

Rejected You Alpha, for A Beast – Chapter 41

NICK'S POV

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Striding out of that club is humiliating. Never in my entire life have I been asked to leave the premises, not until Nathaniel owned the only good club in the city...

“Can you hurry up?” Tiffany sneers at me as she hugs herself. “Take my jacket.” I start to take it off and she huffs, “No! I am so tired of this happening.” She seethes.

“It was only tonight.” I sigh as I rummage in my bags for my keys. “No, this happens to me a lot.” Her eyes almost pop out of her head as she stares with wide duh eyes.

“What?” I frown at her in confusion. She is making no sense, has she been thrown out of more places prior than tonight?

“Oh never mind!” She bellows as she lifts her heel and smashes it into the solid concrete below our feet and the snapping sound makes her gasp. I muffle my laugh as my eyes are fixed on the broken heel of her shoe and after she stares down at it for a rather long time, her bottom lip starts to tremble as death swirls in her eyes.

“These are new shoes!” She screeches, my ear drums almost bursting. “Then why would you risk breaking them?” I sigh and bend down in front of her. My fingers wrap around her ankles, my other hand holding her calf. Her skin is so smooth, like a thick layer of soft cream was smeared over her flesh.

“What are you doing?” She whines like a tired child, but she’s my tired child and I will always love her with every beat of my heart.

“I am seeing if I can get it fixed for you.” I raise her foot and I inspect the broken shoe carefully, realizing that the only problem was is that the heel itself has snapped off, buy it looks fixable.

“Fixed?” She scoffs and I glance up at her, raising my brow at her, “Yes.” I deadpan. I am not afraid of her, she acts tough but deep inside, she’s soft,

kind and scared. I want her to be happy, but I also need to ground her to the earth before she zaps away into the luxurious world that she thinks she owns.

“No, I don’t fix things.” She tosses her dark hair over her shoulder. “I will do it for you, it’s better than buying the same pair.” I shrug and I stand up from being bent down in front of her.

“How is fixing these clearly defective shoes any better than going to a mall and buying a brand new pair that doesn’t smell like feet, it’s all shiny and new?” she stares up at me, her ocean orbs flicking between mine as she looks for an answer in my orbs.

“Because first off, it saves money and time. Second, you don’t have to worry about getting sores because these shoes are already worn in and I bet you won’t find the exact same pair of those because they look one in a million or it’s just because you are wearing them.” I shrug with a grin on my face and she erupts into a giggle that makes my heart flutter uncontrollably.

Even though this night has been nothing but a disaster, I still got her to smile and blush.

“Let’s go home?” I ask with a raised brow and she nods. I scoop her off her feet before she could take a step.

I put her in the car and on our way home, we drive by this old diner that I took Jessica to on our first date.

It looks exactly like it did still, it looks freshly painted and clean. I wonder if they still have those amazing desserts...

Before I could stop myself, I turn the car’s blinker on and swerve into the parking lot that consists of dirt ground and pebbles.

“Eww, what is this place?” Tiffany looks down at it because it isn’t something that looks expensive, but wait until she tastes those damn chocolate desserts.

“A diner.” , “A what?” She scoffs, acting so highly of herself. I don’t know her that well, that I know, but I can feel her...I can feel everything she feels, especially because she is so open about it.

I can feel that she is a good person, with a very big heart and how sad she feels when I don’t understand her. I want to get to know my girl and not listen

to whatever anybody says, but to ignore whatever Jessica has to say is going to be difficult, we've been together for ages, I can't just stop loving her, I wish I could just shut my feelings off for her like she did with me. Hell one day she wants me and the next I am nothing and then after that, I'm even less.

She has more respect for the dirt she walks on than what she has for me.

She probably likes Tiffany more than me.

Wait, no- that won't ever be possible.

Walking into the diner, everything is still berry red and very beige, a beautiful combination especially with the lights.

It feels retro, something from the old days, something that my heart is longing to.

I take it all in as we stand in the door, glancing around the multiple table booths, the cool music playing has me thinking back to a night Jess and I were here, we were having a blast. We spent the entire night dancing, nothing more and nothing less.

We were living life as teens, we were the it couple of the pack and now...now she's gone and I need to move on.

