

5. One Taste Isn't Enough

974 Words

I chuckle, daring myself to reach out and place my hand over his chest. “I don’t even know anything about you. Except your name.”

Ric’s eyes follow the movement and the corner of his lips tilts up in a smirk. A sound escapes his throat — something between satisfaction and pleasure. He wasn’t expecting me to do that. But he totally liked it.

He places his hand over mine — warm and hard, wrapping it entirely. It’s a simple gesture but it knocks the breath out of me.

God, he’s condent. And I’m only pretending.

It was the whiskey, I realise with a subtle shake of my head.

I’ve irted with a lot of men — but it has never been genuine. I acted out the way the scripts wanted me to, but this... this is my rst real daring experience. With Mike, there was always an air of comfort and familiarity. I knew him — or I thought I did. But I know I did understand him. However, in front of this man right here, I’m nothing but a shivering bunny.

At his mercy.

Ric leans in, and for a moment I’m sure he’s going to kiss me. I almost reach up, only to embarrass myself. He shifts slightly and his lips brush my earlobe. “That’s an easy x, Natalie,” he begins, his rough voice sending sparks down my body. “Did you think I came here only to leave in a hurry? My day is reserved for you. So is the night. What do you want to know?”

My ngers trace up his hard chest as I lick my lips, the urge to pull him closer into my neck overwhelming my senses. We don’t need to talk. He can do whatever he wants with me. I know I will like it. I’m sure of it.

I exhale loudly, but it does nothing to get the image out of my mind. “Why are you really here?” I nally ask, my voice barely more than a whisper.

“How honest do you want the answer to be?” he challenges, teasing his lips against my neck this time. I have to bite my lip to hold back a moan. He’s so close to me, but not close enough.

“Honest enough to make me regret asking?” I throw out the words with uncertainty, holding my breath.

He clicks his tongue, and takes a step away. Not even a second passes before he closes the meagre distance between us and slams his hands on either side of me against the wall. “Fine. I’m here to seduce you. To f**k you out of my system.”

To f**k me out of his system.

I should be offended by those words — they’re so raw and dirty, but somehow my brain derives the implication: he’s under my control.

And that just suddenly makes him a hundred times more interesting.

When I say nothing for a long moment, he shakes his head, saying, “Regret asking?”

“No,” I say slowly, licking my lips before I slip out beneath the cage of his hands. Claspng my hands behind my back, I walk backwards, xing my gaze on him. “I’m just thinking about what you mean. A one-time thing then, huh? You f**k me once, and then you’ll be satised?”

“I’ve thought about f*****g you every night,” Ric admits, his dark eyes narrowing as he follows me into the living room, his gait slow and dangerous. “Every time I close my eyes, all I see is you, Natalie. And you’re never wearing clothes.”

I can’t help but giggle. He’s playing the role of a man completely smitten, and I have to admit—I like it. “You f**k me once, and then you’ll be satised?” I repeat the question, this time with a smirk.

“Natalie,” he begins, his voice turning low and rough again.

“Yes, Ric?” I prompt, raising a brow.

“Satised?” He lets out a low, throaty chuckle. “No. No, darling. Let me take my words back. You’re too hot to leave my mind that easily. One taste of you, and I’ll only want more. I don’t think I can just f**k you once, and forget about it. You have no idea what you’re doing to me.”

“Well, you certainly know how to atter a woman,” I say, sitting back down on the couch, crossing my legs slowly, drawing his attention.

Ric’s gaze drops to my legs, his jaw tightening as if his self-control is fraying. “I’m not here to atter you,” he says, his voice darkening. “I’m here because you’re driving me crazy. I need you.”

I lean back, watching him, curling my lips into a seductive smile. “And what do you plan to do about that?”

Ric doesn’t answer with words. Instead, he closes the distance between us in two swift steps, his hands nding my waist as he pulls me to my feet. His touch is rm, his grip possessive as he brings my body ush against his. I gasp, my hands instinctively nding his chest, feeling the hard muscle beneath his shirt.

His lips hover just above mine, our breaths mingling as the tension builds to an almost unbearable point. “Tell me to stop,” Ric whispers, his voice strained, as if he’s barely holding himself back.

But I don’t want him to stop. I want more. My body craves him, the thrill of having this powerful, older man completely at my mercy driving me wild.

Instead of answering, I tilt my head up and close the gap, my lips brushing against his in a slow, deliberate kiss.