

Wedding Night: Part-1

The Marimo family arrived at the wedding venue, lled with worry and anxiety. They were deeply concerned about their tarnished reputation and how they would explain the situation to Ariel and the guests. Despite searching for Adrian from morning until now, there was still no sign of him.

Mr. Marimo entered the venue with his guards, utterly shocked to nd the guests eating and enjoying themselves. What was even more surprising was the presence of the Mikaelson men. He couldn't fathom what had happened.

As he tried to make sense of the situation, Marcel approached him. "Mr. Marimo," Marcel said, welcoming him as if he were the host. "Thank you so much for hosting such a lavish party for my boss's wedding."

Mr. Marimo was taken aback. "Whose wedding are you talking about, and who is his bride?"

"Obviously, it's Dominik's wedding, and his bride is Ariel," Marcel replied before walking away, leaving Mr. Marimo in utter shock. "I wonder what the newlyweds are doing at the moment," he added with a mischievous grin on his face.

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Ariel remained silent as Dominik guided her to an unknown destination. She was already apprehensive about the Marimo family's background, and the presence of men in black suits all around her made her reluctant to speak up or even make eye contact.

The limousine eventually came to a stop, and Dominik exited the car. He extended his hand to Ariel and said, "Come with me, baby girl," in a husky tone.

Ariel couldn't help but think, 'This again?' as Dominik had been using that endearment since their sudden marriage. She took his hand and prepared to step out of the car. However, before she could, Dominik's strong arm wrapped around her shoulders, and his other hand snaked around her waist, lifting her into a princess carry.

"What are you doing?" Ariel asked in shock. No one had ever carried her like this before, and Dominik's big, warm hands around her waist were stirring up a new and unfamiliar sensation in her stomach.

"Darling, it's our rst night after the wedding. I can't let you get tired before we go to bed, can I?" Dominik replied with a mischievous grin on his face.

"What?" Ariel exclaimed, her face turning beet red. She buried her face in his chest, feeling a mixture of embarrassment and curiosity. For some reason, she was looking forward to what was about to take place in a deep, dark night.

Dominik carried her into his mansion all the way to his bedroom, and he only let her go when she was nally on the bed. "You look gorgeous, baby girl." He said, as if his eyes were looking into her skin beneath the clothes.

His burning gaze was melting Ariel, and was stirring something new and strange in her body. She felt excited to witness what was about to happen next. But soon Ariel realized what she was thinking, 'Are you mad? You don't even know this man!' She thought and crossed her hands over her bosoms. "Wha— What are you looking at?"

Dominik chuckled when he saw her acting this way and went close to her, kneeling on the bed. He took her hand and said, "There is nothing you can hide from me!"

He put his hand on her neck and rubbed a particular area with his thumb, "Such as, you can't hide the hickey from me using the makeup!"

Ariel's body froze, 'How did he know?' She thought. She had not even noticed until Leo talked about it.

Dominik gently tucked a strand of her hair behind her ear and kissed the same spot where the hickey had been. "Only I can mark you like this; no one else," he whispered huskily.

Ariel's entire body went rigid as Dominik's cold breath brushed against her delicate skin on her neck, and his warm breath descended upon it.

"What are you..." Ariel couldn't even nish her sentence before Dominik placed his index nger on her plump lips and hushed her, whispering, "Shh! Don't speak; just say my name."

Ariel's mind was in turmoil as she heard him say that, her heart racing, and the sound of her own heartbeat echoing in her ears.

"Why should I?" She asked nervously.

Dominik's arm encircled her waist, and he declared, "You can't be with me without saying my name."

He then seized her lips, and his hands moved slowly, his ngers tracing a path across her body, even through her wedding dress.

Ariel couldn't help herself, and her voice unconsciously whispered, "Do—Dominik," when he brie y released her lips, allowing her to catch her breath.

Dominik's smile remained as he continued, "Just like that, baby girl," his thumb gently wiping her moist lips. Leaning close to her ear, his voice still husky, he reiterated, "I told you there would be no escape once you became mine."

Ariel, despite her clouded mind, was startled by his last statement. "You—you were at the club last night, weren't you?"

Dominik gently held her chin, making her meet his gaze. "Last night?" He responded, his tone teasing, "So, you remember what we both did last night?"

Ariel's thoughts raced as she contemplated, 'So, it was really him?' She couldn't recall the exact details of what had occurred between them, but the hazy images in her mind hinted at a passionate night with him.

Her entire face turned a deep shade of crimson. Why did out of all the men in the world she have a one-night stand with Adrian's uncle?

"You didn't hesitate yesterday. You demanded more from me." Dominik inhaled her natural scent as though it were a drug, his hands slowly exploring beneath her wedding gown when the most unexpected thing occurred.

Ariel's stomach rumbled, and as soon as Dominik heard it, his hands halted. "You're hungry," he observed, planting a gentle kiss on her forehead. He then adjusted her dress before stepping back.

"Let's go and have our meals rst," Dominik suggested, helping her to her feet. With a mischievous twinkle in his icy-blue eyes, he continued, "After all, you'll need plenty of stamina to match my pace later tonight."