Tiffany and I sit at a booth, she's sitting right across from me, her heels kicked out and she's rubbing her feet against my shoes. I think that she's trying to be romantic, but it's not that cute in a diner.

I love this diner, but Goddess I would never take my shoes off in here, even if my legs were broken and straight, not even close to touching the floor, I wouldn't.

"What are you staring at?" Tiffany asks as her ocean orbs bore into the side of my head. "Huh?" I blink several times as I try to pry my eyes from the dance floor.

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JESSICA'S POV

“Kiss me.” I pout as I lean into the car through his rolled down window. The sun shining into his emerald orbs make them look lighter, a pistachio kind of green. His lips pucker as he leans out of the window, kissing my lips softly. “I will be done in an hour, you have my card, use it to get yourself the perfect dress for your luna party.” He winks at me.

I don’t want to use his card, but he insists on it and I feel like it would be a slap in his face if I don’t use it.

I don’t want to hurt his feelings, but with the salary Nick always gave me every month, I am rich and can take care of myself for years on end without working, if I don’t live the lavish life.

“Can I get two?” I batt my eyelashes and his c***s to the side, his hairy brows raising. “Something for the people and something for you.” I shrug and a bright ring light appears around his orbs, “Oh yeah? Go for it.” He grins slyly and my heart begins to thunder.

“Go , I have ten minutes to get to that meeting.” He glances down at his watch, “Then go.” I push myself off his car and step back.

His eyes trail over me once more as his teeth dig into his full bottom lip, dragging to the side of his mouth.

“Bye.” He reverses out of the parking lot of the “All, Everything Boutique” it’s a cool name, but we will have to see if they have all and everything because this place doesn’t look big.

I wave as he stares at me while pulling away and I inhale a deep breath before clutching my little purse to me. I turn on my heel and stride into the boutique.

I’m helped immediately, a tall blonde takes my purse and hands me champagne, it’s definitely the strangest exchange I have ever made.

“I will be helping you today.” Her voice is so elegant and she’s beautiful too.

“Thank you.” I beam and follow her to a locker space where she puts my purse into the compartment and locks it, putting the key that’s around a small stretchable beaded string around my wrist.

“This is so that things don’t get stolen.” She smiles and I thank her again.

We walk out onto the floor when she turns to me, "What kind of dress do you want or need?" She beams so excitingly that it sort of feels like she has had a quiet day.

"I want a..." how the hell do I tell her that I'm practically being crowned a leader of a pack which consists of wolves.

"Something powerful and...elegant." I stare at her and I watch as her mind spins as she glances around, trying to find the perfect dress.

"And then I want another dress, something small and intimate." I grin and her eyes widen as she smiles, "Would you like the intimate dress to fit under the elegant one?" The knowing look in her eyes makes me wonder if she lives as lavishly as I do.

"I think so." I smile and we start our journey on dress searching.

Ten minutes, five dresses and she shoves me to the dressing room while she goes to look for more.

I strip out of my simple dress and start to try on the dresses.

The first one was a deep vibrant red, it was stunning, but red on me makes me look like a hooker with my dark hair. I can't deny that I look hot, but this is a serious party, it's a big part of my life and I want to do it right, I want to get up in front of everybody and have them think I'm beautiful, not hot like a hooker.

I sigh as I unzip it from under my arm and I pick the yellow dress next.

The dress' sleeves don't sit on my shoulders, it sits on the side of my arms. The chest piece is beautiful, but it's pushing my breasts together and up into my chin.

The skirt part of the dress is probably my favorite since it has this beautiful high slit, the skirt itself is flowy and it has this sparkle it in, but the entire dress just isn't for me.

I take it off and I freeze when I notice the pistachio colored dress in front of me. It's this beautiful green and it matches the color of Nathaniel's eyes when the sun shines down in it.

“Wow.” I mutter and hook it off the hanger before trying it on.

“Oh my-“ I stare blankly at myself and I throw open the curtain and step back to see myself stand it in from afar.

It fits perfectly, it has a beautiful slit from the thigh on the side, the skirt is flowy, it’s a beautiful light color, the top part of the skirt is beyond anything I have ever seen. The pistachio looks sneer around the stomach and ribs, my breasts covered and there’s little white flowers embroidered onto it.

I feel like a f*****g princess in this dress.

