

Chapter 72

Greg scooped her from the chair and fastened her around his hips as his hands on her butt pinned her to him, bringing her to the wall, where he locked the door and was immensely grateful for the lack of cameras in this room as she began grinding his steel-hard rod.

Holding her still so he didn't cum before he wanted to - before she did, his fingers and thumb moved skillfully along her shirt, unbuttoning from the top and her black lace bra got him even more aroused. He never thought he had a thing for lace lingerie. And he didn't. Not until it was on her.

Undoing the front clasp, he devoured her softness and his tongue toyed with the hard peak as she gasped, jerked and moaned, fingers in his hair pulled at his locks at delicious intervals.

His hand headed south, undoing the top button and dragging the zip down at a slow, torturous pace, so much so that Sush whimpered and shifted in protest. But Greg held her still, gluing her to the wall as he took his time with the zipper even though all he wanted was to tear it off. The wafting scent from her wetness got stronger with each lowered inch, and when the matching black lace underwear was revealed, Greg broke away from her breasts to admire the thin, see-through fabric against her skin.

Sexy as hell, he thought.

The only thing that made it better was that it was

drenched. Palming the area and feeling it throb against his hand, his mouth dropped to hers again as he gave the needy area a few strokes, finger lifting the hem and teasing the part of her that felt empty and needed something to fill it.

His lips skated against hers when he whispered, "I'll get you new ones."

"New wha—" she gasped as her eyes bulged wide, shock taking over her face as the sound of torn fabric bounced off the walls, the cold air making the bareness shrink. In a frantic whisper, she exclaimed, "I don't pack extra lingerie to work, Greg. What if I dirty my clothes?"

As Greg stuffed the torn underwear into his back pocket, the obnoxious smirk played on his lips when he said, "Your clothes will be fine. I promise to lap up every single drop of juice you give me." The drawn out manner he uttered the second half of the sentence sent a rush of heat back down there, quickly working up the moisture again.

Greg continued, "And don't worry about walking around like this. Those who can smell it would know who you belong to."

Before she could argue, his lips were back on hers, breathing her in, taking her logic and rationality with him as his fingers filled her space in one swift motion and thumb massaged her clit. The fingers were fine but it wasn't enough. They weren't... big enough.

Her hands around his neck traveled fast to his pants, and he sucked on her neck as she undid the belt, the hook, then the zipper. The bulging hardness under

her palm had her moaning with need, and he snarled, "Take it out."

Groping her way to the waistband, she finally found her way in, a thrill shot up her spine when the shaft stiffened under her touch. Her feet worked to get rid of his pants, which Greg only let fall after he'd gotten out the condom he kept in the back pocket for emergencies.

Taking the silver pack from him, she then leisurely extracted the part of him she wanted like she was drawing it out, inviting it to the room, feeling the girth from the bottom all the way to the top that was coated with precum, her hand swirling at the moisture as he grunted and growled low enough for her to hear.

His reaction lifted her lips, knowing that she'd awakened his animalistic urges. He didn't just make her feel desired, he made her feel powerful. The way she slid the rubber on was so painfully slow that it was obvious she had already begun playing with fire - his fire.

Greg had enough of waiting. The next few things happened so fast that Sush didn't even have time to process before it happened: him bringing her hands above her head, his shaft thrusting into her in one fell swoop, and the pumping began hard and fast, his balls slapping her flesh as his girth stretched her walls with each bittersweet thrust.

"So fucking tight," Greg uttered through the pounding. "Do you like this, my octopus? Do you like me stretching your tight, little cunt?"

"Mm. Yes. Oh!"

"Has anyone stretched you like this?"

"No."

"Who's the only one who can stretch you like this?"

Despite knowing that it was his ego that was begging to be stroked, she was too near her high to disappoint him. "You. Only you."

"That's right. As a reward for your lack of hesitance today, how about we take it to the next level?"

"The next I—" her screams cut her sentence off midway as Greg utilized his animal's speed to increase the pace, a pace that Sush never - in her wildest dreams - thought existed.

"How does it feel?" he asked, despite having just watched her eyes roll back, her head falling toward the wall and her body arch toward him that gave him a closer access to her set of breasts that bounced to his thrusts, like even they submitted to his claim over her.

When she only murmured unintelligibly, he toned down the pace and was immediately met with her eyes amplifying loss, the movement of her butt protesting the decreased pace. When he increased it again but kept it controlled, knowing that Sush was aware he could go faster, he demanded, "Answer me: how does it feel?"

The fullness of him was addicting and she knew that, after him, she couldn't hope to climb to her peak on her own. "Like heaven. It feels like heaven."

Greg beamed through ragged breaths, rewarding her with the acceleration she needed, shooting her to

her climax as she clenched around him. Their bodies were flushed against each other and she felt him pulse, spurt after spurt, shooting into the condom. His breathing was labored, his face resting in the crook of her neck. Bringing his forehead to hers, his breath tickled her lips when he whispered, "You feel like heaven to my hell."

Ironically, she felt it was the opposite: that he was heaven to her hell.



Send Gift



Comments



Watch Ads to Get 8 Vouchers