

## CHAPTER 25

ROSA

The world shatters as Camillo's tongue works between my thighs, and my body has a mind of its own as it trembles in aftershocks. He's the first man to touch me like this and not make a negative comment about my body. And I don't want to focus on anything but the utter bliss flowing through my veins right now.

Hazily, I watch him rise from his knees. I bite down on my lip, trying to control my erratic breathing.

The smile on his face is wolfish, and my heart flutters in my chest.

"How long do we have until we need to make dinner?" he rumbles.

My body sags with deflation. It's over. That's it. One mind blowing orgasm, and he's had his fill. "Um, half an hour."

"Good," he clips.

I ease off the counter, my legs trembling still.

His hand grasps me. "Where are you going, Rosa?"

"What?"

"We're not done."

My mouth parts, and I don't know what to say, but I can't deny the utter thrill that his words send through my body.

He comes closer, pressing his body into mine. "Not by a long shot, baby." Two powerful hands grip the back of my thighs and hoist me once more against his body.

This is a bad idea. Anyone could walk in.

"Focus on me."

My eyes lock on his as he brings me to the pantry. Closing the door, he presses my body against it. A soft moan escapes my lips.

I lick my lips, my brain fogging as his mouth nips along my skin. “Wait.”

He freezes.

“Are you sure you want this?” I ask him.

His brow furrows.

“I’m not the right sort of woman for you—”

But he silences me as his lips crash into mine, stealing my breath and silencing my doubts.

My fingers tremble as they work his jeans open. I’m possessed. Something else is guiding my body and controlling my movements. Someone who’s needy for the man before her. For someone to see me, for me.

“Fuck,” he murmurs against my throat, his hands working my breasts. “You’re completely addictive, Rosa.”

His voice is growly, making me instantly melt on the spot.

Pressing me against the door, he braces against the wood with one hand while grabbing my hips with his other.

“What if...what if I’m bad?”

“Bad? Impossible.” His voice is hoarse with need—need for me—and sends a fresh wave rushing through my body. It’s dark, heady, and so bordering dangerous that I’m sure I’ve forgotten how to breathe for a few seconds.

His hand grabs at my thigh, so I have to wrap my leg around him. He presses his hips forward.

With the way I’m open to him, he grinds his hardness right against my core. “That’s all for you, baby. There’s not a goddamn thing on this earth that’ll feel as good as it will when I sink into you. Whoever the fuck told you otherwise is a goddamn liar.”

“But...”

“But nothing. I don’t give a fuck about what he told you. What I do care about is hearing those beautiful sounds you make right before you come. This time with me buried inside you.”

His mouth lowers to mine, capturing my lips. I’ve never seen a man like this. So wound tight over me. My heart does a pathetic flip. “You mean that?”

“Every goddamn word, God as my witness. There’s nothing you could do that wouldn’t turn me on, Rosa. I want this. I want you. No, fuck that, I need you. Now be a good girl and help me.”

Something inside me snaps. The rocks of anxiety that weigh down my heart shatter into a thousand shards of joy, and his words feel like freshly fallen snow—a cool balm to every broken thing inside me.

Love. That’s what I’m feeling. “I need you too, Camillo,” I exhale.

“Damn fucking right, you do. I’m making you mine right here and right fucking now.”

He’s as desperate for me as I am for him. I know it just by looking at him. But it’s more than just the sex. This differs from the empty rutting Grayden would do. This is an affirmation that the real me has been seen. Camillo’s seen the broken bits of me that match his own in some twisted, fucked up way. It’s a bond we both feel. Tethering us together in a way that it feels absolutely right to be so reckless with him.

My fingers tug his boxers down, and his erection springs free. Hard and thick, the tip glistens.

Keeping me pressed against the door, Camillo takes a foil packet from his pocket, and his devilish smile makes my insides turn to jelly as he rips the top open with his teeth. And in one swift movement, he slides it over his cock.

His body presses me back against the door, his hand grasping my thigh as he lifts me all the way up.

