

91

+5 Points

91

"Your promise will wait for you," she murmured, her voice a soft melody. Each word is a thread, weaving desire into the fabric of his thoughts. Her gaze lingered, heavy with unspoken promise and

Ads-free >

yearning, leaving him tied in the storm of her quiet allure. Anticipation coiled tight within him, a tempest roaring in his chest, every breath she took was a spark, igniting what he longed to ignite. She turned, the faintest smile gracing her lips, an

1/8

unspoken invitation etched in her retreating silhouette. His world paused, bound by the echo of her words, and the promise of her touch whispered in the spaces between.

The soft melody of the orchestra echoed through the grand wedding hall, the gentle hum of violins wrapping the room in an intimate and romantic atmosphere. Couples swayed gracefully under the dim glow of chandeliers, wrapped in each other's arms. Among them stood Ryan and Estelle, lost in their own world.

Estelle rested her head against Ryan's broad chest, and his chin was nestled atop her hair as they swayed to the rhythm of the music, neither of them speaking, simply basking in the comfort of the moment. Ryan's arms held her close, one hand pressed firmly against the small of her back while the other trailed lazily up and down her spine. Each slow circle of his fingers sent ripples of electricity through her, making her heart flutter like a bird fluffing its feathers. She closed her eyes, letting the warmth of his touch consume her, wishing they could stay like this forever.

Her favourite moment was whenever his fingers circled and caressed the bare skin of her exposed waist, the teasing motion making her toes curl.

Her thoughts wandered to dangerous places, places filled with moans and sweat. She felt a wild urge to drag him out of the hall and lose herself in him once again, but just as she began to tilt her head up to whisper her intentions, the sharp sound of someone clearing their throat broke the spell.

Ryan stiffened, his body tensing against hers as his hand paused mid-caress. A low grunt escaped his lips as he turned his head toward the interruption. "What do you want?" he asked, his tone sharp and irritated.

Estelle turned to see the cause of Ryan's sudden mood change. Her gaze landed on Anastasia, whose presence sent a jolt of unease and protectiveness through her. Yet, she couldn't help but note something different about the woman was different. Gone was the confidence and pride that accompanied her the first time she saw her. Instead, her eyes were clouded with uncertainty, and her stance lacked its usual elegance.

"Can I have the next dance?" Anastasia's voice was soft, almost hesitant.

Ryan tightened his grip on Estelle's waist, his jaw clenched and his entire body radiating anger. He shifted as if he intended to pull Estelle away, but she placed a hand on his chest to stop him. "Ryan,"

91

she said softly, her voice just loud enough for him to hear.

He looked down at her, his anger momentarily faltering. She gave him a small nod, her eyes reassuring. "It's okay," she whispered, her voice laced with calm confidence.

Her boldness and reaction stunned him. Before he could react, she rose on her toes and leaned into his ear. Her lips brushed against him as she whispered something sensual, her words promising a night that made his body stir instantly.

Before he could react or respond, she pulled back with a teasing smile, her gaze briefly flickering to Anastasia, with whom she flashed a polite smile before she turned and walked away, disappearing into the crowd.

Anastasia shifted awkwardly, glancing at Ryan, who stood still, his eyes locked on the spot where Estelle had just left. He then turned his gaze past her head, visibly irritated, not making a move towards her. Slowly, almost hesitantly, she reached for him instead, placing her hand tentatively on his shoulder while her other hand rested lightly on his. Her touch was feather-like, as though she expected him to recoil.

They began to move, swaying to the music in a silence that was anything but comfortable.

Ryan's jaw clenched as he counted the seconds, every nerve in his body urging him to escape. He didn't understand what Anastasia was hoping to achieve or why Estelle had allowed this. But most of all, he couldn't stop thinking about Estelle and her whispered promise.

A groan slipped from his lips at the thought.

Anastasia froze, her grip on him faltering. "I'm sorry," she said quickly, her voice faltering. "I didn't mean to upset you. I just..."

"You could've picked someone else," Ryan gritted under his breath, interrupting her, though his tone lacked venom.

"I know," Anastasia said softly, her voice carrying an unexpected and hard-to-trust fragility. "I just wanted to talk."

Ryan didn't respond, his gaze focused somewhere over her shoulder as they danced, trying to rein in his anger at her disrupting the calm moment he was enjoying with his girl, all because she wanted to talk. She could have chosen another moment.

"I know you don't like me. You probably never did,"

she continued, her voice steady but tinged with sadness. "And honestly, I don't think I ever loved you the way I thought I did either. That night... it wasn't love. It was pure lust and I knew but, I wanted something different, someone who didn't look at me like a trophy or a stepping stone. And for a moment, you were that man."

Her words caught Ryan's attention. He glanced down at her, surprised by the honesty in her voice.

"I was greedy," she admitted with a chuckle. "You were right about that, but I couldn't help it because you were so... different. You were genuine, not like the men I'm used to. I wanted that. I wanted to hold onto it, even if it wasn't real, which eventually led to my greed in wanting to possess you by force." She let out another soft chuckle and sniffled.

Ryan sighed, guilt creeping in as he remembered the harsh things he had said to her in the past.

"I'm not saying this to make you feel bad," Anastasia added quickly. "I just wanted to apologize. I don't want you to feel uncomfortable around me. I hope you find happiness with her. And maybe one day, I'll find someone like you - maybe even better." She chuckled again, and Ryan couldn't help but feel uneasy to the point that he

91

almost missed a step. "...someone who's right for me and mine only."

She smiled faintly, though it didn't quite reach her eyes. Ryan found himself at a loss for words as he saw a vulnerability in her eyes that he hadn't

[Ads-free >](#)

thought possible, especially not for a lady like her.

The music ended, and Anastasia stepped back, her hands falling to her sides. "Thank you," she said quietly before turning and walking away.

Ryan stood there for a moment, his emotions a jumbled mess. Anastasia's words were

91

unexpected, her vulnerability shocking. But as surprising as the conversation had been, his thoughts were firmly fixed on Estelle and the promise she had left him with.

"Your promise will be waiting for you".

*f**k!*

He didn't waste another second before rushing out of the hall, his steps quickening as he neared her hotel room. When he opened the door, he found the room empty, but the soft, floral scent of Estelle lingered in the air. He could hear the faint sound of the shower running, and an image of her naked body flashed in his mind, causing his body to tense with desire.

A wicked smile curved his lips as he unbuttoned his shirt. Anticipation for what he wanted to do to her buzzed through him as he followed the sound of the running water.



Comments



27

Vote



Watch videos get points (0/20) >