

Read Billionaire Baby Daddy online free by Claire Adams

Chapter Five

Lexi

Andrew laid me back on his bed, and his fingers gently stroked over my lacy bra and skin. I took a deep breath, trying to calm down. I didn't know why I felt so nervous and out of my depth, despite the desire zinging through me as his fingers ghost

ed over my curves.

I guess the truth of it was that this entire night had been so overwhelming. Going out to one of the newest, fanciest restaurants in town and eating my way through dishes that I couldn't even pronounce. Being here, with a billionaire, in his home that must have cost millions of dollars. Having his full attention on me, his fingers reverently touching my skin as his dark eyes eyed me hungrily. It was nothing that I could have expected when I stepped foot in Orinoco's office building the previous day.

And yet, it felt so deliciously perfect at the same time. I was under no illusions, of course. Andrew Goldwright wasn't the kind of guy to keep girls around. This was just a one-time thing. But I knew it was going to be a night to remember. It already was, and we hadn't even gotten on to the main attraction yet.

"We can just kiss," Andrew told me, proceeding to do just that.

The kiss started out slow and gentle, and I could tell that he was trying to set me at ease. But it wasn't long before the kiss developed into something filthy and heated. Our mouths worked one another's, sending

surges of lust shooting to my very core. He teased me, giving me time to adjust. He was carelessly winding me up with no end in sight.

My needy body betrayed me. I couldn't help rocking up against him, trying to get his hands to do something other than bracket my face or lightly touch my hips. He raised an eyebrow at me, but this time when his fingers slipped along my skin, I didn't stop him. I arched towards him, and he grinned, reaching behind me to unclasp my bra.

His fingers played against my dusky areolas. The pads of his thumbs dragged across my nipples and made pleasure swirl inside of me. He brushed his knuckles against my curves, leaving a line of goosebumps along my skin. He chased that line of goosebumps with his mouth.

Despite my nerves, I felt curiously comfortable with him. He made no pretenses and no apologies. He was exactly who I expected him to be.

I only wished I could calm down a little more, to fully enjoy what he was doing to me.

“Are you all right?” Andrew murmured, his lips tickling my side as he moved lower on my body.

I giggled and tried to escape the feeling. He grinned, nuzzling me for a moment, taking that as answer enough. He paused as he reached my panties, looking quizzically up at me, and I nodded, holding my breath as he pulled the thin material off from me, revealing the soft, pink skin between my legs.

Andrew hummed quietly and began to play his fingers across the delicate skin, skimming lightly over the bundle of nerves there. I gasped and shifted against the sheets, my legs falling open in an attempt to give him better access to me. He smiled and began to touch me with more obvious intent.

I made a soft, punched-out noise as his fingers found their way inside of me, plying my walls and testing the wetness there. They weren't inside me for long, though. He pulled them out and returned to playing with my folds, skimming his fingers along in an aimless fashion, designed purely to torture me. I whimpered helplessly, looping my legs around his back and pulling him forwards with my heels, desperate in a way that I had never been before.

Andrew laughed. He braced himself with one strong arm and used his other hand to give his cock a few firm strokes. He pressed his tip lightly against my slit and paused. It was tantalizing, having him so close to me, but no matter how I wriggled, no matter how I urged him on with my ankles, he refused to give me what I wanted. What I needed.

I sobbed, aching and desperate, unable to think of anything except how badly I needed to be filled.

Andrew grimaced. "Should I use a condom?" he asked.

I tried to process his words through the haze of my need. "What?" I asked, unable to make sense of them.

"Should I use a condom?" he repeated. "I have some, somewhere, but I hate using them. Hate the feel of them."

"That's okay," I groaned, trying to get him inside me. "I'm on the pill. It's fine."

Andrew looked relieved, and the next thing I knew, he thrust into me, a throbbing poker that burned me from the inside out. He paused for a moment when he was fully seated, giving me time to adjust, and I focused on just breathing, something which I seemed to have forgotten how to do in the face of my lust.

Then, he began to move, drawing all the way out of me, until I was barely clenching around his tip. Then he sank back into me, as though he belonged there. With each thrust, he rocked his hips upwards, dragging the head of his cock against my inner folds, nudging at the pleasure spots deep inside of me.

I slid my hands down his back, digging in my fingernails and catching at his hips. I pulled at them, urging him to move faster, to thrust harder. He complied, giving me exactly what I needed until I was a shaking mess beneath him in bed. I might have guessed, but he was good at this, bringing me to the brink but not letting me fall over into ecstasy just yet. He forced my pleasure to spike higher and higher until I was almost overcome by it.

I needed to come, more than I'd ever needed anything in my life, but Andrew wasn't letting me off that easily.

He had his mouth on me again, kissing a line of fire from my jaw to my breasts. He lingered there, kissing and sucking at my nipples, swirling his tongue around the left nub and then repeating the motion on its pair. His teeth brushed over the sensitive skin, and then he pulled back with a smirk on his face as he continued to pound into me. His fingers pressed into my hips with a bruising grip.

"Come for me," he whispered a command that I couldn't resist.

I cried out his name as I arched towards him, my toes curling. All the tension that he'd pounded into my body flooded out of it, leaving me limp and wrung out against the sheets. He came nearly at the same time as me, pulsing hotly inside of me, spilling his come deep in my folds.

It felt like an eternity before either of us could move again. Andrew propped himself up on his elbow, looking down at me. His fingers traced

sweetly along the same skin that he'd held so possessively minutes before.

"Are you okay?" he asked softly.

I stared at him for a moment, unable to comprehend the question at first. Then, I burst out laughing, shaking my head. "Yeah, I'm 'okay,'" I told him. I stretched widely. "I am so beyond 'okay,'" I mumbled, the words interrupted by a yawn.

Andrew smiled as though that genuinely made him happy. Then, he pulled the covers up over us and tugged me into his arms, kissing my temple lightly. "Good," he said. It wasn't long before we both fell into a deep sleep.