



## Chapter 11 - Isla POV

"HAPPY BIRTHDAAAAY" they yell out as we clink our shot glasses together. I throw back the tequila and feel it burn all the way down to my stomach.

This has to be my sixth? Seventh? shot..I've lost track, but the buzz I'm riding is supreme.

Audrie makes her way back to the dance floor with Connor and Liz. Paul and Anna go back to the shameless flirting they have been doing all night.

"So how's it feel birthday girl?" Tate says turning to rest his back on the bar.

"Well right now I feel great!!" I giggle.

"Haha, I think that might be the tequila talking," He says.

"Nah, I'm good, I feel free. This is the first birthday since my Grandma died I've even celebrated" I respond.

I see a tinge of sadness dance across his eyes. I hate that, I hate pity.

"Isla, I'm sor.." he started. "Nope, nope, nope! We are having fun and that sentence doesn't sound fun" I interrupt him. "I am going to grab some air, that tequila has got me sweating!" I say and I head toward the door.

Stepping out, the nights' cool breeze washes over me. I suck in a deep breath, letting it out and it all goes, relaxing my body in the process. I lean back against the stone wall, closing my eyes and letting the air calm me.



I have no idea how much time has passed when I feel a warm hand on my shoulder. I open my eyes and see these stormy gray-blue eyes staring at me. "Are you okay? You've been out here a while?" Tate asks. "I'm good" I replied, not breaking eye contact. There is this tension building between us, I can feel it. I have never felt this before. I can feel the heat building back in my core as this hot piece of man candy stands in front of me. It's complete silence, he is standing in front of me still, his hand not leaving my shoulder.

He reaches out with his other hand to brush a stray hair from my face. I can't help myself now, I cup my hand to his face, and soft pricks from his stubby chin tickle my palm. "Isla...can I kiss you?" he whispers, brushing his thumb across my bottom lip. I nod up at him, he snakes one hand around behind my head, and the other surrounds my waist. He pulls me closer, my hand threading into his hair as his lips crash onto mine. It's happening, my first kiss!

He deepens the kiss, his lips lightly parting as his tongue slowly presses at my lips, asking to enter. I part my lips, granting access to his tongue. He begins darting around my mouth, and I match his with mine, tasting every part of his mouth. The hand behind my head, he tangles his fingers into my hair pulling my head back. His kisses turn to nibbles as he slowly trails his soft lips from my lips down my neck. My core is ignited, throbbing at the mere possibility.

I feel the wetness start in my panties. His large hand finds its way under the hem of my shirt, cupping my breast, and our eyes meet. I give a slight nod as I pulled his handsome face back to mine, The hunger for the kisses growing. I am 19 now, I know he is not my mate, but this, this is what I need. I feel the primal want between us building. Our tongues tangle in a dance, his hand kneading my breast, and he begins to roll my nipple between his thumb and forefinger. A moan escapes my throat



encouraging Tate to keep going. I reach out and trail his hard chest through the soft cotton of his shirt.

I feel his body stiffen at my touch. I feel the loss of his hand on my breast, my nipple still pebbled up from his work. My eyes shoot open as his hands cup my ass as he pulls me up and toward him. I part my legs and then circle his waist as I drape my hand around his neck. The kisses are hungry, he is nibbling on my bottom lip and presses my back against the stone exterior. Using his body and the building to keep me upright, he moves his hand to my thigh. The warmth of his palm kindles the fire in my core. I always thought I wanted to wait for my mate, but now, I want his touch.

I want him to touch every last inch of me. I gasp as his hand cups my throbbing pussy. Tate pulls back from the kiss, "You're so wet for me Isla" his voice gravels out. He moves the thin fabric of my panties to the side and gently slides his fingers back and forth from my wet lips. "Is this what you want?" he asks. I nod. "I need the words Isla," he says. "Yess," I say, coming out more as a moan than anything. With that his fingers part my slick folds, his thumb tracing circles over my sensitive bud. This feeling is beyond what I've brought on myself.

He applies more pressure and picks up speed as he twirls around my bud. I suck in a breath as my back arches off the building, the pressure building is almost too much. He slides one of his thick digits inside, I yelp at the sudden intrusion. His mouth covers mine, swallowing the moans as he pumps a finger in and out of me. A moan catches in my throat as he breaks the kiss and says "That's it, come for me, baby". With that, he adds a second finger and it's too much, I come undone on his hand, my juices trickling down my leg. He keeps working my clit and pumping into it as I ride the wave of my orgasm.



He pulls his hand back slowly. He sets me down on the ground, my legs shaking as after the quake of the events. "I need more Tate," I said panting. Tate cracks a smile, as he runs a hand through his hair, and says "me too Isla".



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