‘I don’t think Princesses swear.’ Zola snorts and I roll my eyes at her sarcasm.

Princesses aren’t suppose to swear, but they do anyway and I am not a real princess.

“Jess?” A too familiar voice makes me turn to the side and I stare at Nick, standing in front of a dressing room, holding a tuxedo. “What are you doing here?” I ask breathlessly. “What do you mean?” He scoffs, “You have a tuxedo at home.” My eyes flick down to the covered material in his hand, “Oh, I know. I am just getting this one fitted.” He shrugs.

I ignore him while I blankly stare at him.

“That’s a beautiful dress.” Nick smiles as his forest orbs trail over my body. I want to thank him and ask him if it’s the right dress, but I know it would be inappropriate to do that since he is my ex.

“Thanks.” My body is as stiff as a board, tense and overflowing with fear.

I’m not afraid he’ll hurt me, but there’s no way that we’re at the same spot right now.

“Why are you getting your suit fitted?” I ask curiously. There shouldn’t actually be a reason, but everything he does these days just doesn’t seem like him. It feels like her.

“Tiffany said it would look much better for her party.” He sighs, snorting a little as he drags a hand through his hair. “Her party?” My heart sinks at the thought of him having a luna party for her. That is my pack, those people love me, not her. They will never love her.

“Yeah, it’s her birthday tomorrow.” He smiles, a genuine smile while his forest orbs light up.

He loves her.

“Oh, well happy birthday to her then.” I remove a string of hair from my eyes, tucking it behind my ears as I glance to the floor.

“What are you dress shopping for?” Nick asks, the sadness in his eyes doesn’t go away as he stares into my grey orbs. “My Luna party.” I force a smile, I actually don’t want to smile at all. It feels as if I’m tubbing it in his face right now.

“Oh, congrats.” He clears his throat before looking away and he disappears into the fitting room.

My mouth opens to try and stop him, but it just falls shut again after he’s out of sight.

As I want to shut the curtain after entering the dressing room, the girl comes in with five more dresses, but she stops in her tracks when her eyes fall on me and she stares at me agape, throwing the dresses in her hand on the chair beside her, “That is beautiful, I think that’s the one.” She grins and I glance down at the pistachio colored dress, smiling because it reminds me of his eyes this morning. “You think? It feels light.” I shrug and her eyes narrow on me, “No, the intimate one.” Her head nods as she slowly speaks and a deep blush creeps up my face, I could feel my cheeks heat up. “Really?” I ask and she nods, “We actually have similar in a very short dress, do you want to try it on?” I nod and she smiles before turning on her heel, stopping and she looks at me over her shoulder, “And try the blue for the elegant one.” She whips her hair back and marches off.

I close the curtain and glance to the side where multiple dresses still hang against the wall and I take out the silk royal blue dress and try it on.

I stare at myself in awe in the mirror, the dress has very thin straps that sit perfectly on the outsides of my collarbones, the top part hugging my breasts together and it hugs my waist yet looks like it riles up around my ribs and front.

It has a little puff around my lower hips and then it flows out with a wide slit to make it easier to walk in the front. It goes straight down the back, showing off my a*s and it would fit perfectly with my sparkling silver heels.

“Did you try on the blue?” The girl calls out to me from outside and I turn, feeling giddy as I open the curtain and the way her eyes trail down my body has me feeling conscious until the impressed expression takes over her face.

“My my...I am good and you look ever better than gold.” She holds the very short pistachio colored dress that has the same top than the one I tried on in her hand. “So is this dress a yes?” I batt my lashes I giggle. “A hell yes, here, try this and I will put the rest back.” She walks up to me and I take the small dress and hand her the rest I won’t be taking and keep the blue dress’ hanger for when I take it off.

I try on the small green dress and notice the straps could be taken off. After deciding that I would definitely be taking these two, I put on my clothes I came in and take them when I walk out.

I smile, but stop as Nick comes back out, without a shirt on, he sighs deeply, looking annoyed and I snort as I stop in front of him. “Tired of it already?” I try to be as polite and kind as I can.

His eyes flick to the two dresses in my hands and then he makes eye contact with me, crossing his large arms over his chest, “Yeah, but I need to go back in.” He rolls his eyes, “Just think of something else, it keeps the mind busy.” I wink before walking off to pay.

