

Chapter 26 You'll Get Used to It

ELLIE

I hesitated, imagining that he had a full view of me.

"Obey," he demanded.

I had to force my legs to move, spreading them apart.

He started by kissing the inside of my thigh, near my knee, and continued kissing all the way up to my groin, making my entire body shudder.

I felt his breath on my sex before his tongue plunged into me and slid upward, teasing my clit, driving me insane.

He moaned, his lips wrapped around my clit, sending a vibration through my entire body. I arched my back, letting out a loud moan as he sucked me for the first time.

I almost lost control.

"Your pussy tastes so fucking good," he growled, pressing the words against my skin.

Mr. Morgan had a dirty mouth, and it turned me on.

"And you taste so sweet," he whispered before sliding his tongue along my entire slit, licking me.

The way his brown eyes watched every reaction of mine left me dizzy.

I searched for something to hold on to when he started sucking me again.

It didn't take long before I lost all control of my body again. It was impossible to withstand his relentless tongue teasing me.

He kept eating me out eagerly, as if it was for him and not for me, and only stopped when I came once more, in his mouth, moaning incoherent words, lost in pure ecstasy and barely able to breathe.

No one had ever made me come just with their mouth before. It was so incredible that I was left completely dazed.

"I need to be inside you now, I can't wait any longer," he said before lifting me into his arms and carrying me, lying me down on the larger couch. "Are you on birth control?" he asked, resting a hand beside my face while I was still trying to catch my breath.

I nodded.

"Do you trust me?"

"Should I?" I questioned.

I still felt dazed, but I hadn't forgotten about the blonde he had fucked recently.

"Don't worry, I don't do this with people I don't know. But I can use one if you prefer."

"So that means you trust me?"

"Yes."

"Alright, then." I agreed.



He had been honest so far, which made me feel like I could trust him.

Lowering himself to kiss my lips, he positioned his hips between my legs. I bent them both, and we both focused on the space between our bodies as he pressed the tip of his cock against my entrance.

Watching the scene was so erotic, but I still thought it wouldn't work. When he tried to push in, just a little, I felt like he was going to break me.

I dug my nails into his shoulders, catching his attention.

"Shh... It's okay," he whispered, his eyes locked on my face. "You'll get used to it."

I wasn't going to get used to it. No way.

Then his lips covered mine at the exact moment he pushed inside me. The sharp pain mixed with pleasure was almost unbearable.

I would have screamed if his tongue wasn't inside my mouth.

He was too thick, making me aware of every inch as he slid deeper, forcing space inside me.

He groaned, pulling his lips away from mine, his eyes shutting as pleasure and torment crossed his face.

"Relax," he whispered before pulling out and pushing back in again, moving his hips sensually, making me claw at his back.

It was so intense. I wasn't going to last. I wrapped my legs around his waist, trying to find a way to accommodate him. But instead, I felt him go even

deeper.

"Please," I begged.

"You want me to stop?"

I wanted relief, but at the same time, it felt so good.

"It's so intense."

"Yeah, and you're squeezing me so tight, I won't last long... So hot and wet." He started moving again, making me moan.

It was a sensation unlike anything I had ever experienced—so intense and almost painful.

Gripping one of my thighs, he began thrusting faster, and I felt my climax approaching again. The sensation intensified with each stroke, making it harder and harder to bear.

I closed my eyes, losing myself in the pleasure that took over my body. Hearing him moan as he lost himself inside me turned me on even more.

His scent and the sound of our bodies moving were the only things I could take in, aside from the pleasure of feeling him thrusting deep inside me.

"Your pussy feels so fucking good... My dreams don't even come close to this." He thrust harder, making me lose control.

"Oh my God, Ethan! I'm gonna—"

"Yeah, come for me with that tight little pussy."

His hand slid from my thigh to my clit, pressing against it as he buried himself inside me. That was all it took to push my body over the edge. I came, arching my back.

"I want to see your face while you come," he said, keeping my face in place with one hand as he drove as deep as he could, taking my nipple into his mouth.

