

Chapter 52

KYSON

Her arousal causes my nostrils to flare, and my eyes flicker as I inhale her intoxicating scent. The fragrant aroma of her desire mingles with the soft scent of lavender from the bed linens, weaving a spell around me that tightens with every breath. I wanted to fuck her, sheath myself in her tight confines. Moving behind her, I cup her pussy with my hand as I crawl on the bed and press my chest to her back. Her skin feels like silk beneath my fingertips, warm and supple, sending shivers down my spine.

Her reaction is instant, proving how powerful the bond is becoming. She moans again, and I can tell she is waking at my touch. My nose runs across her shoulder, and I nip her skin. The taste of her was a heady mixture of salt and sweetness, a flavor that seemed to echo her very essence. Wanting her to wake up, I squeeze between her legs and she rocks her hips against my hand.

I run my finger through her wet folds, and she whines, pushing against my finger as I tease her by circling it around her entrance, coating it in her arousal. The wet sounds of her desire fill my ears, making my cock throb in anticipation. "Ivy, wake up," I whisper, and she moans, pushing against my finger. I refuse to shove in her. I laugh softly as she becomes annoyed.

"Kyson!" she growls a whine.

"Hmm," I hum as she growls at me. I circle her clit, and she jolts, before moving back to her tight hole and shoving my finger deep inside her. Her walls clamp around it, and I slowly withdraw it before working it back into her warm, wet entrance. Ivy moans, and I groan at the sound she makes before sitting up and using my other hand, I pull her cheeks apart so I can watch my finger fuck her.

I add another, watching as her pussy stretches and clenches around them. She lifts her hips slightly, letting them slide in deeper as I pick up my pace, enjoying the way she shudders and spasms around them. The delicate arch of her back, the curve of her hips, and the way her legs tensed and flexed, all paint a picture of a woman lost in her pleasure.

I am captivated by her, loving the way my name rolls off her tongue and spills out her lips as her pleasure grows. "Fuck, you're so wet," I groan as her tight walls clenched my fingers hard, her arousal spilling onto the mattress and between her milky thighs. I can feel the heat of her body against my hands, a living flame that seems to promise endless passion and pleasure if I could only stoke it to greater heights.

I pull my fingers from her, wanting to taste her sweet nectar. Ivy cries at the loss of my fingers when I grip her hips. She shrieks as I pull her hips into the air. I pull her to the edge of the bed before dropping to my knees on the floor.

"Kyson!" she shrieks, and I know she was feeling exposed in this position. She tries to pull away when I squeeze her ass before my mouth covers her completely, sucking her sweet lips into my mouth.

The top half of her body sinks into the mattress at the feel of my tongue sliding between her folds. I chuckle as she melts against the bed. Her legs tremble as she pushes back against my mouth as I devour her. The muffled sounds of her pleasure, combined with the gentle rustle of sheets beneath her, creates a symphony that makes my heart race and my blood sign with desire.

Her desire overrules her embarrassment that her ass is in my face, and I push her legs further apart before tilting my face. Ivy shivers when my stubble brushes her clit as I jam my tongue inside her. The sensation of her velvety flesh against my tongue is intoxicating, and I couldn't get enough of her taste.

Her sweet taste on my tongue makes me groan, and my cock ached painfully, wanting to be buried deep inside her. My hands squeeze her thighs as I open her up wider, sucking and licking every crease and fold before trailing my tongue between her cheeks and running it over her tight hole. The air around us is heavy with the scent of our lust, making every breath a reminder of our shared passion.

She jerks, feeling my tongue poke and prod around her back passage, but I grip her thighs, not allowing her to escape as my tongue travels back to her pink, swollen pussy. I slip my fingers in her quickly, coating them in her juices, then trace them up to her ass crack.

I rasp when my finger meets the tight resistance of her asshole as I shove my finger in. She bucked, but I sucked on her clit harder as I worked my finger inside her, her body relaxing and her muscles easing as I fuck her ass with my finger.

Ivy moans and writhes as I tasted every part of her before working another finger into her. Stretching her tight hole while lapping at the juices as they spilled out of her. She pushes against my face, rocking her hips in ecstasy against my mouth and fingers before she screams and exploding on my tongue.

I lick up her juices, gently sliding my fingers from her as she moans, my tongue slowing as she rides out her orgasm. Her sweet nectar coats my lips and tongue when she collapses on her stomach on the bed. I chuckle, grabbing her ass after I stand up.

Her face is flushed, and her eyes heavy. I lean over the top of her and kiss her shoulder. The touch of my lips to her skin sends a shiver down her spine, and I can feel her body gradually relaxing beneath me. Standing up, I step into the bathroom and wash my hands. The sound of water running echoes through the room, a soothing counterpoint to the intensity of our passion.

When I come out, she has fallen back asleep, and I sit on the bed, tucking her body against mine, and finally, I too am able to settle down enough to fall asleep for the first time in two days. As I lay there, her soft breaths against my chest and the gentle rise and fall of her body lulling me into slumber, I realize we have forged a connection that could never be broken.