

## The Saint Chapter 19 - Tips

Carmen had felt no less than two dozen emotions in the last ten hours. But not one of them came within a nautical mile of the needful pleasure that rocketed through her body as soon as she pressed her mouth to Liam's. She knew she should've felt at least a little vulnerable putting herself out there so boldly; after all, this was the same man who had thoroughly rebuffed her advances the last time she'd propositioned him.

But after the way he hadn't hesitated to come to the clinic after Gannon had threatened her, then not only believed everything she'd said, but jumped into action to form a plan that would help keep her and both clinics safe, and recognized her desperate need to destress even better than she had?

God, she trusted him. She wanted him.

And she wasn't going to stop until she had him, hot and fast and fiery as hell.

"Liam," she murmured, pulling back only far enough to place the word against his lips.

"I love it when you say my name." He kissed her again, followed by a sweep of his thumb over her bottom lip.

Carmen waited until he'd reached the very center before running her teeth over the pad of his thumb, her smile turning wicked when he moaned. "I love it when you do that," she said.

"Good. I have a feeling you're going to hear it a lot." Gripping her hips, he pulled her closer, and she sucked in a breath as the seam of her jeans slid over the rigid, unmistakable line of his very hard cock.

"Oh. Okay, yeah." She thrust, just once, unable to help herself. "I love that, too."

Liam held her steady, pushing forward to kiss a line down the column of her neck. "Do you know how much this shirt has been killing me all night?"

Carmen held back her laugh, but barely. "It's a T-shirt." Not even her nicest.

"It's a menace." He took his time pressing kisses over her exposed collarbone, trailing a path all the way to the spot where her skin met the edge of the cotton before nudging it aside to reveal the bright-red strap of her bra. "I take it back," Liam grated, wrapping one arm around the back of her rib cage while the other hand guided the neck of her shirt farther off her shoulder. "This bra is the real health hazard."

"Do you want a better look to be sure?" Carmen asked. She was dying to fling her shirt—along with every last article of her clothing—to the hinterlands of his living room so she could finally just be naked and fucking this man.

Of course, he had other, more patient ideas. "Tempting offer. But not yet."

"Liam." She punctuated her protest with a press of her hips. "I really, really want you inside of me."

His grip tightened around her back and his eyes went steely and dark. "Believe me, you'll get what you need, as many times as you let me give it to you. But make no mistake. I've waited a long time for this. I'm not rushing."

Carmen let out a tiny whimper of frustration, rocking her hips one more time to try and ease some of the ache between her legs. "Couldn't we rush just a little?"

Liam answered by slipping his free hand between their bodies, letting his fingers rest on the four tiny little buttons leading down between her breasts. "I've been jealous of these buttons for hours." One by one, he pushed them through their buttonholes, and yes, yes, finally, they were going to start losing their clothes.

"Jealous," she repeated, arching into his touch.

His mouth hovered over the skin he'd just exposed, his breath turning her nipples into hard peaks.

"Mmm. So pretty."

Carmen's face heated, although not from want. "You don't have to sweet-talk me, you know. I'm a sure thing."

Liam's auburn brows tugged downward and he loosened his grasp on her. "Hey. You can stop being a sure thing at any point, for any reason. You don't have to do anything you don't want or like. Also"—he hooked two fingers under her chin—"I'm not sweet-talking you. I'm telling you the truth."

"Oh." Her cheeks burned even hotter. "Sorry. I'm just, um, not used to that, I guess."

His brows furrowed. "Which part?"

"Any of it," Carmen admitted.

Nearly all the sex she'd had before now had been perfunctory at best, mostly with grabby partners who were too high or too mean to care for anything other than taking their own pleasure any way they wanted with no regard for whether or not she'd even consented, let alone for whether or not she'd enjoyed herself. She'd learned a long time ago how to make herself come solo. Better living through vibrators, and all. But she held zero illusions about sex being anything more than arousal and fucking.

