

Can I have more of you?

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Grace

His lips press to mine again. This time, it's gentle and considerate.

I stagger back, but Tristin's arm wraps around my waist and pulls me back to his front. I breathe, inhaling his masculine cologne and the minty taste of his mouth.

Tristin tilts his head to the right, deepening the kiss. My lips part, letting him explore every inch of me. A shudder slithers down my cold spine, making me step closer to his warm body.

My head is foggy. Even then, I know I shouldn't do this.

I clench his shirt and attempt to pull my head back. Tristin grabs my nape and kisses me harder, refusing to let me go until he has had his fill.

Unconsciously, my hand moves up and grazes the skin of his collarbone. Tristin's body shudders under my fingertips, sending waves of fire down my veins.

He releases my lips with a harsh nip and stares down at me. I breathe, hold it in, and watch his unmoving eyes.

"I told you before." Tristin's hand travels lower on my back until he reaches my butt and squeezes gently.

Heat creeps up my neck and face, making me squirm but he doesn't let go.

Can I have more of you?

"What?" I swallow.

"I told you that the moment you are free from that bastard, I will come to collect what you offered me." His breaths hit my tingling lips. The space between us becomes smaller, and it becomes harder for me to breathe.

I just need to exhale. I just...

"Tristin, that's—"

"I don't go back on my words." Tristin whispers, and his hands hook under my thighs.

We shouldn't do...this...

My flesh throbs, my core throbs, my lips quiver. I am losing my mind.

Maybe, I have already lost it.

Tristin lifts me in his arms. Acting on instinct, my legs wrap around his waist.

My head spins as my back is pressed against the nearest wall and his lips descend on me. The urgency, the need for some connection, the desperation...

It's all too much, too hot, too needed.

My fingers hook under my shirt. Tristin separates our mouths and helps me pull it over my head. It drops on the floor with a wet thud.

My hands move towards his suit jacket, and it joins my shirt. Next

Can I have more of you?

goes his shirt, and then he puts me down.

His fingers fumble with his belt, with his zipper, and his pants. I work on my pants, my fingers moving in a frenzy.

Cold air brushes against my drenched body but his heat envelopes me instantly. He picks me up again and slams me into the wall, his lips lowering to my neck to press desperate kisses on my skin.

I can't see, I can't really hear, or focus. There is an itch under my skin, and it only pushes me to grab his shoulders, his hair, his nape—everywhere I can touch.

Lightning strikes in the sky, illuminating the dark living area. My spine arches off the wall as my naked chest presses into his hard muscles. An involuntary sound erupts from my mouth. He silences my voice with his mouth the next moment, his hands hoisting me higher.

"I don't have a condom." Tristin grunts in between the desperate kisses.

"Well—"

His lips seal mine before I can say anything and I lose the desire to continue speaking. My hands tighten around his shoulders, trembling and squeezing with every stroke of his tongue against mine.

"But I swear I am clean." His heavy, lust-filled voice murmurs above my quivering mouth.

I open my eyes, just momentarily to meet his gaze. I should stop

Can I have more of you?

here. I should...

"I—"

"I know you are clean, Little Butterfly. " He presses a kiss to the corner of my mouth. " can I? "

" What? " My thighs shake around his waist as his hoarse voice hits a cord deep in my core.

" Can I slip inside now? " One of his palms lands on the wall above my head, and his chest pushes me back, holding me in place.

Is...a man supposed to ask permission?

Dumbfounded, I take in his face, his clenched jaw, his dark eyes, his heavy breaths.

" I am desperate to be inside you, my Little Butterfly but if you want to stop here because you don't want this or because I don't have a condom, I will stop. " His jaw clenches harder, his fingers digging into the flesh of my butt.

Something in my stomach feels warm like an explosion is about to happen inside me.

" No. " I murmur, digging my nails into his shoulder.

Disappointment and hurt flash across his face. As he promised, he attempts to step away from me, to stop and let me go but I hold him to me.

" I—I don't want you to stop. " I stutter, sensing the liquid heat

Can I have more of you?

crawling down my thighs.

