

Restless

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Grace

Anticipation makes me restless. The tension wraps around us, holding us together in this strange, charged moment.

Tristin's arms are tight around me, making sure that I feel every crevice of his hard muscle in my soft curves. His warmth seeps into me, making it impossible to ignore the growing desire simmering just beneath the surface.

For a while, we just lie there, drowning in the heavy silence. The night we spent together plays in my mind like a haunting reel.

The way his hands traced my skin. Passionate, intense, wild.

The intensity in his eyes. Smoldering, hot, electric.

The overwhelming, silent connection between us.

It felt like our bodies fit together, and I was pulled under the surface, forgetting about everything in the world but him.

I had never felt something like that before—sensations so intoxicating they steal your breath and leave you wanting for more.

I shift slightly in his hold. The small movement feels like a wrong move, but I am burning.

Tristin's grip tightens around me ever so slightly, as if he is scared that I might start fighting again or maybe he just wants me to stay

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still so my ass is not rubbing over that hard spot so close to me.

His hands, warm and steady, begin to move, one resting possessively on my hip while the other gently trails up my arm.

We didn't agree on this.

We are not supposed to be doing this.

We were fighting just a few minutes ago.

My back arches into him as shudders run down my spine at the way he touches me.

" Grace. " Tristin murmurs, his voice a deep, husky whisper that vibrates through me.

And this is all it takes for my eyes to close, to let him go further into this madness.

His lips find the back of my neck, pressing soft, lingering kisses along my skin. The sensation is so out of this world, and I can't help the small gasp that escapes my lips. My body reacts on instinct, arching more, pressing back against him.

His kisses become more intense, trailing from the nape of my neck to the sensitive spot just behind my ear.

His breath is hot against my skin, and I can feel the restraint in his movements as if he is holding back, allowing me to pull away and put an end to whatever we are doing.

I want to.

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Yes.

No.

I want more. I don't want to want more.

"Do these touches mean nothing to you?" He whispers, his voice tinged with challenge.

My heartbeat drums in my ears first, then it travels, with the flow of my boiling blood, to the restless spot between my thighs. I press my legs closed, and shudder.

Tristin turns me in his arms, and I let him. Our eyes lock and my rational mind flies out of my skull.

His gaze is intense, dark, and filled with a storm of emotions, a desire so raw that it makes my heart race some more.

He searches my face, looking for something—perhaps a sign of denial, a sign of not wanting this.

The more he waits for my reluctance, for my refusal, the more I grow restless. The more he holds back for my consent, the more I am drawn towards breaking every line to reach him, every part of him.

For a moment, I am lost in his eyes, drowning in the depth of his gaze. His eyes...they are beautiful, just the darkest shade of blue right now. His eyes remind me of the sky on a stormy day.

I want to run my fingers along his eyebrows, count his lashes, and kiss his eyes until I don't find them beautiful anymore.

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His hand comes up to cup my cheek, thumb brushing over my bottom lip, a touch that makes me shudder violently.

"Tell me, my Little Butterfly." He breathes, leaning closer, our noses brushing slightly. "tell me this means nothing. Tell me you don't want me to lower your pajamas and touch your aching pussy right now."

I can't answer. I don't have an answer.

My thoughts are all over the place. I am caught between the desire to push him away and the desperate urge to pull him closer.

When I don't deny that he is right when I don't tell him to back off, his lips curl into a self-satisfied smirk, and the restraint breaks.

His lips capture mine in a kiss that is both demanding and possessive. It's an attempt to quench this strange thirst, an ache to fuse into one, to be so close that nothing can separate us. Unknowingly, my lips move against his and my hands find their way to his soft locks.

I am obsessed with his hair, I am beginning to think. I love touching them. I love how his chest rumbles every time my fingers tighten around his hair.

The kiss deepens, and I feel my defenses crumbling. I can fight anything, but I can not fight this raw passion.

His hand slides down to my waist, pulling me against him. The feel of his body pressed against mine, the heat of his skin, is intoxicating—it

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makes my head spin without any wound, without any drug.

And my body responds to him, moving to his every whim, chasing his touch as if I will die without it.

Tristin breaks the kiss, his forehead resting against mine. We are both breathing heavily, the air between us charged with an electric intensity.

His eyes search mine, looking for any sign of retreat. But there is none. I am here, in this moment, with him.

"Now tell me you don't like it when I kiss you." His thumb rubs my bottom lip, which seems to be already swollen.

"I—"

I don't have words in my mind.

He strokes my cheek with his thumb, his expression softening. "You can't say that, can you?"

My throat clogs as I breathe against his mouth and struggle to hold still. His eyes are not hard anymore—they are soft, just so gentle that they tug at my heartstrings.

"If you don't say that you don't like it right now, I swear..." He pecks my aching bottom lip. "I swear I will take it that you do, Grace. Speak up. Say those words you said earlier. Tell me you can't force yourself to feel anything for me. Say that you are only kissing me because you are horny, and not because it's me."