



Chapter 182

After we said goodbye to everyone, Alexander and I stayed a little longer at the house chatting with Jorge, who was in charge of supervising the buffet's wrap-up. Alexander would take me home, but he received a message from John, an employee from London, urgently requesting a video call.

"Love, do you mind coming with me to the office for this video call?" 1

"Not at all. Let's go, it's still early, not midnight yet, I haven't turned into a pumpkin," I smiled at him.

"You're Cinderella, you should turn into a maid," he joked.

"I'm not Cinderella, I'm the carriage, strong and useful," I bantered back and he laughed at me.

We arrived at the office and Alexander made the call with John, introducing me to him. John congratulated us on our marriage. After resolving everything, Alexander hung up. I was lying on the couch with my feet up. He came over to me, sat down, and placed my feet on his lap.

"My feet are sore," I complained.

"You're pregnant, you need to slow down. And wear lower heels," Alexander said, starting a delicious massage on my feet that made me close my eyes.

Within a few minutes, I was relaxed and my feet no longer ached. I moaned in contentment, feeling his skilled hands touching my feet.

"I'm not going to stay just on your feet, my angel," Alexander warned with his husky voice. He stood me up and took off all my clothes, making

me lie down again on our couch.

For a while, he continued massaging my feet and observing my naked body, as if devouring me with his eyes. I had one leg stretched out and the other bent, with my knee up. Alexander ran his hand up to my knee, moving my leg outward on the couch, thus having a perfect view of my intimacy that was generously wet with the excitement I already felt from his touch.

My nipples hardened, giving Alexander the certainty that I wanted to be penetrated in every way and manner until I came exhaustively multiple times. My body was hot like an erupting volcano. Alexander left my feet and began to caress the muscles of my neck, eliciting a small moan of satisfaction from me.

"My angel, turn over onto your stomach," Alexander said, and when I turned, he placed a small pillow that was on the sofa under my belly. "You have a beautiful little ass, you know?"

He began to massage my buttocks with the palms of his hands, first one, then the other, then both at the same time, compressing one against the other. I felt delicious electric currents running through me, an infinity of nerve endings located in this region of the body were ignited as soon as my Alexander's touches began there. He slowly traced the division of my buttocks with his thumbs, lowering his hands and reaching my opening with a subtle touch.

I immediately turned onto my back, facing him, and opened my legs, parting my thighs and resting one leg on the back of the sofa. Alexander restrained himself, in a clear effort, and went back to massaging my foot that was on his thigh.

He sat sideways, facing me. His hands slowly began to travel the distance



separating my feet from my knees, with a delicious grip. He started to caress the beginning of my thighs and my entire body shivered in anticipation, leaving the muscles of my legs tense under his hands. Alexander maintained a gentle but firm grip on my thighs.

Burning with desire, I began to caress my breasts, massaging them and squeezing my nipples, craving to feel his hands there, but he only watched in ecstasy while I touched myself. I let my own caresses take me away and my body undulated with lust as I let out a low moan.

Alexander remained in the same place, his eyes fixed on what my hands were doing, his pupils dilated. Almost imperceptibly, he slid his hands up my thighs, reaching the point where they joined. I continued to touch my breasts and Alexander started to massage my sex, on the upper and lower parts of my triangle, caressing my groin with that firm and delightful touch.

I felt my sex swell and contract. I began to move my hips, matching the rhythm of his hands that provided me with a sweet and sensual massage. Alexander leaned down over me and placed his lips on my skin, on my mons pubis, and began to place his kisses there. His hot breath between my belly and my groin, and the anticipation of his touches, left me even more aroused. I moved frantically before his eyes, as if dancing with his mouth glued to me and his eyes glazed over the movements of my hands on my breasts. 1

I wanted him to continue. But he lay down on top of me, supporting his weight on his arms, and kissed my mouth, joining our tongues. He turned me to lie on my side and lay down behind me, still kissing my mouth and making me feel his hard member touching my ass. He abandoned my mouth and brushed his lips on the nape of my neck, grabbing my breasts in his hands, eliciting a loud sigh from me. He



caressed my rounded breasts with his hands, my nipples stiff. His fingers took control and traced circles, applying slight pressure to my nipples which, surprisingly, became even harder and sent waves of desire directly to my sex, making me moan with pleasure.

