"Then what do you suggest? A Canadian-themed hockey bat?" "Did the grumpy Aiden Corleone just make a joke?"

**13** \*

~Brie~

I averted my eyes away from the book I was reading and looked up at

"The Hulk or Spiderman? Or maybe I could just buy her a STARWARS

My brows knitted in a frown. But I was also surprised. Aiden liked comics and t-shirts? Meaning he had other clothing apart from his

"You're not getting your sister comic books... or a STARWARS t-shirt" I

"Don't forget I'm still your boss and this is a rare moment, so cherish

I returned the book I was holding to its shelf and gave a light shrug.

"C'mon dig deep. She's your sister, you've gotta know what she likes.

He jammed his hands into his pockets and shrugged.

"Except my sister of course. That one's just pure evil."

"What about color? You should at least know her favorite color."

He brought out his fingers except his thumb from his pocket and

"Perfect, we'll just find her something Canadian that screams green."

"Which one?"

t-shirt."

expensive suits.

"No" I objected.

I giggled.

He chortled.

it."

His forehead puckered.

laughed. "She's flying from Ottawa... c'mon."

He sighed and placed them back on the rack

"Well, what does your sister like?"

"Not sure" his eyes roamed the shelves.

I mean sisters are the easiest right?"

He arched a sly brow at me.

spread them on his thigh.

Aiden laughed.

"Green."

I nodded.

"Or was it fuchsia?"

I smiled so ly.

He chuckled.

I looked over my shoulder at him.

"You've got to be kidding me Aiden. Which one is it?"

"I suck at this too don't I?" he asked, a guilty look in his eyes.

"So favorite color is out," I said dryly as I was out of ideas.

"You could just help me pick out a nice piece of jewelry."

"Or..." I stated, edging closer to him, an idea coming to mind.

I could feel the heat emitting from his body. The closeness was

"What's her favorite fruit," I asked, clearing my throat and stepping

"I actually do," he said as we both reached the fruits and vegetables

intense. I felt slightly flushed. His look was intense.

"Her favorite fruit?" he asked, coming a er me.

"I think it's cobalt blue... no definitely orange."

I turned to face him fully and crossed my arms.

"Yeah. You do suck at something a er all."

"Or?" he raised a brow, moving in close.

away from the book aisle.

section. "Apples."

"Uh-huh. Or you have no clue."

I grabbed an apple and smiled at it.

"You're excited about an apple?" he asked.

