



Chapter 20

CELESTE

Dominic started to protest. "Your makeup..."

"Good thing I have it in my purse."

I reached for my clutch, pulled out my compact, and set it on the side table. Then I stood, my legs still shaky, and let my dress fall to the floor.

The red fabric pooled at my feet and I stepped out of it. His eyes traveled down my body, over my breasts, my stomach, the triangle of curls between my thighs. I saw his throat move as he swallowed.

I pushed him onto the sofa. He went willingly, his eyes never leaving mine. I knelt in front of him, my hands finding his belt, unbuckling it with ease. I freed his cock from his trousers and it sprang up, thick and hard and heavy.

I wrapped my hand around the base and stroked him once, watching his head fall back.

Then I took him into my mouth.

He groaned, long and low, his hand finding my hair. His cock filled my mouth and I took him deep, my tongue pressing against the underside as I swallowed him down. I bobbed my head, my hand working the base, and I felt him throb against my tongue.

"Fuck, Celeste," he breathed. "Just like that."

I sucked him harder, my cheeks hollowing, my eyes watering. I wanted to taste him, wanted to feel him come undone the way he had made me



come undone. His hips bucked and I felt the first drop of precum on my tongue, salty and warm. 4

His body convulsed, his hand tightening in my hair. 1

"You're going to make me come," he said, his voice strained. 2

I pulled off, just in time. I looked up at him, my lips swollen, my chin wet. 1

"Not yet," I said. "I want you inside me." 2

He lifted me up, his hands on my waist, and pulled his pants down the rest of the way. I climbed onto his lap, my thighs bracketing his hips, my wet pussy pressing against his cock. 2

I reached between us and guided the head to my entrance.

I sank onto him slowly, inch by inch, feeling my walls stretch to accommodate him. He was thick, and I felt every ridge, every vein, as my body opened to take him inside me. 4

He moaned. I moaned. Our eyes met, and then his hand was at the back of my head, pulling me forward, and our lips clashed in a kiss that was messy and desperate and perfect. 3

I began to move. 1

My hips rose and fell, riding him, my wet pussy gripping his cock as I bounced on his lap. His hands found my ass, squeezing my cheeks, guiding my rhythm. I threw my head back, my eyes rolling toward the ceiling as I fucked him, feeling him deep inside me, filling me completely. 3

He leaned forward and took my nipple into his mouth, sucking hard, and I cried out, my rhythm faltering. 2

"Don't stop," he growled against my breast. 1

I didn't. I kept moving, my thighs burning, my pussy clenching around him with every stroke. His hands moved to my waist, lifting me, meeting my thrusts with his own, and our bodies slapped together in the quiet room, the only sounds our moans and the wet sound of him moving inside me. 4

Then he stood up, lifting me with him. 7

I wrapped my legs around his waist, my arms around his neck, and he carried me to the glass wall. He turned me around and pressed me against it, my breasts flat against the cool surface. I looked out and saw the party still going on, the glittering chandeliers, the swirling gowns, the waiters with their trays. 9

They could not see me. But I could see them. 1

His shirt and jacket hit the floor. His skin was hot against my back and I felt his cock press against my wet slit, sliding through my folds, teasing me.

"Look at them," he said in my ear, his voice dark and rough. "Look at them out there, having no idea that I'm about to fuck you against this glass." 1

He thrust into me from behind.

I cried out, my palms pressing flat against the glass. His cock filled me completely and he began to move, pounding into me with a rhythm that made my knees go weak. One arm wrapped around my waist, holding me up. His other hand pressed above my head, his palm flat against the glass, caging me in. 6



His mouth was at my ear, licking, sucking, biting.

"You feel that?" he breathed. "You feel my cock inside you? Feel how deep I am?" 2

I could not answer. I could only moan, my eyes closed, my body surrendering to the pleasure. He kept fucking me, his hips slapping against my ass, his breath hot on my neck.

"Look at them," he said again. "Open your eyes and look." 3

I forced my eyes open. The party was a blur of color and movement on the other side of the glass. I saw people laughing, drinking, completely oblivious. 2

His cock kept pounding into me, and I was flying, lost in the sensation, my legs trembling, my pussy clenching around him.

And then I heard it. 1

"Celeste!"

My eyes snapped open. I looked through the glass and my heart stopped. 1

Julian. My husband. On the other side of the glass, standing with a waiter. 1

They could not see me. Of course they could not. But they were right there. I could see his face, confused, angry. I could see the waiter beside him, his eyes scanning the crowd, probably searching for me. 1

"Celeste!" he called again, his voice muffled by the glass. 1

Dominic's hands came up and cupped my breasts. He squeezed them, his fingers pinching my nipples, and slammed into me again. 1



I came. 1

My legs gave out, my body shaking, juices flowing down my leg as I orgasmed against the glass. Dominic held me up, his cock still buried inside me, his breath ragged in my ear. 1

"Let them look," he whispered. "He'll never find you behind this glass. And even if he did..." 3

He thrust once more, deep and hard.

"He'd find me inside his wife." 13

SURPRISE GIFT: 100 BONUS FREE FOR YOU



GET IT



Comments



Support



12

Share