

Chapter 7

Bree's POV

My head jerks to the ooe door to see Cranston standing there with a grin and both of his hands full of large plastic bags.

"Wha—?" My mouth falls open. Even in my surprise, I can't help the passing thought of how sexy he looks in his tted jeans, black tee, and irresistible grin.

He lifts his shoulders in a casual shrug as he walks over to me. "You said you couldn't have dinner since you were working late, so gured I would bring it to you." His eyes do a sweep of my cluttered desk. "I'm also assuming you didn't eat, since you never seem to be able to drag yourself from work long enough to remember."

He shifts the plastic bags all into one hand and starts clearing a space on the large desk, stacking papers together.

"Oh, just...let me do it." I stand up and start sorting the papers into comprehensible piles, glancing up at him as he watches.

"I don't really know what you like now, besides lobster mac and cheese, so I brought a little of everything." He casually lifts the bags up a little.

"You brought a little of everything?" I stare at him and give a little laugh.

"Yep!" He looks down at the bags as he opens them slightly. "I brought sandwiches, sushi, pasta, Chinese, burgers..."

"Oh my god, Cranston!" I laugh and walk around the desk to look inside the bags. "This is way too much! What are we going to do with all of this food?"

His grin widens. "We have a lot of catching up to do in a month, I want to know what my future wife likes to eat."

I shake my head as I walk back behind the desk and take a seat at the now mostly cleared desk.

He places the bags on the desk and starts unpacking them.

"And..." He reaches behind him and removes a backpack that I hadn't noticed earlier. He opens it and pulls out two bottles of champagne. "I also brought us something to drink."

"I couldn't possibly drink anything tonight. I'm still recovering from last night."

"Nonsense." Cranston pulls out two plastic champagne utes. "The best cure for drinking too much, is drinking more."

"That is just the most ridiculous thing I have ever heard." I watch him pop a bottle open and carefully pour it into the two glasses.

"Of the two of us, who has more experience drinking?" He c***s his eyebrow at me as he hands me a glass.

I snort and take it.

"Cheers to our rst ocial dinner together." He holds his glass out to mine.

I clink my glass to his and take a small sip.

Ohh. That's good.

I set the glass down and look over the many food containers on the desk before grabbing some sushi.

"Ah, a sushi girl!" Cranston pulls a chair closer to the desk.

"Well, everything here looks good, but sushi looked best, tonight."

He winks at me and scans the containers before grabbing one that he opens to reveal a giant bacon cheeseburger surrounded by fries.

Oh, that looks good.

I take a bite of the sushi and it's delicious, but I can't help feeling a little envious as I watch Cranston take a giant bite of his burger.

"I'm surprised you aren't out, living up your last month before the wedding." I throw out casually, taking another sip of my champagne.

He grins at me as he wipes his mouth with a napkin.

"I am living it up." He lifts his burger at me and takes another large bite.

I roll my eyes and take a fry from his container. Mmm, that's a good fry.

"Ah ha! You are one of those girlfriends who say they don't want fries and then take it off their boyfriend's plate!"

"What? No!" I go to drop the fry and he laughs as he pushes his container towards me.

"Just kidding, you are welcome to my fries anytime."

I feel my cheeks burn as I pop the remaining fry into my mouth, feeling a weirdly satisfying sensation that he used the word girlfriend.

We spend the next couple of hours opening and tasting everything that he brought, which was all amazing. We also go through both bottles of champagne before he pulls out yet another from his backpack with a ourish.

We've migrated to the couch, a bottle of champagne on the oor in front of us, next to his backpack.

My back is against the armrest, knees bent with my feet on the couch. I rub my belly.

"Oh man, that was all amazing, but I am stuuuuffed."

Cranston leans over to rummage through his backpack and pulls out a white cardboard box with a pink ribbon on it.

"More food? You have got to be kidding!" I groan as he leans back against the couch.

"I always remember you liking dessert, and no dinner would be complete without dessert."

He grabs my feet and pulls them across his lap as he opens the box and tilts it so I can see what's inside of it.

Three rows of pastel colored macarons.

"Macarons!" I squeal in delight. I wonder if he remembered how much I loved them when we were in Paris, or if he just happened to pick these up along with everything else he grabbed tonight.

He smiles at me as he pulls out a light green one with a cream-colored lling.

