

Mommy 103

Chapter 103

He asked if he could kiss her, and she just gave him the green card for everything else.

Her cheeks burned, but before she could take back what she had said, he claimed her lips. The kiss was passionate, with a hint

of desperation in it. His hands were also relentless as they claimed her, pulling her closer to his body than she thought was

possible. She felt small against him, but she clung to him even as he hungrily kissed her.

He throbbed underneath his trousers, with need and desire just for her and only her.

He rubbed off on her while having her pinned against the wall of the hallway, and she moaned in desperation. His hands were on

her butt, squeezing just right enough to make her moan and long for more, and his tongue invaded every part of

her mouth.

She would throw away any form of reservation she had and let him take her here in the hallway if this continued. Her willpower

grew weaker as his desires grew stronger.

“Take me inside.” She said in a raspy tone as she pulled back from the kiss. She was desperate, and so was he.

He lifted her into his arms, and she wrapped her legs around him. He found the door blindly because his lips were locked in hers.

Still, he brought her into the room and lowered her into bed before getting up to take off his clothes. She did the same, panting

and desperate in her want.

They were both naked in under a minute, and each took a moment to stare at each other. There had been a massive change in

him. He looked leaner than the last time she saw him naked, and his body bore more scars and ink, but she already knew this. It

didn't change her love or desire for him. With or without his scars, she wanted this man, and she wanted him to take her.

She beckoned to him as she pulled further into the bed, and he obliged, climbing onto the bed with her. His hard and throbbing

member dug into her stomach as he gathered her into his arms to kiss her. She wanted to be taken, but he had other plans; he

wanted to pay keen attention to the rest of her body.

He kissed her jaw as his lips strayed off hers and down her neck, shoulder, chest, and then over the hard bud of her left nipple.

The first thing she felt on it was his warm, soft breath against the bud before he took it into his mouth to savour it.

Her toes coiled, and her eyes rolled in delight, enjoying this act. She wanted this for so long-to have her body worshipped and

taken care of. By him especially. He knew just what to do,

His left hand blindly found her right breast and slowly fondled them, making her moan in response and arch against him. His right

hand moved below to cup her wetness before slipping a finger in. Her body welcomed this and eased into his touch, and her

hand swam through his hair to pull and grip. She missed this-what he could do to her in bed when he was in control. This always

kept her desperate for him.

Having not given herself this much attention in many months, it wasn't a surprise when her release came, rocking through her

like the tides.

Her vision cleared a few seconds later, and she found Julian's eyes on hers and a look of satisfaction on his face. He came up

and kissed her lips tenderly while slowly fingering her.

Oversensitivity made her shiver at first, but she didn't stop him, and he didn't stop, not until her body came back to life in

his hands.

He leaned in and kissed her already-showing bump, and his left hand rubbed over the little swell of it. His emotions made

themselves known as he rubbed her stomach tenderly. He didn't tell her how much he desired her, but she saw it in his eyes.

She helped herself up to sit down as he made love to her with his fingers, and her head fell back over her shoulder.

“Look at me,” he commanded, and she had no choice but to do what he just told her.

He added the second finger and twirled them inside her to hit a spot deep within. Her eyes rolled to the back, and her lashes.

shut. “Keep those eyes on me, Fiona.” He called to her, and her eyes flutter to find his flaring with desires.

He stared at her as if he could see her very soul.

She reached up to stroke his arm and what she could of his shoulder.

His hand kept on with his tender assault. “I’ve missed you; I’ve missed touching you like this. So fucking much.” He revealed this

while pushing his finger further into her and then leaning in and kissing her lips.

“Take me.” She moaned as she pulled back from the kiss.

He was painfully hard and throbbing, and she saw it. He had ignored himself to take care of her. She loved that about him, but

she wanted him to take care of himself as well.

#

He pushed her down onto the bed and pulled his fingers out of her to have a taste before bringing them to her mouth. Her lips

parted, and she took his finger, covered with her juice, into her mouth, and immediately he pushed into her warm tightness.

She moaned, and her hands clung to his hand while she sucked hard on the finger he had in her mouth. He pulled his hand out

of her mouth and leaned in to kiss her lips passionately, taking her breath away as he fucked her.

“I love you.” He muttered, pushing all his length into her.

She clung to him like her life depended on it. “I love you too.” She returned and meant it. She loved him; every fibre of her being

and every part of her loved him, and that would never change in this world.

He picked up the pace, fucking her like they were both running out of time, and all she could do was cling to him like her life

depended on it.

She felt complete in his hand, and she didn’t want him to let go.

He loved her. He loved everything about her, and even if tomorrow she decided she wanted to leave, he would still love her.

She took his hand and moved it to her breast and gently squeezed down on it, silently telling him what she wanted even as they

made love. He obliged; he fondled on her perfect sets and watched how affected that left her. This brought him more satisfaction

than she even thought.

“So gorgeous!” He moaned and noticed she shivered now more than earlier. She drew closer to her release, and so did he. “You

are close, I can tell.” He informed her, and a smile came to his face. “Come for me. I’m waiting.”

She couldn’t even say a word, as a second later, she came, and her warm wetness coated him. He groaned and followed right

after.