"Perfect" I whispered to it.

```
I looked away, at nothing in particular; just lost in my thoughts.
"It reminds me of a time when my sister and I used to pick apples
from our grandfather's orchard," I said. "We were inseparable back
then."
"And now?"
His voice pricked my brain and I snapped out of it.
"Now, I can't even stand breathing the same air she does" I
confessed. "But anyway, enough talk about my evil twin," I said,
reaching for a basket and filling it with apples.
"So we get her apples then?" Aiden asked helping me with the basket.
"Your sister, not mine," I said just for clarification. "And I never said
anything about getting your sister apples as a welcome gi."
"Then what are getting them for?"
I turned to him with a mischievous smile.
"C'mon."
He followed me.
"Why are we in the drinks section?"
"You see how you can tell a lot about a person from what they drink?"
"Well no, not really."
I looked over my shoulder and laughed.
"Well you can... like how your personality fits your co ee taste... black
and bitter."
"Okay ouch!" he chortles, faking a hit in his chest.
I scanned my fingers over the alcohol on the shelf and stopped at the
one I was looking for.
"Bingo" I whispered bringing it down and hugging it to my chest.
"Bourbon?" Aiden asked.
"Bourbon" I grinned.
He folded his arms, his muscles bulging from the suit he wore.
Does he ever not wear that?
"You like bourbon?"
What is that supposed to mean?
"Well before I married a scumbag and became a mom."
He chuckled.
"So apples and a drink? What's next? Mangoes?"
My eyes lit up.
"Hey, that's actually a great idea," I said and gave him a pat on the
arm before heading back to the fruit and vegetables section.
000000000000000000
"Okay, what are we doing?"
I bit the tip of my plastic nail in thought.
"Hey, could you please get the raisins for me? Oh, and the apricot
preserves?"
He sighed and got them o the shelf and into the basket.
"Thank you."
"Are you going to tell me what's happening?" he laughed. "I don't
wanna be a part of this unless you're planning on making a bomb."
I turned to him.
"For a multi-billionaire as you are, you sure surprise me with this side
of you."
He scowled playfully.
"We are going to make her a pie" I grinned.
"Pie?"
"Mmhm" I answered. "Everybody loves pie."
He nodded.
"I'm down for it. But do you know how to bake" he moved towards
me.
I gave him a look.
"What?" he laughed.
"Are you doubtingme, Mr. Corleone?"
"I'm only asking Ms. Nolan."
I smiled.
"Well I'll have you know, that I make the best pie in the world," I said,
poking him in the chest.
"Really? What kind?" he looked down at me.
"All kinds" I replied in almost a whisper.
"Even the most di icult ones?" he leaned in.
"They are no match for my baking expertise."
He smiled so ly. Before I realized what was happening, Aiden had
backed me up against a shelf, leaning over me with a strange hunger
in his eyes. He lowered his eyes to my mouth.
Uh oh.
"And now we've gotta hop to it if we're going to finish in time," I said
nervously pushing him o me.
I moved towards the payment counter. Shortly a er I heard him clear
his throat.
"When is she arriving?" I asked.
"Tonight."
"Great," I said, setting the basket I was holding on to the counter.
The lady behind the counter smiled at me and started packing up the
items.
"How long is she staying?" I asked.
"Not sure. You're not planning on turning my kitchen into a pie shop,
are you?"
I laughed.
"Well that's tempting but, I was just thinking. Maybe you could come
with her to the wedding."
"I never said I was going to come."
"Right, you just insulted me."
"Hey, I thought I apologized. And why are you so psyched about this
wedding?"
"Here you go, ma'am. That'll be $75.99" the lady said.
I pulled out my purse and began to count the money.
"Seventy-five dollars and ninety-nine cents."
"I got it," Aiden said, slipping a hundred-dollar bill onto the counter.
"Keep the change," he said to the lady and grabbed the grocery bags.
We headed out.
"So my question," he said, bending his arm towards me.
"Yeah?" I said, linking my arm through his.
"You're really excited to see your twin sister get married to your ex-
husband?"
We stepped outside the mall and strolled to our cars.
"I just want it to be over. So I can be at peace with my son and maybe
even find happiness of my own" I said, stealing a glance at him.
He caught me looking and I don't look away. His smile at me reached
his eyes.
"Ohh so you are searching."
I laughed.
"Well, not exactly but I'm open to suggestions."
He laughed nervously and looked away.
"Here we are," he said, unlinking our arms. "I'll take these to my car
and drive ahead okay?"
I nodded.
"And I'll be right behind you."
He nodded.
"I'll see you then."
He walked o . I got in my car and waited for him to drive o . Then I
followed.
About forty-five minutes later, he slowed down in front of a large iron
gate. It slowly slid open. My eyes nearly popped out of its circuit when
he drove in and an enormous breathtaking mansion came into view.
The song playing on the radio suddenly faded away; as I took in the
view. I quickly checked my GPS to see if we were still in Virginia and
heck yes we were.
A honk startled me and I was driven away from my thoughts. Aiden
was down from his car, waving at me.
"Right, this is the part where I drive in," I said to myself.
I drove slowly in and the iron gate automatically shut behind me. The
dark-colored fancy path made pleasant sounds underneath my tires
as I drove along. I circled a majestic fountain before making a stop. I
turned o the engine and ejected the key from the ignition.
Then slowly and dramatically, I stepped out of my car.
"So I'm not seeing things?" I asked, confirming the view I saw.
"You're not going to go crazy so soon" he smirked.
I looked at him. The wind was in my hair.
"Wait so you actually live here?"
"Yep."
"Are you sure you're not some kind of prince or in line to a throne
somewhere?"
"You never know" he smirked at me in a whisper. "C'mon. This way"
he moved towards the house.
I looked at him then up at the mansion again.
That was meant to be a joke right?
"Remind me never to bring my son here, please?" I said going a er
him.
"Why not?"
"Your house starts o with a freaking gigantic fountain, c'mon!" I
laughed.
```

"He likes fountains?"

