

The Billionaire's Secret Affairs

Chapter 5 By Shein Althea

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"Where are you taking me?"

Andrius turned to Anya and went back to driving. She was annoyed earlier because he dragged her from the mall. He did not even know where he would take her.

She slapped him on the shoulder causing him to stop driving. She also glared at him and stared intently.

"If it's kidnapping, I'll go down! Pappi has no money for ransom!"

"What?!"

"You're kidnapping me, aren't you? I've been talking to you! You're making me an idiot!"

Andrius seemed off-guard for a while before he processed everything Anya was saying. He smiled and then laughed so hard.

"You're crazy Anya," he said afterwards and laughed again. He even touched his stomach as if it was the funniest thing he had ever heard.

It has a stranged effect on Anya. She never thought that Mr. Monterio could laugh like this. Her boss seemed constipated every time they're at work. Seeing him laugh like this was something unexplainable for her.

"You're crazy too! I am talking and you didn't answer. What do you want me to think?" she said.

"Well, I just want to ask a favor Anya. Don't know anyone who would fit for the job. But, your imagination is just too much." His language was shaken.

"What kind of job is that? Double pay should be. I need to have some savings," she answered. Somehow, she's interested in the job Andrius was talking about.

"I will tell you later. Please, will you shut up. Your curses is turning me on,"

"Pervert!"

Andrius leaned closer to her and before she could utter a word again, he claimed her lips with his. Her eyes widened at what had happened while Andrius quickly released her lips.

“One word from you. One kiss from me. And, I mean it Anya ...” he whispered while staring into her eyes. She blushed at the thought but just nodded and agreed to it. While Andrius immediately returned to driving.

While on the whole trip they were both quiet. In a few moments they reached the house he was referring to. It was not just a house but a mansion. When the car entered its garage she was amazed at the extent of the space then. There is also a large fountain and lush garden with a variety of flowers around the area.

“It’s beautiful,” she exclaimed as if hypnotized by the beauty of the place. She also smiles as she watches it. When she turned to Andrius, he just smiled and stared at her.

“Good thing you like my house.”

“House? Eh, this is a mansion! The rich are really different, if you can house, just ...”

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Andrius chuckled and stopped the car. The two of them went down and headed for the big house. His mansion was very elegant. Modern minimalist style decorated with golden interior. There was also a large staircase and a gold chandelier at the ceiling.

“Suit yourself.”

Anys looked at Andrius and nodded. Then she wandered inside its living room. He just followed her with a small grin on his lips.

“What am I going to do here?” then she asked.

“You’re going to cook for me. Feed me, Anya ...”

Anya looked at Andrius and raised an eyebrow. “Why me? Don’t you have a cook here?”

“I’m alone, baby. This house is empty and I’m starving.”

She sighed in regret. Her stubbornness to him was also useless.

“I don’t know how to cook,” Anya admitted while bowing her head. She blushed at the thought.

“What?! So you mean ...”

She nodded at him. "I only know how to cook eggs, so just order," she whispered then released another sigh.

Andrius laughed, much to her surprise. She stared at him and raised an eyebrow. She was annoyed, again. Does he have to laugh like that? She hurriedly marched away but Andrius grabbed his arm. He looked formal but obviously prevented himself from grinning.

"Hey! I'm sorry," he said. "I'll cook for us. So, don't worry. Though, I like it when you blush like that," he said while winking at her.

"Are you flirting with me?"

"And so? Is there any problem?" Andrius said.

They got closer to each other and she looked up to stare at him. Andrius was tall and she was just average height. His blue eyes immediately greeted her. Anya swallowed a few times before speaking.

"I-I won't flirt with you!"

Even to herself she did not know. She was not sure because what Andrius was doing to her has something strange in her personality. Something she had to stop because she might get hurt again.

"Let's see, baby ..." Andrius said afterwards and left her suddenly.

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Anya followed him and saw it heading towards the kitchen. Andrius took off his shirt and took the pan, after. Her eyes widened at what she saw. Apart from the fact that she had just seen a man's body, she also saw that he has Abs. Eight. Yes, she really counted. He also has a tattoo from the chest to his arm.

Anya swallowed. Suddenly her throat dried up.

"Stop staring ... You can have me if you want," Andrius said while smirking. She didn't realize, she was already eyeing him. She was focused on his Abs and she felt ashamed.

Anya averted her eyes from his Abs and ignored it. She knew he was annoying her again.

