

## Chapter 19 - Sweet Addiction

Once the business associate that was Mr. Vega and the woman who had been on her knees pleasuring him left the office, Tara's shoulders slumped ever so slightly. She had been so stiff, so annoyed, so pumped, and now it was almost as if all fight left her as well.

Antonio who had been acting unlike his usual self, and was more closed off and distant than he had been in the morning, asked her, "Better now, kitten?"

His tone was soft and there was no hint of a taunt in his words.

She released a heavy sigh and said, "I don't know what came over me. I originally came to fight about something else entirely... But I just saw red." She admitted the last bit in a hushed almost ashamed voice.

"Yeah, you came because of Jared if I am not mistaken," he chuckled and she narrowed her eyes at him at that.

He held his hands up in surrender and said, "Don't shoot me, kitten... at least not yet, let me first have a taste of heaven before sending me to hell."

The smoldering look he was showering her with told her everything she needed to know about his cryptic metaphor.

"The temptation to kill you is too big though, what should I do?" She retorted in a sarcastic tone.

He reached out for her hand and was soon enough holding it above his steadily beating heart. "I'm yours," he said softly. "Do what you please with me."

Good god, it should be illegal to be this handsome! She thought.

The spellbinding perfume he wore made her incoherent and delirious with lust... that and the looks he was giving her too played a role.

He's yours, he said. Let's eat the man, her inner slut purred.

"Will you stop giving me the come-hither look, kitten?" Came his request which was full of dark promises as he rested his forehead against hers.

"What if I don't?" She whispered in a hoarse voice, all her earlier concerns regarding Jared long since gone.

She knew she was biting more than she could chew. But he was just too much. Sweet and soft, then cold and distant. It almost felt as if he had two personalities; the dangerous mafia man and the adoring silent admirer.

She knew he could hurt her if he so wished. He could force her to become his - and he wouldn't be forcing her much admittedly for she desired him... but on some level, she trusted him not to hurt her.

"Kitten, you're playing with fire," came his soft admonishment as his lips brushed against hers.

She gasped into his mouth, wanting - no, needing! - more and licked his bottom lip. Before long, his tongue invaded her mouth, set on exploring it, and she gave in to him.

His arm snaked around her waist at just the right moment, seeing as her knees had become treacherous wanting to give in from under her. With that arm, he brought her body flush against his front. She could feel nearly every hard muscle of his, and she became putty in his hands.

"Antonio," she breathed out his name as he started trailing open-mouthed kisses down her jaw and then down the column of her throat. "Antonio," she moaned his name again and again, like a mantra.

"Si, cariña?"

He then latched onto the skin covering her pulse where her collar bone met her neck, and sucked.

He was marking her, branding her, making her his... and who was she to deny him what was his?

"Antonio," She called again in a whiny voice, needing more, needing him to stop... she couldn't decide.

"Yes?"

"I want you. Now."

There, the words were out of her mouth, no longer haunting her. Images of them entangled together in a bed would no longer be an obsession of hers, or so she hoped.

He straightened up a little bit so that he could look her in the eyes. They were so dark with passion - their color bordered on the black - she could feel herself ruin another underwear that day because of the man, because of the effect he had on her.

"I want you too," he admitted in a low voice, "so badly, kitten, so fucking badly... it is taking all my self-control to keep myself from ripping your clothes off you, and tearing you into two."

"Don't hold back," she pleaded with him, her hands gripping his shirt tightly.

“I have to,” he said with a rueful smile as he rearranged himself and then raked his fingers through his hair, “I don’t intend to make love to you for the first time in the office of a BDSM club.”

How sweet was that!

Only, Tara didn’t want the sweet Antonio at the moment. She wanted the beast, the dom, the caveman, to take full possession of her.

She worded out her desires differently though, just so she didn’t shock him with her boldness, “But I want it. I want you. Now.”

“Kitten,” he began in a firm tone, “I have waited for four long years before finally making my move on you. Surely you can wait one more day, if not for you, then for me? I want to cherish our first time.”

“Fine,” she puffed out her cheeks in defeat.

He beamed at her before pecking her nose.

“But if you don’t take me tomorrow night, believe me I’ll have another man warming my bed...” she threatened.

His eyes narrowed dangerously on her, and instead of being scared of him, she was aroused. Could she be any more mentally deranged?

“If you even attempt to get a man inside your flat, blood will seep, kitten, believe me,” he said in a low voice and she shivered - in excitement.

“So, tomorrow is the night, huh?” She asked, just to be sure. “You’ll be mine?”

“Yes, you shall have me, kitten, since we appear to be unable to keep our hands off each other when we’re in the same room.”

“Good,” she commented, “because I don’t want to self combust.”

He had the nerve to chuckle at her words. The cocky bastard!