Aiden chuckled.

You have no idea.

"A er you" he gestured.

"What's wrong?"

murmured.

into my eyes.

together.

surprised me anymore but it did.

I spotted an elderly-looking woman.

because he thinks I can't cook

Juanita, the housekeeper."

"Hi," I greeted with a smile.

She smiled back and gave me a nice hug.

rules" I added, avoiding his gaze.

like since the day I met him.

Juanita gave both of us a look.

said clearly amused.

with a smile on her face.

"What?" he asked in surprise.

A smile was plastered on his face.

start. There's no time to waste."

"Yeah, we should. Would you likethat?"

Then I realized what he was talking about.

"I meant the baking not dating!" I let out.

He cracked up, his face falling a little.

"Sorry," I apologized, totally ashamed.

I raised a brow and chuckled at his sudden excitement.

"Don't be. I might take you up on that o er someday" he winked at

He walked away. I was le standing there. He kept doing that to my body and I couldn't control it. I groaned and turned around, seeing

'Goodness, Juanita ma'am you scared me" I clutched at my chest.

"I'm sorry. Is it okay if we use your kitchen? I forgot to ask. I kinda

"He told you about his sister? And you call him by his first name. No

"Oh right sorry, Mr. Corleone. I'm sorry, I keep forgetting I'm working

"Oh of course not dear. And you don't have to have to apologize. Neither do you need my permission to use the kitchen. Because if my boy has told you about his sister, brought you to his house, and asked

you to call him Aiden, then you must be very special to him."

"You know something? I think he likes you very much, and not just

"No... I'm just an employee who ran into him at the mall and decided

"I'm not sure that all there is," she said. "But just don't leave him

"What are you two whispering about?" Aiden asked from behind us.

"Really?" he asked with a chuckle. "And what's your diagnosis?"

I heard the door close. I was freaking out. My knuckles were white

I finally met his gaze and he was looking at me like he was missing

The hours passed, and finally, the pie got in the oven. We used the waiting time to make a few coconut mango mu ins and some

"Ooh, this looks so good" I moaned as Aiden placed the pie onto a

"You just made it worse" he complained, taking o his oven mitts.

"Shush!" he whispered and stepped in between my legs, holding a

I fought the growing urge to wrap my legs around his torso and kiss

"Breathe" he whispered, touching the corner of my lips with the

I steadied my breathing and watched him. He was trying to look

He was controlling me, without even trying. I bit my lip and waited. The towel located my forehead, and my nose and grazed against my

"I've been trying to resist you Breanna. Telling myself it's not right but

"I need you Breanna" he whispered, looking into my eyes. "Please."

I smiled and bit the corner of my lip, bringing my face closer to his. I inhaled his scent. He chuckled and li ed his face, his lips grazing

Then a sharp ring cuts through the moment. I could almost cry. I lowered my head onto his shoulder and he pulled me in for a hug. I

"You should probably answer the phone" he whispered, pressing a

He walked away. I sighed and picked up my purse. I frowned at the

"Give me one good reason why I shouldn't stab you the second I get home?!" I yelled. "I was in the middle of a very important project and

"Look, can you just shut up for a second? I'm not interested in talking

"Aubree, I know you didn't call to ask about my son because you hate

"I couldn't have said that any better," she says and I swear I feel her smirking. "But I love that little boy... and in one way or the other I'm not going to be only his favorite aunt but his stepmother too."

"Oh, will you stop blaming me all the time? I'm telling you your son's

"Then what do you want Aubree? Your voice is giving me a rash."

"You'll thank me later because this is about your son."

"Spare me the crap. What do you want?"

She sighed. I closed my purse and took a seat.

"Roman is not... lookingso good right now."

not okay and somehow I'minvolved with it?"

"Aubree, what did you say to him?"

"I don't know. Everyone's out."

"Hey, I'm not your babysitter."

"Aren't you a doctor?" I yelled.

"Stop yelling at me okay?!"

