"Stop looking at me like that."

Chan smirks at her, something sleazy and suggestive as he staggers closer to her. His proximity pushes her back, pressing her to the wood paneling of the elevator, hands settling at her hips as if he owns her. "Like what?" he asks, smug and cocksure. It makes her pussy *ache* for him.

Lix licks her lips. "Like you want to eat me."

The sleazy grin widens, Chan's eyes hooded with desire. His voice pitches low when he leans in further. "I do want to eat you, though." He ignores the slap of her hand on his chest, eyes tracking the silk shawl slipping off of her shoulder and baring it to his attention. "I want to eat you *so* fucking *bad,* little one."

"Chris–"

"I could," he drawls, dipping his head to press a lingering kiss to her exposed shoulder. "I could eat you right here in this elevator. I've done it before." The grin returns when he lifts his head, reminding her of years gone past—a time when he did in fact get on his knees under her dress in an elevator not unlike this one, tongue buried as deep in her as it could possibly be; how smug he'd been after bribing the hotel security team for a copy of the footage, too.

"You're drunk," she laughs softly, ignoring his words and the flush now staining her cheeks and chest. "You aren't coordinated enough for that right now."

Chan tuts at her, sucking at her skin. "I didn't drink that much," he protests, scraping his teeth over her clavicle. "I can still make you scream."

"I never said you couldn't," Lix volleys back, albeit breathily. The elevator dings its arrival to their floor, and she places her hand flat on his chest. "*Chris*." Chan sucks his teeth but steps back, holding his hand out for her to take and leading her into the hall.

The distant sounds of the city float up into the hotel room as they enter, muffled by the height and the thickness of the glass. The interior lights of the suite are off, but the curtains are thrown wide open to let the city's lights in. Lix removes her shawl and sets her clutch on the small entryway table, entranced by the view. She's always loved trips to big cities, even when they've happened less frequently over the years.

Her hand reaches out to touch the glass as her eyes rake over the landscape outside—there's a few other towering hotels and office buildings dappling the city blocks that spread out from their own, ebbing into lower elevation density that drops off at the riverfront. The water reflects the bright lights across its crests, dancing and glinting as if it's laughing at the city.

She startles only slightly when Chan finds her there, snaking his arms around her and slotting his mouth to her skin.

Where he rightfully belongs.

"It's beautiful here," she says.

"Not as beautiful as you."

It's so easy to turn in his arms and let him press her to the glass. "Chris," she murmurs, an exhale—relief, familiarity, yearning. His mouth fits against hers effortlessly, the way it has hundreds and thousands of times before. She yields immediately, moaning softly when his tongue slips past her lips to drag across her own.

Chan lets his arms slacken, hands drifting down to cradle the lower swell of her ass cheeks through the thin fabric of her evening gown. Lix feels a pulse of excitement, a stumble of her heart that only Chan can elicit, and she arches into him—somehow barely reaching his height even in her towering heels. Her head lolls back as he deepens the kiss, her hands clutching at his shoulders.

His mouth detaches from hers, only to drag down to her jaw and then beyond. "Missed you, Lix," he confesses into her throat, and a sudden wave of tears burns the back of her eyes so quickly that she nearly chokes.

Instead, she grips his face and pulls it back up to hers, silencing him with her lips before he can say anything else.

Chan makes a noise, something pained and vulnerable, and Lix swallows it down. Her teeth crash against his, and she winds her arms around his neck to keep him close. "Fuck," she gasps when he bites her lip, moaning into it. Chan's hands squeeze her ass, one finger slipping between the cheeks to trail over her hole wistfully, and she has to swallow the startled noise that nearly bursts out of her.

It's been... too long. She hasn't been touched there in ages, and it makes her knees weak. Chan catches her, though, just like he always has. His hands slide down her thighs, changing the angle of their kiss momentarily, to wrap around them firmly and lift her up. Lix whimpers into his mouth, breathing heavily when her back hits the glass again.

"God, Fliss," Chan groans, mouth at her jaw with the new angle. She clenches around nothing at the old nickname. "Fuck, I have *really* missed you."

"Shut up," she gasps, fingers threading into his hair to yank him back up to her face. "Shut the fuck up."

