

Chapter 190

Alexander's POV

I had just entered a video conference with some Chinese partners when I noticed my beautiful wife entering the room and locking the door. My eyes immediately flew to the tray she was carrying, which held a cup and a plate with the chocolate cake I had given her earlier. She wasn't going to do this again, was she?

My mind flashed back to a few months ago, when on a day of much teasing, Catherine had masturbated in front of me while I was on a video conference with these same Chinese partners.

She walked in with an innocent smile on her lips, came over to me, set the tray on the table, and placed a cup of tea beside me. She let the napkin drop and bent down to pick it up, sticking her butt out nicely for me. She was sexy and immediately my cock stirred to life inside my pants. Great, now I was paying zero attention to the damn meeting!

I decided that this time she wouldn't leave me hanging. As I watched her walk to the other side of the table and pick up the plate with the cake, I grabbed my phone and sent a message to Patrick:

"Patrick, I need to step away from the meeting for a few minutes. Can you hold down the fort solo? Say I had a technical issue that's being resolved."

Patrick's reply agreeing to my request arrived almost instantly. I closed my camera and muted my microphone so that I could only hear the meeting but not participate in it. Soon the first message from my wife arrived:

"You know, this cake is really delicious!"

I smiled and sent back:

"You're even more delicious than that cake. And always will be."

She looked at me with fiery eyes, put a piece of cake in her mouth and chewed slowly, closing her eyes and moaning with pleasure at the taste of the sweet. I swallowed hard, my cock already hard and throbbing in my pants. This woman is sexy as hell and fucks with my head when she wants to.

Catherine knew what she was doing to me, smiling devilishly as she put another piece of cake in her mouth, set the plate on the table, and leaned back in the chair. Ever so slowly, she put one leg over each arm of the chair, spreading herself wide open in front of me, and that's when I realized she wasn't wearing panties! I grabbed my phone and sent her a message:

"I don't remember ripping your panties today."

She picked up her phone, read the message, and smiled. Shaking her head, she replied:

"Decided to save a few. And also getting used to living without panties, since you tear them all up."

I had to suppress a smile as I read what she wrote. I replied back:

"Ah, but I love tearing them off."

Catherine was naughty. Of course she was going to provoke me to the limit. She read my message and sent another:

"I thought about putting on a little show for my boss, but if you insist, I'll go back to my office and put on my panties."

Ah, but she wasn't going to leave me like this. Not this time! I quickly sent another message:

"Don't you have the guts to finish what you started?"

When she read the message, her eyes sparkled. She tossed her phone on the desk and wasted no time. With her hands, she pulled down the neckline of her dress, exposing her breasts. She lowered her right hand to her clitoris and with her left hand began to massage her breasts, squeezing and pinching her nipples, while her fingers made an up and down motion at her entrance that glistened with wetness.

Catherine was masturbating and I was rubbing my member over my pants. Her little fingers were in an up and down motion over her pussy, circling her clitoris and going back down and up. She looked at me with a face of pure pleasure.

When she stuck her finger inside her own pussy, I couldn't resist. I stood up and walked over to her, turning the chair to face me. She looked at me, not understanding how I could abandon the meeting. I was standing in front of her and she was fucking her pussy with her own fingers. I unzipped my pants and let my cock spring out. I leaned on the arms of the chair, bent down, and whispered in her ear:

"This time I'm joining in, my angel!"

I took her fingers out of her pussy and, while pinching her nipples, I sucked and licked them, savoring her taste.

"Hmm! As I said, much tastier than chocolate cake."

I held my cock and ran it along her pussy, repeating the up and down movement that her fingers had done. Catherine was so horny that her pussy got even wetter and slippery. She was on fire and moaning deliciously.

"So, my angel, what do you want?"

"Alexander, your meeting..." she said between moans.

"Fuck the meeting! Tell me, Catherine, what do you want? Do you want to continue your play alone?" I rubbed my cock up and down on her wet and hot pussy, teasing her and making her moan.

"No... hmm... play with me."

"I am playing, darling. What else do you want?" I said and pulled my cock away from her.

"I want you, inside me, fast and hard."

"If that's what you want, you shall have it!"

I pressed my cock back against her clit and slowly slid down to her entrance. Catherine sighed and when I started to enter her she moaned and gasped. I entered her very slowly, she was beautiful, all open for me with her legs over the arms of the chair. Her pupils were dilated, the green of her eyes was hot, she wanted me as much as I wanted her and that was a lot.

My eyes were clouded with lust and all the love I felt for that woman beneath me. Catherine took my breath away simply by being near, being inside her, with her, feeling her surrender, it was like reaching the divine, something that was beyond the tangible. The meeting of our bodies went far beyond a pure physical act. In that moment, our souls

were fused into one.

I started moving inside her, going in and out the way she asked, strong and fast, without taking my eyes off hers. It was a spark on dry straw and the fire burned us whole. An energy ran from my body to hers and from hers to mine. I felt her inner muscles reach their climax, squeezing my member inside her so tight, and it made me completely lose myself, making me reach my own orgasm, throwing my head back I penetrated her one more time, as deep as possible and let my release spill inside her.

Our breaths were panting and sweat ran down my face, we tried to calm down, but I was still inside her and felt the remnant of her orgasm, with the slight tremors of her body. Without disconnecting, I leaned down, put my arms around her and told her to wrap her legs around me. I lifted her off the chair and carried her to the couch. I unbuckled my belt and lowered my pants. I went down on her and feasted on her breasts, restarting our back and forth.



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