

Raveled By You

Clarissa Wild

Coping with her unloving boyfriend and struggling to make ends meet, Chloe Young bumps into the mysterious and sexy Japanese Kaito Nagao during a coffee break and her world is turned upside down. Finally desired again, Chloe finds it hard to resist his advances and the connection she feels.

This hot and titillating encounter will lead Chloe to question her decisions, forcing her to crush hearts by choosing between a new chance at happiness and her life as it used to be.

This is part 1 of the Enflamed series and contains about 10.000 words.

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Chapter 1

I could never have imagined my life turning upside down just from having a coffee. I was sitting at the local coffee shop, checking out the job section of the day's paper, when the waitress placed my café latté in front of me. Before I had a chance to take a sip and tell her I was missing the milk, she'd already gone back to bussing the other tables.

I had to be home soon. I didn't have time to wait for her second round, so I decided to take matters into my own hands and get it from the bar myself. I stood up with the hot mug in my hand, still staring at the newspaper, where an ad mentioning a hefty sum for pay caught my eye. Too late did I realize a man was walking past me as I turned.

The black liquid splattered all over his white shirt.

"I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry." I gasped at the stain. Only then did I notice how tight the shirt was around his sleek body. My gaze drifted up, trailing his buffed torso to the androgynous looking face of a twenty-something man with a square jaw and smooth, shaved skin. His eyes, dark and hooded, black hair lightly falling over them, were focused on mine.

"It's okay," he said, his low voice made me warm in my innermost parts, though it was clear he was not from here. I stared at his mouth; the movement of his sultry lips as he spoke the words mesmerized me.

"Are you alright?" He chuckled.

"I ... I," I stammered. I was like a silly little girl with a crush, but this guy definitely deserved it; he was hot.

I blinked and set the mug on an adjacent table.

"I should be asking you that." I grabbed a napkin from the table and dabbed it on his shirt. The short trousers and floppy sandals he was wearing were unharmed, as were the sunglasses stuck on the collar of his shirt.

"It didn't burn." His calloused fingers gently touched my skin as he took the napkin from my hand. "*Arigato*. Thank you."

A shiver ran through me, the sensation of contact between us titillating. No man had ever had this effect on me. Not even my boyfriend, Ethan. I was trembling as if an ice cube had just been slid down my blouse.

He patted the napkin onto his shirt until it removed as much of the coffee as possible, which wasn't a lot.

"I can pay for it," I muttered, even though I knew I didn't have much.

“No, it’s fine, you don’t have to.” The intense look on his face kept my attention; everything around us faded away. I was hanging on his next words, waiting for him to speak with that dark, sexy voice of his.

“Well, your coffee is all over me, I’m afraid,” he said. The words ‘all over me’ replayed in my head, making me think of the dirty things I wanted to do to him. I flushed red hot from my bust to the top of my head. “Guess we’ll have to get you a fresh one,” he continued.

“Oh, no, don’t, it’s my fault.” I wanted to slap myself for saying that. Why was I turning down a coffee from this hunk of a man? Then again, the temptation might’ve been bad for me, especially considering the current situation with my boyfriend.

“I insist.” He rested his chin on his chest, his dark eyes gazing into mine, as if he was staring into my very soul. I felt like I couldn’t even have said no. I wanted to obey his demanding eyes.

“Two café latté’s, please,” he commanded the waitress. She jumped into action, as if told by her master. Apparently, I wasn’t the only one he had this effect on.

He guided me to a table with his hand on my back, the light touch sending electric shocks through my body. As we sat down, the waitress rushed over to bring our coffees—this time with the proper amount of milk.

“Thank you very much,” he said to her, making her smile from ear to ear. His tone of voice and the way he formed the words were awkward, as if he didn’t quite know what to say.

“You’re not from here, are you?” The words slipped out of my mouth.

“*Hai*. That’s correct. I’m from Japan.”

“Is it normal there for men to sit and have a coffee with a woman they just met?”

A smile appeared on his face. “Well, at first I wanted to get a place behind your table, but since I’m alone and you’re alone and we’ve started talking, I thought I’d sit down with you, instead.” He stirred the teaspoon through his mug and I was following every gentle movement.

“You have very beautiful eyes, Miss ... ?”

I almost jolted up and down in my seat. My eyes flashed back to his, as he continued to gaze at me. He must’ve been talking about my heterochromia. I have one brown eye and one green eye. It was genetic.

I blushed and fiddled with my fingers. “Thanks. It’s Chloe Young. Yours?”

