

## Keily | Only Wanton Lust

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I nodded, captivated by his charm. A long, intense, breath-stealing kiss was my reward, pulling me further into a James-induced haze.

James opened the door for me and even fastened my seat belt before hurrying to the driver's side. He was eager. He pulled out of the parking lot, and we were on our way.

On the drive to his home, I tried to make small talk about today's game, but it was clear that neither of us was interested in that.

We were both so interested in something else that we couldn't stop ourselves from smiling at the thought of it.

I texted Addison to cover for me tonight, and she replied with a wink and a thirsty emoji. I didn't like lying to my parents, but I sure as hell wasn't ready to have *that* awkward conversation.

They both liked James and approved of our relationship; however, sex was a whole different dimension to navigate—at least for Dad. They would find out eventually.

As soon as James's car reached his garage, we hopped out. James grabbed my wrist and started pulling me through his house.

He was walking too fast, and my short legs could barely keep up with his long strides. I didn't know why, but a heat was already building in my panties in anticipation.

"Aah!" I stumbled on the staircase because of the mismatch in our steps. James looked back at me, and before I knew it, my world turned upside down, and I was hanging off his shoulder like a big sack.

"James!" I shrieked, holding onto the back of his shirt and his hair. "James, put me down! Right now!" I yelled, but the idiot didn't listen and climbed the stairs with me hanging on top of him.

“You’ll hurt yourself! Put me down! You’re still healing.”

“Shh. I’m fine, so don’t scream,” he reprimanded me as though I was the one being unruly here.

“Why not scream?” My eyes widened as I thought further. “Wait, are your parents home?” I asked, dread filling me.

“No, they’re not home. I just want you to save your screams for the real action.”

My body heated from head to toe at his brazen remark. “You—you... *Ugh*, you have no shame,” I spluttered pathetically, staring at his moving feet.

“And you have enough for both of us.” I just knew he was smirking.

“I can walk—” A loud smack echoed, and my butt burned. “Did you just spank me?”

“Yes,” he answered simply as his hand came back to massage my butt over my dress. My panties were a mess by now.

“It’s one of the things I’ve always wanted to do to you. Do you have any objections?” His tone was teasing, but I knew he was giving me an out.

“Perv,” I muttered but didn’t stop him. I guessed I liked getting spanked by his big hand. Another smack landed on my other cheek, making me yelp.

“What did you say?”

“James,” I whined, and he chuckled, rubbing my sore spot as an apology. I was still having a hard time believing that James Haynes, my former nemesis, was fondling my butt.

We reached his bedroom, and he dropped me on his springy bed. My shoes fell on the floor. Our eyes met, and I gulped.

The hungry look he was giving me made me want to run away and have him at the same time. I backed away on the bed, and he grinned, watching me like a caught prey.

He enjoyed the sight of me laid out on his bed and at his mercy.

"Tonight, I'll make you mine in all ways, Keily," James said and took off his sweater.

I couldn't look away from his naked torso. He had well-defined lines and muscles underneath. He had abs and a V-line to die for.

On his side, I found the scar that he'd gotten three weeks ago, and it didn't hamper his beauty one bit, only added to it. He looked perfect.

*He's perfect.*

*But I am not.* The self-deprecating thought reared its ugly head after so many days and at the worst of times. *No, no, no. Don't ruin it, Keily.*

*He loves you.*

*But what if he doesn't after he sees all of you? All the gross flab and extra fat on your body. Your stretch marks on your pudgy belly. Will he still want you?*

The bed dipped, and James was on top of me. "I am never letting you go." He kissed me, pulling my cardigan off my shoulders.

His lips moved down to my neck and bit me, making me whimper. He cursed and continued to my shoulder, wetting and biting me all the way, most likely leaving marks.

I was a red, whimpering mess under him.

I didn't realize when my cardigan was off me, leaving me in my summer dress. When his fingers slid down to my thigh and pushed my dress up, all the negativity came crashing down.

I shoved his hand away and pushed him off, gasping for air.

"What is it?" James asked, still hovering above me. Lust had yet to clear from his eyes.

"I'm a virgin," I blurted out without thinking.

His gaze softened, and he smiled. "We've discussed this before." Yeah, we had a few days back when we were recounting our previous relationships. He'd had two; I'd had none.

"I'm sorry for jumping on you like that," he said. "It was selfish. I'll take it slow. Tell me immediately if you don't like anything."

His fingers grazed my calf lightly, making the goosebumps crawl all over my skin.

When James leaned down, I pushed him again. "I'm sorry."

"You don't want to do it." He really tried to hide his disappointment.

I shook my head. "I want to, but I'm scared."

