

Chapter 41

Emily's pov

I chewed on my lower lip, my trembling fingers finally pushing down the zipper.

I can hear the beating of his heart.

It's loud.

Just as loud as mine.

I looked up at him under my lashes while I hooked my fingers through his jeans and peel it off him.

His eyes pierce through mine, watching me intensely as I peel off his briefs slowly too.

His erection is freed, hard, girthy and lengthy. Bryson is the picture of perfection.

He jerks, the veins wrapped around his entire length pulsing.

I stare at him in awe. Taking the magnificent sight of him up this close.

He was beautiful. Like a work of art.

His tip gleamed with pre-cum and the white creamy substance somehow make his dick look even more yummy.

I can't help myself, my wandering curious hand wrap around him, causing him to groan and jerk in my hold.

I nearly moan at how velvety smooth his cock felt in my hand as I run my fingers over him.

His pulsing. Those veins like vines on his skin. They felt good.

And I bet he taste good.

"Fuck Em." Bryson cursed as I brought my face closer to the head of his cock, my lips just teasing breaths away from his tip.

I looked up at him, my cheeks hot, yet I had the burning urge to please him.

As I brought my gaze down to his cock yet again, another fresh gleam of pre cum trailed down from his tip.

I couldn't help myself. Giving into temptation, my lips parting so my tongue can dart out to lick over his tip.

He trembles, cursing as his fingers grip my head, burying in my hair.

"Fuck. Em. Shit." He groaned in pleasure, humming on my own.

His taste burst on my taste buds, dancing on my tongue. I had to close my eyes to savor the taste of him.

He tasted salty, yet sweet. I couldn't describe it, I don't think my brain was here actually, to even come up with words to perfectly describe his amazing taste.

My tongue swirled around his head hungrily trying to get to every drop, every single drop of his pre cum on my tongue.

I could feel his grip around my hair growing a bit hard and hell, that somehow turned me on even more.

I was soaked.

No, it wasn't just water on my panties anymore.

My arousal joined it as I find myself completely turned on by his taste and being able to please him.

Bryson breathed in, his beast growling. "You smell so fucking good. When you're done, I'm going to bury my tongue inside you."

My pussy clenched by his words, my walls aching for him.

I moaned, my lips kissing his tip before I couldn't help but want more.

I needed to taste him more.

My tongue run over his length, feeling the pulsing of his veins as my tongue soothed down on him.

He hissed, fingers wrapping around my hair and pulling me closer.

"Emily." He grunted, jerking in my hold.

"Baby." He panted when my tongue now trace all over him before my lips wrap around the head of his cock and, suck.

I hummed, loving the taste of him and the way I was practically marking his cock with my saliva.

Before we were mates, he'd always lick me playfully. And I was sure to mark me now knowing that he was in love with me too.

Now it was my turn to mark him.

Looking up at him with his tip in my mouth, I can't help but get more aroused at the sight before me.

Bryson head is thrown back, his chest heaving, sweat now coating his creamy flesh and addams apple bobbing.

I was pleasing him.

That alone made me throw caution to the wind and I found myself opening my mouth wider to take him in.

I gagged, forcing his length in my throat as he stretched my mouth painfully.

Bryson's head snapped down, his eyes a startling dark shade of red as he snarled. "Fuck Emily!" His hips bucking forward, his legs shaking as I moved inside my mouth and invade all my senses.