

Chapter 14: Day Four

"Alright, everyone, we have a big dinner show tonight, so I thought we could all just relax in our own rooms until then. Soak up some sun and enjoy the hammocks," Ariana suggested as we ate our breakfast.

"Sounds perfect to me," Tate agreed, glancing over at me. I had to remind myself to breathe.

"So, what do you want to do today?" Tate asked as we walked into the villa.

I shrugged. "I was thinking about taking a swim, maybe napping in a hammock. What about you?"

Tate pulled me close, tucking a stray hair behind my ear before pressing a soft kiss just below it. "I'll do whatever you want."

I inhaled sharply, smiling up at him with a playful wink. "I'll go change then."

I met him at the pool, wearing a plunging turquoise one-piece that accentuated all the right curves.

"Wow..." Tate murmured as I descended the pool steps into the cool water.

He swam toward me and pulled me into him, my back against his bare chest. He kissed my neck before moving up to my ear. "What was the point of even putting that suit on?" he whispered.

I shivered as chills tingled up my spine. "Just to drive you crazy."

I pushed o from him with a wink before swimming to the other end of the pool. I oated on my back, closing my eyes and enjoying the cool water and the warm sun on my face.

If I imagined heaven, this is what it would be. No cares, no work, no expectations. Just me and the ocean and the sunshine. And maybe a cute boy.

After our swim, Tate went in to change and catch up on some work. I stepped out of the pool and climbed into one of the hammocks.

The warm breeze gently rocked me as I drifted o to sleep, completely relaxed and content.

"Piper," Tate called from the back door of our villa.

My eyes uttered open and I took a deep breath. "Hmm?" I hummed with a stretch.

"We have to leave for dinner in two hours. I've been instructed to tell you that it's dressy-casual, whatever that means."

I chuckled at him as I climbed down from the hammock and walked toward him. "It means a collared shirt with your shorts."

"Good to know," he smirked as I walked past him. He grabbed my hand, pulling me back to him.

I braced myself against his chest, my hands feeling his warm, sun-kissed skin. "Do we really need two hours to get ready?"

In one swift move, he picked me up, my legs wrapping around his waist as he carried me into the villa.

I let out a small squeal of surprise as he walked into the bedroom and dropped me on the bed. Tate climbed above me, kissing up my leg and then up to my stomach before stopping at my lips.

"Tate!" I managed to stutter, my mind clouding at the sensations he was causing. "I need to go get ready!"

"Ten minutes..." he spoke between kisses.

I pushed him up and sat above him, my hips straddling his.

"Oh, this is much better," Tate smirked, his hands slowly moving up my body.

I leaned down and kissed his lips, my hips grinding against his, and I could feel his hardness under his shorts.

I gave a mischievous grin before hopping o and strolling to the bathroom, laughing at his loud disappointed groan.

A while later, I stepped from the bathroom in a oowy, oral maxi dress and strappy sandals. My hair was down in waves, and my face was bright and sun-kissed from the last few days of sunshine.

"Ready?" Tate asked as he looked down at his wrist to strap on his watch.

"Ready," I replied.

He looked up at me with a smile. "You look gorgeous."

"Thank you," I winked with a little curtsy. "Now let's go. We don't want to get in trouble for being late."

Tate nodded in agreement before placing his hand on the small of my back as we walked out of our villa to meet the rest of the group.

Dinner was an adventure. It was a large, Asian-inspired bu et with fancy table decorations and relight. We watched native dancers in awe and enjoyed the evening together.

I tried not to think anything of it when Tate took my hand halfway through dinner.

"This is a business arrangement. This is a business arrangement," I had to tell myself over and over. I couldn't fall for this man. I couldn't let myself feel for this man.

When we returned to the villa, I was surprised when Tate closed the door and stood behind me, his breath on my neck sending shockwaves through me.

He kissed my neck, slipping the thin straps of my dress o my shoulders, making it fall to the oor.

"Tate..." I whispered. I knew if we did this again that I wouldn't be able to keep myself from falling for him. But I also knew I wanted it. I wanted him.

I turned around, my reservations crumbling as I pressed my lips to his. He kissed me, his lips and tongue moving in sync with mine, both of us exploring the other's body with our hands.

We slowly made our way to the bedroom, our lips only parting for a moment. When we made it to the room, he wasted no time before pulling me into a passionate kiss.

I yanked his polo over his head, revealing his broad chest, and pulled his muscular arms so they were wrapped around me. I played with his belt before nally getting it and the button on his shorts undone.

We made our way to the bed, and Tate laid me down before climbing onto the bed. He ran his hands up and down me, feeling every inch of my body, sending electric shocks through my skin.

He kissed my neck and then continued down, lightly kissing each breast before making his way back up, making my back arch.

Our passion ignited, and we moved together, his body against mine as he plunged deep into me.

Afterward, he held me in his arms, rubbing little circles on my arm. "What would you say if I asked you to come to New York with me?"

I looked up at him with surprise. "What?"

He shrugged lightly. "What? Would you?"

I laid my head back down on his shoulder. "I honestly don't know. My whole life is in Boston. I have school, my father..."

"Just think about it," he said. "You don't have to stay. But maybe for a visit rst."

I let out a long exhale. Was he really asking me to come with him? To stay with him? I couldn't deny that I wanted to. This man had hooked me in just under two weeks.

But how long after that until he decides you're not good enough? I thought to myself.