“Kaito.”

Japanese indeed; I’ve never heard of someone with that name.

“So, Chloe Young, what is a beautiful lady like you doing in a place like this?” He said as he pointed to the crooked paintings hanging on the wall and the broken chairs in the corner. The place had been through a rough time the last couple of years, but it was my favorite.

“Well ... I’m done with work for today, so I decided to check out some jobs in the paper before I go home. Didn’t want to embarrass myself in front of everyone at work.”

Without moving a muscle, his eyes shifted toward the newspaper lying on the table. “Are you not happy with your current job?”

I was about to take a sip, but hesitated. “So many questions for a stranger.” The coffee felt hot to my lips.

“Please let me indulge in my strange obsession. I like talking to gorgeous ladies. Nothing wrong with that, or is there?”

I raised an eyebrow and smiled. “You’ve got a way with words, Kaito.”

“Thank you.” His broad smile made me want to giggle.

“So, what is it you do then?” he asked.

“I’m a telephone operator at the service desk for the biggest telephone company here in the city. It pays the bills, but the screaming customers can get on my nerves sometimes. And you?”

“I’d rather not disclose.”

I snorted. “Right.”

“It’s got nothing to do with you. I prefer being in the company of people who don’t know my profession. It prevents certain prejudice, you know?” he said, still stirring in his coffee, taking all the time in the world for it. “I hope my English is okay.”

“Oh, it’s fine, don’t worry about it,” I said, as I took a sip from my hot coffee.

“Good, because you’re probably going to hear it for some time.” He licked the inside of the spoon, almost making me choke on the coffee. I could barely swallow the rest, thinking about his tongue fondling with something other than silverware.

Stop it Chloe ... Don’t think like that, you’ve got a boyfriend.

I cleared my throat. “What do you mean?”

“I was wondering if you would go out with me some time.”

My heart thumped at an abnormal pace. This guy ...

“And you think I would just take you up on the offer? You do realize I just met you, right?”

“Of course,” he answered with a smug face.

I shook my head in disbelief and smiled a cheesy smile, before looking at the newspaper again, trying to find a good job, so I could focus on something else for a second. As I started tearing out the ad, he pressed his finger onto the paper, making it impossible for me to continue. I lifted my eyes, meeting his gaze.

“Allow me.” He took the paper and split the two parts as if it were child’s play. Then, folding it up neatly, he tucked the paper into his breast pocket.

“Hey!”

From the same pocket he fetched a card and held it out to me. “Please, if you change your mind, call me.” I didn’t take the card. He shoved his seat back, the squeaking alerting other customers, and stood up.

“Where are you going with my job ad? I need that.” I came up from my seat.

He closed in on me, his faces only inches away. My breath hitched as I clenched my fingers around the table to keep my balance; being in his presence clearly had its effect on me.

He pointed at his pocket. “I’ll return this to you once you agree.” His face came closer. His fingers caressed my skin as he put the card inside my hand. The warm breath near my ear entranced me, as he whispered, “and if you still won’t, I’ll make it even harder for you to resist.” The sound made my knees wobble and moist built up between my legs.

“I’ll see you soon, Chloe.” It was the last thing he said before he strolled out the door, leaving me breathless.

Chapter 2

As I went home, the thought of that delicious young man still filled my mind with fiery thoughts, making me blush, even though there was no one around. I didn't want to think about Kaito, but his deep voice was stuck in my head, his words repeating over and over again. *'I'll make it even harder for you to resist.'* The mere memory heated me up on the inside. I felt like a teenager again, every word having a double meaning to it, making me giggle.

I turned the key in the lock and entered my shabby, one-bedroom house. Ethan was already sitting on the couch with a beer in one hand and the remote control in the other. I swallowed and sighed, preparing myself before I walked in. I pulled my skirt down and brushed my blouse to remove any wrinkles. The card was tucked deep inside my purse.

"Hi, honey." I put my purse under the dresser. He growled, nothing more, but he kept switching the channel without stopping. I hung my arms around his neck and gave him a peck, but he pulled away and leaned forward on his elbows.

"Something wrong?" I took off my shoes and straightened my blouse.

"Don't want to talk about it." Ethan stood up and got his coat. "I'll get some take-out. I'm not in the mood for cooking today." He smacked the door behind him.

I wondered what was bothering him, but maybe I could find out later, when he settled down. I grabbed my purse from under the dresser and sat down at the table. Rummaging through it, I pulled out the card Kaito gave me. It had an exotic aroma to it, the scent tingling my nose.

