

Broken 136

Chapter 136 Lost In Pleasure

When we got to the car, Daniel opened the door for me but I paused. Something inside me resisted the idea of going home. The night had been too perfect and too peaceful. For once, I didn't want it to end just because the clock said so or because we have to be at work the next day. I turned to him and said quietly, "I don't feel like going home tonight. Can we..." I paused and layed with my hair like a shy teenager. "Stay here for a few more days? We could work from here if we need to." I finished. His expression softened into a smile that warmed my chest. He nodded almost immediately, like he'd been waiting for me to say that. "I was hoping you'd say that," he replied, his voice calm and gentle. We walked back inside, closing the door behind us. Daniel took off his jacket and set it over the chair, then loosened his tie. I followed his lead, slipping out of my heels and setting them by the bed. He looked at me for a moment, but he did not say anything. The way his eyes met mine said enough. It wasn't the hungry stare of lust, but something deeper that looked like he wanted to eat me up. He came closer, brushing a strand of hair behind my ear. "You really want to stay here?" he asked again, almost as if he was confirming that this was real. "Yes," I said. "I just want some quiet time with you. Away from everything." His smile grew. "Then that's what we'll do." He pulled me into his arms, and I felt his heartbeat against my cheek. We stood there for a moment in absolute silence, just holding each other. The city lights from the window casted a faint glow across the room, and it made everything feel intimate without needing words. We spent the rest of the night together, talking about random things like work, childhood memories, little things that didn't really matter but somehow brought us closer. He told me stories about his early days in the company, the pressure of living up to his father's name, proving to his mother that he was capable of leading the pack, and how he never really took time to slow down until I came into his life. I laughed when he admitted how he still struggled to make his own coffee right in the mornings. When I started to get tired, he pulled me closer, resting my head on his shoulder. His touch was warm and careful, as if he wanted to make sure I felt safe. There was nothing rushed about the he held me. It wasn't about passion or desire, it was just simply comfort, warmth, and way connection. At some point, our words faded into laughter, and then we became quiet again. The sound of our breaths filled the room. His hands trailed down my back slowly, stopping at my waist. He looked at me for a long time, and I knew what he was thinking before he even said it. "I've missed you like this," he murmured. I didn't respond, I just reached up and kissed him. It was soft and slow, and we both felt each other's breath. I wanted every part of him and I could tell that he wanted the same thing too. In minutes of foreplay, we undressed each other and got lost in pleasure until we both reached orgasm. Later, when we finally lay in bed, I found myself tracing the line of his jaw with my finger, memorizing every detail. He caught my hand and kissed it before falling asleep beside me. I could feel the warmth of his body next to mine, and it made me realize how safe I felt around him. ***

When morning came, I woke up to a soft sound. For a moment, I didn't recognize where I was. The curtains were half-open, letting in a faint stream of sunlight that illuminated the room in a calm golden hue. I blinked a few times, then noticed the quiet melody of music playing in the background. It was slow, soothing—something classical, faint enough not to disturb but enough to make me smile. I turned toward the sound and saw Daniel standing a few feet away, dressed casually in a white shirt with the sleeves rolled up, his hair slightly messy, and a calm smile on his face. He looked relaxed, happy like a man who had everything he wanted right there in that moment. "Morning," I said softly, my voice still heavy with sleep. "Morning," he replied, his smile widening. "Did you sleep well?" "I did," I said,

stretching a little. “What’s all this?” He chuckled lightly and walked closer, his hands behind his back. “Just setting the mood. You looked so peaceful while sleeping. I didn’t want to wake you.” I sat up, still wrapped in the sheets, my heart starting to beat faster for reasons I couldn’t quite explain yet. “Setting the mood for what?” I teased, tilting my head. He took another step closer until he was standing right beside the bed. Then he brought his hands forward. That was when I saw a small velvet box in his hand. He didn’t say anything at first, he just looked at me with that same soft smile that always managed to calm me down and make my heart race at the same time. “Daniel...” I whispered. He knelt down slowly in front of me. His eyes didn’t waver. They stayed locked on mine, full of emotion, full of meaning that didn’t need explaining. The music kept playing softly in the background, making the moment feel so good. He opened the box, revealing a simple but beautiful ring, silver band, and a single diamond that caught the morning light. I didn’t say a word. My throat tightened, my hands trembling slightly. He looked at me and smiled again, that gentle, sweet smile that always seemed to reach right through every wall I’d ever built. Cedella is a passionate storyteller known for her bold romantic and spicy novels that keep readers hooked from the very first chapter. With a flair for crafting emotionally intense plots and unforgettable characters, she blends love, desire, and drama into every story she writes. Cedella’s storytelling style is immersive and addictive—perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.