

Under The Oak Tree

Chapter 18 – His Adoration for Her (2)

Max pressed her face against his shoulder and waited for the intense feeling to pass. Her hips quivered, something warm trickling down between her legs.

“Shh, good job. You did very well.” He murmured to her, as if soothing a child.

She felt limp on the bed sheets, unable to get out of the peak in the clouds. He quickly threw his clothes over his head and rose from the bed. She was certain it wasn't the first time she has seen it, but the moment she saw his body shining in the dark so sensibly, a thin shiver broke from her chest.

The beauty of the man before her penetrated her heart.

“Hold me.”

He quickly returned to the bed and prostrated himself on her body. Something began to slowly brush against her thighs and closer to her petals. She clasped her arms around his neck, his hot, beating body weighing heavily on her own. Such a strange feeling was prevalent.

Is the act now and before truly the same? she thought. The warm length entering her inside still felt uncomfortable like the first time, but it wasn't as painful as she remembered.

“Just a little more...” He mumbled, stroking her back.

The flickering light at the bedside cast a shadow over his face, where beads of sweat on the man's forehead flowed down his cheeks like pearls and on the tip of his chin. The beads glistened on his smooth, golden skin ethereally. She unwittingly reached out and touched it and the man's eyes shook.

“F**k!”

He sank heavily in one, fluid motion, the audible slap of his body against hers catching Max by surprise. Breathless by the sudden pressure, she twisted and tightened around him.

A painful groan came out of his mouth. “F**k... don't give me strength.”

“I, I'm sorry...” She looked up at him with eyes to the point of tearing.

She felt like a clay dough being molded to him, being fitted into his shape as she tried to wriggle around. Was it even acceptable to feel someone this close? Their rough

breathing, heavy heartbeats, searing temperatures of their damp skin... she couldn't tell which was his and which was hers.

The only thing Max felt in that moment was as if his and her body were being morphed into one.

"I feel so good..." Riftan groaned as he drew closer, deeper down her moist walls, the sweat drops on his shoulders dribbling down his chest and onto her body.

Max looked up with trembling eyes at his scary, hardened face. At first glance, she saw the creases of his brows as if bearing pain and she could only think, is it really good?

"" "

"F-feel good?"

When the question went out of her lips, the man's mouth twisted into laughter.

"Why do you think I'm holding on to a woman doing this until I pass out today?"

He grasped her hip, stretching her legs for better access and moved forward forcefully. As the feeling of a hot, pulsating, mass of flesh slithered down again inside, she uttered a painful sound, her mouth wide open. Whenever his body went out, she breathed, and when he pushed back again, she tried to remain calm.

Riftan murmured in a strained voice, exhaling a short breath.

"I'm like a lunatic... I didn't mean to do this. I was just going to let you rest. But you in your underwear... oh!"

His hard stomach weighed down on her heavily, as their bodies found intimate contact between other. Hot flesh against flesh. Max's fingernails had long found their way on his back to scratch his skin in an unconscious effort to stifle the pleasure within.

"I, too, I'm trying to endure... I did..." What he was saying was no longer passed through her ears.

Her body was the captain of her feelings. His gestures the rough waves become more unraveling, harsher, pushing her sideways.

It had come to the point it impossible for her to know when she should relax and renew her strength. Her body turned stiff with her inability to keep up with his mercurial movements. He picked up speed, driving her to the point of no return, and winded Max's legs to tremble beneath him.

"Maxi..." he purred, her eyes were barely opened as she peered up at him.

As she felt his big hand clasp her cheek, she thought, why are you calling me that way? Her heart skipping a beat at the solemnness on his face.

For a moment, he felt like a close confidant. The man wrapped his hands around her face and kissed her frantically as their bodies molded to one. She felt his huge body shaking like a stallion, stiffening. A man who couldn't take it anymore, yet, was still persistent to have more.

As he reached his peak, his hold on her legs becoming more forceful with his ravenous thrusts, delicious warmth suddenly filled her lower region.

Tingles traveled from all over her body—a sensation she had experienced a second time but still not finding it quite familiar. Drowned in a daze of ecstasy, her fists unwittingly weaken, turning to an embrace on his sweaty back as he drooped over her with his raspy breath. She could feel his heart throb as fast as hers against her skin.

“F**k... I tried not to be rough this time...”

He gasped and muttered, but she could barely lift her eyelids to look at him. The black eyes glowed like a curious beast in the dark as he dribbled small kisses on her shoulders and neck. He lingered inside her, unwilling to part their bodies that had become one.

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