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NICK’S POV

My heart sank when she told me she’s dress shopping for her Luna party. Never in my entire life did I ever think she’d stop being our pack’s Luna. Never did I think I’d have to see her walking around with another man’s mark in the crook of her beautiful, tasty neck and never did I think that I would find her shopping in a very pricy store.

I only came here because Tiffany made the appointment and said these people were the best, but finding my ex-mate was surprising and very

unexpected, "Sir, please come back inside." The woman calls out to me from inside the room and I sigh, my eyes searching my surroundings for Jessica before I go inside.

I put on the shirt that she's just been working on and button my wrists. I stare into the mirror, noticing the difference, "I'm almost done with the blazer and then you can go." She mutters as she goes back to her sewing machine. I stand frozen, humming in response, but my mind is somewhere else, with someone else...someone I should stay away from, but knowing that she's in the same building when both are mates are not with us, it starts to feel like a sign. "Excuse me." I mutter before leaving the room again and as I make my way through the fitting room section to the desk, I see her paying.

"Jessica." I call out to her as she reaches for her bag with dresses in. She stops, turning to look at me, "Nick." Her small smile seems forced as I walk up to her, "Don't do it." I beg and her perfectly shaped brows furrow together, "What?" Her head innocently tilts to the side a bit, her black hair swaying to the side. "Don't be his Luna." I clarify and she scoffs, rolling her eyes. "Nick, don't start this. Please." Her demanding tone has me wanting to oblige, but how can I? How can I let her ruin her life?

Alpha Nathaniel isn't normal, he's not a normal Lycan, I could feel it, but I have no proof.

"You know it's not right." I deadpan and she sighs, taking the bag from the counter beside her, "It is right.." she grits out, "The Moon Goddess doesn't mess up." She whispers, her eyes flicking around the room to make sure no one hears her.

"Tell me he's not strange, tell me he isn't dangerous." I seethe. I worry about her, I worry about her safety and well being in that pack. She is a strong woman, but she doesn't belong with him. She never did.

We are born with a bond mated to someone, but we never know when we'll find that person, I think that the moon goddess has changed her mind about our mates...because the night I met mine, Jessica had a feeling and she wanted us to stay home, I didn't listen and all of this is my fault.

"He isn't strange and come on, every Alpha is dangerous, why wouldn't he be? He's a Lycan after all, but he won't ever hurt me, unlike you did," she rests her free hand on her waist, popping out her hip. Her expression is cold and I know that I just lost her.

“I didn’t mean to...”, “Sure you didn’t.” She interrupts me. “Jessica.” I absentmindedly step closer to her and she steps back, “Leave me alone!” She bellows loudly, catching every person’s attention in the building.

My lips press together and I stare at her with pleading eyes, hoping that she would just listen to me, “Just come home.” I beg through gritted teeth, “You are no longer home Nick.” She shakes her head and before I could open my mouth, the little bell rings as the door opens and Nathaniel walks in, wearing a perfectly fitted suit, “What are you doing here?” He seethes, his eyes blazing a soft red colour.

That is one of the things that make me suspicious of him, he’s not normal at all. “Getting my suit fitted.” I stare him down, well more like up because he’s a bit taller than me.

Nathaniel snorts as he hooks his arm around Jessica’s neck, his hand purposely resting right over her perfectly firm breast.

I am not allowed to get mad anymore, I’m not allowed to be jealous, but I am. She was mine first, she belongs to me!

“Let’s go,” he mutters against her ear and the way her cheeks heat up makes my insides flip. “She’s not going anywhere with you.” I step closer, grabbing her wrist and I pull her out of his grasp. “What the hell Nick?” She grits out in a pissed off tone. Her eyes are narrowed as she glared at me, trying her best to pull her wrist out of my grasp.

“I can’t believe this,” Nathaniel is calm as he closes the distance between us, “Let her go or I will kill you.” He grits out.

“Then kill me, right here.” I challenge him and the way his shoulders begin to rise and fall as anger overtakes him makes me frown, his eyes flick a bright red colour, the same shade as blood and right as he’s about to lose it , Jessica knocks me back with her elbow and she grabs onto him, “There are humans here.” She stands on her toes, holding his face, making him look at her.