Staring at the television, it wasn't long before Ethan barged in again. I tucked away the card and hid my purse again. Still, he didn't talk. He just snorted as he placed the food on the table and got some plates.

We sat down and ate our dinner in silence, while I kept my eyes on him, trying to pry it out of him.

But it didn't work.

I sighed and cleaned the table, while he plopped back down on the couch. I couldn't put this to rest, I needed to know what was up.

"Ethan ..." I mumbled, putting down the cloth in my hand.

"What?"

"Can you please just tell me what's wrong?"

He clenched his fists. "Lost my job, no big deal."

I sat down to absorb the news. “What?”

“Fuck, Chloe. You heard me!”

I stood up, came over to him and tried grabbing his hand to comfort him, but he pulled away.

“Don’t. I don’t need your pity,” he said.

“Oh Ethan... Well, we’ll make it work, somehow. We can find you a new job tomorrow, don’t worry about it. It’s okay.”

“No, it’s not okay.” He jumped up and barged through the living room like a mad man. “Shit!”

“Please Ethan,” I pleaded, but he only puffed and stomped back and forth. Then he raised his arm; I closed my eyes and instinctively put my arms in front of my face.

But he wasn’t aiming for me.

I opened my eyes. As he swooped his hand, I heard the crackling of the vase crashing onto the floor, splintering into a million tiny pieces.

Tears rolled down my face.

“Fuck this. I’m out of here.” Ethan stormed out of the apartment building, leaving me with the broken shards scattered across the floor and crushed flowers between them.

I wiped my face with my blouse and started picking up the pieces. He wasn’t always like this, but lately he couldn’t take the pressure anymore. The last time he actually touched me with love was months ago. Ever since I began working, things had gone downhill.

The next day work was the same as always. Unhappy customers complaining to me as if I were the wrongdoer, even though I didn’t know what their problems were. Nonetheless, it was a good distraction from Ethan’s outburst though, plus I was grateful I still had a job; the only income in our household.

During lunch break Patricia filled me in on the latest gossip she’d dug up. “Did you know Linda from our yoga classes recently had a filler done?”

“No, you’re kidding!” I munched on my salad.

“I wish! She looks horrible.”

We both giggled.

“Seriously, if I ever tell you I want to get something done, please smack me on the head. I’ll be dammed if I’d pay so much for a whack to wreck my body like that,” she said.

“I’ll do anything for you, Pat, even whip you with a chain if you asked me.” I laughed and sipped my iced tea. “You’re my best friend and you landed me this job, so I owe you one, big time.”

“Oh, stop it, girl, you don’t owe me anything. I did it because I want you here, so I can spill all the dirt I found,” she said, and pricked all the cucumber slices on her fork and put them beside her plate.

“Well, you’ve been a big help. Ethan just lost his job, so it’s up to me now to make sure we have enough.”

She stopped picking her food and gazed at me, her pupils dilated. “Really?”

I sighed. “Yeah ... And he wasn’t happy about it either.”

“Well if you ask me, you should’ve ditched him a long time ago. Every time I see him, he acts like a gorilla. Storming around, eyes permanently squinted, his eyebrows at six ‘o clock twenty-four-seven. On the upside, though, men like that are usually good in bed ... you should know.” She gave me a sly smile.

“Like I would let you in on that.” I snorted and put a cherry tomato in my mouth. It was ages since Ethan last touched me. I wondered if he lost interest entirely.

Right then, my eyes were drawn to a well-built man, sauntering past the window of the deli we were in. His black hair hung a little over his hooded eyes, and it was all I needed to recognize him. With his hands in his black leather pants, Kaito halted, right in front of our table.

I dropped my fork, the clattering noise alerted Patricia to look at him. “Holy—” she began.

“What is he doing here?” I said. I widened my eyes, shook my head and raised my eyebrows at him, wondering if he would explain himself through the window.

From his pocket came a marker and with it he drew a few numbers on the window.

“Who’s that hunkalicious writing on the window?” She smiled and threw him flirtatious winks, which he ignored.

“Kaito. I met him yesterday at the bar.”

Below the number he wrote: *‘Call me.’*

Pat’s mouth dropped as she turned her head back and forth from me to him. “Chloe! Is that gorgeous guy here for you?”

I waved at him, talking to Patricia at the same time. “Yeah, Pat, but I can’t seem to shake him off.”

