

Chapter 8

DOMINIC

I stepped into the bathroom, the white tile gleaming under the soft overhead light. The room was spacious, the kind of hotel bathroom that cost more per night than most people's rent, with a massive claw-foot bathtub dominating the far corner. Steam still clung to the mirrors from my earlier shower, fogging the edges. 4

Celeste laughed against my chest, her arms looped around my neck, her body warm and pliant in my arms. I set her down on the edge of the marble counter, her bare ass making contact with the cool stone. She hissed at the temperature, but her thighs parted automatically to make room for me. I stepped between them, my hands finding her hips, pulling her forward until she was pressed against my length, my cock already thick and aching, nudging against her wet folds. 9

She was still slick from before, her arousal coating the inside of her thighs, a glistening sheen of her cream that made my mouth water. The sight of her like this, naked, spread open for me on a bathroom counter, made my jaw tighten. 1

"You have no idea what you do to me," I said, my voice rough. 1

She reached down, her fingers wrapping around my shaft, stroking slowly from base to tip. Her touch was deliberate, her thumb circling the head, spreading the bead of pre-cum that had already gathered there. I groaned, my head dropping forward.

Her hand felt so fucking good wrapped around my cock. I let her work me for a moment, her grip tight and knowing, before I caught her wrist.

"I want you in the bathtub," I said. "I want to feel that tight little pussy squeeze me while we are both soaking wet." 2

She did not argue. I reached over and twisted the faucet, hot water



thundering into the porcelain tub, steam rising in thick clouds. The bathroom filled with the sound of rushing water and our ragged breathing. I adjusted the temperature, letting it run until the tub was half-full, then turned off the flow. 2

I stepped into the water first, the heat seeping into my calves, then my thighs as I lowered myself down. The tub was big enough for two, the water lapping at my chest as I leaned back against the curved porcelain. I held out my hand to her. 5

"Come here."

She took my hand and stepped into the water. The water sloshed as she settled between my legs, her back to my chest, her skin slick and hot against mine. The heat enveloped us both, steam curling around our faces. 2

I wrapped my arms around her waist and yanked her flush against me. My cock pressed against the small of her back, trapped between us, and I could feel every inch of her skin sliding against mine. I kissed the curve of her neck, tasting salt and the faint trace of her perfume, my hands roaming up her stomach to cup her breasts. 5

Her nipples were tight peaks under the water, hard little pearls that responded instantly to my touch. I rolled them between my fingers, pinching, twisting just hard enough to make her breath hitch and her hips grind back against me. 5

"I want to watch you come undone," I said against her ear, my voice low and rough. "I want to feel that pussy clench around my cock while you are dripping wet and shaking." 1

Her hand reached back underwater, finding my shaft, guiding the head to her entrance. I did not thrust. I let her sink onto me at her own pace, the head of my cock breaching her slowly, inch by agonizing inch, the water making everything slick and hot. She let out a shuddering breath as I

filled her completely, her walls clenching around me, adjusting to the intrusion. 6

"Fuck," I breathed, my hands gripping her hips. "You feel incredible. This tight little cunt was made for my cock." 2

She started to move, a slow, rolling rhythm that sent ripples across the surface of the water. Her hips rocked back and forth, grinding against me, taking me deeper with every motion. I watched the water slosh around her thighs, watched the way her breasts bounced with each movement, her head thrown back, her mouth open in a silent moan. 8

I slid my hand down her stomach, through the wet curls between her legs, and found her clit, swollen and slick against my fingers, peeking out from its hood like a tiny, desperate bead of nerves. I circled it with my thumb, pressing just hard enough to make her gasp. 2

"You like that?" I growled against her ear. "You like having your clit played with while my cock is buried inside you?" 3

She nodded frantically, a broken sound escaping her throat. 5

"Tell me how it feels," I pressed, my thumb working faster, tighter circles around that sensitive nub. "Tell me how good my cock feels in your pussy." 1

"So good," she gasped, her voice barely a whisper. "So full." 2

"That is right," I said, my teeth grazing her earlobe. "I am going to fill this pussy up. I am going to pump you so full of my cum it drips down your thighs for hours. You want that?" 3

She nodded again, her movements growing frantic, desperate. Her walls fluttered around me, tightening with every stroke of my thumb, and I knew she was close. 1

"Come for me," I ordered. "Let me feel that cunt squeeze my cock." 1

She shattered with a cry that echoed off the tiles, her body convulsing around me, her hips bucking wildly as the orgasm tore through her. I held her through it, my arm locked tight around her stomach, my cock still buried deep inside her as she pulsed and clenched around me, her cream coating my shaft.

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