

My Woman

My Woman

Grace

The intensity of his voice leaves me breathless.

What am I going to do with him?

I open my mouth and just breathe, his breath mingling with mine.

His hand sneaks down, slipping inside my hospital trousers and his fingers rub my folds—so wet and warm for him already.

"Tell me you are wet because you want a quick fuck and not because you desperately want me inside you." Two fingers slide between my entrance and his thumb rubs small circles on my clit, his eyes still staring into my soul, watching as my lips part and I moan at the sensation.

I still have a chance. I need to pull those fingers out of me, and replace them with his—

No.

I reach up, touching his face, feeling the warmth of his skin.

Yes.

"Tristin..." I whisper, pleasure hitting my body, making me shudder again.

He cuts me off with another kiss, this one softer, more tender.

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Our clothes feel like a barrier, a separation that needs to be gone. Before I can register what I am doing, my hands are already working on his pants. I pop open the button, move the zipper low, and pull his pants down, to free his cock.

Tristin curses over my lips, his fingers curling inside me, hitting the spot that makes me gasp with each thrust.

"You..." I whimper, softly grinding against his hand. "It's you, Tristin."

Yes. I don't want another man's touch.

I want to do this because it's him.

It feels so good because it's him.

And the more I look at him, the more I realize that I am losing my mind again.

His eyes darken, and he pulls his hand away, leaving me whimpering for more. The next moment, he hooks his fingers in the waistband of my trousers and tugs them down my legs.

An animalistic urge takes over me as I kick those trousers away and my legs part, one hooking around his hip.

The tip of his cock slides over my entrance and we both moan in unison. This feels too good to be true.

He grips his cock, sliding it up and down my slit, slathering it with my juices. Over and over until—

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"Tristin." I cry out, bucking my hips for more when his lips swallow my words and silence me.

He continues to torture me, taking pleasure in the way I squirm for him to fill me. His lips stretch against mine, a smirk pulling at them.

I tug at his hair, whining against his mouth. His cock rubs so good between my sensitive folds, over my throbbing clit.

Tristin releases my mouth and nibbles on my neck, his hands eagerly unbuttoning my shirt to expose more of my skin to him.

I moan, forgetting where we are or how anyone can walk in on us dry humping each other like wild animals.

The thought pushes me over the edge. I come with a whimper, and my eyes close as pleasure washes over me in waves.

I am still so high and struggling to breathe when he murmurs against my ear. "I want to be inside you. Tell me yes."

The tip of his cock presses into my aching, oversensitive entrance as my eyes fly open and meet the pair of lazy, lust-filled, blue eyes.

He is throbbing and waiting and it steals the rest of my heart. I push my hips down, taking a little of him inside me and his body stiffens as he grits his jaw.

"Yes." I breathe.

He slams inside me, filling me to the hilt. His hand lowers to my hip, pulling my leg more over him so he can drive himself deeper.

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When we are finally skin-to-skin, when he is so deep inside me, the world outside this room disappears.

It's as if my senses are heightened, only tuned to his touch that sends jolts of electricity through my trembling body.

He pauses, looking down at me with an intensity that steals my breath. His forehead rests against mine, his hips softly rocking, never pulling out but only trying to push his cock deeper.

" This is not one sided. I refuse to believe that, Grace. " He breathes, and stills, his eyes closing. " Tell me it's not. "

His cock throbs, bringing both a stinging pain and an intense pleasure that leaves me gasping.

I try to tell him that it's not one sided but Alma's face is lingering there and our past is a constant ghost chasing me down.

" Please. " And when he whispers, his voice soft, a little vulnerable...I forget about everything at once.

" No, Tristin. " I wrap myself around him, seeking his warmth. " It's not ...one sided. "

One moment of stillness passes, and then he thrusts inside me, like a madman, a man after my soul.

I moan and scream and whimper with each wild thrust, but meet his pace, hold onto him, and ask him to go harder.

Tristin moves with reckless abandon, his hands and lips exploring

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every inch of my skin. He whispers my name like a prayer, each syllable sending shivers down my spine. The way he looks at me, with such raw emotion, makes my heart ache in the best way possible.

As we come together, it's like everything else fades away. There's no more doubt, no more hesitation. Just us, two souls finding comfort in each other.

It's not just about the physical connection, but something deeper, something that transcends words.

His cock is still inside me as I come down from the high and go limp in his strong arms.

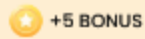
He holds me, he pumps his cock until I am full of his cum. I try to freak out. This is the second time we have done this, without any protection and any plans...but no words come out of my mouth.

For a long time, we just lie there, breathing heavily, riding the pleasure.

I rest my head on his chest, listening to the rapid beat of his heart. It is a sound that soothes me, and chases away the worries threatening to gnaw at my guts again.

Tristin strokes my hair, his touch gentle and soothing. He presses a soft kiss to the top of my head, and I feel a warmth spread through me.

"I take this as an agreement that you are officially my woman now. "
He whispers, in the softest of voices.



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A frown pulls between my brows, but I don't fight him. Can't risk it when he is still inside me.

"I let you go once. I am not doing that again. Tell me what makes you so wary of me and I will take care of it for you." He suggests. The gentle caress of his hands continues.

