

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 11

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 11-He grabbed me by the shoulder and helped me onto my feet, capturing my mouth between his and snaking his tongue in to get the taste of his release lingering therein. His hands cupped my heavy breast while his mouth wandered to my neck, kissing and sucking on the flesh thereon. I moaned out helplessly, wanting more and knowing he would give it to me. His mouth moved to capture my nipples and after torturing them for what seemed like forever, he dropped to his knees.

“You smell so good, gorgeous.” He moaned, his voice vibrating against my throbbing and soaking wet pussy. I bit my lips and moaned, pressing my head against the wall as my lashes flutter. He lifted my leg and placed it on his shoulder, and in the next second, I felt the flick of his tongue. My leg on the floor shook from weakness as reaction surged through me at his action.

This god of a man was on his knees, between my legs, pleasuring me. I whimpered out when he pressed his tongue against my slit and my eyes stayed shut, mentally trying to contain the reaction. He flicked his tongue over and over against me. While his mouth sucked and kissed my wet and needy pussy.

My hips bucked up to grind against his face, finding friction thereon and sinking my fingers into his hair. The pleasure was too much, and I knew I wouldn't last with this, with what he was doing.

“Aaron...” I panted out, my warning not following because I lose the words to say.

He nodded, understanding what I couldn't utter, telling me he was with me.

A few more flicks of his tongue and I exploded, reaching my peak. I trembled on my stand as he gathered every drop of my release with his mouth. I writhe with oversensitivity and Aaron had mercy on me and let go. He rose to his feet and captured my lips savagely. The kiss was rough and passionate and I moaned into it as he forced me to taste myself on his tongue.

He pulled away, and despite my heavy breathing; I tried to catch my breath. I saw the mischievous look on his face. There was something on his mind.

“Turn around, hands on the wall” he instructed, flicking the shower and the warm water came pouring on our skin.

I was not as sensitive as I was a minute ago when I came, but I didn't know if I possessed the strength to go on. This was, however, what I bargained for, and I couldn't complain. I did as he said, turning around and placing my hands on the tiled walls.

He groaned, and his lips descended on the back of my neck, leaving weakening kisses as he made his way down my shoulders. His hands grab my butt, and he pressed his now hard cock against my back, and my breath hitch in my throat.

"Feel what you do to me." he moaned into my ear, moving his hardness against my back, down between my butt cheeks, which were trapped in his hands.

"I've never wanted a human the way I want you, Zera. I don't think I'll be able to not want you after this."

I barely paid attention because my need was growing between my legs as well. I couldn't stop thinking about what he planned on doing to me at this point. A part of me feared what I was bargaining for, but the other felt excited about it.

He released a butt cheek of mine and rubbed against me from behind. My breath hitched as I awaited his entrance, and he didn't deny it long.

He quickly pushed into me. I sighed in contentment as his length stretched and filled me up.

"Fu*ck!" he growled and moved his length in and out, slowly at first, then picking up the pace in no time.

He was ramming into me with a savage pace and it was a surprise I stayed standing because my legs trembled every time he slammed into my sobbing cunt.

"Pull my hair," I heard myself say in a lust-drunk voice I didn't think I had.

He wrapped his hand around my hair and pulled me back towards him. He took my lips between his despite our difficult position.

His tongue slid into my mouth while he thrust furiously into me.

I remember crying out his name over and over as he fu*cked me harder than I expected.

I could barely stand after he was done, and he gathered me into his arms and took me into bed. He apologised for hurting me even though I told him he didn't and he promised he wouldn't be so hard on me next time.

He served me dinner in bed because I couldn't walk on my own with how shaky my legs were.

He didn't mind serving the food. He told me he would also wait for my bones to heal up before engaging in anything se.xual.

I didn't like the idea. We still had a whole day ahead, and the thought of not having him touch and fill me up felt wrong. At this point, I didn't consider my safety anymore. I just wanted him.

I didn't argue with his suggestion for us, and when I asked to go to my room, he told me he'd get whatever I needed there and bring it over to me.

Wanting to taunt him, I asked if there was any herb he knew that would work for sore bones. He rolled his eyes...

I slept in his bed that night and although he slept beside me, the only thing he did was k!ss my l!ps and whisper good night.

When I woke up, I found him already up beside me, staring at me with his eyes filled with adoration.

"What?" I whined in a sleepy voice.

He smiled, "Nothing, good morning."

"Good morning. Tell me why you are staring at me?"

He shrugged. "I thought you looked beautiful."

I rolled my eyes. I didn't believe him. I couldn't. The face I saw the last time I looked into the mirror wasn't beautiful, but I still smiled like an idiot.

"Thank you, then?"

He chuckled. "You're welcome." He leaned in and slowly took my lips between his, not caring about morning breath. I kissed back and my arms wrapped around his neck.

He pulled away from me. "The maid will come in a few hours to clean up the place. I need to go somewhere this morning. I will be back at the latest in the afternoon. I won't be around, but they know their job, so you don't have to bother with anything."

"You're leaving me all alone in this massive house?" I whined, pouting and giving him a sad eye.

"You want to come with me? I don't mind, it's just a few business meetings?" he raised a brow.

"Business meeting? That sounds boring." My nose scrunched, getting rid of the pout I had on me.

He laughed, and my stomach fluttered. "Yes, it is, but the good thing is, I love boring." he leaned in and kissed my lips before leaving the bed.

"You can make breakfast in the kitchen. I apologise for not being able to do that for you today."

An hour later, I was beating the egg in the bowl when I heard someone clear their throat from behind. I turned and found Aaron in black trousers and navy blue long sleeves, black shoes and a black jacket in his hand. He neatly combed his hair to the back and his short beards made him look defined.

How could one man embody gorgeousness this way? It had to be a sin.

Shit, I wanted to fu*ck him. I wanted to ride his thick c0ck till I can't walk.

He smiled as if he had heard my thoughts. "Keep that same energy when I get back, will you?" he pecked my lips before stepping back and exiting the room.

Just like he said, the maids came in and did their cleaning for three hours before leaving, and I didn't interrupt.

I could have watched TV, but I wanted to keep my mind busy instead of my eyes, so I retired to my room and read.

I didn't know how long I stayed reading, but I stopped when my door cracked open and in came Aaron, looking just as good as he looked this morning, only a little tired.

I dropped the book in my hand down on the bed beside me. "How did it go?"

He stepped further into the room, tossing his suit on the armchair not so far from the door. "Good, but I couldn't stop thinking about you all the while I was there."

"What exactly did you think about?"

"I kept thinking about kissing you, running my hands over your sexy body. I thought about your lips and what they could do." He said and chuckled a little, "I thought about you screaming my name while I fuck you." he climbed into the bed, crawling his way over to me.

He kissed my lips as he got close enough and I kissed back, already missing the taste of his mouth, even though it was just for a few hours.

I couldn't lie and say I didn't miss him. I did, more than I thought I would and now I feared I too had gotten too attached to this man.

He unzipped his trousers, pulled his hard cock out and sank it into me. We both gasped, and my head fell back onto the pillow while he ground his hips against mine. I moaned and my eyes shut, but he beckoned to me to open them up. I did, and we kept our eyes locked on each other, not breaking gaze for a second while he fucked me.

This created a connection to my soul and united us in ways I fear would make it hard to let go.

A part of me didn't want to let go.