The feel of his c0ck pressed against her through his jeans? Ar0usal. Wanting to get n\*ked with someone as badly as she wanted to get n\*ked with Liam? Also ar0usal.

Having him want her the same way, to the point of calling her pretty and looking at her like he'd do anything she asked him for if it would make her come?

Definitely not in her wheelhouse.

"Okay. Come on," he said, moving her from his la\*p as he stood, then turning to reach for her hand.

"Where are we going?" Carmen asked, confused. Sh!t, had she screwed this up?

"We're going someplace where we can do this right."

She resisted the urge to point out that they could have done the Tab A, Slot B thing perfectly well on his couch. It was just s3x. But Liam threaded his fingers through hers to lead her down the hallway, and his hand was so warm and steady on hers that she followed without argument as he pushed past his bedroom door, leading her inside. The light inside was dim, mostly provided by whatever managed to filter in from the hallway and the living room beyond, but there was enough for it not to be a pitch-black situation. Liam's bedroom was freakishly neat, his humongous bed covered by a dark-blue comforter with sky-blue sheets peeking out from beneath a stack of pillows piled at the headboard, and he walked her to one side, turning toward her as he dropped her hand.

"I don't just want you to be a sure thing," he said, his eyes steady on hers. "I want you to feel even better than I do. But in order for that to happen, you're going to have to tell me what feels good."

Carmen let out a quick laugh. "Doesn't that get obvious at a certain point?"

"Nope. Consent is never obvious unless you're literally saying you want something." Liam stepped closer, but didn't touch her. "Anyway, I'm sure there are a lot of different ways I could make you come, but I'm not a mind reader. Unless you ask for it, I'm not going to know."

"Oh." How she could be turned on by a conversation about consent, she really had no idea, yet here she was, with we.t p\*nties, dying to be touched. "Well, you're a detective, right?"

His brows lifted in a show of surprise. "Yeah."

Carmen took a step back, pulling her T-shirt over her head and her jeans to the floor. "Then investigate."

He was on her in a blink—thank God—one arm around the back of her waist, the other on the back of her head as he held her close and kissed her hard. A sound broke from her throat, a feral little moan that seemed to work in lieu of an actual yes, at least for a moment. Liam broke from her mouth, tilting her head in his palm to expose her neck, and he kissed a path to her ear before letting his mouth hover.

“Yes?” he asked, exploring the spot where her jaw met the sensitive skin beneath.

Her pulse raced. She pressed upward, shifting her body until his mouth was there, there, right on the spot where she wanted it. “Yes. There. Please,” she added.

His lips broke into a smile that she felt on her skin rather than saw. “And I thought your prickly side was hot.”

She laughed. “Fiery arguments lead to fiery kisses, remember?”

He answered by sliding his tongue over her hammering pulse point, swirling and tasting and driving her fucking insane. Carmen dropped her hands to his waist, her fingers forming fists over his T-shirt as he kissed lazy circles on her neck, slowly moving lower. His stubble provided the perfect tease, every brush of contact making her want the next one even more, and she arched higher into his touch.

“Do you want me to take this off?” Liam asked, darting a glance at her bra.

“No. I mean, yes.” She bit her lip. She was so unused to asking for anything in bed, and even more unused to wanting anything, especially this much. But then Liam looked at her, his own eyes dark and flooded with pure want, and something inside of her clicked into place.

She shrugged one shoulder, then the other, until both bra straps had loosened and fallen to her elbows. The move exposed the tops of her nipples, so hard that they pressed against the edges of her bra in obvious need, and she reached for his hands, placing them firmly beneath her breasts.

A breath gusted out of him that turned her on even more. “Like this?” he asked, his thumbs sliding over her nipples from beneath.

Carmen moaned at the slippery friction, which was both everything and not enough. “Do it with your mouth,” she said.

Before she could even consider blushing, Liam had yanked the satin from her right breast and closed his lips around her nipple. Shockwaves of pleasure combined with the need still building low in her belly, and a cry tore out of her, unbidden and so, so good.

