

Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 16

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Chapter Sixteen: Touch yourself

Ryan

*Only if there is anyone outside." My mate said and I settled back into the leather chair in my room. I had pulled the dark curtains closed, blocking the afternoon sunlight that tried to stream into my room.

It didn't fully darken the room, just cast everything in a relaxing shady gray. Making the room almost dream-like, letting me slip into a moment where I could close my eyes and picture Tillie laying on my bed. Her back against the headboard, her hair falling around her shoulders in soft curling waves that made my palms itch to tangle my fingers into her thick tress. Her big blue eyes moving over my body as she watched me, waiting for me to tell her what to do next.

"Is anyone outside, baby?" I growled, "Can anyone see my pretty girl?"

"N, no." she whispered, her breathing hitching. "But the windows are open and anyone could hear me."

I smirked, rubbing my hand over the front of my jeans and squeezing my growing erection. The fantasy changed slightly, the curtains ruffling as the afternoon breeze moved them. The windows open so that anyone could hear my mate if she was too loud.

"I guess you'll have to try to be quiet for me."

"1, I don't know if I can do that, daddy." She said and I could hear the rustling of fabric on the other end of the line.

"I bet that you can, Tillie. Why don't you touch your breasts over your shirt for me?" It was phrased as a question, but it was anything but that. I heard her suck in a breath as she did what I told her to. I could almost picture her there in my bed. Her lower lip sucked between her teeth as her hands moved over her chest. Squeezing her breasts until she gasped. "Tell me how it feels to touch your perfect tits for me?"

“Daddy, it feels so good.” Her voice was soft and it made my dick twitch beneath my hand.

“Put the phone onto speaker so your hands are free and take off your shirt.”

I heard her fumble with the phone before there was a clink as she sat the phone onto a glass surface. Fabric rustled and I knew she was pulling her shirt off for me.

“Okay, I took my shirt off.” “Good girl,” I purred, “I want you to play with your nipples until they are tight peaks for me. You’ve got the most mouth-watering tits I’ve ever seen.”

“Ryan.” She moaned, but I knew she was doing as I asked. I could feel the arousal clipping through the bond that I shared with her. It wasn’t lessened by the distance that separated us.

It felt like I could smell that sweet scent of her pussy in the air and I licked my lips, undoing the zipper of my jeans. Freeing my aching cock, I moaned low in the back of my throat. Damn, it felt so good to touch myself with her listening. Knowing that she was playing with her breasts for me.

“How does that feel baby, is it making you wet for me?” I asked, stroking my fist up and down.

“So good, I wish you were here so you could-“She went quiet and I could imagine her cheeks heating up with that fucking innocent blush that she had.

“You wish I was there so I could do what, Tillie?” I asked, my voice coming out as more of a growl.

“So you could suck on my nipples, daddy.”

“Mmm, me too. Baby, me too.” I ran my tongue over my lower lip. “You didn’t tell me, baby girl. Are you wet for daddy?”

The line went quiet and I repeated the question slower this time. Dragging out the words for her. “Are you wet for daddy, baby

girl?”

“Yes, daddy. My pussy is wet for you.” She said. Her voice was all breathy and sexy, the way that it sounded like it did when we were about to fuck.

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Chapter Sixteen: Touch yourself

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Goddess, I wished she was here right now so she could see how hard I was for her. So I could tell her to spread her legs so I could see how wet her pretty little pussy was for me. How her nether lips would be swollen, the puffy flesh coated with the slick arousal that leaked from her. My mouth watered and I wished she was here so that I could taste her.

“I want you to slip your hand inside your pants and touch that pretty pink pussy for me, Tillie. Tell me how wet it is for me.” This time, the words were all a growl. I wanted her so much, I hated that she was away from me. From us, I wished that I had been able to slow things down so that she hadn't felt the need to run.

“Ryan, oh god. I'm soaked.” She panted and I stroked myself with languid strokes. Precum welled up in the slit of my cock. I brushed my thumb through the hot liquid, smearing it on the head of my dick before gripping my shaft tighter.

“Stroke your clit for me. I'm working my dick thinking about you touching yourself, baby. Do you know how hot it makes me knowing that you are touching yourself for me?” I pumped my hips up, fucking my dick into my hand. My balls tightening in the most delicious way as I pictured her fingers moving against her clitoris.

“Daddy, oh.” She moaned and I could hear her soft breathing speeding up. She moaned a ragged sound that I felt all the way down to my toes. Making them curl up into the carpet beneath my feet. My cock bobbed against my abdomen, all thick and hot as more precum leaked from me. If she kept making those sounds, I was going to blow my load before I was ready to.

“Use your other hand too, baby. I want you to fuck yourself with your fingers.” I ordered. The back of my head hit the couch as rocked my hips. Imagining that it wasn't my hand that I was fucking, but that it was her. My mate's pussy wrapped around my cock, all wet and clenching up around me. I gripped my phone tighter, trying to control myself but it was no use. The wet sounds of her pumping her fingers into her pussy and the moans that slipped from her lips were too much for me to take.

“Are you ready, baby? Are you going to come for daddy?” I asked, needing her to say yes. I was too worked up to keep from coming if she wasn't.

“Oh fuck, daddy I'm so close. Ryan.” She cried out. “Daddy, I'm going to come.”

“That's right baby girl, come with me.”

“Daddy.”

My hips jerked forward and thick ropes of cum shot from me, coating my bare chest and my jeans. It felt so good, not as good as when I was inside of her. But knowing that we had come together like this. Fuck, it was good.

Stars painted the backs of my closed eyelids as I worked my hand up and down, trying to draw out every bit of pleasure that I could. Her panting breath was loud over the speakers and I could almost picture her. Her hand buried inside of her yoga pants, her face twisted up in pleasure as she came touching herself for me.

Goddess, I needed her.

“Baby girl, you make me feel so good,” I said, pulling my hand away from my dick and wiping it onto my jeans. “You did so good. Tell me how you feel.”

“That was, I’ve never done anything like that before.” She said and I couldn’t help but smile as I opened my eyes. Looking down at the phone and wishing that I could see her face right now.

“You mean you’ve never had phone sex?” I asked. It filled me with a strange kind of pride to know that this was something that was all mine.

“No, I’ve wanted to. But, um, it’s never been the right time.”

“I’m glad that we did this together, Tillie. I lov-” I caught myself before I could say anything else. She wasn’t ready for it. Hell, even I wasn’t ready for it, even though I knew the words were true. I loved her. I loved everything about her.

“Me too, Ryan. Maybe we could do this again?” She said, not bringing up what I had said.

I let out a breath. Glad that she wasn’t bringing it up, there would be plenty of time for that when we caught her. “Count on it, baby girl. I think we should both get cleaned up. I made a mess, hearing you come.”

“Daddy.” She giggled and I smiled. It was good to hear her happy like this.

Tillie and I said our goodbyes and I felt so much lighter. Things were still not one hundred percent between us, but we would sort things out when we caught her.