

The Rebellious Omega

Chapter 63

Blair POV

I was lost. His lips pressed gently against mine and I felt the sparks, the heat that flooded through my body, constant tingles running down my spine. My lips parted automatically and his tongue delved deep inside, exploring the inside of my mouth, teasing me, tasting me and my senses went into overdrive as I clutched at his arms, moaning as I felt the kiss being deepened, my arousal increasing by the second along with my desire for him. He pulled away, his eyes going dark and I swallowed hard, panting slightly, wanting to pull him back to me, wanting to feel his body pressed against mine and fighting the urge to push him down on the bed and explore him with my hands. It was completely out of character for me and I blushed, as he swept me up in his arms, cradling me, placing me delicately on the bed as I gazed up at him dazedly. Instead of being fearful, my body was desperate to feel his hands on me, my legs spreading automatically in an open invitation. I was wanton, seductive, and prepared to beg if it came to that. Who would have known I had this side inside of me?

“Tell me to stop” he growled, his eyes raking over me, his eyes so dark they were like obsidian and I shook my head, refusing to.

I wanted him, I didn’t want him to stop what he was doing. I wanted him so badly that I was almost whimpering with need. His hand began to move all over my body, making me breathe shallowly, his lips traveling down my neck to the nape, pausing as I stiffened. I wasn’t ready to be marked by him, not yet, and to my relief he continued, his hand gently cupping my b****t as a jolt of pleasure shot through me. Gods, it was so good and I gave a small cry, my body writhing on the bed as he kept continuing to touch me, gently massaging my breasts, his other hand lightly trailing up and down my thighs, teasing me, before gently stroking my folds down below as I shivered. A low moan erupted from my lips. He trailed his fingers up and down in a teasing fashion.

I shuddered. He gave a wolfish grin. “So wet” he purred, moving further down the bed his hands lifting my legs and spreading them wide as I looked down at him in bewilderment, my breath hitching. Surely he wasn’t going to...but he was. I felt his tongue against my folds and almost shrieked in shock, my legs quivering, my head flinging back and my body shaking violently.

“You taste so good, so sweet, like honey” he growled, and my body quivered on the bed as he began to lick and tongue my clit, my legs held apart by his strong hands as I clutched at the bedsheets with my hands, unable to do anything but pant as the pleasure increased, my mate’s tongue knowing instinctively how to bring me to the brink as I sobbed, feeling myself getting close but unable to tip over. I was so close to something, but I didn’t know what. He lifted his head for a moment, his eyes dark and piercing, a knowing look in his eyes. I writhed on the bed, feeling so close, my body needing something more, my mate instinctively sensing it.

“c*m for me baby” he growled and then I felt his tongue begin to flick insistently against my c**t in short, sharp bursts.

I shrieked, my body pulsating, an orgasm ripping through me as I came against his tongue, my body shuddering until I collapsed against the bed, my mate continuing to lick and lap at me, prolonging the o****m and draining me dry, before he lifted his head again and smirked at me, looking proud of himself.

He kissed me hard and I tasted my own juices on his lips. I expected him to get right to the next part, glancing down at his erection, my eyes wide at how huge he was and worrying it wouldn’t fit. But he was in no hurry. He nibbled my earlobe and then kissed my neck again before sucking it, making me arch my back and hiss. His hand stroked my sides and my stomach. My whole body felt like it was aflame and before long I was begging for him to be inside of me, all my worries about him not fitting completely forgotten about.

“Braedon, please” I choked out, writhing underneath him as he continued to touch and kiss me all over “Please, I want you,” I told him groaning as he continued to feel me all over.

My own hands were roaming over his bare chest and his shoulders, his back, and his legs as he knelt over me.

He pulled back and looked at me. He narrowed his eyes. “Are you sure? We could stop” he offered with no anger in his voice whatsoever.

There was no way in hell I wanted to stop. Not now. I appreciated his offering but my body wanted him in the worst possible way and I could not say no. I wriggled underneath him and heard him suck in a breath, his eyes blazing as he struggled to maintain his self-control. I was amazed at how much self-restraint he had shown already.

“Please” I whispered, staring him right in the eyes “Please, Braedon.”

He moved, slowly, lining himself up at my entrance. I braced myself for the pain, inhaling sharply but then he paused and reached over, digging into his bedside table as I watched. I was confused. He retrieved a condom and my eyes widened in surprise. I had not been expecting that from him. It was rather nice for him to be so considerate, considering my lack of experience in this kind of thing. “Later, we’ll talk about children, but right now, I think it’s fair that I use this” he grunted.