"I remembered that we had to stop at nearly every pastry shop in Paris for you to get some macarons. I took a chance that they were still your favorite." He lifts an eyebrow at me.

"They are!" I'm touched by him remembering. I lean forward to grab one and he holds up a nger and brings the macaron to my mouth instead. I hesitate before leaning forward and taking a bite, groaning softly and closing my eyes as the macaron avor hits my tongue before melting in my mouth.

I open my eyes to take another bite and Cranston is staring at my lips, he lifts his other hand and runs his rough thumb across my bottom lip before lifting his eyes to mine.

"Crumbs." He whispers, his voice husky, his head leaning closer to mine.

I swallow as my body tingles from his touch and my eyes stay locked on his.

What am I doing? I need to pull away. Pull away, Bree.

I don't pull away. I lean forward and wrap my hands around Cranston's face, pulling him the rest of the way so our lips meet.

A moan escapes against his lips as my whole body reacts. It's been over a year since I've been kissed, my body wants more, and I've had just enough champagne to listen to it.

Cranston is still for a moment, then he kisses me back, hard, eager. He parts my lips with his tongue and I move my hands down to grasp Cranston's tee at his chest.

He places his arm on my back and lays me down so I am at on the couch and he's on top of me.

The weight of his body on mine feels amazing. He lifts his body up with his arms to look at me and I'm instantly disappointed when his lips leave mine.

He looks down at me, his eyes on mine, moving to my lips, and back up.

He lifts an eyebrow at me as if to ask if this is ok. In response, I grab his shirt and pull him back on top of me.

He kisses my lips brie y before moving his lips softly down my neck. I gasp and pull on his shirt, trying to pull it off, wanting to feel his sexy body.

He reaches my collarbone with his lips before he sits up and pulls off his shirt, tossing it aside before grabbing the tie of my wrap dress and quickly undoing and pulling my dress aside to reveal just my bra and panties.

He lets out a low whistle as he looks at my exposed body.

"Damn Bree." His eyes move up to meet mine. "You are sexy as hell."

I ush and pull him back down so his hard chest is against mine and my lips meet his.

Somehow, about a minute later, he sits up and my bra is in his hand.

I sit up and shrug out of my dress sleeves and he yanks it out from under me and throws it onto the oor.

Now I'm in only my panties and he is staring with open appreciation at my chest.

He brings his mouth down to my breasts and I moan as his lips suck in my n****e.

Holy s**t, this feels amazing! Why in the hell have I not had s*x in over a year?

Cranston's body weight on top of me shifts and he runs his palm against my stomach, lower and lower until his ngers disappear into my panties.

I grasp onto his broad shoulders as his ngers nd my core and slip inside.

"Cranston!" I gasp, clinging to him. His ngers move quicker, moving in and out, while his thumb nds my c*****s and starts rubbing circles, all while sucking and licking my n****e.

I feel a release coming. I push my body up against Cranston's, desperate for him to get me there, needing the release to hurry up, but not wanting him to stop because it feels so. Damn. Amazing.

I let out a yell as the pleasure comes to a crest and I dig my ngernails into his skin, toes curling, as the waves crash again and again.

I'm practically panting as Cranston's weight leaves me entirely and I reach out for him in disappointment, but he's back instantly, his jeans and boxers discarded.

He leans down and grabs my panties and I lift my hips as he pulls them down and tosses them over his shoulder. He positions his body over mine, placing his hips between my legs and looks into my eyes, again, for approval.

I spread my thighs wider in response and grab the sides of his chest to pull him down. His lips meet mine brie y and I feel him push against me, meeting just a little resistance before slipping into my wet core.

Another loud gasp escapes me. He feels huge as he starts to move, slowly at rst.

After I get use to his size, I start moving with him, lifting my hips to meet his.

He kisses me again, longer this time.

I rub my hands up and down his back.

He leans his face away and sighs my name into my ear as he starts to move faster, making me cling onto his back as his thrust get harder, deeper.

I can feel the pressure building up again and I know he's getting close as he moves faster.

We come at the same time, I can't stop from yelling his name out as I grab his bottom while he thrust one last time and holds himself against my hips as he moans.

He pulls out of me and rolls onto this side, slightly still on top of me, so I roll over onto my side, away from him, and he pulls me close against him, kissing the back of my neck.

Feeling more satised and relaxed than I have in over a year, I close my eyes and sleep instantly overtakes me.