

Chapter 29

"Wait. Where are you sleeping?" I ask.

"Probably the couch, Max is using the guest room tonight since his parents are out of town and my mom didn't want him staying alone." He replies.

"Why don't I take the couch and you stay here?" I suggest.

"No, no. Lee you are not sleeping on the couch. For one I would have to be a major jackass to do that, and two my mother would literally kill me."

I laugh a little, "Ok, well I don't want you on the couch... just stay in here. I think we are old enough to sleep in the same bed."

He hesitates, "Are you sure, I don't want to make you uncomfortable." Little butterfly's are in my stomach now.

"Yes, I am sure. I'm ok with it if you are."

He looks back to the door and then to me, "Ok, but if you ever want me to leave, just say so."

I nod, " I will, promise."

"Go ahead and shower in here, I'll use the guest shower." He says while digging into his drawers.

"Ok." I walk into the bathroom, get undressed, throw my hair in a messy bun since I decided not to wash it, and turn the water on so scolding hot, just the way I like it.

I wash my body with the Dove Men's and body wash that's there, it smells manly and just like Damion... I love it.

When I am done, I turn the water off, put a towel on, and dry off. I look in the cabinets and thankfully find some lotion. I would hate to have crocodile legs.

After putting in the lotion, I put the T-shirt and boxers on. I have to roll the boxers four times to get them to fit, but I don't mind.

I use some water to rinse off the left over mascara and look in the mirror to make sure I got it all off. That's when I see the hickey it's below my ear.

I knew it.

There is nothing I can do to fix it, so I just walk out of the bathroom.

I immediately see Damion laying on the bed scrolling through his phone with wet hair, a pair of boxers, and a black T-shirt on just like the one he gave me. He looks good enough to eat.

Stop being a horny bitch.

"Hey do you happen to have an extra toothbrush?" I ask nervously.

He looks at me and for a moment his eyes flash that same black color they do when he's jealous, angry, or turned on, "Uhh, yeah. Under the sink."

"Ok thanks." I turn around and walk back into the bathroom and brush my teeth.

After I rinse my mouth, I let my hair down and walk back into

the room while turning off the bathroom light.

He is still laying down, but now he is pulling at his shirt like it's annoying him. I laugh a little.

"What the hell are you doing?" I say while sitting on the bed next to him.

With his eyebrows furrowed and jaw clenched he says, "I don't usually sleep in a shirt, its uncomfortable."

I would be and idiot to not want to see him shirtless, even though I am not supposed to want to.

"Just take it off then." I say with an obvious tone.

"I don't want to make you uncomfortable."

I roll my eyes and blurt out, "Damion, not two hours ago you had your hand down my pants, I think we are past me being uncomfortable seeing your shirtless."

He looks surprised that I said anything.

Nonetheless he sighs and takes the shirt of, and if he isn't a sight to see. He has tattoos all over his body, abs I could wash laundry on, arms that could squeeze the life out of me, and a back that I want to have my scratches on.

My breathing picks up a bit and I turn away before he notices.

"You know if you wanted to see my shirtless you could have just asked." He says while smirking.

I tuck my bottom lip in between my teeth and fight back a smile, "Whatever, go to sleep."

I lay down facing away from Damion and he turn the light off. We don't say anything, and the silence is killing me, but about thirty minutes later I can no longer keep my eyes open, so I sleep.

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Middle of the night

I slowly wake up with a groan.

Holy fuck, why is it so hot it here?

I finally register that Damion is now basically on top of me and he is about 1000°. I am sweating, but he looks too peaceful to wake up. So, I drag the shirt up a little from the top so that I don't have to move Damion's arm, then as quietly as possible I shimmy my way out of the boxers so that I am in just my underwear and shirt.

Damion groans a little, so I stop moving and wait for a solid minute. He seems to be back asleep so roll the shirt up so that it sits right above the start of my under boob.

