

## Wedding Night

It was nearly midnight, and today was the best of my life. I had been waiting for this day for over two whole months; it was our wedding day, and I felt more happy than I had ever felt in my entire life. The wedding reception lasted longer than expected, and we danced together until my feet got tired.

I had never seen him as full of joy as he is today. There was a certain glow about him that made my heart stop the moment I walked down the aisle and looked at him. We got out of the car, and he swept me up in his arms. His black skin showed in the light of street lamps, creating a mysterious aroma about him, and his green eyes were as bright and beautiful as a cat's in the dark.

"Finally we are home dear, we're here" he said to me. He carried me to the door and opened it. We went inside, and he closed the door "You can put me down now" I said, but he only smiled at me and replied "No, I will take you all the way to our bedroom".

He carried me all through the house and into our bedroom. The bed was covered with rose petals, and the room was lit by the light of small candles. He threw me down on the bed and started to take his clothes off. He threw himself down on me and gently bit me on the shoulder. "I will kiss every part of your body tonight," he said to me in a hushed voice making me blush.

He started to undress me with his teeth. "What are you doing, you savage?" I said it with a laugh. "Take them off or I will tear them apart; this damn gown is quite hard to take off," he said with a glint of a hungry animal in his eyes.

I took my gown off, and it fell on the ground, mingling with his clothes. He kissed me with his soft, damp lips. His mouth was filled with the taste that was so familiar to me now as I have kissed him several times before, yet every time I kissed him, that taste filled me with pleasure, and I couldn't get enough out of it.

His tongue played with mine as though we were in a sword fight. His or hers was on the nape of my neck, and another was in my strawberry blonde hair. I ran my fingers through his hair, gripping them gently and stroking them. He drew back for a moment. "What is it?" I asked, confused at why he had stopped. "Nothing," he said, and he kissed my mouth with small kisses while the tiny hair on his face gently brushed against my mouth.

He let go of me for a moment and got down on his knees. I was confused about what he wanted to do, but he gently picked up my feet in his hand and slowly began kissing. He played with my feet with his tongue and kissed the gap between my toes, which tickled me, and I started laughing. I felt like a child being played with like that; it erased all the worries from my mind, and I felt filled with joy.

He went up and started kissing his legs, which felt numb with pleasure. I withered in response as the sensation of desire and hunger for his body over mine grew stronger. He did the same thing to my other feet and leg, and I felt like I could not take it anymore.

I wanted him so badly, but he wanted to play with his prey before he ate it like a predator. "Turn around," he said to me, and I obeyed, thinking that he wanted to enter me. He kissed my spine and slowly kissed my back bone, causing a shiver of pleasure through my body.

He kissed my shoulder bones and then my neck. His sex brushes against my skin, and I feel how hard and engorged it is. It makes me want him even more. He traced kisses through my neck to the hollow of my ear. I gasped as he nibbled my earlobe

. He then traced the rim of my ear with his tongue, and it made me curl my toes. "Please stop torturing me, love. Just make love to me already." I said desperately. He laughed and said, "I love teasing you, but I think I should stop now".

I am lying with my face down on the bed. He placed himself between my widespread thighs and put his sex on her; the peak of it slipped against the wetness of my sex, and he groaned in pain. Slowly he got deeper and deeper, causing me to groan, but the sound of it was muffled because I was biting the pillow. His hands were pinning mine on the mattress, and his chest hair was gently brushing against my skin. He moved inside me with a powerful thrust and another, and he was completely inside me.

I kicked my feet in pleasure as my heart began to breathe, and I began moaning, "More, Moe, I want more; I want all of you." I begged, and he began jerking violently inside me in rhythmic spasms, which made him go deeper and deeper inside me, and my mind was becoming foggy with both pleasure and pain. I felt as though I was seeing stars with open eyes. I tried not to purr in satisfaction, but the voice kept coming to my throat.

He was soothing me with gentle words and delicate kisses, trying to calm my breath. Then, after what felt like forever, he retreated. I tried to stop him, but he turned me around and cradled my breast in his hand. He liked my nipple, which became hard and taunting. He bit it a little harder than he should have, and a gasp escaped my mouth.

