

Billionaire' s Wrong Bride by Stub

Chapter 19

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Morning bliss

Mia' s pov.

Ouch! My butt was still sore. I *did* enjoy *my* punishment last night.

I didn't have any idea how I *came* so hard for the first time in my life. I was so embarrassed. But what Xavier said made *me* feel wanted and special. He treated me like something precious in his life. Now I was getting confused whether he really *cared* for me or he

was playing with me.

Ugh...

My mind didn't stop thinking about him all the time and *my* body started *reacting* naturally

every time he was with me.

I tried to get up from the bed, but was pulled back by a pair of strong muscular arms tightly curled around me. My back was pressed against a rock-hard chest.

I smiled and shook my head. I tried to untangle myself from Xavier's arms. But he only tightened his grip and he groaned as he nuzzled his face into my neck. I giggled as I felt slightly ticklish.

"Let go." I said, laughing.

"No." He refused and pulled me closer.

"Oh god ! Let go of me. I have to pee." I squealed.

"No." Again he said and didn't loosen his grip. Now I was getting annoyed.

"Xavier!" I shouted in irritation.

His low and deep laugh made my heart skip a beat.

"Ok, baby girl, I'll let you go. But only on one condition. Give me a kiss." He said, resting his face on my cheek.

"No. Let me go first." I tried to peel his hand off from my body and wriggled in his arm in that effort.

He groaned loudly and grabbed my hips.

"Ah huh. What are *you* trying to do, baby girl? I am already so hard, asleep the whole night holding you closer in my arms and *you* are rubbing on my hard on making this painfully harder for me."

I stopped struggling, turning red. He flipped me in his arms with no effort, making me face him. He pressed me on his hard on. I could only bite my lips so as not to moan.

"Look, what have you done, angel? Now I have to live a whole day with my hard co.ck

"Baby girl, don't you think? I deserve a morning kiss for this torture of *yours*." He demanded again, pouting his mouth and jeez, sexy and hot Xavier Leonardi could be cute too. This was again a news.

I threw my hand around his neck and pulled his face down. I moved my face up to meet him midway and pressed my lips on his red, full, plump lips. My eyes got shut as soon as his lips touched mine.

He grabbed my head and took control. He took his sweet time kissing the life out of me. He pulled my lips in his mouth, scraping his teeth on them, biting and nipping them, making them swollen. His tongue darted out and parted my lips, barging into my mouth and caressing my

tongue.

My tongue got addicted to his dominant wicked tongue. The way he claimed my mouth and again made me feel dizzy from his breath-stealing kiss.

My lips started moving on their own, nipping and sucking on his full lips. He groaned and pulled me closer, if that was possible, because we were already at each other so that even air couldn't pass between us. He pressed my lips more into his mouth by pressing my head.

His tongue was luring me to move into his hot as hell mouth. I followed the trail and

entered his hot, warm mouth. He groaned aloud almost a growl and trapped my tongue between his lips and started sucking on it while his tongue was massaging mine. He tasted caffeine and mint, which I think have now become my favourite flavour.

He was nipping and kissing me with so much passion it made me breathless. I was about to pass out, but then he pulled away. I was left panting and catching my breath in his arms.

He smiled before speaking, "Ummm... what a beautiful start to my day."

He trailed his thumb over my bottom lip and slightly pulled it down. He bent his face down again to give me a soul-snatching open-mouth kiss once more.

When he moved up his eyes *were* dark with needs. He took a few deep breaths. "Angel, get ready and pack your bags. Because we have a flight to catch this afternoon,"

he said, still looking at my lips.

"Xavier, I want to visit my grandma's grave before we leave Turin." I said in a low and dull

voice and his expression became serious.

"Ok, baby girl. I will make arrangements. You get ready, otherwise we will be late. Hmmm." He announced

,shower. I got our bags packed with my stuff as well as Xavier's stuff while he was taking a bath. Our breakfast arrived and he made me finish my breakfast sitting on his lap. This was really a morning bliss.

After breakfast, we checked out. Sitting in the car, I was thinking about my childhood memories with grandma and grandpa. I was sad because I could not meet her during her last days.

Xavier was holding my hand throughout the whole ride. When we reached Valerio's graveyard, Xavier held my hand and led me towards grandma's grave. Our *bodyguards* surrounded us as soon as we stepped out of the car.

I saw her name engraved on the tomb, Francesca Valerio (May1941-October 2021). Sam

came forward and gave me some flowers.

I knelt beside her tomb and gently lingered my hand over the grave and placed flowers on

"I am sorry grandma." I whispered, hoping she could hear me somewhere. "I could not come to meet you last time. Please forgive me and I love you. I miss you so much. Why did you also leave me?"

An involuntary tear left my eyes. I closed my eyes and said prayer in my mind.

"I'll come and meet you again very soon, grandma." I whispered, opening my eyes. I wiped my tears, stood up and turned.

Xavier was standing behind me, watching me with the furrow on his forehead. His eyes were showing some kind of emotion which I could not read properly. His lips were in a line not showing any curve. He stepped forward and wiped my cheeks. He cupped my face in his palms. He stared at my face carefully.

"Are you okay, baby girl?" He asked with concern, his eyes looking into mine to find an

answer. I slowly nodded.

"Do you want to stay for some more time or can we go and catch the flight?" I was touched that he wanted to know what I wanted at that moment.

"Let's go," I said. He again gripped my hand protectively and we headed towards our car surrounded by our team of bodyguards.

And we kept silent throughout the ride. He was just holding my hand and soothing and trailing his thumb over my knuckles.

runway where a private jet was waiting for us.

When we entered the jet, I noticed that its staff had been changed. They all greeted Xavier and I. Xavier led us towards our seat and I chose to sit by the window.

"So Angel, last time, when we flew to Turin, was that your first flight?" He asked and I nodded shyly. "...and this is your second. I hope this time you will take this well."

I just looked at him biting my lips because I was really nervous.

"You aren't scared of flying in an aircraft? What if it fails in the middle of the sky? What will you do?" I asked him and he gave me a deep laugh.

"No, baby girl, I have been flying in a jet since I was a baby. And all our Jets are of the latest technology with highest security features." He said, shrugging his shoulders.

“For my business, I have to practically live in a private jet. You will know my lifestyle within a month of living with me.” . *God!* How frequently did he fly in a jet for his business? This meant he wouldn't be able to

spend a long stay with me in Florence.

“Don't think that way. You will come with me whenever I travel. I am not going to spend my single day without you.” He said in a warning tone and my mouth fell open.

Oh my God, how could he hear my thoughts? Did I speak it loud? I was so embarrassed. My face turned red. I moved my face towards the window pretending to look outside.

Xavier leaned closer and whispered in my ear, “Angel ,I have some mile-high club fantasy about you. Do you want to know what I'll do when we will be flying in the sky hundreds of kilometres high?”

I squirmed in my seat in anticipation. What did he mean and what he had in his mind for

me?