

Chapter 6

I had never cared enough about Julian to bother with him.

Two days ago, I decided I would tear his mask off. Before I walked away from Sera for good, I would show Celeste who her husband really was. Petty, maybe. But satisfying. And from what I had discovered about Celeste, once she saw the proof, the marriage was over. 2

What I had not counted on was Celeste.

What I had not counted on was her looking me in the eye and suggesting we play the same game they were playing. 1

What kind of man would have said no to that? 2

Celeste was beautiful. She covered too much, dressed too modestly, hid behind her husband's name. But I had seen her in that bar three years ago. I knew there was a fire under all that softness. 3

And now she was offering me access to it. No strings. No feelings. Just sex, and revenge, and a clean walk away at the end. 2

She had wrecked my world without knowing she was doing it.

And then I had her. 1

Damn! 2

The way her face changed. The sounds she made. The way her tight little pussy clenched around me like she had been waiting for me her whole life. She was seduction without trying, and she did not even know it. 2

One taste was not going to be enough.



My cock was already hard again, watching her lie there beside me, naked and flushed and quiet. I wanted back inside her. I wanted to roll her over and start again. 5

I needed to give her a minute. She needed to breathe. 1

Then I remembered.

I had come inside her.

I had not asked. 1

She was doing this because the two people she trusted most had gutted her. She was not mine. She had not signed up for that.

"I am sorry," I said. "For finishing inside you. I should have asked." 3

She turned her head on the pillow. Looked at me for a long moment. 1

"It is fine," she said. "I am on the pill."

I tried to make small talk with her. But then, her phone buzzed on the nightstand. 2

I turned my head. Looked.

The screen lit up with a picture of Julian. 1

The contact name above his smiling face read, My world.

My world. 2

I picked the phone up and held it out to her.

"Your world is calling." 3



She took it. Looked at the screen. Took a breath.

She swiped.

I knew I had no right. I knew it the second the thought formed in my head. She was not mine. This was a transaction. A revenge pact. Nothing more.

I heard his voice come through the line, warm, casual, full of the easy confidence of a man who thought he was getting away with everything.

And I lost it.

My mouth was on her neck before I had decided to move it. That one spot, just under her ear, the one I had figured out fast the first time. The one that made her come undone.

Her head fell back against the pillow. A sound slipped out of her before she could swallow it.

The call went quiet for a beat.

She lifted her head. Stared at me. Our eyes locked.

Then Julian's voice came through the speaker, sharper now.

"Celeste. Are you with a man?"

The arrogance of it almost made me laugh out loud. This man. Balls deep in my wife on a weekly basis. Demanding to know if his own wife was with someone.

The double standard was incredible.

Celeste's eyes widened for half a second. Just a flicker. Then she

remembered something, I do not know what, and rolled her eyes and scoffed. 1

She did not disappoint me.

I would have hated to see her stammering and scrambling like she was talking to a priest.

She looked, in that moment, more dangerous than I had given her credit for. And more beautiful. 1

I crashed my mouth against hers. 1

She kissed me back. Smiled against my lips. 4

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