

Chapter 27 Forget It

ETHAN

My cock hardened in anticipation of what she was about to do.

Then she pulled the sheet covering my hips.

When I felt her soft, delicate hand wrap around me, I had to close my eyes to keep from losing control.

Her fingers moved slowly around me, torturing me as they stroked up and down. I opened my eyes, staring at the way she looked at me from beneath those long lashes.

Her gaze was enough. She could ask me for anything right now, and I would give it to her—just to feel her take my cock into her mouth.

When she stuck out her pink tongue and brought her lips closer to my cock, I felt every muscle in my body tense.

I clenched my teeth, feeling her slide her tongue over the tip, licking up the drop of pre-cum that had gathered there. Fuck.

I gripped her hair as she licked from the base to the tip, using every ounce of self-control not to shove my cock down her throat.

She licked her lips before running her tongue along a pulsing vein, repeating the movement over and over.

"Fuck," I groaned.

I froze the moment she parted her lips. Then, they closed around the head of my cock while she held the base. I almost lost control again.

Fuck. Where the hell did she learn this?

The way she sucked just the tip, deep and slow, almost made me come. She took everything in, sucking while staring at me with those incredible blue eyes.

When she swallowed more of me, taking me deeper and tightening her lips firmly around my shaft, I had to close my eyes just to endure the sensation.

It felt so fucking good. Fuck. She was going to make me come fast if I let her. But as much as I wanted to come in her hot mouth, I couldn't wait any longer to be inside her.

"Stop," I murmured.

She swallowed as much of me as she could, making me groan, then sucked hard.

"Fuck!" I growled.

If I didn't stop her, I was done for—and as good as it felt, I wanted to bury myself inside her more. I tugged her hair just enough to make her look up at me.

"Didn't you hear me?" I asked, breathless.

She smirked, a mischievous glint in her eyes.

"Are you really trying to tease me?"

In response, she lowered her head toward my stomach. Sliding her tongue up my abdomen, she teased one of my nipples before reaching my lips. Fuck. What was she doing to me?

Tangling my fingers in her hair, I held her head in place and devoured her mouth with mine, hungry, biting her lip and sucking on her naughty tongue.

I pulled her hair, forcing her to tilt her head back to give me better access to her neck. I licked, bit, and sucked her soft, pale skin, wanting to mark her.

"No," she moaned, trying to pull away from my mouth, probably worried about the marks I'd leave.

"No?" I gripped her chin firmly with my other hand. "And what about here?" I leaned down, sucking on the skin just above her breasts. "And here?" I bit one nipple before sucking it hard, using my hand to massage the other, making her moan desperately.

I slid my tongue over her soft skin, squeezing and using them until I was satisfied.

By the time I was done with my mouth and hands, her nipples were swollen, and her white, delicate skin was red.

They were so fucking beautiful, and I would've loved to watch them bounce while she rode me.

Maybe later, because right now, I was going to fuck her exactly how I had imagined in my fantasies.

Flipping us over, I laid her down on the bed, turning her onto her stomach before positioning myself behind her.

I placed a pillow under her hips to make her even more exposed to me.

Fuck. I bit my lip, admiring the sight of her ass raised in the air. It was even better than I had imagined.

Leaning in, I buried my face between her legs. Licking her pussy.

She moaned in response. Fuck, she was so wet. I sucked on her clit before pushing my tongue inside her.

"Oh my God!" she gasped.

"So fucking good," I growled against her skin, licking and biting one side of her ass while she squirmed.

Gripping each side, I pressed my fingers into her soft flesh, marking her skin. I needed to be inside her.

Grabbing my cock, I guided it to her pussy.

"I'm not going to be gentle, so hold on tight," I warned, sliding the tip against her clit before pressing inside.

She moaned loudly as I filled her, arching her back.

"I can't... I can't take it," she whimpered.

"Shh..." I bent over her, planting my hands on either side of her body, pushing deeper.

The way she clenched around me as if trying to push me out, nearly drove me insane, forcing me to move my hips.

She arched even more, desperate beneath me. I tangled my fingers with hers, pinning her hands against the mattress as I drove deep inside her.

"It's too much... Please..." she pleaded, breathless.

Her short, gasping breaths, moans, and desperate pleas only made me lose control faster. She was right—it was too much.

It was so intense that pleasure ripped through my back, making me thrust faster, seeking relief.