Kaito saluted us and then strolled off like nothing happened. Like he didn’t just use a public window to give me a message.

“Be right back,” I said, scurrying out of the deli. Kaito had his phone to his ear and walked into an alley behind the corner. I bolted after him. Leaning against the wall, with my arms crossed, I gazed at his amazing features, eyeing him from bottom to top. Wearing loose Cuban heel boots, black, leather pants, a tight fitted white tee and a dark blazer on top made him look delicious and much like a rock-star, especially with the silver dragon hanging on a chain from his neck.

I waited for him to finish his conversation. I didn’t catch much of it, other than: “Just let me enjoy this for once.” I didn’t know what it meant, but it didn’t matter anyhow, since he wasn’t talking about me. Or was he?

As he snapped his phone shut, he turned his gaze toward me.

“Had a change of heart?” He stepped closer and gave me a lopsided smile.

“Not quite. What are you doing here?”

He moved his finger from left to right. “The right question is: Why’d you follow me?”

I bit my lip. “I don’t know.”

He gently tugged my arms, so they loosened and I dropped them beside me. “No need to be so defensive. I’m not going to hurt you,” he said and then advanced further. I backed into the wall and let my head rest on it, while he placed his hands next to me on the bricks. I was trapped between him, his firm, muscular arms and the building. I liked it.

The tiny voice inside my head told me to leave, to run away, but I was frozen. My body ached for his touch. A man’s touch. I wanted his lips on mine.

His face was only inches away from mine. “Please go out with me.”

How could I? I had a boyfriend. I couldn’t abandon him or worse; cheat on him.

“I can’t,” I muttered.

“I’ll make you think otherwise.” With those words, he put his lips on mine. His kiss was soft and warm, but also full of passion and lust. It had been a long time since I last felt that.

His hot moisture tasted like green tea, fresh, but dreamy. I wanted more. The sensation of his kisses was driving me insane, making my panties damp. He pressed his lips onto mine, as far as he could. With his tongue he tried to enter my mouth, but I wouldn’t let him. It was like he was hungry for more.

Why am I enjoying this? I shouldn't!

I pushed him away, gasping for air.

He smiled and blinked a couple of times. "See you soon, Chloe." He put his fingers to his lips and blew me a kiss in the air before walking off.

It took me five minutes to catch my breath before I went back to the deli again.

"What the fuck did you do with him, Chloe? You were gone for ages."

"Just a couple of minutes," I said, still panting.

"Well whatever you two did, I don't want to know about it," She swayed her fork up and down.

"We didn't do anything," I lied. *Well, it was only a kiss, right?*

"Okay ... Well, if you don't want him, I'll have a bite of that yummy tush of his."

"Pat, please." I blushed.

She giggled. "Relax, I'm joking. Besides, you wouldn't mind anyway, you've got Ethan."

I rolled my eyes. I had a boyfriend, that part was true. I just didn't know for how long. We'd been fighting so much lately. I didn't know if I wanted to anymore.

When we were back in the building, Patricia and I were still talking about Kaito, but then she poked me in my side. "Look!"

I focused on her finger which was pointing at my desk. On it, stood a vase filled with what had to be about fifty roses.

"Oh my god!" She screamed and ran over to her own desk so she could sit down and watch me open the card that was inside the bouquet.

'You deserve, and will receive, many more of these when you go out with me. Love, Kaito.'

I spoke the words out loud.

Patricia squealed and turned circles in her chair. "Are you kidding me? Ethan is a jerk, he's been treating you like shit lately, and now you're handed a pretty boy on a plate. I say, go for it!"

I plopped down on my chair, my hand on my forehead, not knowing what to do. My head was saying no, I shouldn't do it, but my body and my heart wanted to. I longed for that man;

longed for his fingers to caress me, and more. The mere memory of his lips touching mine sent heat strokes through my body.

“You need someone like him. No, no, wait ... Everybody needs someone like him.” Pat threw a pencil at my back. “Do it. Now,” she commanded.

“Alright, alright.”

I pulled my phone from my pocket and dialed the number on the card.

It rang three times.

“Hello, Chloe.”

I held in my breath as the deep voice on the other end of the line lured me into the darkness.

Chapter 3

“Took you long enough,” Kaito said.

“Be careful, or I’ll hang up the phone,” I answered. *There, that’ll show him.* Though I didn’t know exactly what I wanted to show him. Maybe I just wanted to play his game too.

“Now, now, I’m only trying to get under your skin.”

The way he said it made me feel naked.

