

## CHAPTER 4: NO SAFE WORDS

BRIAR'S POV

His lack of hesitation, the disregard for any nesses or buildup, leaves me utterly speechless.

His teeth sink into my neck, and a gargled cry falls from my mouth because, at the exact same time, his large paw cups me right over my jeans.

It's so bold and erotic, somehow exactly what I'd expected when I'd taken those steps and solidified my choice earlier.

In the exact same position, he moves us toward the bed.

I'm light on my feet, maybe because the weight of my body is mostly being levitated by the grip between my legs.

The rough scrape sends shivers down my spine as he drags his fingers away, letting my body drop till my ass bounces off the soft foam.

I attempt to lie back, but he steps the front of my shirt before I can, holding me in place.

"Do you want a safe word?"

Any logical girl with her head screwed on right would've blanched at the insinuation behind that question.

I mean, I know enough to understand that sex for different people varies, but just how intense do things usually get with him in the sheets?

And with the way he's watching me, waiting for an answer, I feel it as the stubbornness takes root.

It's almost like bait. Like he expects me to need it.

And that alone brings forth the refusal before I can even think it through.

I shake my head slowly, and the weight of the simple action thickens the air.

Two stuttered heartbeats pass before I see the slow, menacing pull of his mouth upward.

I can almost hear the unspoken praise. He didn't want me to accept a safe word.

Mild satisfaction runs through me at his approval, and I'm unable to gure out why.

But the dilemma is tossed out the window as soon as he tugs up the material of my shirt. I lift my arms, letting him pull it freely from my body.

And then I'm sitting below him with the swells of my breasts itching to spill from the cups of my bra.

Every caress of his eyes has them tightening within the fabric, begging for some sort of limelight.

I inhale a slow breath to ground myself.

He's barely touched me, and I'm already uncertain whether or not I'll be making it out of this in one whole piece.

Towering over me, six foot four and brimming with an edible kind of charisma, I realize that never have I ever felt so small in my entire life.

The situations that led right up to this moment almost seem trivial compared to the reality that right now, it feels like I'm submitting my very being to the whims of the man standing before me.

It's like I've willingly signed off a contract more binding than my wedding tomorrow—just for the duration of one night.

His hand reaches out, his thumb sweeping along my bottom lip.

Pulling it down, away from my teeth, letting it plop back in place.

It's delicate, the way his hand then caresses my jaw, reaching behind my neck as his voice softens. "Lay back."

I obey the soft command without preamble, eyes meeting the roof as my back hits the bed.

A dip forms beside my ribs, where his palm sinks into the mattress as he hovers over me.

The other traces up my denim-clad thighs, slow over my hips, as he pops the top button out of place.

Butteries take light, disrupting my insides as his caress continues up my bare stomach.

His rough hand makes it feel a lot better than it should. Then, his grip closes over one bra cup, squeezing firmly.

My back arches slightly at the pressure, just as his rough words reach my ears, "Should I feel guilty about tainting the virgin bride?"

Slowly, I shake my head, already mindless with heady lust and the scent of everything masculine.

His chuckle is dark, heated, and not even a second later, he folds down the cup and takes one swollen bud into his mouth.

Our bodies merge as my spine curves upward, pleasure coalescing inside me like molten lava.

The hot pressure is all I can process, every other notion slammed shut behind a wall of lust.

He sucks greedily, but it's over too soon, before I can lose myself in it.

I blink my eyes open in confusion just as he pulls away.

The disappointment slowly fades, giving way to anticipation as he pinches my jeans and the band of my thong together, pulling the fabrics down and off my legs in one fluid motion.

Cold air hits my bare flesh, and that's when the daunting reservation rears its ugly head.

The lighting is low, but bright enough to enhance every dip and imperfection.

I should know better than to let my insecurities get the best of me. Especially here, with a man I don't know and will most likely never see again.

But the doubt creeps in and lingers like a paying customer.

There's no argument he's a well-experienced male, no less with women eager and just as well-bred to give him the type of pleasure he wants.

I pale in comparison.

"Your expression's telling me you're worried about something." His deep voice cuts through the air, dark and buttery. "Would it make a complete barbarian of me to ignore it?"

"I'm just..." I start, but come up short.

He knows I'm a virgin, I'd said it to him earlier.

No part of me wants my nerves to ruin this, because weary as I may be, I still want it more than anything.

But... I want him to like it. Or to like me.

"You're nervous."

I school my features instantly, like it might have been what gave me away. All he does is give his head a slow shake, eyes trailing down my exposed flesh.

"We'll go slow."

Call me naive, or way too trusting. But those three words, and the way he says them, are enough to slacken my shoulders.

So he's not out to destroy my insides—that's a plus. Of their own volition, my eyes drop right below his belt, over his crotch.

Not out to, doesn't mean he won't, if the semi tenting his pants is anything to go by.

