

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 1

I had never once thought that I would one day be hooking up with someone. As a conservative woman, I dated my husband for two years before finally losing my virginity to him on the night of our wedding.

Am I really doing this? The guy in front of me was extremely handsome even though he was in a drunken stupor. He was my husband's best friend with whom he had grown up together.

I had given up something as precious as my virginity to my husband, and what did the asshole do?

He cheated on me! To make matters worse, he did it with his friend's young admirer, of all people! It would only be fair for me to have an affair with someone else behind his back as well.

So, while he was out chatting up other women, I was here seducing his best friend. An eye for an eye.

Christopher was so drunk that he barely recognized me, taking me as one of his impressionable fans. Unable to pass up such an easy chance, he took my hand and led me to his hotel room.

He pressed his warm body against mine as soon as he had shut the door, the smell of his cologne invading my senses.

Christopher had the type of charming appearance that made him look like a mischievous playboy but had the personality of a strong, domineering man hidden underneath his good looks.

"You here alone?" he whispered in a deep and husky voice.

"I'm with you now, aren't I?" I glanced up at him, meeting his half-lidded stare. I noticed how his eyes curved into the shape of a crescent moon when he smiled and how pretty his eyelashes were.

Actually, this isn't too bad.

As he let out a chuckle, his fingers brushed against my face and eventually wandered down to my collarbones, sending a shiver down my spine. There was a valid reason why he had so many girls falling head over heels for him.

"Nope. Not completely."

“What are you talking about?” I knew that this wasn’t the point, but I was curious. At the same time, I was worried that he would lose interest in me after I asked him the question.

Fortunately, he didn’t seem to mind my curiosity. He bent down and grabbed ahold of my legs to effortlessly lift me up in a bridal carry. “I’m not with you until I’m inside of you,” he said with a grin.

“Huh?” I blinked owlshly for a few seconds before finally getting it, his bright laughter ringing in my ears as he placed me atop the bed. I wasn’t sure if I was blushing because I felt embarrassed for falling for that joke or because I was shy.

He leaned over me, rubbing his face against my skin and leaving absentminded kisses on my ear. A little sensitive, I flinched and ducked my head.

“Uncomfortable?”

“Would you let go of me if I was?”

“Nope.”

“Then why did you ask?” I retaliated in irritation.

His fingers tapped on my lips lightly before tracing down my neck, slowly unbuttoning my shirt. Before long, my breasts were exposed to him.

I saw his hands falter and his breath quicken at the sight before him. The movements of his chest rising and falling were so rapid that his shirt was on the verge of bursting open.

“Because I respect your feelings,” he tossed out nonchalantly.

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes. If you respect my feelings, then why won’t you let go of me? “Pleasure is a feeling, but whether or not I let go of you is my choice to make.”

“So?” I didn’t understand his logic. If I hadn’t known him before tonight, I would have thought that I had accidentally hooked up with a psychopath.

Right then, he took off his shirt to reveal a firm upper body with a toned six-pack.

His skin was fair, but his body reminded me of those hot, beefy Hollywood actors. Abruptly, my breath hitched in my throat.

“So, I’ll take note of your reactions to see if you feel good and go with the flow from there on out.”

