

## Chapter 4

Stay

Waking up in a jolt I search the room I was in. It takes a while for me to realize it was familiar. That I was in Darren's bedroom.

I sigh in relief that Raya didn't managed to take over, but then I remember everything. Remember that Darren saw my struggle. He was going to ask questions and that's what I've been trying to avoid.

I scan the room for him only to find him seated on a chair near the bedside table. His eyes are on me.

Studying me. Trying to break through to what I'm hiding deep down.

"Mind telling me why I had to carry you home in an unconscious state?" he asks. His voice gravelly low.

An undercurrent of something dangerous lacing it.

I rack my brain for an answer. For a lie that would placate him.

“Raya was really scared and her first instinct was to shift and flee. I tried assuring her that we were safe but she wouldn’t listen.” The lie flies smoothly out of my mouth.

His brows scrunch up in a frown. “Why was she afraid? What could she be scared of?”

“That’s the thing, I don’t know...She’s been like that since we were rescued. There are those moments where she forgets and thinks that we’re still in danger. My therapist said that it’s to be expected.”

I hated lying to him but I had no choice. He couldn’t help in dealing with Raya. No one could. The only thing that could help, was putting her down and putting her down meant killing me. I wasn’t ready to die yet. Not after gaining my freedom.

I see his eyes soften and I know that I got him. That he believes me. After all, they all know that I suffer from PTSD and my doctor said to expect moments where my mind throws me back to the past.

I’m taking advantage of my condition. Using it against him but I have to do what I have to do to protect myself.

Getting out of the bed, I make sure that my walls are intact. I go to him and kneel so that we’re eye level.

“It’s been a long day Darren, I want to forget...please make me forget.” I plead with him. Begging him with my eyes.

It's only when I'm in his arms do I find solace. When he's fucking my brains out do I forget everything that I went through and everything I'm currently dealing with.

He stands up and brings me with him. Lifting his hand, he gently slides it along my cheek. I lean in as I watch his eyes which are fixed on mine. I couldn't look away from him even if I wanted to. He had every bit of my attention as he slowly leaned down and kissed me.

My heart beats erratically when Darren slides his tongue against mine. The press of his warm lips eases my thoughts.

I whimper when his hand runs upward and into my hair, his finger playing with the locks. His body pressed against mine.

He's hard, his stiff cock forced against my belly, causing tingles of anticipation to run down my back.

I feel like I'm on fire. Desire and need throbbing heavily in every fiber of my body as Darren walks me backwards. His bed breaks my fall when he falls with me onto it.

His small, rough groans were making me rub against him. Making me dry hump his body like a goddamn slut.

Heat flushes my skin as his mouth ventures down my throat and his hand comes up to caress my breast. His fingers kneading through the fabric of my dress.

I couldn't speak and everything I tried saying came out as a jumbled mess. As if he could read my mind, he takes hold of the hem of my dress and yanks it over my head.

The cool air makes my nipples stand on end just as Darren envelops one with his mouth. His teeth grazing the sensitive flesh through my bra.

Needing more, I reach behind, flick the fastening and unhook my bra. He chuckles but he doesn't remove his attention from my breast.

I want to feel his skin so I start unbuttoning his shirt. When that is done, I push it over his shoulder just as he switches to the other nipple.

My hand slides over the skin on his back, the smoothness making me want to feel him more. I tuck my hand into his waistband and smile when rock-hard muscles greet me.

"Has anyone ever told you, you have the firmest ass ever?" I ask, wincing at my own words.

He chuckles, the deep sound vibrating through my nipple, making me moan.

"Thank you," he mumbles.

His eyes lift and I grin down at him. He then takes a new journey, making my body buzz with excitement.

When his lips came to one of the hideous scars on my stomach. I freeze and close my eyes.

“Look at me, Mayra. Open your eyes,” he commands.

I didn’t want to but I take a breath and do as he asked me. Looking down at him as his lips tenderly brush over another part of my mangled skin.

“This is beautiful,” he whispered. “It’s your life. It shows you are free. It’s proof that you went through hell and survived.”

“It’s evidence of my mistake. Punishment for ignoring Raya's warnings.” I argue quietly.

I’m surprised when I see him smiling. “No, it’s victory in its most physical form.”

Before I can answer, his fingers move downwards. His fingers playing at the waistband of my panties.

Beckoning me with a tap to my hip. I lift my ass off the bed so he could remove them. I feel exposed when he yanks them down but all that is forgotten when a dirty grin rises on his face.

