my cock free.

Hard. Thick. Already leaking at the tip for her.

“Oh my God...”

“No, sweetheart,” I grit out. “Just your boss. Your much older, much dirtier boss who’s been dying to fuck your pretty little mouth.”

She lets out a whimper—one that shoots straight to my spine.

“Open,” I say.

She obeys—like the perfect employee she is, and I feed myself into her slowly, watching as her lips stretch around me, her tongue flattening obediently. I don’t go deep. Not yet.

I want to watch her. Feel every inch of her giving into me again.

“That’s it,” I rasp. “Look at you. So fucking eager. You’ve been wanting this—haven’t you, Emma?”

She moans low, vibrating against me.

My hand tightens in her hair. “Good girl. Take more.”

I guide her deeper, just a little at a time, until she’s gagging softly and her eyes are watering—beautiful, ruined, and perfect.

“Christ, you look good like this,” I hum. “On your knees, drooling down your chin, gagging on my cock like it’s what you were made for.”

She whimpers again, fingers digging into my thighs, and I give her a moment—let her breathe, praise her for taking it so well—before I finally start to move.

The first thrusts are shallow—measured control, and all the while, Emma is the perfect receptor. If I thought I was fucked

when it comes to the young work fairy flitting about the break room, I was wrong. So wrong.

Because there's nothing sexier than watching Emma Sinclair's cheeks hollow out as I swivel my hips, the sight of my cock reappearing and disappearing down her slender throat as I fuck her face.

"I could do this all night," I grit out, picking up pace, too close to the edge of coming. "Use your mouth. Fuck your throat. Come all over that flushed little face."

Emam whimpers around my cock, and I ease out, breath ragged, hand still curled in her hair.

I smile. "But not tonight, sweetheart. Tonight," I say darkly, "you're going to take me in your bed like the good girl you've been pretending not to be."

She wipes her mouth with the back of her hand, chest heaving, golden eyes glazed.

"Yes," she whispers. "Please."

The "please" is all I need. Pulling her up in one smooth motion, I lift her into my arms, shifting her over my shoulder.

With a surprised yelp, she half gasps-half laughs as I stalk towards the California King bed.

There, I deposit on her on the expensively silky sheets where she bounces lightly on the mattress, dark brown hair fanning around her, her curved cheekbones rosy and flushed.

Even under nothing but moonlight, I can see Emma's pink lips are swollen, tonight's burgundy dress still clinging to her like a second skin.

And God almighty, this girl is a fucking vision.

My undoing.

"Very romantic," she murmurs, breathless.

"I'll show you romantic later," I rasp, undoing the last of my shirt buttons and tossing it aside. "Right now, I'm going to fuck you until your legs won't work and your voice is hoarse from screaming my name."

Her pupils darken as she licks her bee-stung lips “Promise?”
“Sweetheart, that wasn’t a promise.” I kick my pants and boxers across the room in one motion, cock fully erect, glistening from her mouth. “That was a warning.”

I stalk toward the bed while she props herself up on her elbows, watching me as I reach for the zipper on the side of her dress.

“This silky thing,” I murmur, dragging the zipper down slowly, exposing inch after inch of smooth, trembling skin, “has been driving me insane all night.”

She gasps when I push the fabric down her shoulders, baring her chest. No bra.

Fuck.

“Jesus, Emma...”

Her breasts are flushed, her dusky-rouge nipples already hard, like her body’s been waiting for my mouth all damn night, and instantly, I lean over, dragging my tongue over one taut peak.

By the time I switch to the other, Emma is already arching on the bed, her body bowing beneath me.

“The way you walked into that restaurant tonight,” I murmur between licks, “like you owned the room. Like you knew every man wanted you and didn’t give a damn... except me.”

She moans, writhing, and I shuck the rest of her dress, spreading her thighs as I slide my hand between them.

“You want to be used?” I snarl. “Want to be fucked until you can’t remember anything but my name?”

“Yes. Yes, please—”

Still standing at the bed’s edge, I stroke her softly, just enough to make her hips buck, and her cries are raw now—louder. Messier.

She’s unraveling.

And I love it.

“Look at me, Emma,” I bark.

She opens dazed, tear-bright hazel eyes.

“I want you to remember this,” I growl, rubbing circles across her clit. “Every time you walk into a meeting and try to pretend I don’t own this body. Every time some smug prick looks at you and you smile like they’ve got a chance.”

“I—oh God—”

“No one gets you like this. No one else makes you come screaming.”

“Yes. Please, Don...”

Fuck. My fingers slip into her, and every inch of her pussy is wet, absolutely fucking dripping.

“You want to be filled, don’t you?” I pulse my fingertips, curling them inside her as she moans. “Want to feel how good it is when an older man takes his time—knows exactly where and how to touch you?”

“Yes! God, fuc—yes!”

But it isn’t enough. Nothing will be enough until I have Emma skin to skin.

With a growl emanating from somewhere deep inside me, I fucking snap. I grab her hips, flipping her over with a hard, fluid motion.

She hisses—half shock, half arousal—as I pull her to the edge of the bed, spine arched, ass lifted, thighs parted just enough to give me a view I’m never going to forget.

“Then stay still and take it.”

I run my palm down her back, gripping one ass cheek and squeezing.

“Please,” she gasps. “Please take me. I need it—need you—”

“No talking now, sweetheart.” I rub the inside of one shaking thigh. “You made a mess of me all night. Flirting in that dress. Putting those lips on me. Getting on your knees like a good little thing. Now you’re going to lie here and take what you’ve earned.”

Her breath hitches. “Yes, sir.”

And just like that, my control shatters like glass under steel.

I stroke my cock, already hard and heavy, before pressing the thick head of it against her entrance, gripping her hips, and thrusting inside with one rough, claiming stroke.

And I nearly see God.

Because just like in Miami, my Emma is impossibly tight—a reminder that this body’s never been used properly before.

Until me.

She cries out, red fingernails curving into the sheets. “God, Donovan—”

“You’re mine now, sweetheart,” I grind out, hips snapping forward again. “You came up here wearing that fuck-me dress and now I’m going to give you exactly what you asked for.”

Each thrust drives her hips into the mattress, the sound of skin on skin filling the room, and I can feel how wet she is.

How she drips down my cock, soaking us both.

Reaching forward, I claw a hand into her heavy dark hair, fisting it, arching her back deeper as I pound into the pussy that belongs to me, a rolodex of filth falling from my lips as I fuck Emma into oblivion.

“You like being filled up by your boss, gorgeous. Admit it. That greedy gorgeous pussy loves being held down, and fucked senseless by the man who signs your paychecks.”

“Listen to you. Fucking singing for me. You need to be used, don’t you?”

“Touch yourself. Rub that pretty little clit while I ruin this sweet cunt.”

I don’t hold back. And she doesn’t either.

Because if there’s a more perfect fuck on Earth, I haven’t found it.

Because Emma Sinclair—crying out in pleasure tears, her heart-shaped ass slapping against my hips—is the perfect symphony, the erotic song that my body bends at its will.

I realize she's coming before she even does, and I hold her steady through it, trapping her in place as her whole body locks, cries breaking free from her pretty throat as she clenches around me.

I follow soon after, pumping deep inside her, hips jerking, brain blank with the force of it.

For a moment, all I hear is breathing.

Hers. Mine. Ours.

And it's simultaneously labored, ragged—satisfied.

I stay that way, buried deep inside Emma, as I kiss her spine.

Natalie Wrye sample