I could feel the power radiating off him and I step closer, holding my nose that is hurt and I use my other hand to reach for her, but he grabs my wrist on instinct, bending it back and my knees bend as I try to bend backward to stop my wrist from breaking.

“I said don’t touch her.” He seethes and she steps aside, letting him tower over me. “She’s not yours anymore, get over her before I make you get over her.” He shoves me back and I land on my a*s, again.

“I will happily end your life if you can’t live without her, because she’s mine.” He straightens his back, looking at her. His hand brushes her hair out of her neck before he grabs her jaw, tilting it to the side with a simple press of his thumb, “You see this?” He motions to his shitty mark on her neck, right where my mark use to sit, “It means she’s mine, my mate, my love, mine.” He growls lowly.

“Fine, take my seconds, but just know, we didn’t need a bond for her to fall in love with me. No magic bound us to kiss, to love, to f**k.” I grit out with a smirk, loving the way his eyes grow dark. “She chose you because of magic, nothing else.” I step back, scoffing as I turn around to leave.

His arm wraps around my neck and he pulls my back to his front, his arm bent around my throat as he puts pressure on it. I wiggle my hand in between his arm and my throat before pushing his arm off, turning around, growling, “Look who’s jealous now.”

“Please stop!” Jessica yells, her voice panicked and her eyes filled with fear. We both freeze, looking at her, but she’s only looking at him.

“Can we just leave?” She begs, not sparing me a glance.

“Do what you want, but I warned you.” I walk backward until he takes her hand and pulls her out of the boutique.

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JESSICA’S POV

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Warned me? How could he warn me about my own mate? I know Nathaniel better than Nick ever could. Nick probably heard a rumour about him and decided that he was a bad guy.

The ride home is awkward, the tension between us is sharp and the anger radiating off him makes me feel like I can’t speak or breathe even. I didn’t think this is how the day would go, I thought that this would be fun day, I

thought that he would come pick me up, we'd get food and get home and I'd show him my blue dress and I'd hide the green one until my party tomorrow and when the evening is over, I'd slip out of my royal blue dress and I would already have my sexy pistachio dress on underneath and he'd be blown away by the sight of me, but all of that is out of the door and it's all Nick's fault, more like his big mouth's fault.

"Do you want something to eat?" Nathaniel breaks the silence as we drive through the city. I face him and stare agape as I think of what to say, but the tension is still thick, "Jess?" He glances at me for a second, "Yeah, sure we can eat." I smile and he suddenly pulls over to the side of the road, parking next to the curb of a large building. "What's wrong?" He asks, unbuckling his seatbelt and he turns his body to me, his hand resting behind the back of my headrest.

"Nothing..." I breathe out, "Well actually...it just kind of feels like the air is sucked out of the car." I ramble all in one breath. Nathaniel's eyes narrow before he glances down at the inside of his car door before rolling down my window and he stares back at me, "Better?" He asks and I can't help but smile as I roll my eyes, "That's not what I meant." I sigh and he starts to chuckle, "I know, but it feels like you can breathe again, doesn't it?" Well he does have a point, it does feel better, like the tension is gone and we can talk.

"I guess so." I shrug, my shoulders barely lifting up.

"So tell me what's wrong." He encourages me to speak up, to tell him what's going on inside of my head, but how do I know how he will react? How will I know that he'll be kind and understanding?

"I don't bite." His head slightly tilts to the side, "Unless you want me to." He winks, his smirk making my insides flip in excitement.

No, I have to focus.

"I know it's my fault that Nick is like that and it feels like you're mad at me because of what he said and does..." I blurt out in one breath. His eyes widen as the words just fall from my lips, his plump lips pressed in a thin line before the edges of his mouth curl up into a smile, his lips parting before he laughs. There's a dimple forming in his cheek and the way my heart feels lighter as he laughs makes me begin to laugh.

“Oh you sweet, caring, overthinking person...” he sighs with a smile on his face, “What?” I pout nervously while I try not to smile, but I’m failing to keep a serious face. “Nothing he does make me mad at you, you two are two different people. He’s his own kind of i***t and I don’t want you to feel guilty for anything he does. You are not his parent, you have no reason to feel responsible for his stupid actions.” His hand drags through my hair and he twists the end. “He might be obsessed with you, but I would be too if I lost you to another man. You are something special and beautiful, I’d turn into a psychopath just to keep you.” The devilish grin makes my cheeks heat up. “You would?” I batt my eyelashes at him and he nods, leaning in. He hooks his finger under my chin before tilting my chin up and he presses his lips to me, nipping at my bottom lip.

