

Lilas.

It ought to be a dream but it feels so real. My head lays against the soft pillows as I moan his name. I feel long ngers, touching the cores in between my legs. I grip the sheets, my body tightens, it is something I felt the last time Salvatore touched me. It ignites moisture in between my legs.

My eyes are closed tighter. If this is a dream, I don't want to wake up from it. If this is Salvatore in my wildest imaginations, I wave him to kiss me, touch me and do everything that I would never let him do in reality. Isn't it the best?

I want him to use that arrogant mouth to do wonders on my skin. When we were locked in the closet of the oce library, I felt his hard nature and it drove me mad to goosebumps. What sort of man is he under those oce clothes? Why were his groins hard as a rock? Could it be because he desires me so much?

I can feel my panties coming off. My eyes are still closed and I lift my legs so that he can access every part of me that aches. There is a curiosity to open my eyes and see what he looks like in my vision. But I'm afraid...that he would disappear.

I can feel him leaning in. He is under the cover of the sheets and I can perceive that hint of cedarwood and bergamot intertwined with a base of musk, a fragrance that embodies masculinity. Slowly, his arms lay on my waist and nds the ache in between my legs once again.

This time, I moan. It is like ickers of reworks, bursting through every core part of my body and I put my hands behind me. I can feel his beards, I'm surprised at the extent of my vision as his hands plays in between my legs faster.

I moan louder, suffering a thousand desires at his strokes, a touch that leaves me breathless and hot. I can feel the moistness in between my legs, it doubles and I arch my back...unable to to withhold the sweet, sweet pleasure.

"Salvatore!" I say, the climax hitting at the apex and his thick ngers doesn't stop rubbing against me. He pins my waist down, holding me from moving and I hit the apex of it all.

"Yes?" He says and slowly, I open my eyes.

I pause. I have opened my eyes but the vision of him is still here and I'm wondering why I can feel him in the dark, why his voice sounds exactly like what I think it is. It hits me like a shock wave and I push him at arm's length.

A loud gasp escapes my lips as I roll off the bed, putting the lights on and staring at him in shock. I use my hands to cover my mouth, thinking about everything that just unfolded itself. He is real!?

"What...what are you doing here?" I ask, shivering at the other end of the bed and he slowly gets off the bed. I back away at the thought of him coming any closer. My body is still on re.

With a devilish gleam in his eyes, he rises from the bed, his disheveled hair adding an allure of effortless charm. A playful smirk dances on his lips, hinting at the things he did to me.

"So...you are thinking of me, isn't it? Your eyes were closed, you didn't see me but you...you called out my name." Salvatore says and my lips quiver.

"Lilas..." he says and I begin to head towards the door of my room, opening it and gesturing that he leaves. I'm ashamed of myself. My hands are shaking, my whole body is still on re that was caused by his presence and I cannot even look at him. I can't even shout at him.

How do I raise my voice in anger? Salvatore is aware that I desire him too. I have lost every chance to respect myself and my dignity. What else can I say? I can go on forever as to how he is my stepfather but he will shush me with this event that just took place.

"Here." He says, walking towards me and holding my underwear in his hands. My eyes widen in shock and I try to snatch it, and he pulls me closer, shutting the door.

His movements exude a certain charisma, leaving a trail of intrigue in the air. With tousled locks and a roguish grin, Salvatore is close to my skin.

He presses me to the door and my cheeks burn like a watercolor painting, the rosy tones bloom beneath my skin, reecting a spectrum of feelings—perhaps a hint of embarrassment, excitement, or a trace of lingering pleasure.

"We are the object of each other's desire." Salvatore says, his voice is rasp, a textured melody that echoes with a rough-hewn allure. Each word, emerges from vocal cords that are weathered by experience, possesses a unique timbre that adds depth. The sentence that leaves his mouth causes a subtle electric current which courses through my body.

"I am like a rabid dog around you. And now that I know you burn for me, I won't let you so easily." He says, xing his hands which are broad and well-dened under my night dress. I am naked under the shirt I'm wearing, so his hands come in contact with my bare skin.

At my round hips. I bite my lips to silence my voice.

I can see a vein trace network on his hand accentuating the rugged masculinity of his grip.

"You stay away from Hector. If you want money, I'll give it to you. Just give yourself to me." He says and in this moment, I stare at him in utter shock.

"Get out." I say to him.

"If I ever see you in my room, I'll scream and make sure everyone nds you here." I say with gritted teeth, how could I forget that the only thing that mattered to this man is what he can buy with his wealth?

I'm just an object to him. I'm not a person with real emotions.