

Chapter 27 : He Was Kissing Me

I was lost in the way he was kissing me.

I felt frozen in time, and the only thing that I was aware of was how he was touching me— how he was holding me.

He was impacting me more than I could understand, but I wanted it all.

Time had stopped in that moment, and, for once, I never wanted it to start again.

I wasn't sure how I got into the room; Ethan's hands roaming my body captured all my attention. His fingers worked at the zipper on my dress as my hands pulled his jacket from his body. Our frenzied motions caused a sort of electricity to run from his body to mine.

I didn't know how to explain the feelings he was stirring up in me.

As my dress fell to the floor, he pulled back and looked at me. The black lace bra and panties I had been wearing were the only pieces of clothing upon my body, and even though I had been bared to him before, I couldn't help but feel shy beneath his gaze.

A low growl came from his throat, and I watched him rip his shirt and tie from his body. Instantly, he was stepping toward me, and his lips descended again as his hands gripped my backside, hoisting me up so that my legs wrapped around his waist.

Swiftly, my back met against the soft caress of the blankets on my bed. He loomed over me, working his lips from my own down my neck, and I lifted my neck to him giving him better access as my eyes closed and I moaned softly.

“Rosalie...” he whispered softly in my ear. “I want you.”

It was the first time he admitted to wanting to take me, and he had never asked before. I found something about his statement extremely seductive.

“Please...” I moaned.

As I did, the black lace was torn from my body and his mouth captured the erected buds upon my breast, swirling them gently between his teeth. A cry of pleasure left me, and my hips raised to meet his own, wanting to feel more of him.

I could never get enough of how he made me feel. I couldn't stop thinking about all the wonderful things he did to me.

As he released my breast from his mouth, he ventured south, and his mouth upon my core was a welcome feeling. His tongue moved in swirling motions before dipping deep inside of me, bringing me closer and closer to the edge of reason.

I could feel the buildup in my stomach, and when he tipped me over, my hips bucked wildly as he held me close to his mouth, forcing me to ride the wave as he moved faster and faster with his tongue. I cried in pleasure as stars danced in my eyes.

“Please,” I begged repeatedly, but he didn't stop. He devoured me until I came against him again, My fingers gripping his hair roughly before slowly releasing as I came down from the euphoric high he created.

Biting my bottom lip, my eyes watched as he stripped the rest of the clothes from his body, and quickly came to join me on the bed again. Resting between my legs, he pushed them open wider, and lined the head of his thick erection up with my core.

His mouth descended only inches above my own as he whispered, “say my name.”

I was shocked by his command, and didn't know what to make of what he asked, but I wasn't going to make him ask me again.

“Ethan...” I replied softly, and then he slowly pushed inside of me. A gasp left my lips as I felt the fullness of him spreading me open.

“What do you want, Rosalie...?” He asked, biting gently against my bottom lip.

“Y-you... Please, I can't take it...” I begged, clutching on to him. “Please, Ethan...”

He didn't give me the satisfaction I wanted.

“What's on your mind?” He paused, and then asked cruelly, “Are you still looking for a mate?”

I couldn't think but surrender. “No...”

One fluid movement caused every inch of him to fill me completely. I cried out in pain and pleasure as I relaxed. Letting the rough-thrusted movements of his body fill me was the most intense pleasure I had ever had.

“Oh— goddess,” I cried out as he pulled me up onto his lap, still inside me as he kneeled on the bed. His hands upon my rear end, he brought me down on his shaft over and over again, and the louder I got, the more his lips assaulted my own.

This was different from how he had slept with me before— more intense and erotic.

I could feel the swell of his c**k, and knew that it wouldn't go away until he emptied himself inside of me. I didn't want him to stop, though. I wanted every single part of him to stay with me at this moment. I wanted all of it, always.

I felt the intense buildup within me once more as he hit the sensitive spot inside me over and over again. “Oh— I can't—”

“c*m for me, Rosalie... Scream for me.”

His command sent me over, and I sobbed in pleasure as he moaned, spilling his seed within me holding me tight against his body. The jerking pleasure of his member within me caused me to gasp.

I was breathless and panting against him.

My eyes slowly opening I found him staring at me with a look I didn't recognize. A small smile crept upon my lips as he pulled me down upon the bed with him, waiting for the swelling of the knot to disappear.

My head rested against his chest in the position we held, and even though it was different than before, I liked it. I found myself not as scared of him as I once was — in fact, I was captivated by the way he could be.

“Did it hurt?” he asked, breaking the silence between us.

I blushed. “No.”

“Good,” he replied before looking toward the ceiling.

As the knot dissipated, he slid himself from me, and I thought he would be quick to leave.

Instead, though, he laid next to me for a moment before sliding to the edge of the bed and making his way toward my bathroom.

I sat up, curious as to what he was doing. When the sound of running water flowed from the room. I saw him walk back, his member hanging freely between his legs as he headed toward me.

I was completely confused. What was he doing?

But I didn't bother to ask. I let him pick me up from the bed and carry me to the bathroom before setting my feet upon the floor and walking into the shower with me.

The hot water on my skin felt amazing. I didn't understand what was happening, but I didn't want to say something and ruin the moment, so I allowed him to do as he pleased.

His hands brushed over my skin with a wet rag and soap as he washed every inch of my skin. His fingers danced around my core longer than I expected, and a gasp of sensitive pleasure left my lips as his fingers played with my clit just a little longer.

I couldn't help but look at him as a flicker of a smile crossed his face.

I wanted so badly to know what was running through his mind in that moment, but as quick as it was there, it disappeared. He shut the water off, stepping out and wrapping a towel around us both.

I walked slowly back towards the bed, and climbed onto it, Ethan one step behind me the whole way there until I was settled in the blankets. He pulled them up, tucking me in.

“Get some rest, Rosalie,” he ordered, but his hoarse voice sounded so gentle. He brushed his fingers over the top of my head before turning the light off and walking toward the door.

I didn't want him to go, but I knew I shouldn't ask for more.

Little by little, he was changing the way he acted toward me. Perhaps it was because I was going to be carrying his child.

In my wildest dreams, though, I hoped it was something else.

I wanted more than anything to understand, but perhaps relishing the moments was better than trying to decipher everything Ethan did.