One blink and broad shoulders fill the span of my vision as his body settles over mine.

His palm slides under my back, and with just one twist of his wrist, the clasp is undone.

Really well-experienced.

He pulls the slinky material from my body, losing it in the darkness as he hinges it over his shoulder.

As soon as the cool air touches my bare flesh, he warms them with his large hands.

I whimper at the friction, and then his body comes down on mine once again.

But this time, his knees push my thighs apart, till every hard, enormous inch of him is nestled in the space between them.

A heady rush fills my veins.

He's still dressed to the nines, but I'm a naked, wanton mess beneath him.

And I fall harder into the deep end of desire when his mouth crashes down on mine.

Every hot pull feels like a warning, a threat, a preparation of what's to come.

Because if he fucks anything like he kisses me, then I might just need a little support making it out of this bed, much less down the aisle.

His tongue delves into my mouth with a harsh groan, and my hands grab onto his shoulders, digging into the hardened flesh for something to hold on to.

It's just a kiss, dammit.

A gasp breaks free, just as the fabric of his dress shirt drags across my nipples.

They harden into solid points, begging for more, more, more.

And I'm far from disappointed when he slips his hands between us, his thumbs and forefingers tugging on each tip.

A pulse forms in my clit, its throb so fast and maddening.

My thighs wrap around his waist as he rocks himself against my core, my mouth falling open on a breathless cry.

There's no way the front of his slacks isn't soaked, and just then he groans out, "So wet for me."

One rough hand makes its way south, and I feel my entire body tighten in anticipation.

But nothing could have prepared me for the feel of his thumb sliding over my swollen bud.

I let out a gasp, sinking my teeth into my bottom lip to keep a lid on the effect he's having on my body.

His forehead meets mine, just as he pulls my trapped lower lip free with a thumb on my chin.

"You'll give me every cry. Every breath of pleasure." His fingers expertly part my folds, a single one probing my entrance.

My eyes utter shut.

"Look at me."

No woman on earth would be able to defy that command.

He holds my gaze, his face so close his nose touches mine as he sinks one thick digit inside me.

I'm drenched, and it's like a rock into water, my walls clenching around him just like my thighs.

"Oh," I breathe. It's invasive and intense, but so, so good.

"I'm going to add another, and you'll take it like a good girl, won't you?"

The words aren't even fully processed as I nod frantically.

"Use your words." The command is spoken with a buttery drawl.

"I'll take it like a good girl."

There's pressure, pressing against me and pushing past the little resistance.

My stomach tightens at the first bite of discomfort, but with every slow thrust and twist of his fingers, re-ignites in my core with a force I don't think will ever be extinguished.

"Please," I cry, oblivious to what it is I even need.

But one curl of his fingers upward, and I'm certain he's known all along.

The orgasm washes through me with a force that makes my entire body shudder around him.

My mind is nothing but fog, blissfully suspended on cloud nine.

I feel the loss of his body heat as he pulls away, and the clink and thwap of his belt being undone has that cooled heat re-surfing once again.

It's true.

With a man like him, we've probably only just begun.

I don't know how much my body can take, but I've never been more eager to find out anything in my life.

He strips bare, till he's standing at the side of the bed like a monster of muscle and dangerous energy.

I can't think of anything better than being on the receiving end of it all.

Each hand clamps around both my knees, pulling them apart once again as he comes down over me.

I didn't see it, but the weight of his erection pressing against my stomach fills my veins with desire. And worry.

Because that thing is going to t inside me?

His hand comes down over my head, sinking into my hair.

"If you need me to stop, you say so."

A breathy, "I told you I didn't want a safe word," slips free.

He's slightly amused as his hand reaches down to grasp himself.

The first press of his head against me has my fingers curling into the bed sheet.

He drags the large tip back and forth over my clit, till I'm certain I could come again from just that alone.

And when he levels himself at my entrance, holding my gaze, damn near daring me to look away, I'm not prepared for the stretch.

The burn at the size of him.

My hands find his shoulders, discomfort marring my expression.

He's attentive with the way he moves, watching my face for what feels better, and what tenses me more.

And it takes effort—the tightness in his jaw, and the harsh slant of his brows tells me just how much he's intentionally holding back.

With his forehead against mine, our breaths entwine.

With every slide and dark exhale absorbed into my skin, the ache turns into a desperate pulse.

Till I'm pushing at him because it's all too much. I come again, into a million little fractures with a desperate cry.

His grunts fill the air as he buries his face into my neck.

The sensitivity of it all leaves me feeling like I've been rubbed raw with sandpaper.

But the night is far from over if his next words are anything to go by.

"I'm going to come inside you," he grates, "and then I'm going to fuck you all over again."

His words are hot as coal and just as sensual as the feel of him still pulsing inside me.

Goodness, me.

I don't want to, but I couldn't escape him if I tried. Not with his rough words in my ear, or the weight of his body promising to fulfill every last declaration.