I swallowed. “How did you know where I work?”

He laughed, the bellowing sounds making me quiver. “You know, the internet and stuff like that. Doesn’t take long to find out everything about a person, as long as you have their name. Anything’s an open book nowadays. Did you like the flowers I sent you?”

“Yeah, they’re beautiful, thank you, but—”

“I’ll shower you in them. Literally. The prickling needles will prove to arouse you when I make love to you.”

My jaw dropped. I was lucky this conversation wasn’t on speaker mode. I cleared my throat. “Kaito, I can’t—”

“You know you want to,” he interrupted me again.

I didn’t know what to say to him. Part of me wanted to say no, hang up the phone and never talk to him again, but the other ... it was tempting. I’d never felt this wanted before. Or at least, not in a very long time.

“What’s your favorite food?” He asked.

“Sushi, why?”

“What a fine taste you have, Miss. *Wakarimashita.* It’s done. Tonight at five, I’ll pick you up from work.”

“Wait!” I stammered, but he’d already hung up the phone.

I stared at the phone in my hand, my fingers trembling, struggling to hold on to it.

What in the world had I done? I hadn’t protested and he’d arranged a dinner date for us without my consent. My brain felt like it was on inactive mode, like I couldn’t, or didn’t want to say no. This man was so overpowering, in every way.

I shook my head in disbelief.

“Well?” Patricia asked, her hands clenched around her knees.

“He’s picking me up at five. Seriously, what did you make me do, Pat?” I muttered.

No, I can't do this. I mustn't. I started dialing Kaito's number again, but Patricia stormed from her chair, raced over to me and snatched the phone out of my hand.

"Pat! Jesus!" I screamed as I jumped after her, but she held it high up in the air, too far for me to reach it.

"Oh for crying out loud, give it to me!" I shouted.

"No. You'll go with that Kaito dude and you're gonna have a fantastic night for once. God, Chloe, how long has it been since you last had sex? I can smell your horniness from a mile away. You were almost drooling when you saw him standing in front of the window, so I know you wanna fuck him."

"Pat! I have Ethan. I can't just cheat on him."

"Yeah, well he ain't doing you, now is he? It's not cheating if he's not loving you back. I reckon your pussy's as dried up as a desert. Girl, if a man's not loving you, there's no use in holding on to him. Gotta let him go and follow the good stuff. You're only twenty three. Live a little."

I sighed and sat back down again, since there was no way I would get my phone back. What she said was true. It had been a long time since Ethan and I made love. Every time I made an effort, putting on hot lingerie or massaging him, he pushed me away, making me feel rejected and unwanted. After a while, I stopped trying.

"I'll hold on to this thing 'till he's here," she said with a smirk on her face and went back to her desk.

My nails were chipped to bits after I was done with them. The arrow on the clock already passed the five for a few minutes and I was sweating in my seat.

Then I heard the car horn three times.

My heart started racing and sweat trickled down my back.

"Time to get some hot action, Chloe!" Pat squealed in delight. I imagined she'd rather have him for herself.

I waved and shooed her away. "Stop it, Pat. You're making me nervous."

She giggled. "I'll call Ethan and tell him you're staying with me for the night. Here's your phone." She tossed it over to me as I walked toward the exit, my legs trembling. I caught the phone and frowned at her before walking out.

Right in front of the door was a shiny, white limo.

My mouth dropped, but I laughed at the same time, gazing at the polished, long car of which the engine was still rumbling, until my attention was drawn to him.

He was wearing a smooth, black button-down with a red tie knotted around his open collar. Even though he didn't show any skin, it was still sexy as hell, his well shaped body visible through the fabric.

The way he walked forward, took my hand and gave it a small peck, sent goose bumps all over my body.

"Evening, Chloe. Let's go," he said, as he led me toward the car.

"You got us a Limo?" I asked.

"It's not that big of a deal."

"I'm not dressed for this at all," I stammered and looked at my fitted top paired with a tight, black skirt.

"Don't worry about it, you look beautiful." He opened the door for me and held my hand as I stepped inside.

Kaito closed the door, walked to the other side and sat down beside me. A rush of fear swept over me, as I realized what I was doing. I was going with another man. Ethan was my hubby, though we weren't married or anything, but for a long time he couldn't love me anymore and I'd gotten so desperate for love, I'd do anything for it.

I squiggled around in my seat. The space Kaito and me shared felt too small, even though at least three people could fit on this couch.

He scooted closer as the driver rode us through the streets, the car was only illuminated by the lampposts outside.

