

He just smirked, so she made to get off of him to prove a point or something? She wasn't sure, but he pulled her down. "No, I like you right there."

She huffed. "We need to get off the bed, we're soaked."

"I don't think I care too much," he stated.

"You're insufferable."

"Then shut me up," he challenged.

She didn't know what it was about him that just flustered her—he'd never flirted with her before and now that he has, she wasn't sure that she wanted him to flirt anymore—if she was going to react like that every time. Maybe he had flirted with her a little, but not like this... Wait—how did he even know how to flirt?

"What's wrong?" he asked, brows furrowing. "Do I make you nervous, *Novina*?"

She shook her head.

"Maybe we just call it a night then," he sighed, sitting up to meet her face to face.

"No," she whispered.

Gods, she was so weak. She hated that he made her like this—she hated how much she loved it. She could melt into him—not just him, though, his words, his touch, his scent... gods he smelled like the night, like the quiet of everyone asleep, like the empty streets, like the peace of being alone. It wasn't the fear of being alone, though, it was being free in

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a sense—no fear, no duties, just the crisp breath of the night sky.

“So...” he untied the bow of her corset—the same one he had tied earlier. “It’s alright... if I do this?”

He continued making his way up the corset loosening each string, one set at a time—not breaking eye contact.

“Tell me it’s okay, Nova,”

“Yes,” she said, leaning in a little closer to him.

“You don’t understand how many times I’ve imagined doing this,” he confessed.

“Really?”

“I’ve imagined every possible way I could take a corset off of your body.” he leaned down, kissing her bare shoulder. “I’ve dreamt about worshiping every inch of your skin.”

He turned, so that his legs hung off the bed and then stood, placing her on the floor. “I need this dress off of you.”

She nodded—it was all she could do.

Her dress fell to the floor and she stepped out of it—stepping closer to him. She pulled the jacket of his suit off of him, dropping it beside her dress. She unbuttoned each button of his shirt, taking her time as she made her way down—trying to stop the shaking in her hands.

Then she moved to his pants—popping open each button of his dress pants...