“Fuck, Rosa, I’ve been thinking about this for weeks. Tell me you want me to fuck you...” He rocks against me, his voice dropping an octave as he caresses my skin. “Tell me you want me as badly as I want you. Tell me you want me to be the only one who fucks you this good.”

I nod, unable to find the words as my mind blanks.

He holds my chin, running this thumb across my bottom lip, watching the motion like a man at worship. “Tell me, baby. I need you to say it.”

“I want you. You and only you.”

His forehead drops to mine, and I can feel him tremble against me as he takes a sharp, full breath. “I want to be gentle with you, Rosa. I want to worship you like you deserve, but I don’t know how gentle I can be right now.”

I drag my fingers along his jaw, guiding him to look at me. “Take me.” Who is this woman? Where has the old shy, timid me hidden—and where can I lock the door to keep her there? Never before have I felt so wanted and free in my life. Never before have I craved someone in such a sensual way.

This is new.

Different.

He reaches between us, grinding the head of his cock at my entrance. The look he spears me with is anything but gentle. It’s raw and open. And yet I’m not scared.

He pushes his hips forward, slower than I want, but it’s just the right pace to make my whole body light up.

Lifting my heavy eyelids, I watch the control snap on his face, his expression frenzied. “Fuck, Rosa, you’re so tight.” He’s panting now against my neck. “I’m not going to last long, but I promise I’ll make it up to you later.”

The promise sends a thrill through my body. He kisses me hard and devours my lips and tongue as he sinks deeper.

I don’t know where he begins and where I end.

“Hold on, baby…”

I do as he commands. My nails bite into his arms.

He withdraws before slamming his hips forward. He sinks into me again and again, banging me against the door until it rattles.

My hands are all over him. I bunch the fabric of his shirt in a futile effort to feel all of him as he continues to roll his hips into mine.

Each hard thrust from him makes me moan louder and louder.

“Fucking perfect. I knew you’d be fucking perfect, baby.”

I’m completely lost in him. This man is mine. The only one who’ll ever look at me like I’m some prized possession in his grasp and not some broken toy.

The knowledge intoxicates me. This is what it feels like to finally have someone care. This is what it feels like to be wanted, just as I am.

Camillo doesn’t relent even as we hear the front door slam shut.

I can feel his smile against my skin at the base of my throat.

And the rhythmic banging of my ass against the door only doubles.

His lips close around my throat, teeth grazing, biting down just hard enough. A thrill of something molten moves through me.

It’s everything I’ve ever craved and secretly wanted. I’d given up looking for it. But I’ve found it with Camillo.

His mouth claims mine, his tongue thrusting into my mouth like his cock, branding me anew.

“Fuck, Rosa, you’re gripping me so tight.” He withdraws, slamming back into me again and again. “Are you going to come for me again, gorgeous? I want to feel you so tight all around my cock. Be my good fucking girl and come for me.”

I whimper against him, my head pressed against the door.

And one final thrust throws me over the edge.

His entire body tenses over mine. Absolute pleasure consumes his face as he pumps inside me. Everything goes blank as I cling to him as he pushes me straight into another climax.

We’re both breathing hard as Camillo gently kisses my shoulder. He pulls out from me and carefully arranges my clothes before he opens the door.

He calmly ushers me through the kitchen, and fingers laced, he guides me down the hall to the bathroom.

“Camillo.” I grab his arm.

“Shhh. Let me take care of you, Rosa. “

My chest swells with that silly emotion again. Love.

I nod.

“That’s my good girl. Now sit.”

Obediently, I comply, dropping to the small chair in the bathroom as he dampens a flannel.

“If that’s how cooking class with you is going to go every time, I think it’s a good thing you kick me out.”

I can’t help but laugh as he gently drags the cloth over my inner thighs, warmth spreading through my body.

“You have a beautiful laugh. Beautiful everything.” He’s staring at me now. My heart thunders in my chest. Is it that easy to fall in love with someone? To want them to want you that badly? And with the way he’s looking at me, I want it more than I’ve ever wanted anything else.

The smile on his face could light up the entire state. And it’s a look that shows me something no one else sees.