

## CHAPTER 135

135 Lisa: A Simple Tryst (1) LISA It's a relief to see Ava relaxing a little at the party and getting along with one of the girls from training. Mia's always been friendly. "So, Lisa," Bren drawls, his eyes glinting with mischief as he leans in close. "Tell me something about you that would surprise me." I can't help but giggle, feeling a delicious thrill shiver through me at his proximity. It's been so long since I've had a fun flirtation. The only manet to interact with is Kellan, the boring beta with all his rules and regulations. "Hmm, well..." I tap my chin, pretending to think it over. "I once ate an entire large pizza by myself in one sitting. Pepperoni, sausage, the works." Bren laughs, a rich, warm sound that wraps around me like a cozy blanket. "Impressive. I like a girl with a healthy appetite." He steps even closer, until there's barely an inch of space between us. I can feel the heat radiating off his body, and it takes all my willpower not to press myself against him. We chat and flirt, our faces so close I can count the flecks of gold in his hazel eyes. The rest of the party fades away until it's just us, lost in our own little bubble. "Hey," Bren murmurs, his breath ghosting over my cheek. "Want to take a quick walk outside? Get some fresh air?" My heart skips abt at the suggestion, excitement zinging through my veins. I glance over at Ava, seeing her deep in conversation with Mia, the other girl's hand resting on her arm. "Sure," I agree, biting my lip to contain my grin. "Lead the way." Bren takes my hand, his fingers lacing through mine, and guides me quickly through the crowd. Into the kitchen, where we both grab a cup of punch and drink it between giggles and hot, heavy stares. I gulp mine down as quick as I can. He does too. 17:08 2/ We're on the same page. That's always good. We slip out the back door into the cool air of autumn, brushing away the heat of summer. Before I can even catch my breath, Bren is spinning me around and pressing me up against the rough brick wall. His lips crash into mine, hungry and insistent. I gasp into the ki\*s, my hands f\*\*g in his shirt to drag him closer. – Bren's hands skim down my sides to grip my hips as he deepens the ki\*s. His tongue. eeps into my mouth, teasing and tasting. I moan, heat flooding through me, my skin buzzing with sensation. He ki\*sese me like he's starving for it, like he wants to devour me whole. It's intoxicating, being the sole focus of his intensity. I arch into him, reveling in the solid heat of his body against mine. He's the first wolf I've ever ki\*sed, and I'm already determined for him to be the first wolf I ever f\*\*k. His ki\*sese are great. The s@x is probably better. And right now, here, now, with the alcohol burning in my veins and his ki\*sese drugging my mind, I'm ready for more. 17.08 3/9 135 Lisa: A Simple Tryst (1) One of his hands tangles in my hair, tugging just hard enough to send sparks dancing down my spine. His lips trail hot, open-mouthed ki\*sese along my jaw and down my neck. I tilt my head back, giving him better access, lost to the rush of desire. "God, you're so \*\* hot," Bren growls against my skin, nipping at my pulse point. "Been wanting to do this all night." "It's been, like, thirty minutes," ant into his ear, reaching down to unbuckle his jeans. The bulge I'm already feeling is nice. Yes. This is an amazing idea. 10/10 would recommend. It's not that I'm a s\*\*t. I don't sleep with anyone who looks my way. But if I'm interested, and he's interested -well, is there a reason to play silly games when you can scratch the itch instead? "Thirty long minutes," he hisses as my fingers manage to pry his buckle apart. Sliding my hands down the waistband of his boxers, I close my eyes and give silent prayer. Yes, thatwwŴ.novelworm.c(◊)M

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bulge is everything it promised to be. Nothing worse than getting hot and heavy and haing 17:09 sorely disappointed in the end. Sometimes it worked out fine (it really is what they do with it), but so few of them can follow basic instructions, much less focus on someone else's pleasure. Bren's huge hands yank my jeans down with little finesse. Thankfully, they're stretchy and accommodate going over my hips without being unbuttoned. I can hear other noisy sounds around us. We're not the only ones with this idea. I'm okay with it. The raw hunger in Bren's eyes is thrilling, a different experience. Ava had talked about being devoured, about the dominance of both Clayton and Lucas, and I can see it now. They seem so human, until moments like this, when their eyes are rimmed with gold and their primal instincts come out. The hype is real, and I'm here for the ride. His hands skim along my bare thighs, leaving trails of fire in their wake. I moan, arching into his touch, desperate for more. "You have no idea how badly I want you right now," he growls, nipping at my earlobe. "Then show me," I breathe, hooking my leg around his hip to draw him closer. His hardness presses against my core, only the thin barrier of his boxers and my panties separating us. I grind against him shamelessly, chasing the delicious friction. He groans, his fingers digging into my hips hard enough to leave marks. Bren captures my lips in another searing ki\*s, his tongue delving deep. I submit to his domination, reveling in the way he takes control. It's a heady rush, letting go and surrendering to the inferno. His hands roam my body with purpose, one sliding up to palm my breast while the other dips between my thighs. I gasp as his fingers brush over my clothed s@x, my hips bucking into his touch. Even through the damp fabric, I can feel how close I am to the edge already. It isn't that Bren's something special-it's just this. The experience. This place. It's like partaking in something forbidden. 17:09 8/9 isa: A Simple Tryst (1) "Bren," I whimper, my head falling back against the wall as his fingers fumble beneath the elastic band of my underwear. A finger goes in, then a second without any prep. It's a little rough, but I grind against his hand as he groans. "You're so f@cking wet. You want me this bad, baby?" His dirty talk isn't quite doing it for me, so I ki\*s him instead of answering. The ki\*sing is nice, and the rhythm of his fingers is decent. Still, I want more. "Please..." "It's okay if I f\*\*k you?" "Yes," I groan, wrapping a leg around him. "I need you inside me. Now." Bren makes a sound that's half growl, half groan. In a flash, he's ripping my panties off and shoving his boxers down just enough to free his straining erection. I barely have a second to register the impressive size of him before he's hoisting me up, wrapping my legs around his waist and pinning me to the wall with his hips. 17:00 7/9 (1) I feel the blunt head of his c\*\*k nudging at my entrance and nearly sob with anticipation. This is it. This is finally happening. I'm about to be filled in the most delicious way possible. He shoves into me in one swift move, and- It hurts. A lot. He's too big for that kind of intrusion, and I yelp in pain. "Wait, Bren-" But he's pulling back and slamming in again, not seeming to register my reaction. It's good. But it hurts. "f@ck," he groans into my ear. "You feel so good." "Slow down. You're too big." "Oh?" His chuckle sends little tingles through me, and his arms dip under my legs, pulling me higher. I clutch at his shoulders with a yelp. His strength is a definite turn-on, and my whimper causes his eyes to go dark. "Are you adjusted yet, babe? Because I need to f@ck 17.09 8/9 < you." 135 Lisa: A Simple Tryst (1) I wiggle my hips against him, thriving on the groan that shudders through his body. It's amazing, knowing that I'm just a weak human, bringing this big, bad wolf hiffer to his knees. "Yeah," I breathe, wrapping an arm nore snugly around his neck as he shoves my back a ttle harder against the rough wall. "f@ck me, Bren." nd he does, pounding into me without mercy, holding e up by my thighs.

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