

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 55— TASTE YOU WHILE YOU TASTE ME



Zayd pushed the door to his room shut, slamming Quinn against it before greedily taking her lips between his. They'd literally ran here, leaving behind the food Larna had prepared...for their crave was not a normal hunger...

Not when they only craved each other.

His hand reached behind her, eagerly zipping the dress all the way down. He wanted to tear it, but it was a gift from him to her, and he'd love to see her in it again.

So, with careful hands, he pulled it off her shoulders and the thin material fell by her feet, leaving her almost bare in front of him. She wasn't wearing a bra; he could feel the stiff ridges of her breast pressing against his palm.

They felt so firm and soft in his hands, just as her lips felt against his. She was moving them aggressively, while peeling his jacket off him and clumsily unbuttoning the thin, white shirt he wore.

He'd never seen her like this; so desperate and carefree, so vulnerable and needy...but seeing her like this only proved how much she'd been holding back too.

Pulling away from the kiss, he panted heavily against her, and she did the same, those green eyes full of lust and want and so many emotions that called out to him.

His eyes drifted down, assessing her body keenly; from the fullness of her breasts down to the flatness of her stomach, and from there to the blue panty that rode just above her hips and to thighs and legs that equated to perfection.

He gritted his teeth, stepping back and away from her. The pants he wore, he unbuttoned it, taking it off and moving to sit at the edge of the bed. He looked back at her then, watching the way she shifted from feet to feet and fumbled her fingers in nervousness. "Come here, Quinn."

Her walk towards him was awkward, her green eyes seeming more innocent than they should, making Zayd's c*ck ten times harder. "Yeah...?"

"Take it off."

Her little fingers trembled as she did as told, forcing the panty down her delectable thighs and off her feet. As soon as she was completely naked before his gazing eyes, he pulled her into his lap.

His lips licked at her neck first and then at the stiff peaks of her nipples; tasting her with an appetite as big as the skies.

She moaned brokenly, hugging around his back, pulling him close. He could feel her slick wetting his bare thighs as she unconsciously rode them, seeking friction, and that's what he really wanted to taste. The juice her forbidden fruit created. He wanted to mop up every drip, and he wanted to gnaw at the pink, slippery flesh before slipping past her walls; deep, hoping to breach the seed.

Her nipple slipped off the edge of his tongue as pulled away from her chest, relaxing his back against the mattress. Quinn looked down at him in confusion, even as he started to speak. "You're quite eager, little red. I am too; to taste you, to f*ck you...but my thighs aren't what you should be riding." He reached for his c*ck that was still covered by his underwear, gripping it tight in his hand. "This is what you should be riding...but before that, I'll even give you the chance to ride my face."

Quinn blinked down at him, probably still processing the rawness of his words, but he didn't give her the time to. He gripped her waist, lifting her off his thighs and atop of his chest. "Go ahead, angel."

She shook her head, seeming more than just bewildered. "Zayd I...you don't really expect me t-to...why would I...?"

"Your procrastination will only kill the mood...come on, I know you want to."

Quinn looked away from him and towards the white walls, burying her pride as she repositioned herself on her knees. Slowly and hesitantly, she climbed above his face. "Z-Zayd this is~"

Before she could finish her statement or try to back out, his hands locked her in, forcing her a couple inches down. A broken moan left her lips as his tongue slid along her clit, and she done lost her mind when he took the soft flesh between his lips, sloppily filling his mouth with her slick.

Heat roused within her, starting a fire that burnt pleurably all throughout her body. The shame she felt while doing something like this made it somehow feel even better, and she...she desperately wanted more.

Gripping onto the bedhead in front, her hips started to move, slowly gyrating against his lips as she searched for her own pleasure. But what about him? His pleasure was just as important and hers, and more than herself...Quinn want to give him pleasure. ..

A profuse amount of it, and she...she wanted to taste him too.

Her hips came to a sudden stop, and courage bloomed in her heart as she cleared her throat. "Zayd I...me too. At least let me taste you while you taste me."

Zayd released her, and she moved away from his mouth. "By all means...do whatever you want, angel. It's bound to be hot if you take the initiative."