

Chapter 100

Emily's pov

As he settled inside me, so deep, the ache I once had transforms into mind blowing pleasure. I shudder under him, hearing how wet I was when he pulled out slowly and thrust back in.

The tip of his cock is so deep inside me, nudging against my womb. We both sighed, as if we had a long day at work and just got back home. Home. My home was always with him.

My nails drag against his skin and I knew my claws were out a bit because his muscles ripple under them when they broke some of his skin.

He doesn't hiss in pain, he hisses in pleasure, his eyes locking mine in an intense stare. I swallowed.

" I missed you," I whispered, staring into his eyes longingly.

His eyes bore into mine, the windows to his soul revealing the love he still had for me. It made my heart beat faster and I curl my legs around him.

" I missed you too baby," The tip of his nose rubbed against mine lovingly and he pecked my lips.

Bryson pulled out a little and pushed back in, a husky moan slipping out of his lips. His head rolled where my neck meet my shoulder and his lips latch on the sensitive skin there.

He felt the same, big warm and long, yet something about now made this more intense. Must be because of the years of loneliness that haunted us.

I shudder as I felt the nip of his teeth, grazing my skin as he thrust into me with slow and deliberate pumps. I moaned as every thrust brought waves of pleasure crashing over me.

He gasp when I lifted my hips to meet his every thrust and started to slam into me until I had to bite my tongue to suppress a scream that bubbled in my throat.

His skin was hot to the touch and I knew mine was to. We were both burning in the desire of our passion, taking every moan and every thrust we gave each other.

Bryson's thrust became fast and needy as if soughting for my soul. His hand glide down my thigh and his fingers curl under my knee before he brought it up. He angled his hips, his weight on me but not crushing.

I gasp, my eyes rolling back in pleasure as his new angle allowed him to penetrate even deeper. It was as if he was determined to reach every hidden corner of my soul, every inch of my pussy.

I shuddered, my walls welcoming his cock hungrily. I can hear the sounds of him moving inside me, it bounce against the walls, fueling the need to have more of him.

The room was filled with the intoxicating scent of our arousal, a scent that made me want even more. Not caring that my sister or anyone could hear me I moaned out his name.

He slowed down his pace, moving his head from the crook of my neck and looked down at me. He interlocked our fingers and whispered. " You want me to go fast or slow?"

" Both," I said breathily, just wanting him to continue this sweet pleasure. It's been years, you can't blame me for being desperate for him to fuck me.

He grinned, lowering his head to capture my lips. It's searing and hot and made me melt under him enough for him to shock me by pounding into me. The headboard slams into the wall and I can hear how it's ruining the concrete, bursting into it.

The bed groaned under us, the mattress moaning in distress as Bryson slams into me.

My lips open in a silent scream, my heart thudding as he continued to push into me at such a pace that I can't keep up.

I thrashed under him, almost like my body wanting more yet scared of how much pleasure he was giving me right now.

He pinned me under him, as if silently telling me to take all of him, every thrust and every jerk of his cock.

" Bryson!" I cried, clinging to him as my thighs tremble around him. He groans, breathing out my name as he continued to thrust into me. He's literally pushing my body into the mattress and the poor bed frame screech just as it shatters beneath us.

I gasp as we jerk from the bed breaking, but Bryson didn't seem to care and continued his sweet punishment.

" Take me baby," He purred in my ear, kissing my cheek and neck as he hugged me while his bottom half assaulted me.

Our breathing is labored.

My body felt like a live wire, every nerve tingling with pleasure. The intensity of this moment brought me closer. Bryson's deliberate thrusts, the rotate between slow and fast, were driving me to the edge of ecstasy.

I gasped and moaned, my cries echoing in the room as he continued to take me to the peak of pleasure. His words, his touch, his presence, everything was pushing me closer and closer to that edge.

"That's it, take me, baby," he purred, his voice a seductive caress that sent shivers down my spine. I clung to him, my nails digging into his back as I surrendered to the pleasure that consumed me.

My thighs shook as I drew closer and then his voice commanded. "Cum now for daddy."

And my body listens. I gasp, crying as I clung to him, shuddering beneath him as I came all over his cock. Bryson's mouth find mine again, swallowing my cries. He murmured on my lips while still riding into me. " I won't let us ever be apart again."