

Chapter 12 - Sweet Addiction

The shower soothed Tara's stiff muscles and when she emerged, refreshed from the bathroom, the bed never looked more inviting to her. But before falling asleep right then, like that, in nothing but a towel, she put on the clothes she had borrowed from Antonio.

Sadly enough, they didn't smell like him for they were way too clean for that... but still, she believed there was a hint of a manly musk there stuck on the fabric.

Before long, she was asleep.

When she woke up the following day, she stretched and then cracked her fingers - a bad habit of hers - before getting out of bed. A quick look to her right, and she saw a stick me note.

Put me on, it said.

Not fully awake yet, Tara raised her eyebrows in question.

Next to the note, however, she soon found a beautiful green halter top, and black jeans that looked like they'd fit her.

What about underwear? She rolled her eyes at him. Did he really think she'd go commando?

So, what if you did? Her inner slut purred, coming to life it would seem.

Just as she unfolded the black jeans, about to try them on first, a set of white lingerie fell. She looked at the bra, it said 38C. Just her size.

How the hell did he know her size?

While trying to dismiss the image of him going through her underwear drawer from her mind, she hurriedly removed the shorts he had lent her and the t-shirt... and for a few seconds, she stood bare there, thinking.

Were these Fabiana's clothes?

But she knew Antonio wouldn't be as cruel as to do something like that - to her or to this Fabiana.

No, she didn't know that... not really, but she sure hoped he wouldn't be so cruel.

When she emerged from the bathroom after having cleansed her face with soap, she decided to head down... for it was time to go home. She didn't want to impose.

Antonio probably had work anyways.

When she reached the first floor, she found him making scrambled eggs.

He flashed her a smile when his eyes caught sight of her, "I made you breakfast."

He was saying it proudly, almost as if he had never done that before.

And maybe he hadn't, she reasoned.

She smiled at him and told him, "You shouldn't have, Antonio. I should probably go."

"Nonsense," he rolled his eyes at her. "Let's have breakfast together and then I'll drop you off at your building."

"Oh, you don't have to," she argued, still smiling at him. "I'll just call for a cab."

"Are you ashamed of being seen with me?" He asked, uncertainty showing in his choice of words but not in his voice which had come out as flat.

"No!" She exclaimed, alarmed, "God no! I just don't want to keep you from going to work. I'm sorry if I have..."

"Nonsense," he cut in, putting a halt to her rambling and she smiled at him. "I chose to work from home today. No harm done."

"Are you sure?" She asked.

"Positive."

"Okay," she smiled at him, before sitting down.

"I hope the jeans are not too wide on you," he began, the ghost of a frown settling over his features.

"They fit just fine," she told him with a smile.

"Good," he told her with smile of his own.

"Where did you get them from?" She asked.

So, she couldn't help it. Sue her!

“I don’t know. I asked my PA to buy you an outfit,” he said, his smile faltering a little bit.

“Oh,” she let out, “how did you know my size?”

“I told her and I quote, I’d say she’s just as thin as you but with slightly wider hips and maybe one-size smaller for the bra.”

“That’s disturbing,” she frowned at him. “How do you know her size?”

“No, I didn’t sleep with her if that’s what you’re asking,” he deadpanned, eyes dancing with mirth. “I am just a good observer.”

“You’re a creepy observer,” she giggled.

“Hey, I take offense in that. I just have a good eye for art, and every woman is a piece of art,” he told her in a voice that bordered on the dreamy.

“Oh, so I’m just another woman, another piece of art to add to your collection?” She asked, eyes narrowed.

“No, you’re a chef-d’oeuvre, kitten,” he told her softly before reaching out for her hand from across the kitchen table and bringing it to his lips for a quick kiss.

“A ched-what?” She asked, puzzled beyond reason.

“A master piece, kitten,” he praised.

And a blush crept under her skin. And he smiled fondly at her.

And that was when she decided to dig in at long last.

So, she had asked one question, but not THE question. Who was Fabiana?

Despite all he had said yesterday and even now, she couldn’t help but feel there was a piece of the puzzle missing. Where did she fit in? In the center or on the sidelines?

As soon as the eggs hit her taste buds, she spit it all out... in a manner that was so unfitting of a lady.

“That bad?” He smiled ruefully at her.

“How much salt did you put in there?” She all but growled the words at him.

“I don’t know,” he said rather sheepishly, “ a spoonful maybe.”

“You wanna kill me perhaps?” She narrowed her eyes at him in mock anger.

“God forbid!” He exclaimed. “I’m just really not good at cooking,” he then admitted as he handed her a glass of orange juice to wash the taste away.

“Then why did you cook?” She wondered out loud, an eyebrow jutting in question.

“I wanted to make you something,” he said softly. “Obviously, it was a bad idea.”

“How do you survive if you can’t cook eggs?” She teased.

“Haha very funny,” he rolled his eyes at her.

He was about to take the plate when she reached out for it and put it back on the table.

“Let me try it a second time,” she told him with a soft smile.

“You don’t have to force yourself, kitten,” he said flatly.

“It’s the first time someone cooked something especially for me,” she told him, “someone who is not my mother I mean. Let me cherish this moment.”

“It is awful though,” he countered.

“But I find it good,” she wiggled her eyebrows at him, “there’s no accounting for taste the last time I checked.”

“But, kitten...” despite the protest that died on his lips because she dug in anew, there was a hint of smile on that beautiful mouth.

Somehow, that moment felt like the sweetest she had spent in his company up till then.