“Oh, God, don’t ever stop doing that.” Her voice was so husky and low that she barely recognized it as hers, but she didn’t care. At her bossy demand, he sucked even harder, rolling her opposite nipple between his forefinger and thumb, working her again and again with flawless pressure until she was sure she would die—or, at the very least, spontaneously combust.

Still not enough. “More,” she pleaded.

Liam looked up at her, his lips crooked into a smile that made her pussy clench. “Just tell me what you want more of, angel.”

“More you.”

His laugh vibrated over her skin. “Believe me, I’m yours. But I told you, you need to be specific. I’m not leaving your pleasure to chance. What do you want, Carmen?”

His unspoken promise to give her whatever she asked for empowered her enough to say, “I want you to make me come with your mouth.”

“That’s going to be more my pleasure than yours.”

Surprise rippled through her as, instead of moving to the bed like she expected, Liam simply knelt in front of her. “Fvck,” he said, his reverent whisper at odds with the dirty word. “Do you know how long I’ve wanted to taste you?”

The question combined with the look on his face to make her bold. “Show me.”

His response was all movement. Coasting his hands from her rib cage to her waist, he let his fingers rest on the top edge of her panties. But rather than lowering them, he kissed a path across the fabric, edging her thighs apart with his broad, beautiful shoulders.

“So wet,” he murmured, drawing a finger over the center of her panties. Carmen thrust against the contact, and this time, he didn’t hesitate. Sliding one hand between her legs, he hooked the damp fabric aside, pressing an open-mouthed kiss right over her clit.

She fought the urge to double over—holy shit his mouth was hot and wet and so goddamned perfect—but couldn’t resist knotting her hands into his hair to hold him exactly where he was. He flicked his tongue over her softly at first, then harder and faster, using her moans as a guide. Liam threaded his free arm beneath her thigh, lifting her foot off the floor to spread her wider and splaying his hand across her lower back to keep her steady.

Steady became relative as soon as he used the access to his advantage. He moved lower, pulsing his tongue deeper inside her pussy, finding a steady, suggestive rhythm. The pressure sent sparks under Carmen’s skin—yes, God, she ached so badly to have

him inside her. But then her cl!t throbbed at the sudden lack of attention, the orga\*sm she'd been chasing suddenly slipping out of reach.

Her frustration came out as a little m0an, its cadence different from her others, which—of course—Liam noticed. He shifted back slightly, lessening the pressure between her legs. But as much as she wanted more sensation above, she didn't want him to stop fvcking her with his tongue, either.

"Show me, angel," he murmured, his eyes molten as he looked up at her. "Show me everything you need so I can give it to you."

It was all the encouragement she needed. Desperate, Carmen shoved her hand between her legs, pressing tight, hard circles over her cl!t. Liam pushed his tongue back inside her pvssy, chasing it with the thrust of one finger, then two. She bucked against him, her inner muscles clamping down on the added pressure.

"Oh, my..." She didn't even have the breath to finish her sentence. The sight of Liam with his tongue buried deep inside her combined with the provocative pleasure from both of their touches together, all of it pushing her over the edge. Her Orgasm slammed into her, so shockingly hard that she cried out.

But instead of slowing his movements, Liam remained steady, holding her close as his tongue and fingers chased and retreated, wringing every last scream and cry and gasp from her until she loosened fully in his arms.

Finding his feet, he guided her to his bed, drawing back the covers to settle her over the cool sheets. "You taste even better than I imagined," he said, lying beside her and pressing a k!ss to her shoulder.

Carmen was belatedly shocked to realize that she was still technically wearing her br\*a and p\*nties, and even more shocked to feel ar0usal starting to stir again, low in her belly. "What about you?"

Liam stilled beside her, his body tightening even further as she turned to her side and ran a hand over his ch3st. "What about me?"

"Well, it seems unfair that you get to make me come, but I haven't returned the favor."