Tristin licks his bottom lip and waits a second more. Then, he curses under his breath and rests his forehead against mine. 1

"Eyes on me. I want to see how you look when you take my cock." He rasps and leans a little back. 1

My back arches, as I struggle to hold his gaze. The tip of his cock presses into my entrance and with a whispered curse, Tristin slams into me, filling me to the hilt.

I cry out, my head rolling back into the wall. Tristin's palm slides between the back of my head and the hard surface to cushion the roughness.

"I can not make love tonight." He mumbles, his voice low and clipped.

I don't get the time to nod or open my eyes that have rolled back. He pulls out, and then thrusts back in, driving himself deeper.

The sensation of being full, and his cock hitting that sensitive spot inside me drives me crazy. I have never had sex against a wall before.

The contrast of the hard wall, and his hard body, caging me and keeping me still is something I have never imagined before.

"You feel so fucking good." Tristin's lips press to my ear as he wraps his body around me, his lips slamming into mine with a speed that makes my vision blacken.

"You feel better than I imagined." He rasps, not slowing for a

Can I have more of you?

second. With each thrust, my back slides against the wall, and then I arch to his chest to meet his thrusts.

"Tell me you feel good. I want to hear it." His voice becomes breathless, his cock filling me faster.

The warm ball in my belly is on the verge of exploding. His throbbing cock inside me hints at his own desperation for release.

"I - -feel good." I whimper.

Suddenly, Tristin halts, and pants against my neck. His muscles strain under my nails, making me wiggle my hips.

"Shit." He hisses, then pulls me away from the wall to carry me somewhere. 1

Instinctively, I snuggle into his neck and feel his cock twitch inside me with every step ahead.

Tristin kisses the side of my head as he lays me down on a hard surface. My eyes fly open, meeting his gaze, before lowering to his body. The bandages wrapped around his chest are wet and stained with blood.

"Tristin." I gasp, surprised at the sight.

"Shh." He pulls out and then thrusts back in, slower but deeper. "I will not stop now."

I sit up, and he instantly drops his hands to my butt, pulling me to the edge of the piano he laid me down on.

Can I have more of you?

Panic seeps into my body, " You are bleed— "

His mouth crashes into mine, silencing my words again and then he is thrusting at a wild pace, driving me crazy.

Thoughts fly out of my head, replaced by the explosive pleasure in my body. His groans sound muffled against my mouth.

A few thrusts in, and I am already clenching around him. My head goes blank as I come with a whimper still suppressed into his mouth.

Tristin pulls away and hugs me to his body, as I feel his cock twitch inside me. My legs shake around his thigh harder, as I come down from the high.

But the next moment, his warmth is filling me up. Surprise crosses my features, but the hot sensation inside me silences me.

I drop my forehead on his shoulder, breathing in his familiar cologne, hearing him groan. His masculine voice is heavy with pleasure.

I shudder, as his hands run up and down my back, soothing something inside my trembling body.

" You... " I gulp, as he drives himself deeper inside me, emptying every drop of his cum. " You came inside, Tristin. "

His lips land on the side of my head again. I pull my face out of his shoulder and peek at his face. He dives in and kisses my left eyebrow, then the right one, my nose, my cheeks, and the corners of my lips.

Can I have more of you?

" I couldn't pull out in time. I am sorry. I will get you the morning pills if that's...fine with you. " He murmurs over my lips.

I can't help but feel that he is not sorry at all. On the contrary, his cock starts hardening inside me again, just at the idea of coming inside me. 1

I narrow my eyes on him. " You are a manipulative piece of shit. You say one thing but feel another. "

Instead of getting angry, Tristin grins and kisses the tip of my nose again. " You can think that. I don't mind. "

I open my mouth to tell him to fuck off, and he thrusts deeper inside me, his cock swollen and hard.

" You can curse at me all you want...but, my Little Butterfly, I am desperate for you. I need more. " He sounds like a sulking child with sad puppy eyes and puckering lips.

My nose scrunches at the sight of him. What happened to his head? Did he hit it too hard?

" Can I have more of you? Please? " He blinks, slowly rolling his hips to drive himself more into me as the heat ignites between us again.