

*Excerpt from Tears Like Acid*

She shuts the door and locks it, pausing for a second on the spot before turning her face toward the stairs. Our gazes lock. Apprehension sparks in her brown eyes. Instead of walking to me, she cuts across the lounge and enters the kitchen.

She can run until she doesn't have a single breath left in her lungs, but she can never hide from me.

Taking my coat off in the walk, I descend the stairs and drape it over the rail. When I enter the kitchen, she's filling the kettle with water.

"Tea?" she asks with a strained smile from over her shoulder. "I'm afraid I didn't have time to start dinner yet."

"Dinner?" I chuckle, advancing on her. "Is that why you think I'm here?"

Her back goes rigid. She puts the kettle aside. When she turns, she finds herself trapped between the sink and my body. Leaning back to put distance between us, she asks, "Why are you here?"

"To fuck you, Sabella."

Her throat bobs as she swallows. "Nothing happened. You must know that Fabien is gay. Why are you so angry?"

Nothing happened.

That was what she told me yesterday too.

Pretty little liar.

When I lean in, she plants her palms on the counter behind her and catches her weight on her arms. I'm bending her backward, invading her space and breathing her air.

My tone is taunting. "Who says I'm angry?"

I give her a little leeway, just enough not to have to crane her neck. She watches me warily as I remove the silver box and Zippo lighter from my pocket. I take out a joint and tap the tip on the flat side of the box to compact the weed.

"You're smoking again?" she asks.

I bring the joint to my lips. "Do you care?"

My question is layered. She must get the nuance, because she doesn't reply.

She turns her face away from the flame when I light the joint.

I take a drag, filling my lungs with the smoke. The head rush is immediate. Lethargy settles over my senses, but it doesn't dull the anger.

Blowing out a circle of smoke, I watch it fade like a halo over her head. My voice is deceptively soft. "Do you care, Sabella?"

She turns her face the other way, trying to avoid the smoke. "You know I don't like it."

"How about this?" I ask, cupping her sex. "How much do you like this?"

She goes on tiptoes, pushing with her palms on my chest. "What's gotten into you?"

"I don't know," I taunt. "Perhaps you?" I'm being too honest. It's the weed. It's always loosened my tongue. But I can't stop. "Maybe I'm getting addicted to your pussy. It's a lot like smoking. Once you start, it's difficult to stop. Maybe I should break the habit and fuck your ass tonight." I rub my thumb in a circle over her clit through the thin layers of her clothes. "Will you like *that*?"

She clenches her jaw.

I pull my hand from between her legs and place my palms on either side of her body on the counter. A ribbon of smoke coils from the joint I'm clutching between my fingers, tainting the air with the smell of weed.

"Have you ever smoked, Sabella?"

She glances at me briefly before looking away again. "You know I haven't."

I bring the joint to my lips, take another drag, and blow out a thin line of smoke. "Perhaps you should. It'll relax you, help you to spread for me and take my cock."

More defiance sparks in her eyes when she finally faces me squarely. "I don't need drugs to have sex."

"Oh, but it can be so very different." Using the hand in which I'm clasping the joint, I brush my knuckles over her nipple. "It heightens the senses. Makes you feel everything with more intensity."

She cocks an eyebrow. "It sounds as if you're talking from experience."

"Don't worry." I caress the soft curve of her breast. "I only had hand jobs when I was high."

She scoffs. "I'm not worried."

"Because you don't care," I say, giving us both the answer she refused to tell me in words.

But she will care when I fuck her. She will care when she's desperate to come.

Gripping her face in one hand, I hold her gaze as I take a long pull on the joint. I'm giving her defiance by disrespecting her wish, a request she uttered a long time ago, letting her taste some of her own medicine.

I don't drag the smoke into my lungs. I apply pressure on her jaw, parting her lips as I lower my head and plaster our mouths together. She realizes my intention too late, gasping as I slowly blow the smoke into her mouth. She chokes on the lungful she swallowed with her gasp. I let her breathe, using the seconds to fill my mouth with more smoke before feeding her again.

I kiss her with a languid pace, molding my lips around hers and tangling our tongues. The objective is to fill her lungs with my second-hand smoke, but that objective quickly changes as heat builds between us. The burnt-out joint drops in the sink. I let go of her face to thread my fingers through the long, silky strands of her hair. She moans when I tug. Cupping her breast in my free hand, I knead the curve. Her nipple hardens against my palm.

Deepening the kiss, I push my knee between her thighs and kick her feet apart. I abandon her breast to explore the heat between her legs. She's wet. I can feel it through her clothes. My onslaught on her mouth triples as I slip a hand into the elastic of her pants and thong. Her flesh is hot. Her pussy lips are plump and slick.

I groan into the kiss, rubbing my hard-on against her hip. Her moan reverberates in her chest. Too eager to think, I tighten my grip in her hair and work her pants with one hand down her hips to her thighs. My actions are staccato as I lift her T-shirt, exposing her bra.

She pushes my jacket over my shoulders, her urgency matching mine. I release her to pull my arms free, but my hands are back on her in a second, yanking on the cups of her bra. Her breasts spill over the lace. I close my lips around a nipple and suck the hard tip deep into my mouth. She fumbles with the buttons of my shirt as I lick her curve like candy. We're groping and gasping, our need uninhibited and messy.

