

Chapter 42

Emily's pov

I know it is strange, but I find myself loving his scent as he move deeper into my mouth.

His warm, hard yet, oddly smooth in my mouth.

I liked the way the veins on his cock pulsed on my tongue, the way the tip of his dick tickle closer to my throat as I force myself to swallow inch by inch.

I looked up, finding myself transfixed by a powerful being such as him, weakened because of me.

His jaw is clenched, his eyes dark, piercing on my face....

I could watch him all day like this with him in my mouth. I really wouldn't mind.

His taste, his scent....was driving me insane.

When he hit the back of my throat, I gagged.

He tried to pull away, his eyes glinting with concern, but I shook my head and hold him in my mouth.

He hisses.

"Fuck Em. This feels so good."

A moan so sweet fluttered out his lips.

His jaw ticked as I pulled back, taking my time as my lips scrape against his warm velvety flesh.

He pulsed in my mouth, some pre cum dripping from his tip to settle on my tongue.

I moan at the yummy taste and he growled.

"You look so fucking hot with my cock in your mouth."

And he looked so good from my point of view.

I lapped around him, swirling my tongue over his head when I got to his tip.

He hisses, the friction in my hair turning me on even more.

I'm pooling between my thighs. Soaked as hell.

And with the way he breathed in, I knew he could smell me.

I throb between my legs as I watch my strong powerful mate succumb to the pleasure I was giving him.

He gulped, his eyes penetrating through me.

His scent, the feeling of him inside my mouth was intoxicating.

I sucked his tip, drawing out more pre cum as Bryson shook in the knees.

"God Ava." He moaned, rocking his hips forward, urging me to take more of him.

I do, for the second time.

My lips wrap around him as he moves inside my mouth again. He shudder, and pulsed in my mouth.

The way his veins run over my tongue as he push deeper into my mouth made me hum around him.

Bryson cursed out, wrapping his fingers through my hair.

I hummed again, feeling nothing but pleasure as I please him.

"I'm going to cum Emily." He warned, now slowly fucking my mouth.

I loved that I have him so.

I loved that he was losing control because of me.

His eyes rolled back, his cock throb in my mouth, his veins pulsing on my tongue, his taste bursting in my mouth.

I quiver as he gripped my hair hard, hold my head steady as he shoots his load right into my throat.

The taste burst on my tongue and I gulped every last drop of him, moaning as the throbbing between my thighs grow.

I watch Bryson lose his sanity, trembling, pulsing, breathing. His head was tilted back as he moaned out my name like a chant into the wind.

I pulled back, keeping my gaze on him. His toned six pack tighten when he came.

His head drop, his eyes falling in mine. He's panting, trying to catch his breath. "That was so fucking good baby." He rasped.

I moaned when his cock popped out of my mouth still so hard. And gasped when he lifts me up in his arms, my thighs over his forearms.

And then squealed when my thighs were now around neck in seconds.

"Bryson!" I squealed when he waited no second to push his tongue into my folds, pushing deeper until my walls had no choice but to clamp around him.