

Chapter 147— Mutual Understanding

FREYA

Jet has always been the one out of the two of us to take long showers and today was no exception. I stood in front of the mirror, admiring how sexy I looked in the lingerie while absently listening to the running water from the shower that could be heard from the bathroom. Usually, I didn't mind him taking this long because I understood perfectly that someone who works as much as he does, obviously needs those long baths. I'm a little impatient and I blamed my excitement for it.

I glanced towards the bathroom once I noticed the shower had stopped running, I moved closer to the bed, trying to find a sexy pose but I trip over myself in the process and burst out laughing. God! I looked so pathetic, I didn't have the time to compose myself when the door opened and Jet walked out, adjusting the towel around his waist. He looked at me briefly before his gaze roamed down my body.

My face feels like it was lit on fire from how hard I was blushing, his gaze seems to awaken my body as he continues to stare at me. He hasn't said a word yet and it was making me a little nervous. When I look at him, I could see the desire in his eyes so there is no doubt about him not liking what he sees but why isn't he saying anything?

“Cat got your tongue?” I teased, doing a little twirl for him, giving him the view from every angle.

“Fuck woman! Are you trying to kill me?” He groaned, taking a step towards me. “You should have given me a warning” His hands immediately went to my ass, squeezing and pulling me into his embrace. A smile formed on my lips as I looked up at him, enjoying the fact that I rendered him speechless for a few seconds. “So....this is what you went shopping for?” He hummed, lowering his head to my neck.

My body jerked when I felt his fangs graze the spot where he had claimed me. “Yes” I moan breathlessly, arching up against him to get impossibly closer than we already are.

His fingers toyed with the string of my panties, it was like a game, he would twirl his fingers around the string, pulling it back a little then let it go abruptly, coursing it to go back into the crack of my ass and it sting a little. That turned me on a little more than a care for admit, his mouth applying pleasure to my body while his hand did the opposite. It was like a balance and my body craves more.

“I approve,” He murmured, withdrawing his fangs as he lifted his head to look at him. Taking a step away from me, he looked at me. “You look so ravishing, I find it hard to decide whether to tear it off you or continue to look at you all night. You are breathtaking” If my face could get any redder then it just did.

“You can do both,” I suggested, darting out my tongue to wet my lips. I was torn between wanting to kiss him and wanting to push him on the bed and ride him until I felt sore and boneless against him. I could feel the wetness dripping from my pussy to my thighs. It’s been a long time since we—

He walked past me to sit on the bed without another word. “Put on a show for me” He demanded, his voice sounding deeper than they usually are. He doesn’t need to tell me, I knew there was one heck of a battle going on inside his head about what to do to me first.

“Put on a show?” I asked, feeling uncertain before pulling myself together. Confidence is sexy, especially when you are wearing a bikini or lingerie. Monique told me that during one of our conversations and she was right.

I have seen how strippers do it in movies and I hope to God that Jet hasn’t because there was no way I could measure up to them. Following the imaginary music in my head, I approached him and then straddled his legs. I immediately felt his cock poking me, I forgot the fact that he only had a towel on.

He sat still watching me do my thing and I did it. I grind against his lap, kissing my way up his neck but in the middle of that, an idea suddenly occurred to me and I brushed his hands away from my waist so I could get off his lap. He tried to stop me but I pushed harder and he let go.

Standing only a few feet away from him. I held his gaze knowing what I was about to do will test the level of self-control in him. At this moment, I felt so powerful, he's the dominant one but now, it was my turn to take the lead.

Under his watchful gaze, I slowly trail my finger from my neck down to my breasts. I heard the quick sharp breath he took. He reached out to me but I shook my head. "You are not allowed to touch me. You want a show? Then you will get it" I made us switch places, knowing I would be more comfortable on the bed with my display. With him staring down at me, I continue to stroke my body, slowly but in a sinful way.

It wasn't all about putting on a show for him but I was also enjoying myself, although it didn't feel as good as when he did it but it still got my point across. I massage both my boobs, doing it the same way Jet does it to me. Imagining he was the one doing this to me while he was watching me, made the whole thing hotter and when my hand touched my clit, a moan slipped out of me and my mate decided he had been tortured enough.

"Enough already" He growled, making me giggle but it soon turned into shock when I heard something tear and my panties gave away.

"Jet!" I yep as he spank my ass. "Seriously? You could have gently taken it off. I love that piece" I scolded him as he reached to take the pantyhose off me. He would have ripped

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them apart if they weren't socks. I hurriedly unclip my bra and take it off before he decides to tear it.

