

Temptation 118

Chapter 118 - 118 Electric Miniature Motor

Her little tongue, sweet with flavor, barged into Su Fan's mouth.

Her soft chest kept rubbing against Su Fan.

Su Fan surrendered in an instant.

After a passionate kiss.

The weather was hot, and Su Fan was wearing shorts.

Wang Fei pulled down the shorts.

The Divine Artifact revealed itself.

It stood tall in anticipation.

"Look at how thirsty you've become, come on, let me help you," she cooed.

Wang Fei let out a coquettish smile and leaned down.

"Ah."

As he was engulfed, Su Fan gasped in a breath of cool air and slumped into the seat.

Her technique was deep and skilled.

After more than ten minutes.

Wang Fei raised her head.

At this moment, her face was red to the extreme, and her eyes were already hazy with desire.

"Xiao Fan, I feel uncomfortable, I want it too."

Su Fan revealed a wicked smile.

"Then I'll allow you to come on top," he said.

Wang Fei immediately removed her panties.

Then she turned around and straddled Su Fan's waist.

The seat was laid back.

Su Fan reclined halfway.

This time, Su Fan was evidently more experienced than the time he had the car encounter with Wu Miao.

He gently held Wang Fei's waist with one hand and guided the Divine Artifact with the other, gently rubbing against the entrance of paradise.

When he withdrew his hand.

His fingers were already covered with dew.

"Fei, you're really made of water, aren't you? We haven't even really started and it's already like this, tsk, tsk, tsk..."

"You bad boy, making fun of me," she chided.

Wang Fei gently bit Su Fan's earlobe.

Su Fan's adrenaline spiked instantly.

"Tss."

He thrust his hips, entering.

The dragon's head was swallowed whole.

"Mmm."

Wang Fei's body softened, her knees knelt on both sides of the passenger seat, and her arms wrapped tightly around Su Fan's neck.

"You're bad, you're so bad..."

At this moment, Su Fan, too, took a deep breath.

Wang Fei was really too good.

More provocative than Liu Ye, more wild than Wu Miao, more experienced than Luo Ya, more enchanting than Bai Man.

This woman, she was every man's dream to have in bed.

Su Fan exerted his strength again.

Halfway in.

Warmth.

Wang Fei was really warm.

And the tightness was just right, snugly enveloping yet without any sense of restraint.

"Mmm, too deep, Xiao Fan, I'm stretched," she moaned.

Wang Fei bit into Su Fan's shoulder, whimpering softly.

The Divine Artifact was irresistible to all women.

At this moment, Wang Fei had no strength left at all.

Su Fan chuckled.

"Blame me for being too big, should I pull out?"

"No, don't," she pleaded.

Wang Fei clung on tightly, seemingly afraid Su Fan would escape.

"You bad boy, always teasing me."

"You, don't move, I'll do it, I'll adjust and get used to it myself," she stated.

Suddenly, Wang Fei began to sway gently.

Initially, it was slow, but the speed and depth increased as she went on.

More than ten minutes later, Wang Fei had completely lost control.

She fluffed up her disheveled hair at the top of her head.

At first, she was kneeling on the seat, swaying.

Now she changed tactics.

She placed her feet on either side.

Moving up and down directly.

Several times, she was completely engrossed.

Later on, Su Fan felt it was not fast enough.

"Let's go to the back seat," he suggested.

They climbed over the console directly into the back seat.

Wang Fei leaned her body sideways, supporting herself on the car door with both hands, bending over with her buttocks raised.

Su Fan bent at the waist, half-kneeling behind.

From this angle, Su Fan could clearly see the dewdrops on the bush, the fish lips parting...

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Su Fan swallowed his saliva, unable to wait any longer and moved closer.

"Ah."

When he entered completely, Wang Fei screamed.

"It hurts, be gentle," she implored.

Her voice was so crisp and intoxicating.

Su Fan was insane with lust.

He couldn't control himself and started to thrust wildly, pulling out and entering again.

An electric mini motor.

Wang Fei was sent to heaven.

She knew she couldn't control Su Fan anymore, supporting herself with one hand on the door while the other covered her mouth.