

Chapter 25: The Risky Ride

ELLIE

I gathered the strength to stand, a constant shiver running down my arms and legs.

As I got up, I remembered my dress had a zipper at the back. It wouldn't look sexy at all if I tried to open it myself, so I turned my back to him, pulling my hair over one shoulder.

"Can you help me?" I asked.

I waited, another shiver running down my spine as he stopped behind me.

"Did you think wearing this dress would save you somehow?" he asked against my ear.

Save me? Maybe he was referring to the fact that my black dress was too modest.

It was fitted, but not overly so. It fell to just below my knees, with sleeves that reached my elbows. It hugged my curves nicely but didn't show much, aside from the skin of my neck and collarbone.

"Don't focus too much on the dress. I was hoping to surprise you with what's underneath," I teased over my shoulder, just as I heard the sound of the zipper sliding down.

Then his fingers traced the same path, sending another shiver through me.

Circling around to face me, he sat on the sofa in front of me.

"Surprise me," he said.

My heart was beating even faster now. Sliding the dress off my shoulders, slipping out of one sleeve at a time, I pushed it down over my hips, letting it pool around my feet.

I took a step to free myself from the fabric caught around my heels.

Ethan's eyes were glued to my body, his chest rising and falling faster with each passing second. I wasn't completely naked yet, but the way he looked at me made me feel as if I were.

Extending his hand to me, he pulled me closer when I took it, guiding me until I placed one knee on the couch.

I rested my hands on his muscular shoulders, feeling the warmth and firmness of his skin.

Slowly, he ran the backs of his fingers over my belly and between my breasts.

"I spent days imagining how you'd look in that lingerie, but my imagination didn't even come close to this," he said, then lightly tugged at the black lace of the garter on my thigh, looking fascinated.

Our gazes followed his hands, watching what he'd do next.

Grabbing my thighs, his fingers dug in firmly as they slid upward until they reached my ass.

Caressing both sides, he explored them before squeezing harder, pulling me closer, and pressing my breasts against his chest.

I captured his lips in a kiss, feeling the desire pulsing between my legs. Just like the first time, when he pinned me against the wall, feeling his lips on mine made me lose all control. I ran my fingers through his damp hair, tugging at it.

I tried to find anywhere to rub the spot between my legs that was begging for any kind of touch.

His large hands continued exploring my body—especially my ass. Mr. Morgan seemed to like it.

"Touch me," I begged against his lips.

I couldn't take it anymore.

Sliding one of his hands beneath the fabric of my panties, he made me moan as his fingers brushed over my clit. Then he stopped where I was drenched.

"Oh, God..." he whispered, closing his eyes and slowly circling my entrance with one finger. "So wet and warm."

His voice was so deep and low that it reverberated through my entire body, making me even more aroused.

His fingers grew slicker as he moved them, then returned to my clit. I must have moaned so loud that all of Manhattan heard me.

Covering my lips with his again as I moaned against them, he used his fingers to spread my folds and press against my clit before starting to move them in circles.

I knew I wouldn't last long. It had been so long since the last time, and everything he was making me feel was too much to handle.

Sliding a finger inside me, deep, he drew more moans from my throat.

"You're so wet it's driving me crazy. All I can think about is how it must feel to have you like this, around my cock, squeezing me."

Every word brought me closer. I'd already lost all reason. When he added another finger and began moving them inside me, my legs started trembling.

"Do you want to come on my hand? Because I'm definitely going to make you come on my mouth next," he teased, sending a shiver down my spine.

Breathless, I buried my face in his neck, and he took the opportunity to bite my skin. That was the end of me.

I lost control of my body as spasms and tremors took over, and I came, moaning desperately in his ear.

"That's the best sound I've ever heard in my life," he said, kissing my neck.

My body was still limp in his arms. His fingers trailed to my back, expertly unhooking my bra before pulling me away just enough to slide it off my arms, leaving my breasts bare.

I felt my nipples harden even more under his gaze.

"I still remember the first time I saw them," he murmured, brushing his thumb over the skin beneath one nipple. "I wondered if they were real. So soft... The things I want to do with them..."

My breathing had almost returned to normal when he stood, lifting me with him.

Carrying me to one of the white armchairs, he placed me on it. Kneeling between my legs, he caressed them, trailing his hands down until he removed my heels at the end.

Then he hooked his fingers into the lace garter and panties at my hips. He was about to pull them down when I stopped him with my foot.

Staring at him, I shook my head.

"Seems fair to give me what I want now," I whispered, sliding my foot along the fabric of the towel covering his erection, teasing him.

He stood.

"Is this what you want?" he asked, gripping the knot of the towel.

I nodded, eager.

Then he let go, and the towel fell to the floor.

Oh, my God. Swallowing hard, I shifted in the chair, hesitating.

I wasn't just surprised—I was scared.

"Are you okay?" he asked, likely because I couldn't hide my reaction.

Everything I felt must have been written all over my face.

I'd been with average guys and even big ones, but this was on a whole other level. It didn't look comfortable at all. Not even close to a good idea.

"Ellie?"

I looked at his face, embarrassed. How was I supposed to explain my reaction?

"Okay..." I said, taking a deep breath. "Have you ever been to an amusement park?"

"What?" He frowned, confused.

"Well, if you've been, you know there are all kinds of rides. There are boring rides, fun ones, thrilling ones, and those that feel risky and scary." I emphasized the last part to make sure he understood which kind he was.

A smirk tugged at the corner of his lips as he caught on.

"And what's your favorite kind of ride?" he asked, his eyes gleaming with amusement.

"I like the fun ones and even the thrilling ones, but I usually avoid the scary ones. They don't seem comfortable or safe. You get me?"

"Did you really just create an entire metaphor about dicks to say you're scared?" He laughed.

"I don't think this is going to work."

No matter what he said, that thing was right in front of me, and I was sure it wouldn't fit.

"Don't worry—I won't hurt you."

"Maybe that's not your intention, but that doesn't mean it's not risky."

"I thought you were braver than this."

"I understand proportions, and I don't think we're proportional."

"Do you always get crazier when you're scared?"

"I'm being serious."

"Then be brave."

"You're not listening to me."

He sighed, leaning closer.

"Trust me—you'll never want to ride anything that isn't risky and scary again. You'll be so wet when I'm inside you that all you'll feel is pleasure," he said, kissing the inside of my thigh as he pulled the rest of my lingerie down my legs.

Then he pulled me closer to the edge of the seat.

"Now spread your legs wide," he ordered, kneeling again.

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