

## CHAPTER 116

www.NoveLwOrM.Com

116 Ava: Need for Space I wrap my legs around him as he enters, slow and careful, in a burn that only heightens the desire. But he's too careful. Too gentle. Too thoughtful. 1 "Lucas," I whine, tightening my legs around him and yanking him in. His hips surge forward and the entire length of him sinks into me, filling me in a way that makes me feel complete. Whole. But all control he has is gone. He'd used what was left of it to try to ease his way in. Now it's all hard, heavy thrusts and wild rhythm, with my body half off the bed and supported only by his hands on my hips, his fingers digging into my ass. I think I scream. I'm not sure. I'm dizzy over the pleasure as he hits that spot deep inside, a place that 116 Ava: Need for Space almost hurts every time he slams home. "f@ck, you feel so good, Ava," he groans, and I can't answer. I can barely breathe. All I can do is moan and shove back against the bed to try and meet his every thrust, wanting it harder. Part of me wants to drag his head down to my shoulder and force a mating bite, but I manage to hold at least that part of me in check. "Ava," he groans, his voice rough with desire. "You're driving me crazy." I laugh between the moans. "So are you." My intelligence is at rock bottom, all my brain power centered on where our bodies meet, the obscene sounds in the air, and how close I am to the edge. When his pace goes frantic, his thrusts frenzied, I feel my body coiling tight. And when the warmth rushes into me as he growls his release, I shatter. Shatter. 277 116 Ava: Need for Space Every part of me lights up like f@cking fireworks, and I sob with the force of the climax that surges through me, dragging me to heaven in a rush. Lucas leans over me, his chest heaving, his breath hot against my skin. I close my eyes, focusing on the warmth and tenderness blooming inside me, a delicious afterglow that spreads through every inch of my body. His lips brush against my forehead, my cheeks, my nose, each touch a whisper of devotion. "I'm sorry," he murmurs between ki\*ses. "I should be chained to a pole whenever you're around." A laugh bubbles up from my chest, the absurdity of his statement cutting through the haze of pleasure. "I don't think that would help much." He chuckles, the sound vibrating through his chest and into mine. "Probably not. You'd find a way to tempt me even then." We stay like that for a moment, basking in the aftermath of our passion, the world narrowed down to just the two of us. But reality begins to seep in, reminding me of the complications that await us 317 C 116 Ava: Need for Space outside this room. Reluctantly, I pull away, sitting up and adjusting my clothes. Lucas does the same, his movements efficient yet tinged with a hint of regret. As I smooth down my hair, trying to erase the evidence of our tryst, Lucas steps closer, his arms encircling me from behind. The intimacy owww.n0V@w0Rm.c0M

Updates...

f the gesture, the way his body molds against mine, sends a fresh wave of longing through me. But I can't let myself fall into this again. Not now. Not when I've just fought so hard for my independence. Gently, I push his arms away, guilt twisting in my gut as I turn to face him. "Lucas, I... I'm sorry. I shouldn't have let that happen." His brow furrows, a flash of frustration darkening his golden eyes. "Ava, I thought-" "I know," I interrupt, my voice soft but firm. "I got caught up in the moment. In the bond. But it doesn't change what I said before. I still need space. Time to figure things out on my own." He stares at me for a long moment, his jaw clenched, his hands flexing at his sides. I brace myself for an 116 Ava: Need for Space argument, for him to try and persuade me to change my mind. But to my surprise, he takes a step back, holding up his hands in a gesture of surrender. "I understand," he says, though the words seem to pain him. "I don't like it, but I understand. I'll give you the space you need." Relief washes over me, mingled with a bittersweet ache. Part of me yearns to close the distance between us, to lose myself in his embrace once more. But I know that's not the right path, not now. "Thank you," I whisper, my voice thick with emotion. "I know it's not easy." He shakes his head, a wry smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. "Nothing about this is easy, Ava. But I meant what I said. I'll wait for you, as long as it takes." The sincerity in his words, the depth of feeling in his eyes, sends a shiver down my spine. I know he means it, that he would move heaven and earth for me if I asked. But I can't ask that of him. Not yet. Maybe not ever. He's giving you what you want, Selene murmurs in my mind her presence a soothing balm. Don't feel guilty for taking it. 1 nod, more to myself than to her. She's right. I need to focus on my own journey, my own growth. Lucas is strong enough to handle the distance, even if it hurts. "I should go." I say, my voice steadier than I feel. "Lisa's waiting for me." Lucas nods, his expression carefully neutral. "Of course. I'll have Kellan escort you back to the apartment." The mention of Kellan brings a fresh wave of anxiety. How much does he know about what just happened? Will he tell the others? As if sensing my thoughts, Lucas reaches out, his hand brushing against my cheek in a feather-light caress. "Don't worry about Kellan. He's discreet. And loyal. He won't say anything." I lean into his touch for a brief moment, savoring the comfort it brings. ©www.n0V@w0Rm.c0M

www.n0V@w0Rm.c0M