He manages to obey her command, kissing her against the window like that, for long enough that she relaxes again. One of his hands wanders again, skating down her leg to find the hem of her dress and slipping under it. The fabric bunches up easily around his wrist, following his confident glide back up her leg and beyond, reaching the already-damp apex between her thighs. She trembles when he presses a finger to her soaked panties and groans into their kiss.

"Lix," he chokes out, voice tight and strained. "God, baby, I can't–"

Whatever he can't do, she never finds out. His fingers find the edge of the slick fabric and pull them aside, and then he's plunging two fingers into her effortlessly.

They both moan, almost in unison, as Chan's fingers sink into her wetness. Lix gasps when he curls them immediately, finding her g-spot with a targeted efficiency that shouldn't shock her at this stage of their lives—not when he was the one to discover them in the first place.

Everything Lix knew about pleasure and how to satisfy her body, she learned from Chris. High school sweethearts, married too young and divorced just as quickly, every single 'first' she's ever had has been him. First kiss, first dance, first orgasm, first love, first heartbreak.

The irony of seeing him again for the first time in six years at a friend's wedding feels both like a kindness and a cruelty. It was always inevitable that she'd fall back into him, after life and time finished molding them into their wiser evolutions.

She just didn't expect it to happen yet.

"Jesus Christ, babygirl, you feel like heaven inside," Chan grunts into her neck, teeth scraping at the skin. "Fucking perfect."

His thumb slides under the panties to find her clit, propelling her into an orgasm so suddenly that it's all Lix can do to dig her nails into his shoulders and cry out. He strokes her gently, soft swipes of his thumb over her hood and weak motions of his fingers to help her ride it out, and then he's kissing her hungrily, withdrawing his hand entirely. She wants to complain, to stop him, but he tightens his hold on her body and peels her off of the window.

"Where's the bed?" he asks against her mouth.

"Lef– *right*, your right. Through the door."

He turns to his right, glancing over her shoulder to avoid hitting furniture. It's only when he rounds the low couch that he breaks the kiss to take a look around. "Holy shit, Lix, this is a fancy room. What the fuck?"

Her face burns in the darkness. "I know, shut up." In the faint light of the city outside, she can see Chan's brows rise in question, but he doesn't ask anything else.

She'd left the bedroom door open earlier, when she was hurrying out of the room in a flurry of hairspray and setting powder to get to the venue on time for friend's wedding—the same friend who just married Chan's coworker, apparently, in a destination wedding in a different city. Honestly, the chances of running into Chan *here* of all places, when Inguk wasn't–

"Holy crap," Chan murmurs as he carries her across the threshold of the bedroom. The light in the en suite bathroom is on, so there's a wedge-shaped beam of brightness cutting across the room at an angle, and it's enough light to see the size of it.

The bed is big, wide and plush and decadent. Lix sinks into it when Chan sets her down on the edge, sinking to his knees. He picks up her foot, begins working the clasp of the strap around her ankle, his head bowing down. She chews on her lower lip while she watches him remove the shoe, setting it aside and moving to the other foot.

"Chris," she starts, voice small and weak. He shakes his head once, lifting his head marginally, and she can see the muscle of his jaw flexing with tension.

"No," he says simply after a few moments, setting the second shoe down with the first. He sits back on his haunches, eyes still on the floor. "I don't want to know."

Lix's heart lurches in pain, the sudden knowledge that it's over—she's ruined this before it could truly begin—welling up in the corners of her eyes. She should be *grateful*, should be remorseful that it even got this far, but her heart has only ever wanted Chan even at their worst. "It's not–"

"What did I say, Lix?" Chan growls, finally lifting his eyes to meet hers. He looks angry, yes, but worse than that, he looks hurt. "I don't want to know anything."

Scared.

"I'll leave him," she blurts out, her own brows rising in surprise at her vulnerability while Chan's begin to knit together. "I mean, I've thought about it lately. I've been... unhappy, I think for a long time."

"Lix–"

"It's not, I don't–" she takes a big, trembling breath, curling her fingers into the fabric of her dress. "I didn't marry him or anything, I could leave."

Chan chokes, some terrible cross between a scoff and a laugh. "As if marriage could stop you from leaving."