"I will buy you dozens of them. You have teased me enough for one day"

"You better, add bikinis to it. Now that I know we are on an island, I'm thinking of going to the beach" I replied.

"Keep talking" He ordered as he dragged me towards the edge of the bed until it looked like I'm falling, then he raised my legs. I was confused at first until he knelt down in front of me. "I said, keep talking!" He growled, smacking me on my pussy.

I moaned, not believing he just did that. "I'm thinking of going to the beach— oh fuck!" I finished my half sentence on a moan as I felt his tongue starting to lick me.

Once he noticed I had stopped talking, he smacked my pussy again and I screamed from both the pain and pleasure it sent across my body. "New rule" He growled looking at him, the fact that I could see my wetness glistening on his lips made my pussy lick the more. "If you stop talking, I'm going to stop. And then I will make you get on your knees and suck my cock until I cum inside your mouth, once I get off, I will leave you wet and begging. Did I make myself clear?" He demanded and I almost orgasm from his dirty words. Part of me wanted to do that but I was so wet and the thought of not cumming is going to drive me out of my mind.

“Yes, just get me off already” My words earned me another smack but this time on my thigh. I open my mouth to say something but Jet already goes back to licking and sucking the hell out of me, turning whatever I was going to say into a breathless whisper.

I tried not to focus on the pleasure I was currently experiencing and search my brain for something to say. It was so hard. “How-do-we-get to the beach? I-have-been-wondering-about—Jet I can’t” I cried as my body started to quiver.

It only took a few seconds later for me to cum all over his tongue, I couldn’t talk or feel, it felt like I was falling off a high place and finally landed safely but in an earth shattering kind of orgasm way. When my climax subsided, I looked at Jet as he took the towel off from around his waist. His erection angrily pointed in my direction.

My eyes were glued to his dick as he climbed into the bed with me, arranging me in the position he wanted me to be in. I might have had an orgasm just a few seconds ago but my body was ready for more.

With his weight pinning me down, I wrapped my legs around his waist, kissing him back as he captured my lips with his. I also wrapped my arms around his neck, after unsuccessfully trying to get my hand into our pressed bodies for his dick. He enjoyed the struggle and I finally gave up. In order to punish him for not helping me, I bite his lower lip, earning a

groan from him and a jerk from his cock.

I felt the head of his dick at my entrance while his hand played with my nipple, I paused holding my breath, I expected him to go in but he didn't. He rolled off me and reached for the nightstand drawer, bringing out a pack of condoms.

I sat up. "Don't tell me you are going to use that and where did you get it?" Of course at the drugstore but that's beside the point. I didn't want him to use protection, it drowned me how serious he was about not losing me over a baby stuff.

He picked out and tore through it with his teeth, I stopped him as he was about to put it over his dick. "Let me help you then" I offered and after a few seconds of hesitation, he handed it over to me.

I kiss his dick first and then lick the top before putting it over his dick. Once I was done, he pushed me over the bed, kissing me hungrily like we never paused and I ran my hands all over him as he sucked from one breasts to the other. I arch when he entered me, making me scream a little. I feel like he gets bigger every time we have sex because I still wasn't used to his size. I felt full, in a good way of course.

"Fuck!" He moaned, going still for a moment. "You get tighter every time" Thanks to the stupid condom, I couldn't feel him as much as I would but I'd understand.

He only gave me a moment to get used to having him inside

me before he began to move, he wasn't gentle and I love it. I moan each time he thrust into him and when he attempts to pull back, my pussy will try to grip him, refusing not to let him go which will also earn a groan from him.

When I cummed the second time, we did it together and it was perfect. His own orgasm died down and he collapsed onto me, dropping little butterflies kisses on my neck, face, forehead, lips, cheeks making me smile. He pulled away from me briefly to remove the condom, and went into the bathroom. He joined me back a few minutes later and we cuddled in silence.

"Thank you" He said out of nowhere which confused me because I had no idea what he was thanking me for.

"For what?" I shift in his arms, turning around to look at him.

"For understanding" He answered and I finally realised he was talking about the condom stuff.

"You don't need to thank me, I understand perfectly. If the roles were reversed, I wouldn't want to lose you too and I don't want to lose you" I murmured, burying myself in the crook of his neck. All thoughts about Morgana were forgotten at the moment as I lay down with my man. If I don't take Morgana out, it's only a matter of time before I lose my mate and I will take all the risks in the world to make sure that doesn't happen!