

Chapter 19 1

I swallowed. My voice came out rough and desperate. "I want you to taste me."

He smiled, slow and wicked.

"Good girl." 1

He pushed my thighs apart and lowered his head. 1

His breath was hot against the lace of my g-string. I could feel the warmth of it through the thin fabric and I held my breath, waiting, every nerve in my body pulled taut like a wire.

He pressed his mouth to me through the red lace.

I gasped, my hips bucking against his face. He kissed me there, right over my clit, the fabric dampening instantly as my arousal soaked through. His tongue pressed against the lace, dragging upward, and I whimpered, my hands gripping the leather of the sofa beneath me. 1

"I love this," he murmured against me, his voice muffled. "Love the way you taste through this little thing. Love knowing I'm about to take it off you." 2

His teeth caught the edge of the g-string and he pulled it aside. The cool air hit my wet pussy and I shivered, but then his mouth was on me directly and I forgot how to breathe. 4

His tongue was flat, sliding up the length of my slit from my entrance to my clit. He tasted me slowly, deliberately, like a man savoring a meal he had waited months to eat. My hips rolled against his face and his hands came up to grip my thighs, holding me open for him. 2



"Fuck," I breathed, my head falling back.

He pulled my g-string down my legs and I lifted my hips to help him. He slid it off, brought it to his nose, and inhaled. I watched him, my heart pounding, as he folded it and set it aside. 5

"You smell incredible," he said, and took off my other shoe. 2

Then his mouth was on me again and I stopped thinking.

His tongue circled my clit, slow and torturous, and I cried out, my fingers finding his hair. He sucked the sensitive nub into his mouth and I saw stars, my hips grinding against his face as he worked me. 6

"Dominic... please..."

He did not stop. He kept sucking, his tongue flicking against my clit in rapid strokes, and I was already close, my thighs trembling, my breath coming in ragged gasps. 1

He slid two fingers into me.

I screamed. 2

His fingers curled inside me, pressing against that rough patch of nerves that made my vision go white. He kept sucking my clit while his fingers fucked me, in and out, curling, pressing, finding every spot that made me moan. 1

I was babbling. I don't know what I said. It might have been his name. It might have been a plea. It might have been nonsense. 3

"You want to come?" he asked against me, his breath hot on my slick skin. 2

"Yes... God, yes... please..."

"Then come." 1

He sucked my clit hard and crooked his fingers inside me at the same time, and I shattered. 2

My orgasm tore through me like a wave, my body convulsing, my hands gripping his hair so hard I probably hurt him. He did not stop. He kept working me through it, his tongue and fingers drawing every last pulse of pleasure from my body until I was crying, tears streaming down my face, my legs shaking uncontrollably. 6

And then it happened. I felt the pressure build, felt something release deep inside me, and I came again, harder, liquid gushing from me as I squirted against his mouth. He drank it, groaning against me, his fingers still buried inside me as I pulsed and whimpered. 3

I collapsed against the sofa, panting, my body limp and trembling. 1

He lifted his head, his chin glistening with my arousal, and smiled.

"Good girl." 1

I pushed him back. 1

He fell onto his heels, his eyebrows rising in surprise. I sat up, my chest heaving, and looked at him with dark, determined eyes.

"My turn," I said. 5

