

## Sweet As Sin

### XAVIER

What the fuck is that? My eyes were open now, even though my body was screaming for me to go back to sleep. It felt like I'd just gotten into bed a few minutes ago.

I looked beside me, where there was always one young woman or another. But it was empty.

I tried to rack my brain for a time and a day. What did I do last night? I saw my phone, but it was all the way across my room on the coffee table by the chaise. That was a lot farther than I was willing to go to find the answers.

*Think*, I ordered myself. Last night was the art show. No, scratch that. The art show was Thursday night.

Last night ...last night I didn't leave the office until late. And when I did leave, I went right to Hatchback. Right. That was the bar I'd met Graden at for happy hour a few weeks back.

I thought I'd stop by, have a couple drinks—or a couple more drinks, I should say—and see if that dimpled bartender was working. I'd cracked open my office bourbon early yesterday.

I'd needed something to ease the banality of that late-afternoon board meeting.

I got to Hatchback already loaded, and had to steady myself on the handrail down the stairs inside. I walked right up to the bar, put my hands on the counter, and stood up straight.

I saw one brunette bartender, two brunette bartenders ... Ah, the third brunette bartender was the winner.

It was the girl I'd left my card with, the one with the Southern drawl.

I stared her down until she looked back at me, and when she did, her dimples popped. She was definitely smiling. "Mr. Knight."

"I came to find you," I said, unblinking. If I knew one thing about talking to women, it was to be direct. They liked it, and it got me where I wanted to be faster.

"You did?" she asked, her eyelashes fluttering. "I was hopin' you'd come by to take your card back, but I guess your assistant took it for you."

"Marco." I nodded. "He cleans up after my messes."

"You don't look all that messy to me," she said, playing with the necklace in her cleavage.

Too.

Easy.

I asked what time her shift ended, and she said she'd have to check the schedule, but it was in the back office, and would I like to come look with her?

By the time we took a few shots and put our clothes back on, I'd had enough whiskey in me to impress an Irish soldier.

What was that fucking thud?

That was it. I threw the covers off me, not caring that I was just in the boxer briefs I'd slept in. I padded into the hallway and heard the sound again.

But there was nobody there.

It was like my mind was playing tricks on me. I stomped over to the kitchen, but there was definitely nobody there. I stepped around the island ...and that was when I saw her.

She was crouched down, her back to me, her hands working a mile a minute under the cupboard below the sink. But I didn't notice that first.

What I noticed was the oversized white T-shirt she wore that barely covered her ass. Her long legs were completely exposed, all the way up to her thighs.

I didn't understand what was happening. I knew I hated her, the woman not three feet away from me, my wife.

But I couldn't turn away from her. Not when she was dressed like this. *Jesus, control yourself*, I ordered myself. ~You're not goddamn twelve.~

I cleared my throat. Her head whipped around to see who was there, and her wide eyes locked on mine. She had blue eyes, big and soft like a child's.

The rest of her features were just as delicate. From the slight curve of her nose down to the rosy pout of her mouth, it was like her face had been drawn on.

I'd been with my share of beautiful women, but none that looked as innocent as her.

She bit her lip. "I'm sorry, did I disturb you?" Yes, you did. But something came over me, and instead of letting the truth out, I had an urge to quell her worry.

"Not at all. I just came out to get coffee and ... What are you doing?"

"Oh, I can put a fresh pot on for you," she said, standing up. "Lucille's husband just landed, so she went to meet him." But I wasn't paying any attention to the words coming out of her mouth because she had stood up.

The shirt, already short while she was crouched, was now barely covering her pelvic region.

I couldn't tell if she didn't know or didn't care.

"That's okay," I got out, but she was already moving, putting the filter into the coffee machine and scooping some coffee on top.

"I know you have that fancy espresso machine, but I don't know how to use it, so I hope you don't mind just normal coffee."

I watched her as she moved, the T-shirt coming dangerously close to showing me more than a little preview.

She turned her head over her shoulder and raised her eyebrows, and I realized I hadn't responded.

"That's great. Fine. Great," I said, falling over my words. What is happening? I never fell over my words. "What were you doing ...uh, down there?"

"Oh, the garburator was just a little clogged. Lucille was going to call the plumber, but he always takes a few days to come so I thought, why not just do it?"

"You know how to fix the garburator?"

She just bit her lip and shrugged. "It's not too difficult." Then she opened the cupboard above her head, the one with the cups. The mugs were on the second shelf, so she'd have to reach up.

As she started to reach, I raced over and grabbed the mugs myself, but in my haste to keep her private areas, er, private, I didn't take personal space into account.

I was right up behind her, my hand in the cupboard, reaching for a mug.

And she was surprised by my movements so she turned back to me and, in doing so, backed right into me.

