

## Chapter Six

"You won't be a virgin after tonight."

That promise oated in his mind yet again. Nicolas groaned turning over in his sleep. An uncomfortable feeling woke him and he discovered that once again he woke up with his d\*\*k hard from the lingering memory in his dreams. What was more his briefs felt damp meaning it wasn't the rst time it had been like this.

With a groan he stumbled to the bathroom to clean himself up in the shower. Nicolas leaned his forehead against the wall as the cool water slowly chased away his drowsiness but the dream remained.

His goddess.

Almost a year later she still consumed his every waking, and dreaming, thought. Even now he couldn't explain why he had gone to that bar on St. Patrick's Day. A couple of people from his shop invited him. Usually he gracefully bowed out of such invitations but for some reason he agreed.

Nicolas thought he'd go for a couple of drinks and return home. He certainly didn't expect to bump into the most gorgeous woman he ever laid eyes on. She was tall, lithe and full of life. Her brown eyes sparkled and her enticingly curly hair was tied up high on her head in what he supposed women called a messy bun of some sort. She wore a somewhat oversized sweater and, what had to be, thermal leggings as she danced like some fairy queen.

Turning she seemed as surprised as he was at their unexpected meeting. He thought she'd give a quick apology and leave but instead she took him by the hand and dragged him into her dance. Nicolas was too shocked to even offer a protest.

She spun and slid her body against his. Smiling coyly she swayed enticingly her hips grinding against his. His mouth went dry and desires long ignored stirred. He panicked. What was he supposed to do? He didn't know the rst thing about dancing?

His parents had homeschooled him and all his siblings so he grew up with very little interaction with other kids. This didn't seem to adversely affect his siblings. His sisters attended all sorts of birthdays and events. Even his brothers built their small circles of friends. Nicolas on the other hand was quiet, hesitant and unsure of himself. As the youngest of seven he never knew just where he stood.

"If you don't want to dance I can always nd someone else."

No!

He wanted to scream but instead gripped her hand tighter and pulled her back before she could escape into the crowd. She smiled mischievously drawing her arms over his shoulders and leaning into him.

"I take it that's a no to other partners?"

God, she's beautiful when she smiles.

"Don't worry I don't mind leading."

Yes, lead me anywhere.

Nicolas lost sight of everything except his goddess. He completely forgot the guys who invited him out and he was only vaguely aware of a blonde and brunette that seemed to be friends with his fairy queen. Nothing mattered but the woman who leaned against him, grinded on him and pressed her lips to his as eager to taste him as he was to taste her. Nicolas didn't notice the jealous glances he was getting as she showered her attention on him. He never wanted the night to end.

"Shall we go someplace quieter?" she whispered against his lips.

Even before he could reply she was leading him to the door seemingly with her friends' blessings. Was this really happening? Were they really going to...

He didn't remember how they got to the hotel or even to their room. All he knew was her soft, heated skin; her full, hungry lips; the unfamiliar sensation stirring in his groin. Her eyes seemed to get darker as she suddenly got serious.

"Tell me, baby, are you a virgin?"

He almost died at her blunt inquiry. How was he supposed to answer that? But it turned out he didn't need to. She already knew. She never broke eye contact as she freed his almost painful erection. Nicolas felt his face warm in embarrassment.

"Need some help with that?"

The next thing he knew she was going down on him. He sucked in a breath leaning against the wall as her warm, wet mouth took him all the way in. He couldn't begin to describe the ludicrous pleasure surging through him. His ngers found their way into her enticing hair and his hips seemed to move on their own thrusting into her.

And she took him...every last bit of him...as he reached his climax embarrassingly quickly. Nicolas was mortied. Was that it? Was it really over? Now what? Would she leave?

But his goddess didn't seem to mind at all kissing him deeply and coyly beckoning him to follow her to the bedroom. Nicolas nearly tripped in his eagerness with his pants acting as hobbles. When he nally made it to the door she slowly stripped. With a devilishly coy smile she stood in front of him in all her glory before sitting and beckoning him closer.

Nicolas couldn't shed himself of his clothes fast enough to reach her. She leaned back opening herself to him even as her foot landed on his chest to hold him back. He hesitated, confused.

