

A Favor 75

Chapter 75

Our mouths collided—desperate and burning—while our hands roamed wherever they wanted. I couldn't wait another second. I needed her again, right now. If it were up to me, I would've taken her without protection, but I knew we had to be smart.

It always felt better without a condom, but this was the right thing to do.

Winona reached down, guided me to her slick entrance, and I slid my hands to her hips, easing her down slowly until I sank deep inside her, dragging a gasp from both of us.

She pressed her lips to mine and gripped the back of my chair for balance, her warm breath against my skin. Then she started to move—slow and maddening—rolling her hips in a rhythm that drove me insane.

I tightened my hold on her hips, urging her on, and she quickened her pace. Soft moans spilled from her lips, vibrating against my mouth as she rode me. She shifted her rhythm, rocking and lifting, letting me slip out before taking me again, every thrust making me want her more.

"Fuck, Winona, don't stop," I rasped, grabbing her ass with one hand to pull her even closer.

Every time she took me deep, the intensity climbed higher—every inch of me burning for her, every movement only sharpening the need.

Winona pulled all the way off me, circling her hips so the head of my cock slid provocatively over her soaked heat. Instead of letting me back in, she kept going—slow, torturous circles—watching my reaction with a malicious smile.

“Winona, if you keep doing that, I swear...” My words came out rough, heavy with frustration.

“What are you going to do to me, Davidson?” she shot back, bold and daring.

“I’ll bend you over this desk and fuck you so hard you won’t be able to walk for a week,” I warned.

If that was meant to scare her, it didn’t. The sound that slipped from her lips was pure pleasure, not fear.

“Is that supposed to be a promise?” she murmured.

“Damn it. You’re about to find out,” I groaned.

“What are you waiting for?” Her voice was low and sensual, her smile pure trouble.

“That.” Without another word, I lifted her off my lap, turned her, and bent her over the desk. I spread her legs and stepped in behind her, my hands locked tight around her hips.

“I warned you, Winona,” I said, my voice low and heated.

“Then don’t make me wait,” she breathed, pressing back into me.

God, she made it impossible to think. I gripped her hips and drove into her again, making her cry out with every deep, hard thrust.

Thank God no one could hear us in this soundproof office.

I fucked her hard, an unforgiving pace, each movement pulling another gasp or sharp moan from her lips. Winona pushed back against me, matching my rhythm with hers, the sound of our bodies and her wild cries filling the space between us.

“Fuck—right there. Don’t stop. Just like that,” she begged, breathless as she rocked back, taking me deeper.

“God, Winona, it feels too damn good like this,” I groaned, bending to bite her neck, earning another desperate cry.