

Four

“...At first, it had seemed like a harmless gesture. What happened next, however, when she closed the door behind her, took him quite by surprise. He recalled that he never expected it, and yet he never did anything to stop it.

Angela had held both of his hands in hers and looked deeply into his eyes, as she barely whispered.

“Thank you for a wonderful night.”

Pierre’s heart almost catapulted from his chest. He could no longer ignore the electricity between them. As he looked into her captivating gray eyes, he suddenly felt the urge to kiss her. With all thoughts of his fiancée thrown recklessly to the wind, he had pulled her into his arms, and they found each other’s lips.

He remembered that the kiss they exchanged was long and passionate, and it was a kiss only to be shared by lovers, which brought a new meaning to their innocent relationship.

Their eyes never left each other as they pulled away breathlessly, still holding hands. Angela led him into her bedroom in urgency, and he threw her onto the bed.

“Are you okay with this?” Pierre asked as he felt her hot breath on his face.

“Mmhmm,” she replied huskily, feeling desire spread down her body.

“Mmhmm,” he echoed, with slight amusement, his soft spiraled hair tickling her forehead as he leaned in closer. She opened her eyes and looked up at him. His pair of crinkly eyes stared boldly back, challenging her to look away. His face was barely two inches away from hers, he noticed, the realization birthing an instant surge of arousal. He resumed hovering over her face.

“Kiss me again,” she asked. The tiptoeing was making her crazy.

He suddenly stopped staring as he noticed the urgency in her face. Pleased, he brushed her light brown, naturally curly hair to the side and kissed her cheek. She blushed immediately.

“Hi,” he smiled, rubbing his warm thumb against her skin.

“Hi,” she echoed, her heart pounding in her ears.

“Can I continue?”

She nodded, biting her lips. He cupped her face and brought his lips deliciously close.

“As I was saying, I want to...” he stopped, kissing her right cheek, “know...” moving across her face, kissing her left cheek, “all of you,” he ended, kissing her forehead.

Angela let out a little breath. She looked at him as his lips moved to her jaw, trailing a line of kisses down to her chin. Each movement made her writhe with pleasure. She moaned and parted her lips slightly.

Pierre shifted, his body mimicking her desire, and gently lowered his mouth to hers, closing the gap firmly. Their lips acted in unison, mirroring each other's motions until they built a steady rhythm. Her lips slowly broke free from his.

"Sorry, you're taking my breath away."

He pulled away slightly, frowning.

She laughed. "I wish you knew how much I rolled my eyes when I talk to you."

"Huh, is that right?" He questioned, desire spreading through his entire body. "I thought you rolled your tongue," he mischievously added. They both beamed delightfully at his funny remark.

Angela's mouth watered and she ignored it, slightly annoyed at the readiness with which she got turned on.

"Well, I would if you let me finish!"

He threw his head back and laughed. "By all means, violate my mouth!"

She shook her head and shifted her body to fit against his. Grabbing the back of his head and pulling his face towards hers, she kissed him deeply, insisting her tongue inside his mouth. He relented, letting her explore. His lower lip easily floated in between hers, and she proceeded to suck it as naturally as her lips would allow.

He circled his hands around her back and pushed her against the bed. His tongue played readily with hers, and they elongated the kiss, enjoying the ways their mouths gripped and released, tasting each other at will. It was time for more, his body urgently told him. Heart pounding fast, he ended the kiss suddenly. He barely had time to register surprise as she licked his cheek up to his ear.

"Angela, you smell so good." Pierre groaned, his eyes closing as he released his hands from her back to reach towards the bulge of his pants. "Don't stop."

"Promise you I wasn't," she murmured, lowering her mouth further, feeling the warmth of his neck against her tongue. His body rose with each inhale, illuminated by the pale light of the moon reflected in the window.

They turned up the AC, joking about how they would explode with heat just in case things got more risqué, and things were about to get to that point.

He opened his eyes uneasily, feeling conflicted and hesitant. His body showed a bit of restraint as he did not want to cross any boundaries.

He trailed his fingers across her cheek affectionately and kissed her on the mouth with fervor. Pierre opened his eyes and smiled, kissed her again, and enveloped her in a hug. He felt her breast

against his chest, looked down, and saw her nipples peeking through the light fabric of her shirt. His eyes glistened with desire as they passed over her breasts.

“You have such a beautiful body, Angela.”

“Thank you, and I must confess that I find your beautiful, chocolate, brown body sexy and strong,” she added. He smirked in response, turning her head towards him and settling in a tight embrace, his head resting on hers.

Unable to restrain his desire anymore, he just somehow knew what to do with her.

What happened afterward still gave Pierre a warm smile. He knew that they had made love, and he stayed most of the night with Angela. One thing, though, stood out vividly in his mind.

When he left her apartment early that morning, he felt satisfied and happy but totally confused. Something unexpected happened between them, which turned his life upside down. That first kiss and intimacy was the start of their steamy love affair. It took them on a roller coaster ride over the next couple of months. ...”