

CHAPTER 155

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155 Ava: Their Connection (11) Lace eyes are or she watchers me take a moment to Her foed, with was his babe Aud Lasallia halts Hat BAYER Marczing monde nú tie handle any 43 ыl 5R İntangent worshipprit au lan liye gail oven me van she home sgomet my Brook the why won nating her down over Boura grad any wyre as he hurt deco open my mouth Rough gene segu, Sung when her drugs math base dicky chest Bagering with wo 100 as The OverortION CE the friction I need “I thought you said you wouldn’t be able to hold back” I pant the words in a way that’s probably really uns@xy, wrapping my legs around his waist as he licks around my nipple “Maybe I was wrong” He draws it into his mouth with one strong suck, only to let it pop back out in a tease that has me groaning in frustration His chuckle only drives me innate Has mabutis creubenes me, the slow travel of his tongue making my back arch and my fingers clench his hair My nipples strain ere the attention a dull ache that I can’t bear ith It’s not ough “Lucies” I whimper. 1need. Reaser His grin is wicked against my collarbone. Let the take care of you Rover” The n be almost makes in forget what I need him to be doing Almost Our finger slides down my stomach, tracing the lines of my scars as han sucks at my nipples, the tugging sending little beats of desire straight to the core of the His finger brushes beneath my stomach, sliding between my legs and 1 freeze, causing him to lift his head. “Dan’t stops.” I beg 155 Ava. Ther Connection (1) There’s a smile hiding in his eyes—like he’s laughing at me. The jerk. “Lucas, just...” “I know.” His finger traces between my legs, so close yet so far. “I’m going to give you everything you need.” “Then do it already.” I sound breathless, even to my own ears, as his finger dips between my folds. He teases me. Just a touch of his finger, slick and sure, skating over my clit, making me jump and moan. “You’re so wet, love. Did you know?” “Mmm.” My answer is nothing more than a hum of pleasure at his touch. “No, you didn’t know.” He rubs my clit with more pressure, pressing into my core with his palm. I want to deny it, but my body betrays me with a soft sigh as my hips push into his hand. “You are so,” he murmurs, pressing me open and dipping into my core with one finger. “So responsive.” His mouth covers mine again, taking my breath away, swallowing my moans as his finger curls inside me, finding the magic spot that makes my entire body shudder with pleasure. A second finger joins the first, stretching me, so full, so close to what I need, but not quite. “Lucas, please,” I beg against his mouth. 1307 155 Ava Thol Connection (1) He tears his mouth from mine, his eyes dark and burning, full of the need to claim, to mark, to own. “I need to be inside you,” he growls, and my heart dips at the depth of passion in his words. I can only whimper as he withdraws his fingers, leaving me aching and empty. Not for long. He positions himself between my legs, pushing forward, his broad head pressing at my entrance, nudging my walls open at a torturously slow pace. My hips lift from the mattress, seeking the delicious friction, my legs pulling him forward, but he presses my hips back down with a hand on my stomach. “Don’t move.” “Please,” I beg, tearing at his biceps, trying to bring him back down to me. But he goes even slower, inches at a time, until with a hard shove, he sinks to the hilt, a satisfied growl rumbling through his chest. “You’re so tight,” he grits out. “So good.” Good. That’s all I want to be. His. For him. Because for this moment in time, the only thing I care about is this -us—my alpha and me. He yanks my legs from around him and shoves my knees up, resting my shins against his chest in a way that leaves me open. Exposed. But oh Moon Goddess. The angle. It’s perfect 155 Ava. Their Connection (II) Every thrust hits the right spot, again and again, in a tortuously slow pace that turns my moans into whimpers. It coaxes the pleasure from my body, until I’m shaking beneath him, desperate and needy, my muscles turning to jelly. Lucas’ pace quickens as my body turns boneless, his hips battering at mine with deep, sure strokes. I’m wetter than I’ve ever been, and he sheathes so deep inside me. So perfect. Somehow, when I imagine s@x with Lucas, it’s always with the fireworks of our night of the Gala. This is... different. Better, in many ways. More intimate. More connected. Loving and slow. “I’m close,” he groans, sliding a hand between us to rub my clit in tight, hard circles. “Come with me, Ava. Now.” His demand sets me off, my body clenching hard around him as he slams into me once, twice, three times, a growl tearing from his throat as he comes with a hard shudder. My legs fall to either side as his body collapses onto mine, covering me like a warm blanket, soaking in the warmth of our afterglow. “Wow.”wWw.©(e)veŁwórm.c@M

Updates...

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I trace circles on his sweaty back, my body still buzzing. “Definitely wow.” He gives a little groan and shifts, rolling off me, but staying close, his arm dr@ped over my waist and holding me close. “What was that about not teasing you?” “You have my full permission to tease me like that again,” I murmur smiling at his chuckle. 155 Ava, Their Connection (1) This is so much better than the wild pairing that had come through the pull of fate, and I snuggle close, ready to relax- But someone knocks on my door with sharp, staccato thuds and reality comes crashing into us both. f@ck. Packing. Mom. Lisa. All things that disappeared because we couldn’t keep our hands off each other. Guilt curdles in my belly, tainting the moment until Lucas ki*s'es my forehead soothing me with his mere presence. “I love you,” he whispers, sounding tortured. “You have to call me every hour when you make it there.” “Absolutely not.” Noticing how he stiffens, I run my hand down his back, ignoring the rapid—fire knocking at the door. They can wait a little longer. “I’ll call every minute, until you’re sick of me.” “You better,” he mutters, before bruising my lips with a ki*s that’s more domination and desperation than love. Still, my heart warms as he plunders, oblivious to the knocking growing louder. At least until whoever it is mind—links with him, causing him to groan into my mouth. Not the pleasure—filled kind, but the long, low, frustrated kind that has me turning my head away and laughing. 155 Ava Their Connection (II) “It’s Kellan,” he grumbles. “You have time to shower and pack. You promise to call when you get there?” “When I get there. When I sleep. When I think of you.” Pressing my hand against his cheek, I smile. “I have a lot of time to make up for.” “No, you don’t.” He ki*s'es my nose, growling when Kellan must say something else in his head. “You’re perfect.” He’s lying, but I don’t mind as I watch him roll off me and grab his clothes. “Get in the shower before that asshole sees one inch of that body,” Lucas orders with a stern stare, and I laugh again. The only thing that would make this better is telling Lisa about it later. Depression falls like a blanket on me once again as I remember that she isn’t here. That my entire focus should be on her. Lisa would be the first to applaud this moment, but you should shower, Selene urges me, standing in the doorway with a sneeze and shake of her head. You reek of your mating. Comentario 2 Deja el primer comentario para este capítulo Vote Ver todos > FANDOM

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