Abandoning her unsuccessful effort with the buttons, she reaches for my belt. I tear my mouth from her breast, watching the desire in her eyes as I grip her wrists, move them away, and finish the task of freeing my cock.

I'm about to bend my knees and sink balls-deep inside her when she cries out, "Wait."

My body protests. It's only pure reflex that makes me pause.

"The blinds," she says, breathing hard. "Close them."

I dive for her mouth again. "There's no one out there."

“No.” She leans back and stops me with a hand on my heart. “I want you to close them.”

I frown. She doesn't feel exposed, does she? Could it be that she senses she's being watched? One of my cousins is on babysitting duty, but neither of them will dream of looking through her windows. They know what'll happen if they do. I'll cut off their limbs and stab out their eyes.

Drunk on the moment, I reach over her and jerk the string that brings down the blinds. The only light comes from the backlit cupboards with the glass doors. Once we're shut into our own world of darkness and sin, I wrap my hands around her waist, spin her around, and walk her to the table. It's difficult for her to move with her thong and pants trapping her legs. Hooking an arm around her waist, I lift her off her feet and carry her across the floor. At the edge of the table, I let her stand and push her upper body down. Her breasts are visible on the sides from under the T-shirt that's scrunched up to her shoulders, the curves pressed flat on the wood. Her ass is pushed out, presented like a gift for my taking.

I'm too far gone to bother with freeing her legs from her pants. I leave them around her thighs. I don't even bother with the rest of my clothes. I only shove my briefs down as far as necessary before pressing my cock against the tight hole of her ass.

She stretches her arms above her head and grips the edge of the table, bracing herself for what's to come. Burying my fingers in the flesh of her globes, I spread her open. She's swollen and willing, glistening like a ripe fruit between her legs. Unable to resist a taste, I lick her from her clit to the hole I'm about to claim, working that tight ring of muscles with my thumb. She wiggles beneath me, moaning as I stretch her.

I can't wait. I'm close already. I caress the curve of her spine as I straighten. She turns her head to the side, watching me. I home in on her eyes, on how dilated her pupils are, and I know it's going to feel good for her. I *want* to make this good for her. My hold on her back turns different. More dominant. I recognize the signs of the animal inside me as my lower body tightens and my cock pulses with need. Keeping her down with one hand between her shoulder blades, I spit in my free hand and lubricate my cock. When I position the head against her back hole, she tries to lift her upper body.

I anchor her with my grip on my table. “Relax, *bella*. Take me.”

She's barely settled again before I part her with the crest, splitting her open and sinking a tight inch into the heat of her ass.

Not yet.

I can't come.

Sweat beads on my forehead as I keep still to slide a hand around her waist and between her legs. I sink a middle and forefinger inside her and press my thumb on her clit, working her with my hand until she starts moving, taking me deeper in both holes.

Clenching my teeth, I hold back. I control myself like never before while slowly sinking my cock deeper. When I'm buried up to my balls, I can't hold back any longer. I pump. I fuck her pussy with my fingers and thrust my cock deep into her ass. It's hot and dirty, depraved, and so fucking satisfying. I'm pivoting my hips like a crazed man, taking her hard, but her moans turn louder and needier until a single word slips from her lips.

"Please."

"Say it," I demand through teeth clenched in pleasure, slamming my groin against her ass.

"Mr. Russo," she cries out.

I come hard enough to see sparks. Fireworks fizzle in my vision as I empty my cock and fill her up with my cum. It takes me a moment to find my breath. Everything is amplified—the heat, the tightness, the pleasure...and the fact that she didn't say my name.

"Please," she says again, her voice strangled.

Her ass grips my cock so hard it's almost painful.

I pull out. Fingers and cock.

She gasps as the wide crest of my cock pops free.

I plant one palm on her lower back and spread her with the other, digging my fingers into her ass cheek as I watch my cum dribble from her dark hole. It's so fucking dirty. So beautiful. I watch until her pussy and thighs are covered. My softening cock that hangs heavy between my legs twitch at the sight. I pin her down as I smear my fingers through my release and pump my cum with two fingers into her pussy. She spasms around the intrusion, her panting increasing as I fuck her harder and faster. I know what she needs. I know this isn't enough. Pulling my drenched fingers free from the hotness of her pussy, I roll her clit between a thumb and a forefinger until her body bows and her moans turn hoarse.

She orgasms.

But I don't stop.

I punish her with more pleasure, rolling and pinching her clit until she collapses flat on the table in a boneless heap. I'm insatiable. I can't get enough, not of her. My cock is rock-hard again. I slide the length through the cum in the seam of her ass. The lubrication aids my movements when I pump between her ass cheeks, taking care not to penetrate her again. I'm so high on her and on the sight that it doesn't take long before I come for a second time, painting her back with ribbons of release.

It's done.

I won't come a third time.

I should be sated. I should be ecstatic, but it feels unfinished.

*I'm* not done.

I want to do so much more to her. Fucking her didn't quench my lust. The need to claim her is only fiercer. And I know why. I understand now. I understand why I want to slay her with sex until we're both exhausted and choking on the perversity of the passion eating me alive. Because even as she gave me the most intimate parts of her body, she didn't give herself to me.

Like this morning, she didn't call me Angelo.

She called me Mr. Russo again.