

Chapter 100

Jealous Sebastian

“Baby doll, who is this?” Ryan asks, turning to face Sebastian.

I see it in his eyes. He was totally checking him out which almost made me giggle. Sebastian on the other hand looked like he was about to rip someone’s head off.

“Ryan, this is my soon to be ex-husband and Sebastian this is Ryan.” I introduce.

Before any of them say anything Krystal rushes past us like a speeding fast car. She then launches herself into Sebastian’s arms.

“Daddy Sebastian, you came...I’ve missed you!” She yells, probably damaging his ear drums.

I watch as Sebastian’s face softens as he hugs Krystal close.

“I’ve missed you too, love.” he tells her in a husky voice.

Looking at them, I wonder if Krystal will ever find something special like this again. Maybe I should just stop looking for love all together. There was no need of parading men in front of her. It wasn’t right and

also because I don't think I could love another man after Sebastian.

"Are you here to take us home?" she asks him, hopefully.

"That's enough Krys." I command. Putting a stop to what was happening.

I don't know why Bash was here but I doubt he was here to take us home. Why would he when he had a mate?

Her face falls but she doesn't say anything.

"We need to talk," Sebastian says in that deep voice that has the ability to bring me to my knees.

I nod my head. We did need to talk. I had to tell him about the baby. Then forge a way forward after that.

"Ryan, could you please take Krystal for a while?"

My eyes are focused on Sebastian. His, give nothing away. So, I can't tell what he's thinking.

"Sure, darling," he again pecks me right on the lips before calling Krystal to follow him.

The moment his door closes behind them. Sebastian pushes me into my apartment and then slams the door before locking it.

"What was that?" he asks sharply.

I look at him in confusion. “What was what?”

“You forgot me pretty quickly and replaced me easily...it hasn’t even been three fucking months.” He snarls.

I continue staring at him. Trying to work out what he was going on and on about.

“Are you fucking him Red? Are you letting him touch what’s mine?” he asks. Something dangerous in his voice.

Has Sebastian lost it?

I was starting to think he had gone completely insane when it hit me. He was jealous. Sebastian was jealous of Ryan and I didn’t know whether to feel good about that fact or not.

I stare at him. The anger and jealousy burning in his eyes makes me burst out laughing. If he only knew that there was nothing to be jealous about. If he only knew that Ryan was gay and his little kisses on the mouth meant nothing. It’s just how he greets me. There was nothing sexual about them.

He takes a dangerous step towards me. Stepping into my personal space.

Before I have a chance to escape, he grabs me and fists my hair before tilting my head to look up at him.

“You think this whole thing is funny?” he fumes.

I try hard to maintain a cool façade but I lose it. Because honestly speaking, I did find the whole thing hilarious.

He backs me until my back hits the door. With his hand still buried in my hair. He crashes his lips on mine. I moan in pleasure as he pushes his tongue past my lips.

Electricity zaps through me. Sending prickles down my spine causing a gasp to escape my lips. Fuck!

It's been so long since we kissed. Since I tasted him. I've missed him so damn much.

"Did he kiss you like that, Red?" he murmurs against my mouth before trailing his lips down to neck.

His hand leaves my hair and slides down past my neck, down to my waist before cupping my ass.

His masculine scents envelop me. Making me forget everything. Forget why we shouldn't be kissing.

Why he shouldn't be touching me so intimately.

"Sebastian..." I want to tell him to stop but all my protests come to a halt when he sucks on my pulse points.

"I will make you forget his touches and kisses. The only name you'll ever moan will be mine." His vibrating voice goes straight to my clit.

His mouth comes back to mine and he kisses me savagely. I feel his hardened length straining against his jeans and the image of being filled by him causes wetness to pool between my folds.

“You’re mine Red.”

He pushes the straps of my dress down and exposes my chest. He dips his head lower. His breath fanning my breast.

‘Stop Ren! What are you doing’ a voice screams in my head. This is wrong. What we’re doing is wrong.

