

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

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~ "So I love when you call unexpected 'Cause I hate when the moment's expected

On Evan's and Shantelle's first night on their Caribbean cruise, they attended a sensual dance lesson at a private club where they swayed to the song, Earned It by The Weekend. It was part of their honeymoon package, and Evan booked the VIP hours, where they only shared the dance floor with two other couples.

They followed simple steps of sensual closeness. Instructors were up on stage to perform the dance. It involved teasing touches, hugging, and swaying hips for the female while the men stood there, appreciating their ladies. There was occasional lifting, but nothing too dangerous for pregnant women, i

The lights were dimmed. Disco lights flashed from above, setting the mood as the music continued.

Shantelle, in her red cocktail dress, was heartily following the steps, inciting her husband. Her ass perfectly grazed over his groin area. In the next beat, her back landed on Evan's chest, her hand was thrown backward, her fingers tracing his gorgeous face and neck.

With another beat, her body turned to face him completely, her legs lifted, and Evan smirked. The man traced the outline of her ass and the softness of her outer thigh while his other hand supported her back.

They kissed briefly as the music resumed, and Evan hissed. He whispered, "I'm so turned on."

The couple ground their hips, following the instructors in front of them. Shantelle gasped, smelling his expensive perfume and the bulge beneath his pants. She bit her lip and said, "I think this was the whole purpose of this honeymoon dance lesson."

The next part of the routine required Shantelle to open a few buttons of Evan's black shirt. Her fingers briefly and teasingly made it inside to feel his bare chest. Evan groaned, and Shantelle could make out how her husband cursed inside.

Another beat followed, and Shantelle turned her back to Evan. She put a safe distance between them while her hands were on her waist, slowly swaying her hips.

Seeing his wife giving him a slow dance utterly stirred his emotions. He had been hard, so fucking hard, for the past two songs. When Shantelle returned to him, she gave off that temptress look.

Who knew his wife could look so seductive? He loved this other side of Shantelle, especially since they were away on their honeymoon.

They went on, dancing a few more songs until the couple could no longer hold back their desires. They left the exclusive club and found themselves at their suite.

"Come here!" The second they entered the room, Evan grabbed Shantelle's hand and abruptly pulled her into his chest. She slammed against his solid frame, giggling.

Evan pulled up Shantelle's frame and urged her legs to be wrapped around his waist. They kissed as he carried her all the way to the bedroom. He lay her on the sheets before impatiently taking off his clothes.

When he was completely bare, he was surprised to see his wife standing beside the bed. Shantelle said, "Lie down, Evan."

"My wife is up to something," Evan said, hissing.

Shantelle chuckled and repeated her instructions, "Lie down, husband."

Evan lay down on the extra large king bed, all while palming himself. He was grinning from ear to ear as he made a pillow out of his arm.

On the other hand, his wife swayed her hips as she made it to the closet. The cupboard was in Evan's full view, and she seductively pulled her dress down, revealing her thong.

"Fuck, my wife is so sexy," Evan said. Despite Shantelle growing her baby bump, her figure remained slender, thanks to her dieting.

Then she lazily pulled down her thong, purposely showing Evan her crack. Another hiss left Evan's lips. "So beautiful. Come to me, now, Wifey. I can't take it any longer."

The man noticed her massaging her own peach, and he groaned. He thought it was incredibly hot. When she turned around, he saw her bottom lips glistening. He bit his lip, asking, "What's that, Wifey?"

Shantelle chuckled and replied, "You'll find out soon."

She raised her hand, exposing a gel-like material on her fingers before settling between Evan's thighs. Shantelle reached for his manhood and began massaging him.

"That's cold," Evan remarked. Then he smirked, "But, you know... we don't need lubricant."

Shantelle chuckled and answered, "No, we don't."

After putting the gel around Evan's size, she spread an excess gel down to his nuts. The man frowned, but he was gasping in pleasure. He said, "I like it when you tease me like that."

Shantelle had taken out a strawberry-flavored oral gel. The smell permeated her nostrils, and she had to take a taste. She leaned down and started licking his nuts.

"Aaahh, Shanty -I love you," Evan said, throwing his head back, i

"Mmmm," Shantelle hummed in delight. She loved eating Evan, but with added flavor, it was more inviting. Shantelle was licking almost all the gel content around his nuts, making Evan relentlessly moan, his stick twitching involuntarily.

"Wifey, I love it. What in the world did you put in there?" Evan asked, chasing his breath.

"You wanna know?" Shantelle asked, her tongue licking off her lips.

When Evan nodded, she slowly climbed up to him. She kissed his lips before turning around and giving him her peach.

"Oh, yeah," Evan expressed, his eyes full of passion. He first grabbed Shantelle's two round flesh. Evan adjusted his frame so he was slightly elevated. He gently bit each of her butt cheeks and kissed them repeatedly before lying back down and appreciating his wife's entrance. "God, you are so beautiful."

"And you are so hard," Shantelle said before she began licking off his member. From the base up to his tip, she traced it with her tongue.

Evan shut his eyes at the feeling of being teased. Then, when Shantelle ate him completely, he just had to take a taste at her.

The man indulged, sucking her entire rose. He pulled away in an instant as he said, "Strawberry."

"Strawberry," Shantelle echoed. "Aaahhh, Evan!"

In the next few seconds, Evan was eating her heartily. He was sucking her and sometimes flickering his tongue against her clit. Shantelle could not help but let her expression turn frail. At some point, she ground against his mouth, and the man let his face be buried completely.

"Fuck." Evan did not know how many times he cursed out of excitement. All the more, when Shantelle returned to eating his manhood. Knowing what they were both doing to each other added to the flames of their wanting.

Evan had his fingers clenched on Shantelle's two round-flesh the entire time. He often smacked her while sometimes gripping her ass firmly as he held himself from cumming prematurely. That night, they went on another level. This was the most sensual thing they had done together, and Evan loved it.

Meanwhile, Shantelle was eagerly drinking him. She was hollowing her cheeks, sucking him thoroughly, but when Evan touched her sensitive part, she let go of his shaft with a pop. She sighed in pleasure before telling him, "Right there, Evan. Oh, god. That feels amazing. Keep doing that."

In the next few minutes, they were at it, expressing the way they loved the feeling and the taste of each other. Aside from pleasing each other with their mouths, their naked bodies were pressed onto each other. The way their skins created friction added to their passions.

Evan felt Shantelle's body stiffen. Knowing she was about to reach her high, he picked up the pace, flickering his tongue against her clit. It made Shantelle repeatedly moan in satisfaction, and eventually, her body mildly convulsed.

He felt her skin and observed how she formed goosebumps. He continued to suck her, extending her orgasm, and that made her flounder on top of him. She said, "I love it, Evan!"

She returned to bobbing in between his thighs, allowing Evan's stick to go deeper into her throat.

"Shanty. Fuck! Yeah!" Evan was relishing the feeling of reaching his wife's throat. He could feel how it tightened around his tip, which was ready to explode. Holding Shantelle's waist, he thrust up, helping his wife with her movement.

"I'm cumming," he announced. He counted only seconds, then erupted into Shantelle's mouth, his hips moving up. "Aaahhh! Shanty!"

His skin crawled in delight, and his hold on Shantelle tightened. Then, slowly, he felt her letting go of his manhood. He said, "Wifey, on top of me."

I love it when you are on top."