

## Tangled in desire

(Olivia)

After spending some time with Derek, he drove me back to my apartment. I asked him if he would like to come in, and he said yes.

The apartment might be small, but it was cozy, and I lived here by myself. Which was better for me.

"I'm going to take a shower. You can make yourself at home, do whatever you want." I was a nervous mess when I was with Derek.

I hurried to the bathroom, my heart racing as I closed the door behind me. I leaned against the sink, staring at my reflection.

My face was flushed, and my mind kept replaying what had happened. The way I had practically begged Derek to touch me, it was so unlike me.

But I couldn't deny the spark between us, the way he made me feel alive again after everything I'd been through.

I shook my head, trying to focus. I needed a shower. Maybe the hot water would calm my nerves and help me think straight.

Stripping off my clothes, I stepped into the shower, letting the water run over my skin. The heat was comforting, but it did nothing to cool the chaos in my mind.

Derek was in my apartment. Derek. The billionaire who had been nothing but kind, patient, and attentive to me.

After everything that had happened with my family and ex-husband, I wasn't sure how to let myself feel this way again, how to trust it.

But Derek was different, wasn't he? He wasn't using me or looking for something temporary. At least, I didn't think so.

I nished up in the shower, wrapping a towel around myself before stepping out.

I could hear faint sounds from the living room, as if Derek was making himself comfortable like I told him to.

My stomach uttered at the thought of him waiting for me. I needed to relax, to stop overthinking everything.

I grabbed my robe and slipped it on, tying it securely around my waist before heading out of the bathroom.

When I walked into the living room, Derek was sitting on the couch, looking perfectly at ease. His eyes met mine, and something in his gaze made my breath catch.

"Feel better?" he asked, his voice low and warm, sending shivers down my spine.

"Yeah," I replied, trying to sound casual, but my voice came out a little shaky.

"Much better." He smiled, that easy, charming smile of his, and patted the spot next to him on the couch.

"Come sit with me." I hesitated for a moment since I wasn't dressed as yet, then made my way over, sitting down beside him.

The closeness between us was intoxicating, and I could feel the tension between us.

"About last night..." I began, my fingers nervously fidgeting with the edge of my robe.

"I..." Derek reached over, gently taking my hand in his.

"Olivia, you don't need to explain. You were honest with me, and I appreciated that. You don't need to be nervous around me." I met his gaze, feeling the sincerity in his words. He wasn't judging me. He was just...here.

"I know," I whispered.

"It's just...everything feels so fast." He nodded his head in understanding.

"We don't have to rush anything. I'm here for you, whatever you need." I smiled at him when he said that. It was what I wanted to hear.

I'm also happy that he wasn't trying to push me into marrying him. I wasn't ready for that, but I couldn't deny that what he offered me didn't sound good.

I wasn't that type of person, though, to marry someone because of their money. Aaron had some and could manage things financially, but so did I.

I helped him whenever he needed it, and I never asked him for anything. So, I was shocked with how easy he decided to throw our marriage away.

"You're quiet. What are you thinking about?" Derek asked, his eyes never leaving mine.

"Nothing special. I'm going to get some clothes on, I'll be right back." I got up and made a move to leave, but Derek grabbed my hand, pulling me so that I was sitting on his lap.

I squirmed as I tried to get away, but he held me closer.

"Why not stay here a little longer?" He replied.

I met his gaze, I could see the hunger in them as if he wanted to tear me apart, and I would gladly let him. Just touching me made my body yearn for him in ways I didn't imagine.

"Derek." I whispered, wanting nothing more than for him to touch me. It's like he read my mind because his lips brushed against mine instantly.

I could feel the warmth of his lips, the way he held me closer as he deepened the kiss. I melted into him, losing myself at the moment. Forgetting the past that threatens to haunt me.

When we finally pulled apart, both of us breathless, I searched his eyes for any signs of regret. But what I saw there made me want to run for the hills.

"See, that wasn't so bad, was it?" He asked while gently caressing my cheek.

"No, it wasn't." I said while smiling at him.

"Good because I want more of that with you." My heart skipped a beat when he said that.

Could I do this? I need the time to grieve, but why would I do that over a deadbeat asshole that doesn't deserve me?

My family sure as f\*\*k doesn't care either. So why should I sit down and cry over spilled milk?

The way they treated me, made me feel like I didn't belong. They will pay for what they did. I am cutting ties with them and won't ever consider them my family.

Maybe I should start searching for my real parents. That way, I can finally know who I am and where I am from.

As I slammed my lips against Derek's, feeling the warmth of his body against mine I knew that it was going to be alright.