

Chapter 32

They heard us sex!

Familiar voices approached from the other side of the hedge- David and Jane-just as Aaron's hand trailed down my waist to squeeze my hip.

His low whisper had a devilish edge to it: "You are irresistible..."

"Are you insane!?" I hissed, staying as quiet as possible. My eyes widened when I felt his hand drift further down to grab my a*s, and panic shot through me. What was he thinking!? Didn't he know there were people right over there!?

"I just told you I was," he smirked. "And it's all your fault."

His blue irises were ringed with red from the biting wind. It lent him a sinister sort of beauty.

I struggled stiffly in his arms, torn between staying stone-still and escaping Aaron's fierce embrace. On the other side of the hedge, David and Jane continued their conversation, none the

wiser.

"They're right there," I gritted my teeth.

"So what?"

Admittedly, I usually found his arrogant defiance charming, but this was not one of those times.

But regardless, I couldn't stop him. His nimble fingers quickly found the subtle zipper on the side of my dress. In less than a second, he was kneading at my chest. The chilled skin of his hand sent shocks through my nervous system as he pinched and tugged at my nipples.

"Stop!" I desperately tried to push him away, but it was no

use. Even with his hand in my dress, he was pressing himself so firmly against me that I felt his own nipples harden through our clothes.

"Naughty girl... Dancing with your professor without a bra..."

"Ah-!" I cried. He was being too rough; his rough groping left my chest itching and irritated. "What is wrong with you!? You're the one who picked this dress. It's normal not to wear a

"I know, darling. I put it on you, remember?" His assault on my chest grew more intense, and he pressed his knee between my legs to keep me still. "And now I'm going to take it off."

He pulled away my dress while he spoke, and I trembled as the pale skin of my breasts met open air. Immediately, he leaned down. His thumb rubbed circles into one of my nipples as he busied his mouth with sucking and biting at the other. With a soft grunt, I pushed his head away and leaned to the side to peek around the corner. David was standing not even ten feet away.

Panting, Aaron looked up and followed my line of sight. I felt his lips skate along my skin until they reached my ear. Then, with a teasing nip, he whispered, "You're still worried about him? Just let go."

"Do you hear yourself right now!? He's standing right there!" I snapped. I was still struggling, but I wasn't any closer to getting away from him.

"Yeah? I want him to hear..." He paused. "Or do you want me to take you somewhere else?"

"I don't want this at all! Don't you get that? Are you going to rape me?!"

"Then scream, darling. Call for help. Go ahead." His eyes seemed hazy, fogged with an aching loneliness. Despite the fragility on his face, his movements were as domineering as ever. "The more you struggle, the faster your dress hits the floor."

"Aaron-ah! You son of a b*tch..."

He grinned, "Finally done with that 'Mr. Morris' bu*ppy wetness of our kiss as saliva dripped down my chin. Aaron bit at my lips and tongue so hard it felt like he was punishing me. I clutched at his collar weakly, out of breath.

"Don't leave me, Olive..." He murmured between kisses. "Let's put tonight behind us, please... I'm sorry..."

I jerked my head to the side to avoid his lips. My chest heaved as I glared at him. Leave him? It wasn't like we were a couple. I knew we blurred the lines of our relationship tonight, but a romance with Aaron was the last thing I wanted!

The scent of the flowers around us mixed with his hearty smell of amber and filled my lungs and made my heart race. The night chill spread across the rest of my body as Aaron tore the rest of the dress off of me. I let out a frightened

whine when I felt Aaron's fingers trace my dripping entrance.

"I love it..." Aaron muttered to himself. "Love your kisses, your body, your everything."

My p*ssy clenched at his raw confession, and he chuckled at the sudden tightness around his fingertips.

"Relax, Olive. I can't f*ck you if you're squeezing this tightly..." The baritone of his voice set my heart on fire. He slid his other hand down my arm, took hold of my wrist, and brought my fingers toward the fly of his pants. "Help me with this..."

The rational part of my mind screamed at me to use this opportunity to push away-to slap him-but I couldn't muster up the strength. Aaron had already drawn me back into a sickly sweet kiss as he used my hand to undo his pants and pull down his waistband. His throbbing c*ck felt blistering against the skin of my palm while he stroked himself with my hand.

"Just like last time, darling. I know you can do it," he cooed and placed a chaste kiss on the corner of my mouth. Not once did he let go of my hand or even slow down for that matter.

I was helpless. My mouth could reject Aaron again and again, but the rest of my body never could. I couldn't bring myself to protest anymore either. The heat pooling between my legs was becoming unbearable...

Aaron was quick to end the suspense. "I hope you're ready, darling."

He thrust his hips forward to rub the tip of his c*ck back and forth past my entrance. I felt him push apart the soft lips,

but stop just after pressing the head inside. He hissed softly, "It's still so tight..."

Of course it was! As aroused as I was, he'd still rushed into this too quickly. I wasn't nearly wet enough for him yet.

"Stop..." I whimpered. "Take it out! It hurts!"

It was so cold, but Aaron's forehead was still covered. in a thin layer of sweat as he worked his way inside of me, little by little. "Good girl... You haven't had it in a while, so we'll take it slow. Relax for me."

His fingers ghosted along my spine, and I trembled as he swept me away in another hypnotic kiss.

Suddenly, I heard Jane speak up: "Why don't we get out of this wind? There's a small garden just through here."

My entire body tensed as I listened to the two of them walk toward us. Aaron groaned as my p*ssy clenched around his c*ck, and he rolled his hips forward. Right away, I felt the head grind against my cervix.

"Ah-ngh..." I bit my cheek to stifle my moan as best as I could, but I couldn't stop my insides from spasming at the sudden stretch. The burning was almost unbearable.

Aaron groaned and panted in my ear. "You're gripping me so tightly... but I can feel your little p*ssy getting softer every time I... shove it in..." He didn't seem to feel the slightest bit of shame. "You want me to f*ck you right in front of him?"

I was quaking. I'd never heard Aaron say something so... vulgar. It was so unlike him. Maybe my resistance earlier

stirred his need to dominate-to conquer-and sex was his battleground. This was where he felt at ease. He knew he had the advantage, and he was always the most charming when he was confident.

"You... haah... shut up..." My lips parted and my eyes lost focus as I imagined David and Jane turning the corner to find me stuffed full of Aaron's c*ck. It was so deliciously wrong.

My p*ssy lips were flushed and swollen. They clung to his shaft as he pumped in and out of me. My breasts swelled with heavy thrust, and Aaron wasted no time taking a nipple into his mouth.

In my daze, I was barely able to hear Jane laugh lightly.

"Did you hear that, David?"