

Fated out Chapter 43

WwW.N(°)EIW.Rm.c0m

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Lyla

I took his hands, wondering what he meant by that statement. He guided me to the full-length mirror in my room and positioned me in front of it. I glanced at my reflection, feeling a strange sense of desire suddenly growing inside me with Xander so close. I could already feel the familiar warmth creeping back into my body, the heat I had thought had subsided.

Xander stood behind me, his hands resting lightly on my shoulders, his eyes locked with mine in the mirror.

"Look at yourself, Lyla," he murmured, his voice low and commanding. "See how beautiful and desirable you are... Even the almighty White Throne Leader couldn't resist you."

I swallowed hard, my skin tingling. I was sure I didn't tell him who my ex-mate was, how did he know?

"Strip!" he said, his gaze darkening as they met mine again. "Strip, Lyla... let me look at that beautiful body of yours."

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My heat was pulsating through me now wild and hungry. Slowly, I reached for the hem of the knee-length bodycon gown I had on and slowly, I tossed it over my head, standing before the mirror in just my black lacy, bra and matching panties. WwW.n(°)VeI(°)R(°).c0(m)

Xander leaned in, pressing open-mouthed kisses on my bare shoulders, causing me to inhale, sharply. I pressed my body against him, closing my eyes in relish.

"Open your eyes, Lyla," he commanded again "I want you to see how you look when you're horny."

I sucked in a deep breath as his words caused a sudden surge of desire to pass through me. He reached for the clasp of my bra and undid it, tossing it aside.

Xander's hands delicately closed around my breast, closing tighter as his fingers slipped up to my nipples. His index finger, settled on the rosy nub that was taut with want, running his hand around them. Drawing a moan from me.

I wanted to close my eyes but, there was something about the way his gaze held mine in the mirror. It was as though I couldn't look away. He started kneading my breast, running his index. finger on the swollen tips occasionally. Afterwards, he released them, taking a step back.

"Touch yourself, Lyla!" he hummed softly in my ears, his breath caressing my skin "I know you want to. w(°)w.flo(°)EIWO(r)m.c0M

Without thinking, I reached for my breasts and began to knead them. I felt my face flush and my body started to shiver uncontrollably as I decided to keep watching myself.

I grabbed one of my breasts and lifted it towards my face, flicking my tongue in and out as I did. I delicately traced my engorged rosebud before I lowered my lips ton to it, gently sucking. It

moaned as I sucked, rolling my tongue around the erected buds, as I pulled them further into my mouth, co

My neck began to ache, so I finally let go of my breasts, using my left hand to caress the left one while my other hand moved towards the band of my panties. My gaze met Xander' who was staring at me without so much as an emotion on his face.

"Continue, Lyla!" he urged.

I splayed my hands on my woman core stroking the strands of soft hair peaking from my lacey panties, biting off a moan. I reached for my wet crouch, my scent pooling strong all over the room. I stroked my wet crotch, still pulling and tugging at my crect buds. My hand moved up and down, stroking the wetness, moaning and loving the sweet sensation that coursed through me.

Ramsey's image flashed into my mind but I quickly thrust it aside. He didn't deserve it.

I watched as Xander took a step backwards and went to his bag which was sitting casually on the couch in my room. He opened the backpack and brought out the orb, which he came to place at the base of the mirror.

My breathing was heavier now and I was tugging too tightly at my nipples which were rigid with blood.

Xander came to me again, kissing my neck, sending warm thrills all over my body. I groaned, arching for him, wishing he would take more. He placed his hand around my band, tugging at my panties.

He pulled them past my soaking core, past my hips, throwing them over my ankles. Finally, I stood before him, naked as yesterday, staring at my glistening core with my warm juices seeping down my legs.

"Touch yourself!" he murmured into my ears... running his wet tongue around my earlobe, drawing another moan.

Trembling with desire, I lowered one hand to my soaking core, spreading its pink, moist lips wide apart. I coated my fingers with my juiced, scooping them generously from the opening of

slit. Satisfied that I had enough lubrication, I slowly traced my erect nub peaking out from my folds and began to gently rub it.

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An ecstatic smile spread across my face as I moaned louder, reaching out to grab Xander's hands for support as I stroked my nub.

I leaned against Xander who was holding me in place firmly as I moaned and stroked myself. Xander's voice came to my ears, again, this time, it was raspy and rough and I heard that distorted voice from yesterday again.

"Fuck yourself!

I groaned, slipping my third finger inside me. Since I was slippery, I inserted it in and pulled it out before slamming all of it inside me again. I picked up speed, feeling sweet sensations coursing through my body. I continued tugging at my breast, going as fast as my finger could.

I slipped in my ring finger, loving how full I felt. I positioned my hands in such a way that as both fingers went in and out, my thumb was rubbing my aroused nub.

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Soon, I was thrusting my hips, following the movements of my hand. My head whipped back and forth as I moaned with pleasure. Xander just stood there cradling me as I serviced myself.

"Oh!" I cried, feeling my insides clenching my fingers, until I thought I wouldn't be able to take

them out. WwW.(n)ovê(°)worm.c0M

"Look at the mirror, Lyla!" Xander instructed again."See how beautiful you look... see how much power, how much control you have over yourself..."

I groaned my response. Any moment now, I would spill over... my mother was no longer mine.

Suddenly, Xander yanked my fingers from where it was lodged inside me, also removing my hands that had been stroking my rosebuds. My eyes flew open, laddened with desire as my gaze met his through the mirror.

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I wanted to ask him why he had done that suddenly, he settled in front of me picking up the orb close to the mirror.

"Hold it just like yesterday... and let me please you."