

And Then There Were Four by Lilith Carrie

Chapter 8: Chapter 8: Dreaming of James

Thoughts of how James touched me kept rolling through my mind that night. I couldn't stop thinking about his hard rippled body against mine, and the incredible way he smelt. When I came here, I had planned to keep to myself, and the conflicts I had with the guys upon my arrival made me want to keep my distance even more.

Yet, the moment James touched me, I felt my body come to life.

A fire ripped through me, and the heat of his touch caressed every edge of my soul as if calling out to it. The more and more I thought about it, the crazier I became trying to figure out why he acted the way he did.

A sigh left my throat as I stood, pulling my hair up higher into a ponytail before walking towards the kettle and turning it on. The one thing I loved about Idaho so far were the cool evenings that allowed me to open the window, allowing the air to rush through the open space in my living room.

In Georgia, it was hard to do that in the summer months. It was always a constant battle with mosquitos and trying not to be eaten alive. However, summers in Idaho were nicer and the only thing I had to really worry about was when the snow began to fall in the winter.

Something I wasn't looking forward to.

Standing by the open window, I looked out onto the green lawn that went on for miles. The lights of the main house gleaming in the distance lit the small area around it. To think that for years I had avoided this place because I was worried about my father, and I instead missed out on being closer to nature.

Closer to the way I wanted to live.

As much as I tried to distract my mind from James, I found it hard to do. I hadn't been laid in two years, and the sexual frustration I had built up was taking a toll on me. A glimmering thought traveled into my mind, and a smile played onto my face.

Last year as a joke, my mother bought me a vibrating best friend, and at the time I had been horrified because I couldn't believe she bought it for me. The joke had been that I was to uptight with exams and needed to release some aggression. Thinking back on it though, I understand what she meant.

It did help to relieve tension.

Pulling the bright purple clitoral stimulator from its pink bag, I stripped down to just my tank top and laid on the bed. I knew it was wrong of me to think of James, but he had gotten me so worked up and I needed a release.

I needed something.

As the vibrations came to life, I toyed with myself. Soft moans escaped my throat as I moved it. I thought of James touching me and the way his body pressed against me. An image of him kissing me ran through my mind, causing my body to shake as I felt my orgasm build.

“James...” I whispered softly. “Please...”

As my climax hit, I came undone and a howling sound echoed through the woods behind me, causing my eyes to open in shock and the toy to be cast aside.

“The hell was that?!” I exclaimed as I quickly pulled my shorts on.

The sound had been close to my cottage and knowing that I am this close to the woods sent fear through me as I stepped back into the living room. My eyes quickly darted towards the open window, and moving faster than I ever had, I ran to it and shut it quickly.

I could hear the sounds of rustling on the other side of my front door, and with no weapon in sight I felt myself begin to panic.

“Ivy...” The sound of my name coming from the other side of the door stopped me in my tracks. I knew that voice, but confusion and worry filled me as I wondered what James was doing outside my cottage. “Open the door.”

“No...” I replied, “I can’t... but you need to get out of here. There is an animal in the woods.”

“I know there was...” he replied again, and the sultry sound of him swirled around me headed straight for my core. He sounded darker than usual, and everything about it made me want more. “Open the door, Ivy... I can smell you.”

Smell me?!

Being at my dad's house was beginning to be weirder and weirder, and every second of every day I questioned whether or not I should have come here. I was happy to be here, and hated that I waited so long to make the trip, but at the same time these guys were doing a number on my sanity.

“I am not dressed, James.”

The small click of the door made my eyes widen in shock as I watched the lock slowly turn and the door opened. A surge of adrenaline pushed through me as I stood still watching him.

“Liar...” The smirk on his face itself was enough for me to get wet, but when he moved closer to me, I felt the anticipation rising and I waited for the moment I was going to wake up from this dream.

“What are you doing here?” I asked breathlessly as he stepped closer to me, his hand raising up to brush down over the side of my face.

“You know if you leave your windows open, we can hear what goes on inside this little cottage of yours, right?” Realization dawned on me that I hadn’t closed it when I was pleasing myself, and my cheeks turned red with embarrassment.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, but you need to go.” I quickly snapped as I tried to push him out the door.

Instead, my efforts were feeble as I found myself quickly tossed onto the sofa with him between my legs. “Do you really want me to go?” He asked as his fingers trailed over the hem of my shorts.

I hadn’t had the time to put my panties back on after my fun in the bedroom. I had been to worried about the animal noise I heard outside, and the open window in my living room. Panic and excitement filled me, as his fingers slowly began to brush down my thigh.

My horny ass moaned softly causing him to chuckle, “I didn’t think so.”

“We can’t...” I replied as he toyed with the loose shorts that did nothing to conceal my soaking wet core from this point.

James leaned into the area between my legs, his face pressed to the inside part of my shorts as he inhaled deeply. “God, you smell so good.” He mumbled before I felt his tongue swipe across my slit.

“Oh, my God.” I moaned.

That was all it took before he had yanked off my shorts and buried his face into my soaking wet core, his tongue devouring me as I cried out in pleasure. The more I tried to pull back, the harder he pulled me close, making it to where I couldn’t break free from the pleasure he was bringing me.

“James—” I cried out, “oh God, James please.”

"I want all of you," he growled into my core, causing the vibrations to tip me over the edge again.

"Yes—" I moaned, "please."

The moment between James and I had my mind spinning. I wasn't sure what I was asking for, but I didn't care anymore.

My eyes took in the sight of him as stripped before me, releasing the massive erect dick in between his legs. There was no way that it was going to fit inside me. The girth itself was going to rip me open, and suddenly I was second guessing if I wanted to do this.

As he grabbed my hips and pulled me closer to him, I felt the head of his thick cock pressing against my folds and I cried out as the head slowly slid inside.

However, before he could fully thrust himself in, the door burst open and Damian stood there in all his fury, a roar echoing through the room before James was completely ripped off of me. "I told you NO!"

I wasn't sure what was going on, but before I knew it, Hale and Talon had entered, both rushing to James to hold him back from completely losing himself to Damian. I curled back onto my sofa, grabbing a blanket and wrapping it around me as I watched in horror at the sight that was unfolding around me.

Damian stood in front of me, and James stood staring like he wanted to kill Damian.

What had my life come too?