

Chapter 20 - Sweet Addiction

What the hell prompted you to act like such a wanton woman? The reasonable part of Tara chided her when she was in her bed, remembering what had transpired between her and Antonio in the office of the club.

She had gone there to fight with him, all about his hiring a bodyguard for her without her consent, and ended up begging him to take her in the office. What the hell was wrong with her? Had he cast a spell on her or something?

Did you forget all about Fabiana? The same reasonable voice sounded in her head, and she had to bite on her bottom lip in bitter envy.

Who was this Fabiana and what did she mean to Antonio? The idea was killing her, and as much as she took pride in being a straightforward person, she couldn't bring herself to ask him the question that was killing her, haunting her, day and night - even though it had been less than forty-eight hours since she learned of the woman's existence at all.

Tara didn't sleep well that night, images of Antonio with another blond haunting her dreams. It could have been worse - a brunette.

Why worse, one could ask? Well, because, she was so pale, that if she dyed her hair black, it wouldn't suit her. She hadn't tried it and didn't wish to, too afraid as she was of the result. Ergo, she couldn't compete with brunettes.

When she woke up the following morning at 6 o'clock, after hitting the snooze button with too much force, she felt like she hadn't slept at all.

What was this man doing to her?

It had long since passed the stage of an infatuation, it had become an obsession.

Oh well, she could only hope it'd fade away when they finally did the nasty.

She showered before eating breakfast, and then got ready for college.

She decided to wear a black flared-down skirt, and a white blouse with it, applied light make-up and then was finally out of her flat by 7:30.

The moment she stepped out of her flat, her phone buzzed slightly. She had received a text.

Morning, kitten. I can't wait for the evening to come. I can't wait to make you mine.

One didn't need to be a genius to know who the sender was.

She decided to type back a sarcastic reply, feeling the need to toy with him.

I wonder if you'll meet my expectations. You sure know how to talk the talk, but one gotta walk the walk.

His reply was almost immediate.

We shall see.

She could almost feel the dark promise behind his words like a caress on her sensitive skin where goosebumps erupted. She didn't dare reply as she cared too much about not ruining her underwear... at least not yet.

You'd rather he ruined it, and you in the process, instead, her inner slut observed in a pensive tone.

Abso-fucking-lutely, she rolled her eyes at her, giving in to her and to the wild images she was getting.

"Hello, Ms Scott," Jared's voice reached her before her gaze focused on him.

He had the suit, the shades and the ear-piece in place.

And probably a gun somewhere, a part of her reasoned.

She had almost forgotten all about him - almost.

"Hello Jared," she greeted back amiably, "and it's Tara - just Tara."

"Sorry, Ms Tara," he said, a smirk tugging at the corner of his lips.

"What's so amusing?" She asked as she cocked an eyebrow at him and placed a hand over her hip in a demanding manner.

She had nothing to demand though. She knew he could probably kill her and get rid of her body in ways she didn't even fathom. And yet, she demanded an explanation.

"I'm sorry. I meant no offense, Ms. Tara," he said in a sincere tone as he opened the door of the car for her.

"I'm not getting into that car unless you tell me what is so amusing," she said as her eyes narrowed on him.

Somehow, she thought of Fabiana - the elusive and so mysterious Fabiana. Could Jared be comparing his boss' mistresses or something? The thought irked her more than she cared to admit.

"I..." he dampened his lips in a way that spoke volumes of his nervousness. She kept glaring at him, refusing to budge, and he didn't hesitate to say, "I just think you don't fit the role you're playing." Then, his face paled, and he was quick to say, "I mean if you're to be a mafia man's woman, you gotta be sterner, and less sweet..."

His words echoed in her head and she pouted, "I didn't know we, mafia women, had a certain image to uphold." She said the mafia women part in a hushed tone.

So, Jared knew of his boss' ties to the mafia, and was comfortable with it. Did he know about Fabiana as well?

Tara was tempted to ask, but didn't dare to. If it turned out to be nothing, she'd probably face Antonio's wrath for going behind his back and asking one of his men about her, instead of confronting him.

"I didn't mean to upset you, Ms Tara," he apologized. "I obviously wasn't thinking."

"No worries," she told him as she got into the car at long last.

When he did the same, right before he started the car, he said in a soft plea, "Ms Tara, I'd be very grateful if you forgot my stupid, impudent words. I really need the job."

She immediately relaxed and said softly, "Don't worry, Jared. I won't say a word of this to Antonio."

"Thank you, Ms Tara. And again, I'm deeply sorry."

"Stop apologizing, Jared," she flashed him a small smile, and she could see his shoulders relax at long last.

He had definitely been scared of losing the job if she were to snitch on him. But she wasn't the type of woman to do that. Although the words hit a nerve, she wasn't cruel enough to make the man lose his livelihood.