Her hands roamed, pushing his T-shirt up to reveal hard muscles that jumped at her touch. "You don't have to return anything," he said, a harsh exhale escaping as she skimmed one n!pple with her finger.

"But I want to."

The desire was a first for her, but it was real. So real that she didn't want to stop until she'd made him feel as good as she did.

“Will you let me?” Carmen asked, because consent worked both ways, and either one of them could withdraw it at any time. “Will you let me make you come?”

Liam’s gaze glittered in the shadows. “Yes. Fvck, yes.”

Part of her wanted to take off all of his clothes, and what was left of her own, as fast as humanly possible so she could make that happen immediately. But they’d agreed this was a distraction, which meant it might—God, it should—only happen once. Over and done. A fling.

Still, Carmen wanted to do it right.

He was right.

Pushing herself upright, she knelt over Liam’s lap. She made quick work of his T-shirt, because even though she didn’t want to rush this, she had needs, too, God damn it, and he really was beautiful. He let her tug the cotton free and toss it over her shoulder to the floorboards, then lay back over the comforter. His torso was a network of lean muscles, all tightly woven together. Carmen couldn’t help but let her hands travel over them, tracing the swell of his biceps and the ridges of his abs. She frowned at a few scars, but he snagged her attention back with a sexy little smile.

“Like what you see?”

“So far,” she said, meeting his smile with an arch of her brow. “What’s this?”

Her fingers trailed over an inch and a half-long scar marking the middle of his rib cage. “Ah,” Liam said, his expression unworried. “Got a little too close for comfort with a drug dealer who wasn’t keen on going to prison. He tried to slice his way out of the situation.”

“You were stabbed?” Carmen asked, but Liam shook his head.

“Grazed, really. You don’t honestly want to talk about this now, do you?”

“It looks like it hurt,” she said. In fact, she’d bet he’d needed at least a dozen and a half stitches to repair it. At least whoever had administered them had been good at their job.

“It wasn’t so bad. Anyway, I’ve got you here, now, making me feel much better.”

He arched into her touch, just slightly, but it was enough. Carmen’s attention boomeranged back to the moment, her focus fully on his warm skin and hard muscles. She ran her hands lower over Liam’s chest, the light dusting of auburn hair on his chest rasping beneath her fingers as she moved lower still, over his belly.

The trail of hair centered below his navel, leading a path to the edge of his jeans, and oh, God, the sight of his cock standing at perfect attention against the fabric made her



heart race. Unable to wait any longer, she undid the button and zipper, and they worked together to free him of both his jeans and black boxer briefs beneath.

Carmen's breath caught as she took in his nakedness. His cock pressed hard over his lower belly, and a fresh curl of heat expanded between her thighs as she thought of how he'd feel inside of her. But what really turned her on was the thought of turning him on, so she ran her fingers over Liam's thigh, sliding one hand between his legs.

"Tell me what you want," Carmen whispered, her hand steady but unmoving. "I want this to feel good for you, too."

"Oh, angel," he said with a laugh that surprised her. "Your hand is on my cock and I can still taste your pussy on my tongue. Trust me, I'm already in fucking heaven."

"I still need you to show me."

In that moment, something seemed to snap inside of him. Intensity glittered in his stare, and he wrapped his hand over hers and started to stroke. There was nothing soft or even graceful about the movement, but oh, God, watching him use her hand to work his cock sent heat tearing through her. Liam's eyes lingered on their hands, his jaw tightening with each pass. He pumped her hand over the full length of his dick, his breath growing increasingly ragged, until finally, he pulled his hand and hers free.

"As hot as that is, I'm not coming anywhere other than inside you. At least, not this time." Turning toward his bedside table, he left her side only long enough to grab a condom. Carmen's heart squeezed in anticipation, but what he did next made her heart race in a completely different way.

He kissed her softly. "I'd really like to take these off," he said. His fingers rested on the top of her panties, but he didn't move, and oh. Oh.

After everything they'd done and all the dirty promises they'd made, he was still asking, as if her body was sacred and he'd be honored for her to say yes.