I could strangle someone right now.

incompetence would cost me my son's life.

"And why would you send the help away?!"

The wheezing becomes louder.

"Aubree don't shout at him!"

"Well, I'm nervous!"

Fawnis unbearable."

something."

I began to think.

"I don't think he's hungry right now."

I forgot my purse and turned back for it.

"Roman c'mon..." she said to him.

"I know that!" I snapped.

cold air helps. Hurry."

"I want my Mommy."

My heart tightened.

"Breanna he doesn't..."

I said calmly. "Please, my love."

"A surgeon is not a pediatrician, Breanna."

"Aubree quit playing games with me and get him his inhaler! Please!"

"Check his astronaut toy! I always put backups in there!"

"I haven't seen him with that ridiculous plush toy today!"

"Where's Fawn?" I ask, suddenly terrified that my sister's

mother is on the phone and you're making me nervous!"

"Oh, I sent them all away," she said. "Roman please calm down! Your

"Well you see, I'm having my friends come over and why let them stay in a hotel when my parents own a huge house? And because that

"Breanna, what do I do? He's starting to turn blue and it's scaring me

"Okay, take him to the freezer," I said, moving away from the kitchen.

"It's just that the cold air" I swallowed my anger. "Breathing in the

"Sweetheart please listen to your aunt and go with her to the freezer,"

The line goes dead and a er a while, Aubree speaks up again.

"I think his breathing is starting to get better."

"Hey, I got your text! What's wrong?"

"Where's Mommy?" he asked again.

I hung up and raced for the door.

"Breanna?" Aiden called.

emotions get the best of me."

"Hey, hey, hey... calm down!" he hushed.

I lowered my head and looked away.

"I'm sorry. I've really gotta go."

through me. Just a touch did this?

"You have no idea. I'll go get my keys."

What have you gotten yourself into Breanna?

I groaned as he walked away.

Thank you for reading! ≰

This is toxic, Breanna!

I pulled away.

He smirked.

want me to come with you."

He pulled me back.

I shook my head.

me."

Tempted into making out with her boss.

"I'm on my way baby. Mommy's coming."

He stepped away from the sidebar and moved towards me.

"I'm sorry I have to go. I've been a terrible mother today. My son had an attack and I wasn't even there because I was busily letting my

"No. I can't concentrate when I'm around you. You do things to my body and as much as I hate it, I love it. So no. You're not coming with

He smiled so ly and brushed his thumb across my cheek. I tilted my head towards his hand and closed my eyes as pleasure surged

"I'm coming, and I don't have to convince you because I know you

Comments?

Until the next update

#stayhomestaysafe

"You're enjoying this aren't you?" I inquired, very pissed.

I nodded.

"Yeah, I'll be right there."

Relief washed over me and I rubbed my forehead.

It was Beck in the background. I groaned quietly.

"I'm on my way," I said as Roman's cries reached my ear.

"I don't like the color on his face Breanna. I'm taking him to the ER."

My chin trembled and I lowered my head. I had to calm down.

now. Hey Roman calm down, please. Don't cry. Breanna, say

In the background, I heard wheezing.

"Aubree, get his inhaler" I instructed.

you just had to ruin it like you do with everything in my life!"

He pulled away. I tucked my lips inside and nodded.

caller ID as I jumped o the counter.

I fantasize about you and heaven knows I want you right now".

My eyes snapped open. Why was he telling me this now?

serious, but I could feel he wanted the same thing I did.

"Close your eyes" he whispered and my eyes obeyed.

The coldness collided with my adrenaline rush and I exhaled deeply. I tightened my grip on the edge of the counter. He moved the towel across my cheeks, down my jawline to my neck and all I wanted to do

He tugged me to his side and li ed me onto the counter.

"Oh, nothing. Just making sure you're in capable hands" Juanita said,

to help make something special for his sister's arrival."

o ered to make Bourbon Apple Pie for Aiden's sister."

He was grinning now.

"What is with you?"

me. "I'll go change."

She smiled.

She arched a brow.

employee has ever been allowed to."

"He asked you to call him Aiden?"

I looked at Juanita in curiosity.

"Yeah. Is something wrong?"

