

Chapter 15 - Sweet Addiction

Tara peeked at Antonio's profile as he drove her home. He was really something else. With his strong jaw, almost as if cut of stone, and his mesmerizing green eyes, she couldn't help but feel drawn to him.

She didn't have much of a problem with the fact that he was older than her, or did she?

No big deal. That just means he has more experience in the bedroom, she mentally rolled her eyes at her inner slut's enthusiasm.

"You're staring, Tara," he commented as he spared her a glance, his eyes crinkling at the sides, making him look that much sexier.

"I'm not," she denied almost immediately, even though a blush crept under her skin.

"I'm not reprimanding you or anything. I'm just pointing out the obvious... you're distracting me," he told her in a light tone as he shifted his focus back on the road.

"I... I... I didn't mean to," she stammered on the words, seemingly unable to get her mouth to cooperate.

"I'm sure you didn't," he let out softly.

And then the rest of the drive was spent in a comfortable silence.

When they reached her building, Tara wasn't surprised to see her dad at its door.

"Thank you for bringing me home," she told him in a grateful tone.

"Thank you for spending the night with me - I mean at my place."

Before she could get out, Antonio grabbed her hand and pecked it softly, eyes dark with desire.

"I wish I could have you all to myself already," he told her huskily.

Tara's juices started gushing out, dampening her new underwear - underwear which he had bought her - and probably ruining it.

She blushed. And then, deciding on being bolder than usual, she cupped his face with both hands, and brought it closer to hers.

“Maybe you will have me, sooner rather than later,” she murmured, knowing she was kind of leading him on as she didn’t know what her decision might be once the month was over.

“I can’t wait,” was his whispered reply as his lips brushed against hers sensually.

And then, he took possession of her mouth, devouring it almost. His tongue danced with hers before forcing it to submit, and she was all too eager to give in.

“Tara, get out of that car, right now!” Her dad ruined the moment as he repeatedly tried to open the car door.

That old man will be the death of me one day, her inner slut grunted as Antonio’s lips left hers.

“Before you go,” Antonio said gruffly as she readied herself to leave the car, “I’m just going to say your dad is looking out for you. And he’s not a liar... at least, he won’t lie to you.”

“Huh?” To say she was puzzled wouldn’t cover the half of it. “What do you mean?”

“You’ll know soon enough,” he told her with a small smile. “Call me when you’re done talking with your dad.”

“Okay, sure,” she said.

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“Tara, are you hurt anywhere? Did he do anything to you?”

Her dad was bombarding her with questions as she walked towards her flat door. And she could only roll her eyes at how silly he was being.

“Don’t ignore me,” he said, fed up at long last with her silence.

She opened the door of the place she called home before turning to glare at him and said, “You forgot all about my birthday yesterday and now you’re here... what for? All because you didn’t find me home?”

“It’s not like that...”

“It is exactly like that,” she told him a little bit harshly. “I am a grown woman now. I am freaking twenty-one years old. I do not answer to you.”

“Do not take that tone with me, young lady,” he thundered as he slammed the door shut with a kick of his heel.

“I will use whatever tone I may see fit, dad,” she iced out, seeing red.

“You don’t understand...” he began in a weary tone.

“Then, by all means, enlighten me,” she cut in, annoyed beyond belief. “I’m all ears.”

“First, answer me, did you spend the night at Antonio’s?” He asked, and something in the hopeful look in his eyes told her he truly wished she hadn’t, but the slumped defeated posture of his shoulders told her otherwise.

“So what if I did, dad?” She eyed him levelly.

“Is that a yes or no?” He demanded tautly.

“Oh, definitely a yes,” Tara scoffed, finding his reaction laughable. Why was he so worried about her whereabouts all of a sudden?

“Oh, sweetie, please tell me you didn’t,” he said as he raked his fingers in his grayish hair.

“I believe I just told you I did,” came her cold retort.

“You shouldn’t grow attached to him. He’ll break you,” he told her after noisily gulping down.

“You don’t know that!” She exclaimed in disbelief. “You don’t know him.”

“And you think you do?” He challenged, and dared her with his eyes to say something.

Although Tara wasn’t usually one to back down from a challenge, she couldn’t rise up to this particular one. She didn’t know Antonio. At least not really.

“See?” Her dad then went on. “You don’t know him. He’ll break you, sweetie. And I don’t want that to happen to you.”

“Dad, stop it please. Stop badmouthing him. What do you know about him, about how he treats me?” She retorted.

“I don’t know much about how he is treating you since you won’t tell me, but I do know he is a dangerous man,” he deadpanned.

“Right!” She scoffed.

“I’m serious,” he said. “I am his lawyer, remember?” He said that with distaste tainting his words somehow.

Fear gripped her heart at that. Could Antonio, the sweet man who seemed enamored with her, be truly dangerous and set on destroying her?

“Cut to the chase, dad,” she whispered brokenly. “What do you know?”

“He’s got ties...” he trailed off, almost as if he was afraid to finish. Then, at the question swimming in her eyes, he added, “Mafia ties.”

Say what?!