

Chapter 75

Daisy

I don't give Xavier a chance to respond. I sit up in my bed and begin stripping down in front of him. It feels surreal like I'm watching it happen from outside myself. And although we have had sex before, I'm as nervous as an inexperienced teen.

But then our gazes collide, and I forget to be shy or wonder how we got here. Because there is only him, the way he looks at me, and the way he makes me feel.

Those red eyes study me like I'm something glorious, something essential. Just one glance is enough to make me feel beautiful. I want to shine for him-only him.

He doesn't look away from my naked body as he shoves down his own clothes, revealing his hard cock.

I've seen it before, but it feels like it's been ages since we had sex.

And this time, everything is different. It's his vampire self I'm having sex with. His skin is cold to the touch, and he wraps me up in his arms. His body is muscular and solid and so much bigger than mine that I'm enveloped. As he pushes me back onto the bed, the mattress dips beneath our shared weight.

His lips trail down my neck, leaving a tingling sensation in their wake. "If there's anything you don't like or need, just tell me," he murmurs. His hands, rough from fighting, glide over my body. "Anything at all."

"I want you," I whisper.

With a low moan, he gently cups my breast in his hand before leaning down towards it. His mouth is warm and damp against my skin, causing me to let out a deep groan as I press myself into him. He sucks on my nipple with fervor, eliciting another satisfied sound from me before repeating the motion once more.

"Xavier..." I utter his name as a plea. It's to get more of him, for him to be everywhere, consuming every part of me. He seems to understand this desire as he gazes up at me through his thick, dark lashes and continues to tease my other nipple with his mischievous tongue.

"Patience," he says. "I want to play with you before taking you. I've waited so long."

He plays with me, caressing my nipples until they're swollen and hard, shining in the dim light. His fingers glide over the sensitive peaks in a slow, rhythmic motion that ignites a deep sense of desire within me. I can't help but writhe and moan against him, my leg wrapping around his toned waist as I yearn for him to take me.

But he resists sinking that hard cock into my center. His focus is all on me.

He traces his way over my body, studying every curve and dip with gentle kisses that leave me trembling with pleasure. He moves slowly, leaving greedy, wet kisses along the way. When he reaches the peak of my hip bone, he pauses, his large hands settling on my thighs with a light grip. His intense gaze meets mine, filled with desire.

"Spread your thighs," those red eyes of his are too intense to disobey.

With a slow, deliberate movement, I reveal myself to him. I feel vulnerable as I show him my wet, swollen folds, and the cool air hits my damp center. My breasts quiver with each shaky breath I take.

Xavier's eyes are fixated on me. His tongue darts out to moisten his lips, and I clench tightly within myself in response.

He lets out a deep moan before bowing his head and pressing his lips to my pulsating center like he's been deprived of oxygen. An intense wave of pleasure courses through me, causing me to arch my back in response.

But Xavier isn't done. It's as if he can't get enough of tasting me. He continues to lap at me, devouring me with every move of his tongue. I find myself unable to resist placing my hand on the back of his head, guiding him further as I crave more of this ecstasy.

Holy shit, the feel of his tongue sliding and searching is almost too much to handle. I'm half trying to flee.

But he won't let me leave the bed. Not that I want to. The sight of his broad shoulders between my legs, the fan of his dark lashes shadowing an expression of sheer greed, has me teetering on an orgasm.

He pauses, gently pressing his lips against my clitoris as if it is a necessary act, a tender gesture amidst his intense desire. And in that moment, I fall down the rabbit hole.

Arching against the bed, I come and come.

Xavier presses his lips to mine once more, his hand caressing my trembling stomach in soft, circular motions. He then leans over me, hovering above me. "Your flavor is the best one I've tasted," he says roughly. "My favorite."

Fuck. I lick my dry lips, my breath catching in my throat. "You can have a taste anytime you like."

His face exudes smugness and intense desire as he runs his hand down my stomach and over my aching, teased core. I am dripping with anticipation, allowing two of his large fingers to effortlessly slip inside me.

We both groan, his forehead resting against mine. "You need me in here, don't you?"

"Yes." I'm panting now, my body on fire as I shiver under his expert touch.

He keeps fingering me, entirely shameless about it. "How do you want it?"

Unable to take it, I reach out my hand to cup the back of his head, gripping his black hair so I can tug him down until we share the same air.

"I want it deep and hard," I tell him.

He shudders, a breath leaving his lips. "Shit... Tell me more."

"I'm so ready for you." I whisper. "The pregnancy hormones are driving me insane. I'm so wet that you could slide in without any effort. But I don't want it to be easy like that. I want to feel

every inch of you. I want you slow and then...hard as hell.
Swollen inside of me.”

His red eyes are dark with arousal, his chest rising and falling rapidly as he takes in my words. He presses deeper inside me with his fingers, earning a loud gasp from me. “And what else?” he asks huskily

“I want...” I hesitate only for a moment before gathering the courage to say it out loud, “I want you to fuck me until I can’t remember my name. Until everything blurs and there’s only you and the pain, the pleasure.”