

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

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So Tight

Wendell's mouth nearly fell off the bed. He lifted his brow, asking, "You mean, no man has ever tasted you down there?"

When his eyes traveled to her groin area, Milan understood. She gulped and replied, "At best, a play with a finger, but no – not taste – Wendell?"

Wendell got up to turn back the lights on. He climbed up the bed and abruptly tugged on the waistband of her shorts. He pulled it down and took it off along with her underwear. Seeing her bare, a hiss left his lips. "Beautiful."

Looking back up at Milan, she turned tomato red.

He crawled above her and sealed her lips with a kiss. As he did, he said under his breath, "You are so beautiful."

While savored in each other's flavor, Wendell reached under her shirt and began massaging her breasts. He tugged on the base of her shirt and pulled it up, removing it completely.

She didn't wear any bra to sleep, so her bosoms were accessible to him. Like earlier, he sucked her mounts heartily, twirling his tongue around her nipples before diving in to latch like a baby. 2

As Wendell held her breast with one hand, the other began to rub her clit. Milan began to moan and writhe beneath him, her legs giving away and her face burning.

"Wendell," softly, she called his name. "It feels different."

"How different?" Wendell asked, briefly letting go of her breast and quickly returning to eat it.

"It's not like you are trying to stab my – my cat," Milan said. She giggled at the way she described her previous experience with Rowan.

A laugh escaped Wendell's lips. He sat up and took off his shirt. He spread her legs apart and answered, "Gentle is the best way to make you very wet." 1

He touched her clit with two fingers and said, "Right here." Giving that feather-weight circling motion, he added, "With the right amount of pressure."

"Aaahhh!" Milan threw her head back, her body relentlessly making waves as Wendell fondled her clit. She did not even realize how her hips were twitching in delight.

Milan closed her eyes, relishing the moment, but soon, Wendell stopped. She frowned and looked between her thighs. To her shock, he was inching closer to her peach. She was about to oppose, but before she knew it, she felt his warm tongue sucking her entire core. "Aaaaah... Wendell!"

She jerked at that very sensation. It utterly caught her by surprise! Milan wound up touching herself, reaching for Wendell's curls and tugging on his hair. Her hips repeatedly raised, wanting more of his tongue against her core. "I want more. I want more – aaaahh!"

Milan mildly convulsed at having reached climax. Her gaze turned frail, and her skin formed happy goosebumps all over.

She noticed how Wendell checked her entrance. He dipped two of his fingers and inserted them inside her.

Another moan escaped her lips. She noted, "It feels so good."

"You are so wet already," Wendell revealed. He raised his fingers and showed her how they gleamed in her love juice.

Milan gasped, and a sense of contentment engulfed her. Next, she noticed Wendell taking off his pajamas. Her eyes became hooded, watching him as he palmed himself.

He lined up his large male organ into her rose and slowly penetrated her. 1

"Aaaaah!" Milan sighed in desire. "You are so hard, Wendell."

Fuck. And you are so tight!" Wendell remarked. Despite going halfway in, he clearly understood what she meant by being narrow. He felt the muscles around her core hugging his little man down there. Thankfully, she was wet enough for him to glide in with ease.

"Relax, Milan. Relax. Let me take care of you," he urged.

"I'm a little nervous," she admitted.

Wendell pulled out and kissed her again. He returned to touching her, and playing with her breasts while rubbing her clit. When Milan surrendered to that feeling of euphoria, Wendell sat back up and entered her again.

Milan was wetter than earlier, and that encouraged Wendell to keep pushing. He said, "Tell me if you feel pain."

"Very little pain, mostly ticklish and filled," Milan confessed. "It – it feels great."

Her words made Wendell smile. He lowered his frame to kiss her again, his member still halfway in. He was pumping in and out, but not thoroughly pushing all the way. Soon, however, his wanting grew bigger. He asked, "Can I try pushing deeper?"

Milan nodded, saying, "Be gentle."

While still on top of her, he slowly pushed his manhood in. As he did, he studied her face. When she would frown, he would pause and evaluate the situation. Wendell would return to kissing her again, sucking her breasts, and touching any part of her body. When he felt she was damper again, he'd push again until he finally reached her ends.

"Aaaah! Damn, Milan! You are so tight. I fucking love it," Wendell said. "How do you feel?"

"I -1 don't want you to stop," she said, her chest heaving in excitement. "It feels amazing. Keep moving, Wendell."

Wendell felt like the floodgates have opened. He began to move to and fro without wavering. In each second that passed, Milan was becoming more and more relaxed, her love juice further soaking Wendell's stick.

Soon he unknowingly picked up the pace. Wendell was pumping faster, yet Milan kept moaning in pleasure.

Understanding how Milan was no longer uncomfortable doing the deed, Wendell sat up, but not before pecking her on the lips. He held her waist and said, "I want to do it a little faster."

Milan only nodded.

In the next few minutes, Wendell thrust back and forth with a bit of strength, their flesh slapping. Again and again, he wailed in desire, complimenting how tight Milan was. His body glowed in sweat, his butt cheek hollowing deeper with every push.

On the other hand, Milan was rebounding on Wendell's bed, her breast bouncing with her. As Wendell made love to her, her eyes never left his torso. She marveled at his muscles and mainly feasted on his well-shaped abs.

While Milan was lusting over his body, she gasped, feeling a more thrilling sensation between her legs. "Wendell, I – Aaaaah!"

She came, unable to hold the desire that spread through her body. She mildly convulsed and begged for a kiss.

Wendell leaned down, and they relished in an open mouth kiss.

"Ah! Ah! Aaah!" Milan's face burned while she screamed. Wendell pushed and pushed into her pulsating core, and she quickly drowned in a sea of pleasure.

"I'm cumming," Wendell warned. He frantically sat up and pulled out just in time! As Wendell moaned in ecstasy, his brows met. He ejaculated, right on top of Milan's rose, his semen dripping into her crack. "Fuck, that was hot."

After making love, Wendell and Milan took their shower. They kissed and groped each other until arousal hit them again. They had a repeat in the bathroom with Milan bent over and Wendell pumping from behind.

Only after their second round did the two manage to get some sleep.

At dawn, Milan woke up and went to the bathroom. Feeling thirsty, she went to the kitchen to grab a glass of water. When she came up, she noticed the twins were crying.

Milan went to the nursery and helped Mrs. Shaw and the other caregiver. They ran out of milk, so Milan rushed back to the kitchen to get another frozen breast milk. Knowing how the twins would change their diapers soon, she prepared the diaper changing area with two sets of nappies.

Milan offered to help, but Mrs. Shaw insisted they could handle the twins.

It was as if Mrs. Shaw knew that Milan needed to return to Wendell. She even winked at her before she left the nursery.

Back in Wendell's room, Milan considered resting for another hour before whipping up some breakfast. However, just as she climbed under the sheets, she noticed something hard and long poking the blanket. She took a peek and realized it was Wendell's shaft. He was awfully hard at five in the morning.

They had slept naked last night, so his manhood was free to reveal itself. For minutes, she studied his member, biting her lip at the memory of last night. She could not get over how it felt so good that she decided to get some in the morning as a great breakfast.

Milan grabbed his stick, and gave it a little palming before putting

Wendell's rod into her mouth.

"Aaah, Milan!" Wendell called. He looked down and found her sucking him heartily.

She let go of his length with a pop, saying, "Good morning. Want breakfast?" "I like that kind of breakfast, yeah," Wendell said before Milan got up and rode his stick.