

## Scarlet Ties: Tempted

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Of all the times to get a run in her stockings!

Noely looked down at the long, visible streak from her shin to her upper thigh. Her sexy black skirt was rolled to her hips. She kicked her black heels to the side, searching in her handbag for the small can of hairspray. She hoped Cyrus didn't catch her in the act.

Noely chuckled. If nothing else maybe seeing her ass in a silky thong and black stockings would get his attention.

She'd been waiting in the office for him for the last ten minutes. Her nerves were already kicked into overdrive. So much rested on the outcome of today's meeting. She quickly applied a small coat of hairspray, hoping this would be the one factor Cyrus wouldn't notice.

Hurry!

Noely tossed the can into her clutch but before she could adjust her skirt the door flew open.

"Ms. Lamont --" The deep male voice trailed off as impending silence covered the room.

Shit!

She whirled around, her eyes landing on his slightly amused and shocked gaze. Her heart thudded as she shimmied her skirt down over her hips. Despite her embarrassment, she couldn't stop looking at him.

There was something different about Cyrus. He looked sensual. His white shirt was opened at the collar, giving her a peek-a-boo glance at a gorgeous pec and a simple pair of faded denim jeans encased long legs. He was a well-built man, standing over six-feet, broad shoulders, lean waistline, muscles galore, and that face! His complexion could be compared to honey; thick eyebrows, generous lips, and eyes the color of the night sky. Raven-black hair hung loose to his shoulders making Noely want to comb her fingers through it. The defined angles of his face only increased his powerful presence and her attraction to him.

She licked her lips, hungry for a taste of him. She wanted to experience that power, feel the raw strength of his thrusts as he pounded his dick into her pussy.

The look was so casual from the man she'd met during her first interview. She definitely liked this look on him. The hunger racing through her body warmed her down to her toes. He looked unpredictable. The heat radiating in his eyes echoed to her soul. A newfound attraction soared within her, daring her to believe that all was not lost.

"I'm sorry." She slipped on her heels. She supposed it was better late than never when it came to her libido kicking in. His gaze remained on her every move. "I got a run in my stockings and --" she went on to say, her throat burning with embarrassment.

Coye closed the door and smiled. "Not quite the introduction I expected, but it will definitely do." He walked closer, extending his hand. "You have beautiful legs, Ms. Lamont."

She placed her palm in his, electric currents shot through her as their flesh touched. She almost jumped as the same shock swept down between her legs. She clenched them tighter, silently willing the delicious ache spreading to her pussy to go away. Their eyes connected.

Noely swore she could feel him touching every part of her body. Suddenly she felt parched and wanted to drink her fill of Cyrus. Her reaction to him was like night and day from their first meeting. She wasn't sorry for the change in the sexual chemistry. "Ah, thank you."

She grabbed her other shoe, inadvertently presenting her ass to him. She straightened quickly, wiggling into her shoes and sat down. Out of the corner of her eye she could see the glimpse of a smile on his lips. She was certain she wasn't the only female to toss their ass in his face, but this wasn't the way she wanted to go about it.