

Chapter 67

After her first, leisure lick of his length from the base to the tip, he slipped the head into her waiting mouth, letting her push herself deeper until he was completely buried. "Holy fuck," he cursed, not recalling being this responsive this soon, not even when he had his first blowjob. Either he was slipping, or his octopus knew how to take him in a way that no other woman ever did.

She started slow, then gradually increased her pace, building up a rhythm that had her head bobbing in enthusiasm. The vibrations from her ensuing moans shot up his spine and he thrust into her until the only sounds in the room were his ragged breaths and the gurgles leaving her throat.

He pounded into her so forcefully that he'd expected her to double tap, but she never did, not even when her eyes watered. In fact, when he slowed down out of concern for her, her moans almost sounded like protests as her head bobbed more fervently to keep their pace, and he was more than happy to cooperate, speeding up from there.

At his climax, his body stilled as his viselike grip on her hair locked her head to his cock, shooting his load into her mouth, hearing her moan in satisfaction as his orgasm burned through him, feral and heated. The sensation coursed through her as if his pleasure was her own, and she sucked him gently to the end of it.

"Open your mouth," he orders, lifting her chin. "I want to see it."

She complied, and his primitive snarl that followed traveled through her like a pleasurable wave. Strong fingerpads massaged the back of her neck as she swallowed. His thumb captured her jaw, not roughly like she expected, but carefully, gingerly, affectionately. His eyes stayed on

her, gazing at her like she'd just given him the world.

This part of the experience was new to him. He couldn't for the life of him remember wanting to see his own cum in a woman's mouth, and he'd never massaged any of their necks to ease the downflow or pausing to caress a face.

So much for not being gentle.

Hoisting Sush up when he met her lust-filled eyes, he tossed her on the bed face-up and instructed, "Legs. Spread. Now."

She complied, her legs parted to reveal the throbbing region as the scent of her arousal saturated the air while Greg removed his shirt. Her body heated further at the sight of his sculpted physique, one that would put models to shame. Each block of muscle was as distinct as it was symmetrical with their counterpart, their allure only shadowed by the chest hair that mostly gathered on the upper area. Forget models, Greg's body would even make Greek Gods envious.

Greg's smirk boasted how much he was enjoying the attention - her attention. And the scent of her intensifying arousal was as intoxicating as it was consuming.

Spreading her thighs even further to an angle Sush didn't think she was capable of reaching, his face buried itself at the source of her arousal and she moaned the loudest that night when his hot tongue flicked through her folds. Her legs weakened from his toying around with the layers and the bump of her clit. And that was just the test run, a taste of what he could give her.

As his tongue left and she desperately tried to find it again, he held her by her thighs, leaving wet kisses along the valley between her legs and cunt, then asking in a voice thick as gravel, "Do you want me to eat out of you, my octopus?"

"Yes," came her breathless answer, fingers digging into his hair, more

than ready to take whatever he was about to give her.

He rewarded her with two fingers plunged in, getting her first of many screams for the night.

As he worked up a rhythm, he asked, "Do you want me to make you cum?"

"Yes."

Rewarding her with an increased pacing as a steady stream of moans echoed off the walls, he questioned in warning, "Will you let anyone else eat out of you? Will you let someone other than me make you moan and scream?"

"N-No."

"Is that hesitance I hear, my huntress?" Greg's fingers continued at a punishing pace, eliciting more screams and moans that it was making it hard for her to speak, to think. "Answer me," he demanded, knowing full well that what he termed as hesitance was nothing more than a temporary impairment of her speech as she writhed in pleasure under his control.

"No. I...oh...mm...I won't."

"You won't what?" he pressed without compunction.

"I won't let...ohh...I won't let anyone else do this. Mmm. Only you. Please." The last word came out so labored with the torture of waiting that Greg gave into his urge to bring ecstasy to her.

His mouth went back to her clit, alternating between torturously slow licks and exhilarating fast ones. He and his animal were starving for her, feasting on her like a man possessed. His fingers dug into her flesh to hold her still. When his mouth found the spot that had her pushing herself against him, he held her in place and gently took her clit between his teeth, his tongue flicked over the sensitive nub and her

screams echoed off the walls when she exploded.

Greg groaned, savoring her taste, lapping up every drop as she trembled beneath his touch. When the last of the delectable fluid was gone, he licked the area like he was asking for more, though he was forced to come to terms that he'd devoured it all a little too quickly. "That was one fantastic appetizer, my love."

When she caught her breath, her head lifted to look at him, her face flushed from her orgasm as euphoric eyes shone when she said, "Glad to hear this isn't the end. I was beginning to grow concerned with your stamina when you stop doing anything."

He flipped her over with an enticing growl, turned on by the challenge as he spanked her left butt, then her right, drawing out her screams before the yelps melted into moans as she brought herself up by pushing her knees into the mattress, inching her butt closer to him.



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