Oh goddess. What the hell was I doing? I came back to my senses and open my eyes. I was about to push him away when he lightly kisses my breasts before trapping one of my nipples between his lips.

He sucks on it, his tongue coating my pointed peaks with saliva.

Forgetting everything. I moan and arch my back. Pushing my breasts in his face. My hand involuntarily wraps my fingers in his silky soft hair.

He shifts to the other breast as his fingers glide into my dress. I feel his warm hand pushing its way into my panties.

“Spread your legs for me,” he commands huskily.

I do so without hesitation. His finger skims over my clit before he plunges it into my wet and aching chore. Moaning, my head rolls backward and hits the door behind me. The pain doesn’t even register,

just the way he feels.

He enters a second inside me and proceeds to finger fuck me.

“Sebastian...”

“Your so fucking wet...wet for me, isn't that right? and no one else.” he says against my lips.

I nod my head. My skin is on fire as wave after wave of sensation assault me.

He gives me a harsh bite on my lip and tugs on it a little before soothing it with a lick of his tongue. I wanted more of him.

I make a moan of protest when his fingers withdraw but then I almost combust in flames when he brings his fingers, coated with my slickness to his lips.

“Delicious,” he tells me, licking the wetness from his fingers.

I’m a goner when he does that. I forget all the reasons why we shouldn’t be doing this and I bring him back to me. Smashing my lips against his.

His hands go to the back of my hips and he lifts me up. I automatically wrap my legs around his narrow waist.

“Tell me what you want, Red.” he says, rubbing his hardened bulge against my heated core.

I murmur “You... always you.”

He releases a groan and using the door to support my back, he rips my panties. He steps back a little and I help him lower the zipper of his jeans. Releasing his thick, long, hard on, leaking pre cum. I lick my lips and using my legs, I pull him closer.

He rubs his erection along my slit, coating himself with my wetness then he leans forward and meshes our lips together before entering me inch by inch.

“Yes,” I moan around his mouth just as he groans “Fuck.”

I thread my fingers in his hair, angling my head forward to deepen our kiss. He pushes back and rolls his hips driving inside me so hard I’m surprised the door doesn’t break.

Clamping my thighs tighter around him and with each jerk of his hips he encloses me in a balloon of passion and pleasure. My body craves more of him.

He snatches his mouth away and trails kisses down my neck. My sore breasts bounce with each thrust, his chest rubbing against my pointed peaks, which only adds to the building climax.

He speeds up his pace as he continues sucking my neck. Probably leaving hickey while he pounds deeper and harder.

My hands travel down his back. My nails digging into his skin as my core gets tighter and tighter around him until it finally becomes too

much. I arch my back, screaming when it finally hits me. Pleasure hammering me over and over.

He thrust a few times and then groans in my ear. Biting the same spot he marked me as his hot cum spills inside me.

“Are you okay?” he asks after a while.

With his gaze on me, his dick still inside me and his voice penetrating the fog. The full scope of what I’ve done, what we’ve done registers in my mind. And with that tears fill my eyes.

I push at his shoulders. “Get away from me.”

He doesn’t move.

“Get the hell away from me!” I all but scream.

He slowly steps back and his cock slides out. He releases me and places me on my feet.

I fall down in a heap on the carpet. Cover my face in shame as I try to block out the image of my torn panties and what it represents.

“Red, what’s wrong?” he asks anguished.

I feel him getting down on the carpet with me. I don’t look at him. Too ashamed of what just happened between us.

“We’ve become cheaters,” I tell him brokenly.

“What are you talking about?” he asks, confusion lacing his voice.

How could he not know? I’ve just become the woman I swore never to become.

“You have a mate now and yet we’ve just betrayed her,” I sob “We’ve betrayed Mayra.”

The guilt was eating me. How could I become the other woman? There was now no difference between me and Miranda.

“You’re wrong. Mayra isn’t my mate...you are.” he tells me softly

“What?” this time I’m the one confused.

“Mayra and I are no longer mates.” he replied

I stare at him, not really sure what he meant? How are they no longer mates? What had I missed?