

Chapter 0030

"Just one picture, Ms. Lasko!"

Setting my fork down, I scooted across the booth to lean into Caius's side. As the photographer began snapping pictures, I lifted my chin to murmur into his ear.

"So, are you going to tell me what you and your brothers know about the missing girls?" It had been a month now since I signed that contract. Pretty sure I already proved I wasn't going to run off into the night. I deserved to be kept in the loop, which meant having access to the information they'd gathered.

"No," was his only reply.

Bastard was still grumpy about our last date. I had spilled some wine on his pants, which was totally an accident at the time, but it made for the perfect picture. The way his eyes turned molten as I dabbed at his crotch was downright laughable. 1

Grinding my teeth at his response, I leaned further into his side and placed a hand on his thigh to prop myself up. My nails, which I'd sharpened into blunt points, dug into his muscle.

He jumped, his nostrils flaring at my grip. "I should bruise your damn ass for that."

Goddess, if only.

What I hadn't anticipated was him grabbing me back, only he clearly miscalculated. His fingers landed on my upper thigh, dipping between the two to graze my panties.

Yes, I wore underwear this time.

Neither of us moved. Hell, I was pretty sure we both stopped breathing. His hand was hot on my skin, delving beneath the silky material of the dress I'd chosen for tonight's date.

A quiet breath slid past his parted lips, carrying notes of maple and bourbon. Desire like warm honey flowed through me, as it always did when these tension-filled moments passed between us. My thighs must've parted on their own, because as Caius's fingers flexed, they grazed my core in a way that had me biting my lip.

This time around he waited until we were in the car to ruin the evening.

His eyes skewered me from where he sat in the SUV. We were facing one another, engaged in a stare-down that was wholly immature, and yet neither one of us would concede.

Those muscular, mouthwatering thighs of his spread as he relaxed back into the seat. I was half tempted to take on the same position. That was, until he opened his mouth.

"If you think seducing me will get you the information you seek then you're horribly mistaken."

"Me seduce you?" I scoffed, automatically bristling.

He rolled his eyes. Rolled his eyes! "You were an exotic dancer. You have the skill set, but it won't work on me. I'll tell you everything I know once we're married. Until then, deal with it."

"Woah, buddy. You're the one who had his hand between my legs." I

pointed out, jabbing my finger at him. "And what was it you said about bruising my ass? It sounds like you're the one trying to seduce me!" 1

"I would never."

"That's a load of bullshit."

His eyes narrowed into slits, "You're quite the lady with that mouth on you."

"You have no idea what this mouth can do, and you never will." I turned my head to glare out the window, "How's that for seduction?"

I wasn't sure what caused the argument to continue, but as we pulled up to his obscenely large house I was seconds away from launching myself at him. He stormed from the SUV, thinking he'd gotten in the last word with his dry little quip.

Of course, I followed.

As he stormed inside, muttering under his breath about "difficult women", I did the only reasonable thing a difficult woman would do.

I ripped my heel off and launched it at his head. 1

It hit him square in the back, clattering as it fell to the floor. My heart skipped a beat as Caius turned. There were times where I forgot how large he was. His height was nothing compared to the bulk of his shoulders and waist.