

Chapter 3

Big Energy

The bed was incredibly soft.

Aaron, on the other hand, incredibly hard.

He sat over me with his knees at my sides, looking down into my eyes while he slowly undressed. Just a glimpse at the waistband of his underwear was enough to send me into a haze.

He was so f*cking s*x-y.

He didn't have much body hair, giving a clear view of his toned chest, well-defined muscles, and I knew it!-six-pack abs. His body would put male models everywhere to shame.

Aaron leaned down to stare at me. One hand rested on the side of my face, while the other got to work skillfully un- buttoning my top. The slowed pace made me deeply regret my choice of clothes.

Once it was finally undone, he glanced down at my body and paused. When his eyes met mine again, they were filled with lust.

Underneath my shirt-dress, I was only wearing a skin-tight camisole. I'd borrowed Cinder's brand new silk halter top. It was white with black lace trim, with an extremely low neckline to accentuate my bust. Through the thin material, you could clearly make out the pink of my nipples. The hem was barely long enough to cover my panties.

I watched his Adam's apple bob and felt a hand slide around my waist, gently tickling through the fabric. He asked

in a h**se voice, "Is this alright?"

I held my tongue, biting my bottom lip. My hand was weakly pressed against his chest. It was too hot. He was too hot. Hot and hard. My heart pounded in my chest, and when I felt Aaron's racing under my fingertips, I couldn't help but

moan.

He didn't bother lifting my skirt, instead slipping his hand under the fabric. It came to a tantalizing stop at my breasts, his long index finger tracing my curves, sending a shiver down my spine.

I caught his hand, my breath unsteady. "Stop teasing me.

Please."

I just wanted to have sex, not make love.

Aaron raised his eyebrows slightly. Then he took my wrist in his free hand, dragged it up his leg and along his inner thigh, and held it to his hardened length through his jeans.

"You don't want to rush this, do you?" He lowered his head, and I felt his hot breath as he whispered in my ear. "No, I think I need to warm you up for this first."

Any protest I had died in my throat.

He gave a soft chuckle and slid his fingers down to my thighs, squeezing roughly. My breathing became even more labored.

He moved to kiss and lick and suck on my neck, and I re- flexively shied away. I didn't want him marking me when this would only be a one-night stand.

But Aaron didn't seem to notice, his tongue trailing down to lick at my collarbone, then further down to my chest. He seemed to be loving the foreplay as much as I was. I felt him h*ok a finger into my panties and pull them away, only to re- turn in seconds to trace the outside of my pu*y.

There was a sensitive twitch in my belly and slick heat coated his fingers. I saw him lift his hand, smiling gently. His gorgeous blue eyes looked at me as if I were the most pre- cious gem in the world. I was so lost in his gaze that I almost missed him speaking.

"You're already soaking wet, hmm? I haven't even had a chance to play with your c*it, darling."And with that, his thumb finally made its way to my core.

I clenched my legs almost instantly, my back arching. He took that opportunity to slide his other hand up the curve of my bare back. F*ck, I wanted to scream at how well he worked my body.

"Mmm," he hummed. "You're squeezing my fingers so tightly... Loosen up." His tone was seductive and steady, a stark contrast to my uncontrollable gasps of pleasure. "You can squeeze all you want once my c*ck is inside you."

I could only whisper as I begged, "Please... Please give it to me."

He laughed softly and leaned down again, his teeth lightly catching my nipple through the thin silk of my chemise. Gen- tle nibbling, sucking, and teasing with the tip of his tongue left behind a damp stain.

"Your nipples are hard, darling." His voice began to trem- ble with excitement. "All for me..."

"Sh-Shut up," I managed. I didn't want to hear the filth spilling out of his mouth, especially when it was the truth, but the intense stimulation and thrill of my revenge aroused me beyond anything I'd felt before.

My p*ssy throbbled and ached, twitching at his wicked words. I shuddered again as his finger had worked its way in- side, and I felt it exploring and massaging all the right places. Feeling my wetness, he gently withdrew his finger and looked playfully at the glossy sheen left behind. The sudden empti- ness made the aching even worse as my insides clenched around nothing.

"Shut up? That's not what your body's telling me..." He co*ked his head and smiled innocently. "In fact, it looks like it wants even more."

He stuck out his tongue and dragged it slowly over his fin- gers, silver threads pulling at the edges of his mouth. The clear blue of his eyes began to darken, growing dangerous and feral.

I felt every nerve in my body screaming for his c*ck. I don't know why-I used to feel so neutral about sex in past re- lationships. Even with Vincent, I was never so desperate for it. Yet right now, I could only focus on Aaron's length nestled between my legs, grinding against me through his pants, and all I wanted was to have him inside me.

Aaron tore the camisole off of me, his lips trailing down from my breasts to my stomach. I was finally naked under- neath him, and I could hear him suck in a breath.

"I wish I could keep you here forever," he muttered. I heard him swallow and felt him through his jeans as he

ground his hips into mine. "Right here in my bed..." He panted, pulling down his pants and finally freeing his c*ck. He slid on a condom-I didn't even notice him get it out-and in one fluid motion, buried himself in me.

Despite his thorough foreplay and preparation with his fingers, there was still that initial painful stretching. This tom- cat was absolutely living up to his reputation as a lady-killer.

He sighed almost dreamily, lust-filled eyes glazed over. His comfortable expression was actually kind of adorable.

"Relax," he reminded me as he stilled himself.

My voice came out broken, "I am."

He smiled a little, pushing even deeper, and I couldn't hold back my groan.

"Hey." He held my chin, softly running his thumb over my lips. "Tell me if you're uncomfortable... and let me know what feels good, okay?" Everything about him was sending goose- bumps down my body.

What kind of feedback did he want exactly?

Before I got a chance to ask, he gave an experimental thrust, and I couldn't bite back my moan in time.

"Just like that, darling," he gave a breathy laugh.

This as*hole was going to be the death of me.

Aaron couldn't help himself at this point. He rammed his c*ck into me, tangling his fingers in my hair and tilting my head back. I felt his Adam's apple tickling my neck while he moaned and whispered sweet nothings in my ear. When he'd

pull back, he'd gaze into my eyes as if mesmerized by the dazed, half-focused way I looked up at him.

He slurred, "Let me taste those sounds you're making, ba-by." And with that, his mouth traced my jawline until he found my lips.

I turned my head away, avoiding the kiss. That was a little too intimate for a quick f*ck.

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This didn't seem to put him off and he kept up his rhythm. I listened to the honeyed words that fell from him how charming, how lovely, how perfect I was-and I listened to the filthy words as well.

Filthy words about my body, my lips, and

my eyes.

It was certainly flattering. Even though I felt embarrassed in my mind, I thought it was sweet of him to talk to a casual h*oup so earnestly.

Just as my thoughts were drifting, he brought me back to the moment with a deep, delicious thrust. "You still with me, darling?"

I felt like I could die like this, lost in the feeling of him. I didn't even have the words to describe it. It was carnal and passionate in a way that transcended each of my senses. I was overwhelmed by the sounds of skin slapping against skin, the vulgar wetness as he drove himself into me again and again, my own shameless screams of euphoria, and his fervent gasps.

My phone rang. I knew it must be Vincent.