Never Say 376

"Leave, while it's still early."

Eliana, gripping the tossed clothes, hesitantly left the bed, nearly collapsing as she tried to stand.

Alick couldn't help but reach out to steady her, his hand brushing her skin, the memories of last night making it difficult to maintain his composure.

Taking Eliana's hand, he guided her into the bathroom, where the intimate moans enveloped the room.

As they left the bathroom, Alick had already put on his clothes, resuming his polished, gentleman-like manner.

Luckily, Eliana had chosen to wear a high-collared dress the previous day, effectively hiding any love bites on her neck.

She emerged from the bathroom timidly, avoiding any eye contact with Alick.

"Mr. Shaw..."

"I'm aware that you belong to Declan. I'm not one to poach what's not mine, so consider our affair over," he stated.

The color drained from Eliana's face, her voice tinged with a soft allure.

"How can I possibly stand by Declan now, given the circumstances?"

Alick quirked an eyebrow, toying with the lighter he held.

"So you want to trap me into being with you?"

"Absolutely not! I didn't mean that!"

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Eliana vehemently denied, shaking her head.

"What happened between us was unplanned, Mr. Shaw. Rest assured, our secret stays with us."

Her demeanor was vulnerable, submissive, and it was clear she knew how to play into men's desires.

Alick wasn't immune. She was attractive and seemed compliant, qualities he thought would make for an agreeable long-term fling.

As Eliana turned to go, Alick stopped her.

A fleeting smile of satisfaction crossed her face. When Alick neared, she faced him again, her eyes brimming with fake vulnerability.

"Here's my room key and phone number. If things go south for you, know that my door is always open."

Alick was effectively offering her a position as his mistress.

Feigning reluctance, Eliana slowly accepted the key.

"You have nothing to worry about, Mr. Shaw. I won't complicate your life."