Lix winces, her arms coming up to cross over her chest in protection. "*Ouch*." She deserves it, she knows, since it had been her decision to serve him divorce papers instead of going to couples' therapy like he suggested, but Chan played it cool through the entire process that it gave Lix the idea he wanted it too.

Looking at him now, angry and hurt at her feet, she wonders if maybe they had both been wrong, throwing away their marriage because they were barely adults at the time. "I'm sorry, Chris," Lix whispers, throat tightening around the words. "I know I hurt you, and I can't undo that, I can't take it back. I can't even say that I should have stayed, because we were destroying each other in that marriage. But I never ever stopped loving you."

The confession spills out of her before she can stop it, her eyes wide and burning from the effort of holding back tears. Her chest hitches on a swallowed sob, every shaky exhale spreading the spiderweb of cracks splintering the facade she's kept for six years.

Chan's face softens after a moment, something akin to disbelief in his eyes. "Really?"

A helpless noise dies in her throat as she reaches out to pull Chan closer, wrapping her hand around the back of his neck and his shoulder. "It's *always* been you, Chris, always."

He kisses her hard, surging forward into the momentum of her desperate grip, flattening her to the plush duvet. He cages her in, hands on her face to keep her still, devouring her with an intensity that makes her head spin and her core ache. Lix whimpers into his mouth, nails curling into his sides through the crisp cotton of his dress shirt.

"Tell me," Chan demands when he breaks away, mouthing at her jaw. "Say it again."

"I love you," Lix whispers, gasping when he bucks his hips into hers and she feels the hard length of him in his slacks. "*I lo*ve *you*, Chris, 'm sorry, I lov–"

He cuts her off with a groan, licking into her mouth as one of his hands shifts to travel down her body and ruck up her dress. "Lix– need you so bad, *fuck*."

"Please," she begs, head tilting back when his hand finds her pussy. He tears her panties—she feels the thin bands over her hips snap and give way—and pulls them free. "God, Chris. Don't make me wait, baby, please."

"Fuck–" Chan swears again, lifting his body off of hers, just enough to look down between them as he shoves the dress up past her hips and bares her cunt. "It's been too long. Need to taste you, Lix." He starts to make his way down, but she grips him tight, stopping him.

"Later. Right now, I need you inside of me."

Chan groans, pushing up to his knees and scrambling for his belt. Lix leans up on one elbow and reaches out with her other arm to help him, dragging the zipper down as he releases the button on his slacks. His hands push the material down as Lix reaches into his underwear for her prize—long, thick, dripping with need. Her mouth waters, a Pavlovian response to his cock that he'd only grin smugly about if she told him, and she wraps her small fingers around the girth with a soft noise.

"God," Chan chokes, his hasty attempt to divest himself of his shirt abandoned in favor of falling back to Lix. "Minx," he moans into her mouth as she strokes him, pressed against the swell of her mound. The grip is awkward and loose, more of a heavy petting than an actual pump of his cock, but it makes Chan's abdomen clench and ripple, his eyes fluttering closed as he pants heavily into her mouth in lieu of an actual kiss.

This.

This is what she's missed, the heady weight of arousal and connection, the power she holds over him, matched only in volume and intensity by the reciprocity of her own desire for him. She sees the veins in his neck, the one at his temple, burgeoning with restraint—can almost see the pulse jumping, the beat of his heart that she's sure harmonizes with her own.

This is where she *belongs*—with Chan; under him, beside him, around him.

Lix moves her hand, pushing her finger tips into the head of Chan's cock as she lifts her hips. It slides through her slick folds, and she grinds against it when it rubs her clit. Chan whimpers,

dropping his head into her neck, and her pulse thrums with the knowledge that she's making him feel good and using him to feel good, too.

Still, she wants more, so she pushes downward, angling her hips up for him to catch at her entrance. Chan bucks his hips instinctively, causing his cock to miss and slide past, and Lix nearly laughs in adoration at the whine that tumbles out of him.

"Shh, I've got you," she reassures him, repositioning her hand to guide him to her center again. She gasps as the head catches, pushing him deeper with her hand, and then Chan rolls his hips—*god.*

"*Lix*," Chan groans, sliding into her.

