

## Chapter 45: The Kiss

"Adrian. I thought you were out of the country." Harriett smiled awkwardly. She could sense the tension between the brothers and a part of her knew that she was the cause.

"I returned an hour ago. I was missing my family." Adrian replied with a smirk, shifting his gaze to Damien who was staring at him like he wanted nothing more than to pounce on him.

"I finally get to meet my namesake. Should I just call you Adrian Junior? You already look so much like me." Adrian said, going over to Harriett. He stretched his hands out to little Adrian but he hid himself in his mother's neck instead.

He wasn't wrong. Little Adrian did share a resemblance with him but that was only because he was Damien's brother.

"He doesn't know who you are, brother. Don't push your luck. Also, my son looks nothing like you." Damien replied with gritted teeth.

The air suddenly got thick and the tension between the two brothers was starting to make the environment unbearable for the others present.

"Why don't you go freshen up, my dear. You just returned." Stacy stepped in, giving Adrian a pat on his back. With a smirk on his lips, he moved away from Harriett and gave Damien a long stare before going up to his room.

"Why is he here?" Damien asked as soon as his brother was out of sight.

"What do you mean, Damien? He's your brother. He has as much right as you have to be here." Stacy replied with a sigh. She knew that things weren't so good between her sons but she didn't know why. All she knew was the history they had with History. She knew nothing about Adrian's sudden interest in Harriett.

"You should've let me know that he would be coming." Damien said before planting a kiss on Addison's forehead and placing her on the chair close to where his mother stood.

Without saying any word to Harriett, he went to his room, leaving her with his mother.

"I'll talk to him." Harriett said and followed her ex-husband.

"Damien, wait!" She called out just as he was about shutting the door. She bent down to catch her breath which was ragged from running up the stairs.

"Are you good?" She asked, staring at his face which had a big frown on it. She didn't need anyone to tell her that he was bothered by Adrian's presence. Harriett felt a pang of guilt as she stood there knowing that she was partially responsible for his hatred towards Adrian.

"If it's about our son's name. We could always change it. I just followed the priest's recommendation. It wasn't intentional, I promise." She said with pleading eyes as she followed him into the room, shutting the door behind her.

"We are changing his name, Harriett. And it has to be done soon." He turned to her with a stern look. From the veins that were popping out of his neck, she knew that he wasn't joking.

"Jesus, Damien! I already said that we'd change it. Can you not be like this? Adrian is your brother and he has done nothing wrong!" She said, defending Adrian who was also her friend.

"Nothing wrong, you say." Damien scoffed and placed a hand on her cheek.

"You're so naïve that you can't identify a snake when you see one, my darling." He said, his eyes red with anger but as he looked into Harriett's eyes, he felt his anger subside.

Harriett could feel herself getting mad by the minute because of his attitude. She didn't come here to fight but he was making it hard for her.

"I'm not naïve. I just know that you are fucking insecure! You're like this because of me, aren't you? You feel that Adrian will do something to ruin our relationship again. You're getting scared over something that hasn't and won't happen. Snap out of it, Damien!" She said, keeping her

tone calm and collected.

"I'm not scared of fucking Adrian! You might have not noticed it but he wants you. I will not tolerate him wanting what belongs to me." He growled, his arms going around her waist possessively.

Harriett sucked in a breathe and squinted her eyes before leaning in to Damien's face, leaving nothing but an inch between them.

"I belong to no one, Damien." She said and his jaw ticked, his eyes darkening. He liked her fierceness. It made him angry but at the same time, excited.

"We'll see about that, Harriett. Soon, you'll know exactly who you belong to." He replied and Harriett felt her blood rise.

She should've never agreed to spend the weekend with him. He was angry, she knew that but it didn't mean he could speak to her however he feels like. Especially when he should be on his knees, begging for her forgiveness.

"Fuck you, Damien." She cursed with a finger pointed at him and a smirk appeared on Damien's face.

"Say that one more time and I swear to God, Harriett. I'll fucking kiss you." The depth of his voice sent chills running down Harriet's spine.

He wasn't joking and she knew it but a part of her wanted to test him. Perhaps it was because she wanted him to kiss her but, she pressed to see if he would actually do it.

"I said FUCK YOU, DAMIEN!" She said and before she had the chance to prepare herself, his lips crashed on hers.

As their lips touched, Harriett froze, her heart pounding against her chest. She didn't expect him to actually do it.

It was her first kiss.

As funny and unbelievable as that sounded, it was true. The only intimate night they shared was done in his drunken state and he didn't make an attempt to kiss her so they never shared a kiss.

It felt unreal.

Time seemed to stand still for the both of them as their lips touched as

nothing else seemed to matter but this moment they shared.

Damien pressed further, seeking for entrance which she happily gave him even though she didn't know what to do. Her plan was to follow his lead.

There was nothing rough about the kiss. It was slow and passionate, conveying the feelings that they were both unable to share.

Damien brought his hand up to her cheeks and cupped them as he kissed her, his heart dancing with joy. He had anticipated their first kiss and had even pictured how it would go but this, it was beyond his imagination..

Her lips were soft and intoxicating, driving him to insanity.

He wanted more.

The kiss went on for a few minutes and would have led to something else if it wasn't for the knock on the door that brought them back to reality.

"Damien? Are you in there? If you are, your father would like to see you. There's an emergency."