I smiled nervously.

I shook my head.

Juanita grinned.

alone please?"

winking at me.

"Very capable."

"Hey? You okay?"

something.

He chuckled.

I looked at him.

"I'll leave you to your pie."

from the clenching I was doing.

"Yep," I quickly responded.

"I'll get the Bourbon," I said.

blackberry chocolate tru le ice cream.

neat tray. "And nothing got burnt!"

"What are you talking about?"

"I must look horrible."

"C'mere."

"Hey!"

towel.

I felt my face and looked at my hands.

wet towel inches away from my lips.

This wasn't happening right now.

was grip his shirt and throw my head back.

lips. Then I felt his hot breath on my face.

His forehead was against mine now.

"I can't hold it back anymore."

against mine.

hugged him back.

kiss to my ear.

"I need a drink."

to you either okay?"

She chuckled.

I folded an arm.

me."

I perked up.

I breathed.

"His what?"

"Inhaler!"

I paused.

I groaned.

"Who?"

"The help."

I clenched my fist.

"Where's Mom?"

"Your face has got to disagree with that one."

"And I'll get the apples."

I turned and glided away before he got close.

He laughed.

I turned away, my back towards them.

"I…"

for him when he has me calling him Aiden."

because you're pretty" she whispered to me.

the housekeeper behind me.

I cleared my throat.

So this is better than the mean chef intro I pictured.

"Oh Aiden finally brought a girl home!" the woman squealed.

"No, no, no Juanita. We're not dating" he explained nervously.

I pulled away from the hug and brushed a strand of hair away from

"Yeah. He's my boss. I couldn't possibly date him. It's against the

Who was I kidding? I had been dying to find out what his lips tasted

"I never said anything about you two dating. I just said, and I quote, 'Oh Aiden finally brought a girl home'. I never mentioned dating" she

Aiden and I exchanged looks as Juanita strolled to the refrigerator

"We should start," I said, dropping my purse on the counter.

"Why do you have that look on your face?" I asked. "We should totally

My eyes widened at Aiden who seemed to have been knocked down

Oh... housekeeper.

"C'mere," Aiden said holding out his hand.

Head chef maybe?

woman.

Huh?

by a truck.

my face.

My eyes searched his face.

"Obsessed with anything that involves water."

A man standing beside the front door held it open for us. I paused. I wasn't joking when I said he had people to do everything for him.

I walked in and I heard myself gasp. It was like a dollhouse mansion,

except everything was not pink. I stared, rooted to the spot.

"I'm not royalty Breanna. Please c'mon," he reached out to me.

Aiden walked ahead but I didn't budge. He looked at me.

I paused, and then my eyes went wide at the realization.

an employee... you mean a lot more than that to me."

strolled o, disappearing through a large French door.

I took his hand as he balanced the entire grocery bag all in one hand. Just then about four maids scurried in quickly taking the bags from

"Oh, so it's funny?" I asked. "You seriously want me to believe that you're just like really really rich and nothing else? You have people who do everything for you. You only have to bask in the glory."

"Oh my gosh, I'm one of those people who do everything for you" I

He grabbed my hands and tugged me to his chest and then stared

"For the last time, I'm not royalty" he whispered. "And you're not just

I felt slightly numb at the closeness of our bodies pressed together.

"Now stop complaining. Breathe and come with me" he finished and

I released the breath I didn't know I was holding and pulled myself

Snap out of it Brie! You can't let him do this to your body! You're in

I clawed at the air and calmed myself down, before following in his track. I entered the kitchen and... seriously, it shouldn't have

Why would anyone want such a large kitchen space?

I didn't hesitate to take it. His hands were warm, so, and very welcoming. And we had been mildly flirting so holding hands wasn't

"I'd like you to meet someone," he said, walking towards the elderly

Please don't tell me he's going to make me take a cooking class

"Juanita..." he called "...please meet Breanna. And Breanna, meet

"Well then, you've got your hands full."

Aiden felt the silence and turned back.

"Are you sure you're not a prince?"

He chortled, scratching his cheek.

him. I watched as they scurried o again.

"Breanna I am not royalty, c'mon" he chortled.