"I want that, too," she whispered past the sudden knot in her throat. Her panties were gone with a single glide, Liam's hard exhale as he looked at her sending shivers through her body. Again, that voice in the back of her mind warned that she was vulnerable, and that she should yank on her armor or he'd see exactly who she was, with all her weaknesses and flaws.

But no. Vulnerable was the last thing she felt around this man. When he looked at her like that, with so much fire and intensity and want in his eyes, she felt powerful. Strong.

She felt perfect, even though she was anything but.



"Carmen. God, you are so beautiful." He skimmed a light touch over her hips, tracing bare skin.

She didn't shy away. "You make me feel beautiful."

"I want to make you feel everything."

He slipped a finger over her pussy, finding her just as wet as he'd left her. Slow circles alternated with faster, harder touches, all of them sharpening her need. Liam reached for the condom, and between them, they managed to get it safely in place.

Carmen let her legs fall wide in invitation, her breath hitching when he slipped into the space. Pressing one palm over her inner thigh, he used his free hand to guide his cock to her entrance, the slight pressure making her feel all the more empty and desperate. As if he recognized her need, Liam pushed forward, filling her in one slow, steady thrust.

"Oh, my God." Her gasp twined around his much darker swear. The sudden pressure skirted the line between pleasure and pain, and Carmen grabbed his waist to hold him in place so she could adjust. Her inner muscles released slightly in accommodation, a new rush of heat pulsing between her legs at the fullness there, and she rocked against him experimentally.

"Carmen," Liam bit out. His stare was firm on the spot where his cock slid in and out, his grasp on her hips tightening as she picked up the pace. "So good. Fuck, you feel so—"

He capped the sentence by beginning to move with her, and oh. God. "Yes. Liam, please don't stop."

They tested different speeds and angles, from fast, shallow thrusts to slower, longer movements that filled her pussy completely.

Need built in some dark place deep inside of her, and she threaded her arms around his hips to splay her palms over his ass, wanting all of him with every thrust. Liam shifted so the base of his cock slid over her clit with each pass, and Carmen didn't even try to curb the greedy sounds coming out of her mouth.

"There you are," he said, his mouth curling into a wicked smile as she arched into him, her body begging for more. "Fuck, I can feel how close you are. Take it, angel. Use my cock and come for me."

The provocative words sent her spiraling over the edge. Her orgasm was more hurricane than wave, snatching her breath and pulsing through every last part of her, and she was powerless to do anything other than let her pleasure claim her. Liam stayed right there in the moment, working every last moan from her mouth before finally starting to slow. But even in her blissed-out state, Carmen didn't want to slow.

She wanted him to feel what she felt.

Hooking one leg over his hip to create momentum, she rolled on top of him. Liam held her close to keep his cock locked deep inside her, moaning his approval at the change in position. His hands shaped her waist, guiding her into a deliberate rhythm, and she gave in to every thrust.

Their movements grew faster and more intense, and she leaned forward, gripping his shoulders and stilling her body as he fucked her fast and hard from beneath. Liam's breath sawed out in sharp bursts, his muscles coiled with tension, and she leaned forward to seat herself fully over his cock, leaving no daylight between them.

"Come for me, Liam. Let me see how good you feel."

In one swift motion, he shifted, holding her in place on his lap as he bucked into her pussy again and again. On one final thrust, he stilled, then began to shudder in release. Carmen held him—not that they could get any closer, because he was so deep inside of her that she truly doubted there was a place where he ended and she began. But despite the seriously carnal sex they'd just shared, holding him in the aftermath just felt right.

Get over yourself, girl. This was just sex. A man like Liam isn't for you, whispered a tiny voice, tearing into her moment.

But Carmen snuffed it out. Maybe she wasn't the kind of woman who deserved the sort of care and respect he'd offered up, even in bed. But she was here, right now, in his arms.

Even if it was just for tonight, she could lie and tell herself she belonged there.