

Chapter 67

“Chase,” I squeal, as he throws me onto his bed. I watch as he strips away his clothes, leaving him standing naked in all his glory. I still can’t believe this guy is my *husband*.

“Even though I won, I’ll still give you your prize first.” He pulls down sweatpants and underwear all in one swift motion, and I take o my shirt again, tossing it aside.

“I love how your body responds to me. I love it.” I gasp as his tongue ickers over one of my nipples while he gently tweaks the other one between his ngers.

Within seconds, he has both of my nipples standing proudly o my breasts. I hear a popping sound as he frees my nipple from his hot, wet mouth.

Chase leans in and kisses me hard, his mouth possessing mine more roughly than it had all evening.

While his tongue explores inside my mouth, I feel his ngers slide down my stomach to my steaming sex. “Damn, Cupcake, you’re so wet for me, baby, aren’t you?”

“Chase,” I beg and whimper.

“What do you want, Cupcake?” he teases mercilessly while thrusting his middle nger in and out of me.

“Stop teasing me,” I say breathlessly.

“Would you rather my tongue or dick?” He ngers me faster. I can’t think straight. All I can think about is his nger setting my body on re. “Answer me or I’ll stop.”

“Tongue,” I moan.

“Spread your legs.” I do exactly just that. I feel his mouth lick and then gently bite the inside of my thigh which causes me to jerk my leg slightly.

Shit, I’m not sure how much more of this I can take. Oral sex with Chase is always a constant battle of prolonging it or just getting me o . He will take me to the edge and then leave me there.

Without warning, he plunges his tongue inside of me causing me to gasp and cry out.

I feel his tongue lick the walls of my vagina, while I grip the sheets for fear I might fall o the edge. He begins plunging his tongue in and out of me in hard, long, rapid successions.

My eyes roll to the back of my head, and I begin to grind my pelvis into his mouth.

Chase wraps his arms around my thighs, which hold me motionless, then he icks and swirls his tongue over my pearl once more.

My orgasm feels like an all-consuming force, and my world goes dark as the pleasure overtakes me.

“Jesus.”

“Just, Chase, baby. It’s just me. You taste better than any dessert known to man.” He crawls onto the bed, hovering over me.

Giving me a deep passionate kiss, I can taste myself on him. The kiss has to be ten times better than any kiss I have ever had.

I break the kiss. “Chase, please.”

A devilish smile creeps onto his face. He rubs the head of his dick up and down my slit, separating the lips of my vagina.

This is something I will never get tired of. He smacks my vagina before thrusting inside of me.

“Fuck, you feel so good,” he growls into my ear. He moves slowly in and out, in and out. I lift my hips, trying to get him to move faster. “Cupcake, I want this to last. This has to last.”

Slow.

Slow, long.

Slow, long strokes.

He has my body in a frenzy. He grabs my waist, picking up the pace. Thrusting in me—harder and faster.

I open my eyes to nd him gazing down at me. As if he is taking in every tiny detail of my facial expression. We are dripping in sweat, fucking like wild animals. I am craving him as much as he is craving me.

“Chase!” I cry out. “Fuck! I’m coming. Oh, Chase,” I whimper as my body oats to cloud nine.

He grunts in my ear as he comes along with me. He buries his head in the crook of my neck, breathing heavily, both of us trying to catch our breath.

“That was amazing,” he rolls o of me.

We lay side by side, neither one of us moving. I try to get in as much rest as possible because in a few minutes Chase will be ready for another round.

The energy and stamina he has are unbelievable. I lay my head on his chest, tracing the tattoo over his heart. I still can’t believe he got my name on him. I told him countless times not to do it.

It is silly, yet he said it is a big deal. So, there was no way I could change his mind.

“What are you thinking about?” he wraps his arm around my waist.

“Nothing,” I sigh, snuggling deeper into him.

“Really? You always have something on your mind.”

“Not tonight, I don’t.”

“That’s a rst,” he chuckles.

“Who the fuck is knocking on the door!?” Everett shouts.

“Go away, bastards!” Darren chimes in.

I give Chase a questionable look. “I thought Austin’s girlfriend was coming in tomorrow afternoon.”

“She should be,” he answers.

“Who is going to get that!?” Miguel shouts.

I slide out of the bed, putting back on my clothes.

“Where are you going?”

“To answer the door. Since none of them want to get it.”

Whoever is out there will only continue to knock until someone answers. Chase gets up, getting dressed as well.

We head downstairs, but Austin and Tristan are already reaching the bottom step. Chase tells me to wait right here as they check out who is there.

They slowly open the door, and I stare at the unfamiliar girl’s face. I hear Austin curse under his breath, and Chase looks back at me with uncertainty.

I take a step down, and Chase rushes back up the stairs. “Hey, wait for me in the room. I’ll be right back,” he kisses me quickly.

“What? Who is that?” I try to look over his shoulder.

“Can you just go back to the room, please?” He looks at me with pleading eyes, and I just nod my head, turning around.

I walk up the stairs, rush down the hallway, close his room door, and rush back to the staircase... peeking.

“Jamie, what are you doing here?” I hear Chase ask.

Jamie. Where have I heard that name before?