

## Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 8

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 8-He drew a sharp breath, surprised by my bold move, but didn't hesitate to kiss back. He wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me closer to himself, letting me feel his growing erection trapped in his jeans. My chest flattened against his and my nipple poked at his chest. I moaned into the kiss as he slipped his tongue into my mouth, tasting and savouring the feel. His hand travelled up to my neck, and he sang poisonous caresses over the skin of my neck, making me tingle and arch against him. His hand on my waist moved below and hoisted me against his solid form and then further and he grabbed my butt. I gasped as he applied pressure with his grip and he rubbed against me even as he grew harder and throbbed in his trouser.

He broke the kiss and pulled away to look at me, his eyes beholding me as if I was the most precious creature he ever laid his eyes on, and this made my heart swell with pride. I was gasping for air from being kissed for over two minutes straight. My lips were slightly parted, and I knew they were also swollen and rosy now. I couldn't tell how I look, but it was enough to drive him nuts.

He growled and pushed up the polo I had on and, taking the cue; I yanked it off and tossed it to the floor. Without the bra I was naked from the waist up, my skin covered with goosebumps and my nipple hard as a rock. There was an acute wetness between my legs and it showed how affected by this man I was.

"Gorgeous," he muttered and cupped my breast into his large palms, flicking his thumb over my nipples. His eyes stayed on me, intent on seeing my reaction, and I couldn't control my response because I moaned and arched into his touch, pushing my breast further into his hands.

He unbuttoned the jeans I had on and slipped his left hand into it to palm my pussy, only to discover how wet I was down there.

"So wet!" he moaned, still poking my nipples and staring at me with such desire that shook me to the core.

He flicked his thumb over my clit and I moaned out, biting my lips to channel the reactions because I feared I'd cum under a minute.

I haven't been with any man since Owens. We stopped having sex about two months before our break-up. He had many reasons he couldn't get it up, a few being because he was tired and other times because I didn't look sexy enough to turn him on.

The point being, it's been a while and that would contribute to me reaching orgasm faster than normal, especially with how good his hands felt on me.

I felt his mouth on my nipples and I snapped out of my thoughts. Moaning and squirming when he flicked his tongue over me, I hit my release.

It was too quick, and the realisation dawned on me even as ecstasy swept through me. He pulled back and withdrew his hand as my vision cleared. My eyes lowered, unable to hold him, and my cheeks burn in embarrassment. I talked the big talk for so long and couldn't even hold on for three minutes.

I felt his hand tilt my chin so my eyes lifted to his and I didn't see any form of judgement or criticism in them.

He took my lips between his for a deep kiss, without tongue. He just let me feel his soft lips as they caressed mine tenderly. I moaned, feeling the passion in the slow kiss. Then he added his tongue, but only to trace it over my bottom lips before slowly easing it into my mouth. He hoisted me up and carried me into his arm. My legs and arms wrapped around him on instinct as he led us out of the kitchen and through the hallway that led to our rooms.

"Yours or mine?" he mumbled as he broke the kiss.

"Yours," I panted because a part of me wanted to be buried in his scent.

He smiled before taking my lips into his and moving on. By the time he broke the kiss again, he was lowering me onto the bed. He gripped the trousers I still had on and peeled them off my skin, leaving me naked before his eyes.

I heard him drop a shaky breath and a light growl left his mouth as he beheld me once again like the most precious thing he had ever laid his eyes on.

I felt empowered; I felt alive in his presence and that gave me much boldness that I hadn't possessed before.

"Take off your clothes, Aaron," I said, my voice not possessing as much authority as it should. Still, he obeyed, gripping his jeans trousers and yanking

them off in a second, leaving him in his black brief boxers. Then he gripped the polo top he had on and yanked it over his head in a blink. I could see the line of his erection in his boxers and it was massive, perhaps even bigger than I expected it to be.

My stomach tightened and my scepticism must have displayed on my face because he said, "What's your conclusion?"

He was taking me back to when I told him it was my place to conclude if he differed from the other men I'd been with in the past.

"That would depend on how you use it."

His brow rose. "So we advance?"

His question made me wonder if he would stop here and now if I felt unsure. He was giving me the power I never had before, the power to call the shots and decide how things should go from here. Sure, I had the chance to change my mind for my safety, yet I never wanted to mention the way I wanted him.

I bit my lips and nodded, "Yes."

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