

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor By LiLHyZ Chapter 89

Chapter 89: Where It Belongs

It was the way Evan held her, the way his

lips came in contact with her neck, that

made the butterflies in her stomach go wild. More than just that ticklish feeling, she sensed thrilling electricity running down her spine, and she moaned, "

Mmmm."

"Mmmm," he teased. A smirk formed on

his face as he said, "I like the sound of

that."

"Pfft! Stop," she said, pushing his face away from my neck. "That really tickles –

stop!"

Evan kept at it, tickling her thoroughly that Shantelle wound up retreating to the

bed. They both fell onto the sheets, with

Evan on top of Shantelle.

Inevitably, Evan's lips crashed into

Shantelle's, and they started kissing each other hungrily. And as their lips were locked, Evan's hands were getting restless, going under her robe.

Eventually, Shantelle also touched his body, especially his chest. She reached for his towel and pulled it off of his waist.

"Someone is excited," Evan teased.

Shantelle laughed and replied, "It was getting me wet."

"Rrrr," Evan said. He hissed and lust

reflected in his eyes.

"Not that kind of getting wet!" Shantelle laughed entirely that her eyes watered. "I

mean, your towel is wet!"

"Excuses, excuses," Evan implied. He helped her off her robe and began kissing

her shoulders, his hand caressing her

breast from the outside. "I have been

thinking about this all week."

Pulling down the strap of her nightgown and purposely exposing Shantelle's

breast, he said, "My addiction."

He cupped a bosom and eagerly sucked it. Shantelle gasped from the ecstasy and wrapped her legs around his waist." Mmm, Evan – Evan!"

Out of nowhere, Evan tore off her nightgown, shocking her completely. She snapped, "I liked this nightgown! Evan!"

"I bought you five of the same kind," he said before returning to eat her chest.

His hand went down on her peach and

tore off her lace thong. Shantelle could only give up. Who was she to complain when Evan bought all her clothes in the

villa?

Like the last time they were intimate,

Evan took his time. He scattered kisses all

over her chest, going down to her

abdomen. When Evan disappeared between her thighs, Shantelle bit her lip, and her body waved as she drowned in

pleasure.

Evan loved her bottom lips. He especially noticed how soft Shantelle's groin area was. He was pleased beyond words. Knowing his wifey made the necessary preparation. It invited him to keep at it,

tasting her entrance as Shantelle floundered with his tongue work.

When Shantelle began to raise her hips, he knew she was nearing climax. He palmed himself, wanting to enter at the right time.

"Aaahh, Evan – Aaah!" The instant

Shantelle came, Evan sat up and entered her, his manhood fully erected.

"Oh, god. It's so big." Evan was so huge, yet it felt soo good for Shantelle. The way her walls were stretched to accommodate

his rod, all while her insides were still

pulsating.

"Eva" Shantelle's calling muffled into

Evan's mouth. He sealed her lips with a

hot kiss as he moved to and fro. They

were skin to skin, chest to chest, and their

hands senselessly grabbed each other's folds.

Evan was a heavy man, but Shantelle bore

his weight on top of her. In fact, she loved

how their skins created friction. Shantelle

did not also spare Evan's back. She was constantly feeling his muscled back and

sometimes his fine ass.

Having waited for days to make love to Shantelle, Evan orgasmed faster than he had hoped. He let go of the kiss to cry out his desires and pushed his hips harder against Shantelle's.

"Fuck. It feels so good," Evan had his eyes shut, enjoying the moment.

On the other hand, Shantelle traced his arms and felt the goosebumps on his

skin. She panted as her man kept pushing and pushing, releasing every seed inside

her.

While Evan remained in that position, Shantelle ran her hand against his

chiseled chest. After some time, she

realized that Evan was at it again, moving his hips.

She was sure he had come inside of her. She felt that warm fluid filling her, but why was Evan still thrusting his thing?

And his member was still stiff as a rod?

She asked, "Are you already going for a second round?"

Evan smirked and admitted, "Yes, I can't help it."

Learning of this, Shantelle felt her face burn. Her mouth parted for an

undetermined time. In their second

round, Evan took longer than the last, but he maintained the same position, pumping on top of Shantelle.

The man's thrusting became needy that their slapping flesh echoed around the room. Their bodies stayed pressed

against each other, and their tongues felt

forever intertwined.

Shortly after the second round, Evan was at it again, making love with Shantelle. This time, they were spooning, allowing him easy access to her peach.

As Evan thrust behind her, his fingers rubbed her clit. Shantelle could not help but lift her leg, giving Evan better access. To her, it felt terrific being filled with his

length while also being fondled within

the clit.

When Evan came for the third time, Shantelle felt some of his fluid escape her core, dripping to the side of her thigh.

Moreover, Evan's stick twitched inside of

her. The experience stirred her

thoroughly, and she chased her high soon

after.

With both of them satisfying their

desires, the couple cuddled into sleep.

Evan was still buried inside Shantelle, her

back facing him. He kissed her cheek and

said, "I'm too exhausted to pull out."

"Hmmm," Shantelle replied. "I'm too

tired to move either."

"Let it stay there," Evan suggested. "

Where it rightfully belongs.

Shantelle snorted but soon gave in to exhaustion and shut her eyes. Barely a whisper, she replied, "It better be."

Dawn came. Shantelle felt something big inside of her, and it was moving. She moaned as she fluttered her eyes open.

She shortly recognized that she and Evan

were still completely naked under the

blanket.

Evan was holding her waist, and his hips moved back and forth behind her.

Shantelle turned to him, asking, "Did your pull out?"

"No, when I woke up, it was swollen. I was stuck inside you. I figured the only way to shrink it back was to cum again," he replied with a sly grin.

Yet again, they made love at five in the morning. However, the man's member did not shrink. He pulled out, but

Shantelle saw how hard and big he remained to be. She pouted and

presented, "I guess we must take care of that. How about I'll be on top this time."

A hiss left Evan's lips. He replied, "Oh, yeah."