

Chapter 197: Our perfect weekend part 3.

Hannah's POV:

I laid down on the nest that Ethan had prepared for us wondering about what he just said to me. He loved me, and he finally admitted that. Plus, this was the first time that I believed him. I believed that he wasn't doing that just because of Michael's sake. For the first time in my life, I felt as if I was glowing. I was desired and cherished, and I wanted to reciprocate his love. I was anticipating more intimacy with him, and by the look in his eyes, he would probably give me what I wanted.

Ethan took off his clothes until he was wearing only his boxers, but as I told him that he didn't need to do it, he didn't stop so I could admire him doing that. Still, I watched him get rid of his clothes piece by piece, and the vision of him in his white boxers contrasting with his olive skin made me squirm. He looked sexy as hell, and I needed him inside me sooner rather than later.

He kneeled between my legs, and seemed to notice that I was still wearing my pants, so he asked me theatrically: "Where was I?" I chuckled at his joke, and then he said: "Oh, now I remember,

" and after that, he restarted kissing me, but this time, he didn't stop on my breasts. He went south, kissing my belly until he stopped once again below my navel. I was already soaking down there when he decided to check on me once again. The vision of him between my legs and looking at me with mischievous eyes was the sexier vision ever. He didn't have to ask me with words. I nodded agreeing at his silent question.

And then, he took off my pants and underwear at once. I felt completely exposed to his unfathomable eyes. He admired me for a few seconds, and I became self-conscious again. By instinct, I tried to cover my breasts, but he gently took my hands in his and said: "You don't have to hide anything from me, love. You are a vision!" I blushed at this comment, and then he started to kiss my knees. He made a trail of kisses up my thighs. His nails were grazing my sensitive skin, and I swear that I would lose my mind if he continued to tease me like that for longer.

He tried to calm me down by putting my hips in place, because I didn't realize that I was moving too much, so he gently held my thighs down and put his head between my most private place. I was already anticipating so much that I just moaned: "Ethan, please!" and he knew what I was

asking him.

His tongue licked my folds, and that first strike made me moan even louder. It's been so long that I felt as if I would have an o****m with just one strike. And then he blew my clit and held me in place. He arched an eyebrow and told me: "Baby, you need to calm down, otherwise this is going to be shorter than we both intend to." I nodded at him and tried to calm down, but it was too difficult. This man was like a drug, and I just found out that I was an addicted, even after so long. He zeroed once more on me and pushed a finger at my entrance, moving slowly, and I tried to create more friction, but his hands were holding me in place.

He chuckled at me and said: "So eager..." and the vibration of his words resonated on me. I tried to hold my moans but then he stopped, looked at me and shook his head. "Oh, no, babe. I want to hear your moans. They are for me tonight. Don't hold them back," he told me.

After that, he resumed what he was doing, and I didn't hold anything back. Each stroke of his tongue or each time that his fingers penetrate me was making me completely insane. I was completely at his mercy.

"Ethan, please," I begged him, but I didn't know exactly for what. I was a sweaty mess with all the attention he was giving to me. My breath was shallow, and I felt as if I would have an o****m at any moment.

Ethan raised his head once again, leaving me wanting more. "Good things take time, love," he told me with a mischievous smile on his lips. I thought that he would slow down to torment me, but instead, he had mercy on me because when he resumed what he was doing, he sped up the pace a little bit.

I admit it. I was hopeless and couldn't be disciplined. I started to move, to moan and to hold his hair so I could keep his head in my core. Ethan realized that I was ready for an intense pace and sped up his movements. I felt the tension in my belly taking me and with the last pressure of his mouth on my most sacred place and his long finger deep inside me, I came undone.

"Oh, my God, Ethan!" was all I could say, when he kissed my tights again and came back through the kissing trail he had done at the beginning. I was already sleepy, but knowing him, we were far from calling it a night. He trailed up my belly with kisses and finished kissing my mouth so I could taste myself on his tongue.

He didn't say a thing, but a minute later, he positioned himself between my legs, and looked at me expectantly. I didn't know when he took off his briefs, and if it was possible, I got even wetter looking at him completely naked, so I nodded, and he pushed himself inside me.

Ethan and I had already had s*x before, but this was something else. He was passionate and attentive this time. He wasn't being selfish, although I knew that this moment was his too. He started slowly, appreciating the moment.

"Oh, Hannah, I missed you so much," he whispered in my ear. His words made me shiver and moan.

"I missed you too, Ethan," I told him.

"I love you, and I will never let you go," he told me.

"I love you too," I told him before he claimed my mouth again.

And then, he rolled in the blankets, and I was on top of him.

"Take me, Hannah, and do whatever you want to me," he told me.

I smiled mischievously at him and started to ride him, pursuing my own pleasure, and he started to keep up with my pace. He was hitting a place

inside me that was making me crazy, and with every stroke, my toes curled, and I rolled my eyes.

The pleasure was growing inside me and was becoming too intense, and I realized that I wouldn't last longer. "Ethan, I... I can't hold it anymore," I told him.

"Not yet, baby," Ethan told me, and then, he rolled us, and I was once again under him.

Ethan's strokes became more intense, and suddenly, he reached that place inside me again. I think he realized that because his next strikes were all at the same point. My moans got even more intense, and I couldn't control myself anymore. I didn't care if he said that I shouldn't come yet, I was about to explode when he combined his member's movements with his thumb, which was now teasing my clit again.

My o****m exploded and my legs were shaking. I had never felt something like this. He made a huge effort to please me tonight. But he wasn't over yet. When he saw that I came undone, he pursued his own o****m. I still came one more time before he finished, and a couple of minutes later, Ethan was moaning my name while he came.

We were both a sweaty mess. He was still inside

me catching his breath while his head was resting on my bosom. "That was... was amazing, Hannah," was all that he could say.

"Yeah..." I told him. My eyelids were suddenly too heavy.

I was about to fall asleep when Ethan mumbled: "No, ma'am, you're not sleeping on this hard floor. There is a huge bed upstairs where I'm planning for us to sleep together."

"But I think I can't walk right now... I'm too tired," I made a face and told him.

Ethan didn't say anything. He simply came out of me, took me in his arms bride style and climbed the stairs to the master suite.

"I'm honored," I told him.

"Why? Because we had s*x?" he asked me clueless.

I shook my sleepy head and said: "No, silly, I'm honored because you're taking care of me."

"I always take care of the people I love," Ethan told me.

I closed my heavy eyes and smiled at him. "Yeah, I know you do."

He laid me down on the huge bed, and it felt like heaven. I was still in the haze post o****m, and the sheets were really soft. He laid down by my side and pulled me to him. I felt extremely happy and comfortable when he kissed my head and said: "good night, Hannah. I love you."

"I love you too," I mumbled to him and immediately I fell asleep.



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