Lix can't reply, the air punched out of her. Her mind blanks, clearing every thought except for the feeling of his cock cleaving her in two. Every new centimeter he pumps into her sends sparks skittering across her skin, between her ribs, weaving into the alveoli of her lungs. She slams her eyes shut, mouth falling open as she cries out—he's big. She'd never noticed, never had any basis for comparison before, had only ever known the shape of Chan inside her.

And now, remembering what it feels like, she doesn't ever want anyone else there—just Chan—where he belongs.

His hips press into her thighs as he buries himself to the hilt, and she feels him tremble. "Oh my god," he whispers into her skin.

Weaving her fingers into his hair, she tugs him out of her neck, desperate to kiss him, taste him on her tongue. He moans into it, and the sound makes her clench weakly around him. Chan tears his mouth free, but she chases it, dragging him back into a messy kiss.

The first gentle roll of his hips has her eyes rolling backward. Her mouth falls slack as Chan licks behind her teeth and rocks his cock right up into her, withdrawing only enough to drag his head against her g-spot and then plunging back into her depths as if answering a siren song. He maintains a slow steady pace like that, and Lix feels that long-forgotten spool of pleasure begin winding taut in her gut, pulling at her diaphragm and navel.

"Chris," she moans, head rolling back. Chan scrapes his teeth across the stretch of her throat, the blunt edges digging into her skin when she swallows. The hot press of his cock against her walls makes her writhe beneath him, pulling at his hair to drag him away, to keep him close.

Chan groans when she clenches again, her ankles locking over his ass. He props up on one elbow, looking down at her as he undulates again and again. "You're so fucking pretty, little one," he murmurs, barely audible over the sound of Lix's wanton moans—the angle directs him right over her g-spot, and the flared ridge of his head drives her crazy. Chan grunts and bites his lip in concentration as his free hand slides down her body. Cradling her breast through the dress, he flicks a thumb across her nipple, brow furrowing when he can't feel anything. "What the fu–"

A delirious laugh babbles out of Lix, and she lifts an arm from where it had fallen bonelessly to the bed up to shove into her neckline, reaching for the silicone breast cover stuck to her skin. Chan's

face brightens in realization as she brandishes it, a bashful chuckle escaping him. He watches with amusement as she frees herself of the second one as well.

"Try again," she says encouragingly, cupping her breast through the fabric. Chan drags the thin strap down her shoulder instead, loosening the neckline to shove it out of the way and expose her nipple. Immediately, he ducks down to seal his mouth around it, laving his tongue over the bud, and Lix keens. "Ooh– god, *Daddy*."

Chan slams into her, moaning around her tit. "Lix, baby." He sucks at her nipple harshly, releasing it with an audible smack and raising his head. "Say that again."

"Daddy," she gasps, curling backward when Chan snaps his hips harder. "Daddy, fuck, fuck, please."

His thumb finds her clit, sweeping back and forth across the hood with just enough pressure to push her over the edge, and Lix rattles apart, the spooled pleasure snapping in her core. Her legs lock, head thrown back, a scream dying in her throat. Chan rides it out, slowing the roll of his hips just enough for her to bow backward and then even slower when she collapses back to the mattress.

Lix's chest heaves, her head swimming from her orgasm, and when she blinks her eyes open, Chan is there, looking down at her with rapt attention.

"You don't know how much I've missed seeing you fall apart on my cock like that, baby," he husks, drawing his hips back to piston into her again. It feels so good with the added wetness of her orgasm. Chan grunts when he presses against her again, grinding his pelvis into hers. "Makes me crazy, makes me want to keep you here forever."

Lix's eyes roll back. "Chris," she whispers, barely audible through the breathless moans he punches out of her. Every slow withdrawal and firm reentrance of his cock into her cunt makes her quiver, rebuilding a steady pace that makes Lix want to scream and sob. "Please," she begs mindlessly—for what, she's not even sure.

"Shh, baby girl," Chan murmurs, reaching for her leg when it slips off his hip. He pushes it up, pressing it into her chest, and Lix whimpers. Chan groans, grabbing her other leg and folding it up to her chest as well. He rolls his hips, harder and faster, fucking into her with deadly precision. "Christ, Lix, I'm close."

