

I can't forget her

"Domenic"

Her sweet melodious laughter echoed in the surroundings as she laughed so hard, clutching her belly. Her breast bounced as her chest heaved.

Fück.

I was fucking instantly hard in my pants. She thought she had cracked a joke. She was not funny but pure torture.

A dangerous temptation!

Forbidden and out of my league.

She was ten years younger and was my client. There was no fucking way I would give in to temptation.

She thought she looked cute and innocent when she was making indecent jokes. But it was so f*****g difficult as hell not to reply to her in the same indecent way as her wicked mouth was spilling dirty words. She had been wearing my shirt daily, saying she was comfortable in it. But what about me becoming so uncomfortable in my pants after seeing her in the thin fabric of my shirt?

She had no idea how hot and sexy she looked in that plain white shirt, slightly semi-transparent. I could easily outline her round plump breasts and taut n*****s through it, and to add more to the trouble, she wasn't wearing a bra. Knowing she was naked beneath my shirt, it was so f*****g impossible not to look between her legs, hoping she wouldn't be having pânties.

Though I had seen her in her bikini during her dress trial, watching her in my shirt was a lot hotter on the next level.

Mariya's eyes grew bigger as the expression on her face changed. She stopped laughing.

Then I realized something was wrong with me.

"Domenic?! Are... are you okay?" She stuttered as she approached me.

Hell! My breathing had increased, and I was literally panting, thinking about doing things to her sexy body. Shit! I was literally drooling at her, and she had no idea.

She placed a hand on my arm, and I trembled with the contact.

"Fück, you are burning!" She exclaimed, rubbing her hand on the exposed skin of my arms.

Yes, baby girl, I am burning. All hot for you.

Gathering all my self-control, I removed her hand.

"I am..." I swallowed, "... okay." I breathed out.

"But you... you don't look like you are okay. You're sweating weirdly," she was so close I could see her cleavage if I dipped my head as a few upper buttons were open.

"Trust me... I am ne," I created some distance.

"No, I think you need some help. I have heard that those could be some symptoms of cardiac arrest," she blabbered unconsciously.

Ah! If you don't stop coming closer, I will definitely have a heart attack.

"Come and sit there," she stubbornly dragged me to the small round table with two chairs. I sat on the chair, catching my breath, praying silently that she would not look at my crotch as the bulge kept rising in my pants with every passing second and had now turned into monster size.

I inhaled and exhaled. Repeated. But nothing helped as my eyes slowly trailed over her round breasts that were exactly at my face level as she stood in front of me. My gaze followed the silhouette of her small waist beneath my shirt. All I wanted was to grab her tiny waist and pull her into my lap.

Instead, I had to jack off in the cold shower. My mouth became dry as my balls tightened.

"Domenic, I think we should go to the hospital immediately," she suggested and sounded worried.

"Uh... N..No, miss Leonardi. I... I am ne. Huh! You go and... sleep," I licked my dry lips as I nally made the words.

"No, Domenic, it is not the time to be stubborn," she said as she bent toward me, placing a hand on the table. My heartbeat sped up. My eyes darted toward the opposite building. What if someone was watching us? He could see her.

"Riyal!" I panicked as I grabbed the corner of the shirt and stretched it, covering her ass. I quickly got up, pushing her shoulder to straighten her.

Her eyes widened as she realized what I had done. I nodded.

Yes, you silly girl, I know it.

Her hands shot up to her mouth as she watched me in horror. She grabbed the corner of the shirt, pulling it down as she turned and ran inside quickly. Averting my eyes, I closed them as I trailed a hand over my face.

Fück. I was never in such an awkward situation when I didn't know how to react.

I sat there for some time, letting the cool air of the night breeze soothe my burning desire. After a few minutes, I went inside the house, locking the balcony door. Finally, I could sleep after taking a cold shower.

My sleep was disturbed early in the morning. Though I wanted to go back to sleep, I could not. So I went to the kitchen and began making coffee for myself.

I heard the sound of the door opening and saw Mariya coming out of the room wearing my hoodie. Oh god, this girl looked obsessed with my clothes. The realization of what was beneath didn't make any difference. My mind again began to guess whether she was wearing anything underneath it or not. But luckily, the fabric was thick enough, and it was very big on her petite and slim body. Otherwise, I had to wander with blue balls for the rest of the day.

She hesitated and stopped when she saw me in the kitchen.

I knew the awkwardness was still between us after what happened last night. She was even avoiding eye contact.

"Want some coffee?!" I asked in the hope of erasing the uneasiness.

"Umm... Yeah!" She whispered shyly.

Her cheeks were pink. She blushed, and it took my breath away.

"So my wardrobe is robbed," I taunted, looking at her.

"Fine, I will buy some sleepwear," she huffed sullenly.

Oh, no, baby girl, I love to see you in my clothes.

"No need. The whole wardrobe is yours," I blurted out and instantly bit my lips, wishing she didn't catch the desperation in my tone.

"You're so generous, Mr. Mancini," she mumbled gruy.

I chuckled. But I liked the way she called me Mr. Mancini.

"Do you still love her?" She asked out of nowhere.

My eyes snapped at hers.

"Who?" I frowned.

"Your... ex-wife!" She replied calmly.

"Why do you want to know?" I furrowed.

"Just curious. I found Bethany's many pictures in your wardrobe, hidden beneath your clothes," she shrugged.

Shit, I forgot about the pictures.

"So, you haven't moved on," she concluded, casting a slanting gaze at me.

I hated it when someone wanted to peek into my past.