But it still wasn't enough. I reached for her hair with one hand, wrapping my fingers around the strands and pulling. With the other, I gripped her ass hard, pounding into her.

"Ah, fuck... oh, please," she moaned, and I slapped her ass hard, making her cry out.

"I'm not stopping until you scream my name."

I wanted her to scream my name. I wanted her to remember that I had been inside her. I wanted to mark her so hard that her pussy would take the shape of my cock.

"Are you going to come all over my cock?"

The marks from my fingers painted her ass, and the sight only drove me wilder.

Gripping her hips, I picked up the pace, feeling my muscles tighten and pleasure dig into my bones as she clenched around me.

Her thighs started shaking beneath me. She gasped, clutching the sheets tightly, her body losing control.

Then she screamed my name, arching her back and coming so hard that she squeezed me painfully, almost making me come with her.

Leaning over her body, I kissed her back as she panted.

I turned her face toward me, claiming her lips in a deep kiss as I slowly started moving inside her again, my chest sliding over her back.

The way her curves molded against my body fucked with my head. She felt perfect for me.

Fuck. Feeling her heat, our sweaty bodies moving together, was too much. She was incredibly wet around me, making me slide into her effortlessly.

I picked up the pace just enough to make her moan into my mouth. I didn't need much more.

I reached for her breast with one hand, squeezing as I thrust deep—again and again—until my whole body went rigid and my muscles clenched.

I spilled myself deep inside her, biting her shoulder as I came deliciously, once again experiencing the sensation of ecstasy followed by total satisfaction.

I closed my eyes, catching my breath, savoring the sensation of having her body beneath me.

I was aware that I needed to satisfy my desire, quell my need, and get her out of my system, but I had already been inside her twice in the past few hours, and it still wasn't enough.

I had made her beg and scream my name, but it didn't satisfy me the way I thought it would. I wanted more.

When I looked at her again, I realized she had passed out beneath me.

I didn't want to wake her, so I carefully moved her body, adjusting us on the bed.

I lay there, watching her face after pulling her onto my chest. She was beautiful. But there was something else.

Maybe it was her provocative, defiant, and even infuriating personality that fucked me up so much.

* * *

I felt her move against me. I had only closed my eyes to rest, but I must have dozed off.

I glanced at my watch. It was just past one in the morning.

"I lost track of time," she said, sitting up in bed.

"It's still late," I murmured.

"I have work tomorrow. I should've been home already." She swung her legs over the side of the bed.

I sat up and pulled her back against my chest, cupping her breasts with my hands.

"What are you doing?" she asked, shifting my arms down to her waist.

"Starting round three." I kissed her shoulder.

"No. I need to go."

"Why?"

"I just told you."

"It's still early."

She relaxed slightly in my arms, looking thoughtful.

"Are you seeing someone else?" The question slipped from my lips before I could stop it.

Maybe because it had been eating at me ever since I saw the flowers in her office.

"Why are you asking that?"

"The flowers on your desk."

"Oh..." She laughed. "They were from Todd."

That asshole ex? Could that guy be a problem?

I still remembered the pain in her eyes when she told me about her shitty relationship over dinner. Now, I felt protective over her, even against my own will.

"Why would he send you flowers?"

"What do you think? He's trying to win me back. He thinks he deserves a second chance."

"Is that why he's living in the apartment next door?"

"No. I think that was just a terrible coincidence."

"You really think so?"

"Why are you asking all these questions?"

"Just making sure you're not considering forgiving the asshole."

"Well, if I were, that wouldn't be any of your business. Now, let me go."
She pulled away from my arms.

"Seriously?"

"I have to go," she said, moving toward the edge of the bed.

"Are you upset because I called him an asshole? Or because you're actually thinking about giving him a second chance?"

"I'm not upset. I just think that having sex with you doesn't give you the right to meddle in my life."

"I just thought maybe we could..."

Shit. What the hell was I doing?

I wasn't about to let my idiot brother be right about this. I wasn't going to beg to see her again. That included not suggesting we keep seeing each other.

I cleared my throat.

"Forget it."

Getting up, she walked toward the door, leaving my room.

I took a deep breath, trying to decide what to do. Should I go after her? It didn't seem like a good idea. What would I do? Say goodbye with a kiss while she kicked me in the balls?



3

Comments



Error Collection



Share Chapter