"Scared of what?"

"I've never done this. Nobody has ever seen me naked." At least not since I was a child. I blinked my eyes to clear the tears. I didn't want us crying right now.

"You're perfect. I'm not." I looked down. "I'm so sorry for dragging you down with my baggage. You shouldn't have to deal with my problems and insecurities."

"Too late for that, baby," he said. "You're mine now, along with all the baggage that you carry. I might not have had the best way of showing it, but I knew you were for me since the moment I laid eyes on you."

"Your mind, your face, and *your body* are for me."

"I don't know how much I contributed to those nagging thoughts that pull you down, but if you let me, I'll show you how fucking much I craved you while bullshitting with you. I crave you so much now, Keily."

"James, stop blaming yourself. What I feel is the product of years of experiences. Your month of stupid taunts and bullying aren't comparable to them."

"Then, believe me and let me show you how beautiful you are."

I looked at the sincerity in his eyes and nodded. He pressed a kiss on my lips as his hands moved to my back and unzipped my dress.

I was so close to pushing him off again, but before I knew it, the whole dress was off my body. *He's fast.*

James pinned my arms over my head with one hand when they instinctively came to shield myself from his ravenous eyes. There was no sign of disgust, only wanton lust on his face.

Not long after, my bra was off. *Oh God!* I feared for my life with the way my whole body turned red under his scorching gaze.

James tsked, his finger drawing circles over my heaving breasts. “Stupid girl. You’re ashamed of this?” I whimpered as he pinched my nipple. “Well, it’s time you learned not to be.”

His dark eyes met mine, and I nodded, and that was enough for him to let go of the restraint.

James’s lips found mine again, softer this time, as his hands continued to explore. His fingers moved slowly, tracing over my skin like he was memorizing every inch of me.

I shivered, feeling exposed but also safe. He wasn’t rushing, just letting his touch build the electricity between us.

When his hand slid down my side and gripped my waist, I felt the heat in my body intensify. He pulled me closer, pressing his chest against mine, and I could feel the strength in his arms holding me there.

His lips left mine to travel down my neck, leaving a trail of warmth and soft kisses. My breath hitched as he moved lower, his lips brushing over my collarbone before stopping at my chest.

My hands found their way into his hair, tugging slightly as his tongue circled my nipple, teasing me. I gasped, arching into him. My heart was racing, the fear still lingering, but he was chasing it away.

“Is this okay?” he murmured against my skin. His hand slid down my stomach, stopping at the edge of my underwear, waiting for permission.

I nodded, unable to form words, but I didn’t push him away this time.

Instead, I focused on the sensation of his touch, the way his fingers traced the line of my hip before dipping lower, sliding under the fabric. His fingers grazed me, and a wave of warmth rushed through me, making me gasp again.

James kissed me harder as his fingers moved with more purpose, stroking and exploring. I felt dizzy with sensation, overwhelmed but in the best way possible.

He was patient, watching my reactions closely, never pushing too far but also never stopping. I bit my lip, trying to control the sounds escaping me, but it was impossible.

“I want you,” I whispered. The words felt foreign, but they were true. I wanted him. I was ready. I didn’t know what to expect, but with him, I felt like I could handle it.

James lifted his head, his eyes locking onto mine. Just one last check to make sure I was sure.

I nodded again, and this time, he didn’t hesitate. He pulled back just enough to rid himself of his pants, then came back to me, his skin warm against mine.

He moved between my legs, his hand guiding him, and for a second, I tensed. But James kissed me softly. “I’m right here. Tell me if you need me to stop.”

I swallowed and nodded again, this time more firmly, and when he slowly entered me, there was a little pain but mostly an unfamiliar pressure.

I gasped, gripping his arms, holding on as he moved carefully, letting me adjust to him.

It was slow at first, every movement gradual, giving me time to feel every inch of him. The sensation grew, the pressure building into something I hadn’t expected.

My breaths came faster, my body responding to his in ways I hadn’t imagined. I wasn’t scared anymore.

James’s hands held me close, his forehead resting against mine as he moved with me, his breath hot against my lips. “You’re beautiful, Keily,” he whispered again, and this time, I believed him.

He showed me again and again how beautiful I was all night. By the time we finished, I was sore, my muscles aching, and every part of me branded as his by purple bite marks.

He couldn't keep his promise of taking it slow, and I didn't want him to.

Despite all the bodily pain, there was contentment in my chest as I lay in his arms. There was so much happiness.

I was beautiful. And whenever I forgot that, my man would be there to remind me. My mission was to never forget that.

"I love you," James said, stroking my rosy cheeks.

"I love you." I smiled.

*I love him so much.*

End of Book 1