My Brother's Best Friend's Secret Baby - Chapter 2

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Chapter 2 Rosalie's POV I couldn't move. I stood frozen in the kitchen doorway, staring at Aiden like a deer caught in headlights. He walked toward me. The space between us disappeared. I could smell his soap, clean and masculine. I could feel the heat radiating from his body. "Outside," he said. "Now." "I don't think that's a good idea." "I don't care what you think." His voice was hard. "Outside." He took hold of my elbow, firm but gentle, and guided me toward the back door. My skin burned where he touched me. We stepped onto the porch. The sun had already set.

The air was warm, but I was shivering. He closed the door behind us and turned to face me. For a long moment, he just stood there, his hands clenched at his sides. His chest rose and fell as if he'd just run a marathon. "What the hell were you thinking?" he finally asked. I wrapped my arms around myself. "I wasn't trying to see anything. I was just going to my room, and the door was open. I didn't know you were there." "Liar." I flinched. "You stood there and watched me," he continued, his voice dropping lower, darker. "You didn't leave. You didn't close the door.

You stood there watching me while I said your name." My face burned. "I'm sorry." "Sorry?" He laughed, but there was nothing amused about it. "You're sorry?" "Yes. I shouldn't have stayed. I should've left. I know that." He took another step forward. I backed up until I hit the porch railing. "Do you have any idea what you're doing?" he asked. I shook my head. "I spent six damn years pretending you didn't exist. Six years staying away from you. Six years telling myself you were just a kid. Jeffery's little sister. Untouchable. Off-limits. And I was doing fine.

I had it under control." My breath caught. "Had what under control?" "You." He was so close I could see the flecks of gold in his dark eyes. "Keeping a handle on what I feel for you. What I've felt ever since you turned eighteen and showed up at the base in that damn sundress." "Aiden..." "Don't say my name like that." "Like what?" "Like you want me to do something." But I did want him to do something. I wanted him to close the distance between us. I wanted him to kiss me. I wanted him to touch me. "I'm nineteen," I whispered. "I'm not a kid anymore." His eyes flashed.

"You're still too young." "For who? For you?" "Yes." "Why? Because my brother will kill you? Because my dad will lose his mind? Or because you're scared?" "I'm not afraid of anything." "Then kiss me." The words hung between us like a challenge. His jaw tightened so hard I could hear his teeth grind. His hands gripped the railing on either side of me, trapping me in place. His body was pressed close, all heat, muscle, and restrained power. "You have no idea what you're asking for," he said through clenched teeth. "Yes, I do." "No, Rosie. You don't. You think you want this.

You think you want me. But I'm not some college guy who's going to take you on romantic dates and hold your hand. I'm not gentle. I'm not going to treat you like a princess." "I don't want you to." A rough sound escaped him, somewhere between a growl and a groan. "I've thought about you every day for months," he said hoarsely. "I've imagined your smile. Your voice. What it would feel like just to have you close to me. And every single time, I hated myself for it." My heart was beating so hard I thought it might burst. "Stop hating yourself," I whispered.

"I can't." "Why not?" "Because you deserve better than me." "What if I don't want better? What if I just want you?" Something inside him broke. He kissed me. Hard. Desperate. Like he was drowning and I was air. His mouth claimed mine with a hunger that stole my breath. His tongue swept between my lips, and I opened to him without thinking. One hand slid into my hair, tangling in the strands as he tifted my head back and deepened the kiss. A soft sound escaped me. He pulled back just enough to look at me, his breathing ragged. "Last chance," he said. "Tell me to stop. Tell me to leave.

Tell me you don't want this." "I want this," I said. "I want you." "Fuck." He kissed me again, harder this time. His other hand settled on my waist, drawing me against him. I could feel how much he wanted me. My hands came to rest against his chest. I felt his heart pounding beneath my palm. I felt his muscles tighter at my touch. A rough sound left him, something primitive and possessive. Then he stepped away completely, putting distance between us. I reached for him. "Aiden, you..." "I'm leaving tomorrow," he said abruptly. I blinked. "What?" "I'm deploying again.

I leave tomorrow afternoon." The words hit me like a punch to the stomach. "For how long?" "Six months. Maybe longer." Six months. An eternity. "Then why are you kissing me?" I asked, my voice breaking. "Because I'm a selfish bastard who can't stay away from you even when I know I should." "I don't understand." "I know you don't." He ran a hand through his hair, looking tortured. "I shouldn't have touched you. I shouldn't have kissed you. And I definitely shouldn't be thinking about you the way I am right now." "What way?" 1 His gaze darkened.

"Don't ask me that." "Tell me." "Rosie..." "Tell me, Aiden. Tell me what you want." He stared at me for a long moment. Then he stepped closer again, lowering his voice. "I want to take you upstairs to your room," he murmured. "I want to take my time learning every part of you. I want to be the man you remember when I'm gone. I want to make you forget every other guy who ever comes after me. I want you to know exactly how much!, want you: I was trembling. Aching. Desperate. $1 "Then do it," I whispered. He drew back to look at me. "You're a virgin, aren't you?" I nodded.

"Fuck." He closed his eyes. "I can't. I can't be your first and then leave. That's not fair to you." "I don't care about fair. I care about you." "You don't even know me." "I know enough." "No, you don't. You don't know what I've done. What I've seen. The darkness I carry around with me. You don't know that I'm damaged, broken, and nowhere near good enough for someone like you." I reached up and cupped his face in my hands. He went completely still. "Then show me," I said softly. "Show me who you are. Show me the darkness. Show me everything.

I'm not afraid." "You should be." "But I'm not." He leaned into my touch, his eyes closing briefly. When he opened them again, the war raging inside him was written all over his face. "One night," he finally said. "I'll give you one night. Then I'm gone. And after that, we never talk about this again." It hurt. The thought of having him for only one night hurt more than I thought it was possible to hurt. But one night was better than nothing. "Okay," I whispered. "Your room. Midnight. After everyone's asleep." "I'll be waiting." He stepped back, putting distance between us once more.

The mask slipped back into place. The controlled soldier had replaced the desperate man. "Don't make me regret this," he said. Then he turned and walked away, leaving me alone on the porch with my heart racing and every part of me already missing him.

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