

Chapter 35

She doesn't speak, she simply watches me, her grip around her dress tightening.

"You know, for someone who undressed and posed for the camera, you're quite shy about taking your clothes off for me," I say, both of us wincing. I don't mean to hurt her, the words leave my lips before I can stop them so I own up to it. "You can keep it on if you'd like, I have no interest in seeing you completely nude but lose the panties."

"I'm not wearing panties," she deadpans. "They're a hustle."

My gaze sweeps over her, wandering, curious—so imaginatively curious that my cock twitches at the possible sight. A familiar emotion slams into me so hard that my vision distorts for a moment. 1

She was out there with Damien without panties, is that what they laughed about? The thought that anyone else has heard those words tonight or any other night makes me twitch with a sudden urge to decrease the population by whoever many it is that know this much.

I close the distance between us, her chest visibly rising and falling as I approach her. She doesn't speak, and I lean into her and inhale the nervousness bleeding through us both.

"You—" she begins, the rest of her words dead the moment that my mouth finds hers. Her lips part and I kiss her, hard, messy, and desperate. She kisses back, not as desperate and I immediately make it my mission to go make sure she wants me just about as badly as I want her right now.

I walk her backwards until her thighs hit the mattress and she drops. I



follow, shoving her legs apart as I hover over her, kissing her again.

"Kingston," she whispers against my tongue.

I slip a hand beneath her dress, pushing it up enough to give me access to her pussy. I'm losing it, being this close to her, touching her, kissing her, smelling her...It's too much. It has me on the brink of coming but I hold out, wanting to come inside her instead. "Is your pussy ready for me?" I ask, sliding my fingers between her folds. She's soaking wet. I pull away from her and bring my fingers to her mouth. "Taste it for me," I command, shoving my fingers inside her mouth. She gags when I go too deep. 1

"What? You don't like how you taste?" I frown, fighting hard not to taste her myself. I want to drop to my knees, spread her open and eat her pussy until she's screaming, until her thighs clamp around my head and she's riding my face like it's the only thing keeping her alive.

"You should have run when you had the chance," I warn her, tearing her dress down and leaving her breasts exposed. Her breasts stare at me, so full and tender under my touch. "You have nice tits for someone who doesn't have anything nice off their chest." 1

"Just get it over with." She bites up, her chest heaving. Over with? She sounds bothered, uninterested. I plan to have her begging soon.

I kiss her again, my fingers teasing her clit in a desperate attempt to collect myself. I keep reminding myself to go easy, steady—slow but there is nothing that I want more than to shove my cock inside her wet cunt. The urge to knot her and fill her until she's dripping is getting harder to ignore. I shove two fingers inside her and she gasps, her fingers digging into my shoulder.



"Kingston, you're..." she gasps, "Oh my God." She whimpers. "Please, not you, please just—"

Something in her voice changes, the sound so unsettling it breaks through my lust and I freeze, my fingers still between her legs. I pull back, slow, careful—until I can see her eyes.

Wide, distant, disgusted and haunted. Not even the throne is worth this much effort. I immediately pull away, and she stares at me with her mouth open. "No," she swallows, "I'm sorry," she says.

Sorry? Not me?

Fuck, I walk away and she calls out to me, her voice getting louder as I approach the door but I don't look up. "Kingston!"



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