

## My First Kiss.

"Lilly"

I hurried off out of his office, in the VIP, down the stairs, across the club and back to the dressing room. I didn't stop to say goodbye to the girls that were leaving. I went for the wardrobe, shut the door and slid my back down it to the floor. Breathe Ariana, I thought to myself. I took steady breaths and calmed my racing heart. Who did this guy think he is? Sure, he's my boss and I owe him something for letting me work here and buying all this stuff, but he went to my place? He had seen a part of me that I liked to keep hidden. Now he's asking questions, wanting to drive me home. I don't like people being that close to me. Even if he was a pure adonis demanding my attention every time he was in the room. He did something to me. I haven't had these feelings before, and I didn't know what to do with them. He said he was going to take care of me. I wonder what it feels like to be taken care of. No, Ariana, no, stop it. You take care of yourself, I thought. I don't need anyone. I don't.

"Angel?" His voice sounded on the other side of the door. Shit, how long have I been sitting here for? Why does his voice send a heat to my vagina? Gods, I needed to get it together. The fight on Monday night would help me get back into the right headspace.

"One second, I'm almost done!"

I rushed to get changed, pulling out the first pair of black tracksuits

and a grey tank top.

"Ready?" I said, not feeling comfortable in the slightest about having to show him where I was staying. I wonder if he knew how bad the neighborhood is. He stood and held a hand out to me and I just stood there staring at it.

"What, you want to hold hands now?"

He chuckled and the smile on his face looked like a dark secret he wouldn't share with just anyone. It was beautiful.

"We can if you'd like to angel, but I was going to carry that bag that you're holding."

Right, shit, the stupid bag.

My face was definitely red right now. I dropped my head hoping he wouldn't notice and handed him the bag. Following him out of the building to his car. We stopped at a beat up white ute and he tossed the bag in the back seat of the cab.

"This is what you drive?" I said, my shock was evident.

"It's Luca's, we're driving this one tonight because I can't go parading around your new neighborhood. If people were to see a pretty little thing like you, there, being driven in something that would stand out then they might assume you're someone worth robbing for some easy money. I won't put that kind of target on your back."

Little did he know I had been living with the biggest target on my back ever since I ran from my father, but he was right. This was smart. I wonder how a club owner had such street smarts about him. No, he had to be something more, someone dangerous. So why did I feel so safe right now?

"You're going the wrong way," I noticed after a few minutes of spacing out.

"No, I'm going the right way. You've been at the club for eight hours and haven't eaten anything but an orange. Therefore, I'm going the right way. There's a little 24 hour diner up the road. You will eat before you sleep."

"Why?" I said in a whisper. I wasn't even sure if he heard, but after a minute he replied.

"You've never had someone care for you before?"

"No. Not really."

The rest of the short drive was in silence. True to his word, there was a small diner still open. He told me to stay in the car while he went in and grabbed a couple of burgers and milkshakes. He drove us a little further out of town and stopped at a clearing on the edge of a cliff and got out and opened my door.

"What are we doing here?" I asked.

"We're going to sit in the back of this beat up ute, stare at the lights of the city and eat some food. We can talk, or we can sit in silence, but you have to promise me you won't tell anyone about this place. It's mine. A place I go to when the world is too loud."

He's sharing his place with me? Hopefully he never wanted me to share mine with him because I don't think this man could ever fit inside a closet. We made small talk while eating. As much as I hate talking, this felt easy. He didn't ask personal questions I had to avoid and that felt nice, to talk without having to hide. I pointed out the constellations which he had no clue about. It was nice to be able to share something back with him, even if it wasn't much. We finished our burgers, and he drove me back home.

"Thank you for tonight. It was very nice of you to share your place with me."

"Any time angel. It was much nicer to be there with you than alone." I went to walk away, but he followed.

"What are you doing?"

"Walking you to your door. I won't know that you're safe until you're inside."

I rolled my eyes which only made him smile again, but I didn't have the energy to fight with him on it.

We took the musky concrete stairs to the third floor where my



apartment is. I pulled out my key, waiting for him to depart as I already felt uncomfortable with him seeing how lowly I lived. He'd already seen my motel room so it clearly wasn't a deterrent for him. Before things got awkward I put the key in and opened my door.

"Well, as you can see now, I'm safe."

"Not until you're inside, angel."

Huffing a little I took the step to cross the threshold and turned back to look at him.

"Happy now?"

"Almost..." His eyes flickered down to my lips causing my heart to do something weird. I'm a 23 year old made human weapon turned runaway stripper, and I've never been kissed. Never wanted to, never had the time to, but the whole world seemed to have stopped right in this moment. 'Fuck it' I thought as I took a step forward. He leaned down, placed a hand on the back of my neck, the other on the small of my back as he pulled me flush to his body and kissed me. His lips were soft, and his touch was genuine and gentle. When he pulled back it took a second longer for me to open my eyes. His smile was bright as he kissed my forehead, which I'm sure was sporting a full faced blush and said, "Goodnight my angel".

### Error correction of this chapter