

Bossed Up by the Billionaire by VK Holt

EXCERPT

From the chapter ə'wɛ:nəs

His fingers are back on my neck, caressing the blemish he'd made with his teeth. His eyes are both intense and sad, like the end of a movie when the hero dies. "Answer me, Sin. Did I hurt you?"

You will. You really will when you leave. Especially if you keep acting like you care.

I shrug, stepping away so his hand falls. Putting a healthy distance between us so I don't get hurt. "No, it's fine. Really."

"Then, can I do it again?"

There's no mistaking the lust in his eyes. I lick my lips, trying to wet them from their sudden dryness. I mentally scold myself, given that I'm already throbbing in anticipation.

Royce's suggestion has put all sorts of thoughts into my head and stupid and pathetic and you shouldn't be doing this are not any of them.

But hell yes, right there, and more please, are.

"You want to get out of here?"

He rocks back on his heels, eyeing me like he can read my mind. "Yeah." He swallows thickly. "Yeah I do."

"I'm here with Natalie—"

"—I'm here with friends."

We say in unison, "Do you have a car?"

We laugh, and as always, it's so damn easy to keep each other going. Tears spring from our eyes, and I'm touched again when he wipes mine away.