“I definitely would,” he breathes out against my lips and it sends shivers down my spine, my core tightening.

“So, do you want to eat?” He asks again, keeping his face close to mine. My eyes flick down to his lips, “Yes, I do.” I peck him on the lips and sit back the same time he does, “Good, only lunch and you’ll get dessert at home, deal?” He asks and I feel giddy as I smile, “Deal.” I nod and he buckles his seatbelt before he speeds off and makes the fastest way to the mall for a late lunch.

Rejected You Alpha, for A Beast – Chapter 45

JESSICA’S POV

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After eating a semi-late lunch at one of the mall’s fancy restaurants, we made our way home and the ride home is getting heated as Nathaniel drives with his hand on my thigh, his fingers digging into the inside of my leg, massaging my inner thighs with his large hand. It makes my panties wet as I clench my inner walls. I can’t think and I can’t drag my eyes away from the top of his hand. I place my hand on top of his, my nails dragging up and down his hand which causes him to grope my leg, pulling my legs apart before he slips his hand underneath my plain pastel pink dress. I inhale a sharp breath as his pinky rubs against my soaked underwear. His eyes are focused on the road, his other hand on the wheel is clutching it so tightly that his knuckles are turning white.

His jawline is sharp, his cheekbones are high and exposed, the veins in his neck pulsing as he inhales sharp deep breaths. A moany breath escapes my

lips as he slips his fingers into my underwear, making me shiver when he presses his finger to my throbbing clit.

“Nathaniel.” I groan as I turn my head to look at him and I inhale through my nose when his eyes bore into me because he’s already staring. “The road.” I mutter as his wrist bends and he tries to sink his fingers into me, he rolls his eyes, glancing back at the road, his head rolling as he takes his hand away, “Take them off.” he demands right before I could ask him what I did, but now I know that I didn’t upset him, but my underwear did.

“What?” I ask, wanting him to say it again. “I said take those panties off.” the way his emerald orbs stare into mine makes me heat up from the inside out. My teeth drag along my bottom lip as I lift my a*s off the seat, railing my dress up before hooking my thumbs into the lace material, slowly pulling it down while he stares at me, his eyes fixed on the slow movement while his eyes flick to the road now and then, but it’s quiet as we drive home. There are no other cars on the road and as I take my panties off, he snatches them from my hand and puts it in the console between us before pulling my leg to the side, “Put the other foot on the dashboard.” he demanded and I did it without hesitation. My hand rests on his thigh and as he reaches over and shoves his fingers inside of me. I start to loosen his button and then unzip his pants.

I shriek and lower my leg off the dashboard when he pulls over to the side in one swift motion, the car coming to a screeching halt as it slides down the short hill and Nathaniel hits the breaks sharply, putting his arm out in front of me just before the car drives into a bush in front of a tree. “Calm down.” he turns the engine off, leaning forward as he reaches down to the bottom of the seat before letting it slide back. “Calm down? You almost let us crash!” I stare at him agape. He shrugs, “Just come here.” he reaches for my neck, groping my nape. My head tilts back as I’m lured onto his lap, the steering wheel digging into the small of my back as Nathaniel raises his hips, tugging his trousers down below his a*s before he pulls me closer, crashing his lips to mine.

“Someone could see.” I turn my face away from him and he starts kissing my jaw down to my neck as I stare out of the window.

