

Chapter 125

"Can L..."

"No demands or requests from you. I'm still mad at you." I touch the outside of my thighs and drag my fingers up my stomach. He lets out a painful goan, but keeps his mouth shut, so I let my fingers wander higher to the black lace bra that completes my lingerie set. It's not super supportive, but it's cute and soft and hides absolutely nothing.

I drag my fingers over my n*pples fully pert under the fabric. They are so sensitive I let out a little gasp and he groans again. I love the sounds he makes. It's egging me on in my teasing. He still can't touch me, but I might as well show him what I like. After all that's what Ben and I were exploring together. I lean my head back and close my eyes, pinching the buds through the lace and whimpering at the sting. Then I massage both bre*sts to soothe them. I love foreplay, being touched and teased with a hint of roughness is the absolute best.

"Kennedy..." I hear him swallow.

Before he can finish, I unclip the bra and let it fall to the stone floor, repeating the ministrations without the barrier of fabric. I'm not looking at him, just feeling. I can feel his lust and mine swirling together, hear both of our ragged breathing. I leave one hand on my bre*st and let the other trail down beneath my panties. I won't be able to hold out much longer, this all feels too good. I swirl my fingers around the swollen bundle of nerves, but I can't keep that up for long, I'm ready to explode. 1

To give myself a little room, I slide my panties down my hips, but just enough to give my hand more room, not for Ryker to have a full view. I rub my cl*t again before sliding two fingers into my drenched p*ssy. My mouth falls open at the tightness. My walls are already starting to constrict with the impending org*sm. I slowly slide my fingers out and



back in, letting a moan slip out.

"Oh, sh*t! You are so f*cking amazing." I look up to see Ryker still holding onto the frame, but his hips are following my movements. If this is how hot it is to come when he's just in the room, s*x is going to be out of this world.

I turn around placing one of my hands on the wall as I bend over so he can watch my hand slide in and out. I spread my legs as far as my panties will allow and start to work faster, letting the palm of my hand hit my cl*t harder each time. Just like on the balcony he makes everything more intense. 1

"Oh, f*ck! Ryker, I'm coming. I'm coming. Yes, oh yes, yes, yes." I chant on each thrust as my walls constrict around my fingers.

"Kennedy, I can't hold it in." He grunts.

"Don't you f*cking touch yourself!" I'm still riding my hand as the waves continue to crash over me.

"I don't need to. Oh sh*t! Ken...ne...dy."

His pants and groans are only topped by the snapping of metal. The screeching sound has me spinning around back against the wall as he stumbles forward into the shower stream holding the top frame of my shower door, then the thunk of the glass door falling onto the bathroom rug. 2

Ryker looks up at me, metal in hand, looking wild. "What the hell did you do to me?"

I try for nonchalant and shrug my shoulders. "Apparently, sexual acts with your mate are better than with other people." I step past him, out of



the shower, around the fallen door and into my room. 



Miss L  author

Thank you so much for reading. All constructive comments and gems are appreciated. I cannot interact here. If you would like to join in the conversation you can find me on the socials. Miss 

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