After a few minutes, I manage get back to sleep, but before I know it someone is shaking me awake and pulling me onto their lap.

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Chapter 30

"Lee. Lee. It's ok. Your fine." A deep voice next to me says.

I was shaking and I have a few tears running down my face. I don't say anything because I feel like I can't talk. For the next five minutes Damion held me and whispered sweet nothings into my ear.

When I finally got my bearings, I spoke up, "I'm sorry for waking you."

He sighs, "Lee, I don't care that you woke me."

There was a pause, "Are you ok?" He asks while still holding me against his chest.

I nod.

"It's ok to not be ok." He says.

Again, I don't say anything, I just listen to the sound of his heart.

His right hand goes to the top of my thigh and squeezes it.

In a deeper voice that usual Damion asks, "Lee, why aren't you wearing any bottoms?"

I bite my lips a little and slowly look up so that I am face to face with him, "I was hot, so I took them off."

His hands squeezes my thigh a little harder, I can feel myself getting wetter with each passing moment.

His hands softly brushed up my leg until he reaches the top.

My breathe hitches.

I watch his hand as he traces my panty line, across my stomach and around my hips. He stops when he reaches my inner thigh. I lick my lips and part them. I can feel his whole body tense up.

He is hard as a rock. He knows it, and I know it.

I am soaking wet. I know it, and he knows it.

"Lee?" He whispers in my ear.

"Yes." I whisper back.

"Tell me to stop." He practically begs.

I don't say anything.

He says again with a much deeper voice, that doesn't sound like him, "Tell me to stop."

I pause and whisper, "No."

I picks me up from his lap and puts me down on the bed. Immediately I feel his soft lips on my neck, I whimper. His one hand is balancing himself on top of me, and the other is cradling my face. I move my head to give him better access and he starts kissing lower. Suddenly, he stops kissing me and sits up. His hands are on the bottom of the shirt which is still rolled up to my boobs.

He looks at me to ask for permission and I nod without hesitation. Before I know it the shirt is off and I am practically naked in front of him.

His mouth finds my left nipple and he sucks. I quietly moan and out my hands in his hair. I know there will be a hickey there tomorrow, just like there is on my neck.

He softly kisses his way from my left boobs to my right and does the same thing. I am a moaning mess and am dripping wet. After leaving his mark on my boobs he starts kissing down my stomach, when he reaches just above my belly the kisses change. He starts rolling his tongue on my skin and I swear I almost cum right then.

"Damion." I gasp.

He lifts his head, "Do you want me to stop?"

I answer immediately, "No, please. Don't stop."

He does as I ask and continues to place wet kisses down to the top of my underwear. He gets off the bed and suddenly start kissing his way up the inside of my right leg, starting at my knee. I open my legs a little more so that his body has room.

When he gets to the very top of my inner thigh, he goes back down to my other knee. Once again he reaches the top of my inner thigh and stops.

"Lee if you want me to stop just please tell me." He sounds like he is trying to hold himself back.

I have that feeling again, like my brain is saying stop, but my body and heart are saying go. There is a pull between us that I can't explain, but I feel it. I think he feels it too, but I don't know and that scares the hell out of me. I have done more with him

in the last two days then ever did with Jason, the question is why. I know that I never trusted Jason with my body, he never even saw me naked. Now Damion has seen almost every bit of me, and I want him to see more, but the fact that we aren't even together and I'm doing this is hard for me. I dated Jason for two years and all we did was kiss. Damion and I hated each other for our entire lives, and so far he has fingered me, given me hickeys, and sucked my tits. Maybe... maybe I let this happen and see where it goes, but I don't think I will be ok if I get hurt. So I will give him my body because I can't fight it anymore, but I won't give him my heart.

"No, keep going." I say breathlessly.

He skids my underwear down my legs and now I am bare for him to see. I am definitely self-conscious, and him not moving isn't helping.

I try to close my legs, but his hands go to my thighs and stop them. A few moments pass and then I feel his hot breathe on me.

