

Chapter 18

I pulled back on instinct. 2

"The glass," I said.

"Is one way." He said it for me, finishing the thought before I could finish the fear. "Opaque from the outside. My private room. I can see all of them. None of them can see us."

I stood there in the middle of it with the party laid out around me like an aquarium and I looked at him.

"You're the chairman of Veil Holdings," I whispered. "The chairman. You're him."

He raised a finger and pressed it to my lips. His skin was warm. I caught his cologne, the one that had haunted me all night.

"Pleasure now," he said softly. "Words later." 1

He leaned in. I felt his breath on my lips and my eyes fluttered shut. But he stopped. 2

"Too bad," he murmured. "I can't afford to ruin your lipstick."

Before I could answer, before the disappointment could even finish lancing through me, his mouth was on my neck. 1

I gasped. His lips were hot against the skin below my jaw and my knees went weak. His hand let go of mine and slid around my waist, pulling me into him. I could feel how hard he was through his trousers, pressing against my hip. 1



"Dominic," I breathed, but it came out a moan.

"Shh," he whispered against my throat, his teeth grazing me. "Let me take care of you, Celeste." 4

His mouth moved lower, hot open-mouthed kisses down my neck. I tilted my head back and gave him more and he took it. His tongue traced my collarbone and I shivered, my hands coming up to grip his shoulders. 3

He pulled at the neckline of my dress and the fabric slid down. My breasts were bare to the cool air and I saw his eyes darken. 1

"Beautiful," he said, his voice rough. "Goddamn beautiful. I could never get enough of these." 3

He bent his head and took my nipple into his mouth. 3

I cried out, my back arching. His tongue was wet and hot, circling the sensitive peak, and then he sucked, hard enough to make stars burst behind my eyes. His hand came up to cup my other breast, his thumb rubbing over the nipple, and I was already wet, already aching, already so needy it was almost embarrassing. 1

"I love these," he said against my skin, switching to the other breast. "I've been thinking about them all night. About your nipples. The way they taste." 1

I moaned, my fingers tangling in his hair. "Dominic..." 3

He laughed, a low, dark sound, and then he was pushing me backward. My legs hit the edge of a leather sofa and I fell, landing on my butt. My dress rode up, the slit falling open, and I saw his gaze drop to my exposed thighs. 2



He knelt in front of me. The chairman of Veil Holdings on his knees for me.

He took my foot in his hand. I was wearing high heels, strappy silver things. He unbuckled the first one, slow and deliberate, his fingers brushing my ankle. He set the shoe aside and lifted my foot to his mouth.

He kissed my arch. 3

I sucked in a breath. His lips were soft, trailing up the side of my foot. He kissed my ankle, then my calf, each kiss a deliberate claim.

"You have no idea," he said, his voice low, "how many times I've imagined this today. Your legs. These goddamn legs." 8

He kept kissing upward, his hands sliding along my skin. My dress was pushed higher and I did not stop him. I did not want to stop him. 1

His lips reached my knee and he pressed a kiss there, then another, higher, on my inner thigh. 1

I was shaking. My thighs were slick and I could feel how wet I was, how badly I wanted his mouth higher, there. 1

He looked up at me, his eyes hungry. 3

"Tell me what you want, Celeste." 1