Alexander lifted one of my legs and placed it over him, trying to open me up as much as possible. My wet pussy contracted restlessly, as if inviting him to enter. Alexander caressed me very lightly there with his fingers, running from my entrance to my clit, with a delicious and gentle touch, going up and down that path tirelessly, eliciting a plea from me for more, which he captured with his mouth joining mine once again.

I was already on the verge of going crazy with pleasure, my wetness was so much that it was running down between my legs, but he wanted more and went back to moving his hand up to my breasts. Without any shame, I grabbed his hand and rubbed it against my hot, wet entrance, begging him to touch me there again. I reached out my hand to his hard member and manipulated it firmly, making him gasp.

I turned to face him and, keeping my thighs apart, with one leg over his hip, I guided him to my entrance, rubbing his swollen, pink glans against the edges of my hot, wet, eager slit. Our lips joined in an endless kiss as I felt him enter me, inch by inch, and my breasts brushed against his chest.

I sighed when I felt his hard, large member completely invade my pussy. I pressed myself into his arms, squeezing my breasts against his chest, his cock poking me deliciously from below, from inside, making me moan sensually with each thrust.

My pussy swallowed and devoured his cock quickly, voraciously, trying to swallow as much as possible of his twenty centimeters in length by six in girth, which completely filled my interior. His balls touched my buttocks with each thrust. Alexander roamed my body with lust, his hands



maintaining a strong grip on me that drove me wild. 1

My body stiffened in anticipation of the impending orgasm, and I began to moan louder, screaming incoherent things, begging for more. I exploded around his cock in a strong, violent, endless climax. My pussy throbbed, drawing him even deeper inside me. I closed my eyes, absorbing the full intensity of my orgasm. Gradually, I quieted down, sweaty and panting, but still feeling his hard cock inside me, moving slowly. A series of small orgasms followed, contracting my body, making my pussy clench around him, which felt gigantic, enormous from so much lust and pleasure.

Alexander kissed my lips and my ear, whispering that he wasn't done with me yet, and started moving fast and violently. His cock would sometimes slip out of my pussy and he would thrust it back inside me with force and speed, reaching as deep as possible within me, being delightfully swallowed by my pleasure-hungry pussy countless times.

Alexander commanded in my ear:

"Come, my angel. Come. Feel your man's cock fucking your body, eating your delicious, tight little pussy. Feel how thick and hard my cock is. You like that. Feel how it completely fills your pussy, how it gives you pleasure, how it makes you come."

The invasion of his cock in my pussy and the obscene words Alexander whispered in my ear with his hoarse and sexy voice led me to an even greater and mind-blowing orgasm. And he kept violently thrusting into me and repeating:

"Come. Come deliciously on my cock, come."

I went crazy with pleasure, with that surreal orgasm, I moaned,



screamed, cried with pleasure. My thirsty pussy contracted spasmodically, trapping his cock inside me, squeezing it and swallowing it even more. Alexander surrendered to pleasure, exploded in a violent, visceral orgasm, squeezing me against him, gushing inside me and shouting:

"Holy shit, you fucking sexy thing!" He panted while screaming with lust. "Damn, Catherine, your delicious pussy is swallowing my cock. So good!"

The more he shouted, the more my body contracted around him and the more I felt his hot jets of pleasure inside me. We joined in a lacerating, maddening, exhausting orgasm. Our bodies calmed down little by little.

We remained intertwined in a confusion of arms and legs. I felt his cock inside me which, despite the brutal orgasm we had, was still rigid. Alexander began to move again, but this time slow and at a steady pace, kissing my lips and repeating how beautiful I was and how much he loved me. Soon he made me come once more and followed me, releasing his own pleasure inside me once again.

Completely exhausted, I abandoned myself in his arms, hearing him say how beautiful I was and how much he loved me. I fell asleep almost immediately, happy to be in the arms of my love and to be able to sleep in his arms every day for the rest of our lives.

When we woke up, the day had already dawned. Alexander dropped me off at the apartment and went back to Patrick's house, saying he would come back to pick me up for the meeting with the priest. Before I entered the building, he pulled me in for a lingering kiss.

"I love you so much, my angel! I'm anxious for the first day of the rest of our lives," he said with a smile, and I understood that he was talking



about the wedding. I left his arms, feeling cold without him, and entered the building.

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