“No one is going to see us.” he mutters against the fluttering pulse in my neck. His hands on my a*s pulls me closer, making me grind against his hardwood. “We’re next to the road, what if someone drives by?” I groan as he sucks on the sensitive spot below my ear, making me press myself against him, “Then it’s a show.” he murmurs against my ear as he nibbles on my lobe, sending

shivers down my spine. I gasp when he lifts my hips, aligning his c**k to my entrance, his tip teasing my entrance before he pulls me down on top of him, hard and fast. A moan rips through me as my head rolls back, giving him access to kiss down my throat. "So tight." he lets me roll my hips into him, my juices making it easy for him to slip in and out of me as I ride him. His hands on my a*s steer my body as I bounce on him, my thighs burning with fire with the quick rhythm we're going at. The windows fog up with our heavy breaths. The thought of anyone seeing us disappears as we f**k next to the road, the sound of our flesh slapping together filling the car and I lean back against the steering wheel, arching my back as he dips his hand in between us, his thumb circling my clit, making my nerves catch on fire. "Wait." he grasps out in a low tone, his hips starting to thrust upwards into me, his thumb putting pressure on my nub as he f**s upward into my core. "I can't." I try to keep it together, "Just a second." his other hand digs into my hip while his fingers work magic on my vulva. "Nathaniel." I shriek as I feel like collapsing, my stomach clenching tightly. "Come on baby." he grins at me, his hand sliding up my waist to my neck, his fingers digging into my nape.

"Let it go." he demands as his thumb goes faster, working me and my head falls back, my o****m ripping through me with force as I scream his name, "That's it." he thrusts faster, I could feel his thickness throb, how hard he gets before he thrusts into me one last time, hard and slow, stilling as his warm seed fills me up.

"F**k." he plops his behind onto the leather seat, letting out a breathy groan as I sit on his lap with him filling me up. I rock my hips forward teasingly, his hand immediately grabbing my neck and he pulls me closer, his arm pressed to my body down between my breasts, "Don't start something I'm sure you can't finish." his bright orbs flick down to my lips, our faces so close that I could feel his warm breath fanning my face. "Who says I can't finish it?" I tease, knowing fully well that I'm already exhausted, but the excitement brewing in my chest because I'm teasing him is going straight to my core.

He hums as he sits back, his eyes dragging down my body, "You seem tired, so I do." he shrugs and I clench my cunt walls, squeezing him and I could feel how stiff and hard he gets inside of me, "Say that again." I tease and he bucks his hips upward, his tip hitting a spot that sets fire to my nerves, "F**k." I could feel my thighs getting wet as his seed leaks out of me.

His hand falls in between the door and his seat and I stare wide-eyed at him as he lowers, "Do something, show me you're not an old girl." he deadpans with a sly grin. The sparkle in his eyes sets me alight and I starts to slowly

start to ride him, hopping on his d**k slowly as we keep eye contact. His hands rub up and down my thighs as he grows harder, his c**k pulsing inside of me. I could literally feel him stretch me from the beginning again. "Faster." he demands and I just throw him a deaf ear, shaking my head as I keep my taunting pace. His fingers dig into my thighs as they slide up to my hips and he yanks my hips down, making me slam down ontop of him, his tip hitting a spot that makes my eyes roll back as I moan.

"Don't tease me, unless you want to be teased." he grits out as he pushes my hips up, keeping me there with both his hands tightly holding me in place, his elbows squeezing my legs, making it impossible for me to move. He slowly pulls himself out of me, rolling his hips and his tip stays at my entrance, slowly going deeper only a bit before pulling out, repeating the process. I try to lower myself onto him, but it's no use because he has the strength that no one else possesses.

"Nathaniel," I whine as I dig my knees into his sides, but it does nothing to phase him. He stares at me with a sly grin, his eyebrows hopping once as he stares me down, "Beg, little one." he demands and I hit a blank. Not one single thing comes to mind.

"Please..." is all I could whine in a moan and he scoffs, shaking his head, "You could do better." he deadpans with a straight face, "I'll let you do anything with me later." I batt my eyelashes and his eyes narrow as his orbs fill up with interest. "Like?" he continues to roll his hips, teasing me. Every nerve is set on fire as I try to get him inside of me, my juices dripping down on his hardwood, wetting him and the seat below him.

"What do you like?" I ask, my eyes flicking down between us. I need to find a way to make him stop. It feels like my body is ready to rip apart to just feel him fully.

"You'll see, if you promise not to stop me." the ring of light forming around his orbs makes me suck in a breath. He slowly enters me, halting mid way, "What do you say?" he asks, wiggling his eyebrows, "Deal." I deadpan without giving it a second thought, "Promise?" he asks with a serious look in his eyes, "I promise." it comes out as a moan as he slams into me with force mid sentence.

"You're in for the ride of your life sweetheart." he winks before laying back, pulling me down on top of him.

