

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

IN HIS CAR

Zane:

Whatever this woman is doing to me, my body loves it. I've never felt this way before, and this has to be the happiest I've ever been. I've been an asshole, and I don't deserve her love. If she decides to kill me today, then so be it.

"Don't say it, please." I pull away from the kiss, pleading.

I don't want to hear how she doesn't want to be with me; I know that already, and it would only worsen the situation. She stares at me with her beautiful eyes glistening in the darkness. I run my thumb over her lips while she remains silent, not saying a word.

I snap my fingers at the chauffeur, who winds up the glass partition. Then I lean in close again, taking her lips once more in a soft, delicate kiss, nibbling gently on her lower lip to gain entrance. When she grants it, our tongues meet, sucking and slurping against each other as my hands find their way around her waist, inching her closer to me.

Soon, I can't get enough of her, so I lift her onto my lap, clasping her to my body as she throws her hands around my neck. I break the kiss, pushing her head back against the glass partition, trailing kisses down her neck and resting on her bosom.

"Will you also rip this?" she asks, and a laugh escapes my lips as I lift her gown, allowing her to sit on my pants with only her underwear between us.

The warmth is soothing, but I don't stop there. I remove the entire dress, running my hand down her delicate back and undoing the hook of her bra, which falls forward, revealing her perfect breasts. I stare at them for a while, admiring how beautiful she is.

"I could stay like this all night," I say, and she runs her hand over my face, feeling my beard with her fingers. Then she holds my chin, pressing her lips to mine softly as her hands reach for my tie, unknotting it.

She proceeds to take off my jacket and then unbuttons my shirt while keeping her lips on mine. Her hands trail down my chest as she rocks back and forth on my hard member, poking through the fabric of my clothes. I'm losing my patience, but I want to be gentle with her.

Sex with her feels right, unlike my other meaningless exploits with other women.

"Fuck!" I groan as she dips her hands into my pants, grabbing my dick. I grasp her waist tightly, then grab her hands, pulling them away. "You're killing me," I breathe as I undo my belt and unzip my pants, taking out my hard cock.

Then I lift her up, shifting her panties to the side as I slowly lower her onto my cock, sending waves of pleasure through me as her core expands to take my entire length.

She gasps, biting her lip, and I wrap my hands around her waist, lifting her up and down on me while she runs her hands through my hair, playing gently with it.

Suddenly, I stop, allowing her to take control as she stares into my eyes with her soul-stealing gaze.

"I love you," I say to her this time without remorse, and she takes my lips again, rocking back and forth, echoing soft moans into my ears that drive me nuts.

Although I'm enjoying the moment, her pace is killing me, and I want more. I try to grab her breasts, play with them, suck them, bite them gently, but nothing is enough.

I'm already deep inside her, but I want more. I wrap my hands around her waist, steadying her on my body, ramming into her faster and faster as her moans fill the air, her nails digging into my skin as she tries to process her emotions.

"Please!"

"Fuck!"

"Don't stop!"

"Zane, please!" Hearing her call my name for the first time does something to me, and I obey her command, watching her die from pleasure with her breasts bouncing in the air, putting on a little show for me.

I slow down a bit, and then she opens her eyes, continuing to rock back and forth until we both reach our peak, coming undone in each other's arms.