Darren palms the inside of my thighs before pushing my legs wider open, exposing my most intimate part to him.

“You’re breath-taking,” his voice choked and gruff. “I’ve seen you like this before but damn I can’t help my eyes from feasting on you.”

I release a grunt at his words as I imagine his mouth feasting on me. Once again, as if reading my mind, he dips down and when his hot

mouth meets my hot flesh, my head flops back and I lift my hips to greet his eagerness.

He growls and starts eating me out like I was his last meal. I grip his hair and ride with him as he brings me to orgasm. His mouth devouring my cum like a madman. His face completely sinking between my flesh to take it hungrily.

I was a complete wreck when he eventually made his way back, up my body and to my mouth. I tasted my orgasm on him and it heightened my need. My body was begging for more.

When I feel him kick off his trousers and his erection between my legs, I whimper.

I went to push him. Wanting to return a favor but he stops me.

“Today is all about you darling,” he says as he takes my lips again.

I lift my legs around his firm backside and when his cock rubs against my clit we both moan loudly.

He deepens the kiss and rocks against me. Sliding his cock along me, wetting it with my juices and tormenting us both with lust.

“Darren, please.”

“Please, what Mayra?” his mouth treks along my neck.

His tongue runs tenderly along my skin and I clench my teeth together as my body prickles with awareness.

“I need you, Darren. I need to feel you inside me.”

Another moan left him but he didn't disappoint. His cock plunges inside me, making me gasp. My pussy quivers in delight around him.

When he was fully inside me, he stills and rears back to look at me. His eyes ordering me to look at him. He was damn beautiful. I couldn't look away if I wanted to. His jaw was locked tight and his eyes were hooded over.

He starts moving and my mouth falls open in ecstasy. Something in his eyes shifts as he slowly rocks in and out of me.

I was hypnotized by him, by the look of adoration I saw in his eyes and the pleasure that filled his features.

I lift my hips to meet him in an effort to give him more. His teeth clash together and he hisses when a moan of pleasure rolls out from me. Our need deepens and Darren starts to speed up until he is driving in and out of me like the world was going to end before we managed to reach climax.

Without warning, he pulls out and flips me over. With one arm, he brings me on all fours. I was about to complain at the loss when he rams into me, filling me again.

“Fuck, you feel so fucking good.” he rambles.

The only answer I could master was a moan.

“You feel that? You feel my cock inside you...you feel how hard you make me?”

The sound of skin on skin was the best soundtrack of our fuckfest.

“Yes, oh goddess yess...don’t stop, Darren.” I beg.

He spans my ass and I clench around him. My moan being drawn from deep inside my chest.

“I love how your tight little body squeezes my dick...Makes me think you want my cum inside you.” He groaned.

Goddess. When he talks dirty like that, it makes me want to give him everything.

I fist the sheets when he rams into me again. Unable to hold back my moan.

He falls back on his calves and brings me with him. My body leans on his, unable to keep itself straight.

One of his arms wraps around my waist and the other around my neck.

“Who do you belong to?” he asks, his fangs grazing my neck. Sending delicious tingles down my spine.



“You, Darren.” The words are involuntary drawn from my lips but they just feels right.

“Who does this tight pussy belong to?” he cups my pussy as he continues to pound into me.

“You, always you.”

“Good girl, now, fucking cum for me,” he commands and presses his finger on my clit.

My orgasm explodes from within me, my legs shaking at its intensity.

“That’s it, cum all over my cock,” I hear him say, but it sounds so far away.

The tightening of my muscles draws his orgasm and he practically roared his release as I clenched around him and took every drop of his cum.

“Milk me dry, Angel,” he groans as he continues to spurt inside me, coating my walls with his essence.

We fall on the bed in exhaustion. I could feel him throb inside me. My body was vibrating and our panting breath mingled.

He pulls out of me after we’ve calmed down and flops next to me. Knowing the drill, I rise up and start searching for my clothes. After locating them, I go to get out of the bed when he grasps my hand.

I turn to face him.

“Stay.”

One word that probably meant nothing to others but signified a big turning point between us. I wanted to reject his offer, not wanting to cross the line, but I couldn't. Against my better judgement I decide to stay.

I lay back down and he wraps me in his arms. Cuddling me. I don't say anything and neither does he.

Finally, I fall asleep and for the first time in years, I wasn't tormented with my hellish memories.