"I just can't throw her pictures out of my life just like she did to me," I whispered, glaring at her.

She observed me closely for a few moments, and I tried hard not to wince under her scrutinizing gaze.

"I know it's not my place to ask. But you can talk to me if you want. I mean, what happened between you guys?" She pumped.

So, she was interested in my married life, I mean ex-married life, and I did not want to remember those beautiful memories along with the worst day of my life.

"What happened?!" I snorted. "It hurts so badly that you want to kill yourself and let the pain go anyhow when the love of your life cheats on you with your ex-boss," I confessed, breathing heavily.

I didn't know what had happened to me. But I literally told her the actual reason, which I had hidden from everyone. Only a few close people knew about it.

Mariya's eyes widened as she muttered something under her breath.

"I... am sorry. I can't even imagine the pain you have to go through, but I can't believe how someone can cheat on a guy like you," she mumbled, tilting her head and staring at me absentmindedly.

"A guy like me?!" I frowned. What did she mean?

"I mean, you are so perfect. A perfect father, a perfect man. I am sure you must have been a perfect husband," she enlightened.

Perfect?!

There was nothing perfect in my life. I was broken and incomplete.

"You must be kidding, right?!" I glowered. "Because if I was a perfect husband, why did my wife cheat on me?!" I snapped.

I knew it was not her fault. But she was scratching my old wounds unknowingly.

"Did you love her a lot?" She inquired, raising her brows, and I winced at her alleged tone.

"I did," I breathed out. "But I think I was not good enough for her. My love was not perfect for her."

She slowly walked toward me, holding my gaze, and stood before me. My eyes followed the movement of her hands as she lifted her hand and pressed it to the left side of my chest. I could feel my heart thumping loudly against her small hand.

"Your heart is beating perfectly ne, and it seems normal. So, you should also live a life as normal as she does. Love is not perfect. But we make it perfect with our commitments and loyalty. It's not your mistake that she broke the wedding vows. Don't blame yourself because she doesn't deserve your love, and so God saved your love for someone else," She murmured in her sweet voice, and I was lost.

I couldn't move or say anything because the soul her eyes were caressing my internal wounds with determination to heal me, my soul, and my heart gave me hope. I thought I could never trust a woman again. But this angel had worked her magic, and her voice was casting spells and pulling out all the bitterness and fear of being cheated again from my cold heart, making it feel alive again.

"Love doesn't happen again!" I declared.

"Who says?" She snapped, and I narrowed my eyes.

What did she know about love? I doubted she had ever truly loved someone in her life. She knew nothing.

"Okay, let's assume it doesn't happen again. That is not my belief, though," she held up her hands. "But we can share it with others because love is still inside our hearts. In the same way, you have a lot of love in your heart. So what, Bethany stopped receiving your love? You can give it to someone else who truly deserves it!" She said it so easily.

But it was very complicated.

"If you love someone, there is also a risk of heartbreak," I asserted coldly.

The pain of heartbreak was the worst I had ever suffered. I had bullets in my esh and broken bones, but nothing could beat it.

"If you don't take risks, how will you know who is worth it?" She countered.

"It's not that easy. You won't understand," I announced as I removed her hand, which was still on my chest. I tightened on the coffee machine.

"So, you still love your ex-wife?!" She repeated, and it was a statement more than a question.

"It's not in my hands. You won't understand this until you fall in love with someone. I don't have control over my heart, and it never stops loving her, just like it never stops beating," I muttered grumpily.

"So, you still have hope that she will return to you someday," she concluded, making me frustrated.

I wanted to forget her and her betrayal, but I couldn't, even after trying for many years. I gave her a divorce when she wanted a second chance.

But I was so hurt, and I wanted to hurt her too by leaving her and making her feel what she had done to me. She said she loved me, and the s*x with my ex-boss was nothing. But I could not bear it. I couldn't share her. I was in pain and wanted to forget her and her betrayal. I wanted to love normal life. For Nic. I had tried everything from casual dating to one-night stands. Nothing made me forget her. But I never showed my weakness to anyone until today.

"And who are you to judge me?" I spat out.

"No one!" She shook her head. "I was just trying to help you to sort out your complicated feelings." Her eyes xed on me as if trying to look through my soul.

"I don't need help," I bit out.

"Okay!" She shrugged.

We stood in silence, staring at each other. Finally, I broke eye contact, lled two cups of coffee, and handed her one. She took, striding to the dining table. I also followed her, taking a seat across from her.

Taking a sip, she hummed in appreciation.

"You are a bodyguard, so what do you do all the time in your home oce? Make some security plans?!" She again started playing twenty questions with me.

Why was she so interested in what I did or felt?

"Actually, my friend owns a security agency, and I assist him in my free time," I told her half-truth.

"And when is your free time?" The next question came my way.

"When my client is staying at my home, and I don't need to follow her outside, I can use that time to do some work and earn extra money," I mused.

"I have told you how many times that you are not my bodyguard. So don't give yourself any false hope," she scowled.

We were again on this.

"Listen, your father has appointed me as a bodyguard, and he has not red me yet," I reasoned.

"Oh, he won't re you from your job, but he will re you dead if he knows what you have done to me," she threatened.

God! This feisty goddess was so hard to resist, and her wicked mouth could cause more damage than a bullet.

The perfect combination of wildness with a cute personality.

"Thank you for saving my life, Miss Leonardi," I smirked, leaning forward.

She rolled her eyes, and I learned to bend her over and spank her hard until this rebellious princess was tamed.