My Brother's Best Friend's Secret Baby –

Chapter 3

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Chapter 3 Rosalie's POV I couldn't sleep. Lying in bed, I stared at the ceiling while the minutes ticked by on my phone: 11:15, 11:30, 11:45. Every sound in the house made me jump. Every creak of the floorboards sent my heart racing. What if he didn't come? What if he changed his mind? What if I'd imagined all of it? At 11:50, I got up to change. I was wearing a hoodie and sweatpants, which I immediately pulled off, then stood staring into my closet. What were you supposed to wear when the man you'd wanted for years was finally coming into your bedroom?

In the end, I settled on a simple black tank top and matching sleep shorts. Nothing too obvious. Nothing that looked as though I'd tried too hard. I left my hair down and skipped makeup altogether. I wanted him to see me as I really was. At 11:58, I sat on the edge of my bed and waited. Right at midnight, there was a soft knock at my door. I stood up. My legs were shaking. So were my hands. "Come in," I whispered. The door opened slowly. Aiden stepped inside and quietly closed it behind him. Then he locked it. The click echoed through the silence of the room.

He was wearing black sweatpants and a fitted black T-shirt that highlighted his broad frame. His hair was messy, as though he'd been running his hands through it. His expression was dark and intense. $1 We looked at each other. For a long time. "Last chance," he said softly. "I can walk out right now, and we can forget any of this happened." "I don't want you to leave." "Once I touch you, I won't be able to stop. Do you understand?" I nodded. He crossed the room in three long strides. His hands came up to frame my face, his thumbs brushing gently over my cheeks.

"You're so beautiful," he murmured. "Do you know that?" No one had ever told me I was beautiful. Not like that. And somehow, it didn't matter. "Aiden..." "If I hurt you, if anything feels like too much, or if you want me to stop, you tell me. Okay?" "I don't want you to stop." "Promise me." "I promise." Then he kissed me. Slower than before. Deeper. As if he were memorizing me. His hands trailed down my neck, my shoulders, my arms as he held me close. I kissed him back with everything I had, condensing six years of desire into it. Six years of watching him from afar.

Six years of dreaming of this exact moment. His hands settled at the hem of my tank top. He pulled back just enough to look at me. "May I?" "Yes." He lifted it over my head. I wasn't wearing a bra. I hadn't even thought about it. (1) His gaze fell on my bare breasts

and his jaw tightened. "Perfect," he breathed. "You're fucking perfect." His hands gripped my breasts. His thumbs grazed my nipples and I gasped despite myself. A wave of pleasure flooded between my legs. He lowered his head and took one of my nipples into his mouth. I moaned. My hands went to his hair, holding him against me.

He sucked, licked, and gently nibbled until I was squirming. T Then he gave the same treatment to the other breast. My knees were weak. I ached everywhere. I had never felt anything like this. "Aiden, please..." "Please what, baby?" "I need more." He lifted me effortlessly and laid me on the bed. Then he slid his fingers into my pajama shorts and pulled them down along with my panties. I was completely naked before him. He stood at the edge of the bed, motionless, staring at me. His eyes darkened gradually, becoming more and more intense. "Spread your legs," he ordered softly. I did.

He made a low sound in his throat. "You're already wet for me..." Yes. I could feel how wet I was. How ready I was. He took off his t-shirt. Then his sweatpants. Then his boxers. He was exactly as I remembered from the bathroom. Thick, hard, and magnificent. He climbed onto the bed and settled between my thighs. His fingers traveled up the inside of my thigh, getting closer and closer to the place where I needed him most. "Have you ever been touched here?" he asked. "Only by myself." "Show me how you touch yourself." My face burned. "What?" "Show me.

I want to see what you like." With a trembling hand, I slid my fingers between my legs, found my clit, and began rubbing it in slow circles. His eyes were glued to my hand. "Fuck, that's hot. Keep going." I did. The pleasure built. But it wasn't enough. It was never enough when I did it myself. "Please, Aiden. I need you." He pushed my hand away and replaced it with his own. His fingers were rougher, bigger, better. "He stroked my clit while his other hand moved lower. "I'm going to stretch you," he said. "It might hurt at first." A thick finger pushed inside me and I tensed immediately.

(1 "Relax, baby. Breathe." I tried. He moved slowly, in and out, until I started to get used to it. Then he added a second finger. I moaned. It was too much... Too full. "That's it," he said encouragingly. "You're doing so well. You're taking my fingers so well." He curled them inside me and touched something that made me jolt. "There it is," he said with satisfaction. "Right there." He kept stimulating that exact spot while his thumb worked my clit. The pleasure built and built until I thought I might explode. "Aiden, I think I'm going to..." "Come for me, Rosie.

Let me feel it." The orgasm crashed over me like a wave. I cried out, my back arching off the bed. He rode it with me, his fingers never stopping shaking uncontrollably and. hypersensitive. I was When I came down, he withdrew his fingers and brought them to his mouth: He sucked them clean, maintaining eye contact the whole time. "You taste divine," he said. Then he positioned himself at my entrance. "This is going to hurt," he said. "But I'll go slow." "I trust you." He pushed in just the tip and I was already breathless. He was so much bigger than his fingers.

"Breathe, baby." He pushed in another inch. I whimpered. My hands gripped his shoulders. "You're doing so well," he murmured. "Just a little more." He pushed deeper.

The burning sensation was intense. Tears filled my eyes. "Aiden, it's too much." "I know. I'm sorry. Breathe. It's going to get better."> He stayed still, giving me time to adjust. Then, in one smooth, deep thrust, he entered me completely. I cried out. It burned, it hurt, and it was unbearable. "Sorry," he murmured against my neck. "I'm so sorry, baby. But the worst is over." He stayed perfectly still, buried deep inside me.

I could feel him trembling with the effort of holding back. Slowly, the pain faded. The burning turned into something else. Something pleasurable. "Keep going," I whispered. "Please, keep going." He pulled out slightly and pushed back in. Gently. Carefully. "Harder," I breathed. "Are you sure?" "Yes." He thrust harder. Intense pleasure rippled through me. "Fuck," I moaned. "Like that! Don't stop!" He found his rhythm. Deep and steady. His hands gripped my hips. His eyes never left mine. "You're incredible," he said. "So tight. So perfect." The pleasure built again.

More intense than last time. I wrapped my legs around his waist, pulling him deeper. He groaned and picked up the pace. Every thrust hit that sensitive spot inside me. Every movement brought me closer to ecstasy. "Aiden, I'm almost there." "Come with me, baby. Come with me." He slid his hand between us and stroked my clit. That was all it took. I came. My second orgasm was even more intense than the first, I screamed his name. He thrust two more times with a moan. I felt him pulse inside me, felt his warmth flood into me. Finally, he collapsed on top of me, both of us breathless.

After a moment, he turned onto his side and pulled me against him. I rested my head over his heart, listening to its steady beat. "Are you okay?" he asked softly. "Better than okay." He kissed the top of my head. "You were amazing." We lay there in comfortable silence. His fingers traced patterns on my back. I didn't want this moment to end.

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