

Read Billionaire Baby Daddy online free by Claire Adams

Chapter Four

Andrew

I wanted to pin Lexi back against the door and ravish her the moment I got her inside, but my brain insisted that I wait. I was still surprised that she had even agreed to come home with me. She didn't seem like the kind of girl who was used to one-night stands, yet I'd been giving her every signal that I could to make sure that she knew this really was just a meaningless fling.

I actually kind of liked her, especially the way she was able to surprise me, but I didn't have the time or the energy to have a relationship. I was too busy with work.

"Did you have to pay off the city to make sure no one could build anything to block your view of Lake Washington?" Lexi asked snarkily, as she stared out the glass door leading to the back deck.

I snorted and joined her, wrapping my arms around her waist. "Well, the great thing about being up on a hill is that as long as I have a backyard, unless someone builds something really tall, they're not going to block my view. And Seattle is very good about restricting how high buildings can be in certain areas to ensure that no one's view is spoiled."

I began to kiss her neck, smiling as I heard her soft gasp.

"Is that true?" she asked, her voice slightly more breathless than before. "I thought that was the uproar about the new skyscraper that they're building. It blocks off all the views that those offices in the old buildings used to have."

“Do you really want to talk about skyscrapers right now?” I asked, nipping at her neck.

She moaned softly. “Not really,” she admitted, turning around to face me.

I smiled down at her and pressed my lips to hers. Her lips were pliant beneath mine, moving slowly and sensuously. She opened her mouth with only the slightest hesitation, and my tongue glided alongside hers, sending sparks of pleasure shooting through me.

But she was still unsure about this. I could feel her heartbeat pounding beneath my fingertips.

I pulled away, smiling down at her. “I’m still impressed by the view, and I see it every day,” I told her.

She snickered. “Probably not every day though, right? With the way the weather is in Seattle, you’re probably lucky if you see it a couple times a week.”

I rolled my eyes and grinned at her. “It’s not that bad here,” I told her. I cocked my head to the side, tracing patterns along her hips. “Shall I open another bottle of wine? I don’t think we were finished talking about whether or not graffiti is really considered art.”

She giggled. “You know I only started that line of conversation because you seem to think art appreciation is all about showing off how rich you are.” But she paused. “Wine might be nice, though.”

I smiled at her and gestured towards the couch. “Why don’t you make yourself comfortable? I’ll be right back.”

I went down into the cellar and selected a bottle of one of my favorite merlots. I brought it up into the kitchen, where I poured us each a glass, then brought them back out into the living room. Lexi hurriedly put her phone away as I came back into the room.

“It’s okay if you want to take pictures,” I told her. “As I said, I know the view is incredible.”

“How do you manage this place anyway?” she asked. “Based on the outside, this place is huge, but I haven’t seen any staff.”

I handed her a glass of wine and folded myself easily onto the couch next to her, bringing a hand up to stroke her neck and playing with her hair a little. “The staff is only here during the day,” I told her, amused by the question. “I don’t have much in the way of staff, anyway. Just a maid, and then a grounds crew that comes by a couple times a week. I’m not here that often, really only to sleep. I hardly even eat meals here.”

“You must be busy at work,” Lexi said.

I nodded. “Running Orinoco isn’t an easy task,” I admitted. “As I mentioned, I was groomed from a young age to run the company, but I didn’t really expect to take over the entire company just out of business school. I thought I would ease into things. Not that I’m complaining. I like the work, and I have a lifestyle that anyone would envy. But it’s busy.”

Lexi grinned. “So, you’ve essentially paid millions of dollars for a house that you barely use?”

I shrugged. “That’s one way to look at it, I suppose. I view it more as contributing to the local economy.”

“Aren’t you worried about security?” she asked.

I laughed. “Not really,” I told her. “There’s no reason to be. My billions are in the bank or in the company itself. I don’t have stacks of cash just sitting around the house. And in terms of things that I own, those things would raise huge red flags if a thief were to take them and try to sell them, I’m not the sort of target that they’re looking for.”

“What about, I don’t know, assassins? Someone who wants to kill you and take your position?”

“That kind of stuff only happens in Hollywood movies,” I told her, amused by the very thought of it.

“Oh,” Lexi said, looking embarrassed.

I brushed some of her hair back from her face, deciding it was time to get this evening back on track. “You’re really beautiful,” I told her.

“You’re really handsome,” she responded, but from the way she blushed and ducked her head, I could tell that she was pleased by my words.

“No, really,” I insisted. “I’ve met a lot of the girls in this city. I’ve met a lot of girls around the world. And I have to say, there are very few women who are as beautiful as you are.” I paused, again, sensing her uncertainty. “It’s your eyes,” I told her, lightly stroking my thumb against her collarbone. “They’re hazel, I guess, but I swear that in the right light, they are the most bewitching shade of green. And you have the cutest freckles scattered across your nose and cheeks. And those legs. God has never given a woman a better pair of legs.”

She laughed a little at that, pushing me away. “Are you drunk or something?” she asked.

“I’m complimenting you!” I protested, taking a sip of my wine to hide my answering smile. “You must have guys complimenting you left and right, though, Ms. Jordan.”

She rolled her eyes. “Is this a line? Are you just trying to get me in bed with you? Because you don’t have to keep talking about how pretty I am.”

“Oh, really?” I asked.

“Really,” she said, a breathless note to her voice.

I blinked at her for a moment, wondering if it was really that simple, but from the guileless look in her eyes, I had to conclude that it was.

I smiled at her and plucked her wine glass from her hand, carefully setting it down on the coffee table. Then, I took her into my arms and kissed her again. “Let’s move this to the bedroom,” I whispered against the shell of her ear.

She shivered and nodded in agreement, letting me lead the way.

In the master suite, I pushed her up against the wall and kissed her thoroughly, feeling my cock rapidly harden in my slacks. I sucked at her lower lip, and I bit gently at her tender skin, then kissed an apology into the pain. She moaned, and her mouth fell open. I took that as an invitation to explore the softness, playing my tongue against hers.

I tugged her dress up, running my fingertips across the smooth skin of her hips and dragging them higher. I had almost reached her breasts when she jerked and pulled away from me, her eyes wide.

I pulled away, too, and let her dress fall back down into place. It pained me to do so, but I wouldn’t push her to do something she didn’t want to.

“If you want to stop, that’s okay,” I told her. I cleared my throat. “That is, if you don’t want this to go any further than it already has, then as much as I’d like to lay you out and ravish you, I’ll respect your wishes.”

I hated saying those words, and I really hoped that she wasn’t going to ask me to stop. I was aroused. I was excited for this in a way that I hadn’t been in a long time. Sex had become mostly routine by this point. Not that the women I brought home never thrilled me. They did. But I almost never felt this raw, carnal desire for a woman. It felt as though if I didn’t take her, I wouldn’t be able to satisfy the burning need inside of me.

But I couldn’t bring myself to do anything that she was uncomfortable with.

After a moment, though, Lexi exhaled noisily and shook her head. She reached down and caught the hem of her dress, pulling it up and over her head. “Let’s just take it slow,” she said softly. “Please.”

“Okay,” I agreed, already fumbling with the buttons of my shirt. “Okay, we’ll take it slow.”