"You don't think all of that was for free do you? I expect reciprocation. Shall we get started with lesson one?"

Again, panic. He knew nothing about women. He never dated, never kissed. How was he supposed to please his goddess?

But again...she knew. Just like when they danced she was only too happy to lead, guiding him, directing and telling him what he needed to do. Even when he came too soon she encouraged him and enticed him. He didn't know where she got her stamina and he struggled to keep up with her especially when she started introducing new positions half way through.

Somewhere along the way he shed his inhibitions. There was more technique involved than he was prepared for but he made up for his inexperience with eagerness and she encouraged him, giggling at the way his stubble tickled.

"Sorry...I should have shaved," he mumbled.

"No, I love it," she stroked his cheek. "I like my men scruffy. Now let's nish so I can ride you again."

\* \* \*

Nicolas sighed looking down at his rather engorged member. Damn, how many times was he going to have to take care of that? He gripped it mimicking her strokes but it wasn't the same.

The euphoria that night was only matched by his devastation the next morning when he woke up to discover himself alone. The bed was a mess and his clothes were still tossed haphazardly on the oor. For a brief moment of panic he wondered if it had all been a scam to rob him but his cell phone and wallet were untouched. The only thing missing was his goddess.

He dressed quickly and headed downstairs. The concierge was unhelpful but a bellhop at least recalled seeing her hurried departure. He claimed she had been on her cell phone and though he hadn't heard the conversation he did mention it sounded like she was looking for a ride and possibly heard the word plane.

Luckily the hotel had cameras and he was able to catch an image of his beauty leaving. She seemed worried. Perhaps something happened, like a family emergency? Armed with a photograph he drove to the nearest airport. New York had several and he didn't know which one she would use but he would check them all if he had to.

It took him most of the day and a lot of pleading. Ashamedly he accused her of stealing his credit card to gain the airport's compliance to check their camera footage. But eventually he found her. She arrived with a brunette that could have been the same one from the bar. They were joined by a blonde hauling two, large packages. Nicolas breathed a sigh of relief knowing she hadn't left him to rush to some other guy.

Hugging the other two in a clear gesture of good-bye his mystery woman lugged her due and the packages disappearing into the crowd. She appeared on the camera feed once or twice more before they lost track of her. She never went to baggage check so she must have pre-purchased extra seats to allow for her abnormal carry-ons. There was no way to know her ight or if it was round trip. His goddess disappeared as mysteriously as she had appeared. But he couldn't get her out of his mind.

A year later he still looked for her. The packages she carried looked like paintings so he attended every art opening, auction and museum exhibit he could...hoping.

Once he thought he recognized her blonde friend. He almost approached her before someone informed him the woman was actually Sarah Stanton. As concerned as Lucas was about appearances he would never permit his wife to go to some dive bar even on St. Patrick's Day.

His thoughts still muddled Nicolas stepped out of the shower and wrapped his lower half in a towel before heading to the sink. Grabbing the razor he carefully trimmed his beard. Since she liked scruffy men he had given up on the clean-shaved look. He hoped she would like his beard though he didn't want it too long either.

Satised he brushed his teeth and ran a comb through his hair before evaluating his reaction. Like his brothers he was tall and t. His skin tingled with the memory of how she caressed his arms and chest following the denition of the muscle.

Nicolas shook his head trying to clear his mind. If he wasn't careful he'd be stuck in the shower all day and he had somewhere to be. Returning to his bedroom he dressed in a pullover and trousers. His father was summoning them home so it wouldn't be a good idea to dress too casually.

Taking out a small due he packed enough clothes for the weekend. No doubt the closet in his room at the family estate was still full of suits and formal wear to last a lifetime but he wouldn't be comfortable wearing that around the house.

As he packed a gray tabby sauntered in and hopped on the bed with meow? He chuckled and gave the cat its preferred chin scratches. Nicolas felt his tension ease.

He had moved out of the family estate because it was too stressful to be around his siblings. His father had a strict rule against pets, something he always wanted. As soon as he paid for the condo he went to the character shelter to adopt his little roommate. He named the feline Sancho after the character from Don Quixote. If Nicolas was going to tilt at windmills he needed a loyal partner.