In the darkness it looked like his hooded eyes were checking me out.

Kaito put his arm around my shoulder, his other hand caressing my fingers clenched on my lap. His face came closer, I moved away toward the window, trying not to give in to temptation. His finger trailed a path from my wrist up to my arm all the way to my nape and, as he landed near my cheek, he placed tiny kisses on my neck, which sent electric shocks through my body.

I was giving in. I was letting a stranger seduce me, and yet the mystery of this man felt exhilarating, making me crave for more.

He lisped in my ear. "Dine with me, Chloe. You will be my dessert."

He pulled me closer and I shut my eyes to let the pleasure in. It was a sin, but I needed his love. I wanted so badly what Ethan couldn't or wouldn't give me, even though my mind was still struggling with the idea of doing this.

Kaito's fingers shifted from my neck to my collarbone, with every slow movement my breath faltered. Tracing my sternum down toward my breasts, I gasped for air as he continued to kiss me on my weakest spot, right below my ear.

With only his index finger he tracked the way across my shirt to my nipple.

My eyes flashed open out of delight, but also out of shame, as I knew what Kaito was doing. It went against every fiber of my being, but my body ached for more.

Circling around the crown of my nipple, still on top of my clothes, he groaned in my ear, making me squeeze my butt cheeks together.

We were still fully clothed, yet I felt naked.

When my nipples were hard, he stopped and let his hand drop down to my leg. Squeezing my thighs with one hand, he grasped me with the other and pulled me in for a kiss on the mouth. His moist lips were massaging mine as he moved his hand closer to my inner thighs. As his fingers came closer to my pubic bone, I moaned, maybe a bit too loud, because Kaito pulled away after a quick bite on my lip.

He smiled, a low, animal-like grunt escaped his mouth. "I knew you wouldn't resist."

I leaned forward toward him, but with only two fingers he pushed me away again. "Ah, ah, enough for now, Chloe."

"What? Why? Why are you stopping now?" I said, my panties getting wetter by the second.

"*Chotto matte*. Hold on. You'll get more soon enough, but we've got to behave ourselves at the restaurant." He settled himself back on the other side of the couch.

I exhaled a couple of times and positioned myself upward, facing straight again. I felt uncomfortable, the way he watched my face as I tried to compose myself.

He licked his lip and pointed at his pants. The visible bump was large enough to tighten his pants.

"Look what you do to me, Chloe," he said, drawing my gaze to the swelling penis still inside his pants. I swallowed and bit my lip, squeezing my hands together as I fought the urge to undress him and feel his erection.

"Can't go in like this, now can we? Have to calm down, before we get there."

I snorted. What a man. He halted like it was no big deal and I was sitting here, yearning for more.

As we came up to the restaurant, I sighed and waited for him to let me out. He took my hand and winked at me, before escorting me inside.

Inside, the lights were dimmed, but I could make out a sign with a smiling fish on it serving itself on a plate. On the walls were multiple photo's of a chef chopping fish, cooking rice and rolling seaweed.

"Sushi?" I asked.

Kaito guided me to our table for two. "Well, of course, you said this was your favorite and I must say, I love your taste. Not just in food." He grinned and I blushed as I knew he was referring to my lips.

We got a table with a chair on each end and to the side, a sofa. Kaito pulled the chair out for me to sit down, before he sat down himself. He ordered a few plates with different kinds of sushi and sashimi.

"So, mister ..." I realized I didn't even know his last name.

"Nagao, Kaito," he said, leaning back in his chair, observing me from a distance, his hands folded.

"Nagao, Kaito, is that how you pronounce surnames in Japan? Backwards?"

"*Hai*. Yes, Chloe, but you needn't. Call me Kaito."

"So, what brings you to our country?" I grabbed the water bottle from the table and poured myself some.

"Work ... and more," he said, eyeing me from top to bottom, lingering on my breasts.

I flushed and moved my hand in a circular motion, swirling the water in the glass. "What kind of work do you do?"

"I'm in the entertainment business."

"What kind of entertainment business?" I needed to know who this man was who had managed to make me feel so wanted.

"Let's just say I'm here to entertain you," he said with a lopsided smile.

I laughed and the waiter came to bring us the delicious sushi and sashimi, the sight made my mouth water.

The waiter also brought a bottle of unknown liquid to the table. I reached for the jar, but Kaito held us hand up.

"Let me do it for you," he said, and he picked up the jar and poured some into my glass.

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