

## Chapter 7 - Sweet Addiction

Antonio didn't just kiss Tara, he devoured her lips. He had waited four long years for this moment. And he was finally where he wanted to be... or rather he had her where he wanted her at long last, in his embrace - where she belonged.

When he had offered her a way out, he had just been bluffing. Hell would have to freeze over before he was to give her up to anyone. Thankfully, the chemistry between them was too strong to handle, even for her.

He remembered that day, two years ago, when she had bumped into him and he had pretended not to know her, all because she had been with another man, and about to bring said man to her flat.

Oh, the fury he had felt then! How he had wished he could strangle the man for even looking at her - his woman. Thankfully, the man in question didn't stay long, and probably only benefited from a kiss or two. And even though those were two kisses too much, he chose not to kill him. He hadn't allowed his beast out. She had been much too young to be thrown in his world then, but now she was a woman, a nearly accomplished one, with her graduation from art school looming over the horizon...

How ironic that she would choose to major in art when he was a gallery owner.

He had promised her father he wouldn't pursue her until she was twenty-one, and he had made good on his promise. Now, nothing and no one shall stop him from having her. She was the very embodiment of his heart's desire somehow. Even though he had always been fonder of brunettes, he couldn't help but be drawn to this very fair-skinned green-eyed blond. Even though he had always preferred accomplished, independent and confident women, he found himself attracted to her softer-slash-innocent side.

And there was not one flaw in her he didn't find endearing.

When Tara moaned against his lips, he felt like he had accomplished something of major importance. If a mere look and a kiss made them as horny as they were, there was no doubt in his mind that their lovemaking would set the world ablaze.

"Get a room you two!" Someone shouted in a mocking tone, and Tara freed her lips of his, eyes wide with shock and pupils dilated with unmistakable desire.

To say Antonio was annoyed with this person wouldn't cover the half of it.

While his beautiful blond blushed, and he hardened at the thought of indeed getting some alone time with her in a room, he heard someone yell, “Tara, is that you?”

Tara looked much like a deer caught in headlights. “Hey,” she said meekly.

Antonio didn’t even turn around, too focused as he was on his woman’s reactions.

She was like an open book. How fascinating!

“Hey Jennifer,” Tara greeted the one she had considered a friend back in her first year of college.

“Long time no see,” this latter chirped as she approached.

Tara’s idea of a fun night out for her birthday wasn’t playing out how she had thought it would be. First, came Antonio, like a whirlwind, making all her common sense vanish and making her deepest desires surge forward. And now, she was being reunited with Jennifer, an old fake friend with whom she had cut all ties because of the lies that spewed easily from the girl’s mouth.

“Who’s your friend?” She asked, curiosity coating her words.

Tara stiffened, and Antonio must have felt her distress somehow for he intervened in a way that didn’t help her out sadly enough, “Oh I am offended. I am not a friend. I am her boyfriend.”

With that said, he turned around to face Jennifer, and extended a hand for her to shake. “We have not met before. My name’s Antonio.”

“Oh,” Tara could see the other girl’s eyes widening and shining with an emotion she didn’t quite like - desire. “I am Jennifer.”

“So I have gathered,” Antonio nodded curtly.

And she had the nerve to blush. Tara could only roll her eyes at Jennifer’s reaction.

Although she wouldn’t do much better had she been in her shoes, she still felt unnerved and annoyed that this girl was getting Antonio’s attention somehow.

Was this jealousy? Probably. Surely. Unmistakably.

And then, she recalled Antonio’s words. He had said he was her boyfriend.

Did that mean he wanted to take matters further? Did that mean he didn’t just wish to bed her and then discard her like she was old news?

Could she hope?

“Well, I wish you two a good night,” the girl’s eyes twinkled with mischief, and Tara could only smirk at her in response.

“Thank you,” she let out in a saccharine tone.

Antonio just nodded curtly again at her.

And then, she was on her way inside the club.

No sooner had Tara released a deep relieved sigh, did Antonio turn around, eyes full of unmistakable intent.

“Where were we, kitten?” He asked, almost as if he had forgotten, when his eyes were fully focused on her lips, reminding her of the mind-blowing kiss they had shared.

“I don’t know. You tell me,” she let out sarcastically, rolling her eyes at him, taunting him, wanting him to punish her like the bad girl she was becoming - for him.

He let out a low chuckle at that, and mirth danced in the depths of his beautiful deep green eyes.

“You are testing me out, aren’t you kitten?” He smirked down at her.

Her eyes widened at that. How did he figure her out so completely? Was she that easy to read?

“Maybe, maybe not,” she said in a light tone after recovering from her initial shock. “What are you going to do about it, big boy?”

“I assure you, kitten, that I am no boy,” he told her in a husky voice as he leaned forward.

She held her breath expectantly.

“I am a man, cariña,” he said, his breath fanning her face.

She didn’t know what his last word meant, but it must have been a term of endearment in Spanish. Sure, she wasn’t exactly a polyglot.

“Antonio,” she breathed out pleadingly, unable to withstand the tension between them.

“Si?”

“I want you,” she admitted in a hushed tone, a blush creeping under her skin to her utter and complete dismay.

He pecked her lips, and just as she was about to deepen the kiss, he said against her lips, “Let’s go home, kitten.”

His words held a dark promise between them, and she felt herself grow impossible hot and bothered at what they implied.

Heavens have mercy, I don't wanna die of a heart attack. This man will be the death of me! Was her thought as she got in his car.