

Surprise 128

Chapter 128 I Thought You Wanted Me to Stop

“Well, what do you think passes for sincerity?”

“I believe I should be asking you that question,” Alexander countered easily, his eyes sparkling deviously.

Courtney blushed and looked down, muttering, “The things that go on in your mind—and right in the middle of dinner, too.”

But before she could say anything else, she looked up to see Alexander standing up from his seat and leaving the table. “What are you doing?” she asked, her brows furrowing.

He strode toward the couch, picked up a huge purple gift box, then returned to the dining table. He undid the bow that was around the box and lifted the cover to reveal the teal-colored cheongsam within. The dress was exquisitely made, with a high neckline that featured the fine embroidery of a dark red flower.

“Since you’re going to show Hans and the others around Melrose City tomorrow, I figured you could dress for the occasion,” Alexander explained.

Realizing that she had made a mistake, Courtney secretly winced and wished that the ground would open up and swallow her. To make matters worse, Alexander had caught what she said and was now looking at her with wicked amusement. “So, what were you saying about the things that went on in my mind?”

Courtney avoided his gaze. “I said nothing. I’m going to try this on now,” she blurted as she hurriedly picked up the dress and darted around the partition to go into the bedroom.

Alexander smiled, clearly entertained. His eyes lit up as he heard the faint rustling of fabric coming from the bedroom, which indicated that Courtney was in the middle of trying on the dress, and he decided to walk in.

Courtney had her back turned toward him. She had pulled on the cheongsam and was now working on the clasp at the neckline. When she heard him come into the bedroom, she bent her head and continued busying herself with the clasp while grumbling, “I can’t quite manage to button this up. Is it supposed to be this difficult?”

As she grew agitated, a hand slid along her shoulder and gently pulled her hair back against her nape. Courtney began to turn around.

“Don’t move,” Alexander instructed quietly. Courtney went still as her breath hitched. She could feel her hair being tugged out from beneath the collar of her dress, followed by the sensation of the neckline loosening.

“Oh, thanks.” Her lips were pressed in a straight line as she tried to look unbothered, but her fingers remained useless as they fumbled clumsily at the clasp.

“Here, let me,” Alexander offered from where he stood behind her. He wrapped his arms around her shoulders, and as she looked down, she could see his fingers expertly clasping up the neckline. He made it look so easy.

She could feel his warm breath stirring her hair. No longer able to keep her gaze away, Courtney lifted her eyes and saw their reflection in the full-length mirror. The teal-colored cheongsam was closely fitted against her petite frame, accentuating her curves with a sophisticated vintage flair. Alexander was embracing her from behind. They looked as though they had traveled back in time to the last century, and words could not describe the passion and the tension that lay in their proximity.

Courtney swallowed nervously. “How do I look?”

She saw in the mirror as Alexander tilted his head to look at her. His right hand fell away from her left shoulder, travelled across her collarbone before resting below her chin. Gently, he turned her face toward him, and their noses touched as he whispered, “You look beautiful.”

His voice was hoarse despite the short answer, and Courtney could feel the heat that radiated from his palm as he cupped one side of her face. She felt warm all over.

As the clasp came halfway undone, Alexander seemed to have lost his patience. His hand ran along her thigh, which was exposed beneath the high slit of the dress, and he nibbled on her earlobe. She could tell he was mildly irritated as he grumbled, “If I had known it would take this much work to undress you, I never would have let you wear it in the first place.”

Courtney flushed. She could feel her blood rushing toward her core, heating her up from within. As her breathing grew erratic, the embroidered flower near the neckline of her dress seemed to move as though it was drifting across a tempestuous sea.

Seeing her like this when he cast a sideways glance at the mirror, Alexander could restrain himself no longer. He pushed her up against the mirror, and Courtney reached out to brace herself against the glass, the heat from her palms leaving marks on the clear surface.

The back of the dress was scrunched up, leaving the lower half of her body exposed. Alexander’s hand was quick to remove the last piece of clothing that came between them, and before long, the sound of the belt buckle hitting the ground echoed off the walls like an erotic prelude. He grabbed onto her waist as he pushed himself into her.

“Ah—” Courtney let out a sharp gasp when she felt him fill up her core, her breath fogging up the mirror and effectively blurring the reflection of their entwined bodies.

“Does it hurt?” Alexander’s voice was strained and rough, like he was suppressing a growl.

Courtney’s legs trembled, and she reached behind her to grab onto his wrist. Her face was flushed as she panted, “Stop—”

“Stop what?”

“Stop talking to me,” she forced through gritted teeth as she tried to keep her body from shaking.

Why did he have to talk to her now of all times?

Alexander's eyes burned with humor as he drawled, "I thought you were asking me to stop."

Courtney knew he was teasing her on purpose, but she blushed nonetheless, clenching her jaw as she kept quiet.

"Do you want this?" Alexander asked hoarsely as his girth slowly stroked against her core, eliciting another moan from her. She let out an impatient groan when he stopped abruptly, desperate for him to continue.

"If you want this, say my name."

Courtney felt herself unraveling as he teased her. Her body wanted him so badly that it seemed to ache with desperation. "Alexander..." she cried out in a pleading tone.

The way she called out his name—a raspy whimper heavily interlaced with desire—coupled with how tousled and disheveled she looked in the mirror stirred something almost animalistic within Alexander. He made a noise in the back of his throat, and as an overwhelming sense of urgency seized him, he grabbed her waist, then began thrusting into her warmth. Courtney's moans escalated as his movements grew rough; she could feel herself coming undone.

She was drained. Her legs were trembling as she begged and moaned, but Alexander showed no sign of slowing down. He pinned her up against the wall, unrelenting, and she felt him thrust into her with greater urgency, penetrating deep into her core. Courtney swore she felt the earth shake.

They had navigated their way to the bed at some point, losing all sense of time. With one final thrust of Alexander's hips, Courtney came undone around him. She craned her neck, and her back arched as she felt the intensity of the climax wash over her; Alexander watched as the light played across the curves of her naked body. Her skin was as flawless as porcelain—erotic and beautiful all the same.

The expensive handmade cheongsam had been discarded and now lay crumpled on the floor next to the bed. The delicate neckline had been torn beyond repair, which served only as proof of how rough and passionate the both of them had been.

Alexander picked her up from the bed. She softened into his arms, weak after the ordeal. "No more. I'm exhausted," she mumbled softly in protest, patting his chest.

He kissed her forehead, his voice hoarse as he said, "You have to shower before you sleep, my love."

Courtney hummed in relief, then shifted in his arms so that she could rest comfortably while he carried her into the bathroom. She was completely spent, and she kept her eyes closed as Alexander bathed her.

Alexander held her in his arms that night, and he watched her sleep. There was a reassuring sense of comfort that seemed to wrap itself around his once-empty heart. There had been a time when he was convinced that life was meant to be lonely, and that he would leave the world alone, just as he came. He had thought of love as an intangible and meaningless illusion, one that was untethered by any real sense of responsibility or practicality.

But when he found love, he felt like he was the luckiest man in the world.

Courtney, on the other hand, was frowning in her sleep. She appeared to be dreaming, and she seemed distressed about it. "Jordan..." she mumbled, eyes still closed.

Alexander stirred at the sound of her voice, and snapping out of his reverie, he tightened his arms around her. As he pulled her closer, he heard her say, "Come over here to Mommy..."

His eyes widened in surprise, and his gaze darkened as it fell upon her.