She watched the young man as he cooked. He was very good at that kind of thing. As she watched him, she could not help but think of the possibility that she might fall into him. Her head hurts just now. She did not know what to do and she was not sure.

"What do you call this?"

"German Spaetzle. It's our egg noodle dumplings," he replied. "Here," he added.

Anya ate the food that Andrius gave. After a while, he stood up and took something from the kitchen drawer. When he returned, he had a gla** of wine and wine with him. He handed her a gla** and poured some wine.

"This isn't what I expected but this is fine for now, Anya."

They were so close to each other that Anya moved a little to have space between the two of them. She swallowed a few times before answering. She felt as if she had choked on what he said. Andrius' words had a strange effect on her. It seemed like it meant something else. She also felt strange when he stared intently.

"W-What are you talking for?" She scolded herself for stuttering. She also loses herself because of his presence. She was slowly becoming fragile.

Anya's eyes widened but he did not protest when Andrius used the same fork she was using. Will she still complain? How many times they had done that indirect kiss that even direct kiss.

She was watching Andrius while he was eating. Even with each swallow he made, she watched it. He was very handsome in her eyes, especially when he saw him cooking earlier. He looked like an ideal husband.

She sighed. She was stunned again so she did not realize that he had finished eating. She knew it was bad. She had to stop before it got worse.

Andrius was looking at her, too. He was looking at her intently while his hand took her eyegla**es. When he did, he saw the most beautiful woman he had ever laid eyes on. And just like that, he leaned closer to her, grabbed her waist and kissed her.

Anya responded to the kisses he was giving her. Every kiss of hers touches her. He always loses his sanity.

"I want to touch you, baby."

Anya does not even know what kind of magic Andrius has on her that she agreed on him. She nodded. Andrius kissed her again. This time, rough and hungry. It was as if he were exploring her mouth. She also responded to the kiss, with the same pa**ion and intensity.

Andrius traced her thighs and found her fold. He slid her p**** down, enough for him to do whatever he wanted to do. Then he did while they were sitting and kissing each other, Andrius slid his fingers to Anya's womanhood. Two fingers, enough for him to give pleasure to her. He thrust his fingers in and out of her at a slow pace. Anya felt a bit hurt but she knew she could manage.

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"Ohh!" she moaned in between their kisses. She felt so hot that even the aircon in the kitchen could not remove the feeling.

Andrius smirked. He left her lips and traced her jaw down to her neck. Anya is very wet. He knew she was about to c**, so he thrust faster and deeper.

"Ohh... My ..." Her juices exploded. He removed his fingers on her folds and looked at it. Anya is looking at it too. Her eyes immediately widened when Andrius put his fingers on his mouth, to taste her juices. She flushed on what he did. She was ashamed of what happened too. She gave in just too fast.

'Damn! You fool Anya! ' she punished herself.

"Sweet. Your c** is sweet baby. It's addicting too," he said after licking his finger. "Next time, it's my turn baby," he said with conviction.

Anya was nervous. Andrius was seriously looking at her. He smiled and then moved away from her. Though nervous she chose to fix herself.

"I want to go home Andrius."

"Okay," he agreed.

While on the way home, they were both quiet. None of them wanted to speak. And Anya somehow liked the silence. Everything that happened to her seemed so fast. This was a wonderful day for him. He also looked at Andrius and seemed to just ignore what had happened.

When she arrived at their house, she immediately went downstairs. She did not even bother to thank him. She slowly entered their gate, it was too late and she knew she had a curfew to her Dad. When the door opened and she entered, she was able to breathe easily.

"What time is it?! It's late for a virgin like you!" Anya's Pappi greeted her immediately. He even turned on the previously turned off light. His forehead was furrowed and she was smiling in front of him.

"I'm sorry, Pappi. Carla and I just had a good conversation," she lied to him. He winced when she realized what she had said.

"Hala! Get dressed and go to sleep. Hurry up, go up!" he commanded.

She quickly complied and ran to the stairs to go up to her room. Her heart is racing so fast. She wanted to blame Andrius. She also took a quick shower because she felt sticky down there. Then she lay down on her bed. She was dumbfounded when she remembered everything. She realized something had happened to her today.

"Oh my God! I am no longer a virgin!"

Anya was staring at her room when her cell phone suddenly rang. When she looked at it an unknown number came out. She picked up the cellphone and answered it.

“Hello?”

“Dream of me, baby ...”

Her heart was beating so fast. She abruptly turned the cell phone off and threw it on top of the bed. She touched her heart and tried to calm herself. She was literally f***ed up.