Her hands cover his on the backs of her thighs, tucked into the creases of her knees, and the noises coming out of her mouth with every thrust surprise her—she's never been so vocal, not even with him. She feels her legs shaking, another climax fast approaching, and she slides her hands up Chan's arms to grip him, keep him close. "Chris, god."

"Me too, baby," Chan grunts, the sound of their bodies meeting echoing through the room. "Me too." A gutteral noise tears out of him as he bowls over, yanked down by the force of his pleasure. His hips stutter, still pistoning into her as he fills her with his load, gradually slowing down.

Lix scrabbles to follow. "Chris, Chris, please, o*h god*, no–" she babbles, the slipping away from the edge of her own orgasm. Chan curses under his breath, shifting enough to release one thigh and get

his hand between their pelvises. His thumb rubs furiously at her clit, but Lix still feels the pleasure fading.

"Fuck, hold on," Chan murmurs, and then she feels his fingertips at her entrance, slotting in right above his softening cock. Two fingers enter her, stretching her as they bully inside, and Lix gasps. She barely has time to process the sensation, and then he's curling them upward into her g-spot, thumb resuming the rapid circling of her clit.

Pleasure slams into her, her entire body tensing and forcing a high keen from her throat. Her nails dig into his skin. Chan doesn't let up though, just continues to press his fingers inside her, tucked right next to his cock, squelching through the mess he made of her and thumbing at her clit until she shakes. Her legs kick out on reflex, riding the wave that crashes into her, even as another one crests right behind it. Powerless against it, she cries out, chest tugged upward on an invisible tether as she is finger-fucked into another orgasm, and another after that. Her cunt clenches so hard that it forces Chan's soft cock out, clamps down around his fingers to immobilize them, but he persists.

Finally, she finds her voice to beg him for reprieve. "Chr– mmph, fuck. Da-daddy!"

Chan chuckles softly, slowing the torturous drag of the bad of his thumb over her swollen clit. "Yes, little one?"

Lix trembles. "Mercy," she manages, throat dry and hoarse, and Chan laughs. He relents though, stroking the soft skin around her clit as if saying goodbye, then slowly slipping his hand out of her.

"Good girl," he murmurs, lowering himself over her to kiss her softly. Lix mewls into it, wrapping her arms around him as she catches her breath. Chan presses his forehead to hers, and they're quiet for a few minutes like that, just basking in each other.

Then a thought occurs to Lix. "Oh fuck!" she exclaims, startling Chan, who pushes up onto his elbow.

"What? Is everything okay?" The pure concern in his tone makes Lix want to melt.

"Yeah," she sighs. "I just– you came inside me."

He looks at her questioningly. "Yeah..."

"I'm not on the pill."

Chan blinks down at her, then his eyes darken. "Oh really?"

Lix swallows, nodding. "Yeah. So, we're gonna need a morning afte–"

"No." Chan's face is hard, stern when he says it, but it softens a moment later. "No. Please? Let it happen."

"Chris," Lix starts, but he cuts her off.

"I mean it, Fliss. Come home. Leave this guy– hold on," he pushes up to his knees, brows furrowed. "How do you have a boyfriend—a rich one, apparently—and you're not on birth control?"

Lix flushes. "Um. He's older, got snipped. It's not something he ever wanted."

Chan gawks at her. "But. All you ever wanted was to be a mom?" It's soft, almost sad when he says it, and Lix feels her heart ache.

"Well, yeah, but." She stops, chews her lip for a second. "I didn't want to raise kids with anyone but you." Chan swears, bending back down to claim her mouth. Lix moans into the kiss, reaching for his shoulders to pull him closer.

His cock brushes against her abused pussy and Lix whimpers. Chan reaches down between them, still kissing her, to play with her folds gently—asking permission. She nods when he pulls away, breath hitching when he grazes her clit.

"Well," Chan says, a wickedly delicious grin dimpling one cheek, "I think we should go again, you know, just to make sure it takes right away."

Lix inhales sharply. "You want–" she can't finish the question with how thick her throat feels, eyes blurring with her emotions.

Chan tuts at her, the grin on his face widening into a smile so blinding that Lix wants to sob. "I've always wanted it, baby. I've just been waiting for you to come home."

xx