"Sorry, love, I didn't mean to hurt you." He apologised, soothing the area he had bit with his tongue. He bit my other breast, but so gently that it made me moan. Maybe this was his way of apologising. I was holding on to his shoulders, my nails digging into his skin.

His body was strong and powerful, and I felt so helpless and weak in front of him, but it did not offend me; instead, I wanted to hold on to him forever and keep me safe. His kisses strewn across my stomach, and he reached the place between my hips.

I became a little embarrassed and tried to hide it with my hand, but he stopped me by saying, "I told you I wanted to kiss you everywhere." He put his mouth over the surface of my sex and softly kissed it. It sent a shiver through my nerves, and I sobbed. His mouth liked the place between the curves of my sex and licked it with his warm tongue with such ruthlessness. Searching and teasing me, he found the peak of my sex under its hood.

It made me quiver and moan. My skin was as blazingly warm as a flame. I felt as though I had a high fever, but it was not causing me pain but pleasure while he murmured reassurance against my skin. He stopped eventually and came to lie next to me.

He kissed me on the lips. His mouth was dry, warm, and demanding. His kisses were deeper and more intense. Suddenly, he grabbed my hand, placed it over his shaft, and stroked it with my fingers. His sex was still hard, and he drew in deep breaths as I stroked and played with it.

He wrapped his arms around me and played with my hair while showering my face with small, gentle kisses. I kissed his face back, then I got on top of him and slowly began kissing his shoulders, neck, and chest, tracing kisses down to his chest. He had his arms tied around me, and my breasts were brushing gently over his chest hair while he tickled me.

Eventually I got tired and lied face down on top of him. He didn't mind; I was like a cat lying on top of him. It was nearly three in the morning, and I could see the darkness outside fading as the sky became a light and soft shade of blue.

I didn't realise that we had been up for hours. We had been so caught up in our lovemaking that we hardly noticed as time went by. As I was lying with my eyes closed, the scent of Ross and his body mingled together, causing my head to feel dizzy.

"Let's get cleaned up," he said to me a little while later. "What do you mean?" I asked, slightly confused. "I mean, we should take a bath and fresh up." He replied to me. "No, please, can't you stay with me in bed for a few more minutes. I can barely move." I insisted. It was true; I could barely move my legs, and I felt so soar.

"Don't worry, I will carry you there with love, and you will feel better once you're washed up," he said, assuring me. He got up, but I tried to protest by clinging to him, but he was too strong for me. He carried me in his arms as easily as if I were a mere child. He got into the bathroom and placed me in the bath tub.

He turned on the tap, and at once, hot water came flooding in. He was right; the warm water was like a blessing, cooling my body and making my taunt and soar skin relax again. I felt my legs regaining their strength. I reached out a hand to pull him inside the tube with me. "Relax, I am not going anywhere," he said with a chuckle, and he got into the bath with me.

I was sitting between his legs. I was so tired I thought I might sleep right there in his arms, but I wasn't going to stop loving him now that it was my turn. I kissed him; his mouth was sweet and welcoming. I nibbled his lower lip, teasing him, then he opened his mouth a little, and I caught it with mine, my tongue playing in his mouth, going deeper.

I felt so at peace; there was not a single worry in my mind. It felt like time had stopped, and no matter how long it takes, we will always be together like this. It felt as though the world outside our house had been obliterated and there were only the two of us left, and it didn't scare me; in fact, I felt happy that we would always be together like this, the two of us in our own world.

He gently scrubbed my body, trying to clean it. I let him do as he pleased. The bathtub was filled with bubbles. He shampooed my hair, and I played with his hair, making it stand up like a shark's fin or holding it together on either end to look like a devil's horn.

It made him laugh, and the sound of that heartfelt laugh was music to my ears. He was so soothing and delicate in taking care of me that I felt like a child. I kissed him and said, "I love you more than anyone else in the world," and I meant it with all my heart. "I love you too, my dear," he replied, and he kissed me back.

We played for a little while in the water, then we finally got out. It was nearly dawn, and the sunlight was flooding in through the windows. I could hear the noises of birds chirping in the morning air. We got back in bed, and he held me tight, close to his heart. His body was warm and comforting. In that moment, I felt like I had finally found a place to call home, a place where I belonged, and I fell asleep.