"I will take care of it...even if it's about my family, Little Butterfly. No one will ever...hurt you again."



Comments



Support

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Grace

"I am going to make you feel good. Hm?" Tristin's voice whispers in my ear, seeking the consent he always does, his hands lingering on my hips gently.

"Hmm." I hum and breathe heavily.

I moan, as his fingers move between my folds, drawing small circles on my clit. His rough fingers press into my core gently and slowly lead me toward an orgasm.

I gasp, my body curling into his front as I struggle to pry my eyes open.

"What...what are you doing so early in the morning, Tristin?" I murmur, snuggling into the crook of his neck.

This feels so good. I gasp, as he pinches my clit and sends me over the edge. The slow, lazy pleasure has me writhing and clinging to his body as he continues to rub teasing circles between my folds.

"I am giving you a demo of what your mornings will be like with me." Tristin hums, kissing the top of my head.

Heat spreads in my cheeks. I sigh, fighting the smile threatening to pull at my lips.

"I prefer tasting you though, but I don't want to do that in here. There is no way I can spread you wide open for me in this small bed." He

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grumbles, leaving a streak of soft kisses on the side of my face.

The image of him doing just that to me, makes my core clench with need.

I sigh, blinking open my eyes. The morning light is spilling into the hospital room, filling it with a soft, golden hue. And under that hue, Tristin Roberto appears ethereal in all his disheveled glory.

" Good morning. " He says in a fresh-out-of-sleep, sexy voice, his eyes full of warmth as he smiles at me. " How are you feeling today? "

I roll my eyes. He is definitely copying that doctor's words. " stop it now. "

Tristin purses his lips and pulls his hand out of the trousers he helped me wear last night. " No more orgasms for you. "

" I didn't even ask for one. " I grumble and close my eyes again

I am just beginning to relax in his arms when a knock sounds on the door and almost throws me down the bed with shock.

I shriek, sitting up straight before Tristin's hands grip my arms and steady me. " Calm down. No one will come in until they have permission. "

Another knock sounds, and I gulp, my gaze switching between Tristin's amused eyes and the door.

What a situation to be in!

Surely, hospital staff can not tell if a patient had sex in their bed right?

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That sounds weird.

Tristin grins and rises from the bed before marching towards the door. I sigh and fall down again.

What is the point of fearing anything now?

I can only douse myself in the sea of embarrassment and light myself with the fire of a fierce blush.

My doctor greets Tristin at the door and then strolls inside.

" Good Morning, Grace. " He greets, as chiming and handsome as ever.

"How are you doing today?" Even the words are the same.

My gaze flickers towards Tristin who is standing beside the door, his back resting against the wall and the grin still attached to his lips.

I grumble. " Fine, Doctor. "

I shift my focus to my doctor and the nurse who follows him as they gently remove the bandages.

The skin of my wrists is as red and raw as the skin of my ankles. As I expected...the injuries will leave permanent scars.

Unconsciously, I glance toward Tristin and feel this sudden urge to hide my scars from him.

The doctor leaves and the nurse changes my bandages. After I am alone with Tristin in the room, the door closes and he sits on the

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chair beside the bed.

I stare at my wrists, trying to fight my absurd thoughts. Why does it matter if I have scars?

"What is it?" Tristin breaks the heavy silence.

"The scars..." I sigh but don't meet his eyes.

Why do I have to worry that he will find them ugly?

"You know." Tristin's hand appears in my sight and grabs both of mine at once. "I think your scars are beautiful. They show that you went through a tough time and survived to be here today. There is nothing to be...ashamed about that. Survival...however it's done...is the symbol of strength."

Our eyes lock, and I forget to look away from him again.

It's true.

I have nothing to give him.

But all my life, I have been giving everything that I had...to people that didn't deserve any of it.

For once, can I not receive and slowly learn to give again?

Maybe, I can not give him anything materialistic even if I try until this world ends.

But I can give him my love if he needs it.

Just as I begin to relax again, and a smile graces my lips, the door to

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the room is opened.

Startled, I pick up my head and look in the direction of the door only to find Alma standing there.

Her expression is serious, a stark contrast to the warmth Tristin just showed me. She glances at me with a polite nod and then turns her gaze to Tristin.

" Mom, what are you doing here? " Tristin's tone is defensive and it makes me sigh.

" I am here to visit Grace. " Alma states calmly and shakes the basket she is holding in her hand. " it's only right to visit someone admitted to the hospital. "

Tristin's eyes darken, " Mom— "

" Let us talk, Tristin. Please... " I whisper. " please step out for a moment. "

His head snaps in my direction and he glares at me. I hold his gaze, silently conveying the message that this is not up for debate.

Sulkily, Tristin rises from the chair and walks towards his Mom. I watch as he leans in, whispers something, and walks out, slamming the door on his way out. 1

Whatever he said has made Alma's shoulders stiffen.

" It's been a long time since we last met, Grace. " Alma says, her voice cool and controlled. " I came to speak with you before you leave the hospital. And My son just warned me that I shouldn't say any hurtful

 +5 BONUS

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words or try to scare you away...but why would I do that? Have I ever hurt you before, Grace? "



Comments



Support

AD is coming