He thrust two more times, so hard and deep that I felt a second wave of my climax crash over me.

Then he growled as my walls clenched around his cock. I felt him spill hot inside me as his mouth covered mine.

"Fuck, you're beautiful," he whispered.

* * *

ETHAN

I pulled out of her, still tormented. For a brief moment, I felt completely satisfied, resting my face between her breasts. I kissed the sweaty skin beneath one, trying to steady my breathing.

I felt her heartbeat slow down little by little, just like her breathing. Fuck, she was even better than I had imagined. Her pale skin was now flushed, and it was fascinating.

I slid my hand down her side, feeling the smooth curve of her waist down to her hip. I craved the sensation of being inside her again.

Feeling her around me was almost indescribable. I had been right when I

thought we'd be good together. But good didn't even come close to what we were.

Her body was still trembling slightly beneath mine, and her eyes were closed. Maybe I had demanded too much from her.

Standing up, I lifted her into my arms.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"You can rest in my bed," I said, heading toward the stairs.

"What? No. I just need a few minutes, and then I'll leave."

"Leave? Do you really think I'm letting you go without fucking you properly?"

"Didn't you just do that?"

"Not even close."

It would probably take hours to explore every part of her body the way I wanted to, until I felt satisfied.

"Aren't you tired?"

Her arms wrapped around my neck as I reached the stairs and started climbing.

"I just need a few minutes."

"Minutes? How about an hour?"

"Are you really that tired?"

"If we keep going, I'm not sure I'll be able to walk tomorrow."

"I thought I made it clear we were in for a long night."

"That was before you showed me your scary ride."

"It wasn't that bad, was it?"

"No. But it wouldn't have worked if I wasn't turned on enough."

"I told you to trust me."

Opening my bedroom door, I walked over to my bed, setting her down before sitting on the edge.

She adjusted herself, lying on her side, propping herself up on her elbow, and pulled the gray sheet up to cover her body to her chest.

"Has any woman ever backed out after seeing you?" she asked suddenly.

"God! Do you really want to keep talking about this?"

"What? I'm a scientist. I've read studies that show women usually prefer rides that are just... 'fun.'"

"You do realize you sound a little crazy sometimes, don't you?"

She shrugged, still waiting for an answer.

"Maybe. I don't remember."

She nodded. I noticed a shift in her expression, as if she was about to say

something but changed her mind.

"Say it."

"What?"

"Whatever you were about to say."

"It's nothing. Can I use your bathroom?"

I nodded toward the door on the left. She got up from under the sheet, giving me a perfect view of her naked body—enough to make my cock start recovering. She really did have an incredible ass.

"Stop staring at my ass," she said before stepping into the bathroom, making me smirk. As if that was even possible.

I was still trying to believe she had actually shown up at my door. I had been excited when she agreed that morning, but I spent the whole afternoon at work telling myself she wouldn't come. That I wasn't that lucky.

I guess I ended up convincing myself, which made me lose track of time and work until nine. If I keep going like this, I'll have to retire by forty.

Lying back on the bed while I waited, I rested my hands behind my head.

I had her here in my bed, and that was all that mattered. I wasn't going to waste the opportunity.

She returned a few minutes later. Sitting on the bed, she pulled part of the sheet that was covering my waist to wrap around herself.

Ad in next page

I noticed how her eyes moved from my face to my chest and abs.

"You can touch if you want," I teased. "Of course, only if you're ready for round two."

In a quick motion, she straddled me, sitting on my cock and making me shudder.

"We've only done things your way so far," she complained.

"My way? We haven't done anything my way."

"No?"

"I was being gentle with you. And I made it very clear—I'm not usually gentle. I had to hold myself back to stay in control," I gripped her thighs, lifting my chest to face her up close. "If I had done it my way, I would've bent you over and fucked you hard until you begged me to stop. Or maybe I would've fucked you against the window."

Her hands rested on my chest, sliding down to my abs, drawing my attention to the way her pink nipples looked so hard.

"You want that, don't you? I haven't forgotten that you like it rough," I teased.

"I want to do something first," she said before leaning down between my legs.

✱