

The Rebellious Omega

Chapter 75

Blair POV

He kissed me, his lips gentle, forcing mine to part, his tongue coaxing its way into my mouth and exploring it as I moaned, his hand pushing my body onto the bed. I wriggled underneath him, feeling my body becoming wet as my juices began to flow. His nostrils flared and his eyes went dark. His hand lightly trailed up and down my arm. He broke the kiss off and pulled my shoes and socks off, before sliding my pants off and eyeing my lace panties with a wicked grin. He rubbed the outside of them with his index finger and I whimpered, a knowing look in his eyes.

“Somebody’s already wet for me” he murmured and I tightened my lips, unable to deny that my body was already responding to him, a surge of desire tearing through me as I contemplated taking control and ravishing him instead.

A thought that quickly disappeared as he tore my panties with his hands and ripped them away, his fingers gently rubbing my folds as I moaned. It felt so good. My legs parted even wider, my hands clutching at the bedsheets for dear life. He smirked, watching me as he began to circle my c**t with his finger, pressing down on it with gentle pressure as my mouth opened and I began to mewl.

He inserted a finger inside of me and my body jolted. I panted. He slid it in and out of me, watching as my body began to tense. When I thought it couldn’t possibly get any better or pleasurable, he pushed in another finger, all the way to the end and held it, causing me to shudder. If you are not reading this novel5s on J novel5s.com, some sentences are incomplete. I felt stuffed, strangely enough, and he curled them, thrusting back and forth gently, hitting a spot inside of me, over and over as I began to cry out, my body pulsating with pleasure until I screamed, my body tensing as I came, hard, my juices dripping all over his fingers as he eyed me with a look of satisfaction on his face.

I watched wide-eyed as he uncurled his fingers and pulled them out, licking his fingers, his eyes dark. “Delicious” he purred.

I blushed. He got up off the bed and began to pull off his clothes, my eyes darting to his shaft as it appeared in front of my eyes. He was already fully erect, his massive size, once more filling me with doubt that it would fit, although it had once already. I gulped, but he was tender, coming back to the bed and assisting me to take my shirt and bra off, his hands skimming along my ribs and my sides, gently cupping my breasts, and moving to rub my buttocks. He touched me all over, making me feel loved and cherished, taking his time, ensuring that I was ready before he even thought about taking

me.

I wanted to do something for him in return this time. I wanted him to feel as much pleasure as he had given me. Thoughts flashed through my mind and I gave a smile before I put my hand against his chest, stopping him, and gently pushed, guiding him onto the bed so that he was lying down. He appeared to be slightly bemused but did as I asked, staring at me with those gorgeous eyes of his that I could get lost in without even trying. I ran my hands down his chest, thrilled at the touch of him, feeling tingles run through my hands. I adored touching him. He gave a small groan as I moved further down the bed. I licked my lips and he looked at me with hungry eyes.

“I want to taste you” I whispered, feeling apprehensive.

Although I was eager, I wasn’t quite a hundred percent sure about how to go about it. It wasn’t about to stop me though. He reached for me. I dodged his attempts. “Are you sure?” he asked gruffly “Because that’s not even a thing I want you to feel like you have to do” he growled.

I ignored him, my hand moving to grip his member at the base as he sucked in a breath.

It felt smooth. Fascinated, I moved my hand slowly up and down, before I gathered my courage and parted my lips, tasting the tip. He grunted. I liked it. I opened my mouth wider and took more of him in, licking his shaft and relishing the feel of his c**k as I bobbed my head up and down, causing him to inhale sharply.

“f**k” he groaned and I felt a sense of satisfaction at how much he was enjoying what I was doing to him.

I got braver, shoving more of him down my throat, and heard him make a strangled noise. I couldn’t get enough. I licked and sucked, saliva dripping off me. I got pleasure from giving him pleasure. It was incredible. I worked my tongue, taking cues from the way he responded, the way he stiffened, and the way he groaned. His body was beginning to tense, when his hand grabbed me, pulling me up as I reluctantly opened my mouth, releasing his c**k. I eyed him slightly disappointed. I had wanted to make him c*m.

“If you kept going I would have blown my load” he growled and I smiled, pleased with myself.

He looked as though he was struggling as he maneuvered me back to lying beneath him, his hand desperately rifling through the bedside table, his hand sliding the condom on with haste. “f**k” he muttered, “I feel like a damn schoolboy.”

I tried not to laugh. He glared down at me. I tightened my lips. His eyes narrowed. I felt a sense of foreboding. I was about to be punished for causing him to feel this good. I pouted and he chuckled, leaning down and lightly nibbling on my lower lip.

“You’re a quick learner” he scowled “I’m not sure if I like that” he added gloomily.

He nuzzled me, his hand forcing my head to the side so he could smell me, his lips gently pressing against my neck and suckling at it, bringing hickeys to the surface.