

## Mommy 104

### Chapter 104

#### Julian's POV

Slowly, Julian returned to consciousness and realised he was alone in bed. He had gone to bed alone for more than three

months, and that was normal, but this didn't feel right. Because he had gone to bed with Fiona last night, waking up without her

beside him felt wrong. He pulled himself up to sit down with a slightly aching heart, but before his mind could wander too much

into negative thought, he found her standing beside the window and staring out.

He took a deep breath, relieved that she wasn't gone yet.

"Do not worry, I am still here." She said, as if reading into his thoughts.

"I thought you left." He wouldn't blame or hate her if she did, but it would hurt like hell.

She turned around, and her eyes locked on his. "The last time I was in this room, you sent me away."

His eyes dropped. "I know."

"Those memories don't go away, no matter how hard you try." She mumbled the last part to herself, but he heard her.

"I am sorry." He said that, got down from the bed, and approached her. He had no clothes on, but what he had to say was

important, and he couldn't pause and start looking for clothes.

"I am sorry, Fiona. For the many nights you went to bed alone and cold, you needed me to hold you close and tell you I would

never leave. I am sorry for the tears you shed nonstop because you couldn't understand the things that were happening to me.

Things I wouldn't let you in on. There is no way I can take it back, but I promise that I will do better and be better. If you give me

a chance again, I will never put anyone above you, and you will never have to wonder what's wrong because you will always

know."

"You swear?" she asked.

He nodded. "I swear to the moon and stars and everything in-between, Fiona."

She leaned in and kissed his lips tenderly.

He didn't think of getting a kiss for this, but now that he had gotten it, he couldn't take advantage of the moment, even though he

wanted to. It was her moment to make it count.

Her hand trailed over his skin, sending shivers all through him and making him come alive. He kept kissing her, allowing her

hand to freely range and control.

"I want you" She made it known to him as he strayed down towards his slowly rising cock.

"You can have me" He replied.

She pushed him back into the bed and took off her shirt, but she didn't join him, instead, she let her hands have control and

touch whatever they wanted on him. From his chest, over his nipples, down his abs, and down his thigh, lap, and legs.

There was something about her being in control that turned him on so much. She knew just where to touch him, to make him into

her obedient little servant, ready to obey and do as he was told. He was ready to be her obedient little servant

She got on top of him and took his lips between hers for a deep seductive kiss. She pulled away before he could return the kiss

and moved to his face his jaw, his neck, and over his shoulders. He shuddered in response as her mouth touched many nerve-

wracking spots on him. She wandered down his chest and over to his nipple, and her lips closed over it to delicately suck

A long desire-filled growl left his mouth as her hand trailed over his throbbing cock while teasing his nipple with her tongue. His

heart throbbed from too much attention

He wanted to take her, every one of his being wanted this. He wanted to flip her around, pin her against the bed, and fuck

her nice and good just the way he knows she likes, but he couldn't. She was in charge now, and he was subjected to her control

and care.

"Fiona. Don't tease."

She pulled back to stare at him, and her eyes told him he didn't get to tell her what to do. Then she moved to the right nipple to

apply the same torture, kissing, licking, and teasing. When she felt satisfied with her torture, she kissed his abs, his waist, and

the narrow part of his hips. She adjusted herself on the bed to give her room, and he prepared himself for what

was to come.

Her hand wrapped around his thick member and began to pump him. He drew a sharp breath, and his head fell back onto the

bed as she rubbed him into hardness.

"Like that," he growled, without control. "Just like that! I've missed this; I've missed you."

She dropped on her knee and placed a tender kiss on the head of his cock, just the way he liked it. Their gazes locked, and her

lips parted to take him into her mouth. He moaned, moved greatly by her show of seduction. She was a master in the craft, and

she could get him to do anything in this state.

"Fuck!" he cursed, and his head pressed into the pillow when she cupped his balls and slowly fondled them while sucking him.

He ran his hand through her hair, and his hips began to bulk up to thrust more of his length into her mouth. She didn't stop him;

she seemed to want it. Her moans said it all.

Staring at her this way between his legs, giving him the best head he ever had, was heaven. She was his heaven, and he would

go to her every day. He would come soon if she continued this if she allowed him to use her mouth the way he pleased. He

wanted to delay it; he needed to bring her along with him, which would give him the ultimate satisfaction.

"I am sorry, Fiona!" He apologised, pulled her up, and kissed her lips immediately while flipping her around so that, this way, she

was under him. "I need to take you, my love. I need to be completely buried in your warmth." He pushed into her, and they began

to move together. She would lift her hips to meet him halfway whenever he thrust into her, and she kept her gaze on him,

wanting him, trusting him, and desiring him.

“Then take me; I am already yours.”

The moment, the intimacy, the warmth, and the wetness that engulfed him from within—they made it all the more mind-blowing.

He had never experienced such a thing in his life.

“I love you.” He mumbled as he kissed her lips deeply, and his orgasm rocked through him, leaving him panting and

sensitive.

“I love you too, Julian.”

When the wave of release cleared over her, he realised she had yet to get her release. He needed to give her a release; she

deserved it.

He pulled out of her and replaced his cock with his fingers. It wasn't the same thing, but he had used it so many times that it

sufficed.

“Touch yourself.” He told her while adding the third finger. “Fondle those gorgeous sets the way you know I do.” She obliged,

cupped her breasts, and fondled them together while he fingerfucked her.

He moved to settle between her legs, lifted her left leg, and placed it on his shoulder as he licked over her and kissed her other

lips while his fingers drove in and out of her. She moaned and thrust her hips up to meet him and take more. She was desperate

and taking matters into her own hands.

He kissed her again, this time with his tongue, licking, eating, and kissing. She tasted so good. He couldn't help himself.

The

pace

started slowly, but he soon set them in a fast space, driving in and out of her as fast as he could while his thumb rubbed over her

erected bud.

“I'm close.”

“Then come.” He encouraged her. And a few licks followed before she exploded, writhing out in pleasure.

He stayed in his position between her legs, cleaning up whatever came after before returning to her side and gathering her to

himself.

“You are a fucking work of art,” he commended, taking her lips between his for a loving kiss.

“Thank you.” She muttered, still panting for air.

He owed her all the thanks for being here, despite everything. “No, thank you.”

She was in his arms when he woke up the next time, sleeping soundly the way she deserved. He smiled, leaned in, and kissed

her temple.

She moaned and turned around; her lashes fluttering to reveal her adorable amber eyes. They stayed on his for a while before

she asked. “How long have you been away?” Her tone was sleepy and tired, and he understood why.

“Now for very long.”

“Come back to sleep with me.” It was an order, one he gladly followed.

She scooted closer to him, and he wrapped his arms around her for warmth and comfort. She moaned lightly, and not long after,

she fell asleep, and he followed.

The road from here was straight; whatever was coming, they would face together as one