

100 Days 26

Chapter 26 Longing

Dejavu?

This already happened in Nathan's room when he harshly pulled her. Abigail landed once again on top of his body. He was gripping her wrist tightly and his other hand was now holding the back of her waist.

Abigail wiggled her right wrist for Nathan to release it. Then she pressed her free hand against the bed, trying to stand up. But she was stopped when Nathan made another movement.

Abigail's body stiffened when he suddenly wrapped her body using two hands, hugging her. It seemed like he didn't have a plan of letting her go.

"Please stay... Don't leave me," Nathan murmured in her ears. He sounded so sad and desperate which made Abigail stop struggling against his embrace.

'Damn! What kind of trouble did I put myself into? Is Nathan dreaming or hallucinating?' Abigail could feel Nathan's hot temperature. His body was burning up with fever.

Abigail's body started to burst into sweat. She also felt awkward with their current position but she couldn't move. Nathan was holding her so tight, afraid that she would disappear once he let go.

'He is so strong for a sick person like him,' she lamented to herself. 'I think he mistook me for someone else, otherwise, he would have kicked me out of here already. I should get up and leave before he sobers up.'

Abigail tried to struggle against his embrace and get off the bed but Nathan would not allow her to escape and leave.

"Monica... Stop fighting me," Nathan mumbled in his half-conscious state. The way he pronounced her name was filled with longing.

Before Abigail could react, Nathan flipped her over, changing their positions. Abigail was now under him. The devil was trapping her in between his body and the bed.

Abigail gulped hard as she could smell his intoxicating male scent. 'Fuck! I'm in trouble.' Her heart started to race once again.

Badum! Badum! Badum!

'For goodness's sake, Nathan! Release me now. Don't force me to hurt you again.' Abigail pressed her hands against his sturdy chest, pushing him away from her body.

But Nathan caught her arms, pinning them over her head. Her legs were locked against his. Abigail's eyes widened in surprise. How could he be strong in this current state?

"Nathan, Wake Up! It's me, Abigail. Release me now," Abigail tried to talk to him. "I'm not Monica!"

Mentioning Monica's name for the second time around was a wrong move. This time Nathan became more aggressive. He lowered his head as he tried to claim Abigail's lips. But she turned her head to the other side to avoid his lips. His mouth ended up touching her face.

But Nathan didn't stop. He began kissing her face, his lips nibbling on her jawline, and trailing kisses down her neck. Abigail felt like her body was electrocuted, the unfamiliar sensation spreading throughout her nerves.

All she could do was curse inwardly while her lungs tried to catch up with her heavy breathing, her heart thumping so hard against her chest.

This intimate body contact between them and the way Nathan was kissing her gave her an unfamiliar feeling... an overwhelming pleasure she had never experienced before.

Nathan grabbed the opportunity that Abigail was distracted. He began sucking her flesh on the sensitive part of her neck and his free hand cupped her left breast, kneading her soft bosom through her shirt.

Her fingers reflexively clenched the bed sheet as she felt the rush of heated pleasure running from her tummy down to her private part in between her legs. A surprised moan escaped her mouth.

She didn't know where she should focus her attention. His hot palm was expertly playing with her breast while he continued giving her love bites on her neck.

Nathan was so harsh and aggressive as if he was pouring all his emotions... his longings through this action.

Instead of stopping him, Abigail was being carried away by his burning passion. Her mind knew she should stop this but her body was telling her otherwise. She was drowning in this flaming desire. She didn't know how she would save her own self.

As Nathan continued to stimulate her body with his touches and kisses, Abigail started to crave for more. This was the first time someone touched her intimately and more passionately.

'Damn it! I'm not Monica!' Abigail screamed in her mind, gritting her teeth as she tried to suppress another moan from escaping her mouth.

TEAR!

A tearing sound of a fabric reverberated inside the room as Nathan yanked her shirt down along with her bra to expose her upper body to him. He wanted to touch her warm flesh with his bare hands.

Before Abigail could learn what he was planning to do, she just felt his warm mouth kissing and sucking her nipple while his forefinger and thumb began twisting her other nipple.

'Nooo!' Her mind screamed in objection but her body was enjoying every bit of this moment.

Abigail gasped, her lips forming an 'O' shape while rolling her eyes in pleasure. This was too much for her first time. The funny thing was she had no control over her body as if Nathan was the one possessing her body, making her surrender to him.

Instead of pushing his head away from her body, Abigail even pulled his face, pressing the back of his head towards her chest.

'What the hell am I doing? I have to stop this craziness!' Abigail scolded herself, her eyes amusingly observing how Nathan was sucking and lapping her breast with his playful tongue and mouth.

Abigail and Nathan were so lost in their own world when she suddenly heard a commotion outside. Abigail felt like a bucket of cold water was splashed at her whole being when she heard Veronica's angry voice.

"What is the meaning of this? How could they sleep when they were supposed to guard this room and watch over their master?! Wake them up, now!"

'Uh-oh! The Witch is here!' Abigail glanced at the closed door.