So her barely clothed body, the one with the curves I could see quite clearly, was pressed up against me.

I could feel myself getting hard almost immediately, which was strange, because I never got hard that quickly, especially from such limited contact.

"I'm sorry," she said quickly, turning around and backing herself into the counter. But that didn't make it any better because now I had a full front view of her.

I saw her nipples through the T-shirt and could make out the white lace thong she was wearing underneath.

She bit her lip again, looking the same mix of nervous and innocent she always did whenever I really took notice. I lowered the mug to the counter without removing my eyes from her.

She brought her hand up to her neck and scratched it, and the T-shirt went up an inch more, showing me more thigh than I could take.

Without waiting another second, I dove into her.

I grabbed her face and kissed her, the most gentle, most heated kiss I'd had for some time.

She was into it, that much I could sense.

Her arms were wrapped around me, but still, I needed to be closer. So I held her tight to me and lifted her up, her legs now wrapped around my waist.

Warmth radiated from her hips into my groin. She was rocking around, gyrating, and I thought I'd lose it right there.

*Jesus, you are twelve*, I chastised myself.

I pushed her onto the counter and spread her legs, coming between them. Then I started feeling my way down. I started at her lips, letting her kiss my pointer finger, letting her take it into her mouth. She sucked, looking me right in the eye. Something about that innocence, and those lips ...fuck.

I trailed my hands down, over her neck to her breasts. I touched her nipples through the thin fabric and heard a moan escape her lips.

"That feels ...nice," she whispered, and there was something so virtuous about the way she said it. Like she was genuinely surprised it would.

I massaged her breasts more intensely then bent my face down and sucked one nipple through the shirt. She moaned again, and I was ready to take her right there.

But I knew she needed more. *She deserved more*, I thought, and I had no idea where that kind of thinking had come from.

As I sucked her other nipple, I started pulling her T-shirt up. First it exposed the top of her thigh, then her panties, then her flat stomach. I kissed up her abs and lifted the shirt off her breasts, which I then kissed too.

I pulled it all the way off and watched as her long hair fell back down after. And then I looked at her, naked except for lace, and the urgency got stronger.

She put her hand out, touching my bare chest, and the contact made me shudder. It was only then that I realized I was just as naked as she was. With me in only my boxer briefs, she'd have been able to tell I was turned on the whole time.

And then we were kissing again, and I was playing with the hem of her thong.

And then I slipped a finger over her and heard a louder moan come out in response. I rubbed in circles, faster and faster, until her eyes squeezed shut and she was gasping.

"Oh ...oh my gosh ... Oh my go—" she squealed, and her whole body shook. Then her eyes opened, and she bit her lip. "I've never felt ...like that before."

"You haven't?" I asked, kissing her neck.

"Not that ...intense." It made me all the more wild, knowing I was the first to give her that feeling. Then I felt her hand on me, moving up and down the length of me.

I struggled to control myself, but seeing her, feeling her, it was all becoming too much.

I lifted her off the counter and kissed her deeply as I crouched down to the floor, then sat, her straddling me.

Then she was leaning over and kissing me, and I was grabbing her ass, but still it wasn't enough.

I pulled myself out of my briefs and slid her panties to the side, and then I was inside. I was thrusting, and she was meeting each thrust with a move of her own, somehow making the friction that much more intense.

She was moaning, and I couldn't stop watching her—the way her body wriggled, the way she was touching her own breasts, her own hips—I wanted that sight to last forever.

She came back down to me, her hands holding my face as she moved her hips up and down, up and down.

"This feels ...so good," she said, her voice raspy.

And a few moments later, with her movements speeding up and my urgency knowing new heights, we both screamed out. I couldn't remember the last time I'd finished like that.

The thud, the same fucking thud, caused my eyes to flash wide open.

And I was back in my bed, in my room. I looked around, confused. Then I saw her beside me.

The bartender. The one from Hatchback, the one with the dimples and the drawl. She was up, looking at me, her hand trailing down my stomach.

I pushed her off me, knowing if her hand moved any farther she'd feel more than she bargained for.

"What is that?" she asked, about the sound, but now her accent annoyed me.

"Can you go check?"

She shrugged and nodded, getting out of bed. Even in her black panties and bra, with her unbelievable figure and her sorority girl pep, I wasn't thinking about fucking her.

She opened the door a crack and called out. "Hello?"

I heard footsteps coming closer. Then Lucille's voice. "Sorry, miss, I am making sourdough. It's the drop-drop of the roller pin into the dough."

"What time is it, Lucille?" I shouted from the bed.

"Ten thirty, Mr. Xavier."

I sighed as the bartender closed the door and came back to bed, climbing over me and peering down.

"I'm ready for some more fun," she said, but my focus couldn't have been further away.