

Chapter 342 Sex In Front Of The Floor-to-ceiling Window

When Wayne was about to pull himself out of Brea's body, she thought he wanted to change his posture to continue moving. So, she hugged him tightly and begged, "Don't... Let me rest like this first. I really can't take it anymore."

Her eyes were extraordinarily bright. It was as if she had cried. When Wayne looked at them, his heart beat violently.

"Okay, baby, have a rest. I'll carry you to the bed."

Wayne slowly pulled his hard penis out of her wet vagina. Then he carried her to the bedroom and put her on the bed. He lay beside her and hugged her from behind.

"Baby, you are so bad. After you are satisfied, you just leave me hanging," he sighed, his tone somewhat resentful.

Brea felt his eagerness and forbearance. She could also feel that his penis was always poking her. She didn't know whether it was intentional or not. But although his hard penis just hit her vagina gently, she still couldn't help trembling.

"But... I just want to rest for a while." She bit her lower lip, and her face turned crimson from shyness. "It... it is shaking violently. I feel comfortable, yet uncomfortable..."

Wayne turned her over lovingly and kissed her on the cheek, then on the lips.

He kissed her almost all over her face.

"I can make you feel more comfortable. Let me in again, okay?"

As his deep eyes stared at her, Brea couldn't say anything to refuse. She even took the initiative to kiss him back and pressed her body close to him.

Wayne felt her desire, so he turned over and pressed her under his body. Then he slowly sent himself into her body. After she accepted his thing, he began to move quickly.

Brea was bewitched by his movements again and again, and she groaned ambiguously.

Looking at her blurry eyes, Wayne felt his heart was suddenly full of love. He kneaded her breasts and kissed her. The more violent his lower body moved, the gentler he kissed her.

Brea was like a snake, entangling him. It was as if she wanted to make him completely integrated with her.

"Baby, you're holding me so tight..." Wayne couldn't help but let out a sigh.

Brea blushed and avoided his gaze shyly.

"Don't be shy. I like your flirtatious look. Show your desires fully in front of me." As he spoke, he pushed his penis harder, which made her scream. But when she was about to reach the climax, he suddenly pulled away.

Brea felt like her soul was taken away by him. Confused and excited, she looked at him and asked, "Why did you pull it out? Don't pull it out. I want more."

Her extremely attractive voice made Wayne bend over and kiss her breast. He smiled and answered, "Let's continue somewhere else. You will be happier."

Looking into her confused and blurry eyes, Wayne took her to the floor-to-ceiling window and thrust his hard penis into her body hard from behind.

"Ahh!"

The sudden intrusion and fear of being seen by others constantly stimulated Brea. In this atmosphere, she was not only afraid but also extremely happy.

But she didn't care whether she would be seen or not anymore. She kept twisting her butt to cater to Wayne's invasion.

"Fuck me... Ohh... Fuck me harder..."

Brea's mind was a mess, and she had lost all her reasons. All she wanted was for him to enter inside her deeper and deeper. She even wished he would stay inside her forever and never leave.

Every time Wayne went deeper into her, the wound in her heart slowly healed. When she felt that the hot liquid from him was injected into her body, she suddenly burst into tears, crying like a little girl.

"Baby, don't cry. It breaks my heart." Wayne held her in his arms affectionately and kissed her. He coaxed her for a long time before he took her to the bathroom to take a shower.

When he finished bathing her patiently, he found that she had fallen asleep. She must be very tired.

Wayne smiled helplessly, kissed her cheek gently, and carried her back to the bedroom.

At this moment, the effect of alcohol gradually faded, and he was much soberer.

Actually, he didn't expect that he would sleep with Brea under such circumstances, and it was her first time.

Whether she had sex with him under the influence of alcohol or not, he would be responsible for her. From now on, he must treat her well.

Although he also felt that their relationship developed too fast, he had no regrets.

He believed in his own vision, and he was full of confidence in their future.

After tucking Brea in, Wayne also got into bed and hugged her from behind.

He kissed her neck and shoulder tenderly, swearing to himself that no matter what happened in the future, he would cherish her.

He held her tightly like a little boy holding his favorite toy. But he did not treat her as a toy. She was his only love in his life.

"Sweet dreams, my lady," Wayne whispered and smiled gently.

