

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 20 - Tips

I guess Jason took my parted lips for a go-ahead, because next thing I knew, he'd put his hands on my waist and pulled me forward, so our bodies were touching. Without hesitation, he covered up the distance between us, his lips pressing against mine, working up a jittery but sweet feeling in my belly. Absently, mind almost completely numb, my hands found their way up to his face, resting on his cheeks.

It was never a slow kiss. It'd started off heated and was progressing into something more, our hands now roaming each other's bodies. All of a sudden, Jason grabbed my ass and, pushing the paper cup on the counter aside, lifted me onto the counter.

The moment he kissed my neck, I felt an odd tinge in my core. I was a neck person. Clearly, I was because the more he trailed kisses down my cheek, the more I grew hotter, and more irrational. I'd already thrown all caution to the wind, wanting Jason to take me there and then.

It was the alcohol. It was definitely the alcohol or I wouldn't be doing this.

The next few minutes passed in intense kissing and roaming until I began to feel the chilly air on my skin. Only then did I realize that Jason had unstrapped my jumpsuit and had taken off the shirt underneath.

It shocked me to know that I didn't care. It was what I wanted. All my body craved for.

His hands caressed my breasts through my lacy bra, sending tingles across my skin, a gasp escaping my lips at his touch. Then, before I realized it, my bra came loose and being a sleeveless one, fell to the floor in a second.

"Now, for the second part," he murmured, cupping my breast.

His fingers met my nipple, hard, taut and raw, and on the first tweak, I let out a gasp. Caressing my right breast, he cupped the other, leaning down to kiss its cleavage. Then slowly, his lips made their way to its nipple. He kissed it tenderly, blew a breath on it, which sent aroused spikes up my thighs, before flicking a tongue over it, his other hand all the while still caressing my right breast.

At every flick of his tongue over my tight nipple, I let out a gasp, my body shaking with need.

The last thing I remembered from the night was Jason's fingers making their way down my jumpsuit to my already wet center.