

Temptation 71

Chapter 71: Can It Still Be Played Like This?

One-third in, and Wang Fei's whole body was trembling.

"Oh, oh, oh..."

She kept making feeble sounds, clearly trying her best to restrain herself; otherwise, she might have screamed her throat raw.

"Feels good?"

Su Fan, looking up, gazed at Wang Fei's tightly furrowed brows and her pained expression, feeling a bit pity for her.

"Mmm."

Wang Fei nodded.

Then she sat down suddenly, half-way in.

"Wow..."

This time it was Su Fan's turn to nearly cry out.

It was wonderful.

Indeed, the tightness in the back was not on the same level as the front.

He finally understood why those people in the porn videos, ignoring the front, insisted on using the back.

With Wang Fei's movements, Su Fan felt increasingly intense sensations.

And Wang Fei herself gradually adapted to this feeling.

"Let me take the initiative."

Su Fan lifted Wang Fei in his arms and placed her on the chair.

He put a pillow on the chair for Wang Fei to kneel on.

Wang Fei cooperatively held onto the back of the chair with both hands, her buttocks raised high.

Newcomers arch their backs, veterans thrust their hips down.

Wang Fei was truly a seasoned player.

That posture was too perfect.

Paired with that black hip-hugging skirt, she was the epitome of sexy allure.

This kind of urban beauty was something Su Fan had never even dared to dream of, yet now she was truly kneeling before him, making such shameful movements, it was almost impossible to restrain oneself.

From Wang Fei's Garden of Eden, a faint white dew flowed out.

Su Fan teased her, nearly sending Wang Fei to heaven.

After getting lubricated, Su Fan's treasure aimed at the back orifice that had already opened its mouth.

He entered slowly.

"Ah..."

Wang Fei's tissue in her mouth was bit to shreds.

Su Fan began his assault.

From one-fourth, to one-third, he entered completely.

"Ah..."

At that moment, Wang Fei felt as if she was torn in two, and the tissue in her mouth was no longer effective; she bit down on the back of the chair.

On that solid wood chair, a clear set of teeth marks were left.

Noticing this, Su Fan quickly thought to withdraw.

Feeling Su Fan's change, Wang Fei stopped him with one hand.

"It's, it's so good, keep going, you, you continue."

"Really? Can you take it?"

"I can, I can take it, it's really good, so thrilling; I like it."

Wang Fei twisted her head, giving Su Fan a sultry look with her enchanting eyes.

Her gaze was so intoxicating it could spin silk.

Su Fan had previously thought Bai Man was torturing Wang Fei, treating her like a toy, but now he had a brand new understanding; perhaps Wang Fei actually enjoyed this feeling, some people are just born with a masochistic streak.

Su Fan grew excited.

He began to move boldly and confidently.

But he always carefully controlled the depth to half-way.

Lifting up Wang Fei's black hip-hugging skirt, her shapely buttocks were completely bared; Su Fan slapped them hard twice.

Then he held on to Wang Fei's waist with both hands.

"Creak creak."

The chair was like a canoe on the sea, rocking wildly.

The back orifice was too tight.

After about ten minutes, Su Fan could no longer hold on.

"Mmm..."

With a forceful thrust forward, although he took two steps back, he ended up lying stiffly on the bed.

"Huh, huh, feels so good..."

Su Fan lay there with his eyes closed, basking in the afterglow.

His legs had gone numb, and Wang Fei, whose lower body felt torn, also trembled her way to the bed, lying down next to Su Fan, and hugged him tightly, her body violently convulsing, obviously, she had been thoroughly spent by Su Fan.

"You bad boy, you don't look like a virgin at all. Tell your sister honestly, have you been with other women already?"

After resting for a few minutes, Wang Fei asked Su Fan with a hint of suspicion.